

Around the Horn in '49; journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company. Containing the name, residence and occupation of each member, with incidents of the voyage. Printed by L.J. Hall, on board the Henry Lee, 1849

REPRINTED BY

REV. L. J. HALL,

CHAPLAIN CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON.

WETHERSFIELD, CT., 1898.

DEDICATED TO THE SURVIVORS AND

THEIR FRIENDS.

REV. LINVILLE J. HALL.

AROUND THE HORN IN '49.

JOURNAL

OF THE

HARTFORD UNION MINING AND

TRADING COMPANY.

Containing the name, residence and occupation of each

member, with incidents of the voyage, &c. &c.

PRINTED BY L. J. HALL,

On Board The

HENRY LEE.

1849.

INDEX.

Chapter Page I. OFF FOR THE GOLD FIELDS 11. II. SUNDAY AND OTHER DAYS 25. III. A TERRIBLE STORM AT SEA 39. IV. IN THE TROPICS 59. V. RIO DE JANEIRO 68. VI. LIFE ON BOARD SHIP 91. VII. NEARING THE HORN 108. VIII. INDEPENDENCE DAY 128. IX. SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS 139. X. THE GOLDEN GATE AT LAST 154. APPENDIX. I. ON THE ROAD TO THE MINES 171. II. SCENES AT THE MINES 182. III. PROSPECTING IN THE MOUNTAINS 201. IV. SAN FRANCISCO IN 1851 231.

List of Illustrations

Page Captain David P. Vail 1. Leonard H Bacon 10. Lorenzo Hamilton 24. A Storm at Sea 38. In the Trade Winds 52. First Sight of Land—Bark in Foreground 70. Harbor and City of Rio Janeiro 74. Santa Cruz Fort, Rio Janeiro 82. Sugar Loaf Mountain, Convent, Navy Yard, Harbor of Rio 86. Barracks, Fortification—Harbor of Rio 90. Leaving Rio 96. Off Cape Horn 112. The Golden Gate 156. Fort Los Angeles 162. San Francisco in 1849 166. Village of “Digger” Indians 178. Prospecting 186. Washing out the Gold 194. An Indian Maiden of the Yuba Tribe 200. Sinking a Shaft 214. On The Trail 218. San Francisco, 1851—First Section 234. San Francisco, 1851—Second Section 238. San Francisco, 1851—Third Section 242. San Francisco Fire, 1851 248.

INTRODUCTORY.

To look back forty-eight years, and recall the faces, the scenes, and the thoughts of those years, is not as difficult as it is to look forward one year, to faces and scenes that will then surround us.

The rapid changes and discoveries of the last half of this closing century have dazzled and bewildered the minds of some men, and filled others with great expectations concerning the future condition of governments and of social life. The tendencies of human thoughts the imaginations of the writers of fiction, are only the heralds announcing the possibilities of human attainments through the unfolding of new arts and sciences. The time may come when the North Pole shall be reached by men on wings, above the dangers of the icebergs, and storms of the ocean, and the lost Atlantis (that some believe to be at the North Pole) be restored from the bottom of the sea to its paradisaical glory. You may call this a stretch of the imagination, and smile at the audacity of such thoughts. Our fathers of fifty years ago, if you had told them of the wonderful things of the present, would have been incredulous. Still such wonders are of so common occurrence to us that the novelty is worn off. The hungry mind is unbalanced without a new invention, or a new art, at breakfast every morning. But a truce to the present and the future. We want you to go back with us to the past, to look through the eye-glasses we then wore and travel over the damp but primitive path we then followed. Forty-five years ago, no railroads crossed the continent; no telegraph wires connected nations together, or transmitted news from one state to another, and no human voice telephoned to friends beyond vision, and no electric lights hovered over the cities of earth like the star of the East over Bethlehem's plains. The slow speed of ships, wafted by the fickle winds the old stage coach, the courier, on horseback or on foot, were the mediums of intelligence. The "dailies" of the nation were few, and the weeklies limited in number, and by the time they reached the distant reader would now be considered out of date. Our knowledge of things on the ocean, and of the people that lived in foreign lands, was gained by a few histories, brief and imperfect.

In 1848 the publication of Gen. Fremont's explorations of the Rocky Mountains and California attracted the attention of the reading public. His descriptions of the climate, the flowers, the birds, and the trees of California, created considerable interest. In the latter part of the fall of the year,

rumors of rich gold fields, of placers, intensified the interest already awakened. The excitement was felt in all classes throughout the country. The poor, who were laboring for a dollar per day and could see but little hope of gaining a competency for old age, were aroused to energy, and to the formation of plans to reach the gold in the distant land. The indolent put on new life. The industrious classes bound by family ties, and business interests they could not sever, were ready to furnish capital to supply passage money, and outfits, to those who would go out there and honestly labor, and divide the profits. The timid, III shrinking from the dangers of the ocean, and the rough passage round the Cape, were equally eager to supply funds for the needy upon the same conditions. A multitude of the poor, and of the cautious, and doubtful, accepted with equal eagerness the conditions offered. Oh! the potency of that one word, *gold*. Yes! Rather than be poor, what will not mortals do? What not endure?

Shakespeare says: “Why, this will lug your priests and servants from your sides: Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads: This yellow slave will knit and break religions: Bless the accursed; make the hoar-leprosy adored: Place thieves, and give them title, knee, and approbation, with Senators on the bench.”

Men with small means united their capital, formed stock companies, bought ships, loaded them with merchandise, and with provisions for a long voyage; (more especially, those who lived on the seaboard.) They organized—fortified by law—and bound themselves into a golden brotherhood, full of mutual promises of sympathy, protection and equal profit.

In December, 1848, I joined a company of one hundred and twenty-two men, whose united capital amounted to \$37,750. A ship of 500 tons burden was purchased, fitted for sea, and supplied with all that was thought necessary for a three year's voyage to the gold fields and a return within the time calculated.

The officers of the vessel and all the ships company with the exception of one member were stockholders. The crew were picked from a large number of sailors who were anxious to join in the enterprise. Feb. 1, 1849, was selected as the day of our departure; but several IV days passed before

we left the port, on account of the delay of some in reaching the city. It was a clear, cold morning when, accompanied by a friend, we went on board. We were warmly welcomed, and recognized as shareholders in ship, merchandise, and a three year's supply of pork, beans, dried apples, and other articles of food, and with the assurance of a ton or two of gold for each of us when we returned.

At the request of many of the descendants (and a very few) of those who composed the company on board the Henry Lee, and also, at the solicitation of friends, I have been induced to republish the account of our trip around the Horn to California in 1849, together with an appendix relating a brief account of some of the incidents and adventures which befell a portion of the company in the "gold fields." In doing so, I have endeavored, as nearly as possible, to reproduce the book in its original form, trusting that, thereby, it may have an added charm and novelty attached to it in the eyes of its readers, particularly when they learn the difficulties incident to its original publication on board ship.

Captain David P. Vail, interested in my enterprise, assigned me a fair-sized state-room, in fact, the best midship. A dim light filtered through the thick glass mortised in the planks of the deck. It was with difficulty that I was enabled to see sufficiently well to work, but before the voyage was ended—seven months, ten days—I was so inured to the semi-obscurity that it inconvenienced me but little. I had resort to all manner of make-shifts in fitting up my quarters. I was obliged to construct my own press, and for originality, it could hardly be surpassed. Two other printers were on board, and one of them was considerate enough to help me out for a portion of one day; with the exception of this, the entire work of printing the journal devolved on me. I was so interested in my self-imposed task that I gave little attention to my surroundings. When the weather was unusually stormy I was obliged to abandon my case. However the work was not devoid of novel and exciting incidents; for instance, when the ship rocked or careened from the heavy swell, or during the progress of a heavy blow, the type in my composing stick would be scattered in all directions; at other times, my galleys half filled with set up matter, would go dancing across the room to the accompaniment of flying type. L. J. HALL,

Wethersfield, Conn., 1898.

VI

PREFACE.

CALIFORNIA, the *pass-word* and *by-word* with all, has gathered around it a potency which knows no equal. When spoken on the corners of streets all within reach of its sound bend their heads and listen with silent attention. When introduced into the social circle all other topics vanish, old feuds cease, divisions are forgotten; America's oppressions, Mexico's wrongs, French insurrections, political success and defeat are alike absorbed in the peculiarly golden reflection of Sol's rays when sinking in *those beds* of ore in the distant West. Many have imagined the rainbow resting its beautiful colors on golden ground, but few thought the sun, moon and all the starry hosts were day and night pointing the nations of the East to the *El Dorado* of their most sanguine wants.

Hopes swelled the hearts of the downcast, and timid natures grew bold, and looked up with renewed courage in the anticipations of future wealth and bliss. And amid these revolutions we present these few humble pages to those whose interests called it forth. It must not be expected that the typography of this work, in its peculiar circumstances, will be perfect, or that it will be of that general interest as to demand the attention of those disconnected from this expedition.

VII

CAPTAIN DAVID P. VAIL, [Still living. Taken 15 years ago.]

The Hartford Union Mining and Trading Co.

This Company was started in Hartford about the 16th of December, 1848. Meetings were frequently held, and the subject well discussed when a placard was issued with the significant and attractive CALIFORNIA HO!! This was enough to direct the current of excitement to a central point, and it was not long before a groundwork was laid out for action by the following gentlemen: Philip Hewens, Carlos Glazier, Alfred E. Ely, Dean Alden, and R. Collins. Not one, however, are now members of the Company. Amid other changes, a few of the enterprising citizens of Hartford came forward, giving their influence, and directing the affairs of the Company in a more systematic and

business-like manner. An organization was finally effected, and the ship Henry Lee was purchased and refitted for the expedition.

January 18th—The Company convened at Gilman's saloon, organized as a Joint Stock Co., and presented the following Article of Association:

“We, the subscribers, for the purpose of trading and transacting other lawful business in the Town of Hartford, State of Connecticut, and of Mining, Trading, Purchase and Sale of Real Estate, Navigation, Commerce, Building and Manufacture in California in the United States of America, do hereby associate in 2 conformity with the Act entitled ‘An Act relating to Joint Stock Corporations’ as a Joint Stock Company, under the name of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company, and do engage to take any pay for the number of shares set to our respective names.”

A series of *By-Laws* were then presented and passed, after which the following gentlemen were elected officers:—

Directors:—A. M. Collins, Noadiah Case, Hoyt Freeman, Ezra Clark and Charles T. Webster. The Directors are to remain in Hartford County.

Managers:—Leonard H. Bacon, Hezekiah Griswold, Lorenzo Hamilton, Emerson Moody, Franklin Bolles, Erastus Granger, and Jared W. Smith. The Managers are to go out with the expedition. Mr. Griswold and Mr. Granger have since resigned. Feb. 5th, the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Granger was filled by the choice of Capt David P. Vail.

Officers of the Ship—DAVID P. VAIL, of Sag Harbor, *Captain*. HENRY T. HAVENS, of Sag Harbor, *1st Mate*. HENRY C. RICH, of Manchester, *2d Mate*.

The following statistics of the Company were gathered on board the ship by the REV. O. F. PARKER, who goes as a passenger for the benefit of his health.

Names. Residence. Occupation.

Leonard H. Bacon, Hartford, Merchant.

Lorenzo Hamilton, “ “

Franklin Bolles, “ Silversmith.

Jared W. Smith, “ Machinist.

George G. Webster, “ Lawyer.

James B. Olcott, “ Printer.

3

Wm. H. Perkins, Hartford Joiner.

Joseph Lemay, “ Sawyer.

Charles Bonnel, “ Currier.

George S. Burnham, “ Clerk.

Lewis N. Keith, “ Cabinet-maker.

Thompson M. Filly, “ Painter.

Albert Adams, “ Boot-maker.

Elias Bishop, “ Tailor.

Calvin Lucas, “ Mason.

James Morrison, “ Upholsterer.

Tilden B. Ellinwood, “ Shoe-maker.

George C. Ranney, “ Joiner.

Stephen F. Squires, “ Potter.

Allen Cotton, “ Furniture-finis'r

George H. Fisher, “ Barber.

James B. Halmilton, “ Clerk.

Caleb M. Holbrook, “ Boot-maker.

A. H. Mallory, “ Joiner.

Eliphalet Holbrook, “ Shoe-maker.

David Knox, “ Joiner.

Walter Dewey, “ Blacksmith.

Titus P. Francis, “ Seaman.

Thomas C. Alden, “ Farmer.

Charles F. Fisher, “ Joiner.

W. A. Burke, “ Cabinet-maker.

Daniel Moffat, “ Seaman.

Wm. B. House, “ Boot-maker.

David Halket, “ Seaman.

Benjamin F. White, “Machinist.

Wm. H. Stuart, “Cabinet-maker.

Emerson Moody, Bloomfield, Blacksmith.

Joseph Smith, “Farmer.

4

Thomas S. Erwin, Bloomfield, Seaman.

James A. Griswold, “Painter.

Horton Cornish, “Joiner.

Levi H. Hamblin, “Joiner.

L. J. Hall, “Printer.

John K. Parsons, “Joiner.

John T. Latimer, “Joiner.

Charles P. Smith, “Farmer.

E. D. Hitchcock, Tariffville, Physician.

Benjamin F. Ely, Glastonbury, Manufacturer.

Horatio Tuller, Simsbury, Farmer.

Fordyce Bates, Broad Brook, Clerk.

Levi L. Child, Woodstock, Stage-driver.

Asher Hall, Wallingford, Pewterer.

A. S. Starkweather, Chicopee Falls, Paper-maker.

Matthew R. Hart, Goshen, Farmer.

John H. Hart, Goshen, Farmer.

Roderick Young, Willimantic, Machinist.

James L. Watson, New Hartford, Paper-maker.

John C. Mason, " Farmer.

A. Chisholm, " Joiner.

James H. Jaqua, " Machinist

Colin Chisholm, " Joiner.

A. Ralston, " Tanner and Cur.

John R. Gilbert, New Britain, Joiner.

Eben Hart, " Teamster.

Seldon A. Maynard, " Cooper.

John Gilman, " Joiner.

D. W. Osborn, Springfield, Machinist.

John F. Lyon, " Harness-maker.

Samuel F. Otis, “Machinist.

Henry Case, Windsor, Farmer.

5

Edgar P. Mather, “Brick-maker.

Oliver W. Mills, “Farmer.

Isaac Sweetland, “Blacksmith.

Oliver M. Drake, “Farmer.

Henry Stoughton, So. Windsor, Farmer.

Edwin T. Crane, Windsor Locks, Merchant.

John W. Russell “Machinist.

Giles P. Kellogg, Rockville, Wool-sorter.

Ira F. Ladd, “Manufacturer.

Henry O. Griggs, “Dyer.

Wm. Buckminster, “Manufacturer.

Lee McKinstrey, “Joiner.

Samuel L. Rice, “Manufacturer.

George C. Dole, Shelburn, Ms., Farmer.

George W. Arnold, Colchester, Tailor.

Henry A. Hawkins, Tolland, Merchant.

Wm. B. Dickinson, Haddam, Farmer.

Abner L. Otis, N. Granby, Blacksmith.

Henry G. Judd, Terryville, Clock-maker.

John S. Rice, Collinsville, Blacksmith.

E. W. Goodrich, " Carriage-maker.

Austin Wilcox, Canton, Seaman.

Stiles E. Mills, " Farmer.

J. C. Hutchinson, Hebron, Farmer.

S. P. Summer, " Farmer.

P. McClure, Jr. Somers, Joiner.

Oliver W. Saunders, Woodstock, Farmer.

John Knox, Brunswick, O., Farmer.

Albert J. Lester. East Hartford, Tailor.

Joel W. S. Peck, North Haven, Moulder.

Joseph B. Starr, Fayetteville, N.C., Watch-maker.

John V. Bissell, Colchester, Farmer.

Matthew Hale, Wethersfield, Printer.

Joseph Buckley, “ Farmer.

Francis C. Wilder, Middletown, Turner.

George Farnum, “ Miller.

Henry Burnet, Chicopee, Mason.

Henry R. Prindle, Ware, Ms., Tailor.

Wm. McClintock, “ Joiner.

Homer Tuller, Simsbury, Joiner.

