

One man's gold; the letters and journal of a forty-niner, Enos Christman. Compiled and edited by Florence Morrow Christman

One Man's Gold

ENOS CHRISTMAN From a daguerreotype made in California in 1851.

One Man's Gold

The Letters & Journal of a Forty-Niner

ENOS CHRISTMAN

Compiled & Edited by

FLORENCE MORROW CHRISTMAN

New York

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

1930

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Published by

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

Trade Division of the

MCGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, INC.

370 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

First Edition

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

BY THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY, INC., RAHWAY, N. J.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to acknowledge my gratitude to ANN

LININGTON for her never-failing help and

encouragement in the making of this book.

The Contents

PART ONE The First Letter Bag 3 The Sea Journal — 1 10 PART TWO The Second Letter Bag 57 The Sea Journal — 2 61 PART THREE The Third Letter Bag 87 The California Journal — 1 104 PART FOUR The Fourth Letter Bag 159 The California Journal — 2 169 PART FIVE The Fifth Letter Bag 209 The Homeward Journal 259 PART SIX The Sixth Letter Bag 271 From the Pennsylvania Journal 278

List of Illustrations

Enos Christman *Frontispiece The Europe Facing page* 24 A Page from the Sea Journal 76 A Letter from Ellen Apple 96 The Gold Miner 132 “Killed in a Fracas with Gamblers” 194 “A Pretty Good Paper for the Place and Opportunities” 228 A Letter to Ellen from Enos Christman 252

Foreword

The tin box had no air of mystery although it had stood for three-quarters of a century in a dark closet under the stairs of an old Pennsylvania house. It was just a tin box—square-topped and high, double-padded and rusted. Every one knew that all it contained was old letters and papers. It had been designed by one who had gone adventuring, to guard the records of his journeyings. But when his voice had become a memory, the old box was drawn from its corner, and again the dreams and the experiences of Enos Christman lived.

In the year 1849, Enos was a youngster of twenty, apprenticed to the Hon. Henry S. Evans to learn the art, trade and mysteries of a printer in the *Village Record* office at West Chester, Pennsylvania. In that year news reached the States of the discovery of gold in Captain Sutter's mill race at Sacramento, California, and of men sifting the earth through hand screens and finding millions of dollars in gold nuggets. Intense excitement swept the country and there followed the greatest gold rush of all time. Enos never finished his apprenticeship.

Men from the four corners of the earth and from the seven seas flocked to the diggings and were swallowed in the great maelstrom which turned California within a few months from a quiet, peaceful land into a xii land of blood, crime and gold. They went prepared to meet every emergency.

Announcements appeared in the newspapers, "All who are interested in the California expedition will meet at candlelight in the court house." Gold seekers were organized into companies in every city, town and hamlet. The California Gold Mining Association of Philadelphia was formed. Many of the West Chester boys, stricken with gold fever, had left for the Sacramento shore. Caught in the prevailing epidemic, his enthusiasm fired by the stories of riches to be dug from the sands, Enos joined the gold seekers. Instead of crossing the plains in a covered wagon, where the dangers from Indians and the desert thirst deterred many, or taking his way across the deadly Isthmus of Panama,

he chose the water route around Cape Horn, the longest route and probably the most dangerous, and set forth in a sailing vessel.

Enos was betrothed to Ellen Apple and it was for the love of Ellen, as well as for the love of adventure, that he went to look for gold. He hoped to return to the States with his pockets full of gold and make her his wife. And it was for Ellen that he kept a journal, as she had asked him to do. He was an observer, a reporter, with an urge to write fostered by his training in the *Record* office. He carried his journal to California, kept it up to date (though not always day by day), brought it back to Pennsylvania and preserved it always.

The journal was found in the old tin box. It was yellowed with age and the ink of its closely written pages was faded. Here, carefully packed away, were the love letters of Enos and Ellen, and a faint odor of must. (There is nothing of love in the journal, for with Enos love and journals were two things, separate and apart.) xiii To make it very real, here were the miniatures, the “likenesses,” which were made for keepsakes—“Ellen,” in her poke bonnet, who had traveled many miles while “Enos” had reposed in Captain Apple's parlor. There were letters from Peebles Prizer, Enos' friend and fellow apprentice in the *Record* office, in whose care Ellen was left; and copies of the letters Enos sent to Prizer. Here was the story of one man's part in the gold rush with scarcely a missing link, an intimate view of three years' experience, giving a close picture of the “days of 49” and painting the portrait of a pioneer American.

The material seemed to possess a living spirit of its own which moved the mass toward the form into which it has been molded. Care was taken to preserve the authenticity of the original documents, although they have been quite freely condensed and edited. Often, material from the letters was put into the journal in order to avoid repetition, and occasionally the story was augmented from newspaper clippings found among its pages. Some of the names that appear are now fictitious. No twentieth century comment has been added to disturb the reality of the picture.

ONE MAN'S GOLD is Enos' book. Enos was not a famous man, but he and Ellen and Prizer tell a story of the historic and romantic period in which they lived, faithfully from the point of view of their own generation.

FLORENCE MORROW CHRISTMAN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

August, 1930.

Part One THE FIRST LETTER BAG THE SEA JOURNAL—I

3

The First Letter Bag

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Jones Hotel, Philadelphia, Saturday, June 30th, 1849.

Dear Ellen:—We did not sail today as we anticipated when I last saw you, but expect to sail next Tuesday morning. The longer the vessel delays now, the worse it will be for me. Were it not for sweet hope in the future this trial would break me down; and this morning, as it is, my heart has been heavy. Mr. Prizer is down here but will be at West Chester this evening and will give you this letter.

Last evening I was up to see your sister and I must return my thanks to you for the cordial welcome with which I was received. She furnished me with a list which I found very valuable.

I had a daguerreotype likeness taken, which will be sent to you with this. Take it, and may it ever be a source of comfort to you. Should I have the good luck ever to return, I hope the mutual pledges given by us may be fulfilled, and believe me that I cannot change. My feelings at parting now, you can better imagine than I can describe.

If I can write opposite New Castle, I shall. And do not, on your part, fail to write frequently.

Your likeness will be stored away in the safest place and the original, unless memory is false to her duty, 4 be remembered with all the ardor of one who is proud and happy to subscribe himself dearest,

Ever yours,

E. C.

Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, July 1, 1849, Sunday, 5 o'clock P.M.

Dear Christman:—I have the gratifying announcement to forward to you that your old friend, DeWitt Clinton Atkins, will accompany you on your long journey. I feel quite easy now in regard to you. It will make a vast difference. He will arrive in the city tomorrow morning, it being impossible for him to have his things ready before. You will secure him passage and make all necessary arrangements to have him in your section, as this is the desire of the editor. He will be a valuable member, as you want a mechanic along with you with his tools for building houses.

Everything looks natural in the *Record* office, with the exception of your absence. A universal regret prevails among your numerous friends in West Chester. Some are just learning of the journey and are surprised.

I had the pleasure of taking a walk last evening with Misses Apple and Bradshaw. Ellen is a little sad. It is a matter of surprise and admiration to observe the pure and innocent devotion she manifests towards you. I know not what her feelings may be after a while; but I am confident that her love towards you now is as pure as an angel's. I shall pay her every courtesy and render her every favor in my power.

My supper is ready and I must close. Be pleased to 5 accept the friendship and ardent wish for your health, happiness and prosperity of your old friend and fellow apprentice; and may these few lines keep me fresh in you memory. Good-bye. Endeavor to keep up your spirits. Everything depends on this.

I will send this letter, containing one from Miss Apple, to you with Clinton.

Farewell,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., July 1st, 1849.

Dear Enos:—I received your very interesting letter by Mr. Prizer and every word it contained made a deep impression on my heart. It will be a pleasure to read it when you are in a distant land. Hope is a cheering thing. My greatest pleasure will be to look forward to the future when we shall meet again. I was glad to hear the vessel is not going to sail until Tuesday as it will give you time to make such preparation as will be necessary to your comfort hereafter. Be sure to take care of your health, for with it you can enjoy everything; without it you can enjoy nothing. Money is a very convenient thing but if you should not be successful, do not be discouraged. If you have your health and return to America, you will find even little West Chester large enough to make a comfortable living, for you have ambition and enterprise enough to earn a living where other people can.

I return many, many thanks for your likeness. You could not have sent me anything which would have been half so valuable. When I look upon it, it will serve to call up pleasant recollections of the past. But I shall need nothing to remind me of you. The likeness is most excellent but what an unspeakable pleasure it would have been to have taken one more look at the original. I must bear the trial and keep it to myself. I must appear cheerful and indifferent while my anxiety for your future comfort is beyond description. Dear Enos, it is my earnest wish that when you are in a distant land you will find a friend in every stranger. There are many hardships you will have to bear, but you know all that before you start so you must bear them cheerfully. In your letter you speak of the pledges that have been made between us, and that you can never change. If it is a true saying that from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks, I can say that in you I have realized all my hopes of a firm and true friend, and that you have my affections entirely. My feelings will never change toward you till death shall separate us.

I wish you would keep a journal of every day's transactions and when you write in it, tell particularly of your comforts, your privations, your seasickness, everything just as it is. I expect there will be many changes in your absence, but I will endeavor to keep an account of them and when I write to you, give them all.

My sister came up in the steam car yesterday. She told me she has regretted so much that she did not give you a few little things that are of no value in themselves, but which you could not obtain after you have left us. She wishes you would go to her house and get a little bundle of old rags and some salve that will cure everything in the shape of a cut, bruise or burn, that she had for you, but felt a delicacy in offering. And Sister 7 forgot to mention mustard in the list. Do not neglect to take a pound.

The news from the gold mines is certainly favorable. No one doubts that there is plenty of gold there. But do not forget what I told you, that gold cannot buy health.

Take a Bible with you which will be the best and most profitable book you can read, and trust in Providence for a safe return. Now I must bid you a long and sad farewell. It is hard to separate but I trust it is all for the best. Lastly, I shall repeat that I wish you all the success, all the good luck, all the prosperity that has ever fallen to the lot of man. And if all should fail, be not discouraged. Hope for the best.

Miss Bradshaw, Mr. Prizer and I were out taking a little walk last evening. I know you think nothing of that because he was a friend to me while you were here and I hope he will continue to be. I am expecting him every moment to call for my letter, as he said he would put it in his envelope. I remain,

Yours truly and sincerely,

ELLEN APPLE.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Cabin of the Europe, Delaware River, Wednesday, July 4, 1849.

Dearest Ellen:—We are now at anchor about five miles below Wilmington. We have come this far on our voyage without meeting with anything particularly strange or surprising, except a capsized schooner and half a dozen men just above water floating upon her.

8

It is a magnificent moonlight evening. While our passengers are enjoying a dance aboard the steamer which tows us, I embrace the opportunity of writing to her I love. I have just had a pleasant promenade on the deck of the steamboat, but I can tell you what would have made it much pleasanter—your company. But I must not complain. I knew the cost and have hazarded everything. Your miniature proves a great source of comfort. I have thought of you very often—I may say almost constantly. Your letter breathes the true spirit and could I doubt the sincerity of your affection, I could also doubt that the world is in existence. I can assure you that while remembrance lasts, you will not be forgotten.

I called at your sister's and obtained the salve and rags of which you spoke. They seemed as anxious to fit me out as if I had been their brother and for this kindness I have you wholly to thank. Return them my deepest gratitude.

I presume the Guards made a stir in West Chester this afternoon; I am sorry I could not spend the day with them, but I shall remember that I sailed for San Francisco on the Fourth of July, 1849, leaving all that's near and dear for yellow gold. The steamboat will leave us in the morning, so this will be the last letter you are likely to receive from me for some months, as we do not expect to stop before we reach Valparaiso on the western coast of South America.

Since I have parted with my friends, I have been in very good spirits and felt very well. Our bread is as hard as a brickbat and about as palatable but I made a very good breakfast on it notwithstanding.

It is navy bread, made of rye flour and bran. The only thing I dread is seasickness and that will be fearful.

9

I have just been on deck to participate in the Captain's treat—brandy and cheese—and now my friends are making merry. We have four violins on board besides quite a number of other musical instruments, so we will not suffer for want of harmony of sound.

You told me you had been walking with Prizer and said you knew I would think no harm of that. I can answer and assure you that I would consider myself very ungenerous and selfish indeed if I had any objections to your walking with him or any other respectable person after having left you to be gone two or three years. It pains me to know you think me so selfish. Remember that it will be my pleasure to know that you are happy and enjoying yourself and it would not be reasonable to suppose you could do that if shut up in the house and not permitted to see any one. Try to make yourself as happy as possible until my return and then it will be my happiness to study yours. And what you have said to me in regard to care of health, apply to yourself, for health, after all, is the greatest of all blessings.

I am going ashore at New Castle and will take this with me. I must bid you farewell, with the promise that I will write at the first opportunity. I remain,

As ever yours,

E. CHRISTMAN.

10

The Sea Journal—I

Wednesday, July 11th, 1849

—Weeft Pine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, July 3d, amid the shouts and cheers of assembled hundreds and anchored below the Navy Yard until next morning. In order to complete

some necessary repairs, we were detained in the Delaware River and Bay until Saturday afternoon , July 7th, when the steamer which towed us down the river left us at the Capes. After passing the breakwater we soon lost sight of land, and as the green hills and trees disappeared, a melancholy sensation seized upon us as we reflected that this might be the last time we would be permitted to gaze upon the beautiful hills and vales of our native land. This sensation soon wore away, however, as we came to look around and beheld nothing but the heaving ocean stretched out before us and the blue sky above. This, to one unaccustomed to the like, was a sight at once grand and imposing. Toward the end of the day, many of the passengers began to get seasick and I felt a little squeamish myself. I turned in, however, early and slept soundly until morning, when I too was seized with the prevailing epidemic.

My feelings and emotions on leaving my friends and my native land on such an expedition, I cannot describe. I have left all that is near and dear and turned my face towards a strange land, expecting to be absent two or 11 three years, hoping in that time to realize a fortune; and then return and be greeted by kind friends. And this hope is my greatest consolation and comfort. Often memory carries me back to the *Record* office, and were I of a desponding temperament, I should wish myself there again. But hope whispers all is well, and so I proceed with a strong arm and an honest heart, with bright anticipations of joy and happiness in the future. But why do I predict anything? Lofty castles have oft been built in the air and a single rude breath sufficed to level them to the earth.

The ship is owned and fitted out by G. W. Hathaway & Co., of Philadelphia. They advertised accommodations for first and second cabin passengers, the former at \$200 and the latter at \$160. Thirty of the passengers are members of the California Gold Mining Association of Philadelphia, of which I am one, as well as my friend, DeWitt Clinton Atkins. They are as merry a set of fellows as ever sailed. Our Association engaged 2d cabin passage with Mr. N. B. Finley, the agent of Hathaway & Co., and by him they were assured that they would be furnished the same fare as the first cabin passengers, and that the difference in price was made in consequence of the first cabin passengers being furnished with everything, while the lower cabin passengers furnished their

own bedding and table furniture, and occupied the cabin between decks. A contract was drawn up enumerating the articles and quantity of food to be allowed each one in the lower cabin.

Our Association is divided into five sections. I am director of Section No. 5 which consists of six men. We each paid thirty dollars and purchased the following for use after arrival in San Francisco: 3 bbls. pilot bread, 2 do. pork, 1/2 do. beef, 1 do. beans, 1 do. 12 vinegar, one tent fourteen feet square, axe, hatchet, 2 spades, 2 shovels, 2 picks, 10 lbs. nails, pots, kettles, pans, table furniture, gum oversuit.

My personal outfit I bought with the money furnished me by Mr. Evans upon my departure. He is to receive fifty per cent of my earnings for two years after my arrival in California, in payment for the outfit as well as for six months' service which I owe him as apprentice. I have everything I can think of and over fifty dollars of my own in my pocket. As near as I can recollect at this time, the following comprises what I have brought with me: One government rifle, one navy pistol, one small rifle pistol, belt for same; six lbs. powder, six lbs. balls, 1,500 caps, large bowie knife, 17 pairs new heavy pantaloons, 12 new flannel shirts, 18 new checked shirts, five white muslin shirts, seven coats, five waistcoats, six new cotton neck cloths, 8 pairs of boots, shoes and slippers, four hats and caps, 18 pairs stockings, one nightcap, combs, brushes; ten lbs. of lead for casting bullets, six jars of pickles, one bottle of blackberry syrup, one lb. essence of beef, box of fresh water soap, do. of salt water, 3 lbs. of loaf sugar, peppermint, camphor, sulphur and brimstone, laudanum, twine, ropes, shaving apparatus, table knife, fork, spoon, plate, tin cup, iron frying pan, wash basin, etc.; a variety of books and stationery; bed and bedding, a bundle of rags and a box of all-healing salve.

Should I ever ship again I would take the following additional articles: Two or three dozen of mineral water, box of raisins, and a few other delicacies for use during seasickness. In addition to the articles mentioned in the foregoing list, I have taken a gallon of best fourth-proof brandy which I intend as medicine and for emergencies. We have given up to our Captain, 13 Addison Palmer, all our arms and ammunition for safekeeping. He seems to be a whole-souled sort of fellow.

We have about fifty-one passengers on board, among whom are six lady passengers, one little boy three years old and one infant at its mother's breast. Three of the ladies are in our cabin. This will add much to our social comforts, for without the smiles of woman nothing can prosper.

Today the passengers are all busily engaged in curing a lot of cabbage bought for their own convenience. Our fare is pretty hard, but as we are not quite regulated yet, more of this anon. I believe I am the only male passenger out of over forty who is free from the vice of using tobacco, either smoking or chewing. Some play cards or dominoes to while away the time. All, I believe, are supplied with books and many are commencing journals. All are disposed to minister to the comfort of others. So far we have progressed as a band of brothers and have had a delightful passage except that many of us have been seasick. DeWitt and I were miserable, indeed, but are recovering slowly. One of the sailors on board who had been sick and in a melancholy mood stabbed himself in the breast. He was taken on shore at New Castle, Delaware, and sent to Philadelphia. We fear he cannot recover.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, the Declaration of Independence was read by R. C. Stocton. Fiddling and dancing accompanied by drinking were kept up nearly all night. Next day some of the passengers, in consequence of the proceedings of the previous night, slept nearly all day.

We have not yet spoken a vessel and feel as if we were a little isolated community floating all alone on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, but we raised our 14 colors to let two vessels in the distance know we were American. One was home bound, the other from some foreign port.

Following our vessel are quite a number of birds resembling our common barnswallow, called Mother Carey's chicks, which, it is said, will follow us until we reach Cape Horn. While in the river we espied numerous sturgeons jumping out of the water, displaying their full length. Since we have come into the Atlantic we have seen many porpoises which appear about as large as full-grown hogs—the best comparison I can make, never having seen one except as they rise on the surface of the water.

Saturday, July 21st

—Several of the passengers have been attacked again with seasickness; among the number, friend Atkins and myself. I undertook to make some soup out of essence of beef, but not being able to obtain boiling water was not very successful. Atkins ate some of it notwithstanding. He is rapidly recovering and ate a hearty dinner tonight of codfish and potatoes. As I am still unable to eat, I have consulted the doctor. Many others are still on the sick list. Our first steward has been so bad that little hope was entertained for his recovery, but I am now happy to say that under the treatment of Dr. Harris, he is slowly recruiting. We have found the weather quite warm enough without our coats, in this respect much pleasanter than on shore.

We had made about 1,200 miles southeast of Philadelphia in a strong, fair wind, and hoped soon to change our course to a more southern direction, but quite a calm followed and the water continued as smooth as a 15 mirror. There was not enough wind to fill a sail. The current carried us 20 or 30 miles back until we were again opposite Chesapeake Bay, at what distance I know not. The Mother Carey's have all left us. I saw a plank covered with innumerable little white shellfish. I suppose it must have been floating in the ocean a long time.

We have seen thousands of dolphins, but up to this time have been able to catch only two. One was harpooned by a sailor, the other caught with a hook and line. The largest was rather larger than a fine shad. They are without scales and are said to be very good eating. An effort was made to harpoon some porpoises, but without success. We saw hundreds of them, also five grampuses, or young whales, somewhat heavier than a horse.

The water of the ocean appears of a dark blue. When taken up in a basin it is as clear as can be, but very salty and cannot be used for cooking purposes. It would be amusing to some of our old washer-women to witness us washing our clothes and putting them out to dry. I used to deem it play, but recent experience in washing, in salt water and without soap, has taught me to appreciate the feelings for which the ladies are proverbial on a washing day. I made my *début* in washing clothes while on the Delaware River. This morning I made my second effort since leaving

Philadelphia, and I have just examined my clothes and find them not quite clean. I expect to be an expert hand at the business by the time I reach San Francisco. Many did their washing today and are now taking in their clothes.

Many of the passengers who are expert swimmers enjoyed themselves by bathing in the open ocean. A canvas was put out, giving those who could not swim an opportunity to bathe. Mr. Holland, the President 16 of our Association, caught three speckled fish in a basket hung out at the stern of the vessel. Others of the passengers have been amusing themselves fishing, but without catching any fish. The majority are engaged in reading or writing and not a few in gaming (gaming, not gambling). A few make merry over the flowing bowl. I have as yet hardly fixed myself, but I commenced my Bible at the first chapter of Exodus, having read to this point before leaving port. All hands are in good spirits but the calm was rather annoying to many who are overanxious to reach the point of their destination. I find it very dull and tiresome to pass the time on board and would much sooner be at some manual occupation.

This afternoon a slight wind sprung up and we are now moving along quietly. In the distance there are two vessels. Perhaps we may speak one of them.

Wednesday, July 25th

—About one o'clock Saturday night one of the vessels came near to us and we spoke her. She was a Danish brig, from Santa Cruz to Copenhagen. Five different sails were in sight in the morning, apparently bound in the same direction that we are, but they left us towards evening. The Captain accounts for our meeting so many vessels all at once by saying that in case of a calm, vessels will come together at some certain point. On account of contrary winds and calm we were enabled to make but little or no progress on our way, being driven too much in a northeastern direction, but the wind has now veered around to the northwest, just the direction we have been wanting it, and our course is now southeast. We have had several showers. The sky was covered with clouds in 17 different directions and vivid flashes of lightning were seen at a distance. Before breakfast this

morning a beautiful rainbow stretched itself across the heavens, presenting a pretty picture, indeed, and one well calculated to be admired by those who had never seen the like before on the vast deep.

Yesterday the Association held a meeting and each member secured the professional services of Dr. Harris for two years by paying one dollar and sixty-three and a half cents.

We have seen a number of small flying fish. I suppose they derive their name from the fact that they rise up out of the water and fly along over its surface for hundreds of yards, and then dart under the waves again. They are a great curiosity. They seem to use their fins as wings. About twilight a large school of grampuses came floating lazily toward us, sporting within a few rods of the vessel. They would weigh, I suppose, from eight hundred to a thousand pounds each. It was quite diverting to see these huge monsters of the deep jump six or eight feet out of the water and then come down with a tremendous splash. The passengers have been successful in taking two large dolphins by hook and line.

The moon now shines until bedtime and adds greatly to the beauty of the evening. Sometimes I lie on deck in reverie, viewing her sweet countenance and thinking I can almost hold communion with loved ones left behind. I have just been out on the forecastle and listened to a number of sentimental songs by the sailors.

We are now in latitude 35 deg. N. and longitude 51 deg. W.—observation taken by the moon, though usually taken by the sun.

18

I fear that ere morning I shall feel under the weather.

Sunday, July 29th

—I was sick, very sick, but feeling better, I ate a very hearty breakfast of fresh bread, the first we have had since leaving the Capes. I was hungry at supper last night, but could not eat our mush, which had been about half boiled for breakfast and then warmed instead of fried for supper.

I am sorry we have not a clergyman on board for if it would do no other good, it would at least give us a little variety and drive the dull sameness of every day away, at least once a week. However, we have plenty of good stories told, and some talk is made of establishing a debating society. I hope it will be done. It would not only afford amusement, but also an opportunity for improvement.

We are getting along very handsomely on our course, making 4 to 6 knots per hour and 153 miles in the last 24 hours. Two vessels were in sight yesterday but they distanced us in the afternoon. Another vessel in sight this morning neared us towards noon. We hoisted our flag and she did likewise. We flew up our name and she raised hers. Presently she came within speaking distance and crossed our bows. Our Captain had stationed himself at a proper place, with his speaking trumpet, and hailed her with, "Where bound?" She answered, "California." "Where you from, pray?" "Boston." "How long out?" "Twelve days—with fair wind." She asked us similar questions and was answered. Her name was *John Parker*. She then gave us three cheers and we returned six. She had 19 but few passengers on board. We saw two ladies on deck. It will be seen that she has made an equal distance with ourselves, but she had fair winds while we were becalmed several days, and head winds several more. This is the second vessel we have spoken.

It will be a long while before I forget that Monday is the day of all others in the week for work in the old *Record* office. I suppose that tomorrow my old comrades in arms will be dispatching business at a rapid rate, and perhaps my services would be acceptable for an hour or two. But I cannot be here and there, too. Their memory cannot be forgotten and I hope I will not be. But I must not allow myself to get to musing in this way, as it might lead to disastrous results, and supper will soon be ready. We will have boiled mush and molasses, salt pork, tea, coffee.

Friday, August 3d

—Early this morning the dog belonging to Mr. Devine was taken with a fit as if mad, and this being observed by Mrs. Devine, she seized her by the throat and threw her overboard.

It is now just one month since we left Philadelphia and we are not yet 2,000 miles from there. If we do not progress faster hereafter it will take us about eight months to reach San Francisco. We are now getting into the Trade Winds, latitude 28 deg. and longitude 39 deg., and hope to make much better progress. The Captain tells us we will see no more seaweed, which has been very abundant, until we get in latitude 18 deg. S. We expect to cross the Equator in about two weeks. The weather has been remarkably cool and pleasant, nothing like as oppressively hot as July and August usually are in Philadelphia. Today has been the warmest since we left port. Two dolphins were caught today. We had them for supper. Several chickens escaped overboard towards evening and the boat was lowered to take them up. A vessel was discovered in the distance bearing direct for us and many set to work posting up their letters, but were disappointed in having an opportunity to send them, for the vessel soon changed her course and we lost sight of her.

I have repacked my trunk and placed camphor in all the woolen clothing, and have done my first mending. I flatter myself it was as well done as any "knight of the Goose" could have done it. We pared our onions and put them in a barrel to pickle.

About half a dozen of our passengers appear to be inveterate rum drinkers. Last night they raised a fuss among themselves and annoyed all well-disposed persons by their boisterous conduct. This morning one of them made his appearance decorated with a black eye. He fell out of his hammock. It is highly probable that these worthies will be placed on shore at the first port we stop unless they mend their ways. They have been intoxicated nearly half of the time since leaving port.

Another week on the Atlantic is ending and here we might pause and with wisdom reflect on the future. Our greatest pleasure now would be once more to place our feet on beloved *terra firma*. How pleasantly would an hour pass in the society of loved ones left behind. At home the end of the week was always most welcome as it was followed by a day of rest and sweet pleasure. But here every day may be said to be alike, a continual rolling about, and land would be the most welcome thing I can imagine. The passengers and sailors are having a sociable dance while I am writing.

Thursday, August 16

—Last evening a number of the second cabin passengers, myself included, took a sociable glass and then another, and the dose was repeated until we got on a “regular bust.” Three poor fellows were entirely overcome and prostrated. The party kept up until long after the noon of night, but we all, with the exception of one, made our appearance at the breakfast table to stay our eager appetites. This has been my first frolic since leaving home and, as I can't say they are of much benefit, it will most probably be my last.

The day was ushered in with an accident to one of our Association, Mr. James Monroe, who was precipitated down the steps with the coffee pot full of coffee. The coffee was spilled and scalded his right arm and hand from the elbow down. Sweet-oil and turpentine were immediately applied and it is now doing quite well. A rumpus was raised at the breakfast table which came near resulting in a fight. One of the passengers seized the coffee pot out of another's hand in a very rude manner.

We crossed the Tropic of Cancer in damp and disagreeable weather, and are now in the Trade Winds. Our old ship rocked so we could not stand without holding fast to something, and interfered considerably with locomotion. The trunks in our cabin got rolling about and stirred up a great muss. A jar of pickles was broken. We made 163 miles in 24 hours. Many of the passengers were very seasick. We removed our trunks and washed our cabin, not before the sailors had refused the Captain's request to cleanse it, however, and we had no other remedy.

I saw two birds about the size and appearance of our whippoorwill, but I am unable to learn their name. Doyle is reported to have *beat his wife*. I have been 22 reading the “Life and Adventures of Henry Smith, the ‘Razor Strop Man.’”

Last night the ocean presented a very singular and beautiful appearance, being covered with floating islands of a bright substance called *Medusæ Pelucen*, the reflection of which, as the vessel ploughed through it, made it light enough to read in the lower cabin. The substance is white and glutinous when taken out of the water and somewhat resembles a fine honeycomb, but at night, floating in

the sea, it presents the appearance of the common glowworm. It is peculiar to this latitude, not being seen except in small quantities at other places. The heavens, overcast with dark, thick clouds, threatened rain, notwithstanding which but little rain fell. Contrary to my expectations, the weather still continues pleasant, and not as warm as when we left the States. We saw a large flock of sea birds in the distance.

Wednesday, August 29

—We have been *blessed* with contrary winds. On Monday we made but ten miles on our course. There was a splendid circle, brilliant as the rainbow, round the sun. With a light head wind, we were going northwest instead of south, but thanks to fortune the wind changed to a more favorable direction and we are now making very near our proper course, southwest. We had heavy rain during the day and caught several hogsheads of water. I did my washing in rainwater and found it much better than salt water. Two flying fish were found dead in the fore-castle this morning. They are small, of a bluish color, small scales, but two fins. They are large near the head and have very large eyes. Also we saw a flock of spear-water, a species of gull.

23

Notwithstanding our nearness to the Equator, this has been the coldest day we have experienced since leaving port. Indeed it is so cold that many have brought out their overcoats, and they are quite comfortable. We now have bid farewell to many of the stars visible at home, among others the North Star. The “pointers” can be seen early in the evenings. They soon disappear below the horizon but we are repaid for the absence of these by the appearance of others not visible in our northern latitude.

I have just witnessed a somewhat novel sight—four of the passengers playing euchre with dominoes by moonlight. I sold a quart of brandy for \$1.50. Some cheese and a cup belonging to Mr. Sterling are missing. The cup is said to be in the possession of one of the sailors. I have been seasick again and suffered severely from headache today. We had fresh bread for breakfast. It is promised twice a week hereafter.

Sunday, September 9

—We crossed the Equator Friday, August 31st, in longitude 23 deg. W. In the evening, pursuant to custom, old Neptune and his assistants made their appearance, dressed in the most grotesque style, and every one on board had to stand treat or be “shaved.” The shaving consists in having tar and oil rubbed over your face and scraped off with an old knife or file, not a very pleasant operation, by the way. Much sport was had on this occasion, but I missed it, as well as the “shaving,” on account of severe illness—confined to my berth. I have been sick with the fever which rendered my situation very bad. I have just been on deck, the first time for days. Since my recovery from the fever, my head is getting better and I hope to be 24 “a good egg” in a day or two, in fact, heartier than I ever was before. Clint and I have been troubled near two months with the seasickness, and it is very disagreeable but said to be highly conducive to health as it cleanses the stomach of all bilious matter.

Friday we made 208 miles, the best run we have made. I saw a large turtle this morning. A few of Mother Carey's chickens have been following in our wake since crossing the line but have now left us. A fair wind is blowing but the weather is rather fickle; we have had alternate sunshine and showers—three rainbows, one in the morning and two towards evening.

Dick, Mack, Tilghman & Co. had a frolic aloft and, after emptying the bottles, threw them on deck, which came near creating a serious disturbance. Also a duel was nearly had between Dick and the doctor. *Rick, vez!* The violin had been brought forward and several reels were gone through with. I took a lunch on cold pork, catsup and navy bread and made a first-rate drink of water, ginger and molasses mixed together.

There is nothing to be seen from one end to the other but a dreary waste of blue sky above and rolling water below. Yet this is what has so often been pictured as something beautiful to look upon, and entertaining to be tossed about upon. But notwithstanding all that has been said of its charms, its novelty is now over and it hath no charms any longer for me. It is nearly ten weeks since we left port. Truly a long while to see nothing but sky and water and our own good ship, and yet it will be a

long while again before we reach port. I am tired of it and wish to be on shore, and there are others who are as anxious in this respect as myself. "But there's a good time coming, boys." We'll push "SKY AND WATER AND OUR OWN GOOD SHIP" Engraving of *The Europe* taken from an old Bill of Lading in Enos Christman's papers.

25 dull melancholy by and look on the bright side of the picture.

During the past two weeks, in lieu of fresh-baked bread twice a week we have been receiving buckwheat cakes and corn bread every alternate morning. The cakes, to be sure, are not nice, light, round cakes, but large, square ones an inch thick, and baked in a pan of fat instead of on a bake plate, yet we count it "high living" and devoutly pray that it may continue during the remainder of the voyage, as one "good" meal a day is not to be sneezed at. It would do our friends good to witness the eagerness with which these "delicate" dishes are devoured. When breakfast time arrives a rush is made and the plates are soon emptied, and woe to the poor wight who happens to get behind, for he is sure to go without breakfast and unless it happens to be "duff day," Thursday or Sunday, he has but a poor relish for anything until the next breakfast is brought forward.

Our latitude is 18 deg. S. This morning we sounded for bottom to the depth of 70 fathoms but found none. We are now in the neighborhood of a bank or shoals called "Adois," I think, and about 200 miles from shore. I saw a dead duck floating along. We have stopped a leak in the head of the vessel.

After dinner, the brig *Howland* came within hailing distance. He told us that he was 45 days from Boston to Rio de Janeiro, also that he spoke the brig *Virginia* a few days since, 60 days from New Orleans to California. We told him we were from Philadelphia, 60 days outbound to California, gave him our longitude as he did his—his 36 deg. 12[*min*] W., our own 36 deg. 10[*min*] W.—and requested him to report in the States, the ship "*Europe*—all well," and then parted with six 26 round cheers for the Yankee captain. One of the men on their forecastle cheered with such great earnestness that we witnessed him spring into the air some three or four feet and come down,

sprawling on his *latter end*! Our passage has thus far been very long and tedious and it was quite cheering to hear of even one vessel that was not distancing us.

I just saw one Mother Carey's chicken. They appear to be found almost everywhere in the ocean.

Friday, September 21

—We have crossed the Tropic of Capricorn. The sea has been exceedingly rough and I have not felt like writing. The way the vessel rocked from side to side and rattled the dishes and trunks was a caution to Davy Crockett. It has been impossible for many of the passengers to sleep as we were one moment with the feet up and the next with the head. All kinds of furniture in the cabin were being dashed and rolled about in beautiful style. The wind increased until it blew quite a gale, howling and whistling through the rigging as on a bleak December morning. The ocean roared and dashed as though the Furies were waked up within her, yet our good old ship glided over it like the swift courser over the smooth and level surface. We find our cabin very comfortable, much more so than the upper one, and now during the evening our table is crowded by readers and card players. Our thickest woolens are in requisition. Two vessels came near us, but owing to the roughness of the sea, we could hold no communication with them. We signalled them, however, and as they displayed the Spanish flag, a yellow strip with one of red on each side, we supposed them from the Mediterranean bound to Rio de Janeiro.

27

Early this morning it commenced raining very hard and the storm continued with great violence. The waves piled mountain high, rocking the vessel so as to make it very difficult to stand on deck, and ever anon dashing over her sides, completely deluging her. About supper time a very heavy sea struck her, emptied the tables of their furniture and started nearly every trunk in our cabin rolling as if life were quickly instilled into it. Mr. Devine was thrown on deck and, in falling, caught hold of the binnacle, tearing it away and breaking the oval glass and the compass, but fortunately without hurting himself.

Some days since, scores of whale birds presented themselves and remained during the day. We caught over a dozen. They are of a dark color, about three feet from tip of wing to tip, have a white ring round neck and eye, crooked bill, toes united in a web, with claws at the end of each. They alight in the water and swim and dive like ducks. They live on fish and whatever they can catch. It was quite a novel idea to us land-lubbers to see them alight near the vessel and pick the baited hook, and then be hauled up on deck. It is singular that they cannot rise up off the deck and fly away. All the old seamen told us they were unfit for use, notwithstanding which we had them cooked and found them to be quite palatable.

This afternoon after the rain had ceased, birds being still quite numerous around us, the passengers took out their lines and were successful in taking a gony, a species of duck, perfectly white except over the back and wings, and measuring over six feet across the wings. The gony was skinned for the purpose of preserving the pelt with the down on. Being pronounced unfit to eat, the body was quartered and given to the pigs. Mr. 28 Doyle caught a mammoth goose which Mrs. Doyle had picked, and as it was covered with a splendid coat of white down, had the skin preserved for making a tippet. The skin is preserved by stretching tightly over a board and washing it with strong alum water. I rigged a fish line and after bobbing a long while was successful in taking a Cape pigeon, which later was let loose. It resembled our common pigeon very much except that it is colored like the woodcock, with webbed feet.

Clint and I did our washing today and a hard job it was. I rubbed the “bark” off my fingers. We expect that it will be too cold to wash again until we reach Valparaiso. Dick and Mack were drunk this afternoon. They each lost a hat. This evening a court was established and the case of C. Yard vs. Jeremiah, alias Jas. A. Rogers, came up for trial. The defendant was charged with wrongly taking Mr. Yard's stool out of his berth, thereby endangering a certain glass case. *Judge Price* presided and there was much merriment over the occasion. Tomorrow evening was appointed for the trial of Messrs. Hathaway vs. Mr. Devine, on account of breaking the binnacle, compass, etc. Several other cases are on hand, but whether or not they will ever be tried, deponent cannot say.

(Among our passengers is a couple just married before leaving port, Mr. and Mrs. Bates. It is a significant fact that she is now manufacturing *little clothes!*)

Sunday, September 30

—I have on two pairs of heavy pants, three pairs stockings, two shirts—and yet scarcely feel comfortable. I put a large patch on my pantaloons, and I flatter myself that it was very well done. As the sun shone with pleasing brightness, the sunny side of 29 the vessel was crowded with passengers endeavoring to warm themselves, but Old Sol's rays are hardly proof against the cutting wind of this latitude. This morning the wind changed to a more favorable quarter, and we are now speeding on our course at a rapid rate, but many are beginning to be dissatisfied that the sails are nearly all hauled in at night, which has been the case for some time during the fairest wind and weather.

We have had delightful moonlight evenings but the air was most too sharp to enjoy them properly. While the weather was pleasant and the sea smooth, we repaired to the deck in the evening and mingled in the mazy dance, or listened to the charming notes of the violin. Now that the weather has become cold, we have opened a theatre in the second cabin and “Macbeth” was played with great effect amid thunders of applause from a crowded house, many of the first cabin passengers being present. Mr. McCowan constituted the orchestra. We have also had a series of Shakespearean readings by Mr. Rogers, accompanied by the discordant sounds of two horns, clapping of hands, stamping and shouting.

It is a singular fact that some of the passengers have become so infatuated in the passion for cards that they play from sunrise till bedtime. A stove was raised in the front cabin, and the table has been occupied by card players. This evening a merry trio, a lady (?) among them, played euchre. It is not my province to moralize, but here is a text that might be enlarged upon, though I suppose they have adopted the maxim of some of our New England fathers, “that Sabbath ends at sundown.”

Last evening two of the passengers, a lady and a gentleman, took a “leveling party” and were so drunk they could hardly stand and were carrying on at a 30 terrible rate, railing at nearly all the passengers on board—truly a rich occurrence. At the still hour of twelve, about a dozen piratical-looking Californians could be seen cooking a pan of molasses and butter over a small coal stove in the front cabin, speaking in low whispers lest they should be heard, for it was forbidden ground they were treading upon. After the mixture had been properly cooked, one of the craft took the dish out under the pretense of cooling it—which was the last known of him until the luxury had been well stowed in hungry stomachs. But the cheated party were determined not to be put off in this manner and with a perseverance worthy of a good cause they proceeded to cook another dish and were more careful as to whom they trusted to cool it.

Our largest porker was slaughtered Thursday. It was in pretty good order, and we were promised a dinner on fresh meat, quite a delicacy. When the hour arrived a tremendous rush was made for the table but we were disappointed in our anticipations, as the pig killed was for the especial benefit of first cabin. However, two porkers were killed yesterday and one of them, about as big as a full-grown cat, was promised for our cabin today. We had a good pork sea pie. The second cabin passengers all arose from the table with gratified appetites and smiling faces, which with us is a very rare occurrence. Deep, low mutterings usually ensue after meals, and not without cause, as this is an almost intolerable place as far as table luxuries are concerned. Our bread now contains worms half an inch in length, and is a little musty—a hard story, but nevertheless true—and our duff is very badly cooked, not better than mere dough heated. Complaint was made to the Captain and he gave us directions to flog the cook 31 next time it came to us in such a manner. I shall go to bed supperless. I have been much below par and in bed the greater part of the day.