C. K. Daugherty, Manchester, Clerk.

A. A. Penfield, “ Stone-cutter.

Thomas Forbes, “ Paper-maker.

Charles Howlett, “ Butcher.

Freedom Keith, “ Farmer.

George T. King, W. Springfield, Machinist.

Fred. N. Marsh, Montpelier, Vt., Seaman.

Wm. E. Bushnell, Norwich, Joiner.

Jerome Goddard, Granby, Farmer.

The number of members is 122; aggregate age 3,301, average 27; number married 46; farmers 23; joiners 16; machinists 8; merchants 4; boot and shoe-makers 5; blacksmiths 5; printers 3; paper-makers 4; clerks 4; tailors 4; manufacturers 4; cabinet-makers 3; painters 3; navigators 2; sawyers 2; seaman 6. There are twenty-two other trades and professions represented; among which are seven or eight seaman.

Besides those named there are five—Wm. Edwards, of Jamaica, (W.I.) *Steward*; Elisha Taylor, of Bombay, (Hindoostan,) *Cook*; George Cotton, of Hartford, *Cabin-boy*; Nathaniel Pœzy, of St. Catherine, (Canada,) *Assistant*; Patrick Henny, of New York, *Seaman*; whole number on board 128.

7

Mr. Champion Lyon, a member of the Company, was taken sick in New York, and fearing the voyage would prove fatal to his health, sold his Stock back to the Company, and returned home. Mr. Marsh, also a member, unwell at the time of sailing, disposed of his interest to his brother, who goes out as a seaman, and likewise returned home.

The Company are provided with provisions for two years, and the necessary implements for mining; they also carry a large amount of merchandise, among which are \$1,200 worth of boots and shoes, \$1,067 worth of clothing &c., &c. The mechanics, generally, carried out with them full sets of tools suited to their various trades.

Beside the articles belonging to the Company are the following, which are taken on consignment—stone-ware, boots and shoes, clothing, hats, caps, chairs, wagons, locks door handles, hatchets, hammers, hardware, clocks, gold pins, groceries, garden seeds, &c., amounting to the value of \$3,172.

It had been the original design to limit the number of members of the Company to one hundred and the Capital Stock to Thirty Thousand Dollars; but the number of men and the amount of Stock paid in being greater than this, at a meeting called on board the ship, Feb. 17th, it was voted unanimously, and in accordance with a communication from the directors, “To increase the Capital

Stock of the Company to the sum of Thirty-Seven Thousand and Twenty-Five Dollars.” At a general meeting held the same day several rules and regulations were adopted for the government of the members on board ship; providing, that all lights shall be extinguished at ten o'clock p.m. excepting two between decks, one in the cabin, and one in the forecabin; and all unnecessary noise shall be stopped at that time. No smoking shall be allowed between the decks of the ship. It shall be the duty of the members to see that the between-decks are kept in a clean and wholesome condition. The company was divided into squads of twelve men for this purpose. All powder shall be kept in the powder magazine, and the key of the same shall be placed in the hands of the Captain, and no powder shall be delivered on the passage except by the consent of the Board of Managers. No firing guns except by permission. And also providing for keeping all matches in fire proof cases; the members of the Company are to occupy the between decks of the ship, and reserve the cabin for the officers of the ship, that no interference of their duties might occur. The members shall be divided into the Starboard and Larboard messes. The messes to eat first, on alternate days, commencing with the Starboard.

LEONARD H. BACON. [Deceased.]

CHAPTER I.

Off for the Gold Fields.

On the morning of February 17th, at Pier No. 4, East River, New York, where our vessel lay, a crowd had gathered—cigar-boys, orange-women, nondescript loafers, and friends who had come to take a last view, and bid us farewell. We crossed the gang-plank and stood on the deck amid trunks, barrels, boxes and bundles, which had arrived that morning and had not found a storage place. Around us gathered the brotherhood, who from hasty greetings turned their anxious faces toward friends on the wharf. There were wives and children, sons and daughters, friends and loved ones, giving vent to their pent-up grief at parting. The trembling voices, and the tearful eyes and saddened faces, were not all on the shore.

The Captain, whom we had not seen until now, stood a little distance from us. His medium figure, his straight form, well proportioned, bore a kindly-looking face. His blue eyes flashed bright as he gave quick glances below and aloft, to see that the commands of the pilot were obeyed. His quick voice, and firm step, indicated decision of character, while his general bearing impressed us with confidence in his ability to guide us in safety to the end of our voyage.

12

Passing down the bay was never more beautiful in winter. Many were occupied in sending back another, the latest, good-bye; on either side were the beautiful, sunny shores; above, the warm, blue sky; below, the smooth water, covered here and there with floating ice; forward, the steamship Panama moving to the “golden gate” of our own wished for port, while the diminishing city was fading away behind us.

A swell further down the bay parted us from those who were to return. The men longingly gazed toward the shore where they had last seen their friends and loved ones. The cheeks of some were still moistened with the unrestrained tears. The faces of others had traces of sorrow, some of pensiveness. A score or two, fighting off depressive feeling, with jibes and forced wit, gathered in a group upon the quarter-deck. The ship poet had not been idle, and eager to establish his claim as such produced several manuscript copies of his first effusion, and requested the group to join in the chorus.

The following song, written by R. A. ERVING,^{*} and dedicated to the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company contains many just and appropriate sentiments. The kind interest which Mr. E. has taken in our welfare, merits our warmest gratitude.

Mr. Erving left the ship at the last minute, having received an appointment as Secretary to Col. Seymour; Minister-Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, Russia. He was afterwards lost at sea.

13

AIR— *Carry me back to Old Virginia.* Our buoyant bark is striding now upon the waters free. With swelling sail and flashing prow, the stout old “Harry Lee!” Oh may their music never cease, but still around us roar. As she carries us o'er the mighty deep to California's shore. Chorus—Oh carry

Around the Horn in '49; journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company. Containing the name, residence and occupation of each member, with incidents of the voyage. Printed by L.J. Hall, on board the Henry Lee, 1849 <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.199>

us on to California, to California's shore. Oh! carry us on to California, to dig the golden ore. The sun sheds down his golden beams upon the burnished sea. And back the gilded ocean gleams, and glows with garish glee; Our golden hopes our hearts thus hold, our golden dreams restore. As we're gliding on to gather the gold on California's shore. But those dear friends we left behind, far o'er the rolling main, Shall hold a home in every mind till we come back again. Should winds be calm and waters clear, or oceans madly roar. Kind thoughts we'll send to each dear friend on old New England's shore. Oh! when to them we bid adieu, each breath, it bore a sigh, And often here the lingering tear bedims the downcast eye; Yet now we've banished care and fear, as we roam the ocean o'er: Our bark, she bears her freight of cheer to California's shore. Though storms rave upon the wave for many a weary day. Ere we should reach the golden beach of San Francisco bay; Yet hopes of our shall ne'er despair nor hearts of ours deplore. For breezes fair, our bark will bear, to California's shore. There in that glorious valley where Jove rained his golden showers. And each who will may gain his share—we, too, will gather ours— And when the good old ship is filled with the golden ore. We'll anchor weigh, and spread all sail to see our homes once more.

“All aboard who are going ashore” was cried from the steamer. One of our company, who was unwell, thinking it best to return, did so; we still were towed by a hawser until near the middle of the afternoon; our pilot then left us. The steam tug had performed its mission—the ropes were loosened; the few friends who had accompanied us thus far went on board, and 14 with renewed farewells, and waving of hats, we parted. Our sails were spread, and we were lessening the long number of miles of our course.

The sensation was unpleasant to those who for the first time had been on the ocean. With pale faces, from the first touch of seasickness, many of the company seek the state-rooms assigned them. The rooms are about six feet square, each containing three berths, lighted by a small convex, circular glass in the sides of the vessel and by numerous smaller ones overhead. I was accustomed to the waves near the shore and still lingered on deck after nearly all the others had retired below. The sailors cleared away the various boxes and trunks and barrels, and stored and packed them in such manner as to hold steady as the vessel rolled or pitched into the trough, or rose on the summit of the waves. The Captain walked the weather side, sole occupant of that portion of the ship

from the main-mast to the entrance way of the cabin, with a face on which was written a serious responsibility for the welfare of all on board—thinking, doubtless, of the long passage and the dreaded Cape, around which he had made a voyage a few years before. I stood leaning against one of the long boxes, built into the sides of the bulwarks, and sheltered by the roof of the quarter-deck. I was absorbed in thought, and watching the Captain and the solitary sailor standing at the wheel. He was gazing at the compass in the binnacle or casting his eye upward toward the canvass to see that the command “to keep her full” was obeyed. The Captain approached a little nearer, and ordered the man at the wheel to “Luff a little, but keep herfull.”

15

The meaning was, to bring the ship closer into the eye of the wind, but not so close as to fill her sails backward. His eye rested for a moment upon me as much as to say, “Why are you not below with the rest?” Then, with a smile, reassuring, and, as though inviting to a social time, he advances and asks my name, occupation, and motives of the voyage. I answered, ‘I am a son of Faust.’ I informed him that I have on board a few fonts of type, a cherry block for a bed, a chase, and composing stick, and design to print a paper on the long passage, describing scenes on ship and shore, to break the monotony of the voyage. He entered heartily into my plans, and invited me into the cabin to sup with him, and extended free access to the Log Book and cabin at all times. He assigned me the largest state-room midship. About eight feet square, with only two berths. One of the berths was occupied by a man with keen black eyes, low forehead, raven hair, stout brawny arms, and heavy shoulders. He had formerly been a sailor, and the Captain said to me, that he should engage him in that capacity, as the crew were not as strong in number as he desired. That would leave me the sole occupant. I retired to my state-room; it was No. 14, and only a wood partition between it and the fore-castle.

The wind began to blow from the North-East, it became cloudy and much colder. By sunset the joyous feelings of the morning were exchanged for those which most know when they for the first time feel the rolling and pitching of a vessel. The laugh that arose at the first sickness soon ceased.

The weather became more uncomfortably wet, with some snow. Most, taking the 16 last look of land, Sandy Hook, went supperless to their berths, to pass a disagreeable night.

February 18th.—

Sunday, at noon, in Lat. 38° 40', Long. 72° 34'. The morning came with a cold North-East wind; our course was South-East; there was some snow, and the decks were wet. Most of the company passed the day in their berths. Few things are remembered of this day, and those not of a very pleasing character; the labors of the stewards certainly were not as great as on some succeeding days.

Monday 19 th.—

Lat. 37°, Long. 70°. The vessel was lying-to during the night. Early in the morning we entered the Gulf Stream under double reefed top-sails. Everything about the saloon and state-rooms seemed “at sea;” the crockery out upon the swing-tables was dashed down to the floor; trunks, chests, and all that was movable had free range till meeting its fellow going alike at random. The water from the seas, whose tops rolled over upon the deck, occasionally came rushing down our companion-ways. Those who went upon deck during the forenoon witnessed a scene fully compensating for many inconveniences of a sea voyage—it was magnificent. The wind, blowing a gale from the North-West, went snapping and hissing through the cordage; the air was thick with mist and driven rain and snow; the noble ship was plunging forward most manfully upon the high, broken waves of the Gulf, which, seemingly maddened, dashed their heads against the vessel's side, tumbling at times upon the deck. But what first particularly struck our attention was the dense vapor carried along the surface of the water. The appearance was that of an extended 17 caldron seething furiously. This peculiarity of the Gulf was unlooked for and at this time unusually great, owing to the strong, cold, northern wind meeting the warm current of the Stream. It was remarked by our able Captain, whose experience has led him to cross the Equator ten times in this direction, that “it is the most singular appearance I ever observed in the Gulf Stream.” The water here is warm, we had been told, and such it proved. While holding fast to the bulwarks—not yet having learned to walk the deck at a very acute angle—and watching a large sea, in a moment we found ourselves under water. The bath

was complete from our head downwards. We had not been washed often enough in this way to lose our good nature—though we did lose sundry letters and papers which became water-soaked in our outside coat pockets.

The wind from the North-West, whistling through the cordage, turned to a gale, and forced some of the sails from their fastenings, which whipped the masts and spars with furious blows. The waves white crests dashed over the bows, and submerged many who heeded not the warnings of the more experienced. The ship trembled from bow to stern. A huge wave struck the starboard quarter, rolled over the deck, and down an unclosed hatch-way, filling the seasick ones with alarm for their safety. Life preservers were hastily seized by some and adjusted round the waist. One man who had a suit that completely enveloped him and, when filled with air, looked like a monster of the sea, came up through the hatchway, pale and trembling. He was met with the laugh of the fearless, and turned back so suddenly that he lost his foothold and fell below uninjured. *The life preserver saved him.*

18

There were six dogs on board. These dogs exerted an influence over the minds of some of the crew, and caused no little disturbance in the hearts of others—the owners. One was a noble Newfoundland, one a large mastiff, with one eye white the other dark; a St. Bernard, a pointer, and a shepherd. They occupied the deck. The dogs, unchained, ran from side to side, and from bow to stern, often tripping the sailors and upsetting the passengers. The dark night set in and the storm continued. All through the night the vessel trembled and struggled in conflict with the fury of the wind and waves. One of our fires was extinguished by the pipe becoming filled with water. It was wet and cold above and below, and impossible to open chests for more clothing; therefore the larger part spent most of this day in their state-rooms, except a few whose persevering efforts to keep up a fire in the other stove were barely successful. The conversation of this group was principally upon the delights of the overland route to California, and the depreciation of the Stock of our Company. The stewards tried to furnish two meals only, and there was no very strong relish for these. This was fortunate, for our galley had suffered some; our cook was sick, and but a limited variety of

stores was yet reached. The saloon was deserted at an early hour without much promise of rest during the night.

Tuesday, 20th.—

Lat. 36° 24', Long. 66° 38'. The weather continues much as yesterday. The windstrong from South to South-West. The morning came—the storm had abated, but the sea and the sky frowned upon us.

19

The dogs were nowhere to be seen. The sailors reported them as washed overboard. This report would have been accepted as the truth if one of the sailors had not betrayed the rest. [Every night after this event when it was his turn at the wheel he would declare that he saw the white eye of the mastiff's ghost looking at him from the open fore-top cross-trees.] It was a bad omen—"the ship was doomed"—"it would never round the Cape"—"it would go down before reaching harbor."

We had passed through the Gulf-Stream during the night. The fierce chopped seas of these waters had given place to those more regular, and not running as high. Though the appearances without had changed but little there was evidently a brightness beginning to beam upon the faces of many. Some had not been sick. Others who had looked perfectly disconsolate were now showing symptoms of returning animation. The sharpened appetites and frequent calls upon the stewards bore evidence that the crisis below had been reached, and a favorable change was commencing.

As a faithful journalizer of passing events we should be remiss if overlooking the manner in which the day was passed. Some greedily took all that the tables furnished and still cried, give, give. The small supply of fresh meats was rapidly diminishing. The crates of onions became a converging point for eager hands and open knives. The tea and coffee were such as Epicurus never drank; the former—why should not the master of the galley be remembered, and his experience and originality be made known for the benefit of the unskilled—we are told, is prepared for the table by turning the 20 herb into the kettle of cold water, and heating them together till the bell calls to supper. In tasting it, we for once forgot our usual practice of not using *strong* drink a practice we have ever remembered since. The berths were occupied much of the time during the day, as the quietest,

warmest and driest places of the ship. After tea a few stars shone forth. Several singers assembled on the quarter-deck, and gladdened a crowd of listeners. Never, we thought, was music more pleasing. Around us we saw the 'waste of waters.' The time was fitted to turn the mind back to the friends behind us. In the soothing influences of "Flow gently, sweet Afton," and other well-known tunes we again, in thought, heard the tones of home, and looked upon friendly faces.

Wednesday, 21st.—

Lat. 36° 15', Long. 65°. Early risers were rewarded with the first view of a whale spouting in the distance. A sail attracted our attention during the afternoon, too distant to be more than seen; two sea birds hovering around the ship were watched, apparently at home, feeding upon the water, or flying in the air, which still was thick and stormy. To-day, the first committee appointed to keep the saloon in order commenced their labors. Their duties promise to qualify them for good housekeepers by the time they are discharged—no mention of particulars will, we presume, be necessary to remember them. The hours of the day were occupied in removing the loose chairs from the saloon, and securing for the same use chests around the tables. The evening passed much as did the preceding. The "Watcher" was called by the Captain, and appears to have become a favorite; the tunes 21 showed a great range in their variety. The violin also gave its assistance to the songs. Later in the evening the saloon presented a scene of various occupations, some were reading, and many others engaged in amusements till four bells struck the hour of ten, and soon all was still.

Thursday, 22nd.—

Lat. 36° 48' Long. 63°, 27'. Wind directly ahead and some rain. Toward evening the wind continuing and increasing from the South-East, our top-sails were reefed. Squalls without thunder, which we had yesterday, high seas, wet decks, with a somewhat less cold air, are all we note of this day.

Friday, 23d.—

Lat. 37° 52', Long. 61° 24'. Wind S.E., veering towards the South. Several thunder squalls. A strong wind and a heavy head sea. We were under double reefed top-sails, passing through a slow current, running to the North. Rainbows were seen during both parts of the day, in the West and East. As the spray dashed over the bulwarks, drenching whomsoever happened unluckily to meet it, a laugh from the dry would be the only cheer greeting him in his wetting; it is the same ashore. The improvement below is gradual. The number of those sitting around, regarding nothing and regarded by none, is greatly reduced. There has been indeed much less inconvenience than was expected, attending such a body of men for the first time being upon the sea; especially under the circumstances of the constant rough weather. Today, three meals were furnished, the last consisting of "mush;" the yankees call it hasty pudding. Let no one hereafter belie this day as unlucky. Perhaps we may be charged with talking about small matters; we 22 contend, however, it is no small matter to get a supper of mush, cheese and molasses, after having been a week without any at all, and being promised the same every night for the future—to such a one we would say with the critic upon Sancho, "There are dreams of turtle soup as well as dreams of turtle doves;" but our tastes are liberal. We wish, in brief, to make acknowledgements to the assisting committee of twelve, who are contributing to the good nature of the company. Owing to the great amount of labor in supplying the wants of one hundred and twenty-five men, and the small conveniences for working, it was found impossible for the three colored cooks and stewards to provide three tables, and keep the saloons in order. The present arrangement, by sharing the duties among all adds much to our comfort, while it taxes individuals but little.

Saturday, 24th.—

Lat. 38° 8', Long. 59° 29'. During the twenty-four hours the same strong wind and heavy head-sea of yesterday. Two sea gulls, which have attended us for a few days past, are still flying around the ship. A shoal of porpoises came bounding by us, and gathered a crowd to the vessel's side, to watch their active, easy motions. They appeared smaller than the fish of the same name found along the shore of Long Island Sound. To one fond of the grotesque, and without an appetite, it would undoubtedly be amusing to notice how promptly the bells calling to the table are answered. A

listless, dreamy body of men are at once awakened into activity—we leave them as they disappear down from the decks, or become too much occupied, to describe the scene below. We allude to the fact that it may not be forgotten, as to the day the seat of each one was assigned to him by lot.

LORENZO HAMILTON. [Deceased.]

CHAPTER II.

Sunday and Other Days.

Sunday, 25th.—

A “June morning” was announced by those first on deck. Not that the sun was clear, for we waited long before seeing this, till passing the Equator; though perhaps we take the hazard of having our early habits slandered by making the statement. There was a mild southern air, with a very gentle breeze; a swell was rolling along the surface of the water—all seemed to breath the quiet and stillness of a sabbath morn. A few shaven faces showed that the first intention of putting by the razor till the arrival at land was changed. The bows were used by some for the purposes of a bathing room. After breakfast, while some on the bow-sprit, others on the tops, and different parts of the ship, mostly with books in hand, were waiting the hour of holding a meeting, a sail was seen on our starboard bow; our course was directed towards it, and soon books were exchanged for pen and paper. All wishing to make a first return to friends, were engaged in writing. All the tables below were occupied. Barrel-heads, boards, and whatever could support a sheet of paper was brought into use. The vessel proved to be bound to Europe. We did not approach near enough to speak her.

26

About 11 o'clock the bell called all to the quarterdeck. There was a momentary smile arising as the men took seats upon the spars lashed to the deck, upon water casks, chairs, and wherever a resting place could be found. The place certainly was unlike the cushionseated, wall-painted churches to which many this day resorted. The worthy clergyman on board, that all might understand his relation to the company, stated that he went to California as a passenger, for his health, and though

not able to use his voice much, he should be very willing to assist the Company as far as possible and conduct the Sabbath exercises. He read the 12th Psalm and addressed us in remarks adapted to our situation. The scene was an impressive one; all showed reverence and gave a fixed attention throughout the hour. The singing from “Sacred Songs for Family and Social Worship” harmonized with the feeling arising from the worship of the Creator in the midst of his works—a feeling, we presume, shared by all on this our first Sabbath at sea; for this may be considered the first, the last being a mere blank in memory. The fine weather of the early part of the day did not continue to its close. In the afternoon there was a very hard squall from the North-East. The sail seen in the morning was in sight till night.

Monday, 26th.—

Lat. 37° 22', Long. 57° 8'. Though out but little more than a week our latitude is, higher than that of Monday of last week, on account of the strong head-winds. Early this morning the parrel rope of the main-top-sail-yard was carried away, the wind blowing hard from the N.E. The latter part of the day was very squally with strong gales; we were 27 under close-reefed top-sails. Some attempting to read under the lee side of the long boat, were occasionally sprinkled by the spray dashing over the boat and falling into the water upon the other side of the ship. The straining of the vessel kept up a constant creaking of the bulkheads of the state-rooms between decks, a kind of music not the most soothing to those with sensitive nerves.

My sailor chum was full of song, and spirit, during the storm that was so depressing on others. He would go on deck in the darkest night and in fiercest winds, and cheer the lookout with his songs and stories. He had cut a hole through the partition between the forecabin and state-room that he might have the privilege of seeing, as well as conversing, with the watch below. One night, after talking with some of the men in the forecabin, he suddenly turned to me and asked: “Mr. Hall, if I should take a small lead pipe, place one end in the bung-hole of a barrel of water, or any other liquid, and bend the other end down to reach a pail below the level of the bung-hole, would not all of the contents of the barrel run out, provided I exhausted the air in the pipe?” I replied that I had no doubt that a part of the contents would run out; at least he could make the trial. He drew a small

quantity of lead pipe from a boot hanging in the corner of the stateroom, and passed it through the hole in the partition to the forecabin. The act and the question recalled a queer remark of the Captain about the unknown, or unregistered barrel. A thought came, and vanished. Each one of the golden brotherhood had signed a solemn pledge of temperance, which forbade any side speculations. There were to be no bloated stockholders—all should be equal in interest and profits; oneshare to each man and no more. We were a *commune*—a socialistic order—who believed in the old Spartan division of all spoils. The sick, and the weak, were to be on one common level with the strong and the well. The Captain to-day stopped suddenly and looked at the watch on deck, who were full of frolic—all did not keep their sea-legs well. One would dance a hornpipe or shuffle a break down, yet with good nature endeavor to obey commands. His suspicions were aroused that all was not right. *Breaking-out day* had just passed. This was a day when a part of the watch went into the vessel to bring out such provisions as were wanted for the tables.

An examination was made. The unknown barrel was discovered, with bung out and a lead pipe by its side. *Good Apple Jack*, as the cider-brandy was called by the sailors, had been creeping up the pipe and down the throats of the crew. It was rebunged, put in a hogshead, headed up, and secured. Inquiries were made among the brotherhood, and the young men, with the hope of saving the balance of the contents of the barrel, confessed that they had put it aboard—not knowing that it was a violation of the compact—for a private speculation.

Tuesday, 27th.—

No observation could be taken. There were heavy gales from the North-East during the early part of the day. We were standing South-East by East under close-reefed fore and main-top-sails. At 10 o'clock the fore-top-sail was taken in, and we hove to under close-reefed main-top-sail, main-spencer and 29 fore-top-mast-stay-sail. The latter part of the day was the same, with a very heavy sea running. During the storm of wind and water, an alarm of *fire* was cried around the galley. The pipe leading up from the stove had set the roof around it in a blaze. It was soon extinguished. The breakfast seemed to have shared a like fate, for at last, when it made its appearance, it was *distinguished* for its lightness. Many fast days have been no better observed. There was no attempt

to cook our supper—or think of boiling water in kettles describing an arc of one-hundred and eighty degrees, besides, one corner of the stove had pitched down close to the floor.

This day would compare very well with the first Monday in its uncomfortableness: it was equally wet, about as cold. The ship was plunging up and down the seas at the same mad rate, although there was none of the boiling appearance which was characteristic of the Gulf Stream. The waves rolled up less broken and higher than was seen for many following weeks. Being inexperienced in these matters, we looked upon the day as one which would become common to us, and did not presume to judge the height of the waves. The master of the ship afterwards, being asked what he could promise us off the Horn, stated that we had seen seas about as high as are often found—some thirty feet. That we many not be charged with drawing on our imagination, we give the judgment of those familiar with these matters. It was impossible to keep the between-decks dry and well ventilated. There was a smack of sourness beginning to be apparent among the passengers. The list of sick was not diminishing, 30 while a few, who had congratulated themselves upon having passed through the first, were suffering from a second attack.

Wednesday, 28th.—

Lat 35° 20', Long. 56° 32'. The wind still blowing a hard gale—without intermission for twenty-four hours—from N.E. to E.; lying to under close-reefed main-top-sail and spencer; heading S.E. Toward night we were able to spread a little canvas, though a renewal of the gale is looked for and also indicated by the barometer. Supper was served to-day for the second time, which was uniformly the case on subsequent days—though the rolling of the vessel, at times, prevented us using the full capacity of the galley. This gave rise to more punctuality than decorum at the table. If the party were to leave New York again with the advantages now possessed by their experience, many small articles might be taken, it is thought by most, which would add to the comfort of the voyage. We had been under the false impression that the many knick-knacks provided by friends would be useless, and therefore we had declined their proffered kindnesses. We speak of this that many may not forget what they then said, though the stores of the ship are better and of greater variety than was expected. Our inconveniencies are of the smallest kind, yet a cup of tea or coffee

with a taste of civilization about it would be very acceptable if this never ceasing motion of the vessel could be stopped for a few moments.

The cook, in the evening, conciliated favor by an experiment of making “short cake” for breakfast. We, of course, were but silent observers, not daring to raise the suspicion of stealing his art by questioning. The materials were flour and water; the utensils, a rolling-pin and the table—we thought, unwashed, unbleached; the operator he who made the “hot cakes that go” so. We knew not at which to be the most surprised, the simplicity of what we had looked upon as an elaborate art, or its success as attested by the shortness of the cake as soon as placed upon the table. Our apology for meddling thus with the secrets of others, is the fact that it was the last time we had the opportunity of securing them for the good of one hundred and twenty-five associates, whose interests we are bound to promote. A day or two after, the sail-room was cleared out and fitted up as a store-room and pantry; its areana, henceforth, were locked from common view, excepting the occasional glimpses taken when “on duty.” The improvement did not stop here. Not a great while afterwards, two of our members, (Messrs. Prindle & Jaqua,) volunteered their assistance in the conduct of this department. We would not say that the fair weather which soon followed had any connection with this movement, but, we think, there was noticeable a smoothness which had existed at no previous time. We give them thanks. The saloon was left vacant at an unusually early hour; it had not during the evening presented much of a sociable nature.

Thursday, March 1st.—

Lat. 34° 06', Long. 64° 45'. The strong wind from E.N.E., moderated in some measure during the morning, leaving a large swell from N.E. Our top-sails were once again spread. The time was improved in getting out the various arms and oiling them. Everything of the kind seemed brought out upon deck, from the seven-barreled blunderbuss to the horse-pistol—so-called, probably, because requiring that animal to bear it about. A sail was noticed moving slowly along the horizon during the morning. The fine appearances of the early part of the day were deceptive, the afternoon was squally, and night closed in with a strong wind and dark threatening clouds.

Friday, 2d.—

Lat. 32° 26', Long. 54° 10'. The wind from the East and a large swell from the same direction. At meridian our course was to the North-East. While in the diligent execution of the labors which “on duty” brought with it, namely, picking over beans for dinner, the cry was raised “a whale! a whale!” We, for a time, deserted *en masse*, and over our larboard bow saw the object which caused the excitement—unless it is held that the whale's spout is no part of the fish—this was soon lost in the distance, and we were re-called to our unfinished duties.

Saturday, 3d.—

Lat. 33°, Long. 53°. We give the official record of this day—“A strong wind and much swell; at 8 p.m., double-reefed fore-top-sail: middle part of the day the same; the latter, the rain and gale increases in violence rapidly; took in fore and mizzen-top-sails, main-sail, jib and fore-sail, and close-reefed main-top-sail.” Rain finding its way freely through the house protecting the main companion-way, several were seen reading comfortably, holding umbrellas over their heads. This day has completed two weeks of sea life, without as many hours of fair wind and weather as days of the voyage, yet we must observe the company have passed through the first trial of this way of living very well, certainly much better than was anticipated.

33

Sunday, 4th.—

Lat. 34° 04' Long. 51° 55'. The fore part of this day was much like that of the preceding Sabbath—mild and a southern breeze. There was another application of razors by some, and a general array of clean clothing. A meeting was called on the quarter-deck. The 27th chapter of Job, selected by the Captain, was read. The Rev. Mr. Parker followed with an appropriate address, and a few remarks were made by others. It was pleasing to notice the attention during the exercises, and the good order and quiet throughout the day. Very early in the morning considerable lightning, without thunder, was observed. The swell was heavy.

Monday, 5th.—

Lat. 33° 25', Long. 49° 46'. The wind changed from S.E. to N.W. in the latter part of the day; the barometer standing at 29.5 in. The day was comparatively mild, and the breeze gentle. For the first time our studding-sails were spread. We passed through considerable quantities of gulf-weed. A brig was seen near us in the morning, and "black-fish," somewhat larger than the porpoises, were playing around the ship.

To-day, we suppose, Gen. Taylor was inducted into the President's seat. Though not at Washington, nor waiting the telegraph bearing the message, we were not forgetful of the day, the evening of which was duly commemorated by a grand inauguration dance upon deck, perhaps without the brilliancy of that at the Capitol; yet we doubt whether the hearts there were more merry, or limbs more light. In the early part of the evening two sets of dancers were called out upon the quarter-deck, and one around the fore-castle. There 34 was music for all. The seamen afterwards came aft and joined the parties there. The moon was nearly full. The actors appeared to enjoy the night; the enjoyment of these was sufficient to please the mere lookers-on. This, together with the music and pleasant eve following so many unpleasant ones, gave a new life to all. "Old Zack" had cheers all unheard, except by us.

Tuesday, 6th.—

Lat. 33° 20', Long. 48° 50'. Wind, early in the day N.W.; at night S.W. Barometer 29.4 inches. There was rain in the morning and almost a calm; a fine breeze afterwards, with the usual gale, which came on in the evening, when the ship, careening to the wind, dashed foaming along its dark course like a well-fed racer broken loose. We remained upon the deck till nearly 12 p.m., watching the sea, sparkling with phosphorescence, which had been observable the evening before, and taking pleasure from the beauty of the scene. The brightness and life of the night before gave us joy; the darkness and loneliness of this, afforded no less satisfaction. We felt "There is society where none intrudes, By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

As a means of passing time pleasantly, and for the improvement afforded by the exercise, many members had expressed a wish of forming a debating society on board. Accordingly, the “Henry Lee Debating Club” was organized by the choice of E. Moody, President; G. G. Webster, Vice-President, and G. H. Fisher, Secretary; and a few simple rules adopted for the regulation of the members. Friday, whenever practicable, was the day fixed for the meetings of the club. The gulf-weed was abundant about us to-day.

35

Wednesday, 7th.—

Lat. $32^{\circ} 19'$, Long. $45^{\circ} 35'$. The high wind continued through the night, attended with lightning—we came down to double-reefed top-sails. The day became more pleasant; wind from the south, with showers of rain. Barometer at 29.6 inches.