The moon shines brightly and the sky is studded with here and there a bright star. All seems peace and glory, unlike the turbulent waters of the ocean and the yet more turbulent spirits upon the *Europe*. The Association sang a hymn and several chapters were read from the Bible by Mr. Rogers. And thus the Sabbath was ended.

Friday, October 5

—After being nearly becalmed, with the sails flapping against the masts, a fair wind has sprung up and we are making direct for the Strait of Le Mair, which separates Staten Land or Island from Tierra del Fuego. But not having reached the point wished for at sunset, the Captain has determined to pass around to the east of Staten Island. At six o'clock P.M. we were 36 miles from land. All eyes were eagerly directed shoreward, many asserting that they could discover it. Some said they had a very indistinct view of what they supposed to be a small mountain on Staten Island.

We are in the vicinity of whales. For several hours, while the sea was smooth, we were literally surrounded by whales, some of them of enormous size. Three came within a few feet of the vessel, giving us a good view of them, the largest of which would measure at least forty feet and perhaps sixty or more. To us landsmen it was a pleasing sight, and notwithstanding that we had all read and heard of their vast size, we were all thrown aback and filled with surprise, the largest elephants turning into mere pigmies when compared to these 32 monsters of the deep. A magnificent sight was presented to view—about a dozen in one school, a few hundred yards apart, kept spouting large volumes of water into the air, one after the other in quick succession, making it resemble the continued puffing of a steam car in motion. At twilight this evening the huge carcass of one floated by; and then a question arose, the Captain supposing it dead, and the first mate maintaining it was only sleeping.

While sitting on the bow of the vessel, I observed various miniature rainbows reflected in the water, caused by the bright sun striking the spray as it dashed from the bow of the ship. We have not seen any flying fish for some time, nor will we until we have warmer weather, for as cold weather approaches they disappear. We were again greeted with seaweed, the first we have seen in latitude 18 deg. N., I think, although of a different species, being a vine with long, broad leaves upon it.

Last night a party of the “owlers” made fire in the stove which the Captain had purposely extinguished, and cooked sundry dainty dishes. But they were disturbed and nearly discovered by

the unexpected appearance of the Captain, some of them having to decamp with various baggage under their coats.

Thursday, October 11

—Our old tub has been rolling in a manner making it difficult to write. On Monday a fair wind came up which increased to a gale towards evening when we “lay to” under “bare poles,” except the “main topsail” which was “closereefed.” With contrary winds so that we could not make an inch on our course, we lay to in sight of another vessel, 33 supposed to be a man-of-war, bound on the same course as ourselves. It was a consolation to know we were not wholly alone in our glory! Being off Cape Horn, about sixty miles to the southeast, it was determined to celebrate the event in a suitable manner; the punch bowl and “old apple-jack” had to suffer in consequence and a right jovial night was had. Many had to be put to bed; one became raving and had to be tied down; some spouted, others swore, others again fell into the meal barrel and had to be helped out. The scenes were perfectly similar in character to the close of an election or some such event. And thus was celebrated the event of being off the Horn and it will not be forgotten in a day. The party kept up until near daylight. Many were rather worse for the frolic and spent the next day in bed.

The sea became in a measure quieted. However, on Tuesday we rolled too much to have the table set at dinner, each man taking his pork and bread in his hand and practicing on the motto that fingers were made before forks. After dark the wind rose again and snow fell in heavy squalls. We saw a large whale under the stern of the ship while the waves were dashing around us. Some played checkers, while the ladies favored us with several good songs and among the best, “Home Sweet Home.”

Three vessels came in sight, one of which we spoke on Wednesday, the whaler *Edward*, of New Bedford, Massachusetts; while one of the others hoisted her colors and thus let us know she was American. They each carried considerably more sail than we have heretofore. To be even, our Captain ordered the canvas to be set, and we have made good time. It appears that we outsailed all the vessels, which is the first occurrence of the kind, and has raised the *Europe's* reputation at 34

least twenty per cent in the view of the passengers. The announcement that we would soon be in the Pacific was hailed with delight by all. This afternoon we passed the meridian of Cape Horn and are now gaily floating on the blue waters of the Pacific, just one hundred days from Philadelphia. I bet a bottle of brandy with Mr. Yard that we were not more than 7,000 miles from Philadelphia, the brandy to be taken at Valparaiso. We left the decision to the Captain and he decided in my favor.

We have not seen a paper since leaving the States, and hence we know nothing of what has occurred during that time at home or abroad. The whole earth might be revolutionized and we would be none the wiser; and the prospect is that we will have but little opportunity of knowing much for some time to come.

A distribution of the balance of the money in the hands of the President, from the contribution at New Castle, Delaware, took place, the dividend amounting to 23 cents to each member. A few gories and numerous Cape pigeons have followed us entirely round the "Horn." This evening the barometer indicates an approaching storm.

Sunday, October 21

—A tremendous wave struck the vessel Tuesday morning, covering the deck with several feet of water and rolling some of the passengers from side to side, ducking them most thoroughly. The same wave rolled a volume of water down the hatchway, covering the greater part of our cabin with three to six inches, which floated some of the trunks about and wet some of their contents. Since shipping the heavy sea, the hatch to our cabin has been left closed. The 35 wind suddenly increased to a violent gale, blowing our spanker sheet to pieces, throwing the man at the wheel down, shipping heavy seas, knocking and rolling us about as though we were but feathers. Indeed it blew "great guns" and was decidedly the stormiest time we have had. One of the sailors, named Pete, refused to do duty and, when expostulated with, drew his knife and made a dash at the first mate. He was then put in irons and received a flogging. He appears to be a half-crazy sort of fellow, and this is not his first misdemeanor.

As we were lying to Wednesday night, another tremendous wave struck us about 12 o'clock, making the good old ship quiver like a wounded bird, and twisting our rudder into splinters like a broom. This was not felt until morning, and when the announcement was made that we were without a rudder, terror and despair were pictured upon the countenances of many, while others treated it with rather unbecoming levity. The Captain thought seriously of endeavoring to get back to Montevideo, or Rio de Janeiro, but upon consultation with his officers he was dissuaded from this course, and made a determined effort to reach Valparaiso. By the valuable assistance of several passengers who are carpenters, the rudder was temporarily fixed. Our experience around "these diggin's" would almost induce us to believe that nothing prevails but gales or dead calms, rain or snow, and but very little sunshine. Snow showers have been almost a daily occurrence, and the decks continually wet with rain and snow, making it very disagreeable. After a gale which carried away our spanker sheet and rocked the vessel, we found ourselves in a dead calm, when the smoothness of the sea enabled R. Taylor, who volunteered his services, to mend our rudder in such a manner that it may now be 36 depended upon. Several of the seamen have been disabled and the Captain could neither make nor take in sail without calling on the passengers.

Friday morning the startling announcement was made that on account of this continual tossing about by the storms and waves, we had unexpectedly lost about 1,400 gallons of water out of a large square iron tank and as a consequence, the passengers would be allowed but *one quart* per day for all purposes, excepting the ship's crew, who had to do duty, and they were allowed two quarts. At four P.M. each one stalked up to the water cask with his bottle or demijohn and received his meager allowance. Before bedtime some of them had emptied their bottles, not even leaving a drop for breakfast. As nothing fresh can be cooked without water (salt junk is cooked in salt water), this being put on a quart per day is rather a serious matter and not to be trifled with. Indeed, we find the quart-of-water business quite close enough. Some take a drop of tea in the morning, while others reserve all for drinking, or give half a gill for the purpose of getting a fresh roll baked; the cook could do this by adding a portion of salt water. For my own part, I have not suffered very much for water, though I have saved enough to make four biscuits. We had a very smart snow shower and

then nearly all of the passengers could have been seen gathering up the mite of snow and converting it into water. I gathered one large ball which made about a gill of water when melted.

Pagan worshippers never clung closer to their idols than we now do to our bottles and it need not be wondered at for they constitute our all. Some of us have often been pinched with thirst without the wherewith to quench it. It has become a saying that misfortunes 37 never come singly, and we have had a verification of this. The continual succession of storms and head winds has kept us beating five weeks without making that many hundred miles on our course.

As we go north, quite a sensible difference for the better is felt in the atmosphere. Two of the seamen show symptoms of the scurvy, but it is hoped it will not get bad. A very fine sea pie was made and was enjoyed by us all today, though the porkers slaughtered were poor and lean.

This evening Rogers read a chapter in the Bible, as well as an excellent tract, to which great attention was paid by all, even some upper cabin passengers, except Messrs. Marvin, Paine, H. and Mrs. H. But I am glad to say that they are the only persons who thus break in upon and transgress all moral as well as divine law. They were even boisterous enough to interfere with the reading. Last evening songs were sung, among others "Billy Taylor." We had fiddling and later in the night the "owlers" commenced operations and had a merry spree, keeping up their noisy revels until two o'clock this morning.

BILLY TAYLOR^{*}

From late eighteenth century sheet music. Copied from "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," Vol. V, 1914-1917, London.

Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow, Full of fun, and full of glee, And his mind he did discover To a lady fair and free. Four and twenty brisk young fellows Drest they were in rich array And they took poor Billy Taylor, Whom they press'd and sent to sea. 38 And his truelove follow'd after Under the name of Richard Car, Her lilly-white hands were bedaub'd all over With the nasty pitch and tar. Now behold, the first engagement Bold she fought among the rest Till the wind did blow her jacket And discovered her lilly-white breast. When that the captain came for to view it Says he, "What

wind has blown you here?" "Sir, I be come to seek my truelove Whom you press'd I love so dear." "If you be come to seek your treasure Tell to me his name, I pray." "Sir, his name is Billy Taylor Whom you press'd and sent to sea." "If his name is Billy Taylor, He is both cruel and severe, For rise up early in the morning And you'll see him with his lady fair." With that she rose up early next morning, Early by the break of day, And there she saw bold Billy Taylor Dancing with his lady gay. With that she called for sword and pistol, Which did come at her command, And there she shoot bold Billy Taylor With his truelove in his hand. When that the captain came for to know it He very much applauded her for what she had done, And immediately made her the first lieutenant Of the glorious *Thunder Bumb*.

39

Tuesday, October 23

—A very turbulent sea has prevented our piling on the canvas. In the course of ten minutes we have had rain, hail, snow and sunshine. This afternoon a penguin kept floating round the ship a long time. This was the first penguin I ever saw and as it came up to the surface of the water appeared very much like a guinea in form and of a dark greenish color. They are covered with feathers and have short wings but cannot fly. The greatest peculiarity about them is the tail which is perpendicular with the body, like a fish, and answers the purpose of a rudder. While we were watching it, a wave broke over and gave me, with several others, a good drenching. Mr. Sterling caught a bird, as large as our common goose, and had it broiled. It was pronounced very good.

The younger Stocton and Tilghman being drunk this afternoon, the latter was for making disturbances with several of the passengers and at length succeeded in insulting the doctor. The lie was given on both sides and succeeded by blows, but the assailants were parted and neither was much hurt. Tilghman was threatened with handcuffs by the Captain. This appeared to have a good influence, for soon after he was quieted.

Last evening a noisy, drunken crowd commenced and kept on until the noon of night, soon after which a tragedy or farce was enacted which will require some explanation to make it intelligible

to those who did not witness it. Mr. H. and lady occupy a stateroom in the after-part of our cabin. Mr. H., being one of the revellers, was pretty well “how come you so,” and lay behind the stove in the upper cabin a little while. He then came down and got into Atkins' berth where he lay a few minutes, and then into Mr. J.'s, and being routed out of the latter place, he lay on the floor near 40 his door, when the light was suddenly extinguished. His wife shrieked, declaring that some one was attacking her. As soon as she screamed, Mr. H. made his way to his room, crying out “Murder, Murder, Murder!” “Captain Palmer!” “Fire!” and exhibited a dagger with a blade about five inches long covered to the hilt with blood, with which it was said Mrs. H. stabbed the intruder. While this was occurring, a light was brought but no wound could be found upon him.

This tragical affair was further examined into today, but resulted in nothing but the exculpation of the individual charged, and established beyond doubt that it was nothing but a farce, designed to remove the bad impressions created by the lady's former unbecoming conduct. The blood on the dagger is accounted for from the fact that two gonies were caught and slain by Mr. H. in the afternoon. For fear that something more serious may grow out of this affair, a regular watch has been formed at the request of the Captain, by the lower cabin passengers, to serve each two hours.

Within the last three or four days several hats and caps have been lost overboard. In fact, our course could almost be marked out by the caps that have been lost.

Monday, October 29

—The wind dead head against us for two days carried us back again to the latitude of the Horn. On Thursday a vessel that had been seen in the distance, came up to us about noon. It proved to be the *John Parker* of Boston. He told us they had a rough time of it round the Horn, and were now on short allowance of water. This is the same vessel we spoke when only about three weeks out; by this it will 41 be seen that we have not been beaten by anything we yet know of.

During a storm Saturday night our rudder again gave way and required some time to render it useful next morning. This morning the wind died away and as the sun rose, shedding forth his welcome rays, the sea was as calm and smooth as a pretty maiden's cheek. Soon after, a fair wind sprung up

and towards evening increased to a gale accompanied by heavy rain, rendering it necessary for us to lay to or run the risk of again losing our rudder. The early part of the day was the most agreeable we had had for about four weeks, and the decks were dry for the first time during that period.

All hands have again been engaged catching water with tin cup or bottle, off every spar and rope, wherever a drop would run down. But very little of the water caught in this manner is fit for drinking, as it is rendered somewhat brackish from the spray which is continually dashing over the rigging. However, it answers for culinary purposes. Today I stood nearly an hour in the rain and cold until my fingers were quite benumbed, holding a tin cup to catch water as it dripped off one of the small boats. This was free from salt and made a good cup of chocolate. Since our short allowance of water commenced, we have been furnished with enough wheat flour to make four biscuits a day, but this is now stopped. We will get that amount of wheat flour only once a week. This renders it pretty hard to get along on a quart of water, as fresh bread required less water than anything else and it did not create a thirst as most other provisions do, especially our beef and pork. But I shall get along handsomely as I can trade a pint of water for two biscuits per day with one of the upper cabin passengers.

42

Last evening Mrs. H. and Mr. Marvin commenced playing dominoes. This being contrary to the wishes of the passengers, a committee was appointed to wait on the Captain and request him to have it stopped. The Captain repaired below and it was immediately discontinued. This is not the first time the same parties have outraged public opinion by playing games on Sunday evening.

At noon today we had a distant view of Cape Pillar, the northwesternmost point of Tierra del Fuego.

Sunday, November 4

—The gale of Wednesday night was terrible, making every timber in our old craft quiver and tearing our fore-top staysail to pieces. We had the highest sea that I have seen and I was credibly informed that the waves seldom run higher, but often much more dangerous. The waves appeared like hills moving toward you and threatening to bury you beneath them, but as they came rolling

their foamy peaks toward us, our ship mounted over them and then rolled into the hollow they formed, and righted herself to receive the “next customer.” We lost twenty miles northing within twenty-four hours, and the vessel was plunging in such a manner that we had to hold on with one hand to keep from rolling over.

The English brig, *Vigilant*, hove in sight on her homeward passage and bore down upon us. She soon came within hailing distance but the sea being rough and the wind blowing pretty hard, little speaking could be done. We gave each other our longitude by chalking it in large characters on the sides of the vessels. The wind being fair to waft her around the Horn, she was soon lost to view.

43

A vessel was discovered this morning off our weather bow. We gained on her considerably and this evening she was far astern. All hands are in high glee on account of the fair wind today and rejoice at the prospect of getting out of this tempestuous part of the ocean. I wagered to a treat with Mr. Morrow that we would not be in Valparaiso on the 20th inst. We are now being driven northeast by north at the rate of six knots an hour.

The great event of the day is the fresh bread question—a question that I can hardly here explain. Thursday morning orders were given to weigh out about 1 1/2 lbs. of wheat flour and 1 1/2 lbs. of cornmeal to each of us, with the understanding that the upper cabin passengers should be treated in the same way. This latter part of the story some of us did not believe, as false statements had often been made to us before, and therefore we resolved to receive no allowance until the whole contract should be fulfilled. We took this view of it:

The flour appears to be nearly exhausted. While we are put on an allowance of 1 1/2 lbs., others were to be permitted to use as much as they please, and when exhausted we would all have to suffer alike. This would be allowing them to feast at our expense, which by the way fourteen out of twenty-six of us were not quite willing to allow, our motto being to “ask nothing but what is right and submit to nothing that is wrong.” Twelve of our party drew their allowance and ordered fresh bread for breakfast. But the rest of us had a cold one, except chocolate or coffee.

We did not expect to have any bread until we reached Valparaiso as we determined not to receive their paltry pound and a half of flour. But this morning we received bread and the question was settled by having it 44 promised in future upon our giving water to bake it. These parsimonious scoundrels, Messrs. Hathaway & Co., would feed us on worse than almshouse or penitentiary fare. It could hardly be supposed that an American ship could thus be sent out on a long voyage without sufficient and wholesome provisions. They promised potatoes, pickles, etc., but have never furnished us a single pickle nor a solitary vegetable, except a few beans and a little rice. We have had to depend principally upon salt pork and beef. Except for three messes of fresh pork which they furnished while off Cape Horn, the only fresh provisions we have had since leaving Philadelphia, a period of twenty weeks, were a few meals of fish and birds which we caught ourselves, and therefore no thanks to them. These cravens disgrace the American name by thus provisioning an American vessel, and should any of the villains be found in California, where they have promised to be, I should not like to stand responsible for the retributive vengeance that may be visited upon them.

Yesterday I killed and dressed two gories and had the birds for dinner today. They were first boiled in salt water and then baked in the stove. They furnished a very good meal.

Monday, November 12

—We have had the wind from every quarter of the compass, as well as a few hours' perfect calm with considerable rain, hail and snow, giving us an opportunity to gather rainwater, which all were eager to do. I was successful in obtaining about three gallons of good sweet water, fit for any purpose, besides as much as I could drink. A good drink of 45 water is much more eagerly sought after by us than brandy by the most devoted followers of Bacchus.

Ten or twelve large albatross were caught and slaughtered, some of them weighing 22 pounds and measuring as much as 12 feet across the wings from tip to tip. Every one now has a curiosity of some kind or other from these fine birds. The ladies picked the feathers off several of them and took the skin off with the down on, which is very thick, for the purpose of making tippets. Some have

secured the skins to be sent home and put up; others a few large quills; the bill; a long, slender bone out of the wing which answers as a pipestem; the skin of the foot filled with wind like a bladder, which after becoming dry serves the purpose of a tobacco pouch. We enjoyed a first-rate supper on stewed albatross and had a lot of dried apples stewed with a portion of the rainwater caught. Notwithstanding the fact that the seamen all told us the albatross were not edible, we devoured them as if they were pheasants, not experiencing any ill effects therefrom.

The wind eventually settled in the southwest and we glided smoothly toward the north. On Wednesday we had incessant rain squalls. In the afternoon we quite unexpectedly came within sight of Cape Three Points, the first land we have seen since the 29th of October. This sudden approach to land somewhat alarmed the Captain, for it proved to him that his reckoning was wrong. At the announcement of land in sight all hands were soon on deck scanning the horizon with eager eyes. A squall coming up at the time prevented them from discovering it at first, but soon the cloud disappeared and a glorious light burst upon the view. A great 46 number of snow-clad high hills or mountains far inland appeared as bright and shining as gold when the sun reflected his rays upon it. Soon after, the mist entirely disappeared in that direction and the table-lands presented themselves before us as far as the eye could reach, as well as the rocks and breakers near the shore. We were driven by the very heavy rolling sea, quite near these rocks that reared their dark peaks above the surface, and against which the waves lashed themselves into a foam. As the afternoon advanced and evening came on, the Captain became more apprehensive of danger and every effort was made to get off from shore, when a sudden squall of wind came up from a favorable quarter. The Captain ordered on more sail and we were soon speeding our way out of danger which the officers told us was much more imminent than most of us anticipated. Indeed, they said death and destruction threatened all round.

Saturday the wind commenced blowing with great violence. The ocean rolled in mountain waves and its whole surface was covered with foam. The gale was so violent that it carried away our spanker sheet and rolled over us in such a manner as almost to sweep-our decks. The seamen began to be alarmed and the passengers put on very long faces. Many did not retire during the night, and others turned in with their clothes on. I, however, turned in about ten and slept very soundly until

breakfast, notwithstanding the tremendous knocks the old craft received. When we waked up we found ourselves becalmed and a smooth sea spread around us, but a light breeze arose and wafted us onward to our promised port.

This is the first day, I believe, for five weeks, that 47 we have had no rain or snow. At daylight the highest peaks of Cape Three Mounts could be seen to the east. The greenish appearance of the water told us we were upon soundings, where the water is very deep.

One of the seamen now lies very feeble with the scurvy.

Monday, November 19

—Wednesday evening, the horizon being clear toward the east, we had a fair view of the Tetas Mountains (Three Tits) on the island of Chiloé about seventy to eighty miles distant, but an unfavorable wind rendered it necessary to tack ship every few hours without making much progress on our course. Next day it rained the whole afternoon and considerable water was caught. A vessel was discovered early in the morning more than twenty miles ahead of us and going the same way. Being a faster sailer than she, we came up to her about eight in the evening and soon showed her our stern. Judging by the number of boats she carried we supposed her to be a whaler. We have seen several whales.

We have been successful in catching four porpoises, or sea-hogs, and they furnished several meals of fresh meat all around. Two others were likewise harpooned, but owing to their strength and agility in the water succeeded in escaping from us only to be devoured by their fellows. The first was harpooned through and through and yet it was found very difficult to get him out of the water. This fellow was about five feet long, and would weigh from 100 to 150 pounds, of a dark brown color on the back, and perfectly white belly. This species is different from that found in the Atlantic and is 48 known as the whale porpoise. Their jaws are shaped somewhat like a hog's and are thickly studded with a row, on each side, of teeth like shoe pegs. The meat is of a dark red color, and resembles horseflesh very much, besides being oily. It is first boiled in salt water and then fried in

pork fat and flour. We eat it with a hearty relish as I believe we would relish anything in the fresh meat line after so long an abstinence.

Within the last few days, all the birds that have been following in our wake have disappeared, excepting the Cape pigeons, or devil birds.

Without any employment and a continual sameness, time hangs heavily on all hands. Cards have lost their charm and a party can scarcely be raised to take a game. Drunken frolics, which were very popular for a short time, have also failed, for the bottle is empty and the spirits cannot be raised. The newspapers, books and novels have all been read and discussed, and nothing seems to remain for us to do but sit down and brood over our ills, which is well-calculated to breed discontent. But now as we approach port, we all have more or less correspondence to post up, and thus many of us find some little employment.

Tuesday, November 20

—This has been the happiest day we have experienced for a long while. Early in the morning we came near the coast and continued close to it, until entering the Valparaiso harbor about 7 P.M. We were visited by the Custom House officers and soon afterward anchored, not being permitted to land until morning. We are all in high glee and excitement, and hence little inclination to writing. Tomorrow we will land and get the latest intelligence.

49

Friday, November 23

—Yesterday and the dayous previna mostly on shore, leaving after breakfast and returning again before supper, paying from one to two rials for conveyance in boats to the landing. A rial is 12 1/2 cents.

There are from 70 to 80 vessels now lying in port waiting their turn for water, and at least one half of them are American bound for California. Three or four vessels are arriving and departing almost

every day. We find hundreds of Americans here on their way to California from various parts of the States, but as yet I have not seen a familiar face.

Valparaiso is built on almost barren hills, here and there studded with wild cactus and low bushes and some other wild plants, all differing in their appearance from the plants found in the States. The city is of a mean appearance, being for the greater part small mud-plastered huts or ranches of one story, covered with hay, or tiles and mud, and having no floors. The streets are very winding and narrow and the houses built one above the other, presenting the appearance of a hill covered with tiles and straw, as we gaze upon them from the top, and so steep that a man must go on all fours to climb to them. There are a few pretty decent houses of two or three stories, belonging to the better class, the windows of which are almost invariably crossed by bars of iron as our prisons are. These are beautifully furnished and the bed is often in the front parlor. Nearly all have pretty little gardens in the rear in which oranges, peaches and fragrant roses flourish most abundantly.

I visited one Spanish and one English cemetery and in them found some of the most beautiful sculpture I ever saw. They are beautifully laid and planted with shade trees and rosebushes.

50

I visited the springs up the mountains in deep ravines where the town is supplied with water, and there the women carry their clothes to wash. They first lay them in the pool and soap them, and then push them into a heap against the rock and beat them with a paddle. They charge one dollar per dozen, but it wears them out very fast.

I also went to see the fort or armory. There are about a dozen cannon around it which command the harbor, and a great many soldiers who are paid nine dollars per month. There are numerous police, all mounted on mustangs and armed, traversing the streets day and night. The laws are very strict, especially to foreigners. For striking one of the police, you pay a penalty of twenty-five dollars or three months' imprisonment in the calaboose. Prisoners for crimes are chained together and work in the streets guarded by the soldiers. They are connected by a chain about 12 feet long locked around the ankle.

The inhabitants are of a dark, tawny complexion, with beautiful black hair and eyes. They speak Spanish, but here and there we find one who can speak a little English. They all drink and keep liquors for sale. They are fond of the fandango and only require a request or an invitation to begin it. The men wear a blanket with a slit cut in the middle, through which they slip their heads and cover their shoulders. The women are generally very slovenly dressed and I have seen but few whom I would pronounce beautiful or even good-looking. Today we were visited by a Chilian señora only sixteen years of age, married to a young New Yorker who keeps a hotel where some of us have stopped. She was dressed like our own ladies and looked quite pretty.

You cannot get a drink of any kind for less than a 51 rial and at the hotel they set out your brandy, or whatever else you may call for, in a bottle, and also a small bottle of water, the latter of which must supply a party of half a dozen. The loaf sugar is broken into lumps, and instead of a masher you take a spoon to dissolve it.

There are a great many foreigners who appear to transact a good part of the business. The market is well supplied with an abundance of fruits of a splendid quality, which are cheap, oranges four inches in diameter and delicious strawberries as large as a guinea egg. Prices of almost everything else are two or three times as high as in the States.

There is one English weekly newspaper here, quite small and miserably conducted, published by the Spaniards, at an ounce (\$17) per year. I was in the office where it was printed, but could find no one who could speak English. They had five or six presses and about thirty workmen. I have since understood that journeymen printers receive \$10 per week. I paid two rials for a copy of the paper.

Monday, November 26

—On Saturday about noon the British mail steamer from Panama, carrying the mail from that place, arrived. We all anticipated receiving papers and letters from home, but in this we have been disappointed. Not one of our passengers has received a newspaper or letter, although they were doubtless written and started on their way, but owing to our miserable mail arrangement

with the Chilian Government, they were forwarded only as far as Panama and there they remain as dead, because no one is there to pay the postage from that place. In fact the Chilian and U. S. Governments have no postal arrangements 52 between them and everything has to be forwarded by the British mail or sent privately round the Horn. The only papers we have seen we have begged from residents here. The latest dates we have from the States are to the middle of August, brought by vessels that sailed after that date via the Horn. We have a report that France has declared war against the United States, but place no reliance in the rumor. What little intelligence we have been able to learn has been highly gratifying to all Californians, and consequently all are in high glee at the golden prospects before them.

From conversation that I have had with many who came via the Horn, I learn that they have had as hard a time of it as ourselves, but others again have doubled the dreaded point without experiencing an hour's bad weather.

Yesterday, Sunday, I spent on shore, for the purpose of witnessing the *modus operandi* in this place. The stores, shops and hotels were open during the day and seemed to enjoy as good a patronage, if not better than on other days. Men were at work with their jackasses toting water from the mountains, and all kinds of business went on as usual. In the morning the churches were open and in the evening I attended the theatre. A comedy was tolerably played and a young señorita danced very prettily and the music was very good, but the audience was rather slim, but few of the *bon ton* being present. I stayed until the performance closed about twelve o'clock, and then searched the city until two o'clock before finding a roof to sleep under. I finally slept in a garret, on a cot with a blanket over me, paying fifty cents for this privilege. I have not been very well, owing to a sudden change from salt to fresh provisions.

53

Monday, December 10

—During the past week it rained nearly one whole day, which is a very rare occurrence during the summer season. We have had fine pleasant weather, as warm as our own summer. When the

weather is perfectly clear, the snow-covered peaks of the Andes can be seen at a great distance. There is a well-known Spanish proverb, which I have heard here: From a woman at the window, From a monk in the street, And from the rising sun, We may guess what the weather is going to be.

Since we have been in port we have been exchanging civilities with various companies from the States bound for California. We were visited one evening by a large and merry crowd from the *Mechanic's Own* of New York. We treated them to as much liquor as they could drink and danced on the quarter-deck until after midnight. By that time many were very much "soaked."

Atkins lost his purse with every cent of money in it, and on this account I advanced him ten dollars. His purse contained between fifteen and sixteen, and although it was a small sum, nevertheless when it is all we have, it becomes a great loss. Yesterday most of our sailors and head cook and steward were discharged at their own request, and hence we have to ship new hands.

A serious disturbance has taken place between Mr. and Mrs. H. and Messrs. M. and L. who have become very intimate since coming aboard. Mr. H. has complained to the American Consul and it is said that the Consul has recommended them to be put on shore and also told Mr. H. that he would be justifiable in shooting either of them. He now goes armed with a revolver. Mrs. H. and her husband also dissolved partnership, and henceforth she says she does not wish to be called by that name. None of the parties have yet been removed, and the bitterest enmity exists between them.

The Chilians are now at war with the Araucanian Indians in the south, and large bodies of troops are being sent hither. Saturday a regiment arrived here from Santiago to be sent to the theatre of war. Early this morning I went on shore to witness the embarkation of several hundred soldiers. Before embarking they marched through the principal streets, followed by a vast multitude of men, women and children, and as the troops entered the boats there were many heart-rending partings between husbands, brothers, friends and lovers.

During the past few days we have amused ourselves by fishing and we have been able to supply ourselves with two meals per day of excellent fish. I had a tooth refilled by a dentist from Canada, for which I paid two dollars. A cockfight took place in the town but this I did not witness.

I have written several letters and paid 56 1/4 cents for each half ounce to the English Consul, and sent two small papers which cost 37 1/2 cents each—25 for the postage and fifty for the papers.

This afternoon we received the glad tidings that all hands should be aboard at 12 o'clock tomorrow as we would set sail at that time.

Part Two THE SECOND LETTER BAG THE SEA JOURNAL—2

57

The Second Letter Bag

Enos Christman to Peebles Prizer Ship Europe, Valparaiso, Tuesday, November 27th, 1849.

Dear Prizer:—Enclosed with this half sheet you will find a long letter giving a full account of our voyage, which will answer for the perusal of the office and such other persons as you may think proper, and if you deem it worthy I should be pleased to see it published. But independent of this general letter, I must have a little confidential chitchat with you.

Should any more of our friends be coming this way, tell them to beware of such men as Finley and Hathaway, who are a pack of rascally swindlers. They have treated us in a most shameful manner and deserve the severest condemnation. They have us now entirely in their power or I think we would have some disturbances of a serious nature. You could hardly credit our horrible mode of living.

We have been a thundering long while coming this far and judging by the past we will hardly reach San Francisco before the first of March. I have often thought of the old *Record* office and its

inmates, but notwithstanding our hardships, I have never for a moment wished to be back, and if I were, I should be ready to leave again on the morrow.

I have written a long letter to Miss Apple. Of her 58 sincere attachment I have not the least doubt. But has it lasted? will it last? are the questions. Perhaps you can answer them. Many ladies change with every flitting breeze and smile on every courtier, but I don't believe she's one of that kind. In fact, after reading the warm epistle she sent me in Philadelphia, I feel that it would be wrong to doubt her.

I suppose you and Cad Bradshaw are as thick as ever, perhaps married—and if not, how soon will you be? And the secret order of the Gideons? Do they all remain true to their vows of purity, or do they now pay attention to particular ladies?

I suppose you have heard from some of the California boys and that they have arrived in that place. I would be delighted to meet old Thornbury and Whitaker, and give them a handshake of the heart, upon our arrival.

Many of us fellows have not shaved since leaving Philadelphia and look like a set of pirates. I had a pretty extensive crop, but too it all off the other day except my imperial and mustachios.

But my sheet is full and I must close. My next I hope to mail at San Francisco and in the meantime I remain,

Truly yours,

E. C.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Ship Europe, off Valparaiso, Chile, Monday, November 19, 1849.

Dearest Ellen:—A long, long time has already elapsed since you have heard anything from me, or me from you. When I first started out, I had hoped to 59 be able to forward you something long ere

this, and have written every few weeks in order to be ready should an opportunity offer to forward them. None offering, I could but cast them into the rolling deep. But we are now within a few days' sail of port, and this will be ready to mail immediately on our arrival.

Dear Ellen, you can hardly imagine how anxious I am to hear from you, to know that you are well and happy. Your dear, sweet letter forwarded to me while in Philadelphia has been a source of great comfort and consolation to me. I have read and reread it, again and again. It contains a charm that words fail me to explain. In it I find expressions which I will lay to my heart as dear and sacred things to be pondered oft and remembered forever.

To tell you of all the sweets and bitters of this voyage would require a volume, for we have had a very long and in many respects a tedious voyage of twenty weeks, where twelve should have sufficed.

Although most of the passengers recovered from the seasickness in about two weeks, Clinton and I suffered very much with it nearly two months. At the end of that time I was taken with the fever. It was during this time when suffering almost unto death, that I read your sweet epistle oftenest, and looked upon the likeness and ring you gave me as tokens of love. Dearest, your sweet image was then always present to my view.

During the pleasant moonlight evenings while others were mingling in the mazy dance or making merry over the flowing bowl, I often sat on deck gazing at the silver queen of night, as an object that you might be looking upon at the same time, until the beautiful queen had hid herself beneath the horizon.

Sometimes on a pleasant Sabbath evening, the ladies would favor us with a hymn, and as I sat listening to these familiar sounds, memory carried me back to what had been our delightful custom on that evening. I could almost fancy that I was again at home wending my way to church with a lovely burthen on my arm.

I wish you to write me at San Francisco, California, where I expect to arrive about the first of March, or perhaps sooner. First of all, tell me particularly about *yourself* and how Cad and Prizer are progressing, and everything that has occurred among the girls and beaux.

Of the vows we made before separating, I need not speak further than to assure you I shall never regret them and hope you may never have occasion to regret them either. If you think proper, you can remember me to your family, but this I leave to your own good judgment.

Valparaiso, November 28, 1849.

Dear Ellen:—Day after tomorrow the vessel sails and I must embrace this last opportunity to write you a few lines. This may be the last letter you will receive for a long time. As I come to seal it up, I hardly know what to say lastly to you. I could write a month and then not have finished half I have to say.

When we reach San Francisco I hope to hear from home. Not one of us has received a single letter or newspaper in this place. On our arrival at the promised land, I anticipate feasting my eyes on something your hand has written, and should I be disappointed in this dear expectation, woe and black despair will sink my heart. But this cannot be. I know you will write me often. Be pleased to accept the wishes of your devoted admirer for your happiness, and believe me constantly yours, E. C.

61

The Sea Journal — 2 Friday, December 14, 1849

—Yesterday when everything was ready for our departure, our new pumps were tried and to our great disappointment did not work and had to be taken ashore again. How long we may be delayed on this account we cannot tell.

Last evening a fracas took place on board between Messrs. H. and M. on account of the latter, with several others, accepting an invitation to a dinner on board another vessel with Mrs. H. Mr. H. took

offence at this and attacked Mr. M., giving him a black eye and otherwise slightly hurting him. It was feared that this outbreak would lead to a general row and the signal—the American flag with a knot tied in it—was raised for interference of the men-of-war ships in port. We were soon boarded by several officers from the Chilian vessel and the parties carried on shore. After a hearing before the proper tribunal, they were dismissed.

Today eight of us caught, cleaned and salted a barrel of very fine fish which will last us once or twice a week until we reach San Francisco. Atkins and I, looking ahead, have provided ourselves for an emergency by laying in a lot of cheese and flour for our own consumption. Last evening they sent us but a small quantity for supper. We determined to have more, and proceeded forthwith to the galley. While one disputed 62 with the cook another stole a large basin full of stew off the stove, and we had a first-rate supper.

We have fifteen new passengers on board—Frenchmen who were bound for California. When their vessel stopped at Montevideo on the east of S. A., they resolved to cross the country and meet their vessel again at Valparaiso. In crossing the Andes they met with incredible hardships and were detained a long time, not reaching Valparaiso until after their vessel had arrived and after waiting some time for them, sailed, three days previous to their arrival, believing they had perished. This has offered an excellent opportunity for those who are desirous to learn to write and speak the French language, and a number of us have taken our first lesson.

It having been ascertained during the day that the Captain had not laid in a sufficient supply of good provisions to last us to California, a committee was appointed to wait for the Captain and express our dissatisfaction and wishes to him. A meeting was also held on the subject by the first cabin passengers. The Captain made us many fair promises on our voyage, to the effect that after reaching Valparaiso he would lay in a sufficient supply of good provisions for all, but these promises he has forgotten or at least not fulfilled. Although he has made considerable addition to the number of mouths, as we now have about 100 persons aboard, he has only about 800 pounds of flour to feed these for a period of sixty to ninety days, and other supplies are rated in the same

meagre proportion. Much feeling exists on the subject and should our grievances go unredressed, disturbances may be expected before we reach our destination.

63

A fight occurred between Simpson and the doctor, the latter getting both eyes well blackened and his nose skinned.

Saturday, December 15

—This morning the Captain went ashore and purchased a considerable addition of flour and potatoes. About four P.M. we hoisted our anchor and set sail again for Eldorado. One of the passengers, R. C. Stocton, not being aboard, a sharp lookout was kept as we expected he would overtake us in a small boat. When we had proceeded about three or four miles, we espied a small boat making its way for us, but the sea being very heavy, it made little progress and we had to “bout ship” and stand in for them. Four oarsmen were in the boat and when they reached us they were very tired.

It is 165 days since we left Philadelphia and we have made about two-thirds of the way. We hope to land again in sixty days—the distance yet is about five or six thousand miles. Many of the passengers are seasick, and I begin to feel a little that way myself.

Wednesday, December 19

—The “old man,” as sea captains are universally called, has evinced a determination to make a quick passage from Valparaiso to San Francisco, and since we have left the former place we have had a very strong, fair wind, and every stitch of canvas spread. During the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday we made 228 miles, being the greatest run we have made since leaving Philadelphia, by 20 miles. At the mouth of the bay we saw a few Cape pigeons, but they did not follow us far and now not a bird is to be seen, except a few Mother Carey's. The atmosphere is much colder than while we were in port. Last night considerable quantities of phosphoric substance were floating in our wake.

Early this morning we came within sight of the four small islands known as the St. Felix Islands, and by nine o'clock had passed within twelve or fifteen miles of them. At that distance they appeared to be nothing but barren rocks interspersed with lofty peaks and deep ravines. While near the islands, we saw a number of birds of different species, the largest of which are known as "boobies." We are now in the regular Trade Wind and it is wafting us along most beautifully.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Sterling's little boy, Jerome, met with a slight fall, and in the evening he was seized with a severe fit. This was the first time the like had occurred and his parents expressed much alarm. About eleven o'clock this forenoon the child died. This afternoon his body was sewed up in a piece of canvas, with three cannon balls at the feet to make it sink, and then placed on a plank with the American flag around it. A solemn prayer was said, and as the words "we now commit to the deep" were repeated by Mr. Rogers, his mortal remains were cast into the raging ocean. He was but nine months old, and of a very good, hearty constitution. This is a solemn warning to all that we know not when we may be called to that bourne from whence no traveller has yet returned. Alas! How quick the change—yesterday he was in the full enjoyment of health, happily playing round his mother—today he's in his grave! His poor mother would do almost anything to imbue life into him again for it was in her arms he safely passed the terrors of Cape Horn, and also in her arms, in an unlucky hour, he received the 65 hurt which resulted in his death, for yesterday as the ship gave roll she fell with him. Here is food for reflection, and it might be well to pause, for who can tell whom the grim reaper, Death, may summon next?

Saturday, December 22

—It is now just one weeke we bid farewell to Valparaiso, and thus far it has been the brightest in our calendar. We have made 1,051 miles in our course, which is by far the best week's sailing since we left our native shores, and of itself enough to keep us in good cheer for a week. No serious brawls have taken place, and consequently no black eyes or skinned noses are to be seen.

Several who commenced taking lessons in French have become tired and have given it up. About half a dozen of us, however, have kept on and we can now begin to speak, read, and translate a few

sentences. Four or five of the Frenchmen have a pretty severe time of it on account of seasickness; all of our old passengers recovered in a day or two.