Thursday, 8th.—

Lat. $38^{\circ} 20'$, Long. $43^{\circ} 39'$. The wind changed from South through the East to the N.N.W. In the preceding night there was much rain and lightning without thunder, the wind being light; the morning was rainy. Barometer 29.8 inches. We saw for the first time a “Mother Carey's chicken,” which afterward became a very common object, hovering about near the surface of the water, yet never seen resting upon it—though larger than a swallow, resembling it much in color, shape and motion. The sea gulls also kept us company; we lost sight of them in a few days. The gulf-weed upon the ocean was very abundant, as it was also for several succeeding days. The night was delightful, the moon full, but becoming eclipsed in this latitude in the earlier part of the evening. We watched it till a late hour, when its disc was nearly obscured.

Friday, 9th.—

Lat. 31° , Long. $41^{\circ} 26'$. The wind veering from N.N.W., till getting to the South. There was a little rain in the morning. Barometer 29.7 inches. A barque seen in the early part of the day on our starboard bow on the same course with us, gave rise to much speculation as to her character:

many claimed she was the Nautilus which was lying by us in N.Y., and, it was said, was to have started upon her California voyage on the same afternoon as we. By night she was barely seen off our quarter; 36 the result was very satisfactory to the crew and passengers. We had the pleasure of meeting the Nautilus afterward. The H. L. Debating Club, at a meeting held at 3 p.m., on the quarter-deck, examining the subject fully, decided that the Government should restrict the free gathering of gold in California by foreigners.

Saturday, 10th.—

Lat. 30° 35', Long. 38° 58'. The moderate southern winds of the evening before became squally during the night and later increased to a violent gale. There was much thunder and lightning. The top-sails were close-reefed. By morning the weather moderated with a little rain, and we again made sail. The barometer during the day ranging from 29.7 to 29.4 inches, and then rising again to 29.6 inches. Flying-fish were around us to-day. These are small, eight or ten inches long, and are carried by the wind on their fan-like fins two or three rods when rising from the water. Yesterday's sail gained upon us during the night, but with the fair wind now enjoyed she was soon beyond our view. In the evening we noticed lightning toward the N.W., and falling into a conversation with the officer of the deck, were told the weather of the past three weeks was very unusual upon this course. Upon some of his former voyages, he had reached high southern latitudes without reefing at all; in this we have already been under reefed top-sails twelve times, embracing parts of almost every day. The wind had been nearly one constant, heavy blow, and yet we were upon the verge of a heavier one.

THE STORM AT SEA.

39

CHAPTER III.

A Terrible Storm at Sea.

Sunday, 11th.—

Lat. 30° 20', Long. 37° 20'. The night passed and the early morning atmosphere was depressive and full of electricity. The sky was dark with clouds. Those harbingers of a storm, the flying fish, were sporting on fin and wing from wave to wave. The movement of the clouds, one strata above and one below, in opposite directions, attracted many of the Company. The Captain was on deck with the first-mate, and both were silent and watchful of the uncommon appearance of the sky. All day a gloomy look was observed among the passengers. An albatross, an enormous bird with long wings, which sports over stormy seas, and the petrel, whose peculiar note is the dread of sailors, which walks the waves, with closed wings, like Peter on the Sea of Genesareth, and diminutive chickens of Mother Carey's family—all combined to make the sailor tremble. The second-mate and the Irish sailor, who had previously declared that he had seen the white eye of the mastiff's ghost in the fore-top cross-trees, were pale with fear. My sailor chum, who must have been born in a stormy night, I found in the state-room, singing in a lively mood:

40

“The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard: What matter—our vessel skims on like a bird. What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main? She has braved it before, and will brave it again. The fire gleaming flashes around us may fall, They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot appal.”

As night came on an almost impenetrable darkness surrounded us. The clouds had joined together in battle. Lightning flashed in quick succession. The thunder's continuous roll, uniting with the roar of the angry ocean, the harsh creaking of the masts in their sockets, the grating groans of bulkheads and keelson, the fierce shrieks of the gale in the shrouds above; the dash and swash of the waves over the deck and closed hatchways, all combined to fill our hearts with terror.

Midnight—amid-ship, beneath fastened exits; sleep fled from all eyes. Suddenly, a heavy blow struck the starboard quarter, careened the ship over on her side, throwing those on the weather side out of their berths across the lower deck against the state-rooms opposite. The dim lights which usually hung above the tables were put out. A crash was heard overhead—chains rattling and falling—sails madly flapping, yard-arms snapping and masts breaking—for a few seconds the noise was terrific. The ear seemed at the same time, to be struck with the voice of the Captain, ordering,

“wheel hard up.” The word of command was distinctly heard amid the war of discords; we doubt whether the din could have been much greater “If this frame Of Heaven were falling and these elements In mutiny had from her axle torn The steadfast earth.”

41

At this moment one who had been upon deck came running down through the saloon shouting. “The Captain wants all hands on deck—to throw things overboard!” The order was to call all hands of the crew, and therefore, to prevent a large crowd of excited men, unable themselves to render assistance, from blocking up the way of those who could, we soon heard at the companion-way the order—“turn in below.” As the storm burst upon the ship we involuntarily seized hold of the berth to keep our position, as one would a sleigh when nearly poised between the upper and under sides. The ship soon returned to its upright position. The squall had spent its violence, lasting about three minutes. It was reported below that the ship was struck by lightning and dismantled. There was necessarily considerable confusion, though probably less alarm than would have been expedited; many still retained their berths, others were up in the saloon, seeking to learn what no one yet knew, the extent of the injury.

Upon deck, after a moment of blindness caused by the flash of lightning, our situation became apparent; the blast had fallen too suddenly for the order to take in the sails attached to the fore-mast, to be obeyed. The cry of alarm from those below, as they endeavored to reach the hatchways in the darkness, falling one over another, was terrible. Some were silent, and made no effort to extricate themselves from their berths. I had managed to retain my position in the berth by seizing hold of an iron beam overhead. The coolness and courage of my room-mate had a quieting influence upon my nerves.

Arrayed in storm-cap, and oiled coat—candle in hand—he made his way to the main hatchway, followed by a number who endeavored to gain the deck, but were all ordered to keep below, as they would be washed overboard. My companion's voice was quickly recognized by the Captain, and he was welcomed above. Candles were lit, and the scenes revealed were both of a comical and serious character. Some were praying; others paralyzed with fear; others were calm and silent. One man,

beside himself with terror, was endeavoring to put one foot into his coat-sleeve, and others were endeavoring to pacify him.

The energy of the commanding officer saved us from what would probably have been the most disastrous effects of the storm. Springing for the halliards of the main-top-gallant and main-top sails he was thrown, blinded, upon deck, and in rising, succeeded in casting them off. Those clewing up the mizzen-top sail, we are told, also fell. The President of the Company, having seen the Captain, stated to us, “we are in a bad state; the ship has been struck by lightning, the foremast, and consequently the fore-top-gallant mast, with all the spars and rigging attached to them, are gone; so are also the main-top-gallant mast, with its sails and yards, and the cross-jack-yard on the mizzen-mast. The Company must decide in the morning whether they will return to New York, or enter the nearest port for repairs.”

We rose about half an hour afterward, quiet in a measure having been restored, and looked out of the main companion-way. It was raining hard, but no lightning at this time. The wreck forward was hanging over the larboard-bow, reaching not quite down to 43 the bulwarks. There was a tangled mass of sails, broken yards, and all the rigging of that part of the ship. Not only the great number of loose ropes but also the standing rigging, was mostly torn down. A fine scene for a painter, we thought—that thought had utterance by another. It was now nearly 3 o'clock a.m. The full moon could occasionally be seen between the dark clouds that rolled angrily by. It was not rough, though a considerable swell was running. We soon returned to our berth. If lightning had struck the vessel, as it was said, we were apprehensive it would spring a leak; not then knowing that in such cases the lightning usually becomes dissipated, rarely entering the hold of the vessel. No one yet knew how great was the damage we had sustained. Lying in our berth we listened to the water washing the vessel's side, on a level with our head and though we could discover no rise, we still expected to hear the working of the pumps to ascertain the soundness of the ship. Our condition certainly was not a satisfactory one. In longitude we were about equally distant from New York and Greenwich, yet too far south to meet with vessels to and from Europe. Vessels from South America take a more westerly course. This was our fourth Sabbath out and we had not spoken a single vessel.

On further examination the worst part of the misfortune was found to be the loss of three feet of the head of the foremast, which was broken off. We were thankful that we were able to save the sails and rigging, and for the preservation of the life and limb of all. Going upon deck, as day was beginning to break, the Captain greeted us with, “Well,—, you now 44 have got your wish,”—that expressed a few nights before, while watching the vessel careening to the gale, of seeing during the voyage, a top-mast snapped off and ribbons made of sails.

The wreck around the bowsprit and mainmast was now mostly cleared away; the ruin of the foremast was untouched, but by the tossing of the vessel had fallen down so that the top of the mast dipped into the water at every swell. On ascending one of the shrouds so as to overlook the whole scene, the desolation was more apparent. We were drifting about without a sail spread; excepting the netted mass over the larboard bow the ship appeared stripped of everything. The air was thick with mist; the clouds, scowling, were passing hurriedly by; the wind was beginning to blow violently—such was the dawn of the fourth Sunday at sea. Before breakfast there was a severe thunder shower. Seldom have we witnessed lightning more vivid, or the rain pouring down so abundantly.

Having a sufficient number of extra spars, and a list of carpenters and joiners, with their tools on board, it was thought the loss might be repaired by us without going into port. After breakfast the sun shone for a few moments from out the clouds, which soon closed over it for the rest of the day. Notwithstanding it was the first day of the week, under our pressing necessity, preparations were made for making a fore-top mast. A piece of timber was raised from the deck and lashed down, tools were brought out, and it was not long before the deck appeared not unlike the shop of a ship-carpenter. The work was continued during the day, only as interrupted by the frequent squalls of rain. 45 About noon a brig was seen through the thick air, on our starboard bow, and soon came down directly toward us. At any previous time we should have been very glad to have met a vessel, especially one bound to New York, the course this appeared to be heading; but at this time we regretted it exceedingly, knowing her report, even with our own version of it, would create much uneasiness among friends. We regarded the meeting almost as great an accident as that of

the morning. As before, we were all eager to send back a few words, but the brig was along-side of us before more than half a dozen lines were written. It was too rough to lower a boat. The vessel was on her way from the coast of Africa to New York, and passed by astern, after signaling that she had encountered heavy thunder and lightning the night before. Our story was briefly told with "all well." We had not before supposed the waves were running as high as they now seemed. While the brig was lying in the trough of the sea its hull, three or four rods from us, was wholly lost to view, and as it rose again, the water, washing its deck, poured down the vessel's sides. She left us, and rapidly driven before the gale, was soon out of sight. At this time, the broken spars, sails and rigging had been secured and taken upon deck; the wind was blowing hard and increasing; our only remaining top-sail was reefed; night came on, with the weather continuing the same. During the day we came near suffering a much heavier loss than any which could happen to the ship. In the examination upon the top-mast, the Captain of the ship, trusting his foot upon a rope which proved not secured, was nearly precipitated upon 46 deck; providentially, this was prevented by his fingers resting upon a spar barely within reach.

Monday, 12th.—

Lat. 30° 56', Long. 36° 40'. Gale continues hard from the South with lightning. We had occasion to observe the effects of very hard rain upon the running seas; they were beaten down to a heavy rolling swell while the rain was falling, which the wind soon broke up again. The barometer stood at 29.6 inches. The main-top sail was close-reefed during the day, as also the main-sail and fore-sail. The work of repairs was pressed during the day; the fore-top mast being made and ready to put up as soon as the rolling of the vessel would allow. A large number of porpoises rolled along by the head of the vessel. The phosphorescence in the darkness of the evening was very brilliant around the bows and in the wake of the ship.

Tuesday, 13th.—

Lat. 30° 52', Long. 34° 20'. The wind still blowing hard gales from the South, accompanied with much rain; while the barometer has been rising for the past forty-eight hours, being to-night up to

30.3 inches. The close reefs still remain in the main-top sail. There was no change of weather at night.

Wednesday, 14th.—

Lat 30° 51', Long. 33° 05'. The wind South. Still heavy gales and rain; under close-reefed main-top sail; barometer down again to 29.6 inches. We heard it remarked to-day by an observing man, that we have had rain every day since leaving New York, with but a single exception; and only three days without reefs in the sails. We succeeded to-day in raising the new cross-jack-yard. A 47 French barque approached us, and without coming within speaking distance, by signal, politely inquired if we wished to speak to her.

Orders were given this morning to thoroughly cleanse the state-rooms. The companion-ways were left open as far as possible in stormy weather.

Thursday, 15th.—

Lat. 30° 18', Long. 31° 57'. The storm seems to have spent itself, the weather becoming fairer, though cloudy; the wind changed from the South to West, the barometer standing at 30 inches. Two vessels in the morning were in sight. We were lying still during the day raising our fore-top mast. Two men were hurt, one by the spar rolling upon his leg, the other by the fall of a hammer from the foretop upon the side of his head and shoulder; he became crazy for several hours. Both have since recovered.

Friday, 16th.—

Lat. 29° 41', Long. 31° 30'. A little wind from West to South-West, and slight squalls in the morning. Barometer at 30 inches. We made but little progress and improved the mild weather in setting up the standing rigging of the fore-top mast. In the early part of the day two sails were seen; one of them approached and proved to be an English barque from Calcutta bound to London; she spoke us and asked if we were in want of anything which she could supply. Though having no

occasion to use the liberality of the Englishman, it was gratifying to meet this proof of generosity, which is proverbial of the English sailor. We regret not knowing her name. Her appearance was fine as she bore away under a stiff breeze, with studding sails out—especially when contrasted with our own crippled condition. The other vessel 48 held her course. North-West, probably to New York or some near-by port.

Saturday, 17th.—

Lat. 28° 40', Long. 31° 25'. At 8 a.m. the wind changed from S.S.W. to N.E.—the first of the trade winds—blowing very mildly. The barometer at 30.2 inches. Two sails were barely visible from the mizzen-top, one upon the larboard quarter, we presume, was the barque Nautilus, which remained in sight during several days. We witnessed the unusual work of blacksmithing at sea, being furnished with a portable forge upon deck, with workmen and ample means for mending the chains, and repairing several broken irons of the ship. There were frequent occasions afterwards of jobbing at the forge. We were able once more to spread our fore-top sail to the wind. A large number of black-fish tumbled hurriedly by us; many ‘Portugese men-of-war,’ so-called by the sailor, were seen: a small bubble-like thing, floating upon the water; around one of these we noticed a small fish feeding, about five inches long. A great variety of animal life was around us to-day. Several of the men amused themselves in fishing up the gulf-weed and picking from it a number of small creatures having their home here in the watery wilderness. Several small “crabs” were found, resembling in form those along our home-shores, though in size covering a space no larger than the finger nail; their backs were delicately speckled. The unsightly “gulf-worm” and “shrimps” were also found attached to the weed, about two inches long, and presenting a formidable appearance under a magnifying glass. In the morning a large bird, resembling the gull, excepting 49 its pipe-stem-like tail, which had left us a few days before, was noticed flying several times around the ship; it appeared to want a resting place. We have heard it said there can be no fair weather with cardson shipboard; it may be merely the knot of a sailor's yarn; however, we have seen very little of one and much of the other; the throwing a pack overboard a few days since has also been followed by

a pleasant change. At night the decks were cleaned by the free use of water and split birch brooms that the usual morning washing might not be done on the morrow.

Sunday, 18th.—

Lat. 27° 18'. Long. 30° 30'. The wind blowing very gently, as yesterday. The change in personal appearances indicated the return of the Sabbath morning, which was delightful, and succeeding to the scenes and labors of the week, seemed to bear in the air and reflect from the water a spirit of quietness shared by all. Again the bell, at 11 a.m., called us to the quarter-deck. The solemnity of the hour, we think, was unfelt by none as “Safely through another week God has brought us on our way.”

was sung. The last part of the 137th Psalm, from the 21st verse, was read and made the subject of remark. Few audiences, this day, listened more attentively than that on the Henry Lee, who had seen a protecting Providence, and were now gathered where all around was the work of the Creator, as was observed by the “Man of God.” More than one moistened eye attested the impressed heart of the listener. We heard it said by one, who was not accustomed to pay unusual regard to the day, that the service was sufficient to satisfy him for 50 all we had suffered on the voyage. In prospect of a clear sunset we hastened up from supper; but the sun went down in clouds, as on every evening before. While friends at home were yet at their afternoon service, we were enjoying the clear, early approach of night. Venus beamed forth with great brilliancy gleaming upon the water which mirrored back its light. Two vessels were seen during the day upon the horizon.

Monday, 19th.—

Lat. 25° 23'. Long. 30° 01'. We were fully in the trade winds, which were now very strong; our course was South. Early in the morning a sail to the windward, which for two days had been slowly gaining upon us was seen standing down across our bow. We ran up close into the wind and waited her, rapidly approaching before the fine, steady breeze.

Soon we recognized the stars and stripes, and in a little while her name. It was the Nautilus, a barque from New York bound to California, which we supposed we had passed the day before our disaster, many still thinking it the same. Her white, full-swollen sails glistened in the sun, and concealing her masts and rigging, presented a splendid view to us as she came near, dashing the foam on either side of her course. Her bow and bowsprit were crowded with men, while heads were seen here and there upon the yards. As she gracefully came round we were greeted with loud and hearty hurras, which were as loudly and heartily answered. Time could scarcely be had for interchanging those questions that stranger vessels, meeting at sea, usually make. With martial music of drums and instruments, a few random salutes, and waving of hats,

IN THE TRADE WINDS,

53 she passed a length forward of us. We spread all the sail possible, and hoisted a single studding-sail and tho' the main and fore-top-gallant masts had not yet been replaced, for nearly two hours the distance was so short between us conversation might have been carried on by the passengers of the two vessels, had not the wind prevented. The excitement during the time was intense. The bright sun gave a fine transparent blue to the small waves whose tops were crested with white; the spray thrown aside by our bows glowed beneath us—sitting upon the bowsprit—in a constant iris, at times sprinkling the crowd gathered forward. Expecting in our poor sailing condition to be left by the stranger, we found we were indeed fairly in a race with her. During the afternoon she very slowly sailed from us. This presented a new phase of her life-like motions.

For a moment she seemed gathering her power for a bound, then with ease rising to the swell-top, resting there proudly an instant, she darted downward again, leaping each surge, and at each leap waiting for us to see her triumph. By night she had considerably increased the distance between us.

During the day the officers and crew participating in the interest of the chase had pressed their work with untiring diligence. It was sunset before the main-top-gallant mast was put up and secured, and evening came before the sail was hoisted and spread upon it. The course of the vessel was marked

to-day, as often before, by the loss of hats; a red skull-cap taken off from one at work aloft, was carried many rods from the ship to the water, the fourth from the same head.

54

The effect of the additional sail was soon observed. The Nautilus was seen looming up in the darkness, the distance was evidently becoming shorter, while a light, occasionally seen, showed her position more accurately. By those who waited to see the end, we are told the Henry Lee passed its competitor about midnight so near that a biscuit might have been thrown aboard.

Tuesday, 20th.—

Lat. 22° 25'. Long. 29° 40'. During the night our course was South; there were several light squalls, the wind was strong. A pleasant night seems not to have been looked for, as after having gone to our resting place under the hurricane deck, a place preferred for its better ventilation to our berth, we were visited by the vigilant sailors coiling ropes near by, that they might run freely if the occasion should require it. Our neighbor, occupying the corresponding place upon the opposite side, was, later in the night, hurried from his bed. We fell asleep under the lullaby of the wind playing through the rigging, and the falling of spray around the bows, while the waves rolling under the ship and closing in behind echoed a harmonious chorus. The ship dashed forward as though frightened by her pursuer, at times striking a sea and quivering for an instant as if every timber was shaken from its fastenings; yet, on kept the vessel, speeding her way in the darkness about ten miles an hour. Not long after passing the Nautilus we were aroused by the roar of chains falling to the deck, of sails shaken in fury by the wind, the quick word of command, and all the confusion, it seemed to us, now half awake upon deck, of the other morning. The new cross-jack-yard, put up a few days before, had 55 snapped in two; it was made of an old and poor piece of timber. In making inquiry for the barque in the morning, we found, notwithstanding the loss of the mizzen-top sail, we had not only retained the advantage gained, but were still widening the interval between us.

All were eager to repair the loss. By night a new spar had been shaved out and the sail again bent upon it. The canvas of the Nautilus could be distinctly seen in our wake, but too distant for more

than this. The result was very pleasing to us, as we had trusted more to the strength and safety of our ship than to her sailing properties. Our rival had boasted in New York of making the voyage six weeks sooner than we. The tune of “Yankee Doodle,” as she first led us off, seemed to express still the same expectation.

The events of the last few days have served to show us the thorough seamanship of those managing the ship. The skill of the Captain, in fitting together the timbers, the use of tools, the mending of sails, appears no less than in navigation. The skill is only equalled by his bearing to the crew. The confidence secured by the energy of the officers is almost worth the occasion that called it forth; and never was a forecabin filled with a more manly set of fellows.

We were moving rapidly during the day. The forward part of the deck was kept constantly drenched by the dashing wave-crests, which, as the ship and surge met, were now and then thrown against the wind to the height of thirty feet, forming beautiful wreaths sparkling in the sun and reflecting prismatic hues. To-day we passed within the tropics, yet the thick coats are still worn, while comfort requires an additional one in the fresh trade winds of evening. A flying-fish, which we have noticed in great numbers for several days, flew aboard; its wings, closing like a lady's fan, were saved by the curious; the fish itself was soon placed into the hands of the cook.

Wednesday, 21st.—

Lat. 19° 02' Long. 28° 45'. Standing South, with strong trade winds, which, we observe, freshen up in the evening, blowing stronger during the night. The ship was hurrying through the water at the same rapid rate of the preceding night. The Nautilus was barely visible from the mast-head in the morning, though not seen from the deck. It was supposed we were to-day but a short distance from the most western of the Cape Verd Islands. The horizon was not well defined, the atmosphere is dry and hazy, like the warm summer weather of home. The sky is much clouded. The most stubborn cases of seasickness are beginning to yield to the fair sailing and good weather now enjoyed. The severity of a few of these attacks was about as great as the gold fever that carried their subjects off from home—it was so strong that, as vessels have once or twice come in sight, arrangements have

been made to take a passage back; but no home-bound vessel has been met, except that of the 11th ultimo, which the rough sea prevented from boarding.

One of the crew suffered from a severe attack of quinsy for a few days after leaving N.Y., resulting from a cold taken while in port. One evening his recovery was thought very doubtful. We are thankful that now we can say "all well." Our experience 57 shows that the common assertion that a cold cannot be taken at sea, is not strictly true; though exposure to changes of weather and the night air, undoubtedly are here less sensibly felt than ashore. We think our experience has also proved, often to be soaked with salt water does not expose one to cold. During a thunder storm, some time since the top of the mast was tipped with light, an ill-omened sight; perhaps announcing the loss subsequently suffered, that of half a dozen dogs we had on board at starting.

Thursday, 22d.—

Lat. 15° 31', Long. 25° 15'. The wind not quite as great as for the two preceding days. The ship under studding-sails is making fine progress to the South which is noticeable in the evening by the rapid sinking of the stars of the North.

The weather under this latitude is much more comfortable than was anticipated. Many are still sitting about in coats. The sun is most of the time obscured by clouds, and the wind is fresh and constant. Breaking out for water gave a little activity; though the casks do not keep it as fresh and cool as if drawn from a well. It is not very unpalatable unless it passes through the galley, especially if spiced with ginger and sweetened. There are many much greater inconveniences ashore. A barrel of walnuts was opened and marketed at 12 1/2 cts per quart; though we went with due haste, to secure a share, the door was thronged by an eager crowd and we could see no walnuts, but only heard "there are no more." We were afterwards favored.

Friday, 23d.—

Lat. 12° 30', Long. 28° The fore-top-gallant mast, though ready to be raised for several days, was not put up, owing to the swell, till to-day. 58 We were fortunate in having ample means of every

kind to work with, and men competent to direct. Few such losses, we presume, have been so well repaired at sea. Our course having been South for several days, it was supposed that considerable leeway had been made; it was found on inquiry, that a current running to the East had more than compensated for the drifting by the wind.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Tropics.

Since coming within the tropics, the trade winds, excepting a few days under the equator, have been carrying us rapidly toward the magnificent harbor of Rio Janeiro. For several days, between the northern and southern trades, the winds were light and variable; there were very heavy showers of rain, unaccompanied by thunder and lightning; the sky most of the time was obscured by cloud or haze; the heat was not oppressive the thermometer generally ranging, during the day, from 78° to 82°, at no time did we see it above 85° in the shade; the water at the equator was from 81° to 82°.

We crossed the equator in the evening of March 31st, between 26° and 27° W. Long. The night was rainy. Neptune did not forget to pay us his usual visit. The first intimation of his approach was the sudden clanking of heavy chains, the parting of hammock cords, the deep, hoarse tone of one hailing the ship and closely questioning the character of its cargo, “live stock” &c., with the command to “bring out the green-horns.” Soon the Old Fellow himself was seen; a buffalo-like mantle too much obscured his face to speak of it;

60

“What seem'd his head, The likeness of a kingly crown had on?”

his trident was like a double-lipped speaking trumpet; his voice, perhaps it was fancy, reminded us of that of a jolly Scottish sailor aboard. Three were inducted into the order of “Free Sons of the Ocean”—there was no music but the solo of their own clear voices, with a full, hearty chorus. In one hand Neptune held a piece of hoop-iron and a bucket of tar. The passengers crowded around the favored ones he had selected for initiation. With brush he lathered their faces with tar, and shaved

it off with the rough edged hoop-iron. What a waste of tar and hoop-iron! The water was a fine temperature for a deluge bath. The seamen were perfectly astonished at the large quantity of water caught during a shower a little before, in the clews of the fore-sail which now poured down on the bystanders. We do not *know* that it was salt.

The morning of the 1st Monday of April, the day for the election of State officers, was introduced as such days usually are. All business was suspended. Each candidate was zealously supported. The excitement did not cease till the moderator announced the result of the balloting to be the choice of Col. T. H. Seymour for Governor, by a plurality of one vote over Hon. Joseph Trumbull. The Free Soil candidate Hon. J. M. Niles, was sustained by 19 votes. All acquiesced quietly in the result. Afterward a party went shark-shooting. Two were fired into, coming to the surface for bait; the morning before one was drawn from the water nearly upon deck, but broke loose. On the 61 afternoon previous, several of us went in bathing over the vessel's side. A new hook, however, made Monday, captured a shark that night. As he was thumping and pounding the deck, one, by us, sprang up from sleep, exclaiming. 'By—, I don't know but the masts are gone again.' A large, rare diamond fish was swimming around us during the day; all attempts to take him were unsuccessful—also many dolphins were seen in the clear water. Saturday evening a porpoise was speared, and served up for breakfast the next morning; the flavor and appearance were very much like venison.

Sailing within the tropics has presented a phase of sea life different from that of the first few weeks. The manner of spending time is various. The day in reading, writing, games of chess, backgammon and cards, too; cleaning arms, talking, working, lounging, &c. &c.

The delightful nights are passed upon deck, illuminated by the moon, or by lamp—in music, the dance, or discussions by the "Henry Lee Debating Club." Such are some of the views—the pleasures checkering our life at sea. But land, two months lost, is skirting the horizon forward, and we wish to catch a first sight of the "Sugar Loaf" and the dawning beauties encircling the proud city of Rio.

Saturday, 24th

— Lat. 9° 55', Long. 27° 16'. Moderate trades; steering South. The fine, pleasant weather is well appreciated by us, and we enjoy the delightful hours as they pass, according to our diversified tastes; some in reading under the shade of a canvas spread over the quarter-deck; others in chess, 62 backgammon and checkers, while a few are wrapt within the meshes of the muse, thinking, perhaps of the halcyon days of youth spent among their native hills, or unraveling the greater responsibilities of their present and future condition while vacantly gazing over the bulwarks upon the unruffled swells. We have almost given up the idea of sending letters to our friends ashore till we reach Rio, as the ordinary track of homeward-bound vessels lies north of us, unless it be those from India. Ships from South American ports go west of us, hugging the coast. Last evening the quarter-deck was illuminated by lanterns, and a large portion of the company enjoyed themselves in the mazy dance.

Sunday, 25th.—

Lat. 7° 36', Long. 27° 12'. Fine wind and pleasant weather still continue. Steering South by West. Another lovely Sabbath morning inspiring every object with its rich, heavenly influences. Never has pen or poet described a day with more charms than this. The clear, blue expanse above, the deep, serene ocean below, added to the gentle, cooling breeze from the N.E., give an enchantment few can feel and not appreciate. We are moving through the water in a most delightful manner; all sails are set, which aids much to enhance the fleeting hours—for who does not delight in beholding a vessel with her snowy white canvas spread and swelling in the breeze, gracefully skimming the water. The cleanliness of the ship, the neatness of the men, and the reverence paid to the day, speak well for Connecticut. Bibles, religious tracts, and good moral works in every corner and amidships, meet the eye. New England's sons, with all 63 of her nobleness and dignity, are with us, and never will they forget the precepts and examples of their fathers. At 11 o'clock the bell rung for religious services. The 103d Psalm was read and made the subject of remarks, which were listened to with profound attention. The day closed as magnificently as it opened.

Monday, 26th.—

Lat. 5°, Long. 27° 10'. Pleasant breeze from the N.N.E.; steering South. A cloudy kind of haze shrouded the blue sky this morning, and has continued to cast a sombre hue upon our world all the day. It has been agreeable however, for it has also veiled the almost vertical rays of the sun, which else would have made us very uncomfortable. We had hardly expected a continuance of the trade winds down to so near the equator, for we were told that, generally, they are lost in calms and variable squalls for three or four degrees on either side. But we are pleasantly sailing along at the rate of six knots per hour, a steady, pure and health-inspiring breeze wafting us over the gentle billows. We do not wonder the sailor loves his “ocean home,” where so much to gratify the senses and soothe the mind is lavished. A large ship has been seen this afternoon some four miles to the leeward; but though in full view, she did not show her colors, though ours waved proudly for some time. The impression was, in some minds, that she was a slaver. This seems hardly probable, because of her size. The latter part of the day there were strong indications of rain.

Tuesday, 27th,—

Lat. 3°, Long. 27° 08'. There was some lightning during the first part of the day, with light winds and rain. A heavy rain storm in the afternoon succeeded—which some enjoyed by removing a part of their clothing and taking a regular shower bath, and in scrubbing the decks, and catching rain water for after use. The ship makes a much better appearance to-night. It has been a real tropical rain, literally a *pour*. Distant thunder was heard in the morning, and a flash of lightning now and then illumined the sky. There is a presagement, as the darkness comes on, of an ugly night, and the ship is being put in preparation for it. Squalls come up in these latitudes suddenly and often unexpectedly, and pass by in a moment, sometimes leaving wrecks in their dark track.

Wednesday, 28th.—

Lat. 1° 20', Long 27°. Light baffling winds and rain ushered in the day. Steering South by West. The rain has continued all day, and the sun “like a cowed monk has mantled o'er his face,” and walked his round unheeded.

Thursday, 29th.—

Lat. 1° 14' North, Long. 26° 38'. The sea rests to-day, and some of us have enjoyed a plunge beneath its blue surface. The boats were lowered, and some exercised themselves in a pleasant race round the ship. Many skipjacks and other fish were seen near the vessel. A light breeze from the South-West freshened up, and we again glided gently through the water. The sunset, which we all witnessed and admired, was most gorgeous. Many have built "castles in the air," but we venture to say none of them were ever half so beautiful as those pictured on the gold-fringed clouds, which lay in dense snowy masses near the horizon as the sun retired.

The monotony of the few days previous to the first sight of land will hardly compensate one for the trouble of reading. The crossing of the line, and the events of the following Monday, (election,) and the pleasures of sailing within the tropics having been briefly spoken of, we will give only the latitude and longitude.

Date. Lat. Long.

March 30, 00.50, 26.13,

31, 00.26, 26.23,

April 1, 00,15 So. 26.50,

2, 1.15, 27.00,

3, 1.45, 27.05 W.