We now get along tolerably well at mealtime, much better at least than previous to our arrival at Valparaiso, and no complaints or murmurings are heard on this score. We now have potatoes twice per day, bread four times per week and duff twice with rice, or bean soup occasionally. This, gotten up in the manner it is, is bad enough in all conscience, but infinitely preferable to navy bread with half-inch worms in it, and salt pork and beef which formed our chief food ever since leaving home.

The atmosphere here on the Pacific is as warm as our own mid-summer. The evenings are beautiful, moonlit, and we have just had some tunes on the violin and a 66 number of songs from the merry Frenchmen. One or two of the boys are making merry over the flowing bowl, which I fear will yet ruin some of our company in a short time, should they not cease taking the poisonous draught so frequently after their arrival in California.

Tuesday, December 25

—Today has been Christmas, the day above all others for merrymaking throughout Christendom, but here we have spent it much unlike the merrymaking we have in our own distant home. For two or three days past we were fasting on hard fare under the promise of an excellent dinner for which the cooks and stewards have all been busy making preparations. So when we sat down, we were sadly disappointed in our pleasant anticipations. Although we had chicken and turkey, they were so few and far between that our shares amounted to but precious little, and with the addition of two small potatoes each, all arose from the table with appetites still craving.

Some fine dishes were prepared for the upper cabin and carelessly placed in a tempting position to hungry boys and so one of them disappeared. The Captain was immediately informed of the occurrence and came posthaste down to our cabin, swearing and cursing that he was “going to find out who did it or he would raise h—!” The cook then charged our Jo Smith with the theft, but it was proven he was not in the neighborhood of the galley at the time of the occurrence. When the “old man” found out that he could not hit on the right one, it only more and more incensed him. He

got into a terrible flurry and talked of “setting fire to the magazine and blowing up the whole ship, as he had as many friends in hell as any one!” and made a perfect fool of himself by this kind of conversation. With this exception the day passed without any unusual occurrence, except one or two slight showers of rain. This evening the violin appeared, and with dancing, singing, and a little drinking, quite a time was had. Now, eleven o'clock, all is quiet and while I have been writing, my old comrade, Atkins, has made drinks of lemonade. I now take up my bowl to drink “a happy Christmas to friends we've left at home!”

Saturday, December 29

—Another week of good sailing ends with this evening, and should we be thus favored four or five weeks more, we will be safely landed again on *terra firma*. This morning the boys were good humoredly playing tricks upon each other by cutting out a rag the shape of a rat and coating it over with chalk and then slyly pressing it upon the back of some one. One of the Frenchmen, a comical old fellow, playfully experimented thus on one of his countrymen, rather a foppish sort of a customer, who took offence at the joke and proceeded forthwith to use his fists. The old man was also prepared and showed battle. They each struck one and then came to the floor, when they were separated and the riot quelled.

Yesterday morning one of the ladies playfully took a bottle of brandy out of Charley's trunk, and as he expressed much concern about it today, the lady handed it back to him. The boys seized the opportunity to bone him for a treat, but he being a little sulky and not relishing the joke very well, threw the contents of the bottle into the sea. Since then they have plagued him with a tenfold vigor.

68

At the dinner table today in the upper cabin another fracas occurred. It appears some words were exchanged between Mr. Sterling and Mr. Murphy at the breakfast table, but things rested without any further difficulty until the parties sat down to the dinner table, when the feud was renewed. Mr. Murphy seized the carving knife and made at Mr. Sterling. Mr. S., being unarmed, made his escape from the cabin while others were engaged in wresting the knife from Mr. M. Before the knife could

be taken from him, he cut Mr. Holland slightly on the hand, and Mr. Platt also received a middling severe wound in the hand.

Thursday the sky was unclouded for the first time since we left Valparaiso, and I have heard it said that where these southeast winds prevail it is seldom clear. On that day I was twenty-one years of age, the period I was anxiously looking forward to a short year ago while laboring at the case in the old *Record* office, as I then thought it would give me more unbounded liberty. But this wished-for liberty came some six months since, and my twenty-first birthday has been spent on the broad rolling Pacific where I have little desire to pass another.

Last evening we were surrounded by hundreds of black porpoises and for a long while endeavored to harpoon them without success, but we caught a large fish, called by the seamen a “bonetta.” Yesterday we saw a large school of flying fish, the first we have seen on the Pacific. They are becoming quite numerous again. We have been fishing, but the large hawks that are now in our vicinity are more expert at it than ourselves, for they dart down from a great height and seize the little flying fish as they rise up out of the 69 water and endeavor to escape from the claws of their large neighbors. Very few birds are to be seen.

Tuesday, January 1, 1850

—Yesterday ended the old and today begins a new year. The past has been an eventful one to us all and will most likely be remembered as such by us as long as remembrance continues. What vicissitudes we may be called on to pass through during the one just begun none of us can anticipate or conjecture with the least degree of certainty, and this being the case it is useless for me to speculate. Last evening a few of us secured half a dozen old muskets belonging to the ship, and loaded them well and awaited the hour of twelve. As the bell commenced tolling, a volley was fired off the after-cabin that made the welkin ring, and the performance concluded by wishing each other “a happy New Year,” and drinking the same to our sweethearts and wives. I did an extensive washing to conclude the old year. The washing was done most beautifully and with little trouble by hanging the clothes out into the water and towing them a little while. In this manner woolen or cloth

can be washed in as good if not superior manner to any other, but much care must be taken not to drag them until they ravel and go to pieces.

This afternoon Mr. M. went to Mr. H.'s stateroom and requested Mrs. H. to hand him some large quills belonging to him, which she did. Mr. Rogers being in the cabin at the time and looking that way as though he was watching their motions, she exclaimed to him, "What are you looking at me for, you d—d s—n of a b—h!" or words to this effect. This circumstance was mentioned to Mr. H. and he 70 immediately went to M. and some words ensued. In the evening while Mr. M. was writing, he had occasion to use his knife and after doing so, laid it down near him; soon after he looked for it but it was missing. Mrs. Sterling, who was sitting near, had observed Mrs. H. take it away and told him so, and he requested Mrs. Sterling to go and ask her for it as she might commit some folly with it. Mrs. Sterling immediately went to her and requested her to give it up. At first she refused to do so and said that she would be her own avenger—"that she had pretty near fixed him (H.) yesterday." At this the Captain came up and asked her if she had the knife. She told him she had, and gave it up, saying that "it didn't matter much about the knife."

Thursday, January 3

—Six months this afternoon since we left Philadelphia, a period long enough to give us all a dislike to long sea voyages, especially when treated as we have been: being cheated, deceived and belied in every respect relating to our fare. Until within a few days, since leaving port, we have fared tolerably and all seemed willing to move on without any disturbance, but the most essential stores are almost exhausted, butter in the upper cabin is almost consumed, potatoes almost gone, pork getting short; and flour is now getting scarce and to be reserved for fear it may run out in case of a long passage. Our written contract calls for 25 pounds of potatoes per week, and although they furnished some previous to our arrival at Valparaiso, they only purchased enough there to give us a scanty allowance twice per day up to this time.

Now we are to have but one potato, or one and a half, per day, with one pound of flour per week, and 71 other articles in the same proportion. Indeed the provisioning of the ship at Philadelphia

exhibited a most unparalleled meanness on the part of the owners, and the supplies purchased at Valparaiso by the Captain, which he declared would be amply sufficient for the remainder of the voyage, show that he is collocated and identified with the mean and rascally owners, or that he has the most deplorable want of good judgment in the premises. Indeed I have often thought he hardly had capacity enough to take proper charge of a canal boat, let alone a vessel that plows the ocean.

The dissatisfaction concerning our fare constantly increases, and it is not to be wondered at, for these villains have been practicing a shrewd system of plunder upon us ever since we paid them our passage money. Whatever we cannot eat they give us plenty of and whatever we can eat they stint us in, not even giving us as much as our agreement calls for. I am forced to believe them the most systematic robbers I ever heard of.

The water we got at Valparaiso is not nearly as good as the Schuylkill water, and now tastes very stale. We mix it with a little vinegar and sugar, and this makes a fairly good drink.

Yesterday we came up with the whale ship *Napoleon* of Nantucket, and gave her “skipper” an invitation to come aboard of us. This invitation he accepted and soon his boat was alongside of us with half a dozen good oarsmen. They informed us that they had been out three years and had met with but poor success, having taken but about 1,100 pounds during that time. A short time since, they harpooned four at one time, two of which they secured but the other two escaped after breaking up the boats after them. Some of the 72 men in one of the boats were out in the water nearly four hours before they were taken up. The seamen had become very tired and hoped to return within a year. They had lately been in port and had plenty of fresh provisions, among other things they had 300 pounds of sweet potatoes. We treated those who would drink (some were teetotalers), gave them books and novels and the latest papers we had, and separated with three cheers on each side.

Last night it was too warm to sleep in our cabin, which is none too well ventilated. I did considerable mending this forenoon and have much more to do, but can scarcely find time to get at it. We have made tent pins for our tent, out of our old pork barrel. Some days since, I made a bag, or knapsack, in case such should be requisite upon our arrival.

Mr. H. has concluded that it would be better for him and his wife not to room together any longer, and in accordance with this has fitted up an extra berth in our cabin.

Saturday, January 12

—We crossed the Equator Sunday afternoon, January 6th, in longitude 110 deg. 18[*min*] W. It was cloudy and much cooler. Until yesterday, since leaving Valparaiso, we have been favored with the southeast Trade Wind which carried us some 3,600 miles northwest, but yesterday we had the wind from every quarter with intervals of perfect calmness, and a half dozen heavy showers. Today we were becalmed under a burning sun until about four o'clock P.M., when a fair wind from the northeast sprung up, and since then we have been moving gently forward. This is supposed to be the regular northeast Trade and we 73 congratulate ourselves on the good luck we have had in thus meeting this wind without waiting for it.

While lying in the harbor in Valparaiso we were almost devoured by fleas, but we were not troubled long after we left. Since then a new scourge has been sent to trouble us. For a few weeks past some have been unable to sleep on account of something biting and creeping over them. Upon search they found their bunks to be infested with bedbugs of monstrous growth and in great numbers, and now almost every one is trying his own expedients to get rid of these troublesome customers. Some oil them and others burn them.

Mr. Sterling has made his first appearance on deck since the fracas between him and Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. H. have again become, in a measure, reconciled with each other and now room together. It is hoped that there may be no further occasion of brawls between them.

This afternoon some of the passengers had a great deal of sport at “Jeremiah's” expense. He had washed out a shirt and hung it in a convenient place to dry, and some one out of mere wantonness and for the joke, took it away and hung it near the top of the mast in such a position that he could not get it. As a consequence he became very wrathful, but after they had plagued him awhile, he got in a better humor and some one promised to get it for him tomorrow.

The vessel now presents a pretty fair appearance, as the seamen have been engaged in painting the rigging and masts. For a long time past, cards had become quite unpopular, but they are again coming in vogue and this evening two or three sets are “at it.” Also we had several tunes on the violin and “Murph” 74 favored us with a series of nigger steps that we christened “The North Carolina War Dance.” Last evening we had considerable sport by having a mock auction of the goods and chattels of Section No. 2.

To the north and south now hang dark heavy clouds, and ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning glare along the horizon, lighting up the surrounding darkness.

Thursday, January 17

—The old craft has been flying through the water, dashing the spray from her bows at a terrible rate. Last evening, it being feared the waves would dash into the stern windows, they were closed and as a consequence it became almost suffocating in the cabin. It was very evident no sleeping could be done there, and several removed their beds on deck. I took mine and lay on deck until midnight when a rain squall came up and I had to move my quarters, but without finding a place that I could sleep in. Hence I had to keep watch until morning.

The wind has now strengthened to a gale, and we are moving, or rather jumping, along under very little canvas, with the sea so rough that it reminds us of Cape Horn. The rolling and rocking of the vessel for the last two days has been terrible, bringing back slight sea-sickness to several of us. We hope the wind and sea will abate and enable us to spread more canvas.

Yesterday a common hawk flew around the vessel for some time and then perched on the rigging. After admiring it awhile, it was concluded that we must have a shot at him, and accordingly the piece was loaded and fired, but without taking effect. The piece was, however, loaded and fired again and it brought the 75 poor fellow to a watery grave. It is supposed he was blown from shore in a gale and lost his reckoning.

This forenoon a vessel was discovered to windward, apparently bearing for us. When she came near we raised our colors, expecting that she would raise hers, but for some time she raised no flag at all, and at length she flew the English colors. When near us, we halted to enable her to come up, but she manœuvred about in such a manner, one moment steering towards us and the next some other course, that we put off at full speed and she soon after crossed our wake in a southeastern course.

We had a potpie with one chicken in it for dinner.

Tuesday, January 29

—After two days of calm, we were moving rapidly along to the northeast with a strengthening wind, when it shifted to the northeast, dead ahead. They soon tacked ship and since then our course has been northwest. The weather has been dark and gloomy with a heavy mist falling, and this evening we have had several showers.

A week ago such a miserable dinner was sent to us that very few could bring themselves to touch it, and the Captain was requested to come down and take a view of what he had furnished us to live upon. He came and saw it and doubtless felt somewhat abashed for he gave some directions for the future that will prove of no service to any one, and then left. About ten days since, my cheese and other small stores laid in at Valparaiso gave out, and our potatoes being entirely exhausted, we live intolerably hard. This morning I purchased a lot of flour from a friend who had supplied himself more liberally, and henceforth 76 by furnishing this much flour for bread at my own expense, I shall be able to get along rather well.

Today I understood for the first time that while we were in Valparaiso, an instrument of writing was gotten up, commending our Captain in the highest terms for his good seamanship, gentlemanly deportment toward passengers, etc., and signed by a select few of the first cabin passengers, the others of us not being let into the secret, and then forwarded to Mr. Hathaway! This I suppose was done for fear that some one would send a true statement of the case home. The signers in this case

are mere fawning sycophants, for there is not a single one of them who has not heaped maledictions against him.

The souse that we have been furnished with recently for breakfast is not fit to eat and it remains untouched. Yesterday two large pans of it were carried on deck while the Captain was at breakfast, and the American flag stuck over it. When he came out, he saw it and enquired of the steward, "Who put it there?" The steward told him he didn't know and was directed to take it away. This morning a mixture of warm water and corn meal was sent us as mush, but as we expected it fried, we ordered the steward to take it back as it was impossible for us to eat it in that manner. He returned it and the Captain was informed of the occurrence, but he has no disposition to remedy any evil, and thus the matter rests.

Friday afternoon the startling cry of "Fire!" was heard from one end of the ship to the other, and a dense cloud of heavy black smoke was seen to issue through the roof of the "galley." Soon the hot flames rose almost high enough to catch the "main sheet" but all hands instantly rushed to the rescue and by

A PAGE FROM THE SEA JOURNAL

77 passing a few buckets of water it was soon extinguished. Some of the passengers were horror-struck when they saw the flames issue forth, and indeed it was very fortunate we succeeded in preventing the fire from attacking the rigging, for in that case nothing but the hand of Providence would have saved us, and not unlikely at this time we would have been drifting on the broad ocean in small boats, instead of being comfortably seated in our old ship. The fire was started by the upsetting of a pot of pork fat into the stove.

Friday, February 1, 1850

—This morning the wind fell again and we were almost becalmed all day. Towards evening, however, the wind sprung up from the northeast and now we are making handsome time on our

course. We are very impatient to reach the promised haven and our joy is regulated entirely by the changes of the wind.

For several days past, our vessel has been followed by large black birds, and a hook and line was put out for them and one or two caught, killed and thrown away. We have had a great deal of sport or amusement in catching birds and tying a large bait of pork to them and then letting them go and seeing the others chase them. This afternoon we witnessed a case of brutish cruelty by one of the Frenchmen on one of the large birds that was caught with the hook and line. He landed the bird on deck and then cut off both its legs and in this state threw it overboard into the water. His partner, who was also catching birds, soon after had his line cut while in his hands, by some “unknown person or persons!” This was not a very nice trick for it was not him that hurt the bird—and he became 78 middling angry. A large number of porpoises are to be seen in our vicinity, and an immense school of large grampuses was quite near, lazily floating on the surface.

Some difficulty arising between the carpenter and Mr. Field, they took a “set to,” clinched, and fell. The former, being on top, arose and stamped his opponent in the face. Neither was much hurt

As we approach the place of our destination the boys are busying themselves in making various bags, shot pouches, etc., out of old boot legs. This afternoon I finished one myself. Trade is becoming very brisk. Soon after breakfast the boys were seized with a great mania for it, and many articles exchanged owners. In less than half an hour I traded coats three times. Also I sold two pairs of boots and bought one.

This forenoon some of the boys had a merry time over the flowing bowl, and this evening the sailors have taken their turn and some of them have become so wild that they are hardly fit for duty. Almost every evening the table is filled by parties engaged in the pleasant and exciting recreation of cards. This evening the boys got out the fiddle and had a merry dance. They danced several “cow-tillions” and then introduced a new dance under the name of “California War Dance.” In performing the latter, six persons form a ring and place their leader in the center. When the music

strikes up they commence dancing around in a circle, and make the welkin ring by their shouting and bellowing.

Sunday, February 3

—During the greater part of the day a thick heavy fog or mist hung over the sea, making the day damp and disagreeable.

79

Yesterday the cooks killed two fine pigs, but as they did not scald them properly, they were unable to take the hair all off. They were therefore compelled to *shave the pigs*. This morning they cut off the outside of the hams and shoulders and cooked the remaining part for breakfast for the upper cabin. At noon they made us a sea pie of the skins mixed with some salt beef, since they had used the meat for the upper cabin. We ate the better part of it and then scooped out some of the larger pieces of this skin thickly set with hair an inch long, and placed it on a plate and carried this dainty dish on deck for the inspection of the Captain and the other passengers. Some indignation was felt and some threats made. The Captain blamed all upon the cooks and gave us orders to go “tear out the cooks and give them a d—d good lashing.” This he had done before but we thought he was the one to correct abuses and therefore respectfully declined. The seamen had even a worse mess served up to them and they too complained to the Captain, and the order that had been given to us was repeated to them. They required no second telling, but at it they went. They made a rush for the galley, took out the assistant cook and told him to be quiet as they were not going to hurt him. They then seized the presiding genius by the hair. He commenced screaming in a most awful manner and endeavored to prevent them from getting him out. He propped his shoulders against the door, but he soon found this unavailing as they gave him a kick in the face that brought the “claret” and loosed his hold. By this time the whole ship had been alarmed and one of the Frenchmen who was scared half to death came running aft, shouting “Capitan! Capitan! Revolucion!” The seamen were about to give the cook 80 a complete flogging, which the fellow partially deserved, when the Captain reached the spot. Some explanation was made and the riot was stopped.

It is the opinion of many that the Captain is at the head of all this, and that he makes the cooks and stewards do all this dirty work and then pushes the blame on them. It is about in keeping with the double-facedness of the man.

Wednesday, February 6

—The fog has often been so heavy that we could see but a little way off, and at night it fell so thick that it soon penetrated through the thickest clothes, but it cleared away early this morning and the sun shone with unrivalled brilliancy. A strong wind wafted us along smartly until this evening, when it almost ceased and we are now moving along at only three knots per hour, but this is the rate the Captain desires her to go, for he is fearful that his reckoning is wrong. He supposed yesterday that he was several miles from shore, and accordingly sail was shortened at dark last evening and the signal light hung out. At eight o'clock they hove the lead without finding any soundings. His chronometer has been leading him astray for a long time and he can place no reliance upon it, but this morning he had a fair opportunity to take a lunar observation and he now hopes to be about forty miles from the entrance of the harbor in the morning, and to reach the harbor tomorrow.

This afternoon all eyes were eagerly directed shoreward. Some asserted that a dim outline of land could be discerned while others could see nothing but clouds. Various preparations are being made by the passengers to land immediately. Today I finished drying some 81 clothes which I washed on Monday. This I hope is the last washing I shall ever have occasion to do in salt water.

Thursday, February 7

—Yesterday morning fried mush was promised us for breakfast this morning, and when breakfast time came we were informed that we would have to wait for it until tomorrow morning. This the boys were not agreed to, and Mr. Schroyer proceeded forthwith to the galley and by a well-arranged *coup de main* succeeded in obtaining a well-filled pan of fried mush intended for the upper cabin, and brought it down to our table. It was soon divided, but it had hardly been placed upon our plates before the Captain came down and demanded why we had taken their mush, stating at the same

time that they would have nothing. We replied that it was our turn and it had been promised us yesterday. He then turned on his heel, swore we should have no more flour or corn meal, and left. He went immediately to the steward and ordered him to allow us no more bread or mush, but this order was subsequently countermanded as we had fresh bread for supper.

About nine o'clock the joyful cry of "Land, ho!" was heard and by going aloft to the fore-topsail guard, I was able to see the dim outline of several ridges of land. At this first sight of the land of promise, oh, how my heart leaped with joy! The water had changed in appearance from the dark blue of the wide ocean to the dirty green always found near shore. By noon we could discern several specks in the distance, which we supposed to be vessels, but subsequently they proved to be three clusters of rugged rocks about 25 82 miles distant from the entrance to the bay of San Francisco. The land became plainer and plainer as we approached, and at sunset we were so near that we could discern the trees on top of the distant hills.

Soon after sunset, which was the most beautiful ever witnessed, a dark mist or fog arose, obscuring objects in the distance. A fair wind was carrying us gallantly forward, but it was growing darker and darker every moment. At six o'clock we crossed the bar, but the Captain not deeming it safe to enter at this time of night gave the order to "wear ship." We stood out for sea, deeming it prudent to get a little way off, and then lie to and enter in the morning. The vessel had hardly come about when a bright light was seen in the distance, supposed to be a light on shore. It soon became brighter and brighter, and in a little time a dark speck was seen rapidly approaching. We supposed it to be a steamer coming out and as we had not our signal light out, we were apprehensive that whatever it was, it would run into us. A light was immediately raised and as she approached, our Captain sung out to the stranger to bear off.

In less time than it requires to write this, the craft was close alongside of us, and enquired if we wished a pilot. Our Captain replied, "Aye! Aye!" This was joyful intelligence to us all. In ten minutes the pilot was aboard and took command of the vessel. Three hearty cheers were then given by us for him.

We have come to anchor, in consequence of the wind dying away, within a stone's throw of the northern shore of the entrance to San Francisco where it is only about a mile wide. Now, 10:30 P. M., all our boys have turned in, hoping to get into port tomorrow.

83

Monday, February 11

—On Friday morning last we again hoisted anchor and by noon were inside of the bay in view of a greater part of the shipping opposite San Francisco, but wind and tide being against us, we had to anchor again. Here we lay until next afternoon and in the meantime we were visited by the Custom House officers and the port physician.

On Saturday I went ashore. The town appeared to be nothing but a mud hole at this time. I proceeded immediately to the post office, very anxious to hear something of the objects nearest my heart, and I was gratified to the fullest extent. Letter after letter and paper after paper were handed out until the postage amounted to six dollars out of my scanty purse of twenty-seven, but had they cost the whole twenty-seven, I should have willingly paid it, so anxious was I to hear from friends and home. I came on board again in the evening where I have remained, employing my time in reading over my letters and papers, eagerly devouring their contents.

We expect to be landed tomorrow, and this is our last day on the *Europe* after a voyage of about twenty thousand miles and 222 days since we left Philadelphia. Although we have fared miserably aboard the *Europe* we have been at home on her so long that we feel a strong attachment as the time approaches for us to bid her farewell. Often when tossed, rolled, and turned almost upside down, we have cursed her, and the day that placed us upon her. But now when the prospect is that we are to live in tents on shore, we may yet feel the loss of her, especially if the nights are as cold generally as this is after so beautiful a day.

I shall soon be on *terra firma* and hence must quit my sea journal.

Part Three THE THIRD LETTER BAG THE CALIFORNIA JOURNAL — I

87

The Third Letter Bag

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, July 22, 1849, Sunday morning, 5 1/2 o'clock.

Dear Christman:—It is little more than three weeks today since you left us. Time generally passes rapidly, though these three weeks appear a long time to me. I have missed you very much in the office; I feel the need of some confidential friend to chat with. We are getting along pretty well, though I must be the first at the breach and the last at the route in the various duties in the office, on account of the boys being all young and inexperienced. The editor also gets the devil in him frequently.

In West Chester everything continues pretty much as it was. The Guards had a fine time of it on the Fourth, mustering 35 men. The company is getting along swimmingly. The ladies are all first-rate, but no beaux. The beaux are all going to California. There is considerable talk now about a number more going from West Chester. I feel like going myself. Be not surprised if you should meet me there.

About myself, as regards the ladies, I have something to say which may surprise you as well as it has been unexpected to many in this place. The cord which bound Miss Bradshaw and me together has been 88 broken. We are no longer lovers. Many causes tended to produce this effect, but the most important one was jealousy. On the Saturday evening when I returned from the city I called to see her ladyship and proposed calling on Miss Apple, as I wished to see her. We did so and a walk was taken together. Everything passed off properly, I supposed. Not much was said. Miss Apple was rather low spirited and I was not in very high spirits. On Sunday evening following I called to go to church. Miss Apple was there also; I invited her to go along. She went home and Cad and I called for her. I perceived that there was something wrong with Miss Bradshaw. After

we had returned from church I asked Cad what was the matter. At first she would not tell, but she finally said that I had been paying more attention to Miss Apple than I had to her. This rather raised my blood, though I mildly told her that such was not the fact, much less was it my intention, that she ought to know better, and I thought she had a very bad opinion of me to accuse me of anything of this kind. I left without coming to any particular conclusion what I should do. But the more I thought about it the more I felt like stopping. A few days afterwards, I sent her a note stating that I had broken off. Since that time all the presents I had made her have been returned, and the matter has been fairly consummated. This affair is the subject of much talk about town at this time. It will soon die away, however.

And now, allow me to say that Miss Apple has in no way given any cause to produce this result. It was the promptings of a generous feeling on my part to do for her every favor, especially as she continued so melancholy in regard to your absence. Unfortunately 89 Miss Bradshaw, although possessing many generous and noble qualities, allowed jealousy to wither her better feelings and prevent herself, Miss Apple and me from mutually enjoying many pleasures. I believe she and Miss Apple still remain friends, though perhaps not as ardent as heretofore. I frequently call on Miss Apple and shall repeat the calls oftener when this matter of Caroline Bradshaw has fully died away. Since I have left her I have visited and taken to church several times Miss Hodgson, who is a young lady very much esteemed among us printers. Taking into consideration her age, she is one of the finest young ladies I have ever been acquainted with, and bids fair of being an object of no little attention.

All hands send their warmest regards.

I remain,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., July 22, 1849.

My Dear Enos:—I received your very welcome letter and I cannot help thinking of one particular sentence you wrote, that I gave you pain when I told you about walking out with Mr. Prizer and Miss Bradshaw. I am very sorry to give you pain, but it was not done intentionally. That you know. I told you because I wished you to know whom I walked out with, not because I thought you selfish by any means. I know you are not.

I know that you have been wanting to go to that tempting place, California, and that you would never be satisfied if you did not go. So I hope it is all for the best. Well I know you left all that was near and dear to you to go to the gold mines. And well I know that all that is near and dear to me is you. It is so very lonesome here that it seems as though I were in a strange land with no friends. But I have plenty of friends and Mr. Prizer is one of them. You have no idea how I miss you. I have not gone to bed a night since you left here until I prayed to God to bless you and be with you on your long journey, and grant that you may get there safely, that you may have good luck when you get there, that you may return safe, and that you may return soon, in two years if possible. I suppose it will be impossible to return in less. It seems the longest while since you took your departure. And just think! It is only three weeks, and it will be two years before I see you, and maybe not then.

The other day Henry Evans was talking to Father about you and he spoke of you very highly and gave you an excellent character for all the time you were boarding with his family and working in the *Record* office. But I knew it was all the truth. Your daguerreotype is kept in the parlor and I look at it very often. It is a great comfort to me to think I have the miniature of the only one I love so near to look at. I am going to get a quarter of oil calico to put in my album quilt, and put your name on it. I forgot to ask you for a quarter when you were here, but however, it will be all the same.

I hope you have good books to read. I regret very much that I did not think to give you some books but I was in so much trouble and I felt so badly. I am happy to learn that you have the violins on board to pass the time away, but do not participate too much, but think of Him that is high in the heavens. You speak of the Captain's treat, brandy and cheese. I hope he may never have another of

the kind and I also hope if he does, you will not participate in it. Tell Clinton that I think he will be comfortable and well contented, and a great deal more so after he has been out three or four months. I sincerely hope that you will keep the Sabbath day as it should be kept.

There was a general turnout at the Court House on the Fourth of July, ladies by the plenty. I said to Cad if there were one soldier more among them I could enjoy looking at them. But as it was, I felt miserable all the time I was listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

There have been strange proceedings since you left here. Prizer has left Cad and he gallants Elizabeth Hodgson. I expect he will write to you the whole story.

Mr. Prizer called on me last evening. Part of the subject of conversation was about you, and part about the separation of Caroline and himself. It is the general talk. Cad packed everything Prizer has given her and sent them to him, with the exception of his likeness, and that she said no one should have. She wrote him a note with them and told him that the daguerreotype she was going to keep sacred. He told me he did not understand that, and he says he wants it.

He was also speaking about California, and he said that almost every person thinks I have an investment in the California stock. And he says he is going to send you a letter soon, and will put my letter in with his. I was very anxious to send a letter to you, but Mr. Prizer told me it would get there long before you, so I am contented. I suppose since he has left Cad, he will grant me more favors than ever. But I know I 92 am gratifying your wishes by accepting them, so I shall. He has been thinking about a ride, getting up a small company and all going in one carriage. How much more I would be able to enjoy it if you were here.

Sarah Cope called here the other evening and we were speaking of Cad and Prizer. She said that Cad had hardly spoke to her for some time and she did not know the reason, but lately she had found out it was because Prizer called on Sarah. Cad tells me she is going to wait until Ruben Haines comes back, because when he left he told her not to get married until he came back.

The other evening Cad and I thought we would be Quakers. So we put on Quaker bonnets and plain shawls, and went up to Polly Hoffinton's. There were four young men there and such laughing you never heard. Cad sent her best regards to you and wished me to tell you that she goes on her own jurisdiction.

Tuesday evening I met Amanda Mercer. Robert Lewis and Atwood Pyle came up. They both said, "Well, Ellen, how do you do?" and I said, "I am pretty well, I believe." And they both made reply, "I did not expect you would be after the California adventures." I never said a word, but Amanda answered, "Ellen does not hear when you talk about California." And so they said no more about it. After they talked with us awhile, Robert said, "Come, Amanda, we will go this way." And off they started, so I had to follow with Atwood, but I was too angry. I do not wish a gentleman to gallant me about if I can possibly get out of it. I never let them gallant about with me when my only dear was here, and I assure you that I will not while you are away.

Edward Miller was here a little while ago. He said 93 he expected if you knew he was here you would be persuaded to throw yourself overboard. I told him you would do no such thing, that you were not so jealous as that.

I wish your vessel would hurry and sail to Valparaiso so I could get a letter.

I must close and I am very sorry, but of course I shall write often.

I remain, as ever yours,

ELLEN APPLE.

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9, 1849.

Dear Fellow:—Out of doors the rain is pouring down in torrents and the storm is howling desperately. In the *Record* office, around a warm stove, comfortably sit the members of the office. I

have just aided in masticating one of those old-fashioned dinners we have on Sunday at the editor's and did justice to a piece of roast chicken. But I do not wish to tantalize you.

If your vessel has had good luck she must have rounded Cape Horn, and you have become acquainted with all the dangers of this terrible passage. I would give something handsome to know whether the California fever has subsided any with you! When you arrive at San Francisco, the first thing you do, write to us the full particulars of your voyage. Don't rely on any letters you may have left on the way. They do not reach the States, particularly from Valparaiso.

Up to November 17, we were totally ignorant of your whereabouts; that was the first we have heard 94 from your vessel since your departure, that she was spoken, date not given, in lat. 20.20 South and long. 36.30 West. This despatch, though brief and indefinite, conveyed to your friends here the agreeable intelligence that your noble vessel had thus far rode the storms safely.

Letters have been received announcing the safe arrival in San Francisco of all our West Chester boys. Thornbury wrote a letter to you. I opened it. He advises you to content yourself and stay at home. This you receive too late. At the time he wrote this letter he was getting ready to start for the mines. Cale will be surprised to hear of your being in California. Whitaker has written a very long letter which we are setting up for the *Record*. Poor Bill—he was homesick more than once. From these letters we can form a very good idea of what your hardships and sufferings have been. I am pretty confident, however, that you are fired with energy sufficient to meet them all. For Clint I have my fears. John L. Haines of this place is on his way to California, by the Isthmus route, and is probably there by this time.

I think that you and Clint, with your tools, can do well. You can pass yourselves off for house carpenters. But God only knows what will become of you should you arrive in San Francisco in ill-health and with broken-down constitutions. The fever is down in West Chester and will remain so until we hear of some of our folks finding the “big lumps.” Should I hear of you finding plenty, I will immediately start for the gold regions. I will come the Isthmus route. You must give me a

true statement of affairs in California, as frequently as you can. Letters come through in twenty and thirty days.

95

Miss Apple was at church this morning. Since your absence, I have frequently called upon her, as an old friend and acquaintance. Her devotion to you is firmly fixed, with a determination to hold out to the last. She was delighted to hear that the *Europe* had been spoken. Her most intimate female companion now is Miss Annie Hatch.

The editor has been away more than half the time. He was an applicant for the appointment of an European mission and has been on to Washington several times, working with all his energy. He intimated that he would make me a liberal offer, should he be successful, as he and his family would be absent three or four years. In this case I will put the screws on him. I have been waiting for this to take place for some time. But what arrangements would be made in the office I do not know nor do I care much. There is only one contingency which may finally result in favor of the editor.

We have been anxiously waiting for the President's message for the last week, but it has not yet been delivered, the House being unable to elect a speaker.

On Friday last I saw your mother. She looked very well and is in good health. She said she thought it could not be that you had gone to California.

I send you the *Record* regularly, which will tell of all the news at home. I hope you will receive it. About town the beaux and girls are getting along as usual, very little prospects of any of the ladies getting married. There is no use proposing to them. They appear to be waiting for you California boys, who they expect will have lots of "rocks" when you return. We Gideons are all standing back and do not go it more than once at one place. You may often wonder what I am doing among the ladies. I can sum it up in this brief sentence 96 —Not anything. But we still have secret foldings,

when exceedingly pleasant company collects, to drive away the dullness of West Chester life. John Hunter is going it moderately on Miss Annie Hatch; only for fun, however.

For the last two weeks meetings have been held at the Methodist Church every evening, and a number of converts have been made. In fact, we may say a great revival is going on in our midst. Among those who have been converted and joined church are some of the hardest cases we had about West Chester. I hope they are sincere, and it may do them good. This morning a powerful sermon was preached by some stranger; afterwards about fifteen of these converts were taken on probation as members, among them Miss Elizabeth Hodgson. "Old Dad" often feels solemn but cannot as yet reconcile myself to take the step that some of my companions have. One thing I have done—I have quit *swearing*. This I am determined to do.

Remember me to Clint, and accept for yourself my heartiest wishes. PEEBLES PRIZER.

Give my love to Bill Whitaker and take some yourself. I hope you may always have plenty of "redboys."

BEN SWENEY.

Give my best respects to all W. C. boys and do not be surprised to see me out there soon.

JNO. W. MILES.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman Wednesday morning, December 5th, 1849.

Dearest Enos:—I cannot let an opportunity escape

A LETTER FROM ELLEN APPLE

97 without addressing a few lines to you, and as Mr. Prizer informed me that he was going to write you, it is with pleasure I resume my pen to perform the same operation. I am constantly thinking and wondering where you are and how you are, what you are doing, and if you have plenty to eat and drink. I suppose by this time you have become accustomed to the trials and hardships of a sea

voyage and I expect if your life is spared to return, you will never have a desire to repeat it. Your vessel has been spoken once, which was quite a relief to my mind. Your daguerreo-type proves the greatest source to my comfort. It would be impossible for me to tell you how often I have opened it. I hold it most dear of anything this side the ship *Europe*. I sincerely hope, dear Enos, that you will return before many months laden with gold. But if you should not succeed, do not despair but return to good old West Chester where with industry and economy a living can yet be made.

Father received a letter from Theodore, the first we received since he left Rio Janeiro. He was in San Francisco driving cart at \$8.00 a day. But a letter written three days afterward by James Dixon to his wife stated that he had quit carting and gone to roofing at 12 dollars a day. We think it would be better for him to remain there than to go to the mines. James Dixon is digging well at 6 dollars a day and Thornbury is about the same business. The most distressing circumstance that occurred was the loss of one of their party. A rope broke and a young man by the name of Little fell overboard and was drowned. They could hear his cries for help for a full half-hour, but the sea was so rough and everything being lashed fast to double the Horn, it was impossible to save him. 98 Theodore advises people to keep what they have and stay where they are.

It seems a long time since you left here, and to think you are not near your place of destination yet. Mr. Prizer is very kind to me and calls to see us frequently. I had a very pleasant visit with my sister in the city. I was very anxious to see the Panorama of California but my time was occupied. They say it is true to life. To see the men digging in the gold mines, so eager for gold! If they would labor as hard here, perhaps they would save as much.

I have had a serious time with my arm. I slipped on the steps and sprained the nerve of my elbow and have been obliged to carry my arm in a sling for two weeks. It is much better now and I can use it a great deal.

There has been a Methodist protracted meeting. Mr. Houston was talking to Mr. Prizer and wanted him to go up to the Mourners' bench and just as he was leaving him, Mr. Houston said, "God bless the printers." I hope He may, particularly one, and that is you.

Mr. Prizer was jesting today. He said he believed he would go to California and I told him if he went, it would seem to me as if my friends had all left me. I hardly know what to do without you. Mr. Prizer and I were at a ball held at the Horticultural Hall on last Wednesday evening. There were about one hundred and sixty guests. I enjoyed myself exceedingly well. There will be three more of the same kind. I wish you were here to enjoy them.

I believe Miss Bradshaw is still in the market. Mr. Prizer is gallanting Miss Cope. Mr. John Hunter is paying great attention to Miss Annie Hatch. She has 99 moved next door to us, which makes it pleasanter for me.

I send you a beautiful piece of poetry and I hope you will read it and profit by it.

It has been five months and two weeks since you sailed for California. I hope if you get there safely you will soon be tired and return. Nothing more at present. I remain as ever,

Yours,

ELLEN APPLE.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Happy Valley, near San Francisco, St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 1850.

Betrothed Ellen:—This day a year ago, I little dreamed that in a twelvemonth I should have encountered the terrors of Cape Horn, and after many days of severe suffering, reached the shores of this golden land, and been penning you an epistle like this. But strange as this would have sounded then, it is now nevertheless true.

When we landed on the beach at Happy Valley, we pitched our tent and commenced life in true California fashion. Every evening the merry notes of the violin are heard, and judging from appearances the place is not inaptly named.

After our arrival, I received many letters and papers at the post office, and not seeing any in your handwriting, I impatiently tore the envelopes off Mr. Prizer's and therein found the precious documents so eagerly looked for. The words therein were a soothing balm to all misgivings, and assure me of your abiding and 100 unchanging love and affection, and should I return home without a dollar, I flatter myself that in you I would still possess a jewel more precious than all the glittering ore in this dazzling country, but I expect to return with a better hand than when I left or perish in the pursuit.

You speak with great earnestness of your anxiety for my future comfort and speedy return. I can assure you that thus far I have suffered many hardships to which I have been unaccustomed, but with the exception of a slight cold, consequent upon sleeping on the ground, I feel as well in health as ever I did in my life.

In order to perpetuate the good old custom of sending letters of love and friendship on St. Valentine's Day, I must write a short letter of friendship to Miss Hunter. Were you of a less generous disposition, I should hardly dare to tell you this, but I know you are not blinded by the foolish and jealous passions so often found in your sex. I know you will never allow yourself to be disturbed by the petty reports often found floating through the community and always added to by busy mischief-makers. But believe me, I would rather that the hand which now guides my pen should wither than deceive you in this. And if you feel the least disturbed on this account you can apply to me for a copy of this letter, which I will forward you if you desire it.

You mention that on one occasion Mr. Evans was talking with your father about me and gave me an excellent character. Now I wish you to inform me if your friends, particularly your father, mother and sister, are aware of our correspondence and engagement. The former I suppose they do know, but the latter I cannot tell, but you can. If they do know, what 101 is their opinion in regard to the subject; or if they are not aware of it, what do you think they would say if informed of the case? You say my daguerreotype is kept in the parlor. I infer from this and from some other sentences that

they are perhaps aware of the position we hold toward each other and am therefore anxious to know their opinion.

You and Cad must have had a merry time when you walked up to Miss Hoffinton's as Quakers. Give my compliments to Cad and tell her she had better not wait for the California boys; they may not get back very soon.

And some of your acquaintances think you have an investment in the California Stock. Well, if they consider me an investment it is even so.

You still rob yourself of much enjoyment, I fear, on my account, by not allowing yourself to walk with or attend parties with other acquaintances. If any expedition is on foot that promises enjoyment, I pray you accept the invitation on my account, for nothing can give me more pleasure than to know you are well and happy. I pray you also to abate your anxiety about me, for a continual weight upon the mind must eventually affect the system and undermine health.

Before I started and bid farewell to as good friends as ever lived, I counted the cost. I had strong and honorable motives for encountering the terrors of Cape Horn and the dangers of a long sea voyage and here, just on my arrival in the land of promise, would be a poor place indeed to regret the undertaking. No danger must be met half way, every difficulty should be met with manly fortitude, and my intention is to meet them in such a manner that I need never be ashamed. I now boldly turn my face toward the celebrated Sierra 102 Nevada. What we may there have to encounter, I cannot anticipate; perhaps we shall have to engage with the native Indian in some sanguinary and bloody conflict, or be hugged to death by the fierce and savage grizzly bear. But whatever may be my fate—should the worst come and I be fated to leave my bones to whiten on the bleak plains of this golden land, I can never forget the image that has been present to my mind's eye for so long a time.

I received a beautiful piece of poetry with your letter entitled, " 'tis Sweet to Be with God!" I have read it with great interest but confess my inability to practice the good precepts contained therein.

In a few days we hope to leave for the diggings and what our opportunities may there be to receive or send letters, I know not, and should you not hear from me for a long time do not despair or think that I intentionally delay writing to you. We may have to penetrate the country many hundred miles, and if so of course our mail conveniences will be few, but what there are shall be embraced by me to write to you. I wish you to write monthly to San Francisco, and I will get your letters some time. Theodore and his party are at the Middle diggings, I believe, Thornbury at the same we are going to, but I fear we shall meet none of them. Remember me to your sister, and your parents. Although a stranger to Miss Hatch, please give my compliments to her also.

That happiness may be found in your footsteps is the prayer of your devoted

ENOS CHRISTMAN.

103

Wednesday morning, February 27th.

This morning I was over two hours cooking breakfast—the rain putting out the fire, causing me great trouble, and perplexing me very much. I know you would laugh heartily if you could see us living here in the manner we do. I often laugh over it myself. Just imagine three of us occupying a small tent, seven by nine feet, cooking, sleeping upon the ground, and in fact trying our hand at almost everything necessary to be done in household affairs. But how well we succeed I shall leave you to guess.

I must now bid you a sad adieu, a long farewell, perhaps forever, but I hope not. I hope that in a year or two we may again meet in West Chester, but our long separation, I trust, will serve only to strengthen our affection and love and when we meet, we may meet never to separate again. But time lingers for no man, and I must close.

May heaven bless you and protect you, may you never have a want or wish ungratified is the prayer and wish of your loving

CHRISTMAN.

104

THE CALIFORNIA JOURNAL - I

Friday, February 15, 1850

—Tuesday, February 12th, we were landed with our baggage on the beach at a place called Happy Valley, about a mile east of the city, where we soon cleared a place and put up our tent and removed our trunks and bedding into it. We then cooked our supper of tea and fried bread, and although this meal was quite humble and prepared by our own hands, I never partook of any that I enjoyed more, not even the best cured fowl. Being determined to have as lively a time of it as circumstances would permit, we soon after introduced the violin and enjoyed ourselves in the giddy mazes of a real Spanish fandango for an hour or two. About nine o'clock we arranged our trunks and placed our beds upon them. Two of our party had to lie upon the ground, but Atkins and I had trunks enough to form a platform for our beds. We then turned in without a single weapon by us, they all being locked up in our trunks, feeling quite as secure as when surrounded by thick and massive walls, and enjoyed as good a night's repose.

Happy Valley seems to derive its name from the merry character of its citizens who all live in tents, doing their own cooking and washing, and sleeping on the ground. The ground is owned by the government and is reserved for a navy yard. Several fine springs of excellent water are quite convenient and wood is 105 obtained for the cutting close by. We are surrounded by a great number of tents occupied by persons from all parts of the Union.

My comrade and I have rambled the city from center to circumference in search of Mr. Jonathan Griffith, to whom we had letters of introduction from Judge Strickland of West Chester. At length we found him and he gave us a most welcome reception and treated us with great hospitality. We were not long enquiring about our friends and learned that a few of them were in the city, not more than paying expenses, while the greater number were at the diggings where they had been almost

ever since their arrival. At the last accounts Mr. Griffith had from them, they had done but little in the way of making money.

Whitaker had been taken ill at the mines and sent to this place with sufficient funds to winter, and recruit his health if possible. But, alas! A melancholy tale must now be told. Poor Whitaker grew worse and worse and had to be removed to the hospital. After suffering there for some time, he at length yielded his spirit up to his Maker, never uttering a murmur against his hard fate. And thus died a young man who a few months before had been filled with the brightest hopes for the future. He was young, intelligent, amiable, kind and gentle, industrious and enterprising. He was beloved, respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and was never guilty of a mean action. His body was interred at the public burying-ground a little to the west of the city, near the seashore, where the howling wind and roaring surf will sing him a suitable requiem.

But his is the case of thousands. Every neighborhood in the States will yet have to hear of the bones of some of their best beloved and respected young citizens bleaching on the plains of California. A bitter wail of lament will be echoed from house to house, by parents, wives, brothers, sisters and lovers, the anguish of which cannot be repaid by all the glittering ore that covers every hill and valley in this new El Dorado, this Land of Promise. Thousands will curse the day that brought them to this golden land. The gold will be a curse instead of a blessing.

Wednesday, February 20

—We are detained here in Happy Valley, keeping ourselves in readiness to attend the landing of our freight. As yet we have been unable to get our goods off the vessel on account of the Captain's being drunk nearly all the time and having already discharged three or four sets of seamen. There is no telling when we can leave this place.

At the request of two gentlemen from Wilmington, Delaware, who were fellow passengers in the *Europe*, I have written an unvarnished tale and forwarded for publication to the editors of the *Blue Hen's Chicken* of that place, in the hope that when the villainous conduct of Captain Palmer and his rascally employers becomes known, those who are about coming after us may escape the hardships

caused by the trickery and deception of these accomplished robbers. Indeed the vessel was a perfect *Hades* and I would not pass such an ordeal again for all the gold in California. They can draw their own inferences. I advised those who are about to leave good homes for the land of promise to “look before they leap” and beware of such men as we bargained with.

We find that we have encumbered ourselves with 107 too much baggage and all are now endeavoring to lessen the bulk and weight of their clothing. Many are selling at less than cost to raise a few dollars. I sold six pairs of good new pantaloons for fifteen dollars. As I was anxious to make a little money, I assisted in removing several chests a short way from the beach, for which I received fifty cents. Saturday evening I strolled up to the city in company with McCowan who had a violin to sell and Atkins who took a wrapper with him for the same purpose. I have made a camp cot to carry with me to the mines, also a fine, large knapsack to take with me, intending to leave my trunks here.

Our section, composed of six persons, owns a variety of property in common, most of which we have disposed of, but not delivered because of the difficulty in getting it off the vessel. Some were in a great hurry to sell our tent, of which I had thus far refused my consent. But we had an offer of \$45 for it and as dissatisfaction began to prevail, I thought I should take them at their word, and the tent was sold, possession to be given Monday morning. This took some of them aback and they began discussing what they should do on the morrow. But I cared little what they did. Atkins and I can agree very well, and we decided to purchase a tent of our own and go to the mines together.

Immediately after breakfast Monday morning we struck our large section tent and carried it off to Clark's Point, where we met the persons we sold it to, and they paid me forty-five dollars in gold dust. I did not like the dust, for in money it brings only fifteen and a half to the ounce, but when I came to exchange it for money, it made forty-six dollars and fifty cents, just making the percentage they charged for changing it. McCowan, 108 Atkins and myself immediately went and purchased a small tent for twenty dollars, surprising our party very much when we brought it upon the ground. We soon pitched it and removed our things under cover, and we have as good a roof over our head

as we have had since we landed. A little rain fell last night but our tent fended it off in first-rate style, not even making our blankets damp.

In the morning we generally have a thick, heavy fog; at noon the atmosphere is as warm as June in Philadelphia, and at night a cold westerly wind blows. This evening while I am writing, our late seamen, being encamped quite near us, are singing some merry tunes. They have no tents but have raised a kind of hut and covered it with their blankets.

Sunday evening while I was boiling mush to fry for breakfast, a Methodist preacher came up and invited me to attend prayer meeting in a large tent quite near our own. I soon finished the mush and went to hear him awhile.

Friday, February 22

—This being Washington's birthday anniversary, the flags of the shipping were floating all day and guns were fired at regular intervals. In the evening, rockets were seen flying in all directions. About ten o'clock the Panama mail steamer came in with about four hundred passengers. I bought a *New York Tribune* for California, for which I willingly paid two bits and considered myself lucky, they having sold an hour previous at a dollar per copy. It was dated the 17th ult. and was therefore thirty-five days on the way, a tolerable quick passage, by the way. Also I found a paper containing old "Zack's" message. I read it with 109 great interest and heartily agree with the old man in most of his recommendations.

Hearing that printers were wanted at San José to print the laws of California, I went up to the city yesterday and made some enquiry about the matter but the information I received was vague and unsatisfactory. I therefore dropt the matter and thought no more about it. In the afternoon Atkins and myself slung our rifles over our shoulders and rambled several miles along the bay, meeting with little but high rugged bluffs interspersed here and there by gentle slopes coming down to the water's edge. We met with no game but ducks and water birds and they took good care to keep plenty far enough out of harm's way. We therefore posted up a target and exercised in this way.

San Francisco is built upon a kind of crescent between the hills and an arm of the bay. It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles. The Grand Plaza is now nothing but a vacant square in a central part of the town, but will doubtless improve as the city improves and may in time become a handsome place. One-half of the dwellings are composed of canvas tents, and about one-third of the buildings are hotels and gambling houses. We visited a great number of the latter places where we saw all kinds of gaming going on. Gambling here is an occupation, day or night, Sunday or any other time. The grey-headed father and the beardless boy are seen side by side vying with each other who can win or lose the fastest, and even beautiful women engage in these games with the same earnestness of the sterner sex, betting their last ounce. I have even heard of preachers delivering a good sermon and going directly from the pulpit to the gaming table. McGowan, one of the Chester County bank robbers, is 110 here patronizing these establishments and men of his stamp and character are to be met with by hundreds. "Yankee" Sullivan, the notorious pugilist, arrived here in the last steamer and now constitutes a bright star in this constellation.

The new custom house is a fine building and quite an ornament to the town. The court house is a very small one-story frame, not half as prepossessing as one of our county school houses. Here the grave judge and his associates sit and deal out justice to the crowd, and judging from the pile of bedding stowed in one corner, it is reasonable to suppose they sleep there also. The city has but one wharf, but more are building and for the privilege of landing a single trunk, you are charged a cool dollar. Money here goes like dirt; everything costs a dollar or dollars. What is considered a fortune at home is here mere pocket money. Today I purchased a single potato for 45 cents.

Sunday, February 24

—Early this morning the body of a dead man was found near our tent, no unusual occurrence.

Having promised a friend that I would accompany him to the Mission De Lones, about three miles distant, I dressed myself in a Christian style, doffing my red shirt and slouch hat, ate some bread and drank some water for breakfast, and then proceeded to the office of my friend. He not being quite ready, I strolled up towards the post office. A vast crowd had assembled and placed

themselves in a line long before the office had been opened; and when the window opened, every man awaited his turn with the greatest impatience. The line was long enough to keep the last ones waiting until 111 after dinner and so I walked away, concluding that I stood no chance then.

After walking over the hills about an hour through sand ankle deep, we reached the mission, and found it to be a village of about three hundred inhabitants, with several long, low, one-story mud houses, all belonging to the church and rented out to families; some as dwellings, others as stores, hotels and gambling houses. We attended church, the first church I have been in for about eight months. The outside presented no unusual appearance but upon entering, the eye was dazzled by the vast amount of gilding presented to view; a great number of images were very handsomely gilded; the altar was splendid and over the centre a very sparkling diamond was placed. The Catholic Church ceremony was thoroughly performed, and during the greater part of it, the choir played upon their violins, drums and triangles.

After church we fell in with a good party of Americans formerly belonging to the Navy, but now surveying out here. They treated us well, informed us that fandangos took place there every Sunday evening except during Lent; and this being Lent season, they had procured especial permission from the priest to hold one on the previous Sunday evening, by paying him one hundred pounds of church candles, and he would grant no more unless well paid. Two or three scrub races and a shooting match took place, however, in the afternoon.

On arriving in the city I went to the post office, and finding the crowd of the morning considerably scattered, determined to enter the line and try my luck. I waited a little over an hour before getting to the window and then received a few papers and proceeded to Happy Valley, making my supper on bread and water.

112

Wednesday, February 27

—The air is very cold and piercing and the distant hills across the bay are covered with snow. Last evening it commenced raining and hailing and continued all night and this forenoon. In a tent a

few feet distant from our own, a party of merry Englishmen were drinking, singing and revelling in drunkenness until near daylight, when they came to our tent, borrowed some matches, and insisted upon our drinking with them. They occasioned much merriment.

I have divided the money belonging to the section and found each member was entitled to \$27 and while the others lost, I gained, on account of owning two shares, having purchased Mr. Huber's interest a few days previous for \$20. This afternoon we purchased three tin pans at \$2.50 each.

We were notified to remove our quarters off Uncle Sam's property. At noon today no one had complied with this request, and a company of armed soldiers were marched into camp and removed the tents and houses of several persons who would not otherwise comply. Resistance was expected, but all passed off quietly. It appears that the ground has been reserved, and has since been leased to several persons by the government, whose duty it is to put it in the possession of the said renters. We removed our tent off the forbidden ground and all appears to be right. I am nearly laid up by the poison, having caught it from the bushes where we cut our wood.

Today we had an Irishman with us who crossed the plains. He told us some marvelous stories about the route, and stated he would not return that way again for all the gold in California.

113

Monday, March 4

—I have done the last clothes washing I intend to do before getting to the diggings. I borrowed a tub and large kettle of Mrs. Sterling, and the washing went much better with hot fresh water than cold salt.

Atkins and myself have carried one of my trunks to Mr. Griffith's for safe-keeping during our absence. The distance from Happy Valley to Mr. Griffith's is about two miles and we were tired of the task long before we had proceeded half the way.

Saturday was the most unpleasant day we have spent in the valley, the rain pouring down in torrents, wetting everything through and through, and a cold wind blowing during the whole time. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get the fire to burn sufficient to boil our beef, potatoes and chocolate. We bought a pound of chocolate for \$1, and one pint of oil for 75 cents. Not deeming our blankets sufficient to take with us, we each bought a pair of double blankets. One of our party, McCowan, who has not been very well for a few days past, is heartily sick of the place and has been wishing himself out of the scrape.

Sunday I rambled up toward the city for the purpose of procuring a paper giving the departure of the several boats for Stockton. The stores and hotels are kept open during the day and evening, and many workmen are busy in the streets as on any other day. After buying a paper for 25 cents, in strolling along the streets, I accidentally halted before the Baptist chapel, and seeing the pews arranged according to home style, I entered and seated myself. It being early and few persons in attendance, I hauled out my paper and read it thoroughly before the congregation assembled. It reminded me more of home than anything I have seen or felt since leaving West Chester. A good sermon was preached upon the importance of encouraging Sunday Schools. To note the preponderance of the male over the female population in this place I need only mention that in this congregation of at least 250, only three female faces appeared.

We have now packed our things and have everything in readiness to leave for San Joaquin (pronounced San Wakein) in the steamer *Mint* in the morning, paying \$30 passage. We have been here three weeks.

Monday, March 11

—On Tuesday morning last, we arose early, partook a hasty breakfast, struck our tent, and with our baggage reached the steamer as she was about to start off. The shores of the river presented nothing but high and rugged hills covered with low bushes or short grass. By four o'clock in the afternoon we reached the city of Benicia, a small village about fifty miles from San Francisco. Here the steamer run alongside an old vessel answering the double purpose of storehouse and wharf,

and when she went to start off, we found she was fast in the mud, but she was soon gotten off, by a little backing and pulling. We passed rolling ground until we reached New York a little after sunset, where we halted a few minutes to land some passengers. It is also a small village. After passing New York, the river became narrow and crooked and difficult of navigation, and although the steamer is very small, the engine had to be stopped often and poles taken to fend her off the banks.

The *Mint* has not more than half a dozen berths in her and these are for her own workmen. We were pretty much crowded and a spot large enough for a 115 man to lie down on could not be found. We spent a horrible night. About ten o'clock I crept into the hold and lay down upon two boxes and a barrel, and slept soundly until two o'clock. At daylight we reached Stockton and stopped about two hours. We went ashore and paid \$1.50 each for breakfast. Stockton is larger, better-built and much more pleasantly situated than any of the towns between here and San Francisco.

During the greater part of Wednesday, it rained and was very disagreeable travelling. The land we passed was almost as level as a floor and at many places the river has overflowed the banks and for miles nothing but a swamp was to be seen. We reached San Joaquin about three Wednesday afternoon, landed our goods and pitched our tent on the river bank. We use river water which is excellent, and get our wood close by. When we arrived there were but two one-story houses here, and one of them covered with canvas, and six or eight tents, but there are now about a dozen tents. For 20 miles either way a level prairie is stretched out to view until it reaches the base of a range of high hills, the tops of which are covered with snow.

After breakfast next morning I took my rifle and strolled up the river about a mile, until I fell in with a couple of settlers who were cultivating a small patch of ground, intending to supply this embryo city with vegetables in time to come. Ducks and geese are plentiful along the river but they are very shy and hard to shoot.

Parties of three and four are seen passing up the river every hour or two in small boats to the different mines. But they are all like ourselves, not knowing how near their boats will carry them to the wished-for places, but willing to go and find out for themselves. 116 A number of Frenchmen

who came up in the steamer with us have left in a small whale boat for Merced City, near the Merced Mines.

We have concluded to store our trunk, take our tent and what clothes we can on our backs, and start on the morrow for Wood's Diggings. Before we came, we were informed that better accommodations were to be found here for going to the mines than at Stockton, but at the latter place persons offered to carry freight for us to Wood's Diggings for twenty dollars per cwt., and here we cannot get our goods taken up at any price, and we have not enough to load a whole train of mules, and if we had, it would cost thirty-five dollar per cwt. As we can carry no cooking utensils except a tin cup each, we have purchased and cooked three beef tongues at 37 1/2 cents apiece to take with us, and a few pounds of pilot bread at 20 cents per lb.

Although it is now the early part of March, the trees are beginning to spread out their green foliage, and the plains skirting the river are covered with fine green grass from three to five inches long upon which a large number of mules belonging to the camp, and a few scattered herds of cattle, are feeding. We have been greeted by a great number of coyotes, small prairie wolves, barking and howling for an hour or two. They appeared to be quite near camp, but as they are inoffensive and do no harm except to carry off bits of provisions if they have a chance, we were not in the least disturbed. But last night a party of Californians commenced gambling and drinking in a tent close by and kept up their infernal noise and revels until daylight this morning, then fought with knives and separated.

Early this morning notice was posted against the door of the only house in this city that an election would be held during the day for alcalde, sheriff, and town clerk. About ten o'clock the people assembled at the aforesaid house, chose their election officers, and then commenced voting. There was only one ticket in the field, and the question of Whig and Locofoco was not asked. Everybody was invited to vote whether residents or not. Some of the persons who are interested in the success of the city even went to the river and invited some boatmen who were passing by to come up to the polls and vote. At first they refused, but being insisted upon, they stated they were citizens of the world and not of any particular place, therefore they might as well vote here as anywhere. Although

we only arrived here a few days since and intend to leave soon, we were requested to vote. Two of us did so, but Atkins declined. This is the first vote I ever cast and I can truly say, if that amounts to anything, that I attended the first election ever held in San Joaquin City.

Thursday, March 14

—We were informed that a train of pack mules and teams were stopping for the night a few miles distant and would be along here on their way to the mines. We therefore concluded to wait until they came up, in the hope that we could get them to carry our baggage. A team arrived here about four Tuesday afternoon on its way to Mariposa Diggings. We agreed with the teamster, Mr. Cox, to carry our baggage for \$50 and postponed our departure on account of the hard rain that had been falling for two days. He is from Iowa and has his family with him, consisting of his wife, and four or five children, all of them quite small except one. Among them are two little girls. He crossed the mountains and lost a great deal 118 on the road. It is ten months since he left home and he has been travelling ever since.

During the last two days two additional houses have been erected in the city and there are now three houses under roof and that many more lying on the landing ready framed for erection. They are mere frame shells brought from the States.

Early this morning, the weather being promising, we started on our long march, following a trail that leads along the prairie between the river and the mountains. Soon after we started, we chased up a large and beautiful hare. We next saw innumerable flocks of geese, duck and brant, and fired several balls at these flying, but without effect. We also saw a number of prairie squirrels that burrow in the ground.

Soon after dinner we fell in with four or five broken-down-looking fellows on foot who were returning from the mines, and they gave us some rather discouraging accounts. They told us that they had been there some five or six months without being able to make anything, and that hundreds were there working for their board alone. This did not in the least abate our bright anticipations and we are determined to go and see for ourselves. About four in the afternoon we

came to a small stream crossing the prairie, making the only camping ground for several miles; here we are now encamped for the night. We have just concluded supper, cooking nothing but a cup of chocolate and soaking pilot bread in it. Here are three tired boys! Oh, how my poor legs ache! I think I could almost rest forever.

Saturday, March 16

—Night before last it rained during the greater part of the night and the following 119 forenoon, consequently we made a late start yesterday morning. The small stream upon which we were encamped had to be forded. When everything was ready, I put on my long gum boots and waded through the water which was over knee deep. I then sat down on the bank and threw the boots over to McCowan, who crossed as I had done. Atkins, who was not well, was permitted to cross in the wagon. The stream being crossed, we pushed ahead on our tiresome journey, halting about one o'clock to take a bite of something to eat. And oh, how tired we were! We soon however straightened our weary limbs and proceeded on our journey. About four o'clock we reached Capt. Hardie's Ferry where we crossed the San Joaquin, by unloading the wagon and taking the baggage across in a whale boat. The wagon had to be taken apart and crossed on a barge. The cattle were swam over. For this service our teamster paid half an ounce and as it would have cost us one dollar each, we concluded to lighten his expense if he included us in his family for the time being. We therefore paid the dollar apiece to him instead of the ferryman.

Here we overtook teams from Texas and Arkansas and moved on a mile or two to get to good camping ground. Before we reached our stopping place we had to cross several sloughs. In one of these our team came very near sticking. Atkins crossed on the wagon. When in the middle of the stream, our camp kettle, in which our provisions for the journey were stored, took a notion to slip off the guide-pole upon which it was hanging, and to our utter horror we saw it going down the stream. It was soon rescued however, from the watery element, and our "bread and dinner" saved. Mack and I had to wade again, but here the boots were of no avail for the water was too deep, coming up to our middles.

We soon reached camp, cooked our supper, and put our weary bodies to rest. My feet were blistered in a horrible manner. During the day we saw a drove of wild horses on the plain several miles distant.

This morning being beautiful, the train moved at an early hour, and after crossing a few more sloughs, reached a more elevated plain. Here we struck out a course and at the end of ten miles over which a civilized foot had probably never trod, we struck a wagon trail leading us on toward the Merced River. The greater part of the plain is quite sandy and very little vegetation upon it. We chased up a number of hare and several prairie wolves. In the afternoon we saw a very large grey wolf lying dead on the road. While away from its mountain home it had been unfortunate enough to fall in with some hunter. About sunset we came to good camping ground.

Hardie's Ferry is 25 miles from San Joaquin City and our camp is 20 miles from the ferry. You may therefore well know that the day's tramp has been no benefit to sore feet and aching bones. We had not laid in a sufficient stock of provisions and this evening I purchased a chunk of meat of Mr. Cox for \$1.25, which is now (eight P.M.) over the fire, stewing. We are in sight of the celebrated Sierra Nevada, whose high peaks are covered with snow the whole year round.

Monday, March 18

—On Sunday the sun rose beautifully and at an early hour we started on our journey. Until then we had passed over nothing but low, level plains, but as we approached the mountains the land became more hilly and undulating. We travelled within fourteen miles of Burns' Diggings and thirty-five miles of Mariposa. During the day we crossed three or four small streams, forded by us in the usual way, wading straight through them. We saw a large number of deer but they were wild and we could not get near them. We fired two balls at a large wolf that came prowling round us, and judging from the way he acted and put off, we suppose one of them took effect. Towards evening we stopped at a large canvas house composing an eating house and store, all under one roof. Here we bought 4 lbs. of pilot bread at 75 cents per lb., and 3 1/2 lbs. beef at 37 1/2 cents. Small mackerel were worth 50 cents apiece and everything else in the same ratio. I boiled a pot

of mush made of a box of meal kindly presented by Mr. Cox, the gentleman with whom we are travelling up to the diggings. There never came a Sabbath that I would more willingly have rested. We are galded and blistered, and our joints feel as if they would sooner break than bend. I don't know that I was ever more fatigued. But we are determined to push forward.

We commenced our journey again early this morning and crossed the Merced River about 10 A.M. in a flat boat, for which four teams, ours among the number, paid \$5 each. A team that had crossed just before us paid \$10, but it was a regular trader. The reduction was made on account of our teams belonging to emigrants reaching the mines for the first time. The ferry is known as the New York Company's Ferry.

As soon as we crossed this river the worst part of our journey commenced, for then we entered the high hills bordering the Sierra Nevada, climbing high rugged precipices and crossing low swampy quagmires, 122 in which we saw the bones and saddles of several mules that had been lost there. In ascending some of these steeps and crossing these swamps they had to hitch two teams to each wagon. Supper—a cup of tea, a piece of boiled beef, cold, and a hard cracker—is just over. We are encamped upon the side of a hill and near a small ravine in which we get our water, which is muddy. As we are but four or five miles from the first diggings, we hope tomorrow will put an end to our weary pilgrimage for a short time.

Tuesday, March 19

—This morning we moved on a few and encamped upon a small stream of water within less than a mile of where some two or three hundred workmen are engaged digging and washing out the precious ore. We were a little over five days on our journey from San Joaquin City to this place and we suppose we have made about eighty or eighty-five miles. Our long voyage at sea unfitted us for such a tramp and hence we have been almost worn out, but a day or two's rest, we hope, will restore our usual vigor. For the past few days Atkins was apparently improving rapidly, but today he took a relapse and I fear he may have a hard sickness. He is just able to keep out of bed, and is down in spirits a little.

There are four or five tents near our own, belonging to emigrants who came across the plains, all hardy, industrious fellows well suited for this kind of life. After dinner we strolled out to the diggings and there saw large numbers at work, digging, washing in rockers and pans, and draining out water, for a long distance along a mountain rivulet. These diggings are known as Burns' 123 on account of a gentleman of that name owning a large ranch farm a short distance off.

On our return from the diggings to camp we happened in a provision store, made of canvas, of course, for there are none others within many miles. We purchased 12 lbs. of pork at 50 cents, 2 1/2 pounds of navy bread at 75 cents and one pound of brown sugar at 62 1/2 cents. To exhibit the state of our financial affairs, I need only state that I arrived in San Francisco with \$27 in my pocket and my comrade with even less, but by selling our provisions, a lot of clothes, and his tools, we raised about \$85 apiece. Now I have twenty-seven dollars and each of my partners less.

Thursday, March 21st

—Our repose at night has been somewhat interrupted by the almost continual braying of mules feeding on the hills near by. Yesterday morning McCowan and I wandered some distance up the creek in search of wood for shovel handles, but we found it a very difficult matter to get anything straight enough. We therefore cut down a small oak with our hatchets, took the butt and split it in two, and dressed them. But they made rather indifferent handles, so much so that I cut a willow last evening and use it in preference to the oak. A short, spreading scrub kind of oak and willow are the only kind of trees I have seen in this country.

In the afternoon McCowan took his spade and I my wash pan and proceeded to the diggings. After “prospecting” a short time and washing a panful of sand without finding any gold, we moved on and struck our spade into a new place at the water's edge. From our 124 first panful here we took out a few small parcels of the glittering ore. We continued a little while here, washing out some four or five panfuls of sand from which I obtained about 75 cents and McCowan about 25 cents. This was our first effort at gold digging and I shall never forget the first panful of sand I washed.

This morning McCowan and I carried our wash pans and mining implements to a place about a mile and a half distant from our tent and dug, washed and sifted the earth for about six hours and then returned to camp early in order to cook some pancakes, or rather “slapjacks.” I gathered about a dollar of “the dust” and McCowan not quite as much. Digging and washing in a pan is mighty hard and dirty work, and not to be laughed at; but that I anticipated, and it cannot intimidate me. A cradle is much needed by us, but as they cannot be bought for less than \$50, we have to work without. Shovels second hand are worth \$8 each.

This evening we were visited by a strolling band of Indians, six in number, armed with their bows and arrows and some of them almost nude, having nothing but a check shirt and cap on. They are a poor, miserable-looking set of devils, speak a very little Spanish, and were out on a begging excursion. One of our neighbors gave them beef enough for supper and breakfast. They are making the welkin ring with their loud songs, and will sleep on the ground around a large fire during the night. One of them had a piece of reed as thick as a man's finger and about five inches long, stuck through his ears as marks of renown.

Saturday, March 23d

—McCowan and I started ourspecting with our pans and shovels early Friday 125 morning but we had scarcely reached the diggings before it commenced raining and we returned to camp. So today we started out again and coming to what we supposed to be a good place, we sunk a hole three feet wide and about six feet deep without finding a particle of ore. We gave up the spot and proceeded on until noon, when we placed our tools against a stump and returned to camp for dinner. We then learned that Mr. Cox was getting ready to start for Mariposa tomorrow morning. As we intend to move on with him, we thought it useless to continue our search any longer and brought up our tools in the afternoon. These diggings are nearly dug out and we were only stopping here for a short time until the weather became settled and the roads passable to the Mariposa Mines about 30 miles distant. But very few are making more than their expenses here and nearly all will leave soon.

In company with Atkins who is still sick I took a walk up to Burns' store, thinking a little walk would do him good. I carried my letters with me, the store being the express office, to forward to San Francisco and there be mailed for the United States. The express runs up and down once a month from all the mines to San Francisco, and carries letters down upon prepaying 50 cents upon each, and brings up letters for two dollars with the postage added, to those whose names are enrolled. This express is connected with Adams & Co.'s Express in the Atlantic States, and is a great convenience to persons here. They are favored but little at the San Francisco post office and have to hire the privilege of allowing their clerks to examine letters in the office at night after it is closed. They deserve much credit for their energy and enterprise.

While at the store, I saw a lot of butter which they 126 sell at \$2.50 per pound. I examined it particularly. I have not seen any for so long that it has become quite a curiosity. We purchased a small loaf of soft bread for Atkins for 75 cents. Heretofore we have several times attempted to manufacture some good cakes out of flour, known in this country as "flap jacks," but they always came out heavy dough things which we could hardly eat. This evening we tried it again and succeeded almost beyond our most sanguine expectations. We had mixed up a little flour and water for the purpose of souring, but when we came to look at it this afternoon we found it had not turned. We therefore added a little acid which soon made it sour enough. We then mixed it up with a few handfuls of flour, and water, and added a small quantity of saleratus, and some sugar. We took our frying pan and placed a few bits of fat pork in it and poured the batter in and baked or fried it for some time. Such delicious cakes as we had, I have not tasted for a long time. With a little molasses and pork they eat very well. Our progress in the art of cooking is slow but this, I suppose, results from the want of a teacher. We have to experiment on everything until we get it to suit our tastes, and what is learned in this way will not soon be forgotten. We can now get up some *fine dishes!*

Sunday, March 24

—We are encamped on the main road to the Mariposa Diggings and hundreds of heavily packed mules and a few teams have been passing daily. Several of Mr. Cox's acquaintances who crossed the mountains with him are with us, and they have sent on a couple of their number to Mariposa for

authentic information as to the state of things there. Mr. Cox has concluded to wait until they return when we shall all move on together. We were right glad of this delay for we had to travel last Sunday. Some of our company started out this morning in pursuit of game. In one of the tents near our own several Methodist hymns were sung after dinner.

The weather is now warm and serene as in the middle of June at home, and it being near full moon, the evenings are mild and beautiful. The hills are covered with green verdure and the trees are sending forth their green shoots.

Mr. Cox and his friends who had been out hunting returned laden with the four quarters of a fat deer they had slain, and very kindly sent us a small piece. We had an excellent venison supper.

Tuesday, March 20

—All things being in readiness yesterday morning and the weather being propitious, we again started on the march with the four other teams. Our course lay nearly due east, and we soon commenced ascending high, steep and rugged hills where the scrubby oak was rivalled by the pine. In climbing some of the steep hills our camp kettle with some well-cooked beef and pork again slipped off the guide-pole, upon which it was hanging, and when we stopped to take a little dinner and looked for it, it wasn't there. As we advanced, the country became still more rugged and uneven. The peaks of some of the loftiest mountains we were crossing were covered with snow, and their sides thickly studded with brushwood. While in the States, we often read of the lofty pine and redwood that abounded so plentifully in California, but I have now travelled over nearly 300 miles through the country without seeing the first sign of anything like stately timber, and am therefore led to believe that fine timber is the exception and found only in limited quantities.

On account of the rain which fell yesterday afternoon and evening, the roads were bad and slippery, and we got on but slowly on our tramp today. We had not proceeded far until we saw the huge tracks of a grizzly bear that had crossed the road on his way to some of the hills by which we were surrounded. About ten o'clock we reached the top of a high hill from which a beautiful view was presented. A little way before us lay stretched out for many miles a range, the summits of which

were covered with a sheet of white snow; and far beyond could be seen the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, situated in the region of eternal snow. A heavy cloud had for a moment obscured the sun and as it passed off, the distant snow-clad mountains shone and glistened as though they were formed of pure silver.

We passed a branch of the Agua Frio Mines where a number of French and Mexicans were industriously engaged digging and washing out the sand. They were making but little. About three in the afternoon we reached a good camping ground in the midst of the Mariposa Diggings and pitched our tent in the woods near the base of a high hill. I then sallied forth in search of stores and found several. I purchased 1/4 pound of saleratus at \$2.50 per pound. Molasses is worth \$6 per gallon and brandy \$3 per bottle. For flour I paid 50 cents per pound and 62 1/2 cents for pork. I then returned to camp and prepared some cakes for supper. My companions are both sick and rather down in spirits.

Atkins turned in early as usual and soon after he had lain down he hollered out for me to come into the tent, and upon going in and enquiring the cause, I found that a large red lizard six or eight inches long had taken possession of our bed. I soon made the creature *vamos!*

I have had but little time or opportunity to learn much about the mines further than that they are very rich. According to some rules in force here, each man is allowed twenty feet on each bank of the river, that is if he can get it, but for miles the river is staked off and every foot apparently taken up, so it is very difficult to get a place. We are here with about ten dollars each in our pockets, two out of three in ill health, provisions very high, and getting a hole difficult; all added make our prospects a little gloomy, but still I am not disposed to give up or despair. This evening I am tired and sleepy and intend taking one of Dr. Nelson's pills upon going to bed.

Sunday, March 31st

—I rambled several miles up and down the stream on Wednesday endeavoring to find a vacant lot. Just before noon I squatted upon a lot which I supposed vacant and commenced digging, but when I returned from dinner an old claimant came forth and I had to leave. In the afternoon I was more

fortunate for I happened to find another which I can hold beyond doubt. I dug a hole in it and placed my tools there as evidence it was taken up. The next day I went down to my lot and threw out some dirt.

The weather being fine and very warm on Friday, in the forenoon I cut down and logged off a piece five feet long, of a large pine twenty inches in diameter, to hew a cradle out of it. It was mighty hard work and such blisters as appeared on my hands before I was half done, I had not been troubled with this many a day. 130 Since that time, McCowan being much better, he and I have been laboriously engaged at our cradle. We first attempted to split the log in two with an ax and wooden wedges, half of it being sufficiently deep, but it was too tough and would not split. We then borrowed an auger, butted off a small oak tree and made a maul that weighed about 25 or 30 pounds. This we could scarcely handle but when it came down, the wedges had to move, and we soon had it divided in halves. We bored and cut out the centre as much as we could with auger and ax. Here we were in a quandary as to where we could get an adze, a tool deemed almost essential to complete the washer. This difficulty was soon overcome, however, by taking the temper out of a small grubbing hoe I brought with me, borrowing a file and filing it sharp, then hardening it again, and by the use of this rude instrument I hoped we should be able to finish it the next day. I purchased a plate of sheet iron for our washer, 18 by 24 inches, for which I paid half an ounce.

Yesterday morning we again went to work. Who would ever have thought that three old bachelors like ourselves would be caught making a cradle for our own use? McCowan and myself worked steadily at it all day and yet it is not finished. It will require at least another day's work. In making it, about six feet of boards are requisite and this we had to hew out of the solid timber. I find it the hardest work ever I was engaged in. Boards are worth more than five times as much per hundred as they are per thousand at home, and yet this country abounds in tolerable good pine. But there is not a saw mill within several hundred miles.

Hearing of a vacant lot about two miles down the river, I shouldered my shovel after breakfast this 131 morning, and tramped down to the place, but was unable to find the particular one. As I went

for the purpose of *getting a lot*, I shoveled out a small hole in one I supposed not already claimed, and left my shovel in it as evidence that it had an owner.

Tomorrow an election takes place for judge, sheriff, and other county officers, and today a meeting was held at one of the drinking and gambling establishments for the purpose of forming a ticket to be voted for. As I was returning home, I stopped a little while but the meeting had not then been organized and as I supposed it would not, I left shortly after. I heard one Captain Miller, who was a candidate, swear he had fought the guerrillas in the Mexican War, and upon one occasion he said he had saved the United States five millions of dollars, when it was near being lost at the National Bridge. To add to his other qualifications he was then gambling and pretty well overcome by red-eye.

Wednesday, April 3d

—It is a cool, beautiful evening and I am now seated on a log by the side of a fine blazing fire in front of our tent, giving the proceedings of the past three days.

The above picture will answer as a likeness of myself and will help to explain a miner's life. The likeness shows me fully equipped in the garb of a miner, with rough monkey coat, broad-brimmed California hat, and long, shaggy beard, as though not shaved for half a year, which is really the case. I am standing in a hole to the depth of my knees, with my pick raised high in the air; my spade and *washbowl* are lying upon the ground by my side. A little way off is Clint Atkins 132 working a cradle, and our partner pouring water, thus extracting the yellow *ore* from the worthless earth.

A little beyond, behold a *tent*, with the broad stripes and bright stars of our country's flag flying at its top. This is the outside of our home and I will endeavor to give a peep behind the curtain on the inside. The tent is nine feet square on the ground, running up to a ridgepole like the roof of a house. In the middle of the tent, on the ground, our blankets are spread; on the end pole our rifles are hanging; along the sides and in the corners are placed our provisions—coffee, tea, sugar, flour, pork, etc.—and our knapsacks filled with clothing. Within this little house we eat, sleep, rest and tell each other good yarns. Just outside and rather behind the tent is a large rock. Here we build our

fire and do our cooking and washing. All is endurable if it only pays well, but unfortunately it does not in many cases. The cooking and washing are the worst of all. That part is really detestable.

I have tried my hand at baking bread. After kneading up the dough, I took the frying pan, as we had no oven, and placed the dough in it, and turned a plate upside down over it. I then placed the pan on some good live coals and also covered the inverted plate over with them. It succeeded first-rate and we have feasted on soft bread.

Monday I passed the election ground twice but seeing no voting done did not stop. We finished our cradle and I went down the creek several miles again in search of another lot, abandoning the one I had pitched upon last and finding another nearer home. Yesterday McCowan and I dug a large trench through our lot but were prevented from getting down to the rock upon which the ore is deposited by the water coming in upon

THE GOLD MINER “The above picture will answer as a likeness of myself, equipped in the garb of a miner.”—From a woodcut found in Enos Christman's papers.

133 us. Today we tried our washer at a small creek running near our tent and took out about one dollar in very fine dust. I heard of a man digging out \$1,800 before breakfast, but this must be a stretch of the imagination.

This afternoon, finding we were in want of provisions and nearly out of funds, we resolved to get a supply on credit if possible. We succeeded, and lay in a stock amounting to \$16. We also purchased a small skillet, or stewpan, to supply the place of our kettle, for three dollars, and a few nails at \$1.60 per pound.