4, 3.07, 28.00,

5, 3.42, 28.02

6, 4.56, 29.18,

7, 5.56, 30.50,

8, 8.19, 32.20,

9, 10.50, 33.40,

10, 13.00, 34.50,

11, 14.53, 36.12,

12, 16.20, 36.57,

13, 18.20, 38.00,

14, 20.13, 38.40,

15, 21.24, 40.00,

16, 22.30, 41.00,

17, 22.38, 41.00,

Light winds from the N.E. Saw fish and other signs of nearing land. The water is more of an olive color, and the atmosphere carries a different scent. "Coming events cast their shadows before," so it seemed in our case. There was to be noticed an ebullition of feeling and liveliness of expression which could hardly be accounted for until the eager ear caught the words—"Land ho!" 'tis a most cheerful heart-inspiring sound to the tired voyager, who has been imprisoned in the narrow hull of a storm-tossed ship for many long and weary days. How his pulse bounds! What new vigor is infused into his before listless frame, and as he catches up the cry *land ho*, he becomes endowed as it were, with new emotions. Yes; the same man who a few minutes since dozed recumbent on the deck is he, who with eager countenance, is now swiftly, and with energy, mounting the shrouds. Anon you see him far up, with his strained gaze fixed upon the distant cloud-like point,

half doubting whether it be in reality a part of his mother earth, and rubbing his eyes to be more sure; when it looms up so as no longer to leave room for doubt; how impatient he becomes; how long the time seems before distant objects can be closely scrutinized. The vessel, though plunging forward like a swift courser, never went so slow before, and he is half angry that he cannot overleap the intervening space and plant his foot upon the solid earth at once.

The first land seen was a low sandy point, some one hundred miles East, North East, from Rio. Back from this cape a mile or two commences a range of hills which run parallel with the coast down to Cape Frio, a bold island promontory. The hills retire into mountains as they extend from the shore, and at a distance raise their heads above the clouds. A perennial verdure carpets the hill-sides, and orange and cocoa trees enclose the pretty white cottages of the inhabitants. It looks fair and beautiful as we run along six or seven miles from the beach, though a nearer view may disclose deformity. But these first glimpses of a land, foreign and new in all its rights and interests, are becoming shadows, indistinct, as night comes on, and we must wait till to-morrow for further disclosures.

CHAPTER V.

Rio de Janeiro.

It was a sweet morn, and beautiful was the landscape that smiled upon us as we lay on the calm waters of a little bay, formed by the projection of Cape Frio and another rocky point. Not long had we admired the scene before two boats put off from the beach, in front of an orange-bowered cottage, and made toward us. As they came on we watched them with considerable interest, for they contained the first specimens of South American humanity that we had seen. The boats were manned each by six Africans, who were destitute of clothing, except trowsers and breech-clouts, and three caps among the twelve. Their masters, rather intelligent looking, copper-colored Brazilians, were dressed in summer clothing, with broad-brimmed hats. They came alongside, but we were unable to understand any of their language save the words "California" and "Rio Janeiro." This bay is the resort of slavers, and even now, while the importation of slaves from Africa had

been interdicted by laws, under the humanizing influences of Don Pedro Secundo—one of nature's noblemen—they would watch the coast signals and run in their living freight. It was judged by some that we were taken by them for one. A number of 69 small, curiously shaped vessels were seen cruising about during the day. At about four in the afternoon the wind freshened, and we stood up by Cape Frio, upon which, some ten hundred feet above the level of the sea, is a fine revolving light. The huge rock is covered with a species of moss, interspersed with clumps of leafy shrubs. We saw the light glancing brightly astern while some were tripping the light foot to the sound of merry music. All on board were in exuberance of spirits from the anticipation of soon being in port and once more upon terra firma. Time flies with such rapidity when all is gaiety that the deep hours of night passed unnoticed. Soon, however, fatigued with the dance, each one seeks his resting place, except the ever vigilant watch, and lose themselves in sound slumber. Nothing disturbs the silence but the murmuring of the winds, the dash of the waves against the bow, the wary step of the watch, or the low tones of some of the more voluble, spinning a night yarn near the forecabin. This is a fit place for meditation. While looking out upon the moon and stars, whose beautiful light is now and then concealed by fleeting clouds, our thoughts wander back to the dreams and pleasures of childhood, and tracing each succeeding scene of hope and enjoyment to the last, we are led almost to question the propriety, or reason, for deserting them and our native hills for the distant land of gold.

Another morning has dawned, and new objects attract our gaze. Above the horizon, clouds, in dense masses, await to escort the king of light through the otherwise clear sky. A white vapory sheet covers the bosom of the waters, and hide from us the distant shore; slowly, however, as if reluctant to leave its couch of earth and water, its folds rise and evaporate in space. Brightly the sun appears and throws a halo of golden light upon the clouds, and burnishes the waves, deck, spars and sails with its mellowed richness. A small dark object, seen in the distance, moves steadily toward the east, enters the bright arc of clouds, and suddenly looms up into life. The black smoke which it emits, makes a strong contrast with the glowing scene in the background. It gave rise to much speculation by those near us. Some said it was the steamer Hartford; others thought it was a Brazilian steamer; which was afterwards ascertained to be correct. Mountains, valleys, cottages and

other objects like those of yesterday, are still within view. A large number of vessels are floating near the entrance to the harbor, and some not far from us. There being but little wind now, we have ample time to admire the bold scenery, far and near, which the coast presents. Land birds, in flocks, are flying over our heads; and innumerable fishes—dolphins and sharks—and a large turtle were sporting around us.

About two o'clock this afternoon a brig spoke us, and kindly offered to carry letters to New York. It was the *Ernani*; Captain Graham, master. This being the first opportunity since leaving New York to remit letters home, we accepted it with all readiness and joy. It would be needless to say with what haste letters were rewritten, folded, enveloped and sealed; for the oft-expressed desire to relieve the anxiety of friends, who must have heard of our critical situation by the

FIRST SIGHT OF LAND—BARK IN FOREGROUND

71 accident of the 11th of March indicated the feelings of all on board. A large bag was filled—say with some five hundred letters—and placed in care of the first mate to take aboard the brig. While the boat was gone more letters were finished, and the boat a second time dispatched. The brig was an object of admiration; having tall, rakish masts, high bulwarks and well painted, she presented a graceful appearance. While the mate and our physician, who went with him, tarried on board of her, our musicians assembled on the hurricane deck and played for the amusement of our neighbors, who in turn highly complimented our performances. A light breeze coming up, put an end to the visit. As soon as they returned, the doctor was showered with questions as to the news. Gaining an elevation for himself, and at length the silence of the auditors, he gratified us with a description of all he had seen, heard, and tasted. Her cabins were large, richly furnished and carpeted, with an elegant sideboard filled with choice liquors and fruit. There were four females on board. One was introduced as the captain's wife, another as her sister while the others were supposed to be servants. The ladies were said to be good looking, easy in their manners, and entertaining. Two middle-aged men were passengers. They had started for California, but suffering from ill-health, were on their return home. The captain informed them that everything was high in Rio, owing to the great demand for provisions &c. by California vessels. Four were in port when he left, and others going

in. Oranges, cake and wine were offered them. Partaking thereof, they were obliged to leave as before stated.

72

The wind continues to increase, and now we are swiftly gliding “o'er the dark blue sea.” The Ernani is fast disappearing in the distance; and although the breeze is dead against us, it is speeding homeward our messages of love and remembrance to our families and friends. Dark and scowling clouds are rising; the sea begins to look ragged and angry, and huge, frowning rocks that hem the shore bespeak a dangerous proximity. On this account we are obliged to put out to sea. During the night many were for the second time sea-sick—the most disagreeable of all maladies.

When morning came we found we had been driven back many miles. Throughout the day our prospects were far from flattering, and some were talking of going on to St. Catherine.

Friday.—A meeting was called this forenoon to obtain the views of the Company in reference to stopping at Rio, or proceeding to St. Catherine. The expression to stop was unanimous. In the afternoon the wind veered around, and carried us toward the harbor; but being too far north to make a good entrance, we are compelled to wait for the morrow as it might be hazardous to attempt it to-night.

Saturday.—A light wind from the southeast wafts us along, and with all sail set we make a successful entrance. The day is delightful, the atmosphere balmy and inspiring, the sky clear and deeply blue, with but few clouds. Our attention was drawn first to the high, fantastic and abrupt peaks of Gavia, Corcovado and the Sugar Loaf on the left, which, when taken together, assume the shape of an old man, with an enormous Roman nose lying on his back; he is known to the sailors 73 by the name of Lord Hood. On the right is the bold prominence of Santa Cruz—a fortress whose massive foundation was laid by the hand of nature which challenges the world to overthrow. The surf rolls high up against its base, and returns, foaming and sparkling, back to the ocean. We passed close to the fort and were hailed from it—a practice which is observed toward all vessels passing it. Before us lies the city of Rio Janeiro and the town of San Domingo, with Praya Grande opposite.

The beautiful expanse of water, decked here and there with islands, vessels, boats and steamers of various forms and of all sizes, passing to and fro, create a most enchanting picture. The cone-shaped mountains lift their barren tops to the clouds while their sides are covered in perpetual green, and interspersed with the splendid villas of the retired gentry of the city or the wealthy from foreign countries.

At 2 o'clock we were safely moored. Small boats in considerable numbers came near us. One, rowed by young Brazilians, contained a news-gatherer, who, being a privileged character, boarded us. He was soon followed by the Custom-house officer and Board of Health. No one was allowed to come on board until a visit from these gentlemen was received. They were closely followed by clerks from the American mercantile houses in the city, soliciting trade and news. It being now late in the day, and not feeling desirous to visit for the first time a strange and foreign city in the night, we busied ourselves in admiring the novelties by which we were surrounded. In the evening, the bells of the convents, which were near the shore, and the discharge of guns from the forts and vessels of war, announced the close of another day's duties. A long range of night lamps nearly encircling the entire anchorage, and twinkling stars, were the only things now left to meet our gaze; and excepting the hailing of some recreant boat from the guard-ship, naught disturbed the silence which wrapt all things far and near.

Divine service is usually held every Sunday when the weather permits, but such is the general preparation to go on shore, that it is necessarily postponed. Falling in with the excitement of the moment, we stepped into one of the native's boats, which was rowed by two slaves, who are kept for that purpose, and in a short time were landed on the firm and unyielding ground. Near the landing is the Emperor's palace, and the Pharoux Hotel; also an American store, which is doing a very thriving business. Crowds of men, women and children, of all castes and shades—officers, priests, soldiers, citizens, beggars and slaves—lined the shore, performing their respective duties without regard to color, or to station. Some were engaged in selling oranges, and some, bananas; others, cakes, biscuits and confectionery. They beset us, with their unintelligible jargon, to buy their fruit, &c. We passed through Palace Square, in the center of which is a public fountain. Water is carried from this fountain about the city in casks, holding from three to five gallons, on the heads

of slaves. We met several gangs with bags of coffee and boxes on their heads, trotting along, and singing to keep step, apparently contented and happy. The market-house is a large square building, situated on the west side of Palace Square, with a

HARBOR AND CITY OF RIO JANEIRO

75 wide entrance on each side. It is divided into stalls, which were filled with the produce of the country, of which, we judge from the quantity, onions and garlics were the principal. At noon the air around every hotel, boarding-house, and private dwelling is impregnated with the scent of them.

On every hand was life and bustle; stores were open and crowded with customers; shops were filled with busy men; carriages, drawn by mules, and a few by horses, were rolling along the streets, or waiting for chance-passengers. Handbills were posted at the corners of the streets advertising a Bull-fight to take place that afternoon at an amphitheatre built for that purpose; a “Grande Popular Baile” expressly for the Californians, to come off in the evening. Brazilian ladies were to be present, and a talented orchestra; and the flower garden, in the center of which is the ball-room, was to be brilliantly illuminated. The theatres were to be opened, and new and thrilling tragedies to be acted. What would church-going New England people think of such occurrences on the holy Sabbath! Yet these places of amusement are not wanting the attendance of even our American citizens. People go from church to the theatre without a thought of inconsistency perhaps, or a compunctious feeling; may, the church itself is little different from a museum where tinsel and gorgeous ceremonies are displayed to captivate the senses, to attract the gaze of the unthinking, and to gratify the cupidity of man. We attended the chapel of St. Jago in the forenoon and evening. The streets around, and the floors and aisles of which were strewed with orange leaves, which imparted a very sweet fragrance to the atmosphere. Soldiers were stationed near the porch and about the doors. Monks and nuns, black and white, came in and dipped their fingers in the holy water which was placed near the entrance in a stone basin, crossed themselves and disappeared; others crossed themselves in like manner and knelt either before the crucifix, or some of the saints, which were in niches along the wall, ornamented with rich silks and fine lace decked with gold and silver spangles. A number of females were seated on the floor with wreaths of flowers in their hands, or on their heads. In the evening the church was illuminated and presented a most

magnificent appearance. Candles in every conceivable form were burning about the crucifix, before the saints, along the walls, in the windows, on the roofs, and on every projection to the very top of the steeple. Fourteen blazing tar barrels lighted the street in front, and hissing fireworks graced the commencement and close of the ceremonies. The music was performed by a choir in the most perfect manner, and consisted, besides the organ, of flutes, haut-boys, horns, and basses of different kinds.

We expected, of course, to find many things in this foreign city different from what we had been accustomed to see at home; and, during the few days we were here, we meant to survey the arrangements and customs of the people with an impartial eye. The first thing that struck us on going ashore was the filthiness of the streets and the environs of the landing. No new comer can fail to notice this, for the evidence is palpable to his nostrils, with intolerable offense. The streets themselves are very narrow—so much so that vehicles ⁷⁷ in passing each other can hardly avoid at times running on to the adjacent sidewalk, hazarding the life or limb of those who may chance to be walking there. The gutter is in the center, which has the onerous duty, seemingly, of receiving all the filth and foul waters of the neighborhood—not excepting those of the chanber as well as the kitchen, and here retaining them day after day in the sun's heat till the friendly shower of heaven carries them off to the Bay. The inhabitants, thought we, must have very obtuse olfactories, or lack good taste, or what is more probable still, they are too indolent to right an evil which cannot but be an immense drawback on the health and comfort of the city. This one cause, we should judge, was sufficient of itself to bring lasting maladies upon the people, or account for many which they already have. Among the diseases found here is the *fafa*, which affects almost the whole of the male population, and in some instances to a frightful extent. We could scarcely be in the street five minutes without perceiving in the aspect of the citizens the tokens of its presence. The enlargement of the part affected had reached, in one or two cases which came under our observation, the size of a man's head! This disease is not wholly unknown in other towns and seaports, especially on the Pacific coast. But in no place, probably, has it the prevalence, or does it present such fearful results as in Rio Janeiro.

Another feature of Brazilian society is the exclusion of females from the public gaze. Slaves you may see everywhere occupying the sphere of a toilsome existence, and frequently you meet women of the religious houses veiled and mantled in rusty black, with 78 slipshod shoes and hose out at the heel, soliciting alms. But with these exceptions, the fair portion of Rio's population are walled away from your curious eyes. You jostle with priest and publican, with the well-dressed gentleman and the carrier of burdens, upon the narrow pavements, but you see not the sparkling eye of the buxom lass, or the bland and cheerful countenance of the stately matron, tripping with light foot from shop to shop of a sunny afternoon as at home. No! the dark jealousy with which the Portugese are said to be tinctured, will permit them to grant no such liberties to their wives and daughters as might result in a scandal. Hence, their houses are built, and their carriages constructed and curtained, with a view, seemingly, to keep their women as much as possible out of *harm's way and harm's sight*.

The laundry operations of this people deserve a moment's notice. To our fair friends at home the thought of discharging the honors of "washing-day" in the open public square of a city, would be shocking enough. Yet, such, we may inform them, is the custom here. Large vats built of stone, are situated in different parts of the town, and generally beside one of the fountains supplied with water from the great aqueduct; to these the female servants, with baskets, soap, &c. resort, as to a great bazar, to use their gifts in the humble and purifying task as aforesaid. The process is briefly this: The operator having suitably divested herself of clothing, steps into the reservoir, which contains perhaps a foot or two of water, and there, facing outwards, rubs the clothes, or—as is often the case—like the farmer threshing his grain, swings 79 them high in air and brings them down with a heavy slap on the top stone of the breastwork which was designed for that purpose. You wonder if the articles of apparel can survive many such ordeals of cleansing. It is the opinion of those who know, that they do not.