I fell in with Mr. Speeden, chief mate of the *Europe*. He has been here about six weeks and made nothing. In coming up he had quite an adventure. He had packed his goods for Stockton and followed the train on foot. Starting one morning before the train was ready to move, he came to a creek and crossed it in a small boat and travelled on, supposing the train would soon overtake him; but when the train came up, it could not ford the river and had to go back about 12 miles to a ferry. Mr. Speeden, finding the train not likely to overtake him, sat down upon a rock and waited until

towards evening, when it commenced snowing rapidly. He then moved on, hoping to get to some shelter before night set in, but in this he was disappointed. The snow was fast covering the trail he was following, when all at once he espied a huge grizzly bear within twenty feet of him. His first impulse was to fire into the bear, but his rifle carrying a very small ball, he knew that that would be almost certain death, and therefore took a good look at the bear and turned his back upon him. In running away from him, he lost his path and, night coming on, he had to sleep in an old hollow tree.

Atkins is convalescent, and I hope will be very well in a few days.

134

Monday, April 8th

—Being stiffened and disabled by the poison for four days, I could not work much but the poison is gradually disappearing and I am again able to move around quietly. I have done little but wash my clothes, which is always an unpleasant piece of work. McCowan did nothing but his washing either.

Friday the sky was overcast with dark clouds. During the night it didn't rain but *poured* down in torrents, threatening to drown us out of our tent, and wetting part of our clothing. Mr. Cox's tent was nearly blown down several times during the night and he had to sit up to prevent such a catastrophe. The rain commenced again Saturday evening and has continued with but slight interruption ever since. It has rendered the ground very soft and raised the river considerably, making it still more difficult to work upon the bars. In fact very few are at work as they can do nothing on account of the water coming in upon them faster than it can be pumped out. This is the reason we have been so tardy and done so little upon our claims. It will yet require some time for the water to get low enough to work with any advantage, and in the meantime we intend to prospect around in the hope of finding some rich gulch or ravine. This evening the clouds disappeared and the heavens are thickly studded with brilliant stars.

Sunday was quite dull and time hung heavily. I read my Bible and snoozed away in the land of dreams part of the time. Atkins has taken a relapse and is considerably worse again. McCowan also is not as well as he was a few days since, and is now quite disgusted, with Mariposa in particular

and the gold mines in general. He is determined to leave as soon as possible and endeavor to get a berth at his trade, blacksmithing. But 135 as we are now considerably in debt there is no telling how soon any of us can leave.

We have several different varieties of the feathered tribe here that are not found at home, and among them is the magpie, somewhat larger than our blue jay but like him in his form and actions; and the large, jet black raven, somewhat larger than our common crow. Numbers of partridges are seen nearly every day within a hundred yards of our tent; and almost all kinds of game, from the little burrowing prairie squirrel to the huge and fierce grizzly bear, abound within twenty miles of us either in the valleys along streams or on the borders of the snow crest Sierra Nevada.

I practised a little this morning at target firing with my rifle. I sold a large bowie knife for five dollars, cost four in Philadelphia; and bought a sack of flour, 100 pounds, on credit for thirty-five dollars.

Wednesday, April 10th

—We are having delightful weather, the sun shining warm and clear from time of rising to setting without a passing cloud to dim his brightness. Yesterday we spread out our blankets and dried them well and covered the floor of our tent with pine twigs to raise us off the ground and render our beds softer and more comfortable. I read several chapters in the Bible.

This morning while at breakfast, Mr. Cox came up and informed me that two men were at work upon my claim. This surprised me very much, as I had been working upon it only two days before, myself, and they had no authority as my tools were left upon the lot, thereby fully complying with the regulations which require persons holding claims to work upon them 136 every five days and leave some tool upon them as evidence to every one that they are occupied. I immediately went down to the claim, determined to bring the matter before the alcalde if I could not settle it without. I told the gentlemen, who were all the way “from down Maine” as they informed me, that the lot was claimed by myself and that I had worked upon it. They agreed to give up the lot but wanted pay for

the work they had done upon it. This I was not disposed to do, but as they had saved me some labor I helped them to dig a ditch through their adjoining lot and thus the matter was settled.

I then sunk a hole about five feet square and about four and a half in depth on the bank of the stream, but at that depth the water came in and prevented me from going any deeper. I commenced another hole on the opposite side, which I intend to finish tomorrow, and if possible, to dig something out of it.

While at work I saw a number of native Californians slay an ox. It was done in this wise: They first rode after him until they succeeded in fastening the lasso upon one fore leg. When this was done he became very furious and rushed at the horse, to which the lasso was fastened, several times. He was then surrounded by several men with lassoes endeavoring to catch him over the head. After rushing furiously upon them a number of times and throwing one of them head over heels down the hill, two of them caught hold of his tail and by means of the horse pulling one way and the men in the opposite direction, they had him fast long enough for one of them to fasten a loop around both his hind legs, when they threw him down, tied him and cut his throat. As soon as they had it dressed I went over and purchased the head with the skin on it for \$1.25.

137

Friday, April 12th

—Early yesterday while I was digging a hole to put the beef head in, Mrs. Cox told me that the express had come in the night before. This was glowing intelligence to me for I had wished and expected to hear from home. I immediately proceeded to the office and found one letter from Miss Emma Hunter and although I had hoped to receive something from some others, I was satisfied with this. I paid \$2.40 for this letter and was very glad to get it. Papers, the express could not obtain, or rather, if they did, they could not make a trip more than once in three months. The forenoon I devoted to search of gold but the high water drove me out and I employed the afternoon in writing to Miss Hunter. I prevailed upon Atkins to consult a physician and he gave him some medicine.

Monday, April 15

—The last two days have been extremely hot during the middle part of the day, without a breath of air stirring. Saturday morning I helped my comrade, McCowan, to carry his trappings from our tent to the wagon in which he was going, and bade him a farewell grasp of the hand on his departure for San Francisco. I then started out “prospecting” with tin pan and spade on shoulder, but met with no success. Towards evening I dug a little on my lot, and never enjoyed a better night's rest than I did that night.

Sunday evening as we were about retiring, Mr. Speeden, in company with a friend, came to our tent and wanted to borrow our U. S. rifles to go out in pursuit of Indians. During the evening a man had come in wounded badly and almost exhausted from the loss of blood, and related a heartrending tale about his 138 companion whom he had left behind on Saturday about noon. They had gone out “prospecting” in company with several others and after being out some time, they agreed to separate into small parties, take different routes, and meet again on a given day and report to each other and decide which would be the best place. In the evening after building a fire and eating their supper, they lay down with their blankets around them and their rifles by their side.

They lay unmolested until about an hour before dawn, when they were both suddenly awakened by being shot through the legs with arrows. They immediately raised up and beheld ten Indians at a short distance, and although unable to stand, they seized their rifles and fired and two Indians fell, but whether they killed them or not they were unable to tell as they could not go to see. Many of these wild Indians fall upon the ground as if killed at the mere report of a gun. Both of the white men had been lying with the blankets over their heads and this accounts for them being shot in the legs. The Indians, it is supposed, took their feet for their heads and fired with the intention of shooting them in the bodies. They were over twenty-four hours before they succeeded in stopping the flow of blood and they fainted away several times. They were each shot through and through the legs about the knee, and they could not use them in the least. They therefore each cut a cane or staff and turning their rifles upside down made them answer for crutches. In this way they hobbled on a long time, when one of them, who was wounded worst, gave out. His companion was not

for leaving him, but he begged and entreated him not to lie down and perish with him, but to push on and save himself if he could, and if he succeeded in getting into camp to let it be known, and his friends would be out after him, and perhaps save both. After dividing their provisions they separated and the stronger one got in early last evening much fatigued and worn out. He supposed he had left his companion about eighteen miles distant.

This morning a company of about twenty-five, provided with arms and suitable supplies, went out in search of the lost man and in pursuit of the Indians, guided by the wounded man whose strength was so much renewed by a good night's rest and food that he was able to ride on horseback. We gave them our rifles and one hundred balls and offered our services if their party was not strong enough. This is the second attack the Indians have made upon lone parties, having captured a man about seven miles out a few days since. Indeed they are getting quite troublesome and we may well fear that the red man's swift, winged arrow, his rude tomahawk, or savage scalping knife will be the messenger of The Destroyer to many a brave heart before the season is over.

Indians have been pilfering and stealing mules for a long time in this vicinity. On one occasion three mules and a lot of flannel shirts were stolen from the lower encampment and when going to pursue, the owner found the place where they had killed and eaten the mules, leaving nothing but the skins and bones.

Our store bill was presented this forenoon for payment, the storekeeper having sold his stock and about going away. I told him I could not pay it without selling many things that I could hardly do without, and upon thus representing the matter to him he agreed to let it stand, upon my giving my note for the amount, fifty-six dollars. I bought another beef head for \$1.00. Atkins is considerably worse and still takes medicine.

Wednesday, April 17

—I have prospected enough to dig out about 75 cents, and I have been digging and ditching on the lot, hoping soon to master the water.

Yesterday afternoon a bloody tragedy was enacted in the town, resulting in the death of a young man named Marcey, of Massachusetts. A man named Messick accused Marcey of robbing him of seven hundred dollars while on a drunken frolic together last winter, and it is said had sworn to shoot Marcey the first time he saw him. He had armed himself early in the morning with a double-barrelled shot gun heavily charged with buckshot, and lay in wait until the afternoon, expecting Marcey to pass that way. By and by Marcey made his appearance, only armed with a sheath knife and revolver, as is usual in this country, and an altercation took place, in which Marcey endeavored to clear himself of the charges brought against him. He was about going away when Messick cocked both barrels of his gun and asked the other if he was armed, and he replied that he was, and that he would fight him in a fair fight but he would not fight in that way. Messick then told him to defend himself, to which he replied that he might fire if he would. At this he fired one barrel which the other received principally in the right arm, and instantly turned with his back towards the man with the gun, who seeing that the other did not fall, immediately fired the other barrel which took effect through the lungs and heart. Marcey fell, uttered a few words and was a corpse in a few minutes. Messick, 141 with a companion, left at once for parts unknown. The deceased has a number of mules and for some time had been engaged in the packing trade. Of him all speak favorably.

Last night was the coldest night we have had since our arrival in Mariposa, a very heavy frost having fallen, and the tin pans containing water outside of our tent were frozen entirely over. We sat out by our campfire, enjoying the magnificent moonlight evening.

Saturday, April 20

—Thursday morning I commenced work upon a lot in partnership with two men, and after ditching and clearing off the top of the ground, we came to the top of the blue clay. We washed a few panfuls from which we found enough dust as we think will pay us for washing with a cradle. We intend to wash in that way and see how it turns out. If it pays well, we intend to get a pump as one is now kept steadily bailing water out of the hole, and we have to work in soft mud and water six inches deep. But yesterday upon going to the hole we had dug, we found that it was entirely

filled and overflowed with water, and it was deemed impracticable to work unless we stood in water up to our knees. Not feeling at all well, I concluded that we would have to abandon it for the present, and we did nothing the remainder of the day. We saw several lumps of gold belonging to an Irishman who is in partnership with a colored man and an American. The largest lump was a beautiful specimen of pure gold weighing just a pound.

Mr. Speeden returned our rifles, but not in half as good order as when he received them, as well as losing the extra tube out of the box of Atkins'. Neither did they replace the bullets or powder that they used, as they promised they would upon taking them away. So much for lending.

The party found the young man, Smith, about 14 miles distant, still alive and in very good spirits, with the marks of eight arrow shots. They brought him in but it is feared his wounds will yet prove mortal. I understand a strong party contemplates scouring the mountains thoroughly in a few days, in search of the bloody savages.

Sunday, April 28

—Last Sunday morning, Atkins, feeling very well, proposed a walk down to the city, not having been more than one hundred yards from our tent at any previous time. He has been ill ever since we left San Francisco and has not yet stuck his spade into the ground. I hope he will soon be well, yet I hardly believe he will ever be able to work in the mines. I took him around and showed him the sights.

I have been dreadfully sick since last Sunday, being confined to my bed nearly all the time and taking quantities of medicine every day. The pain is almost exclusively confined to the head and right side of the face, the result of a slight cold, but if left to continue a few days without medical treatment it would have resulted in *brain fever*, I was informed. I am now, however, thank heaven, getting well pretty smart. I promised Cox's boys to work with them on a gulch tomorrow, but this evening I saw the doctor and he told me I had better remain idle a few days, for fear of bringing on the fever and ague. He gave me five pills to take before retiring.

I killed a snake in our tent, and the day previous I killed two very ugly wood lizards.

Friday, May 3

—I have been too tired to give the proceedings of the day, and this evening the case is not much better. Monday I went up to where Cox's boys were at work and saw them take out a little gold dust. Then I went down the creek to look at my lot, and fell in with an old man by the name of Smith, of Michigan, who was formerly a cattle drover, well acquainted with and a warm friend of General Cass. He wanted a hand to work for him. We soon struck a bargain and I was to try how all things suit, at four dollars per day and found. Tuesday morning I arose early, prepared breakfast and partook thereof heartily, and then proceeded to the theatre of work, but I waited a considerable time before my employer made his appearance. When he came, we went to work, digging, carrying dirt, and washing pretty steadily, until near twelve o'clock when he had to go and prepare dinner for himself and me, it being in the contract for him to board me. In half an hour he called me to dinner, consisting of a cup of coffee strong enough to float a millstone, two small pieces of fat pork, fried and burned and a pancake apiece, made of flour and water, fried in pork fat, and about as heavy as its size in lead. After a pretty good rest we again went to work and continued until about an hour before sunset, when we stopped. He wanted me to come on the next day and I told him I would rather board myself and he agreed to give me five dollars per day and I find myself. We were in the water part of the time up to our knees, and washed out fourteen dollars.

On Wednesday we washed out some sand and found about three dollars. Mr. Smith then told me he was too poor to hire help any longer and proposed I should join him in partnership to work out a large hole. To this I consented and expect to go to work at it in a few days. Yesterday I went to work on the quartz diggings for a gentleman at five dollars per day. The work was very hard, and I never did a day's work in my life that tired me as much.

This morning I felt too tired and sore to undergo another day's work like yesterday and hence I concluded to rest. I did my washing and bought a few pounds of beef and potatoes. The latter were for Atkins, who is worse again, and the doctor now has him under a strict course of dieting.

The weather is growing oppressively hot and today a blue smoke like our Indian summer is spread around everything, while the sun would be melting us, did not a cool and gentle breeze from the northwest purify and cool the heated air.

Thursday May 9

—Sunday I went down to the city and received pay for three-fourths of a day's work done on Thursday last, \$3.75. I attended an auction and saw champagne and other liquors selling for a little more than one-half what they can be bought for at home. Every kind of business, except mining, appears brisker on Sunday than any other time and the gambling and drinking houses are better patronized than on any other day. Indeed, Sunday here is a great day. We have Sabbath School and preaching in the fore and afternoon, and performances on the stage in the evening. I read my Bible, made a purse, and did 145 some cooking, preparatory to marching over the mountains to Agua Frio, some five miles distant, in order to look around and prospect a little.

Soon after breakfast Monday morning, I started in company with Mr. Cox and several others, for Agua Frio, a small stream which empties into the Mariposa, its bed much rougher than the latter. Between here and there are some of the largest hills that I ever climbed, from the tops of which a wide and extensive view is had. To the east the great Sierra Nevada Mountains can be seen piling their snowy peaks over each other until they are lost in the distance, and in all other directions nothing but high hills are presented, perfectly barren or covered with a few scrubby oaks and pines, or a thick coating of low bushes or chaparral. A great number of Indians, Californians, and Mexicans, and but few Americans, are at work there, doing tolerably well—much better, I believe, than here. We made but little. However, it must be known that we only went out prospecting and washed but little dirt. At night I returned home tired and weary.

The next morning I went down the creek with the intention of going to work with Mr. Smith, but found that he was still not ready. I therefore dug a hole on my lot but was prevented from getting to the slate by the water coming in upon me.

I commenced work with Mr. Smith and a young man named Warren Phinney of Boston, for one-fourth of what we can dig out, Mr. Smith owning the lot and having done a great deal of work upon it. I worked faithfully at the pump today, keeping the water out until noon. Three of us washed out about five dollars, but hope to do better tomorrow. Yesterday we washed only an hour and took out about two dollars.

146

A young man camped above us died. It is said his death was produced by taking medicine.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that a *marriage* took place here, between a buxom lass from Missouri and a young man perhaps from the same place. This is the first occurrence of the kind that has taken place here, and most likely to be the last for some time, as I believe it would bother a man very much to find more than one or two single ladies in the encampment.

While going up to camp to get my dinner I saw the express wagon pass down towards the city. I expected letters by it and immediately after dinner I put all the money I had, seven dollars, in my pocket and went down to the express office and enquired for letters. Four were handed me at two dollars each, making eight dollars. I paid the seven I had and asked them to trust me for the other until evening, knowing that I had five dollars due me for a day's work last week; this I collected and paid in the evening as I had promised.

Tuesday, May 14

—Friday we washed out five dollars, then worked in a small hole that required the pump to be kept going steadily. We worked in the water most of the time over our boot tops, throwing out a heap of sand and clay to wash later. When I returned from work I had to change my clothes, being wet nearly all over. All day Saturday we worked hard in mud and water, and in the evening divided our

pile of dust. I had as reward for five days' hard labor, \$2.90. We hoped the work in this hole would turn out better. I believe it was Shakespeare who said, 147 "Hope told a flattering tale." We heard of four men taking out a ten pound lump at Agua Frio, and another party three pounds at the same place.

Sunday morning I baked a loaf of bread, washed my clothes, and read a copy of the *New York Sun*, dated March 15, which I borrowed from Mr. Cox. A political meeting was held in the forenoon to nominate candidates for constable and alcalde, the election taking place on Monday. In the afternoon I attended meeting in the forest and listened to a good sermon. Six ladies and about fifty gentlemen were in attendance.

Two more days of toil and labor are now over and I am scarcely a penny richer than when I commenced work yesterday morning, having realized only seventy-five cents. I have now worked, faithfully, in mud and water, knee deep part of the time, and have taken out as my share the astonishing sum of \$3.65. I am convinced that we cannot get a worse place for digging than this is and would therefore be willing to leave for almost any place. I do not believe these mines can be worked to any advantage until the middle of August or later. Almost everybody has left and I have full faith in their wisdom as regards this particular case. I have made arrangements to leave with Mr. Cox, who will go with a friend, Mr. Hilliard, in the morning, for Tuolumne Diggings, some 60 or 70 miles from this place the way we have to go.

We sold 32 pounds of flour to lighten the weight we had, at 20 cents per pound, and with this we have but about ten dollars, besides owing a note of fifty-six dollars for provisions, and Atkins' doctor bill of some thirty dollars. Thus, one can see that things are going the wrong way, for we leave with a poorer hand than we came in with. My doctor bill for five days' 148 medicine was \$17.50. This I cancelled by trading the doctor my long gum boots. Mr. Cox is a perfect gentleman and one of the kindest men I ever knew. I told him we had no money and could not pay him for hauling our trappings, and although he was heavily loaded, he told us that mattered nothing, we should only come and go with him, and we have concluded to accept the offer inasmuch as we cannot get away until we make a raise which is unlikely to happen soon here.

About four weeks since, this valley was crowded with gold seekers and every foot of ground on the creek was taken up for three miles, and lots were selling at from an ounce to \$200; but now how changed the scene! The valley is nearly deserted and hundreds of claims are abandoned after many days' labor upon them, mine among the rest. Storekeepers are selling out and the place will soon be forsaken until fall, when the river bed can be worked. The theatre has closed and in lieu thereof a bull fight takes place on Sunday next.

We heard of another murder which took place near or at Merced Diggings. The man, named John Edwards, charged with the murder, is now in custody here and will be tried in June by the court of the county. The evidence against him is very slight. The murdered man was a Chinese.

Friday, May 24

—About noon on Wednesday, the 15th instant, we took up the line of march expecting to go to the Tuolumne Diggings. But after going some distance the teams concluded to go on down to 149 Stockton, then send out two men to the mines and ascertain if they were worth going to, while the remainder of us would stop in camp near town. The weather being warm and the roads very dusty, we proceeded but slowly in dust ankle deep, while the vertical sun poured his heated rays upon us. We encamped the first night on a small, running stream about six miles from Mariposa. On that evening we did not pitch our tent, for the first time since we have been in the country, but spread out our blankets upon Mother Earth and lay down with a rock for a pillow and the starry heavens for a canopy. Although some of the nights have been extremely cool on our way down, we have not set up our tent during the whole journey, a distance of some 120 to 130 miles.

We had plenty of water until we passed the Merced River, which we crossed at Water's Ferry on Friday, the morning of the third day's march. Here the ferry man told me that I could obtain water along the road at convenient distances, so I did not fill my canteen. We had a long parched tract of rolling prairie land, of some twenty-three miles, to cross, and I did not find any water until we came to a stagnant pool known in the country as Dry Lake. This lake was hemmed in on all sides by high hills and as there was no outlet, the water was warm and slimy. But notwithstanding this,

being very thirsty, I lay down and heartily drank something less than a barrel. As a consequence, as I suppose, of this imprudence, I nearly died with the colic on Sunday. A young acquaintance and I were pushing forward, our rifles slung over our shoulders, driving a cow and calf, and we reached the next river, the Tuolumne, at twilight on Saturday evening, an 150 hour or two in advance of the teams. Here we drank freely of the river water which was cool as ice, coming as it did from the snow mountains.

When the teams came up, it was discovered that my companion, Atkins, was missing. He had not been seen for some time with the teams, and I at once concluded he had taken sick and given out, and after procuring a bottle of good cool river water to carry to him, I started back and met him after going about a mile. He had taken sick and become much exhausted for water, and had been lying by the roadside for some time, expecting I would be back after him.

Just as Mr. Cox reached the Tuolumne River at Jackson's ranch, one of the wheels of his wagon gave out, and on Sunday we lay there in a camp, in order to repair the damages.

On Monday morning when we were ready to cross the river we were informed that the ferry rope had broken and we could not cross until near evening. In the evening we crossed the river, but it was too late to go on to the next water, so we were compelled to remain overnight. The next day we intended to go to the Stanislaus River, but before we had proceeded far, the tire came off two of the wheels of Mr. Hilliard's wagon and we were able to go only as far as Dry Creek, very aptly called, for in its bed we found only here and there a small pond of warm stagnant water.

We crossed the Stanislaus at Islip's Ferry the next day and proceeded to the Love Tree, making twenty-two miles, where we remained overnight. I fell in with Mr. Alex. F. Platt of Newcastle, Delaware, an old shipmate, and through him heard of many others. He was going up to Savage's Creek where his companions were. Yesterday we travelled about 23 miles 151 and encamped near Stockton a little while before sundown. I was very tired and had many blisters, each as large as a bit, on my feet. On our way Mr. Cox was lucky enough to kill two antelopes and we fared

sumptuously on the meat. The country is filled with reptiles of all kinds and we killed a great many lizards and rattlesnakes.

The agricultural capacities of California have been greatly overrated, for here is a vast tract of country, eighty miles long and fifty wide, no better than a burning desert, scarcely affording sufficient coarse herbage to feed the teams that are crossing over it. No crop could grow upon it without irrigation and the rivers are so situated that it can never be irrigated.

We have now hardly money enough to keep us a week. We are *hard up*, not having five dollars at our command, yet I feel nowise disheartened or discouraged, but hope to make a *few* dollars this summer. I walked to Stockton this morning and proceeded to the *Times* office, hoping to meet my friend, Caleb Thornbury, but I was informed that he had gone up to Trinity. I asked for employment but they had hands enough. I then proceeded to the express office of Bryan & Co. and have sent for my letters and papers at San Francisco.

Atkins is still too sick to work. But rich or poor as long as he is sick I shall stick by him and it shall never be said of me that I deserted a friend when health and fortune failed.

Saturday, June 1

—We have moved our camp about three miles and are now encamped on the Calaveras River, a small stream. Leaving his teams and family 152 here, Mr. Cox took his horses and started with Mr. Reed up to visit the Stanislaus Diggings, to find which is the best location to go to for mining purposes. I thought that when they returned and made their report, I should know better what to do; if it was favorable, I would go to the southern mines, and if otherwise, wend my way northward. I walked into the city on Monday morning, hoping to get a job at printing or anything else, but found none. Business is very dull here.

Next morning, in company with Mr. Hilliard, I crossed the Calaveras, paying 50 cents for being carried over. We looked out for a fine lot of grass for the purpose of making hay. Mr. Hilliard found a place where he went to work on the morrow. We found several parties mowing, with one

of which I engaged to work at five dollars per day and found. On Wednesday morning I went to work mowing and worked until after sunset, then eat supper, and made a bed of hay and turned in. It proved the softest I have slept in since I left Philadelphia. In the morning I again went to work but felt too ill to continue at it later than ten o'clock, when I quit and came home to camp. Mr. Cox has returned from the mines with an unfavorable report.

Feeling pretty well this morning, I walked into town in hopes of finding something to do, or purchase a scythe on credit. In the latter I was entirely unsuccessful. Scythes ready rigged for cutting grass are now bringing from forty to sixty dollars and this is considered reasonable as they sold for seventy-five and eighty dollars two weeks since. But in the former I was rather more fortunate inasmuch as one of the 153 proprietors of the *Stockton Times* told me to come to work on Tuesday, as he wished to hire help three or four days next week, and intimated that it might prove a permanent position for me. I agreed to come at the appointed time and returned to camp with rather less weight upon my mind than I had done for several days. The express from San Francisco came in but brought nothing for any of us. I mailed a letter to the proprietors of the *San Francisco Herald*, a new paper about to be started at that place, making application for a situation.

Monday, June 3

—I remained in camp all day Sunday trying to rest, but was prevented from doing so by the devilish mosquitoes. They are a perfect pest here, and have nearly devoured some of our party. In order to free ourselves of these pests, we have built small fires at night for the purpose of smoking them off, but which would prove the greatest nuisance, the smoke or the mosquitoes, we were not able to determine.

This morning I accompanied Atkins across the Calaveras, where I collected the five dollars due me for last Wednesday's work. He engaged to work at haymaking for five dollars per day and commenced forthwith. I then returned to camp and packed his blankets and forwarded them across the river where he can get them after his first day's work is over. This is the first labor he has undertaken since leaving San Francisco, and I fear he will not be able to endure this many days.

Messrs. Cox, Hilliard & Co. purchased scythes this morning at thirty-five dollars each, and are going into the hay business tomorrow. The grass is 154 good, and any one can cut who chooses. Hay is now worth twenty to thirty dollars per ton, and this will pay better than almost anything else at this time.

About twilight a coon fight took place in the bushes quite near camp. We immediately went in chase but they escaped. Coons are quite abundant here, and badgers are also found. This evening I packed my blankets into town in order to get to work in the *Times* office.

Sunday, June 9

—On Tuesday morning last, I commenced type sticking in the *Times* office. Not having done anything of the kind for a long time, I feared that it would go rather awkwardly, but such was not the case, for I soon found my hands in and could set type as well as ever I could. I boarded myself on bread, cheese, and milk at a cost of \$1.50 per day, and at night stretched out my blankets and slept on the floor of the office, where during the first night I scarcely got any sleep on account of the noise the rats made, and not only on account of the noise, but once or twice they ran over my face. On the second night I was very sleepy and although they kept up a great clatter, it did not disturb me and since then I have not minded them.

The foreman gave me ten dollars last evening, at the same time telling me I could get nothing from the editor because he was lying in the sanctum, drunk. Wages here are fifty dollars per week, and I now have some prospect of receiving steady employment as they have purchased a new press and materials and contemplate enlarging their sheet in a short time.

I walked out to where our companions were encamped 155 and found that Atkins had been able to continue at work only two days, and then only as half a hand, receiving six dollars for his services.

Sunday, June 30

—During the past three weeks I have been steadily engaged in the *Times* office, working late and early. Last night I worked until twelve o'clock and this morning until nearly noon, for which I shall charge half an ounce. I am promised, by my present employers, a permanent situation after next week in the *Herald* office at Sonora in the mines.

Yesterday Atkins moved in from the Calaveras where he had been encamped, with our trappings, preparatory to starting for Sonora, whither we are soon going, he to ride express, and I to set type on the *Herald*.

Through Adams' Express this week I received several letters, all of which I have answered.

Part Four

THE FOURTH LETTER BAG

THE CALIFORNIA JOURNAL-2

159

The Fourth Letter Bag

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, March 3, 1850.

My Dear Friend:—This is Sunday. The boys are sitting around the windows of the office, keeping up a continual rattling, while the wind is raging without. The Lord only knows when I will bid farewell to the black walls of the *Record* office. Perhaps only when I “shuffle off this mortal coil.” Things are as dull as ever. A number of marriages have taken place, but the Gideons still preserve their original purity. The ladies are not very well attended to. I have quit altogether. I do not want to marry any girl, and I do not think it is treating a girl properly to go only with her, so long, without some object. It might be depriving her of other opportunities. But enough of this.

I had almost forgotten to say that on Thursday last I received a package of letters from you, mailed at Valparaiso, the contents of which sent joy to my heart. These letters were the first positive

intelligence we have had from you since you left the Breakwater. They dispelled our doubt and conveyed to us and all your friends the happy news that you were then living and well. The general letter is in *type* for the *Record* the coming week. Mr. Evans bid me ask you to write at every opportunity. He was so much pleased that he 160 paid the postage on your letters and said he would do the same on all future ones.

And now to that portion of the private letter to myself. I mean that part where you ask of me as an old and true friend to state whether Miss Apple remains devoted to you. It affords me great pleasure to be able to say that every indication and action of hers up to this time express the purest devotion to you and your welfare. That she has been true and will remain true to the end, I have not the least doubt. In fact, I am sometimes afraid that her intense anxiety for your safety and speedy return will prey upon her health, as it has already upon her spirits. I often call to see her, and encourage her, telling her to hope for the best and urging her to look at the bright side of the picture. I offer her every favor in my power, and sometimes accompany her to lectures and concerts to enliven her spirits. The letters from you she reads and rereads.

The intelligence we have from California is very contradictory. We scarcely know what story to believe. From some of our California boys we have melancholy news—from others just the reverse.

Mr. Evans and all hands ask to be remembered. I remain,

your devoted friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., March 5, 1850.

My Dear Enos:—To say I am much obliged to you for your affectionate and welcome letter would be useless. 161 You know it could not be otherwise. Sympathy and friendship such as yours, dear Enos, can compensate for many a lonely hour. When I read your letter, I felt as if I could hardly wait for the time to come when I should be able to tell you how highly I prize your friendship, and

of the many changes that have taken place since you left. Could I seat myself by your side but for one hour, how much I could tell you that my sheet will not contain. My disposition is naturally cheerful and I am disposed to look on the bright side of everything, yet for all this, sadness will steal into my heart which requires a strong effort to conceal, when I think of the privations and hardships you have to endure. I am enjoying good health which is the greatest blessing we can have.

You spoke of the pleasant moonlight nights and thought perhaps I might be looking upon the moon at the same time. I have had precisely the same thoughts and feelings so I think there must have been some magnetic influence across the pathless ocean.

I presume by this time you have received my letter directed to San Francisco, California.

Mr. Harrison and his daughter and Miss Leslie from Barnum's museum held two concerts here in the Cabinet. And a new set of musicians called the Bell Ringers gave two entertainments. The Balls for the season have ended.

There has been a great revival in the Baptist Church. Numbers of persons have joined and I hope they will be sincere and make no false pretensions.

Mr. Hall, the watchmaker and jeweler, was robbed about the first of January. The moon shone brightly. Not a cloud was to be seen. Mr. Hall was sleeping soundly in the second story of his house. It seems as if fortune favors robbers sometimes. That night for the first time in his life, he forgot his fireproof key and left it lying on the top of the fireproof, where his most valuable articles were kept. No tidings of the articles or robbers have yet been heard.

We received a letter from Theodore dated the 23d of October. He was then at Weaver's Creek digging gold. But he said they had not been very successful. They had laboured ten days for twenty dollars. Mr. Dixon was very much discouraged, and anxious to return home. Many are still going to California in every vessel. But many persons have told me that only one out of every ten that goes to dig gold makes anything. So if you should not be among the fortunate, be not discouraged but return to those who devoutly love you in good old West Chester and let well enough alone. I

think a person would require an iron constitution to stand the climate and privations that you must encounter out there.

Last night I had a delightful dream. I dreamt that you had returned home. You had better believe there was a sad heart made happy. I hope my dream will soon be realized.

I do not know when I shall ever be able to repay Mr. Prizer for his kindness. He has taken me to several places of amusement and has taken me to church frequently. For all this I am indebted to you.

Yours truly and sincerely,

ELLEN APPLE.

163

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple In camp near Stockton, Friday afternoon, May 24, 1850.

My Ellen:—Your letter of the 5th of March reached me at Mariposa Diggings on the 9th instant. It was the first and only one I have received from your pen since I left San Francisco. I had hoped to hear from you by each express which went down to the steamer. Oh, how I could have blessed the paper your hand had travelled over. I never retire to my humble bed without thinking of my Ellen and hoping that she is happy.

Your letter told me of many interesting things, none of which I drank with more pleasure than the assurance of your continued love and constancy. I have written you by every monthly steamer since my arrival in this country.

I fear that you are allowing your anxiety for my safety and happiness to prey upon your spirits more than they should. But if I am right in my surmises, it will not be the first case that I have known persons at home to make themselves far more miserable and suffer much more in their solicitude for an absent friend, than he did himself. To be sure, I have had some dark hours here and have not

had enough money in my pocket at one meal to buy food for the next, yet I never suffered on that account.

A short time since, I was very ill for about a week but soon recovered and am now in excellent health and spirits. Atkins has been ill, but is getting better and I hope will soon be well. He thinks we are in a deplorable situation, but I think not. Our difficulties are not serious. All will come right in the end.

164

We were at Mariposa about seven weeks and during a part of that time I worked hard in mud and water two feet deep. I sent you a specimen of "dust" of our digging and washing, about one-third of all I dug on one day. I sent a part to Mother and another to Prizer. We left that place with the intention of going to the Tuolumne Diggings, coming near Stockton on the way. I wished you could have seen us on our trip from Mariposa to this place. I know you would have hurt your sides with laughter. The distance is about 130 miles, and the greater part of the distance I was leading a cow and calf, travelling over barren plains.

Camp life agrees with me first-rate. I can cook some splendid dishes but it is a part I don't relish much. I know you would laugh at some of our stews, and say our plates were dirty, but so the world wags. I have just built up a fire, and cooked and eaten a hearty supper. To be sure it was not as handsomely done as I have eaten in West Chester, but then the appetite is different. I can eat now with a relish food that would have sickened me then.

Remember me to your sister, your parents if proper, and to Cad. Write me often to San Francisco, and believe me

Your sincere

E. CHRISTMAN.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, California, Wednesday evening, July 24, 1850.

My Ellen:—A year has passed since I held thy hand and bid thee a sad adieu. What a short time! Yet how 165 many trials, difficulties and dangers have we passed through during that time! How many midnight hours have we spent upon a sleepless pillow, thinking of each other and perhaps building castles in the air which have as soon passed away as they were created, without any evidence that they ever existed except that we feel in our own disappointment. But do not let us get to musing too much on the past or we shall become melancholy, but let us trust on and look to the future.

As you will see by the date of this letter, I have journeyed to Sonora. I left all my letters in my trunk when I came here on horseback from Stockton, in care of a gentleman who promised to forward it to me next morning.

I have received nothing from you since your letter of March 5th. Your letters are of the utmost importance and were I to be as unfortunate as Theodore in not receiving any for a whole year, I don't know what I should do. You say you cherish a letter from me. Then how much more must I cherish a letter from you? You are surrounded by old associations. I am in a strange land among strangers, battling hard to climb the mountain now before me.

I can well appreciate your caution when you say that should I be among the unlucky ones, I must not be discouraged but return to those who love me devoutly and let well enough alone. I will return—but when? Some time since, rather a dark cloud obscured my vision, but it has cleared away and a bright sunshine now plays upon me. I am doing much better, having found employment at my trade at a good salary.

Poor Clint truly has had a tough time of it. He has been sick ever since his arrival in the country until within a few weeks. He has not as yet worked more 166 than two or three days, but proposes

going at it this week. In his long and severe illness, I expected to see him die any day for a long time, but he now reports himself quite well. This removes a great weight off my shoulders.

Last night I lay down to sleep and dreamed that you were here but when I first beheld you, you were just being *married to another*. I thought I looked on with indifference at first but soon got much perplexed. When I awoke I was chagrined that we were so far apart, yet rejoiced to realize that you were still my own.

Write me often.

God bless you.

E. C.

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, May 12, 1850.

Dear Fellow:—I was very sorry to learn that you had not received two packages of letters which I forwarded to you. Each one contained a letter from Miss Apple. But I will not go over old ground. I received a package of letters from you, brought by a recent steamer from Chagres, containing letters for me and for Miss Apple. I could have shouted for joy for thus hearing so directly and officially from you. I had been looking with great anxiety of your arrival at San Francisco in every arrival from California, and had almost begun to despair. You are much better off than I thought you would be. I think if you are blessed with health you will make a fortune in California. I hope you may find plenty 167 of the big “*lumps*.” The specimen of your mining of the yellow ore is quite a curiosity.

I immediately delivered Miss Apple's letter. It was a welcome epistle to her. She often has fits of despondency, but is as devoted as ever, as the tone of her letters to you will attest. You ask if the “*Apple remains sound*.” It affords me great pleasure to assure you that the Apple remains *sound to the core*.

Poor Whitaker's adventure to California has been a fatal one! His parents are almost irreconcilable, while many of his true and devoted friends lament his early loss. The melancholy intelligence of his

death gave us cause to feel alarmed in regard to other adventurers in California. I hope and pray that Whitaker's fate may not be yours.

Your letters placed a decided veto on my going to California. Had you offered the least encouragement, in all probability I would have taken the Isthmus route instanter for the Gold Regions. But I place all confidence in your advice and believe you counsel me properly when you advise me to stay at home.

We have some rough-and-tumble times in the office. About two weeks ago Hunter was in the act of letting down a form in the trough when he slipped and let it fall into pi. Oh, what a mixture it presented! Nonpareil, Brevier, Minion all thrown together in one mass of rubbish. This was Monday night, and a more depressed set of boys never retired to rest. I dreamed of pi all night. However, we went to work next day and in three days we had it all cleared up and distributed. On Monday night last the machinery which regulates the impression was put out of order, and tore off the blanket in an awful manner. It was one o'clock before 168 we got her started. How I wished for your counsel to pilot me out of the difficulty.

The editor did not obtain his appointment to a foreign mission. He may be considered politically dead in this particular.

You are no doubt very anxious to know what I am doing with the ladies. In the first place, I do not find as much pleasure in their company as I did a year ago. I spend most of my time in the office, reading, which I find eventually to be the most profitable way to spend it. I go sometimes with Sallie Cope, and old friend, whom I hug occasionally when I feel like it, but she is rather old and tough. The charm is lost in this case. Miss Cope has a couple of cousins in the country, one of whom has almost taken my heart. I am going out to see them next Sunday, but I will not be responsible as to how far I may be carried away.

Mrs. Hunter's son is somewhere in California. She has written to you to that effect. I hope you may see him in your travels.

The State of California is knocking at the doors of Congress for admission into the Union, and has occupied the attention of both houses of Congress for four months past and ere this reaches you, it will form the 32d star in our firmament of States.

Tell Clint to hold out to the end. I am glad to hear of his good spirits.

Your old friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

P.S. The editor's youngster is a boy, and he is proud of him. That reminds me that I ought to be doing something for my country. I was twenty-four years old on Monday.

169

THE CALIFORNIA JOURNAL - 2

Sonora Herald Office.

Sunday, August 11, 1850

—On Wednesday afternoon, July 3, after having worked off the first edition of the *Sonora Herald* in the *Times* office at Stockton, the proprietor solicited me to take a horse and start immediately for Sonora, seventy-five or eighty miles distant, in order that the papers might be distributed. I immediately prepared myself for the journey and started about four o'clock, fully armed and with blankets and papers, on horse. After riding about 28 miles I stopped at Simmon's Tent, where I stayed all night and slept on a pile of boards a few rods distant, paying six and a half dollars for what my horse ate, and three dollars for my supper and breakfast. I started again in the morning a little after sunrise, rode on over the hills and plains under a scorching sun, and reached Sonora about three o'clock in the afternoon.

At this time great excitement existed along the road on account of the many horrid murders that had been committed within a short time. I had passed the bodies of three Americans who had been

killed by the Mexicans when, in the distance, I saw coming towards me a figure on horse. Being startled, I spurred my horse and he did likewise. We sped past each other, each being determined to escape death by the hand of a Mexican. But as we hurried past, each saw that the 170 other was an American. We then turned, saluted, and continued on our journeys.

The day after my arrival I distributed copies of the first number of the *Herald* throughout the town. On the following day I bought lumber, borrowed a saw and hatchet, and fitted up some “stands” in a tent which we use for an office.