The fine arts are cultivated among the Brazilians with much skill and success. Their floral taste also, we think is admirable, and seems alike to characterize all classes. The climate is genial; seldom very wet or very dry, never cold, is finely adapted to the luxuriant growth of a large variety of fruit trees and flowering shrubs. With these natural facilities, they seem cheerfully to devote time

and expense in adorning their grounds with everything that is lovely to the eye, or delicious to the taste and smell.

We visited the public and many of the private gardens of the city and contiguous villages; and everywhere with pleasure to ourselves, and a high opinion of the tact and taste which could present such splendid creations to our view. The Empress' garden, situated a little south of the city, is a place of common resort, to strangers at least, where embowered from the heat and dust of the streets, and regaled with the fragrant odors of flowers, one spends an hour most delightfully. We should think, however, that it had of late received less attention from the gardener than formerly. It is flanked on the east by a fountain, which sends its waters into a pool below through the mouths of two huge brass crocodiles.

The Emperor's Botanical Garden is some eight miles out. It is the most extensive and altogether the most splendid affair of the kind which we found in Rio. 80 Here you find in a flourishing state, the cassia, and clove, and pepper, and other spice shrubs, as well as the larger fruit trees. An attempt has also been made to cultivate the tea plant, but we believe, as yet, with not much success. No obstruction was offered us in rambling freely over this wide area of rich cultivation; instead thereof, a guide who spoke our language, kindly attended us through the grounds, giving us explanation, of flowers, or fruit, as we might desire, and all un-Yankee-like, gratis.

While we readily concede that the taste and skill of the Brazilians exceed ours in this particular department, yet, in respect to all the great purposes of life, we must think the scale is decidedly in our favor. Nay, we go farther; we believe that in agriculture, commerce, and invention, indeed in every branch of useful industry, they are at least fifty years behind the age.

By reference to records on shore, we learned that the number of vessels which had touched here since the first of January for California, was eighty-six, most of which were crowded, we might safely say overcrowded with passengers. There were nine arrivals in one day during the time we were in port, bringing at the least calculation a thousand passengers. A large number, you think, to pour into the streets of a town in a single day. Yet the number was nothing in so populous a

city as Rio, if the persons in question were orderly disposed. But we fear so much cannot be said of the Californian emigrants generally. We know they had been in a high and unnatural state of excitement before leaving home; perchance they have had a long and

1. Santa Cruz Fort, entrance of Harbor of Rio Janiero.

83 rough passage at sea, with cramped quarters and coarse fare; and making due allowance also for the natural ebullition of spirits on coming to port; yet after all the allowances which the liberal would make, there is still left a score of riot, excess, and rowdyism to be acknowledged which ill beseems the American character. Many a Californian has had the pleasure of passing a night in the calaboose in payment of trenching on the public quiet. Some, for crimes of a more serious nature, had been sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years. While others were taken in hand by their comrades and exorcised of a pugnacious spirit by an application of the bastinado to their barefeet. What a contrast, thought we, between the natives and their American visitors! Not a citizen or a slave did we see intoxicated, or any way riotous, during the week's time we were in port. On the contrary, the inhabitants seemed quietly attentive to their own business, courteous to their foreign guests, and, indeed, wonderfully forbearing of their follies. They appeared pleased to accommodate our countrymen in every possible way, admitting them to their public buildings, their plantations and private grounds; in short, characterizing their whole intercourse with the utmost civility. Now that all this urbanity and kindness should be requited by the enlightened citizens from the States with turbulence and wild excesses is more than common humanity will ordinarily brook. What shall they think of the operation of our boasted civil and religious liberties, if judgment they form, and must form, from what they see and hear? Can we be surprised that with such demonstrations before them 84 they should look upon us, with all our advantages and noble institutions, with the feelings only of pity and contempt?

Among the American vessels in port, we found on our arrival the U.S. Frigate Savannah and the Brig Perry—both fine crafts and well manned; and both departed before us. The brig was ordered to St. Catherine's to quell a riot reported then to exist between some mischievous Californians and natives of the island, wherein, it was said, one or more of the former had been killed. The Savannah was bound to San Francisco, to uphold the Revenue Laws recently passed by Congress for that port.

She weighed anchor and stood down the Bay, (Friday,) with all canvas set and colors waving in the breeze, amid the cheers that rang and echoed on each side as she passed through the fleet of sister adventurers. The Senator also, a noble ocean steamer, was here, and had brought New York papers down to the 11th of March; which when so fortunate as to obtain, we devoured eagerly, as if it were news from our very homes. She likewise is *en route* to California, leaving the day before us. The steamer Hartford had not touched here, nor, so far as we could definitely learn, had she been heard from. We greatly fear the worst has happened to our friendly neighbor. But we must think of taking up our carriage for the blue deep again. It is Friday. The order is given to sail on the morrow. We are having our last day on shore. Others are moving to be under weigh soon; and some of the ships, by design or accident—too often, alas, the former—got away too soon for many an unwary passenger, who without money or

2—Sugar Loaf Mountain. 3—Convent. 4—Navy Yard, Harbor, Rio Janeiro.

87 baggage is left to such comfort ashore as the gloomy circumstances may afterwards unfold. We are making therefore, our last little purchases: closing our letters and the packages of presents to friends, which go hence to N.Y. by a barque on the point of sailing And some, doubtless, are lingering late to finish a revel in honor of departure—though we are happy to know, and it is but justice to ourselves to say, that our ship's company formed a marked exception to the vicious excesses which seemed the rule of most. Saturday morning finds our water and fresh provisions all aboard. The men are ready and all here except Rich and Parsons, Pat, and Cotton, who for various reasons preferred to stop. The papers and password are received from the custom-house—and if no mishap hinders we shall soon be gone. Thus we mused, till one of the sailors, in a freak of folly, disobeyed the orders and even dared lay violent bands on his Captain, without the least provocation. The matter could not be passed over without notice. The case, with evidence &c., must come before our Consul, and, of course, time must be taken for its adjustment. Alas! thought we, what blight and mischief may lurk in but one evil cup! The poor fellow had to be left a prisoner on shore. Meanwhile the land breeze of the morning died away, or was displaced by winds from the ocean, which forbid our exit till another day. By some, the interim was employed in calling on friends aboard different ships around us; others, to put another letter in the home

mail, or to supply themselves with some article which they yet lacked, took one more long pull to shore. Morning came with its wonted softness and serenity; 88 and though it was the Sabbath, it was deemed necessary we should put to sea. The bustle of setting sail and weighing anchor being over, the ebb tide and light breeze bore us gently forward to the offing, amid the usual salute and clapping, which greeted us right and left from those who tarried, though expecting soon to follow. We had the pleasure of leaving in company with the Elizabeth Ellen and the famous Nautilus.

5—Barracks. 6—Fortifications, Rio Janeiro.

CHAPTER VI.

Life on Board Ship.

As we pass slowly away from this distant foreign port—the first which many of us ever saw, and the first to make after a rugged voyage at sea, and therefore by peculiar associations not easily to be forgotten—we cannot but turn our eyes once more to gaze, perhaps for the last time, upon the scenery which surrounds it. It is lovely indeed, and nowhere perhaps is it surpassed, if equalled. Where do you find grouped in a single landscape so much that is bold and captivating, and truly sublime, as here meets the view and thrills the soul of the admirer of nature? We can conceive of nothing more Eden-like in its features of natural beauty than this truly enchanting spot. He who has lit on it once, especially after being weary weeks upon the ocean, has felt raptures of admiration glowing in him such as he scarcely conceived himself capable of. And if you have rambled over this field of gorgeous beauty once; mounted its hills, clad in living verdure; wandered along its rich valleys, by the farmhouse, and fruitful field, and lovely villa; and have eaten of its lucious fruits, and breathed the balmy air of its adjacent mountains, you will very likely carry the impress of its grandeur away with you; 92 and, again and again as you are forced to leave it, wish to cast a lingering look behind. Yet, much as the scenery about this magnificent Bay is talked of and praised by travellers, we could not suppress the remark that, in the hands of enterprising capitalists from the States, it might present an aspect far brighter than even the one it now has. But we are fast parting from the region which so enthusiastically engages our thoughts; and as the bold outline of

its frontier walls is becoming less distinct in the distance, and soon to be lost sight of entirely, we could but bethink us of the pleasure and instruction which our visit had afforded or might afford.

Monday, 30th.—

The Elizabeth Ellen is still in sight, but the Nautilus is not to be seen. The wind is variable and the sea considerably rough. Some are again affected with seasickness.

Wednesday, May 2nd.—

The weather is more agreeable than it has been for the last two days, and the men manifest more animation. A few of the joiners are at work on the new spars; preparations are being made for rough weather off the Cape. A ball was given in the evening in honor of the Connecticut election.

Friday, 4th.—

Lat. 28° 48', Long. 45° 00'. Spoke the Elizabeth Ellen about noon. Capt. Truman informed us that two days previous they were called to bury one of his passengers, by the name of Forbes, who died from dysentery. A few others were also sick, but none dangerously so. The grave-like stillness which seemed to pervade those who crowded her decks, was evidence that the loss of a companion had impressed their minds. How affecting the scene of a funeral at 93 sea! How sad the office, when a fellow mortal, far from home and friends perhaps, has to be given up to the cold ocean waves, and instantly to become food for the monsters of the deep! Capt. T. signified a wish to keep us company around Cape Horn. Our Captain readily acceded. Then we parted, with the usual *three times three*, given and responded. Toward evening the south wind was strong—sea rough—and weather rather cool.

Saturday, 5th.—

Lat. 29° 23', Long. 46° 20'. The wind of the evening continued stiff through the night, obliging us this morning to take in all but double-reefed fore and main-top sails. The rolling waves give us not a little motion with our breakfast. We are informed for our comfort, however, that this is but the

prelude to what we are yet to see. If so, our thought is that the tune will ring harsh discord in our ears. We have some thirty degrees of latitude to make ere we arrive off the Cape; and if the severity of the weather is in the ratio of our progress southward, our very worst ideas of this tempestuous region are likely to be realized. Our men try to amuse themselves in various ways. To-day they hooked in a “cape hen”—great numbers of which are now about us. Let us view it. He is of the raven color, white beak, large body, wings four feet from tip to tip, legs very short, with webbed feet. He is loose about deck, but cannot fly from it; it is from the water alone, it seems, he can rise into air. The show is over, and ere the guest departs must receive a leather label made fast with red tape to his neck, with name of ship, where bound, latitude and longitude, &c. Now all is ready, lift him to 94 the wind—away he goes with joy, no doubt. The day on the whole is somewhat gloomy, and many of us are in a moody state of mind. One remarked that these gloomy hours made us the oftener think of home and loved ones there. Friends may infer, therefore, that we do not wholly forget them—especially in rough weather.

Sunday, 6th.—

Lat. 30°, Long. 47° 50'. Wind S.S.E.; heading S.W.; made sail towards evening. Sea more calm, but a heavy swell still continues. Divine service held as usual at 11 o'clock; and the general quietness of the Sabbath has been observed. Part of the 21st chapter of Revelation was read, with brief remarks, followed by an address from Mr. Fisher. Toward dusk two sails were in sight—one, some distance to the windward, the other directly astern. Clouds have dispersed above, and we have made it pleasant around us this evening by a temperance gathering at the quarter-deck. Some told experiences, that an evil past might bring a wise future; others gave exhortations and affectionate entreaty, to which several added argument and the rousing appeal. New pledges were given and old ones strengthened—we hope. In short, the performance came off with interest and a cheerful zest, and we therefore number it with the *spice crumbs* of ship-board life.

Monday, 7th.—

Lat. 31° 07', Long. 48° 50'. Moderate winds from S.E.; heading S.S.W. with all sail set. Progress—six to seven miles an hour. Brig in company—Elizabeth Ellen far astern. The knife panic prevails just now; by which is meant that caststeel and rose-wood and files are in considerable

LEAVING RIO JANEIRO.

97 demand for the construction of dirk-knives. Some elegant articles in this line have been made. It is here as elsewhere that things move by impulse. The above is an illustration. Any scheme of mechanism which is especially uppermost, is all absorbing for the time. If it be the fabrication of a cocoanut cup, all make cups; if the tinkering of dimes into finger rings, every man's hand will show the bright proof of his handiwork. If one makes a lock which he needs, many make locks which they do not need. One fishes, all fish;—or gets out his fire-arms, all are got out and recleansed and oiled. We put it not down as a fault, but rather as an amusing feature of our compact society. It is but a miniature of those commercial speculations and periodic panics which at times convulse the world. We shall little fear the contagious tendencies referred to, so long as health is whole and manners and morals are left uncorrupted.

Tuesday, 8th —

Lat. 33° 41', Long. 49° 35'. Wind N.N.E. Course S. by W. Made 214 miles the last twenty-four hours. The Elizabeth Ellen hove in sight this morning and by middle afternoon came up with us. Some minutes we were side by side, within speaking distance; and, like the meeting of old friends in a foreign land, the interview was refreshing to us all. He who has not had the experience can hardly conceive the effect which such a trivial incident has on the weary voyager. It is a long residence on the ocean, with all its monotony and isolation from human society and objects more familiar, that shows the charm the merest novelty imparts to dignified man. Our captains had the usual conference, by which we learned 98 that they were now all well, and we were pleased to report as favorably of ourselves. Three cheers from as many hundred throats proclaimed the happy meeting ended, then the noble transports swung away to their courses for the night.

The cry of “whales” brought us forth again to the post of observation. Here they were, numbers of them, blowing away with perfect indifference of our proximity; and one or two of them, more bold than the rest, came alongside the ship, giving us a fair view of their form and proportions. They are a huge monster truly, though their presence, unlike that of the shark, awakens no feelings of fear or repugnance. A debate came off this evening which closed the events of the day.

Wednesday, 9th.—

Lat. 36° 57', Long. 51° 43'. Strong winds from N.N.E. Steering S.W. by S. Although the weather is fair now, and temperature agreeable, yet the falling barometer hints of an approaching storm. So it is in reference to all terrestrial enjoyments; while yet we are tasting them, some hand on the wall, or other infallible sign, shows that they are short-lived. We were roused from slumber this morning by the hoarse-toned speaking trumpet, hailing a stranger whom we had overtaken during the night. It was the *Belvidere*, a barque bound to California, with fifty-seven passengers, sixty-four days from New York—all well. We soon left her astern. The *Elizabeth Ellen* is still ahead of us and nearly out of sight.

Thursday, 10th.—

No observation. The dense clouds which hung over us this morning cast a sombre shade not only on surrounding objects but almost upon our inward feelings. Winds light and variable. By noon, rain was falling copiously. Ere long it ceased, and the clouds partially broke, which gave us the opportunity of getting sundry articles of clothing through the wash tub. Many of the poor wights were wondering what their wives and mothers would say, to see them bending to the operation with blistered fingers and bleeding knuckles—and, we trow, with little success. One said, if he lived to get home again, he would do nothing on these great days of purification but help his gentle friends in the labors thereof. By nine this evening a heavy fog drifted over us from the south. O how dreary! said we, as we went below to turn in. It is the first fog of any moment since leaving New York.