I have known of printing offices in log cabins with the latchstring always hanging out, but here, I am seated at a table covered with papers in the middle of a “rag house,” ten by fourteen feet, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of a printing establishment. When I speak of printing materials, I do not mean that we have such an assortment of things as we had in the *Record* office. On the contrary, we have but two or three cases of old type, a wooden “stick” manufactured by my own hands with a jackknife, and an old Ramage press that has long been a pioneer in the business, the first numbers of nearly all the papers now printed in California having been printed upon it after it had been brought second-hand from the States through Mexico: 1st, the paper at Monterey; 2d, *Alta California*, San Francisco; 3d, *Placer Times*, Sacramento City; 4th, *Times*, Stockton; and lastly, the *Sonora Herald*. It well deserves the title of the “Pioneer Press.” It has spoken to millions and no one can calculate the amount of good it has already done, nor estimate what amount it is yet capable of doing. It has already crossed the continent in its mission of good from the Atlantic shores to those of the Pacific, and is now on its way back. I doubt not but it will next be heard from on the summit of the Sierra Nevada range, and hope it will continue in its course until it is met on the broad plains by something from the East. Then as a reward for past 171 services, it well deserves to be placed by the side of Franklin's old press in Washington as a curiosity for future generations to look upon. In a century to come when our children have read the history of California, with what wonder would they look upon that press. It has escaped many dangers, fire and shipwreck, and when its labors are over, I trust it will receive an eulogy worthy of the subject.

Sonora is the county seat of Tuolumne County, about two hundred and twenty-five miles southeast of San Francisco. The country round about is very hilly and mountainous, being forty miles from the main range of the Sierra Nevada. Many of the mountains are covered with a rather inferior pine and scrubby oak, while others are perfectly bare or thickly covered with chaparral. This latter constitutes the haunts of the grizzly bear, quite plentiful in this neighborhood. Several unlucky hunters have been killed by them and others badly wounded. Only last Sunday a man was found about four miles from this place, literally torn to pieces, quite dead, with his trusty rifle lying by his side. It is supposed the bear came upon him suddenly without giving him time to fire. They are very ferocious and often do much harm after they are severely wounded. Their meat is excellent.

About two years ago this place, one of the richest mineral districts in this region, constituted the chief headquarters of the Mexicans, principally from the State of Sonora, Mexico, and was then known as *Campo de Sonora*. The whole neighborhood abounded in rich diggings and for a few months they were left to pursue their labors in undisturbed peace. Bullfights, fandangos, and other Spanish amusements took place almost every evening and the people lived quite happily, 172 gathering their ounces during the day from the rich placers and spending them at the monte table or fandango at night. At this time it was computed that they numbered some five or six thousand. But this happy state of things was limited to but a short duration. In a little while the Americans learned that very rich diggings existed in the neighborhood and they flocked in by hundreds. Feuds, quarrels, disputes and contentions were the result.

Now miners generally are doing but poorly in this region, as they are almost everywhere else. Individual mining is for the most part over, I believe. Hereafter it must be carried on by large companies with extensive machinery. The small streams and many of the flats, gulches and ravines have been dug over two or three times and in the rainy season scores of miners are to be seen walking about and every now and then stooping down to pick something up. It is gold they are after, and sometimes they are quite successful. The rain softens and washes off the top dirt and leaves the gold exposed on the surface. This would be quite an interesting occupation if it would only pay a little better.

Many companies have worked for months in digging canals, building dams and turning large rivers, in the hope of reaping a rich harvest from the river bottoms. But they have been disappointed and hundreds have left for the dry diggings. What the thousands who are here and on their way are going to do this winter, I cannot anticipate. An unparalleled amount of suffering will doubtless be witnessed.

This section of the country has been infested by numerous bands of Mexican guerillas, and life and property have been very insecure. Within a fortnight 173 every morning's sun brought to light a newly murdered victim. The whole country became alarmed. Public meetings were held, and organized parties raised to ferret out and bring to justice the authors of these horrid crimes. The people grew wild on the subject and it is not to be wondered at.

Among the persons murdered was one named Miller, of Reading, Pennsylvania. He and his partner kept a public house on the road between this and Stockton. One evening about bedtime, seven Mexicans came in and professed to be friends. After taking a drink and buying a sword, one of them made a pass with it at the man behind the counter. This was thought to be a joke and so passed off. Soon after, however, another pass was made and this time the man was stabbed through the right breast. A scuffle then ensued between the two Americans and seven Mexicans in which one of the former was killed and the other badly wounded. During the affray an American teamster who was sleeping in a back part of the tent awoke and seizing a six-shooter, rushed out and shot one of the Mexicans through the head, killing him instantly. He then had to flee for his own safety. The Mexicans plundered the tent and left the two men for dead. I saw the wounded man a few days after the occurrence. He was then very low but hopes were entertained for his recovery.

Things came to a fearful pass and daily grew worse. No one dared to travel without being armed to the teeth. At night every one lay down with his pistol under his head and rifle by his side. The miners along the lone hillside took turns and kept watch during the silent hours of the night. A violent feeling of hostility existed between the Americans and Mexicans. 174 Since the work of murder continued without the capture of the perpetrators, the Americans threatened to issue an edict compelling every Mexican to leave the country. This I hoped would not be done as many of them

are as good citizens as our own people and quite as well-disposed. It would be making the innocent suffer with the guilty, yet the measure had many advocates.

On Wednesday morning, the tenth of July, three Indians and a Mexican were discovered burning the tent and bodies of two Americans about five miles from this place. They were immediately arrested and brought here under a strong escort of armed Americans, highly excited and enraged. They were taken before the magistrate but before the hearing was gone through with, the excited people seized the prisoners, took them to the top of an adjacent hill, selected a jury under a tree, tried and found them guilty, and sentenced them to be hung. The sentence was about to be carried into effect, for the ropes were already around their necks and over a limb, and all that was wanting to finish their existence was the word "pull" to be given. The Mexican was even raised off the ground and was dangling in the air. Before the rope was stretched, he fell upon his knees, kissed a cross he carried in his bosom, uttered a prayer in Spanish, and resigned himself to his fate.

At this critical moment for the prisoners, the county judge with other citizens interfered and begged the people not to assume so great a responsibility but to let the law take its own course and justice would be done. The prisoners were then brought back and placed in the jail but by this time the multitude had become so desperate that it was feared the jail would be torn down. The sheriff and his posse were very vigilant and declared that the first man who should interfere would do so at the peril of his life. No further demonstration was made and the people returned to their homes.

The coroner held an inquest and ascertained that the two Americans had been killed several days before, as their bodies were partially decomposed. The prisoners stated that they had discovered the bodies the previous evening, and they agreed to burn them in the morning pursuant to a religious custom in vogue among their own people.

On Monday, the 14th of July, our town was thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance in the streets of a company of about sixty men, marching to the sound of fife and drum, armed with guns and rifles, and bearing the American flag. They had come from the scene of the late murder to see the laws carried out. They were very excited and would scarcely submit to any

delay. They halted opposite the court house, where Judge Tuttle addressed them in a neat speech, urging them to be moderate and assuring them that the criminals would be tried as soon as possible and that justice would be done. If they were found guilty they would speedily meet their just deserts and if not guilty, they would surely be acquitted. He urged them to respect the laws and acquiesce in the verdict of the jury, whatever it might be. At the conclusion of this sound advice, three cheers were proposed but the angry crowd was illy disposed to submit to the law's delays and they sullenly marched to the prison, where it was agreed that the prisoners should be tried the following day. In the meantime a strong guard was placed over them from the ranks of the company.

A rumor reached town that the prisoners were 176 colleagued with a band of guerillas, headed by a notorious Mexican chief, in a camp some three or four miles distant, who plundered and murdered the people whenever an opportunity offered. About twenty armed Americans mounted on horseback, headed by our sheriff, proceeded to that place and arrested and marched into town one hundred and ten Mexicans, nearly all the men in camp, for the purpose of examining them with a view to discovering if any of them were in any way concerned in the late outrages. The next morning a force of about 1,000 miners arrived in town and the state of excitement existing can be better imagined than described.

In the afternoon the cases of the four men came up before the District Court. The house was crowded with armed Americans, and while the indictment was being read to the prisoners, a gun in the hands of one of the people was accidentally discharged. The crowd supposed that some one had fired at the prisoners and for a moment the utmost confusion prevailed; men were seen issuing from every door and window of the house. Numberless revolvers were instantly drawn and a number of shots immediately fired in the streets. Every man issued forth with a rifle or pistol in his hand.

At the report of the first gun I saw several Mexicans running who were fired at, and thinking there might be some hot work in sustaining the law, I seized my pistols and immediately repaired to the court room. Here a melancholy picture presented itself. The man whose gun had been accidentally discharged was lying in one corner, badly but not mortally wounded, the whole charge having passed through his left wrist. In the street, the district attorney, mounted on a high stump, was

endeavoring in an harangue to quiet the 177 excited assemblage. The excitement soon died away and the crowd dispersed.

The supposition then was that these men were innocent and it is not likely that if they had committed the murder they would have remained in the immediate vicinity so long after. Had the authorities delayed one minute longer, doubtless four innocent men would have lost their lives at the hands of an excited populace. The one hundred and ten Mexicans were confined in a corral all night and examined the next day, but without eliciting anything in regard to the late murders, and they were therefore discharged. They had nearly all arrived in the country only a few days previous.

Accounts of the perpetration of fresh murders reached town and a meeting was called Saturday evening, July 19th, to adopt some course to ferret out these bands of murderers, which resulted in the call for a general mass meeting to be held on Sunday. It was reported during the meeting that an armed Mexican force of over one hundred men had just passed within sight of the town, meditating an attack. Fifty men volunteered to arm and act as guard during the night. On Sunday the meeting was numerously attended by persons from nearly all parts of the mining district. Great discontent prevailed, violent harangues were made and the following resolutions were adopted, with but one dissenting voice.

Resolved, That all foreigners in Tuolumne County except persons engaged in permanent business and of respectable characters, be required to leave the limits of said county within fifteen days from this date, unless they obtained a permit to remain from a committee of three to be chosen or selected by the American citizens of each camp or diggings.

178

Resolved, That all foreigners be, and they are hereby, notified to deliver their firearms and deadly weapons to the select men of each camp or diggings forthwith (except such as may have a permit to hold the same). Such select men shall give a receipt to such foreigner for the same, and each and every good citizen shall have power to disarm all foreigners.

These extraordinary measures have already had the effect to stop nearly all business, and times never were tighter with business men than at present. I am opposed in principle to these measures as I believe they will have no other effect than to drive all the well-disposed foreigners from the land, while the evil doers will escape and hide in the deep recesses of the mountains. Perhaps resistance will be made and if so, I predict that no little blood will be spilled. For the protection of the town, guards are stationed in the outskirts every night to prevent a surprise.

Two hundred Mexicans with their pack animals marched through this place on their return home, poor and dispirited. They had come here, many of them with their families, for the purpose of becoming good citizens and settling in the country. They thought, and very justly, too, that they should all have to suffer because a few bad men were among them, and sooner than be the cause of disturbances, they would return to the homes which they had so recently left.

Yesterday one American shot another in the street and the occurrence was not noticed as much as a dog fight at home.

I am at work at my trade at fifty dollars per week. Boarding is from an ounce to twenty-five dollars but by an economical arrangement mine only costs about 179 twelve and I pay six dollars per dozen for washing. I sleep on the “bank” (a table used by printers) rolled up in my blanket, work late and early every day, enjoy good health and feel very well contented and happy.

Sunday, August 25

—This afternoon papers were brought up by special express from Stockton, announcing the death of General Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States. The announcement created considerable feeling, and the Locos rave that so thorough a Whig as Fillmore should succeed him in the presidency.

On a Sabbath evening some of our best citizens sit down in front of a drinking house and sing such songs as “Dearest Mae,” “O, Susanna,” and “Uncle Ned.” Sunday is a great day here. Business is more active and there is more frolic on this day than in the whole of the other six. In the morning

we have public auctions, in the afternoon the bullfight and the circus, and in the evening the circus and Dr. Collier's troupe of Model Artists, together with numerous fandango rooms, dance houses, and scores of gambling hells. While I am writing, my friends at home perhaps are at church; here the fife and drum are calling the people to the circus.

I have worked very steadily in the office all day. This evening Atkins and I concluded to indulge in a little wine and sugar, and therefore sent and had a bottle brought. After turning off a glass each, we have concluded to attend a fandango up town, where we will perhaps remain until midnight, looking at the Americans dancing with the Mexican señoritas.

180

Friday, September 6

—On Monday afternoon the editor, Mr. White, and his better half, Atkins and myself went out on a gold-seeking expedition, with pick, spade and pan and as an accompaniment (the water being bad) a bottle of good wine, and washed for an hour in one of the neighboring gulches, taking out about two dollars, which we have carefully put away with the view of having it made into ornaments.

On Wednesday a large number of wild Indians, both men and women, passed through our town on their way to the Tuolumne River. Many of them were almost nude, having nothing but a shirt on or blanket wrapped around them; the men with their bows and arrows, the women with their long conical baskets slung over their backs, kept from falling by a strap passing over the tops of their heads. The women appeared to do all the drudgery, having their baskets, which hold about a bushel each, well filled with meat which they gather wherever they can, not scrupling to kill any one's horse or ox if they fail in finding elk or deer.

At Slater's ranch, within three miles of Sonora, two warriors of the party attempted to steal several horses kept by a Mexican. At their approach the Mexican posted himself behind a tree and while in this position, they fired three arrows at him, one of which took effect in the left arm, near the shoulder, passing clear through it. He then fired a pistol at them which had the effect to drive them off. The Mexican was brought into town where the arrow was extracted and the wound

dressed by a skilful surgeon. The Indians also attempted to steal a cow and a calf from a butcher a mile or two from this place but were foiled in their attempt and driven away. A party of armed Americans started out 181 in pursuit of the Indians Thursday morning, but they have returned without overtaking them.

On the same day two Frenchmen found the remains of an American a few miles from town, evidently murdered, with the head lying several rods from the body, the pockets and belt cut open as with a knife, and the body much mutilated and torn by the coyotes.

About ten o'clock that night, after I had turned in, I heard a rapping at my door and upon opening, who should enter but the sheriff and levy on one half of the office. This startled me, but I rested well until morning when I found that it was seized upon for a debt owing by one of the partners. The proceedings were stopped and the paper was permitted to go on, by the partner's selling his interest in the concern to his creditor. I have now \$467 due me from them and they have promised me money every day for a week, but as yet I have received nary a red cent.

Sunday, September 8

—This forenoon Mr. White, late editor of the *Herald*, with his lady *vamosed* for Stockton in the stage. I printed five hundred tickets for candidates for election to the assembly, charging five dollars for my services. As soon as this job was finished, learning that a Methodist preacher was holding services in a neighboring tent, I joyfully proceeded to hear the sermon. The tent was filled with monte tables and benches (having been formerly occupied as a gambling house).

I arrived early and took my seat, very few having then assembled. In a few minutes two clergymen, one a young man and the other quite grey, made their appearance. In a quarter of an hour, while the first hymn 182 was sung, passers-by dropped in until a good congregation was assembled. Some rough-looking, long-bearded fellows dropped in out of curiosity; others nice, tidy, and clean, to worship; some had white shirts, some check, some red flannel; but all bore a haughty, proud, self-

reliance in their countenances, and all carried their bowie knives and revolvers in their belts. We listened to a very good sermon and then dispersed.

In the evening a Locofoco meeting was held at which the speakers criminated and blackguarded each other until it almost broke up in a row. I tried my luck tonight; for the first time since leaving San Francisco, at roulette and won \$5.25.

Thursday, September 26

—During the past two weeks the weather has been quite cool and threatened rain, and yesterday we had two good showers, the first since the beginning of April, which settled the dust completely. The rain was accompanied by heavy peals of thunder, and lightning, which I had not witnessed since my arrival in this country.

Another man has come into town to have his wounds dressed, having been attacked by three Indians while lying asleep under a tree during the night. This morning our sheriff went out and undertook to arrest two Indians. He was fired upon by several of them, but he fired at them, upon which they put off.

The great fever of excitement in relation to foreigners and the numerous murders that were being daily committed by them a month ago, has now abated. The guerilla bands have ceased their operations and we do not now hear of a horrid murder being perpetrated every day. I believe there have been only two men shot 183 in our streets since that time. Three-fourths of the Mexicans who were here a month ago have left the neighborhood for their old homes in Sonora, Mexico, with rather a bad opinion of *Los Yankees*. At Sacramento City a riot of a serious nature took place last week in which some ten or twelve persons were killed. When the people of California want to stir up a row, they don't talk long about it but shoulder their rifles, meet in the open field and shoot each other down, and that ends the matter.

Tuesday, October 22

—On the 7th of October our election for state and county officers took place. Everything passed off quietly, but the clerks of the election got so drunk they could not count off the votes and new ones had to be sworn in. The result of the election will not be known for several weeks as the land of telegraphs and railroads is far distant. Here we go by horse express.

Recently our town was thrown into excitement by the discovery of two murdered men, named Burke and Dolf, about one mile from this place. A jury went out and held an inquest and the bodies were brought in in a wagon and placed in the hospital where they were bathed and dressed, and buried the next morning. Their bodies were most horribly cut and mutilated, one with his head nearly cut off, from behind, a heavy gash in the face, and several deadly stabs in the breast. The other had a single cut across the head and face, which severed it in two pieces. They were horrible pictures to look upon. During the day they had been to an auction and purchased some clothing, and in the evening left for Sullivan's with a small piece of beef for their 184 supper. About eight o'clock they were found murdered, with their pockets turned inside out, evidently for plunder. The citizens offered a reward of \$2,500 for the murderers but no clue has yet been found.

About ten days since, the *Sonora Herald* died, that is, became defunct for want of patronage, and consequently my employment ceased. The proprietors, not being able to hand over the dust, gave me their notes for five hundred dollars, but I fear I shall not be able to collect the money I have earned. If I should lose the whole of it, it will not discourage me, for I will “pick my flint and try again.” I think money can be made here quicker than in any other part of the world. At any rate, I am not in debt and I hope I shall soon be able to transmit something to Mr. Evans. He shall lose nothing by me if I can keep my health.

My feet being very sore from poison, I laid by a few days, and one morning while going to my boarding house, cane in hand, whom should I meet but John L. Haines, Esq., of West Chester, Pa., and Mr. Enoch Davis of Charlestown Township. They had just come down from the northern mines. As they are old acquaintances, we held a long confab about friends and home, and our own successes and failures. From them we learned of the death of Jas. Dixon, Esq., near Georgetown in the northern mines, about the first of September. He is the fourth already dead of those who left

West Chester for these auriferous regions and this, of itself, tells a fearful tale. Mr. Theodore Apple left for home a few days after.

Atkins and I commenced mining in company with Haines and Davis. We have been digging for the last four or five days just below town but the water has been so plentiful as to prevent us from going down to the 185 proper depth to get gold. Tomorrow we hope to get *mucho oro*, as the Greasers say.

Wednesday, November 20

—I tried my hand at mining for a few weeks, but upon dividing the gold we dug during my last week, we found that we had only about 1 1/4 pounds. I hired a man to dig in my place for five dollars a day and again commenced sticking type on the 5th of November, for Marvin and Gunn. Judge Marvin was a partner of Mr. White, former editor of the *Herald*, who has left this place. A few weeks later, I purchased one-half of the *Sonora Herald*, as I should otherwise have lost the several hundred dollars which one of the proprietors owed me. Dr. Lewis C. Gunn from Philadelphia and a first-rate man, is now my partner. He is a finely educated gentleman and practicing physician, probably the only man in this place who does not drink, gamble or swear. Our office is in the good adobe house where we live and we are almost as comfortable as at home. John L. Haines, Clint Atkins, and Enoch Davis are in the house with us. We do our own cooking and washing and have some very pleasant times in conversing of old acquaintances and friends whom we have left far behind but not forgotten.

I have now been in this country almost a year and as yet have accumulated but little cash, but we have gotten our paper fairly started and it is increasing in value every day. We are not enabled to print a handsome sheet as we are in the mountains, several thousand miles from a type foundry. But we do the best we can. I think if I remain here about another year, I will be able to sell out and return home to the dearest spot on earth.

Friday, December 23

—We are now in the midst of winter, or the rainy season. It has been raining steadily for the last eight or ten days. Our mountain streams are all impassable, and communications between here and Stockton and San Francisco are entirely cut off, except by persons travelling on horseback. The mud is ankle deep, and still rain continues to pour down.

An auriferous quartz vein has been discovered in the northern part of the town, and many people are getting half crazy at the prospect of a rich reward. But I fear they will be woefully disappointed. Practical men, men who have been used to this kind of mining, say that it will not prove sufficiently rich to warrant any one in erecting machinery and employing labor while the rates of everything continue as at present.

I see by the papers from the Atlantic States that the Disunionists in the South count on California joining them in a Southern confederacy. Now, since California is admitted, let them try her. One universal shout would go forth from California for the Union and if needs be, will fight for it. We laugh in our sleeve at the antics of these madmen.

Monday, March 5, 1851

—The mail arrived today. A large crowd of anxious expectants was in attendance. When the letters were ready for distribution, a huge fellow stepped up. A beard that almost covered his face and a large, heavy revolver sticking in his belt gave him the appearance of a ruffian without a tender spot in his composition. Upon giving his name, a handsomely enveloped letter was handed him. After weighing out his two dollars for it, he stepped aside, broke open the seal and commenced reading it. In a few minutes I looked around again and saw this same burly, stern-looking man, who looked as hard as adamant, *in tears*. He had heard from loved ones at home and memory carried him back to happier scenes.

I observed another person in this same crowd, a pale, youthful man. He asked for a letter and was told that none had come for him. It was painful then to witness that young man raise his voice in

blasphemy and swear his friends had forgotten him and cared nothing about him. He called up his companions to the bar and they all enjoyed a drunken revel.

This morning the ground was covered with snow to the depth of three inches. But snow doesn't remain in this part of California; it goes quicker than it comes. Though the tops of the highest mountains are often covered with snow several feet deep, in the valleys it scarcely ever covers the ground. Yesterday was warm and pleasant, with a bright sun all day, like April.

A few weeks ago Dr. Gunn's wife, an accomplished lady, and four children, ranging from four to ten years, two boys (Douglas and Chester) and two sweet little girls, arrived from Philadelphia. They came around Cape Horn in a clipper ship. Everything now goes on quite comfortably. A woman about a house produces a new order of things.

Friday, May 25

—One who has not been in California can hardly credit the changes that take place here in a very short period of time. But one short year ago I was crossing the barren plains on foot. The wandering gold hunter in traversing our mountains and desert then had to carry everything he required with him, his blanket, his provisions, his frying-pan and his tea-kettle. He 188 would often travel a whole day in some parts of the country without coming to a single habitation where a cup of tea could be procured. Often have I footed it a distance of fifteen or twenty miles over a burning, dusty plain, without being able to get a drop of water unless I carried it with me from the last camping ground. Now everything is different. No canteen is necessary. You need not even carry your blankets, for all along the roads trading tents and good houses are erected, where travellers can be accommodated with good meals as well as a good clean bed.

This is not the only change which has taken place. We have plenty of the good things of this world. Provisions of all kinds can be bought now for less than half what they could then. At that time prices ranged about as follows:—Flour, per 100 lbs., \$50 to \$75; Pilot Bread, \$75 to \$100 per 100 lbs.; Potatoes, 75 cents and \$1.00 per lb.; Fresh Beef, 50 cents; Salt Pork, \$1.00, etc. Now they can be had as follows:—Flour, \$10 to \$14; Pilot Bread we have none for we can all get Baker's Bread;

Potatoes, \$12 to \$15 per bu.; Fresh Beef, 25 cents per lb.; Salt Pork, 18 to 25 cents per lb.; etc. Last summer I paid \$16 per week for two meals per day; now I could get much better board with three meals per day for \$8 and \$10. We still do our own cooking and washing but have not yet introduced the starch cup or smoothing iron, and we don't expect to until we return to civilized life again.

As a general thing miners are doing tolerably well. By working hard and living economically, they can save four to five and six dollars per day. The general average, however, will hardly range as high as this. Many of these hard-working American miners are, I regret to say, victims of the gambling hells. But we 189 must consider the circumstances by which they are surrounded. They work hard from morning till night, mostly live in tents, and do their own cooking. When evening comes, they have no comfortable home to go to. The gambling saloon is the most comfortable place they can find, hence they resort to it, and go on step by step until they lose their money as fast as they can make it.

I must tell what you will see by entering one of these gambling saloons. We will walk into the Empire Saloon. Behind a long counter on your right four men are kept busy in handing out bottles of liquor and weighing out the gold dust therefor at two bits per drink. A little farther on you will observe a fair-skinned Spanish señorita behind a counter filled with sweetmeats, upon which is a large urn filled with hot coffee. The handsome and graceful señoritas are greatly admired by the gold seekers. We will each take a cup of coffee, pay our four bits, and proceed to the farther end of the room, where upon a gallery erected for the purpose, we find a full band discoursing sweet music.

The walls of the room are hung with numerous lascivious paintings, and down through the middle of the room stand some eight or ten Monte, Roulette, and Faro tables, loaded with piles of silver and large bags of gold dust, and surrounded with crowds of persons of all ages, sex and color, from the pale-faced Frenchman to the ebon Ethiopian. Later in the night when the players become excited, you can see thousands of dollars change owners upon the turn of a single card.

Saturday, June 28

—A short time ago, Jim Hill, a man with a scar on his neck, went into a store at Camp Seco 190 in the night and held pistols over the heads of the proprietors, while others of his gang stole the iron safe. Last night he was in Sonora. He went into a Spanish house of ill-fame, where Guadalupe, the keeper, is no doubt an accomplice. Hill took a pistol from a man, a stranger to him, struck him with it and then shot at him. The man ran out of the house, frightened, and gave the alarm, not knowing who had robbed and shot him. Hill then hid under a bed where he was found by the sheriff.

This morning a party of about a dozen of our most respectable citizens went to the jail and took Hill away to stand his trial at Camp Seco. His identity was proved and a fair and impartial trial was given before a jury of twelve men who rendered a verdict of guilty unanimously. It was then voted to hang the prisoner and a committee of five was appointed to confer with him to endeavor to obtain disclosures in reference to others and their whereabouts. In this they were successful. He confessed his guilt and told of others connected with him in horse stealing and other crimes. He is willing to die for what he has done and wishes those who led him into crime to be hung along with him. Parties were dispatched to Sonora, Melones and other places to catch different ones that were named, all of whom had been suspected. The doomed man is about 23 years old.

Sunday, June 29

—In almost every camp and city in the country, the most respectable portion of the community have formed what are called “Vigilance Committees” which appoint officers, organize courts, catch rascals, try them and, when found guilty, punish them by whipping, banishing or hanging. Frightful disorders prevail, for California has been scourged by as desperate bands of villains as the whole world could produce. For a long time they have preyed upon us, and our laws, on account of their loose administration and many technicalities, have been found inadequate to the protection of life and property.

A large Vigilance Committee is being organized here and we shall soon have a full police of our best citizens standing guard all the while. Early this morning a meeting of the citizens of Sonora was held preparatory to forming this Committee. Major Ross was called to the Chair and myself

appointed Secretary. The following resolutions were adopted: *Resolved*, That no members be admitted to this association except they be unanimously elected.

Resolved, That ten gentlemen be selected to act as a police for the night.

Resolved, That the police have a private watch word, "Action!"

Resolved, That three successive blows on a gong be a signal for the assembling of the committee, and at the sound thereof the committee should assemble opposite Mr. Holden's house. The central watch was instructed to procure a gong.

Resolved, That secrecy should be observed as to the doings of this committee by the members thereof.

Resolved, That if called upon by the People's Police of Camp Seco, this committee respond by lending their aid.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to draft constitution and by-laws and report tomorrow evening.

Resolved, That we meet tomorrow evening at early candlelight.

192

About 11 o'clock this morning the person arrested in Sonora last evening on Jim Hill's evidence, was taken over to Camp Seco, accompanied by Sheriff Work and others. A form of examination was gone through and no positive evidence other than that of the doomed man appearing against him, he was honorably acquitted.

After 6 P.M. Hill was led forth to execution. Since early morning, people from the various camps had been on their way to Camp Seco and an immense number of accomplices and other villains had collected. After the prisoner was placed on the stand, he made a few remarks describing his life as one of crime, and warning others against following his course. He also said that he had robbed

and stolen and done other acts of crime, but had never shed blood, and he threw himself upon the mercy of the people. This appeal to the people caused the question to be put amongst them, "Shall he be hung?" A large number answered aye, but an equal number responded in the negative. Immediately some hundreds of pistols were drawn and a universal stampede occurred. Horsemen plunged through the crowd and over them, and the people ran in every direction.

George Work, the sheriff, arrived at this point and asked to be heard in his capacity as conservator of the peace. He pledged his own life that the prisoner should be forthcoming at the District Court, if the people would deliver him into the hands of the civil authorities. In the excitement and confusion that followed, the prisoner was taken from the stand, his hands all the while pinioned behind him, and he was thrust into a wagon which was immediately driven off at a rapid rate for Sonora.

News of the result having reached here shortly after the rescue, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Linoberg with a 193 gong passed through the city and called a meeting of the people in front of Mr. Holden's store. Mr. Edwards then addressed the crowd in a short but very effective speech, referring to the escapes of criminals heretofore, and the danger of our citizens while such thieves and rascals were permitted to escape. He proposed to take the prisoner as soon as he might arrive in town and hang him. There was not a dissenting voice. The crowd then prepared with weapons, to meet the sheriff and the prisoner at the entrance of the city.

They came in a wagon, with two persons alongside on horseback, with pistols drawn. But all was of no avail. The men in that crowd were not to be frightened. They followed the wagon driving at a rapid rate until it struck against a post, it being dark. George Work then jumped out with the prisoner, holding him by the collar, and both ran at full speed for the jail, plunging through the arroyo, while the crowd behind was shouting, "Stop him in front. We are afraid to shoot, lest we may kill our friends. Stop him in front!" Mr. Linoberg soon caught the prisoner behind and hung on to him, compelling him to drag him along and thus impeding his progress. Col. Cheatam also ran ahead at full speed to the jail and planting himself before the door, cocked his revolver, and as George Work and the prisoner came running up, he placed one hand on the prisoner and presenting

his pistol towards George, said, "George, you have a pistol and I have a pistol. Yours is cocked and so is mine. Blow away. I can kill too—but let this man go!" Others by this time came up and one party taking George, another the prisoner, no shots were exchanged and the prisoner was snatched from the hands of the law. Sheriff Work was not inimical to the hanging of the robber Hill, but 194 owing to his official position, he could do no less than make an effort to lodge the prisoner within the door of the jail.

However, two persons threw a rope over the prisoner's neck, and away he was led to the execution. The place selected was a limb of a noble old oak behind the El Dorado in the middle of the city. A minister was requested and 15 minutes allowed, the prisoner being surrounded by a ring of firm men who were cool and determined in the work before them. The fifteen minutes having expired, the signal was given and in an instant the wretched man was hanging by his neck. There was scarce a struggle. The crowd was deeply impressed, but all were satisfied of the righteousness and necessity of the punishment. After the body had been cut down and placed in the rough box, it was discovered that the receptacle was too small for the corpse and it was necessary, in order to nail down the lid, that half a dozen of those present stand on top of the lid and work it back and forth a number of times before it could be fastened down. I was one of those selected and I can truthfully say it was a gruesome task.

Saturday, July 5, 1851

—About ten days ago it was announced in all the San Francisco papers that Mr. Gunn, editor of the *Sonora Herald*, and myself and several other persons had been killed in a fracas with gamblers. This report, which was a falsehood from beginning to end, was published just before the sailing of the last steamer. It is probable that it will be seen in the papers at home and occasion much distress. I therefore concluded to write by the first mail, denying

“KILLED IN A FRACAS WITH GAMBLERS” Clipping from the *Alta California* quoted in the *Sonora Herald* of July 5, 1851.

195 the story altogether, and saying that no such difficulty took place.

I can best record the matter here by copying the following article from the *Alta California*:

TERRIBLE AFFRAY IN SONORA Reynolds & Co.'s Express Office, Sonora, Friday Night, June 27—12 o'clock.

Eds. *Alta*:—An extraordinary excitement is now raging in our town. Three persons have been killed and four wounded. The difficulty originated between some gamblers about an article published in the *Sonora Herald*. The gamblers went to the *Herald* office, armed with revolvers and knives, and effected an entrance. They first dragged from bed Mr. Gunn, the editor, and shot him through the head, killing him immediately. They next fired at a young man named James W. Coffroth, who, I understand assisted Mr. Gunn. He was formerly connected with a paper in New York or Philadelphia. Mr. Christman, a compositor on the paper, was also shot. Both of these individuals were instantly killed. Four persons who heard the noise and went to the persons killed, were shot in the affray. The Mayor has ordered out a large patrol of citizens, and great excitement prevails. The persons killed were universally loved and esteemed here. Mr. Gunn was a physician; Mr. Coffroth was a writer of much promise. I am writing in haste. It is now 3 o'clock,—four arrests have been made of the gamblers.

In haste,

D.F. Sayres, Reynolds' Express.

I can only say in reference to this that we are yet each worth a dozen dead men. One gambler has threatened the editor with a cowhiding, but if he attempts it, a good six-shooter will probably settle him. Our 196 contradiction of the murder appears as follows in this morning's *Sonora Herald*:

Our Death, burial and resurrection!

Gentle readers:—Since we last had the pleasure of inditing editorials, we have passed through thrilling scenes. Murdered by enemies, mourned and respectfully buried by friends, and favored since by an earlier resurrection than is allotted to mankind in general, we appear before you

not with “a doleful sound” from the tombs, nor with the half-hesitating tone of one who is still compounded of flesh and blood, and who of course possesses the fears and infirmities that flesh is heir to. We are risen from the dead.—It is not permitted, however, now to communicate all that we saw while absent from this little sphere. We can only say that we had glimpses of large companies of angels dancing and rejoicing over the intelligence from earth that horse thieves had been hung—that robbers, counterfeiters and murderers had been brought before a just tribunal and were then dangling in the air to be devoured by birds that feed on carrion. Being endowed by our transition into the spiritual state with vision different from that which mortals possess, we can now see men at a distance of many miles and know just what they are doing, and even read the thoughts that are running through their minds. This is the only result of the foul murder perpetrated upon our persons last Friday night and you, gentle reader, can judge whether or not now we should regret what has happened to us.—Friends at least will have this consolation: Once killed, we cannot go through the same process again; and if we feel disposed now to unfold the cribs of iniquity and the authors of crime, we have the two-fold advantage of extra knowledge and of being neither vulnerable nor mortal. For those who may not understand the above allusions, we copy the letter from the *Alta California*, and shall take the liberty of referring the public to that and other San Francisco papers whenever hereafter they wish to obtain thrilling intelligence respecting themselves, or those who kept us company while on the recent tour out of this world.

Saturday, August 9, 1851

—On Sunday, July 13, the Sonora Vigilance Committee hung another horse thief. The following Sunday three Mexicans were tied to the whipping post, and each received twenty-five lashes well laid on. Another Mexican was found with a stolen horse in his possession, and sentenced to receive 150 lashes, to have one-half of his head shaved, and to leave the country in 48 hours under penalty of being hanged if he ever returned.

I have sold out my interest in the *Herald* at a fair price and am now permanently engaged as printer and Deputy Recorder at a salary sufficient to save over one hundred dollars per month. My prospects are brighter than they have been at any time since my arrival in California. About the first

of next February, the two years' period will expire, at the end of which I was to make payment to Mr. Evans. After that the whole of my gains will be my own.

Sonora is a fast place and no mistake. Such a motley collection as we have here can be found nowhere but in California. Sonora has a population hailing from every hole and corner of the globe—Kanakas, Peruvians, Negroes, Spaniards, Mexicans, Chilians, Chinese, British convicts from New South Wales, known as “Sidney Birds,” Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutch, Paddies, and not a small sprinkling of Yankees. We have more gamblers, more drunkards, more ugly, bad women, and larger lumps of gold, and more of them, than any other place of similar dimensions within Uncle Sam's dominions. The Sabbath is regarded as a holiday, 198 granting men and women a more extensive license to practice vice than any other day in the week.

I feel that I am a rover, a wanderer on the face of the earth! In a land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with flapjacks and gold dust, far from home and kindred, and surrounded by the offscourings and scum of society, from all parts of the inhabitable globe. All selfish, each for himself, and his Satanic Majesty for all. I have scarcely met with half a dozen respectable women, or men with their families, since I left the Atlantic States. The women of other nations, what few there are, are nearly all lewd harlots, who are drunk half the time, or sitting behind the gambling table dealing monte. To see a woman who can read and write is a curiosity. Indeed, the majority of our females are a disgrace to woman. All, all ruined!

This state of things, I hope, will not last much longer, for every steamer which arrives in San Francisco brings many families of wives and children, and as soon as we get a few of them among us, a new order of things will commence.

The weather now is extremely warm. We are in the dry season and will have no rain for many months. The day has been awful hot, the mercury standing at 115 in the shade, and I must go and have a bath, paying \$1.50 for it.

Thursday, September 11

—On Sunday last I attended a grand bullfight. The place in which the exhibition took place was a large circular pen, surrounded by a high fence, on one side of which was a large door opening to a small pen where the bulls were kept confined. About ten feet distant from this fence was a high wall 199 of canvas and still outside of this was a heavy brush fence to keep off interlopers and prevent those from seeing who were unwilling to pay their two dollars and fifty cents. The wide space between the canvas and the inner fence was filled up with rudely erected seats which were crowded with men and women, the former of all nations and the latter principally dark-eyed damsels of Spanish and Indian descent, dressed in their gayest holiday attire.

At three o'clock the performance commenced by admitting two Mexican horsemen gaudily attired and armed with long spears; then came three or four footmen, with red flags. They made their politest bows and after the band had played a lively air, the door opened and in bounded a large, wild bull. At first he made at the footmen but by quick manœuvres they avoided his plunges. He then ran at the horsemen and for a time they kept him from doing any harm by piercing him with their long spears but they were not quick enough, for he soon knocked one of the horses down and his rider senseless. Immediately after the man fell he was removed by some of his companions, the bull's attention being attracted to one of the footmen with a red flag. The other rider was soon unhorsed and at one time the bull bid fair to become master of the ring.

At this stage of the performance, a dusky Mexican señorita, magnificently dressed, entered the arena, sword in hand. For a time she parried with the bull, pricking him slightly and stepping quickly to one side whenever he ran toward her. He soon became furious, roaring and tossing his horns high into the air and making the most formidable plunges at the lady until, at a favorable opportunity, she plunged the sword to the hilt into the breast of the animal. She was sprinkled with crimson dye, and in a moment the beast lay dead at her feet. The lady was greeted with a shower of silver dollars and a shout of applause that made the welkin ring. She then retired. An intermission of a few minutes was now given until the dead bull could be removed from the arena.

Another large, wild bull was then let in, lassoed, thrown down, and fastened by a long rope, around one of his forelegs, to a ring in the middle of the pen. A huge grizzly bear was then brought in, in

his cage, and after some considerable delay and trouble, was taken out and fastened in a similar manner with the bull. The bull was then let up and the men cleared the ring. Bruin lay quietly on his haunches and forelegs. After rising and looking around him the bull made a plunge at the bear, hitting him with one horn pretty forcibly in the breast. The bear then caught the bull by the nose with his mouth and by the neck with his paws, and thus they fought more than an hour, the bear biting off one of the bull's ears and tearing his nose, while he himself received sundry severe gorings. The animals were both considerably worried and seemed alike willing to give up the fight and it would be difficult to tell which would eventually have come out master of the field. Thus ended the afternoon's amusement.

Friday, September 26

—The dry season is nearly over. In a few weeks we may expect to be deluged in mud and water. But now the mountains, the valleys, and the plains all look as parched and dusty as if a drop of rain had never fallen upon them. In spring the mountains are covered with luxuriant verdure and the plains 201 bespangled with numberless rich and wild flowers, all a field of beauty on too grand a scale for the pencil of the painter to imitate. The burning sun of the Dry Season destroys this magnificent picture and makes everything present a barren and desolate appearance. In many respects the people of California are peculiarly blessed. The climate is one of the most delightful and healthy in the world.

The agricultural resources of California have been rated too high by some and too low by others. One who has seen it in springtime only, represents the whole country as a luxuriant garden; another who has seen it only in the summer or just before the rain set in, represents it as a barren, desolate waste. These pictures, however, are drawn by superficial observers. Where land is properly irrigated it will produce almost any kind of grain or vegetable that is found in the Atlantic States, and in as large quantities.

Cattle will graze in the mountains or on the river bottoms the whole year round. When the dry season comes on, the grass is not spoiled by dews or moisture of any kind, and dries up like sweet, well-made hay. On this, cattle will feed equally as well as on green grass.

A few days since, a deer, chased by a pack of dogs, becoming bewildered, ran through the principal street of the city and entered a drinking saloon kept by a Frenchman. The doors and windows of the establishment were immediately well-guarded and Mr. Deer was soon captured.

Miners are not now doing so well as formerly. While some have made fortunes, the great mass have not averaged more than three or four dollars per day. The *placer* diggings of this country have been yielding a 202 good return to the industrious fortune seeker, but owing to the want of water, many have abandoned these diggings and commenced a new kind of mining. New developments have been made daily in the rich quartz veins which abound in every part of the State, some of them containing untold fortunes. One company, about eight miles from this place, have taken out in a few weeks over half a million of dollars. Another company about a mile from this city, have within the last four weeks taken out between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars. As much as sixty to seventy thousand dollars have been taken out of a single claim, but in most cases they have had their labor for their pains.

Foreigners have not been allowed to possess any interest whatever in any quartz vein, although they have not been prevented from making contracts for working the veins, for an interest in the proceeds or on wages. Every claim of one hundred feet or more must be marked out and the names of the claimants posted on it.

Indeed, this branch of mining is just in its infancy, but it has been demonstrated that nearly all the quartz veins in the country will pay handsomely when proper machinery is erected for crushing the quartz rock and extracting the gold therefrom. In less than a year from now we may reasonably expect to see machinery erected on nearly every hilltop for the purpose of grinding the quartz rock.

Tuesday, October 7

—I see, by late intelligence from home, that the Atlantic papers, with few exceptions, have taken grounds against the Vigilance Committees in California and denounce them as “mobs” and “lynchers.” We cannot blame them much for this course; but they do not understand the causes which have driven the people to take upon themselves the speedy and prompt trial and punishment of criminals. In the old States, where society is properly organized, and law and order prevail, such a course might properly be denounced as “mob-law” and “lynch-law.”

But criminals and adventurers from every part of the globe have flocked to California in great numbers for the past three years. If a criminal was brought up before Court, charged with some heinous offence, a confederate was always ready to step up and prove an *alibi*, and of course the prisoner must be released. The murderer, the assassin and the incendiary lurked around in open day. The people were compelled for their own protection to take upon them the responsibilities they did. And what has been the result? Law and order and justice again prevail, security is given to life and property, and a number of vile marauders have met the fate they so richly merited. Not a single one of all the wretches executed by the Vigilance Committees, but confessed enough of crime to deserve the halter.

In this city, these wretches were all tried before a jury of Sonora citizens and that jury's verdict fixed their punishment. The vexations, delays and technicalities of the law through which so many criminals escape punishment were laid aside, and justice quickly and promptly vindicated. Recently, only two persons have been arrested by the Vigilance Committee. One a Sydney convict, who was tried for stealing a horse, was convicted and sentenced to receive fifty lashes on the bare back, have his head shaved, and never be found in the country again after twenty-four hours under 204 penalty of death. The same punishment was dealt the other, a Mexican who stole one of Colt's six-shooters from a miner who gave the rascal his breakfast and dinner.

Sunday, January 25, 1852

—The weather here is not very cold and we seldom have frost or ice. Most of the trees are covered with green foliage, and the hills and valleys are carpeted with new grass.

Atkins has left Sonora and gone to some new diggings, known as Cherokee Camp, about fifteen miles from this place. I accompanied him on his journey and spent the night in the camp. We were quietly stretched out on our blankets around the fire, swapping yarns with some gentlemen whose tents were close by. Suddenly we heard footsteps, as of some person stealthily approaching. As we listened, the sound grew more and more distinct and we became convinced that a number of men were stealing in upon us. As it was dark and therefore impossible to espy the intruders, each one of us quickly drew his revolver, being always on guard against marauders. But before we could fire, two colorfully dressed señoritas tripped out of the darkness into the camp. They had come out for a serenade, and proceeded to sing many merry songs, accompanying their fine voices with music picked from their guitars. A part of the entertainment consisted of a fandango, and the dance was much enjoyed by the men participating. They had become quite boisterous in their enthusiasm.

But the merry music changed, and the señoritas played softly on their guitars the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," bringing to the hearts of these 205 sturdy men the familiar words of the song, and thoughts of friends and home. Suddenly a sob was heard, followed by another, and yet another, and tears flowed freely down the cheeks of the gold diggers. Pieces of gold were generously tossed into the tambourine held out to receive them. 'mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

206 207

Part Five

THE FIFTH LETTER BAG

THE HOMEWARD JOURNAL

208 209

The Fifth Letter Bag

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, July 28, 1850, Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

Dear Christman:—We have had a streak of information from you through Judge Strickland who received a letter from his relative in California. This stated that you were at work at some place sticking type. I was glad to hear that you were doing something by which we have reason to suppose you can live.

I am afraid that Clinton will never again walk the strets of West Chester, that his bones will rest in California where the remains of thousands of others repose, who left their homes with bright hopes.

There is some stranger stopping in West Chester who resembles you very much. He is about your height, steps as you did, and wears a straw hat like your old one, with the hind part of the rim turned down. When we first saw him, we thought you had taken the wings of the morning and stepped over here to see us.

Since last I wrote you Death has entered Mr. Evans' family, and taken our little Katie away. She died three weeks since of dysentery. We all miss her. She used to sing, “Enos Christman has gone to California with his washbowl on his knee.”

The editor has been away about half the time. We 210 have a pretty strong force and plenty of advertisements so we are not kept at work very hard. But when I go away there is no person to take hold of things, no leader.

One night some of the boys and I got terribly tight on ale. It was a terrible time. We vomited all over the editor's room in the office. Charles was rich as a Jew, according to his talk. We had an awful time of it finding the way to bed. I was scared next morning. I was afraid the editor would find it out. But he has not. Nobody knew anything of it, but the man in the oyster cellar. I can't bear the sight of ale since.

We have had a few parties and picnics during the season. I have taken a number of pleasant rides with ladies, but I have not squeezed a girl since you left, in spirit and meaning. I spend a great deal of time with Sallie Cope, more as a friend, and for social purposes, than for anything else. True, I have courted her at times, but moderately.

The ladies all want hugging. Mary is in a fair way of being married. When our *devil*, Mr. Henry C. Darlington, is old enough to “cleave unto woman.” He is desperately in love with her. He is one of the finest of fellows, but could not resist her smiles and has become a willing victim. Poor fellow.

I go to market now for the editor and have fine times with the girls, who think I don't know how to market.

There is to be a picnic on the Philadelphia road, towards the city, to which I have an invitation. I have a notion to go and take Miss Apple and Miss Cope. I called to see Miss Apple last evening.

I might write a great deal more were I certain you would receive this. By the next mail I hope to receive 211 a letter from you. You need not be alarmed about heaping postage on me. That is nothing. Why, dear fellow, I would do it a thousand times.

Your friend and well-wisher,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, July 14th, 1850.

My Dear Enos:—Your truly welcome letter dated May 24th arrived in West Chester July 9th, and was gladly received by me. Do not do me injustice and judge me wrongly. If you do not receive answers to your letters, you may conclude they are somewhere between West Chester and California, for I always answer them by the return of the mail, and assure you of my devoted attachment. However, I hurt my finger and the doctor said I got cold in it, and so I had it in a sling for two weeks. But thank Providence, it is well so that I can write now.

I wish, dear Enos, when you next write that you will tell me whether your feelings have changed any toward me. I have a great deal of sympathy for you, away from all your friends, in a foreign land, deprived of all the luxuries and nearly all the comforts of life. You must indeed feel badly when you do not receive a letter. You are always in my mind. I think of you through the day and dream of you by night, sometimes seeing you in the gold mines and sometimes upon the sea.

Dear Enos, you have made every effort to obtain gold. You have failed in the effort. Be not disheartened. Riches taketh wings and flies away but happiness no one can take away from us. I repeat what I have said in all my letters, that it is not every man's luck to make 212 a fortune. If your health is improved and you have a safe return to your dearest friends, to have made the effort will perhaps be a lasting benefit and repay you for all your trouble. I have told you that a living can be made in Chester County and gold will not buy health nor happiness.

I guess poor Clint wishes he had never heard of the gold mines. Your description of your trip from Mariposa to your present situation is laughable but sad. It is easier to talk about than to endure. I don't know where you got nourishment or the cow either.

I requested you in my last letter to inquire if you could hear anything of Theodore and tell him that father and sister together have sent him 13 letters. My sister has written seven letters to him urging him to come home, but he has not received one of them. She says she is not uneasy about him while he has his health, but if he gets sick what is to become of him, without money or friends? We have had brother Theodore's portrait painted from his daguerreotype. It is most excellent.

There seems to be a great deal of excitement at this time. Professor Webster you know was sentenced to be hung for the murder of Doctor Parkman. He has pleaded his innocence until within a few days. He said he was innocent of the charge and called on God as searcher of all hearts to witness the truth of his statement. He now acknowledges the deed and says that Doctor Parkman insulted him and he flew in a passion and struck him one blow, which was fatal. He then took off his clothes and burnt them and cut the body up in pieces and burnt the head and buried the rest of

the body in different places. If they don't hang him, no person ought ever to be hung for murder 213 for people always kill in a passion. That is no excuse.

Philadelphia has been visited by one of the worst fires that ever was there. Three hundred and sixty-four houses burned down and many lives were lost and many persons injured. The loss is more than a million of dollars. It commenced in a hay store in Water Street. In the upper part of the building was a quantity of powder and saltpetre, which soon made a terrible explosion, throwing wood, bricks, and everything up in the air and crushing men, women and children to the ground. It burnt every house in Water Street above Callowhill. It commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon and burnt until twelve at night. The scene was distressing. Women cried for their husbands and children, many of whom have not been heard of yet. We saw the light quite plainly here, twenty-five miles away. I have not been to see the ruins yet but I am very impatient to go.

Mr. Crowell, our Presbyterian minister, is going to leave us. He has had a louder call in New Jersey. Here he gets four hundred and fifty dollars and there he is to get nine hundred and house rent free.

The country has lost her best friend, and a great and good man. President Taylor died July the 9th.

I believe there is nothing more at present. I remain

Yours truly and sincerely,

ELLEN APPLE.

Enos Christman to Peebles Prizer Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., Sunday evening, Oct. 6th, 1850.

My Dear "Old Dad":—Your welcome letter of August 4th reached me a few days since. The reason 214 you did not receive anything from me by the previous mail is because the mail was put in charge of an irresponsible agent and never reached New York, or at least not as soon as it should. I am happy to tell you Clint has improved greatly in health and now weighs more than myself.

I cannot yet say that I regret coming here for I believe I can and will make some money before I leave, yet I have learned a lesson which I can never forget, and it would be well for others if they could learn it without the experience I have had. If you get the “*blues*” at any time and feel dissatisfied with your situation, think of the thousands who are not doing half as well as yourself.

I should like to know who that stranger is in town who resembles me so much. Tell me if he has as fine a *proboscis* upon his countenance as I have, and this will decide the question.

Yesterday I received a copy of the *Record* of July 16th, the only one I have seen since I left San Francisco. Everything seemed so familiar. I read it from 1st to 4th page, advertisements and all. I have been unable to get them brought up, but better arrangements are now being made and I hope to receive them regularly.

Please hand the enclosed to Miss Apple.

ENOS CHRISTMAN.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., Sunday evening, October 6, 1850.

My Own Dear Ellen:—After waiting with impatience for several weeks at the express office, I received your 215 letter of July 14th. The contents of my letter must indeed have been of a character far different from what I intended, to produce such a state of mind. To say that I never intended to write a line that would make you unhappy is unnecessary. Although I was then much disappointed at not hearing from you, I have no recollection of a single sentence wherein I accused you of neglect. Yes, dear Ellen, my feelings towards you have changed. Changed, if possible, to more ardent love. The longer I am absent and the further I am from you, the stronger my attachment becomes.

A letter from any one is always welcome, but you cannot imagine with what joy a person far from home and friends in a land where civilization gives way to a rude and savage life, receives a letter from the object nearest his heart on earth, written with her own hand and bearing her own sweet

signature. It is a pleasure to look at it without reading, but when we come to read her own tender words, then our happiness is great beyond expression.

Clint has changed his tune from “O, California, that's the land for me” to “O, West Chester gals, ain't you coming out tonight?”

Advise me to stay and try my luck another season, and in a year from now I promise to be with you. Or beneath the waves of the ocean, or my bones bleaching on the plains, if Providence should so will it.

It is now growing late and I join you in a petition to the Almighty that He may extend His protecting hand over us, while I remain your trusting and faithful lover,

E. CHRISTMAN.

216

Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, Sept. 23, 1850, Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

My Dear Old Friend:—I am again engaged filling up a letter to you. I am “Old Dad,” still unchanged and unchangeable.

The National Guards had a grand encampment at Paoli. They were on the ground four days. Some ten companies were in attendance. Some wild scenes were enacted on the ground on Friday night, which could probably be beaten only in California. A lot of lewd girls were on the ground, and did a lively business. The “Pennsylvania Protectors” were there.

I am sorry for poor Clint. If he must come home, and if it is necessary for you to make up money to send him, his friends at home will make up the amount to pay you back. It is not fair that he should be so much of a burden upon you. I told some of his friends that you said Clint was sick and you thought he ought to come home, but did not tell them that you had, or would have, funds to send him, fearful that they would make no effort to pay you. You have certainly acted very generously

towards him, in attending to his wants while he was sick. I rejoice to find in you so much devotion to a companion.

Miss Apple remains unchanged towards you, as far as I can judge.

When you bid West Chester farewell I was then going it strongly with Cad. Now we look upon each other as strangers. I never intended to marry her, and I am glad that I have escaped from the difficulty as I have. I would like to have a wife. It would be so 217 comfortable. But I am afraid the luxury would be too expensive for me just now.

California appeared to be a bone of contention among members of Congress. I suppose you in California watched the proceedings in relation to your State with great interest. It is at last one of the states of the Union.

The last mail from California brought a paper in your handwriting, printed at Sonora on the 4th of July. I presume you are at that place now. Where is it?

Yours truly, farewell,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., Sunday afternoon, Sept. 8, 1850.

My Dear Enos:—The mail leaves New York the 14th and I flatter myself that you would be disappointed if you did not receive a letter from me. You speak of having left your trunk at Stockton in care of a gentleman who promised to send it to you. From the account that I have had of the Californians, it appears to me I would be afraid to trust any of them. Although I expect there are some good men there, who have gone out like yourself to try to make a fortune in a short time.

You must have a very contented disposition to be happy, for I am sure you have none of the comforts of life. You cannot imagine, dear Enos, how exceedingly anxious I am to see you. I was in hopes you had made up your mind to return home this fall. A year seems a long while to look

forward to, and I feel as if it could not pass as swiftly as it has, but time flies though 218 we know not where. You have had all sorts of hard-ships and privations to endure this year, while I have had nothing but your absence.

I am delighted that you have quit digging the earth for what you could not find, and have taken surer means of making a living. If you can make enough to bring you back, it is all I ask, I assure you. Although I would have no objections to your returning with your pockets full of gold.

We received a letter from Theodore. He had left Georgetown and gone to a place called Spanish Bar. He was well, and expected to leave California in November next. He said he had made plum pies the day before he wrote, and they could not be beaten in the United States, for the dirt and the tobacco juice gave them a rich flavor. He says he received the letters you took out, one year after date. He says he has an appetite like a threshing machine. He had an ounce of gold stolen out of his tent. He knew who took it, but as he was a hard case, he thought he had better say nothing about it.

Mr. Dixon has quit gold digging and keeps a register's office. Every one that goes to the mines records his name and pays fifty cents, and every one that wants to see who is at the mines pays twenty-five cents for a search. His wife is getting along gaily. She is as cheerful as a lark.

I am very well now, but a while before I received your last letter I felt miserably and I felt weak. But when I heard such cheering news, I tell you there was a great change.

They are doing the first five miles of the Plank Road between West Chester and Philadelphia over the Schuylkill. The fever is high for the direct railroad. 219 They have had the books open in West Chester and sold seventy thousand dollars' worth of stock.

Jenny Lind arrived in New York last week, which produced quite an excitement. She will visit Philadelphia in a short time. The lowest price of tickets for her concerts is \$8.00, from that up to \$10.

I must now close, by wishing you health, prosperity and speedy return. My motto is, "Absent, but never to be forgotten." I remain as ever yours,

E. APPLE.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., November 20, 1850.

My Dear Ellen:—Your kind letter of September 8th reached me by the last mail. Often when in a melancholy mood of mind have I sat down and perused your letters over and over again, and they have nerved me up and driven all such feelings away. If I had not one like you to correspond with, one in whom I can confide and trust, I scarcely know what I should do. Next to the pleasure of reading a letter from you in this far-off region is that of gazing upon your likeness.

I am perfectly well satisfied that you love for no sinister motives, at least not for wealth, for you always knew I was poor, and I know full well that your greeting would be the same did I return without a dime, as if laden with the riches of Croesus. That I am anxious to return, you cannot doubt. My motto is, "Fear not, but trust in Providence" that I shall be enabled not to be absent much longer.

We now have a post office at this place and as I 220 expect to remain here during the winter, you may hereafter direct my letters to Sonora, California. They will be brought by mail instead of by express.

I wish you a happy Christmas. And now, my dear Ellen, I must close, with my prayers for your happiness and our speedy meeting, and in the meantime, I will subscribe myself,

Ever your loving

E. CHRISTMAN.

Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, January 19, 1851, Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

My Dear Old Friend:—Some six West Chester boys have returned within a few days. The most of these are much worse off than they were before they started and are now in rather bad health. James Dixon is dead. They are all sick of California. I would not urge you to return—your own judgment will tell you when that is best. But I am thoroughly satisfied that a trip to California is but an adventure, and not of much benefit in a pecuniary sense.

That you continue to preserve your health and will be able to return with your constitution unimpaired is what I devoutly wish. Do not sacrifice your health to pay Mr. Evans. I hope you will be able to return his money as this would not make you feel dependent upon any one. I do sincerely hope ere another year rolls around you will be home among your friends.

The business of the *Village Record* office is very good, and is still increasing. The editor's eyebrows are 221 as heavy as ever, though frosted. Quantity and fierceness remain unchanged. Sometimes I am editor, compositor, devil and collector. By continuing in the *Record* office I may eventually get an interest in it, though of this I am indifferent.

I have more to do now than ever. Thomas Poulson is willing to do anything he is told, but takes his own time to do it. The boys in the office call him “Porkey” on account of getting so fat and snoring so loud when asleep. He also has great difficulty in having his coats made. His legs are so short that the tail will drag on the ground. He says he considers himself one of Delaware's best.

William Baker is a boy to my taste and liking. He is spirited, bold and frank. He says he loves Miss Hodgson as ardently as ever, and she loves him, too, but the pleasures of their love are something like the fruits of the Dead Sea, more to be looked upon than enjoyed.

Your humble servant still retains the cognomen of “Dad” though as yet he is not daddy of anything. I am not prepared to get married and I must stay away from the ladies.

We have had another terrible murder committed in this community. It occurred at Rocky Hill, and was committed on the person of a young lady, a teacher of a public school. The person suspected of the deed is a young man now in prison awaiting a trial. The young lady was deliberately shot down in daylight in front of the school house.

I spent last Friday evening at Apples' and I also saw Ellen in the street last night. I design paying her a short visit this afternoon.

We receive the *Sonora Herald*. It is a pretty good 222 paper for the place and opportunities. Do you get the *Record*?

I am enjoying prime health and getting fat. I also have whiskers. How are you? Have you a beard?

With the warm regards of your old and tried friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman Monday evening, January 13th, 1851.

My Dear Enos:—Your last letter speaks of prolonging your stay another year. That was not cheering news. However, I shall still keep hoping that it may be sooner than I expect. I know that time passes rapidly away and I know that you must feel that it will be greatly to your advantage to remain, so I must not complain, for if you continue satisfied, that is worth more than all the gold in California. I am glad you got enough of mining so soon, for a comfortable place to sleep is far preferable to the damp ground.

It seems to me that every letter that I receive from you increases my love and makes me feel that the happiest day I ever knew will be when we meet again. You have asked me to advise you, dear Enos, about returning home. You know I would be overjoyed to see you. At the same time, after having gone so far as you have, and suffering the hardships you did to get there, I certainly would give it a fair trial. I think if you will act according to your own judgment, dear Enos, all will come out right.

I have glad news to tell you. Theodore has arrived safely home. He left San Francisco the 28th of 223 September. He went from there to Chagres. When he arrived at Chagres, he was taken with the brain fever six hours after he landed, and lay there eight days with it. The doctor charged him two dollars a powder and the woman where he boarded charged him two dollars for a cup of tea. He felt weak and had no appetite. He then took the Pacific and went to Havana where he took passage on the *Ohio*, which landed him at Norfolk. When aboard the *Ohio*, it came nearly being lost in a dreadful gale. The water rose eight feet in the vessel and put out the fires. The passengers were obliged to work the pumps for two days and nights. When Theodore could work the pumps no longer, he lay down on deck in the water and caught a heavy cold. The vessel, instead of going to New York, had to put in at Norfolk. When he reached Philadelphia, which was the 29th of December, he went right to sister's. She at once went out and bought him a suit of comfortable clothes and sent for the doctor. He had a bad chill before the doctor came. The doctor examined him and said his liver and throat were affected. He forbid him talking, and put him on a low diet. Theodore brought nearly three hundred dollars in gold dust. That is all he has to show for two years' lost time. His accounts of the living and hardships at the mines are distressing yet laughable to hear. He seems to be perfectly satisfied with Chester County.

Mr. Dixon died on the 5th of September. Theodore nursed him until he died, and gave him as decent a burial as any person could have given him out there. Mrs. Dixon does not seem to mind her husband's death at all. She is still flying around.

My dear Enos, when you start home take the 224 quickest route, for I shall be so worried from the time you start until you arrive home.

Bayard Taylor was soon left a widower after he came home from his tour. He married a Miss Agnew of Henet and now she is dead and buried. She was very ill when she was married.

I took that gold dust you sent me to the jeweller and had a little more put into it and had a very pretty plain ring made of it. I kept the gold dust in a bottle for it was loose and I would soon

have lost it, otherwise. I prize your daguerreotype and that ring more than anything I have in my possession.

I remain yours most sincerely and devoutly,

E. A.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., Tuesday evening, March 6, 1851

My Own Dearest Ellen:—Your highly prized letter of January 13th reached me last evening in fifty-one days after it was written, having made the quickest passage of any I have received since residing in the mining district. I have been very fortunate in receiving letters, but many have not. If the friends of many could only know what sadness their neglect creates, they would surely write often.

It affords me extreme pleasure to dwell on the many kind expressions of encouragement, love and hope. You must have been in a very pleasant mood when it was written for it has a happy effect on me.

Last night, while in the fairy land of dreams, I thought that I had come near West Chester, but how I got there I knew not, and the first person I met and recognized was your own dear self. After an embrace and a kiss, we took a stroll and rambled through many fairy fields and meadows bedecked all over with beautiful flowers. We then reached a meandering rivulet, where we stopped a moment to refresh ourselves with a drink of its cooling waters, then we passed on over many gentle hills and through a beautiful grove of ancient and lofty pines and sycamores. Here we stopped and loitered, first to view this and then to admire that. The weather was warm and sultry, and at length we found ourselves winding our way through a beautiful garden planted with most beautiful and sweet-scented flowers and shrubbery. Here was a beautiful arbor, the sun entirely excluded by the thick foliage of vines and shrubbery. No one was present. A little way off we heard the sweet and soothing notes of a band of music. Being weary, here we seated ourselves and rested and talked till the shades of evening set in, as only two lovers can talk. Time flew on wings of

lightning, and I was conducting you down Gay Street, near your father's, whispering sweet words, when I was suddenly interrupted, and awaking, found myself snugly wrapt up in blankets, upon the floor. Such was my dream and a happy one it was, too, except the termination.

As you suggest, I must give the country a fair trial. I can do this by staying here another year and yet return within the three year period first laid down for my absence. You perhaps think I am deferring my return longer than I should, but you know it is necessity and not choice. Besides we are both young and I hope we may be better prepared than now for domestic peace and tranquillity and the varied duties of husband and wife. Of one thing I am certain, at least. I shall be better prepared to settle down permanently than I ever have been heretofore. At home there is little chance for 226 a mechanic without capital to rise very fast. I must therefore, if possible, make something to begin with before I return.

I am still at work at my business and hope to sell out in time to be home at New Year's. Dr. Gunn's family have arrived in this place. They came by way of Cape Horn, and were out a long while. I now have more comfortable quarters.

You remark that Mrs. Dixon is flirting around, apparently not regarding the death of her husband much. Such a sentence strikes deeply into the heart of every adventurer here in California. It excites his suspicions. Every one has left friends, in a far happier land than this, whom he loved and respected and was loved and respected by them in return. Many have left that comfortable land to endure all kinds of hardships here, for the very purpose of bettering the condition of those at home, to return and bless them with the fruits of their labors here. And then to learn that those wives, sweethearts, relatives and friends have forgotten them, proved recreant and false to them, is too bad. It is enough to set many crazy. I know that some of my friends could never use me so.

You say you have had a ring made out of the dust I sent you together with some other which you added. I am sorry I did not send you enough to complete it. Your letters, your likeness and your ring are the most precious treasures I possess. I never see them without thinking of her who gave them.

It is growing late and so, dear Ellen, good night, and may happy dreams and sweet slumber bless your soft pillow.

Your affectionate

E. CHRISTMAN.

“A PRETTY GOOD PAPER FOR THE PLACE AND OPPORTUNITIES”

227

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Village Record Office, March 17th, 1851.

My Dear Friend:—I am comfortably seated in the old *Record* office this morning, with matters and things around me, just as they were when you were among us.

The last mail from California brought me a letter from you, and the *Herald* announcing your connection with its publication. I hope it may eventually be of advantage to you. I would like to be with you, in publishing some paper. I think you will make money with the *Herald*. Your letter for publication is a good one and will appear in the *Record*. Tell Clint I saw a recent letter from him in which he is quite humorous and in good spirits. Success to him.

West Chester was the focus of great excitement growing out of a murder trial going on in Court. The murderer was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. This murder—a great subject of local interest—added a large number of new subscribers to our list.

Mr. Evans is a candidate for State Senator, the office of which is to be filled at the coming fall election. If he should get the nomination, he designs to withdraw from some of the labors of publishing the *Record*.

I did not hear Jenny Lind. The admission was too high.

My old fellow, you are much mistaken when you suppose I am going to get married shortly. No, sir. I will give you information of it in advance, when it is to take place. I don't want a wife—I have no use for one.

Robert Lewis went astray from the principles of the Gideons, but has since repented, paid his fine, and is again a full brother.

228

A few days ago I wrote to your mother in relation to your brother Jefferson. Samuel Evans wants a boy to assist in attending store. I think your brother would suit him. I hope he will come to West Chester and if he should, I would take pleasure in giving him counsel and in making him feel at home.

The returned Californians in West Chester are recovering their health and going to work, and appear now to be contented with West Chester.

Excuse the careless manner in which this is written. I was about half asleep while penning it. Present my warmest regards to Clint.

Your old friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., Sunday morning, March 16, 1851.

My Dearest Enos:—I have read and reread your truly welcome letter of November 20th. I am indeed glad my letters, poor as they are, afford you some pleasant thoughts when you feel gloomy and low spirited.

You still talk of remaining another year. I hope it will be all talk and you will change your mind and return next fall. I don't want to influence you to do anything that you will regret afterwards, but I don't feel as if I could advise you to stay another year.

A majority of the West Chester Californians yet living have returned. They seem to be perfectly satisfied with their California experience and have no disposition to try gold digging again. None of them have amassed very large piles of gold.

I went up the street the other day and I saw Dr. 229 Williams' wife and she said, "I heard that Mr. Christman was coming home in April." I said to her, "You heard more than he or I know." Oh, dear Enos, if that were only true how happy I would be!

I have received two papers. I tell you, it made me look when I saw "E. L. Christman and L. C. Gunn, Editors and Proprietors." Then I received the paper containing the advertisement of your having bought one-half of the *Sonora Herald*. Eagerly did I read it.

You speak the truth when you say I love you for yourself, and not for wealth. I would love you as devotedly without a dollar as if you had thousands. At the same time I hope you will make money, for you have sacrificed much and made great efforts to make money, and I would like you to feel well repaid for your trouble. However, I think you have acted wisely and I know you are doing all for the best.

The trial of George Pharoah was concluded on the 12th of February and on the 13th Judge Chapman passed the sentence of death upon him. Father called on him the same day and said to him, "George, the trial is over and your fate is sealed. It would be a great relief to many, particularly to the jury, to know the facts of the murder from you. The testimony brought against you is true and all you can say will not make it any worse for you." After a little hesitation, he made a full confession. He said he shot the teacher for her watch, and the reason he did not take it was because he saw the school children coming at a short distance. In speaking of the gun wadding corresponding with the paper in his pocket he said he intended burning it, but when he returned

to the house, some persons were there, and he afterward forgot it. There never was so much excitement in West Chester 230 as there was when the trial was pending. Hundreds of persons were unable to get within the Court House. It is supposed there were from twelve to fifteen hundred persons in the Court House on the last day of the trial. Among the number, 700 were females. Several fainted.

I had a dream the other night. I dreamed that you had come home. I thought I never was happier in my life but when I awoke and found it was only a dream, I felt sad, very sad.

I remain as ever, yours truly and devotedly,

ELLEN APPLE.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Sunday, May 11, 1851.

My Much Loved Ellen:—Yesterday I received your affectionate letter of March 16th. To say that its contents were eagerly devoured and with pleasure dwelt upon would be superfluous. Nearly all the letters I receive urge me to return home soon, and in this they all recommend that which I most wish to do. None can be more anxious for my return than I am, once more to visit my native home and friends. But I think that where a person has undertaken the task that I have, he would be made of poor stuff indeed to stop half way. I am yet young, not twenty-three, and now is the time to use my energies. I believe a man must succeed here if he is energetic, industrious, persevering, and economical, and believing this, I would be doing injustice to my own feelings and to my friends to leave without giving it a fair trial.

231

My dear Ellen, you must not think from what I have written above, that I love you less, or that I am getting careless or indifferent about my friends or home. I am anxious to return, and have a home of my own or rather our own, a domestic fireside. To return with as poor a hand as I left with would almost necessarily render this next to impossible. You and I may just as well speak just what we think to each other, and therefore, I will use no reserve and I hope you will not either. I could not

bear the idea of taking a wife where the chances would be against my supporting her, and where one lives just upon what he earns and that just sufficient. A protracted illness or disability would be sure to produce misery and wretchedness. For myself, I could bear anything, but to see a sweet and confiding woman suffering on my account, would render me the most miserable of wretches.

Everything is very different in this country to what it was a year ago. Then we could scarcely get anything to make one comfortable. Now we can live tolerably well. Our fare is improving greatly.

I hear that there are over sixty *old maids* in West Chester! That is a great number indeed! But I believe it is their own fault. They won't accept when the beaux do propose to them! There are also a good many *old bachelors*. You cannot yet be put down under that head, and I hope to return and take you as a helpmate before I can be classed as an old bach.

My sheet is now full and I must close. Do write me often. Tell me all about yourself; everything, even the most trifling, interests me. Believe me as ever your

E. CHRISTMAN.

232

Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Office of the Village Record, West Chester, June 15th, 1851.

My Dear Christman:—This is Sunday morning and West Chester wears the usual quiet air.

The old *Record* is moving along with increased patronage. We have a person out in the county constantly hunting up subscribers. Mr. Evans is busy with politics. His chances are good for nomination. Your paper is regularly received and I am pleased and amused with its contents.

The past week in West Chester has been one of great excitement. The Spring Exhibition of the Horticultural Society came off. We also had a company of Oregon Indians to amuse and initiate us into the customs and habits of the Indian. Several thousand people must have visited West Chester from different parts of the county, among whom were some of the prettiest ladies ever allowed to

live. I saw Ellen there. I am sorry you were not with us to share some of the fun and see the pretty girls.

Your brother Jefferson has been with Samuel Evans about two months. He does not like West Chester very well, and like you and I were when we first came here, has been a little homesick. Jefferson is a smart boy.

Present my love to Clinton and tell him if he comes back to West Chester with a “pile,” he will be formidable among the ladies. They are fond of the “rocks.”

All hands bid me present their respects to you and say they would be pleased to see you in West Chester.

Your old friend

PRIZER.

233

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman Wednesday morning, June 4, 1851.

My Own Dear Enos:—It was delightful to me to read over and over again your very interesting letter. I had to laugh when I read your dream, and I thought how much more I would enjoy the reality. I have had some amusing dreams myself but I would not like to put them down on paper.

You speak of the effect the reception or non-reception of a letter has on a Californian. When I am expecting a letter and do not receive one, I feel disappointed, and how much worse must you feel when you are disappointed in a strange land, and among strangers. I hear that some men fly to intoxicating drink to enable them to bear their disappointments. What a distressing thing it is!

I hope you may sell out to advantage. You have been more ambitious than any person I ever knew and I am sure industry will be rewarded.

Mrs. Dixon continues as gay as a butterfly.

There is a panorama of a whaling voyage round the world here at present. I went to see it on Monday evening. I saw Cape Horn. While I was sitting in the Hall I called to mind the last panorama you and I went together to see.

Your younger brother is in Samuel Evans' store. I have seen him several times, but I do not see that he looks a great deal like you. I only wish he did look more like you.

Nothing more at present. A speedy return is the prayer of her that loves you.

ELLEN APPLE.

234

Enos Christman to Peebles Prizer Herald Office, Sonora, Saturday evening, Aug. 9, 1851.

My Dear Prizer:—Another week is ended, another week's work is over, and we are one week nearer the grave.

When your letter reached me, I received one from Panama, but who in the deuce it could be from I could not imagine. However, upon breaking the seal, judge my surprise to find a letter from Frederick E. Foster, dated “*Panama Herald* office, July 3d, 1851.” It appears that he had started for California, but being seized there with a *pecuniary disease* such as I have felt on more than one occasion he was unable to proceed. To replenish his exhausted coffers, he wisely went to work sticking type and writing editorials. Fred has had some sharp lessons since he left the old *Record* office. Ditto of Christman.

But my voyage, what has it been? After a little Fourth of July excursion of eight months' duration, I find that I have drifted round Cape Horn and landed on the western shores of the Continent, in El Dorado, on a kind of half and half wild goose chase. Accursed gold. Ah, why was ruin so attractive made, Oh, why fond man so easily betrayed!

Think not by this that I am disheartened. Far be that from me. *Persevere* is the sentiment. I am only a little tired of our barbarous, semi-civilized mode of living. Can we ever look for a reunion of the four youthful spirits who entered the *Record* office a few years ago? If that cannot be, I hope to meet them one by one 235 some where on this terrestrial globe. Where will we be at the end of the next four years?

You must have had a splendid time during exhibition week, with Indians, pretty girls, etc. But some of the latter you have all the time, and the Indians you should see in their native costume, perfectly nude except a breechclout below the waist, at least the wild Indians here go in that state. I have seen numbers of them.

You say that Clint will be quite formidable with the ladies if he returns with “a pocketful of rocks!” None of us has as yet gathered a very large “pile,” but we expect to remain until we do make something, if that is forever. I am doing very well now, and shall continue as long as I can clear three or four dollars per day.

I hope Mr. Evans will be successful in receiving the nomination for the Senate. I think it would be of some benefit to you, either an increase of wages or a permanent interest in the establishment. I should like to have an interest in a paper like the *Record*. I now receive the West Chester papers middling regularly.

Haines, Atkins and Davis are all in this neighborhood. I should like to go home now, but I came here for *pecuniary benefit*. I shall remain here another year or so if all goes well as at present. Remember me to all my friends. Write me often.

As ever your friend,

ENOS CHRISTMAN.

Have you any notion of coming to California?

236

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Sunday, August 10, 1851.

My Betrothed Ellen:—Your letter of June 4th reached me on Wednesday last. The mail was due early in the evening, but did not arrive until very late. I was anxious, however, to hear from you and so posted myself in a good situation and so great was the rush, I waited until near midnight before I could get my letters. I am very much pleased with your letter and I am only sorry I cannot write you something that will please you as well. About three weeks ago I received one from my uncle dated and mailed in December last. Your letter was written on the fourth of June and not mailed until the 16th. If it had been mailed a day or two after it was written, it would have reached me two weeks sooner. Whenever you have a letter written and Prizer is not ready to send one, you can direct it plainly to Sonora, Tuolumne County, California, and drop it in the post office immediately.

Yesterday I received a letter from our old friend, Cale Thornbury, dated June 18th, 1851. He was then on the Klamath River near Oregon. I believe he is doing very well, but the Indians are very troublesome in that neighborhood. He had just received a letter from home and wrote as if he were in high spirits. Although I have not been as successful as I could have wished, I have made something, and methinks I hear Hope whispering all is well.

Nearly every steamer that arrives now brings a great many ladies. We are having beautiful moonlight evenings and were we together who could tell the pleasures of one evening walk? I would have ten thousand things to tell you of, and twice ten thousand questions to ask and have answered.

You speak of a panorama of a whaling voyage exhibiting in West Chester. Well do I remember the last panoramic exhibition I visited. It was of the Mammoth Cave, and other pictures. On a Saturday, I think. I know it was a beautiful moonlight evening. I know we had a long walk after we left the hall. I also know that we were happy. And, oh, for a return of those glorious, happy hours. That was not long before I left. Do you remember the last Sunday I was in Chester County? Well do I remember it. Cad and Prizer, you and I were at Unionville. I believe your equanimity was a little

disturbed at my incidentally mentioning my determination of coming to California. But I did not think I could start so soon after. Ellen, I do wish you were here.

And now, dear Ellen, I must close by subscribing myself, as ever devoutly yours,

E. CHRISTMAN.

ltr Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Office of the Village Record, Sunday, Sept. 28, 1851.

Dear Friend:—A long time has elapsed since I last wrote to you. I have been participating in exciting times, in the midst of a political campaign in Pennsylvania. I have been electioneering, more or less, for the last two months.

I ought to have written some weeks since, but I wanted to wait and give you the result of the County Convention. On Tuesday last, Henry S. Evans was 238 nominated as the Whig candidate for the office of State Senator, on the 12th ballot, after one of the hardest contests man ever passed through. He had to fight his way inch by inch against powerful opposition. No stone was left unturned. I worked long, hard and faithfully for Mr. Evans. He will certainly be elected. We expect to re-elect Gov. Johnston. A few days ago Johnston visited West Chester, and addressed the people. Tomorrow Col. Bigler, his opponent, will pay us a visit, and address the multitude. This is a novel feature in Pennsylvania politics, and will benefit the Whig cause.

On the Locofoco side our mutual friend, Capt. Apple, has been nominated for Treasurer. The Captain will run well, but I think cannot be elected. I am in a tight place. I probably will vote for him as a personal compliment—but not to elect him.

I have been enjoying myself. I went to Camp Meeting at Pughtown. There was a large turn-out. Mr. Evans went with me to Camp—but not to be spiritually benefited. There was also electioneering to be done there.

In this region of country, we have had no rain for four months past, of any moment. Between West Chester and the Brandywine every particle of grass is dried up, and the country is parched, like

winter, or even worse than winter. This morning it commenced raining, but enough rain did not fall to lay the dust, and the sun is again shining.

Jeff is getting along quite well with Sam'l Evans. Sam'l is full of fun, and as big a devil as ever. The editor will soon be blessed with another little *responsibility*. He is great at this business.

239

The ladies—the sun of attraction to some young men—I think want a little more courting and hugging. But to hug one, and neglect the others, is like taking a single grain of sand from the seashore, as the commencement to remove the whole mass. You make no perceptible effect.

I must stop and pay a visit at Mr. Apple's. Enclosed you will find a letter from Miss Apple. All hands send their warm regards.

Your old friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., Sunday afternoon, Aug. 31, 1851.

My Own Dear Enos:—To describe to you my anxiety for the last three weeks would be impossible, therefore you may judge what a relief your truly acceptable letter was to my mind. When I saw by the *Ledger* that Mr. Gunn had been dragged from his bed and murdered, and that several others employed in the office had been shot, I felt dreadfully distressed, and when I saw by another paper that the two proprietors, Mr. Gunn and Mr. Christman, had been murdered at Sonora, words would not describe my feelings. I saw the positive contradiction next day in the paper. Theodore assured me from the first that it was not true, for he said they were in the habit of making up that sort of lies in California.

My dear Enos, I am rejoiced to find that you are alive and well. But in a place where there are such bad times and such cold-blooded murderers, an innocent 240 man is not safe. They are the ones that suffer most. I firmly believe you would not remain from choice with such an uncivilized set of

people, and be separated from all your friends and suffer so many privations. You say you cannot in justice to your friends and yourself return without giving that country a fair trial. I think you have. As to your friends, if they are not pleased, let them be displeased. You have made the effort and that is more than they would do. Suppose you are doing tolerably well. It will do you no good if you get sick there, for some person will rob you. If you have but one dollar left when you arrive in the borough of West Chester, you can give Mr. Henry Evans 50 cents of that and I am sure he would ask nothing more. Do not think, dear Enos, it is because I am anxious to get married that I write so. No, it is because I want to enjoy your company, and I want you away from such a dangerous set of people. Something seems to tell me you will be home this winter. I hope you have been so fortunate that you have come to this conclusion yourself.

My sister told me to send her best respects to you and says it is against her principles to advise anybody to remain in California.

Jeffries Babb has returned from California. He says he has made up his mind that he can make more money between here and there than he can in that country. He was in the mineral water business in San Francisco.

I remain yours most truly and affectionately,

ELLEN APPLE.

241

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, Cal., Sunday evening, Oct. 26, 1851.

My Own Dear Ellen:—For the last two mails previous I received nothing from you. Your truly welcome letter of August 31st came at length and I cannot express upon paper the happiness it brought me. Prizer, I suppose, detained it in his possession, for his letter was dated later than yours.

I was in hopes that the villainous report of our supposed murder would not reach you, for I well knew the distress it would put you all in. I wrote by the first mail after the occurrence, denying the

story altogether, so that it must only have been a little over two weeks from the time you heard the first story until you read my letter contradicting it. My poor mother worried worst of all. After hearing the story she could not give full credit to the contradiction until she read it over my own signature.

I know you must have been harassed between doubt and uncertainty when you read that the proprietors, Messrs. Gunn and Christman, had been so brutally murdered. And I am told that some of my friends really concluded at once that I had shuffled off this mortal coil, but thanks to a kind Providence, it was not true and I am still here and permitted to indulge in the pleasing task of conversing, though at a distance, with her whom I hope ere long to make "my better half." Theodore's knowledge of the way in which stories are often raised and circulated in California must have been a great consolation to you.

I am afraid that you make the picture of life in California a little darker than what it really is. Bad 242 as it is, and notwithstanding the great number of gamblers and other worthless persons within our borders, there are many, very many, high-minded and honorable men in our midst and if a man is quiet and sober he can generally avoid all quarrels in which rowdies and drunken men always see fit to draw the bowie knife and revolver. And I believe if men had their sweethearts, wives and children out here, we should have as good order and as much protection to life and property as in any new country. Indeed if you were only out here with me, I am sure that we would both like it so well that we would not wish to return until we had made our fortune.

I see by a late *Record*, which I have received, that Miss Bradshaw has set sail on the sea of matrimony. I believe she has chosen a very worthy young man and one who will make a good husband.

You and I, dear Ellen, have now been corresponding a good while, and as yet, with the exception of an indirect allusion to the subject now and then, we have said but little in regard to marriage. We are pledged to each other, and I think we may just as well have a little more to say about the matter, and I should like to hear your views and opinions in regard thereto. I suppose your parents

are satisfied with me or they would have objected to my visits while in West Chester and our correspondence since my departure. If I could establish myself on my return, I do not see any very strong objections to our getting married soon after. If all this should turn out as I hope it may, I should look upon that as a very happy day. This is a matter of some importance and I think we know each other well enough to canvass it thoroughly. I hope you will write me fully and freely on this subject in your next 243 letter. It is a matter in which I begin to feel deeply interested.

My experience thus far through the world has been of a rather rough nature, and my ramblings have taught me to wish for a home, a domestic fireside, at which I could stop with pleasure. Dear Ellen, I wish you were here now. If it were not for the long distance and the difficult way, and the objections others would raise to the proposition, I would at once propose some means to get you to join me in this place. I am building a house in a pleasant part of the city, which will be finished in about ten days, and which I think I can rent for forty or fifty dollars per month, and other suitable domestic arrangements could be made, I think, without any serious difficulty.

A few evenings since I jokingly told Mrs. Gunn that I was going to send for my sweetheart to come out here. She laughed heartily about it and asked me if I didn't want a recommendation! I told her I did, and she and Mr. Gunn each wrote me one, which I am enclosing. They may perhaps afford you pleasantries.

Sonora, October 9th, 1851.

Having been acquainted with Enos Christman for more than a year, and lived in the same house with him, so as to observe all his movements by night and by day, I can testify to his good moral character and to his industry and general amiability of disposition. He would doubtless make an excellent husband to any young lady who deserves a good one and as such he is recommended with the fullest confidence to the ladies of Chester County in general or to one of them in particular, knowing that the ladies in that section of the Union are able to appreciate true republicanism and manliness of character.

Signed with my hand and sealed with my official seal this 9th day of October, 1851.

LEWIS C. GUNN,

(Editor *Sonora Herald*.)

Having been acquainted with Mr. Christman for several months, I take the greatest pleasure in saying that I most sincerely believe that any lady who may unite her fate with his can't but be happy, and that it will give me much pleasure to have for a neighbor any lady whom he shall choose for a companion. A nice little house is being built close by. I hope it will soon be occupied. One thing I will say that the lady will have to depend on herself. All domestic duties she must perform. This is California fashion. But there is a pleasure in being thus independent of domestics. Health, love, contentment, abundance and bright prospects are all here . I would recommend the Nicaragua route as being the best, as it is the quickest.

E.L.B. GUNN.

This morning I concluded to have my likeness taken, and I forward it with this to you. I am only sorry that it is not the original that is to go and the likeness to remain. However, unless all my calculations are defeated, I will return home next fall or summer, before the cold sets in, and perhaps early in the spring. The likeness I think is a very fair picture of the original in his everyday working costume. If you compare this with the one you already have, you will perhaps be able to discern a vast difference in the outer appearance, but I can assure you the inner man has not undergone so great a change.

I broke the ring which you gave me and sent it down to San Francisco to have it mended. Last evening it came back mended and as emblematic as ever of the love which binds us together, being endless. I have scarcely had it off my finger since you placed it there, and it is a memento ever present to remind me of her who gave it.

With your last letter I received also one from Miss Hunter. It was the first I had received from her since early last spring and I had supposed our correspondence had ceased. In her last letter she expresses her readiness to break off the correspondence, and I have written her a short note acknowledging the receipt of her letter, telling her that it should be considered by both of us as the last communication necessary to pass between us. I had told you before that I had received from and written letters to her, and although you have said nothing in regard to it, I deem this explanation due on my part to you. She is the only female except yourself and my mother, between whom and myself letters have passed since my departure from West Chester.

My daguerreotype will reach you just before Christmas and you will consider it a Christmas present. And now, again I must bid you adieu, while I remain as ever your devoted and affectionate

E. CHRISTMAN.

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Office of the Village Record, Sunday afternoon, October 26, 1851.

Dear Christman:—Here in the *Record* office, we have hardly recovered from the late political campaign. It made us a great deal of extra work. The smoke of battle is gradually clearing away and we find ourselves licked like thunder throughout the State. In Chester County we did the clean thing and proved ourselves “*sound corn to the tassel.*” The whole county ticket has been 246 elected by large majorities. Our mutual friend, Captain Apple, was not elected County Treasurer. It was a “*poor season for Apples.*” This device was on some of the transparencies in the torch-light processions before the election.

Mr. Evans is elected Senator by a large majority, and will again go to Harrisburg. His friends worked hard to keep up his vote.

We have a line of telegraph to West Chester and feel quite proud of the construction. The office is at Mrs. Hunter's.

On Wednesday we will have the Circus. This will bring the negroes to town. We have also a course of lectures at the Methodist Church, which I very much enjoy. We boys have formed a debating society, such as we used to have in your time.

The Gideons are all true to their ancient faith. I acknowledge that I wait upon Miss Sallie Cope pretty regularly. She is a very pleasant girl, fine company and good pastime. But I am not married yet.

Write soon and full.

Your friend,

PEEBLES PRIZER

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., October 28, 1851.

My Dear Enos:—I received your very welcome letter of August 10th and according to your request hasten to answer. I generally look for your letters several days before I get them, but your last one arrived the very day I expected it, which was a great pleasure to me. I read it with eagerness, for it was kind and 247 affectionate. I think you had better make up your mind to come home. Let the hills of gold stay where they are if you cannot get them without risking your life or health.

I visited my sister and while in the city I had my ears pierced. I am perfectly satisfied with the saying that pride must be punished for they have been just as sore as they could be ever since.

There is very little news except political. The men all seem to have their heads filled with that. Father was nominated by the Democratic party for the office of treasurer but he did not think of such a thing as being elected. He had not been to a political meeting for years, and never talked politics to any person. He is a strong temperance man. He said he would never have believed that men would have been guilty of the little, dirty tricks that he had seen since he was nominated. He said he would never get an office if it required him to give drinks and lower himself to speak to men

that he did not respect or countenance before. Mr. Evans was nominated for Senator. The Whigs carried the whole ticket in Chester County, so of course Father was defeated but not disappointed, for he had made up his mind long ago that if it was to be gained by electioneering he would never be elected.

Mrs. Joseph Henderson requested me to ask you about her brother. He keeps a restaurant and hauls provisions. His name is Jonathan Roberts.

I think it very likely by the time you return, Mr. Prizer will be a married man. Take good care of yourself, and try to make yourself believe that it will be better for you to come home.

From yours sincerely and devotedly,

ELLEN APPLE.

248

Peebles Prizer to Enos Christman Office of the Village Record, Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1851.

Dear Christman:—You express some desire to return and state that you are tired of California. You want to know my opinion of business. If you have accumulated enough, or any considerable portion towards commencing business, come home at once, by all means. But if you think you are doing better in California than you might do here, hesitate before you return. This is weighing your return on purely business grounds.

To draw a line between the doings of yourself and me for the past two years, I would at once say you have done the better. I do not complain, nor do I despair. But what I state is a fact. I have not the slightest reason to entertain a hope of any proposition to share or have an interest in the profits of the *Village Record* establishment. Not the least. In regard to this you labor under a great mistake. It has never seriously entered my head. Within three weeks Mr. Evans will leave for the Senate, for a three years' absence, when all the duties of the office, editorially and mechanically, will fall under

my superintendence. Yet nothing of this kind has been even intimated. This you ought to consider conclusive. At least I do.

From experience, and other causes, my services have become almost indispensable in the office. I labored incessantly for Mr. Evans' nomination, and to my exertions he is probably indebted for his seat in the State Senate. I did not do this out of an interested motive, or with any object of future benefits to myself. I know his character well, and have discovered his 249 weak points. His post in the Senate will be a laborious one. Chester County wants much legislation.

After his arrangements are pretty well fixed for his departure for Harrisburg, I will notify him of what will be to him a startling fact—that I will expect an increased salary in the future—say not less than \$10 and probably \$12 per week. Should he refuse, he will soon lose my services, for I can get \$15 per week elsewhere. I do not think he would be so great a fool as to drive me from him. My services are worth \$20 per week to him now. He can go away for weeks and months, and his business will go on during his absence as if he were at home. This is precisely the position I stand.

Well, that daguerreotype^{*} has taken us by surprise. You look like a Turk. It made Mr. Evans laugh. I think it is a very true likeness. Your brother Jefferson said he did not know it. He said you looked savage and just looked to him like a sailor.

Frontispiece

Do not infer from what I have said that I do not wish to see you home. No indeed. You know me—how I was opposed to your going to California. But since you have risked so much to reach it, give it a fair trial. I have watched your movements there with more than a brother's regard. No one will receive you with a warmer heart than myself when you think it is best to return to your earlier friends. May success crown your efforts.

Write often, and in detail, and I remain

In haste,

PEEBLES PRIZER.

250

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., Monday afternoon, Dec. 8, 1851.

My Own Dear Enos:—How shall I express the unexpected joy I felt when I received your kind letter accompanied with your daguerreotype. You could have sent nothing but yourself, that would have been half so acceptable. Although it was such a great pleasure to receive it, it made me feel rather sad to see how much thinner you are. But, oh, that awful California is enough to wear flesh and bones both away. Your hair being short, and you with moustache and whiskers, alter your appearance very much indeed. The eyes and mouth look very natural. The sleeves rolled up and the knife sticking in the belt, make me think that it is a hard country, for one of the very best of men to be in. But I am glad you sent it, for I love to look at it, changed as you are. I do hope the next surprise I meet with, will be the original himself. Do not, dear Enos, put off coming home later than next spring. Let it be sooner. Just to think, beside the glorious pleasure it will be to me, what a great pleasure it will be to your dear mother. That part of your letter which speaks of California being made as good as any new country, if men had their families there, I think is a mistake. Enough of the right kind of men will never go there to conquer the bad part of the community.

You say very little has been said with regard to the fulfillment of our engagement. We both, I think, understand each other. We have the greatest confidence in each other. We love each other. When you return and get settled, it will be an easy matter for us to fix a suitable and proper time. We will have plenty of 251 time then to talk over matters. I know my father and mother have no objections or they would have expressed them long before this.

Should you be successful where you are, I do not know how I should perform the household duties, but it would certainly be my greatest pleasure to try to do them well. As I am always assisting Mother in everything they would not be very new to me. I am very glad Dr. Gunn's family has arrived. It must be so much more comfortable and seem more like living to you.

There seems to be quite an excitement about Hossuth the Hungarian. He has arrived in New York. Great preparations are being made in Philadelphia to receive him. Miss Catherine Hays, the Irish Swan, is now singing in Philadelphia. She does not produce the excitement that Jenny Lind did.

I saw by the papers a few days ago an account of a young man who had left a comfortable home in the South. He had gone to California, been very successful in three years, and returned to Philadelphia. He was taken very sick on his passage and when he arrived in Philadelphia, had not a friend, and went to the nearest tavern which was an awfully low house in Water Street. He remained there two weeks when he was discovered by the police, almost in the agonies of death. He told the police he had been robbed of nearly all his money while there, but he still had two bags which he wished sent to his parents. One bag contained four hundred dollars and the other gold dust. He had better never heard tell of California.

We had a very heavy fall of snow which lasted nearly two weeks, then we had another snow storm, which made the best sleighing known for many years. West Chester was unusually lively. The cars were not 252 able to run from Saturday till Thursday, the snow having drifted so much. The mail was carried in a sleigh. Elizabeth Hodgson, and Poulson and Baker of the *Record* office, called in a two-horse sleigh for me, to go to Unionville. We had not gone very far before we had an upset in a snow-drift. That is what some people call the fun of going sleighing. Fortunately no one was hurt.

I hope you will write soon, telling me you have made up your mind to come home immediately.

Sincerely and devotedly,

ELLEN APPLE.

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Sonora, California January 25, 1852.

Dearest Ellen:—Your kindly welcome letter of Dec. 8th reached me, acknowledging the receipt of mine of the last of October, together with the daguerreotype. It does the soul good and sends a thrill of joy through the whole system to receive and read letters like that. In the absence of late

letters, I reread some of the first ones I ever received from you. I never read them over without being reminded of the night on which we parted the last time, the burning tears that were then shed, the mutual vows that were then made by us both, and then our last parting kiss. Those vows I have sacredly kept and intend to fulfill them all. I'm thinking of you nearly all the time.

You have spoken of our union and you tell me you think your parents would throw no obstacles in the way. That is well. Parents should be consulted in regard

A LETTER TO ELLEN FROM ENOS CHRISTMAN

253 to such matters, and it is always desirable that they should approve the choice of their children, but I must own to you that opposition from such a source would never deter me from marrying a lady if she were willing and I had confidence in my own ability to support and protect her. But happily for us no such objection exists, or at least if it does, it has not shown itself yet.

In one of my former letters, I suggested that it would be almost a year from the Christmas just past before I could return home. The announcement surprised and astonished you very much. I could not calculate with any certainty for I then had scarcely enough funds to carry me home. But as I told you, I have now made up my mind to return between now and the time cold weather sets in, and instead of only arriving there about next Christmas, I almost hope by that time to call you wife. How do you think that would sound? If I get home in September, it will be a little over the period of three years set down for my absence at the time I started. I don't want you to get tired of waiting.

Money without any other comforts or pleasures is of little value, and for the purpose of being again in your society, I willingly yield up all these fair prospects, although dimes can scarcely be made there where dollars are here. You have complained in several instances of my ambitious propensities. It may be, dear Ellen, that I have too grasping a spirit, but I regard a man without a laudable ambition with a feeling bordering on contempt. Moreover, I have found by my contact with mankind, which has been none of the smoothest, that a man lacking ambition, energy, and perseverance scarcely obtains to even a moderate degree of success.

An office companion, a fellow-printer, who has been 254 in this country five years, and engaged to a young lady in New York with whom he has been corresponding regularly ever since, and congratulating himself upon the happiness he would have next spring when he intended to return and make her his bride, received a letter from his brother recently stating that she had been married to another. Since then the poor fellow has been low spirited and melancholy, cursing the world and all things in it. He had loved her so much and believed her so true that he now regards the whole female race as a set of vile deceivers, and consigns them all to a fate to which the torments of Pluto's dominions would be a paradise. But I tell him they are not all so. I tell him I know at least one who could never act so basely. But she has deceived him so much that his whole future life will be one of misery. He can never love again and will ever be wretched. What must her feelings be? She cannot be happy!

I received a letter from Mr. Thornbury. He said a great many funny things. I told him you had made frequent inquiry concerning him, and he said I should give you his respects and tell you he was flourishing. He is far north in the Indian Country and has lost considerable by Indians, but is doing very well and is in fine spirits. He will probably return home next summer. I would like to go in company with him.

Believe me as heretofore, faithfully yours,

E. CHRISTMAN.

Pebbles Prizer to Enos Christman Office of the Village Record, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8, 1852.

Dear Christman:—I am glad to hear you are in such 255 good spirits and that there is a strong probability of soon grasping you by the hand. Well, come on. We will try and receive you.

I am kept busy almost night and day in the *Record* office. I have made much more liberal arrangements with Mr. Evans and am now quite well paid for my work. I am entirely satisfied.

Dear fellow, my single days are numbered. I will be married on the evening of the 18th inst. to Sallie. The affair will take place quietly, in the presence of a few reliable friends. When I go to housekeeping, I will probably occupy the editor's small house, on High Street. I mean to enjoy life. I go into the matter coolly and thinkingly—not with the wild enthusiasm of youth. But I will tell you in my next how I get through.

Please excuse the brevity of this letter. I am too busy to write more.

PEEBLES PRIZER.

Ellen Apple to Enos Christman West Chester, Pa., March 5, 1852.

Most Adored Enos:—I received your very welcome letter a few days ago and was perfectly delighted to hear from you. It was only 38 days from the day it was written till I received it. You say you will be home before cold weather. The sooner the better. It seems selfish in me, but I cannot advise you to stay. I want you to come home. Please, dear Enos, do not put it off longer. Begin to settle up your affairs soon, for it will take a long time to get ready to leave a place where you have been three years.

256

Mr. Prizer and Miss Cope were married by the Rev. Cookman. They had quite a large wedding. Mother and Father were there. As Sarah Prizer and I are not good friends, of course I was not invited to the wedding. They sent me a card to call on them, but if it were not that Mr. Prizer had been such a kind friend to me and I respect him so much, I would never go to see them. I have not seen Mr. Prizer since he was married. He has been quite afflicted since, with the inflammatory rheumatism, and has been compelled to remain away from the office.

There could be no objections to my fixing a day for our wedding, but I don't think it's worth while. I will endeavor to be through with my sewing against you come home, and then we can set whatever time you think will be suitable. We can soon decide that matter.

Our Theodore says the moon is in the right quarter for marriages. Report says he is going to be married to Miss Hunter, but we don't believe it, for he spends too many evenings at home and keeps too good hours. He is always home before ten.

The contractors of the direct railroad from here to Philadelphia calculate having it in running order in twenty-three months. The depot is to be back of us, in Market Street.

Spring will soon be here, and I hope pleasant weather. Take good care of yourself, dear Enos, and write when you can.

Most sincerely and devotedly,

ELLEN APPLE.

257

The Fifth Letter Bag

Enos Christman to Ellen Apple Herald Office, Sonora, California, Wednesday evening, April 28, 1852.

My Adored Ellen:—But a little while now remains ere I intend to wend my way to my old home. My home now, only because you are there. And I must here tell you that it is for you that I do intend to return and make my home there again. If you were not there many would be the days, months, aye, years, that would roll over ere I again visited the scenes of my younger days. Possibly I might never return. But if I only reach home safely, I know I will there find a richer treasure in you than I could gather here in a whole age, a treasure that will amply repay me for all I have endured. When I return and get settled it will be an easy matter for us to fix a proper and suitable time. I am glad you speak so confidently that your parents have no objections.

The nearer the time approaches for my return, the more impatient and restless I am getting. But time flies on lightning wings and a few weeks will soon roll around. Then, I am in hopes, we will not

have to be separated a very long period at a time. The last two weeks have seemed almost as long as the last two years. I pray Heaven that when I start for home I may be favored with pleasant weather and fair winds.

By the last mail I forwarded to Mr. Evans a draft *via* Adams & Co. for an amount well above what he advanced me, and all that I can now raise will be my own.

This will be the last letter I expect to write you from this place and, indeed, my next I hope to carry to you myself. I hardly know what more to write, except to tell you how happy I feel at the prospect of soon being with you, where I can press you to my bosom and tell you verbally what it would require pages of letters to contain. Ah, my dear Ellen, the many kind, loving and affectionate letters I have received from you have always been a balm to the vexations and trials incident to a residence in this far-off golden country; and now that I am about soon to return to that loved and confiding one, who wrote them, and with whom I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life, I almost feel too overjoyed to express myself. In two or three weeks after this reaches you, I expect to be in West Chester, and then you can tell the rest. Oh, how happy we will be.

I am making every preparation to leave San Francisco for Panama on the first of July in some one of the various steamships plying between those two places. I think I shall cross the Isthmus and go direct to New York. The Nicaragua route has a bad reputation here. I am afraid that none of my Chester County friends will return with me. I confidently hope to be with you in the beginning of August, and until then I need not assure you that I remain, as ever,

Your adoring

ENOS CHRISTMAN.

259

The Homeward Journal

Tuesday, June 29, 1852

—On Monday week, at 4 1/2 o'clock A.M., I left Sonora for Stockton, in a five-horse coach of Adams & Co. In the coach were fourteen passengers—a Chilian woman, a Mexican child, two Mexicans, a Dutchman, and several Yankees. At Stockton, I took passage on a steamer for San Francisco. I found the city very much changed in appearance.

A large number of persons bound for Panama held a meeting on Long Wharf and formed a company of 37, myself included. Great excitement prevailed among the passengers and steamboat runners. The steamship *Golden Gate* came down from Benicia. She is a splendid boat, and a good deal of competition exists between her and the *Winfield Scott*, also an excellent boat. Fare is very low on both of them, steerage to Panama being only \$40. We obtained our choice of berths in the forward saloon or cabin in the *Winfield Scott* at \$40, which had been selling singly at \$110.

I shipped ninety-three ounces of gold dust to the mint in Philadelphia through Adams & Co., purchased a bill of \$35 in clothing, and bought a watch at auction for \$34. Our company bought the following, as private stores during our passage down:

1 case claret wine \$4.50

3 cans oysters 3.00

260

6 boxes sardines \$3.00

2 lbs. white sugar .50

1 can crackers 2.50

3 lbs. butter 2.50

2 lbs. cheese .50

1 bottle brandy, best 1.00

1 can preserves 4.00

We took our stores and baggage aboard, and drew our special deposits from Adams & Co.

At noon on Saturday, in cold, foggy, and gloomy weather, the plank was drawn, two guns were fired on the ship, and in a few minutes the boat moved off. In an hour we had passed the Golden Gate and were on the broad Pacific. We kept down the coast in sight of hilly and rugged land until evening.

All is quiet and orderly on board. There are many passengers and all are contented and satisfied, only a few having been seasick. So far I have luckily escaped this scourge.

The weather has become more pleasant and the sun has shone occasionally. We are a good distance out at sea. Yesterday the sails were out all day and we made 254 miles. Today there is no wind and the sails are not set. I have seen no sea birds or fish of any kind. The passengers amuse themselves with cards and I spent an hour in this manner today with several friends. We passed a small island about dark, name forgotten.

Sunday, July 4

—We have made about 240 miles each day. I have been somewhat seasick. After continued thunder and lightning during the night, a very little rain, and squalls, at daylight yesterday we found 261 ourselves in sight of the coast—very rugged, mountainous land, apparently covered thickly with low chaparral. Soon after, we met a steamer with passengers from Panama to San Francisco.

After a warm and damp night, we arrived in the harbor of Acapulco, where we were boarded by the Custom House officers and permitted to land, paying the natives 25 and 50 cents for carrying us in boats to the landing. The natives are nearly as red as our aborigines.

Acapulco contains a population of several thousand, and is built at the foot of very high and rugged hills, extending almost to the water's edge. The streets are narrow and run a zigzag course, but

are remarkably clean and well paved. The houses are but one story high, with few windows and no chimneys, the floors usually laid with brick and cemented, the walls of adobes plastered and whitewashed, the roof of tiles well laid and cemented with plaster. Each large building has an open court or yard in its center and some few of the houses are carpeted. I observed one piano.

Fruits are abundant and cheap. Cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, and melons grow in various parts of the city and vicinity. The coco groves are a great ornament to the place, with their tall, slim, trunks without a single limb to the very top, and then a fine bunch of nuts, and their long waving leaves. The oranges, however, are not of a very fine quality.

The climate is very warm and the inhabitants dress in the coolest and simplest manner. They are all Catholics and spend much of their time in amusements. They have their gambling saloons. In the afternoon, we attended a cockfight, at which large sums were staked. There is a very strong fort, well armed, which commands the harbor and its entrance, and there are some interesting ruins which evidence the former greatness of the place and the destroying power of the earthquake. About a mile from the city, on the road to the city of Mexico, is a stone bridge built in 1783 which is no discredit to that time. The walls of this bridge, as well as those of the fort, have been split in several places by earthquakes.

Board and lodging is eight dollars per week; single meals one dollar, but they can be afforded at much less. Dry goods and liquors are as cheap as in New York. The steamers are here supplied with stores, coal, chickens, hogs, and cattle.

We had a deal of amusement with the fishing boys, who swarmed around the boat, swimming in the water, while the passengers threw dimes for them to dive after. They are expert divers and would sometimes go down to the depth of 25 or 30 feet and seldom miss the object sought after. The bay is not very large but finely protected on all sides by high hills.

Wednesday, July 7

—Sunday night the steamship *Golden Gate* arrived in the bay and anchored close by us. Early next morning, one of the guns aboard our ship was fired, warning all hands to be aboard, and we took our departure and were soon out at sea. About one o'clock Monday night, the *Golden Gate* came up alongside of us, and soon left us in her wake. We sailed in sight of land, the coast appearing less rugged than further north.

I have been sleeping on a bench on deck. Last night was hot and sultry, with a light wind offshore. I was 263 very seasick, but feel better. Collections have been made to enable several passengers who came aboard in ill health to continue their journey home.

Wednesday, July 14

—We arrived in Panama Harbor about 2 o'clock Sunday night, and landed next morning in small boats, paying two dollars for self and baggage. Immediately on landing, I went to the *Echo* office in quest of my old friend and fellow apprentice, Fred E. Foster. I found him in the street, took breakfast with him, and had a very pleasant time.

Panama is a much larger and better built place than I anticipated. The houses are all very strongly built of stone and adobe, and many of them are two and three stories high. The streets are well paved, and considerable trade is transacted. There are a good many American stores and hotels.

I hired a handsome little horse, for \$21, to cross the Isthmus. After one of the hardest rides I ever took, over the worst roads, we arrived at Cruces, 25 miles distant, and put up at the American Hotel. During the time of crossing, it rained about half the time, it being the rainy season, and the road at places was exceedingly rough and muddy. Many an unlucky rider was tumbled over his animal's head and the animals of many others gave out long before they reached Cruces. I was exceedingly lucky, only dismounting once, and my horse did not fall a single time. I carried a carpetbag with me, but would not do so again, as a man has quite enough to take care of himself. A few women crossed over with us and we met a few going toward Panama. They were, of course, all much 264

fatigued and worn out. Children were carried across by the natives. The ladies were dressed in pantaloons and strode their animals.

The road is over very high hills and down steep gullies. The cuts are often twenty feet deep through the rock and so narrow that animals cannot pass each other. A part of the road has been well paved at one time but it is now in ruins, which often makes it worse than had it never been paved at all. I saw very little fruit growing.

Cruces, on the north bank of the Chagres River, is built almost entirely of straight poles set upright and covered with plantain and palm leaves. It has a population of about 2,000. Here we overtook many of the *Golden Gate* passengers who had arrived in Panama a day sooner than ourselves.

After an hour's ride down the river next morning, we arrived at Barbacoas, which is the present terminus of the railroad. There is one hotel in Barbacoas, at which some of our passengers took dinner. At 3 1/2 o'clock the cars started for Aspinwall, 22 miles distant, fare \$8. There were two trains and the cars were well finished. The distance is usually accomplished in two hours, but in our case the foremost train ran off the track, broke one of the cars, and detained us about three hours. Fortunately no one was harmed. The road passed over a comparatively level country and runs on the river bank at places. We passed heavy mahogany timber and luxuriant vegetation. It was raining and quite dark when we arrived at Aspinwall, and we had some difficulty in finding hotels for lodging. At length we groped our way to the Ocean House, where we had a tolerably decent supper, a first-rate iced lemonade, and a good cot to sleep on.

265

This morning we went to the steamship office and found that all the cabin tickets were taken at \$64 and \$80, and as nothing better could be obtained, we had to take steerage passage in the *United States* at \$40. At 9 o'clock the steamship *El Dorado* of the mail line left her wharf, full of passengers for New Orleans.

Aspinwall is a place of only a few months' growth, is built on a marshy spot, and consists of two wharves, the railroad station, and a few stores and hotels, the latter principally kept by Americans.

Thursday, July 15

—Last evening we hoisted anchor and paddled out to sea. I slept on deck until 2 o'clock when the rain drove me in. The weather is very warm and the sea very rough. A good many were sick.

Friday, July 16

—I lay on deck again last night, but slept very little. During the night a passenger, a middle-aged man, died and was consigned to the deep. This morning another old gentleman from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, died and was also consigned to the watery elements. Some think it cholera, and many of its symptoms certainly favor that opinion. Distance 209 miles.

Sunday, July 18

—No deaths today, and the sick are getting better. I have been quite seasick. Friday night another passenger died and was thrown overboard. Yesterday we passed a small island to the west and St. Domingo to the east. There was a shower, and we saw a large water spout.

266

Tuesday, July 20

—A terrible day on board. There have been seven or eight deaths and burials, and a large addition to the sick-list. There is very little wind and the sea is smooth and rolling. We saw seven sailing vessels, nearly all bound to the northward. The ship is making fine speed. Distance 300 miles.

Wednesday, July 21

—There are two new cases of sickness, and two deaths today. We have passed some half-dozen sailing vessels. There is some little gambling done aboard. My clean shirts were stolen.

Friday, July 23

—Wednesday night we passed two or three lighthouses and a number of sailing craft. At 4 A.M. we put another poor fellow overboard. Three hours later we passed the narrow entrance to the New York Harbor, where the fort is situated. On reaching the quarantine ground we were detained two hours in taking the sick aboard to the hospital, six in number, and also one dead man, making 15 or 16 deaths aboard. After this was finished, and just as we supposed we were going on to New York, the captain informed us that we were under quarantine for 24 hours, and if any were taken sick during that time, we would be detained longer, but that we could go ashore and remain within the hospital grounds, with a high wall surrounding them. We were very much disappointed and some made their escape and went on to the city. I succeeded in getting ashore, where I remained until 2 o'clock, when I was given permission by the hospital overseer, on giving my parole to return in the morning, to go to the city.

267

Last night with a single exception was the first time I have slept in a civilized bed for more than three years. It was quite refreshing to turn in between two snow-white sheets and to lay one's head upon a smooth, soft pillow. I slept only tolerably well, arose early and took breakfast, returned to the quarantine grounds, and obtained my baggage from the steamer. Most of the passengers had rid the boat of their presence somehow or other and the few who remained on board were anxiously waiting to be set at liberty. Two of those whom we took ashore sick have since died, making 16 or 17 deaths in all. The others are improving rapidly.

The balance of the passengers were permitted to leave the vessel at noon, and thus ends the sea voyage.

Part Six

THE SIXTH LETTER BAG

The Sixth Letter Bag

DeWitt Clinton Atkins to Enos Christman Sonora, October 27, 1852.

Dear Chris:—We were all glad to hear of your safe arrival home. We had accounts of the cholera being very bad on the Isthmus at the time you were there and I feared you would be one of its victims. All the boys want to know if you are well and if you are married. I tell them that you will let us know as soon as it comes off. Haines has just received official notice of his daughter's marriage. He would not believe that it was his daughter that was published in the *Record*. He didn't know the young man and was rather down on it at first, but is reconciled to it now. He says he supposes she must have a man.

Sonora is built up far better than ever. There are a number of adobe, brick and stone stores and dwellings. Dr. Gunn is building a large stone house, with cut stone front, fireproof. It will be decidedly the best built house in town when finished. Murray rented his house to a woman that kept a restaurant on the Plaza, next to Jaid's butcher shop, and bought mine for himself and his brother to live in. He paid me 150 dollars, and I had to move it on to his lot which cost me about 15 dollars. I bought canvas and made a tent to live in, then I built a sort of cabin on my lot that cost me about 50 dollars, which is neither one thing nor 272 another. It is not fit to live in in winter, still the lumber can be used in another. If I were to get sick, I would have a place to go to. Property at the southern end of town is not so valuable as when you left.

I have just set up to a regular pot of beans. If you *Record* fellows had been here and had seen me a-hiding them, I reckon you would have said at once surely this is a great country.

Rinedollar moved to the Omega, a large saloon built by Mr. Holden, where his hotel used to stand. Rinedollar opened a hicomflisten eating house which proved a failure. He was to pay 350 dollars

per month rent, but he cheated Holden out of it by signing all his property over to Rose and leaving the saloon between two days. They are at the old stand, which he says Rose is fitting up for sale.

Homer is speculating in water ditches. He invests all his money and wants to borrow more but he doesn't work any. Thornbury and Mendenhall are starting a new paper down towards Oregon, to be called the *Northern Herald*.

Haines left the River three weeks ago with the fever and ague and put the adored McGinley to work his claim to the shares. Since then he has left. The claim did not pay wages, I suppose. Enoch Davis is still there, troubled with the ague a little. Their company has disagreed all through, some have sold out, others have abandoned it, others say it will pay well, if rightly managed. I give you the flying reports, for I can't find two stories that will agree. One thing certain, there have no dividends come up this way yet. Mr. Haines came up here from the River sick and penniless, and out of almost everything needful for his comfort, which I provided for him, as far as I 273 knew how. His health is a good deal better. The most that he wants is a little time to strengthen. Then he will work in the shop for Messick & McCullough until he gets entirely well. He is very thankful to me for what I have done.

A few days after you left, I went over to Dragoon Gulch and bought a claim, paying 75 dollars for claim, Tom, and cabin. When I bought it I could make from three to four dollars per day, and have taken out as high as \$9 in a day. I have panned \$7 some days since the water has gotten too thick to wash with in the Tom. So I think when good water comes, I can make good wages. I have not added any money to what I had before you left. I have not much more than kept square since I have been on the claim, on account of the water being so bad.

I am as anxious to liquidate my debt as Mr. Evans is to receive it, and I intend to pay him, as well as I can. The longer I have the use of his money, I shall increase the amount I intended to send him when you left, provided I make that amount. I have been thinking of building a house on my lot. I could rent it for double the interest I am getting. Also I thought I would send Mr. Evans what

money Whitman had of mine, but I consider it not advisable for I don't wish to place myself in the same fix that Mr. Haines is in at present. If my claim was paying me wages, I should not hesitate.

Chris, I don't feel much like writing when I am not making anything, though there will be a good chance to make money this winter and next summer. If I do not make anything against next fall, I reckon I shall in the course of eight or ten years more, at any rate.

274

You will spur up the Gideons. I am looking for something from them soon. Give my warmest regards to all my young friends. If you can induce some of them to write to me, it will be considered a favor thankfully received.

Write soon and tell me everything. I will close with my best wishes for your happiness.

I remain your sincere friend,

D. W. CLINTON ATKINS.

P.S. About the killed and wounded in my next.

Good-bye.

D. C. ATKINS.

John L. Haines to Enos Christman Sonora, California, —1853.

Dear Enos:—I am now writing for the purpose of conveying to you the melancholy news of the death of D. W. Clinton Atkins, your fellow traveler through many trying times during your sojourn in this far-off land. Some of Clinton's friends think he was disheartened but to me he was far from anything of the kind. He always seemed to be in good spirits and had great hopes of making his pile. Poor Clint! He lost a good friend when you left him. I wish he had gone home with you.

I have written to his brother in Philadelphia. I did not go into the particulars attending his getting the smallpox, of which he died, for even the duty involved upon me to give this information was 275 unpleasant. But I will endeavor to give you a more complete history.

Sometime about the middle of November, along with rain, were very high winds which blew off the canvas roof of a neighboring cabin, the inmates of which Clinton invited to shelter with him. One of them was not well at the time, and the illness developed into the smallpox. He lay there in Clinton's cabin for several days, the weather wet and cold, taking no care of himself. Neither did his partner, who finally got better and went away. A week or so after they left, Clinton thought he was going to have the smallpox, but got better and thought no more about it; neither did I.

For three or four days previous to Christmas, I had not seen him, and so on Christmas morning I thought I would go to see him and spend the day. It is impossible to describe my surprise when arriving at his cabin, blocked up with snow, I found him there alone, covered with smallpox and totally blind. He was sitting over his stove with a blanket around him and scarcely any fire. As soon as he became aware of my presence, he burst out crying and said, "I am glad you have come for I thought I was to die here by myself and my cabin be my grave." He told me he had been bad for four days, unable to get anything for himself, not even wood enough to keep him warm.

I immediately cut wood and made a good fire and put him to bed, made him some warm tea and toast and then went into town and got medicine and things necessary for his comfort. I stayed with him until the next day and then had to leave him again and go after more things. This time I met with Enoch Davis and 276 told him the situation of Clinton. He at once offered to go and stay with him if I would bring him food and medicine for Clinton. He went out and nursed him faithfully, night and day, up to the time of his death.

The last two days and nights I was with him, assisting Enoch, except when I went to town for something. It was a lonesome business, the rain or snow coming down incessantly. Dr. Burns attended him, but could render no assistance for Clinton had taken cold before he was found. The doctor told us if we did not watch him closely we would not know when he died. His was one of

the worst cases Dr. Burns had ever seen, and he said he had seen many, though Clinton might have recovered had he had medical aid and a comfortable place sooner.

Imagine to yourself three persons in a lonely cabin situated in a deep ravine, the rain pouring down, a dark night, and nothing to be heard save the pattering rain and the barking of coyotes; one of the three lying in the worst stages of the smallpox, his face and hands almost as black as coal; the sick one in the last hour of his life and the other two sitting by, watching in silence for the last of earth; then you can see us as we passed the night of the fourth of January, 1853, in Dragoon Gulch, California. At the hour of six in the morning Clinton Atkins breathed his last. Silently we stood by him for a time and then proceeded to lay him out as well as we could, but I will not tell you all. I cannot.

As soon as it was day, I went to town and ordered a coffin and returned, the undertaker making a promise to bring it out. I waited until 2 o'clock in the afternoon when, the coffin not coming, I got a young man working in the Gulch below to go with Enoch and see why it did not come. They found it ready but no one to bring it out. They shouldered the coffin and brought it along but as they came near the cabin, the young man assisting Enoch let it down. Enoch and myself took it into the cabin, put Clinton's body into it, and carried him to his grave.

We deposited him in it and covered him over, sat down by the grave a few minutes and asked each other if we had done all we could for him. We rose from the wet ground and left that melancholy place, stripped ourselves and bathed, put on other clothes and left for Sonora. This is the history of the death of that good, kind friend, Atkins. I'll say no more.

JOHN L. HAINES.

278

From The Pennsylvania Journal

May 9, 1853

—Wife Ellen and I were in Philadelphia yesterday to see the ship *Europe* which is lying at Pine Street Wharf, ready for another voyage to California. The old craft does not look much the worse of the wear, notwithstanding the manner in which she is buffeted about by the winds when she plows through the heavy seas on the passage around Cape Horn. When we came within sight of her, I almost felt as though I were being greeted by an old and tried friend.

Memory carried me back to the day that I turned my face towards a land of golden promise and I thought again of the high hopes with which I then set sail, and the melancholy reflections upon all I was leaving behind. As we were borne out of sight of home, many of us gazed at the familiar hills and vales, feeling that perhaps we might never look upon them again. What trying times were those that followed for Atkins and myself. It is a true saying that health is the greatest of blessings. How easy it was for Clint to walk into trouble. He saw more hardships in three years than in his whole life before, and he breathed his last in his lonely cabin in that far-off land.

But the thought of the dear burthen on my arm broke in upon these musings and reminded me that all was well with me. Indeed, my hopes have been gratified and I have realized a fortune.