Saturday, 12th.—

Lat. 42° 11', Long. 52° 30'. A southwester which commenced its play upon us yesterday has been blowing a regular gale ever since. Our cradle last night rocked with more vehemence, we venture to say, than ever it was wont in childhood by the hands of the most petulant, passionate nurse. Sea ran high; decks often drenched with spray; blast made wild music through the rigging; in short, the scene presented frequent touches of the sublime. All sails were taken in except two close-reefed top-sails, fore and main spencer. The night was sturdy enough; and during almost every hour of it, confused sounds were heard of articles in a transition state, pitching here and there for rest and finding none. Nor has the gale abated in the least all day; and still the sky over us, most of the time, has been entirely free of clouds. Such weather makes work for our hardy sailors. And 100 here we will say what should have been recorded earlier, that the diminished ranks of our crew, caused by several leaving us at the port of Rio, were filled at the time by appointment of Messrs. Wilcox, Penfield, and Knox, seamen; and Wm. E. Bashnell second mate. This efficient corps of laborers are getting the harness well on and girded for the present and future conflict with the elements. The change from summer to winter has been so sudden and great that few of us, passengers, are at all ready for it. Only about ten days since the soft summer zephyr fanned our temples as in the sweet month of June at home. Men moved about in their light clothing, and straw hat, and nude feet; or, perhaps, stretched themselves flat on the hurricane deck, and basked at even-tide in the genial warmth. But now let a man appear above without overcoat, and gloves too, and you will either see him shivering with cold fingers and blue lips, or making the best of his way between decks again, where the air is a little more mild, although a little less pure.

Sunday, 13th.—

No observation. Hard gales from southwest still beat upon us. We are now upon the “Brazilian Banks,” that is to say, soundings. The water here has a beautiful dark green shade, so, of course, differs from the deep indigo hue which everywhere characterizes the ocean when unfathomable. The waves which rolled toward us from the setting sun were enormous; and, as the light shone through them, almost horizontally, presented a sight of uncommon magnificence. It had its

resemblance in nothing our knowledge might furnish, and we could only liken its 101 splendor to a vast field studded with emerald mountains, so pure and rich, indeed, as to give off to a great depth the peculiar green lustre with which all seemed resplendent. Each separate pinnacle was bonneted with a crest of snowy whiteness, which the rude blast dashed high into air in the form of spray, or wafted it entire to the preceding swell. But we despair in our attempt at description. Such splendid ocean scenery as we now had before us could be long gazed on and admired, but not painted. No public worship, and at the hour of rest, no abatement of the gale.

Monday, 14th.—

44° 06', Long. 54° 56'. The morning opens clear and bright overhead, but all is turbulence in the elements around. Ocean still utters a deafening roar; winds wail; the ship quivers in her toil; spray anon sprinkles her deck; and we have to brace ourselves to keep our position. But we wish to speak of the night past, more particularly, which was the most fearful we have yet encountered. We thought our ship had before struggled with maddening waves; (indeed, our passion for the sublime and terrible had already been sufficiently gratified;) but now we know that regions short of Cape Horn have grandeurs and wild winds to open upon us such as no fancy had hitherto pictured. The gales, such as we have met in the last dozen hours, are not mere gusts or squalls, which sweep over us for the moment, causing stir and often harm, but they are long, loud, fierce blasts, bearing down on sea and ship for hours and hours together, and dashing them about as if the smallest trifles to their enormous power. Before winds like these the heaviest forests on shore must instantly bend or become 102 prostrated; and their effect on the ocean's surface is to produce long, huge swells, over which, as in the present instance, the ship mounts with a roll and then plunges into the abyss again, as if never to rise. Of course, her canvas at such times must all come down, except just enough to keep her steady, else she could not live a moment. As to the matter of sleep last night, we think our own is but the experience of most, when we say we had precious little of it. Too fiercely were we jerked from side to side of our berths to get anything in the shape of rest. When a heavy lurch took us, we had to hold on with our might, else rue the neglect to our cost, then, during the interval, lie in terrible suspense lest the next wave should bring the ship itself to her beam-ends. Tin cups and plates of the saloon were musical indeed, without sustaining much harm in the rapid change of

place. The “iron-stone-china” of the cabin, however, suffered more in both respects. In fact, there was a great time with every species of personal (i.e. movable) property. Several of our men who swung away in hammocks, which were supposed the best receptacles for a human body at night found that strong cords could be broken; and, in fact, they did break occasionally and let down the occupants—not very gently—to the floor. One of these fell head-foremost, and the wonder is he escaped with his life. Another, tired with fruitless attempts to sleep, and thinking he might hold on a little better on his feet, arose, and was in the act of lighting his lamp by one which hung overhead just when the old ship made one of her deep, sidelong sallies, when, in spite of all his bowing to the up-hill side, he was thrown into the opposite stateroom.

103

Tuesday, 15th.—

Lat. 44° 15', Long. 54° 13'. Strong gales yet from the S.W. Rough seas, frequent squalls of rain and sleet—days are becoming short and cool. Our meals are generally taken by lamp-light morning, noon and evening. Shut up as we are in these narrow limits, with little chance for locomotion even if we had the disposition for it, and everything to deepen and not diminish the shade which hangs over the prospects of coming days, the grace which we seem most to need is—patience. Sleep is deemed not a trifling comforter in these circumstances, inasmuch as it lets fancy loose to play her witching games, and present her fairy objects, and to “Bid dull care avaunt and sterner sorrow flee, And give room awhile to mirth and jollity.”

Wednesday, 16th.—

Lat. 43° 08'. Long. 54° 23'. Hard gales from S.W.; close-reefed topsails and reefed courses.

Thursday, 17th.—

Lat. 43° 48', Long. 54° 09', Heavy gales from southwest to south.

Friday, 18th.—

Lat. 44° 35', Long. 53° 40'. Hard gales from S. to S.W. The great motion of the ship, which the high seas have continued a long time, has made it difficult, and often impossible, to get our food with the usual regularity, or in satisfactory quantities; while on the other hand, our appetites may be called prodigious. Hence, it is not strange at times, that some inconvenience should be felt, and rather more of a rush made at meal time than accords with the rules of decorum or the necessity of the case. In the progress of our Journal, which is mainly for our own amusement and benefit, we wish to gather up the 104 fragments by the way, the “lights and shadows,” the ludicrous and lovely, in short, any and every phase, aspect, or circumstance to which it may be pleasing to refer in future days. With this view, we withhold not the following, which was found in Matthew, of the “land of Goshen.” Land-lubbers, come and stay a week, We'll show you how to stuff the cheek: First go below and see our toils, And have a finger in our broils. CHORUS—If mush runs low, or dundyfunk, We eat our fill of cold salt junk. Or down to beans or lobscouse stoop. Or lower still, to smoked pea-soup. Tin cup, and plate, and pewter spoon Grace the table every noon; And then comes on the shining pan With cod alone, or codfish jam— Nor this alone is brought to view, You'll sometimes see potatoes too— The bell now rings, lay out your strength, Be sure in codfish go your length. But if the pan you cannot grab, Potatoes next you'll try to nab, And if, alas! they both are gone Before it comes around your turn. Then ask a friend to pass the dish, And cry out “waiter get us fish.” The waiter comes and takes the plate, And tells you, in a moment,—wait. Then to the galley he will go, And to the cook the plate will show, Who then begins to growl and curse In terms we'll not repeat in verse. Then comes the waiter grumbling back, And says of fish there is a lack,

105

Of Macaroni there is none, And naught but hard-tack soft as stone. With nothing left but that to eat, We'll down with it, and switchel sweet, And tell the truth, what ere betide, We're far from being satisfied. Come now, we'll rise and go on deck. The waiters cry “just clear the track;” For platters must be dipped in slush Before the other side can rush. We now take up sub-steward's station, (And would that we might claim relation;) So if, perchance, we've biscuit suppers, Our subs, dear friends, might prove us brothers. For so we might as well be treated, If we would like to see some cheated,

By only giving sub a dollar And take in change some bits to swallow. But hark, the bell for supper rings, Be quick, stretch out at once your wings, And forward rush, for if too late You'll surely find an empty plate. If stairs you gain, make but one slip, You'll stand a chance in mush to dip; If there in time, be this your aim, Some how to come a good grab game. Next with music, dance and glee We'll spend an evening out at sea; While some at games of skill will play We'll think of home, far, far away.

Saturday, 19th.—

Lat. 44° 22', Long. 52° 59'. Gales from southwest still press upon us against which we are beating as best we can, with scarcely no sails set; and it is with difficulty that we hold our own and are not driven back. Along with frequent visits of spray we had a brush this morning with “flying 106 volunteers” in the shape of snow and hail, driving like the son of Nimshi through the air, which, although new in these parts, we remember to have encountered before in wintry days at home. About 9 o'clock we shipped a sea which made our old decks tremble and those to shudder who happened to witness it. The array of dampers to our spirits is formidable; sociability flags; hard thoughts arise; in short, we are getting impatient because obliged to loiter so long in these regions baffled by head winds.

Some talked of changing our course, i.e., of going by way of the Cape of Good Hope to our destined port. But this would increase the distance some eight or ten thousand miles without the probability of shortening the time. Our Captain would not listen to the proposal a moment; finally it was conceded that he was the proper umpire in the case, and here the matter ended. A rainbow of rare beauty was seen at noon which formed an entire circle—one half resting upon the clouds, the other upon the ocean. This afternoon the weather became more calm, and we made a little more sail. Consequently the hard aspect relaxed somewhat, and we found ourselves in better spirits. True, it is rather cool to be without fire; still, additional clothing quite well supplies its place. We have red hands and noses, it must be confessed, and the weather is well fitted to produce large quantities of sap from the latter organ; still, we stir about and jostle each other for warmth, until wearied, then go below, light up, wrap in cloak or quilt, throw ourselves into our berths, and have a comfortable time

with books. Thus pass along our days at sea. O that dear ones at home, whose 107 hearts are ours, and whose yearning anxieties follow us, might know that we are alive even, and that it is thus well with us! O that they could be assured also of an abiding place in our affections—of their presence in our dreams by night as well as in our thoughtful reveries by day!

CHAPTER VII.

Nearing the Horn.

Sunday, 20th.—

Lat. $44^{\circ} 04'$, Long. $52^{\circ} 51'$. Wind W.N.W., by which we now move forward to the south with all sail set. Public worship on the quarterdeck at the usual hour. The air somewhat cool but dry. All is calm around, and quiet among us, as the day bespeaks.

Monday, 21st.—

Lat. $45^{\circ} 39'$, Long. $55^{\circ} 03'$. The light west-north-west winds of yesterday still fill our sails and bear us gently towards the stormy Cape.

Tuesday, 22nd.—

Lat. $46^{\circ} 30'$, Long. 55° . A change was perceptible this morning. Although the wind continued southwest, it was neither as cold nor as strong as hitherto—in fact, as the day advanced, it died away almost to a calm. It has been a time of bustle, as indeed every breaking-out day is. Ere long rain drizzles from clouds which overcast the sky. “Square the yards” is a summons full of animation to all, for it indicates the wind is aft—whatever there is of it.

Wednesday, 23d.—

Lat. $46^{\circ} 47'$, Long. $56^{\circ} 57'$. Wind west, northwest. Thick, heavy weather.

Thursday, 24th.—

Lat. 48° 30', Long. 59° 10'. Wind same, with fog and rain. Barometer 29 3-10 inches.

109

Friday, 35th.—

Lat. 50° 08', Long. 60° 40'. The wind west, and at noon freshened to a hard blow. Top-sails double-reefed; barometer 29 1/4.

Saturday, 26th.—

Lat. 50° 30', Long. 61° 40'. The wind west, southwest. We are now up with the Falkland Islands, and Capt. Vail had determined, if possible, to go west of them. But the violent winds from the quarter as above stated, and the prospect of their continuance, led him to change our course to the eastward of the group. This, as the result showed, was a most judicious move. Whales in sight. Barometer 29 in.

Sunday, 27th.—

Lat. 50° 54', Long. 58° 24'. Continued gales from the old quarter. The day cold and sea rough—indeed the air is piercing. About noon “land” was announced; it was the Falkland Islands—distant, probably, some twenty-five miles. No service to-day. Barometer 29 in.

Monday, 28th.—

No observation; strong gales from the south; squalls of hail and snow; thermometer 39°; under close-reefed topsails, while the blast fairly bellows through the rigging. You are to understand by all this that the aspect borders upon the terrible. Long ere now we had hoped to be beyond this region of perpetual storms, but that expectation is about to fail us; and, as to the matter of submission and good temper in these circumstances, we too often find that “Adam is stronger than Melancthon.” The copious fall of soft snow at mid-day tempted a few of us to take a hand at “snow-balling,”

which, however, missed of its desired effect, as wanting the excitement and glee which this rough sport commonly gives on shore. 110 Truth is, the dismal gloom that rests on our countenances, *nolens volens*, seems to extend to all our amusements also.

Tuesday, 29th.—

Lat. 51° 54', Long. 55° 12'. Close-reefed top-sails; wind west-north-west. Barometer 28 4-10 in.

Wednesday, 30th.—

Lat. 52° 44', Long. 57°. Barometer 28 4-10 in.

Friday, June 1st.—

Lat 53° 10', Long. 58° 40'. In the last thirty-six hours we have encountered, and—thanks to Him who holds the winds and waves in his hand—have come forth from, unharmed, the most violent gales we ever saw, or wish to see again. They came from the old quarter, southwest, and we verily believe from the very center of the great store house of Australis itself. The storm first broke upon us Wednesday evening about 8 o'clock. The Captain was at his post calmly awaiting the onset; and, at the right moment, and in a clear stentorian voice—suiting the action to the word—ordered the sheets, one after another, let go, and furled, and the ship put in storm dress for the night. In a few moments, with the usual dispatch, everything was snug. We looked on these rapid evolutions, both aloft and aloft, and out upon the fretful elements which had caused them, with deep awe and solemn silence. The number, we believe, was small among us who did not feel considerable solicitude as to the result of an encounter like this, greeting us, as it did, with a deafening roar, and heralded, as it had been, by a most remarkable depression of the barometer. The mercury when at the lowest stood 27 8-10 inches. During the whole of this storm the 111

OFF CAPE HORN.

113 weather was cold, the thermometer at about 32°, or the freezing point. But happily we have weathered its fury thus far without suffering the loss of life or property.

Saturday, 2nd.—

Lat. 50° 08', Long. 58° 50'. The small island of Beauchines in sight. Barometer 29 in.

Sunday, 3d.—

Lat. 54° 24', Long. 56°. Saw a barque to leeward, part of her bulwarks apparently gone. Head winds, hence little or no progress. A few neighborly seals showed themselves, at a respectful distance from us, however. No public worship. Barometer 29 2-10 in.

Monday, 4th.—

Adverse winds; sea rough; decks dry however, allowing us more freedom in walking. Shook out a few reefs at evening. Thermometer 32°; barometer 29 1/2 in.

Tuesday, 5th.—

Lat. 55° 00'. Wore ship and shortened sail during the night; rain and snow; cloudy, raw and unpleasant weather; decks dripping either with salt or fresh water, and slippery; ship too madly plunges to permit of pedestrian exercise; and between decks, it is dark, cold and cheerless indeed. On the whole, it has been a trying day; and we will not deny that we are becoming low spirited and discouraged—even our worthy Captain, much as he is schooled in nautical experience, does not himself disguise it. And why not? Here we are, and have been for weeks, striving against an obstinate southerly wind, and with not much success. True, we are to-day nearly up with the latitude of the Cape, yet we were nearer to it some days ago than now, and our resolute opponents, by driving us eastward, are making the 114 distance greater still. Since in these brown contemplations now, let us say a word or two more. And first, we observe that the waves here seem endued with unwonted power, and every few moments we are struck by one which makes the old ship tremble, like a bow-string, from head to heel. While writing the above, this evening, several have dashed on and over us with the report and jar of heavy thunder near by. Secondly, we are in a fair way of learning what Cape Horn is in its roughest and most forbidding aspect; for the prospect is dim as

moonshine of passing it before dead of winter. But thirdly, a consolation we hope still to extract from the case, hard as it looks, viz: the longer and stormier the passage, the more, of course, we shall see and endure, consequently the more we shall know and have to tell of, if so be we survive the adventures themselves. Still, it may be doubtful whether knowledge thus gained will fully compensate all the sacrifice it costs. Experience is often an expensive, as well as a hard master, although an effectual one—it is said. Finally, the hour of rest has arrived, which, as law-abiding citizens, we must respect; although the hoarse music without bespeaks little quiet to us during the night. But we tax your patience, and will therefore drop these lucubrations of a dark day. Thermometer 40°; barometer 29 4-10 in.

Wednesday, 6th.—

No observation, and no improvement in the weather—to us; humanly speaking, the wind is adverse; however, we are short-sighted and partial, and are liable therefore to mis-judge. We may hereafter see that our long detention in this wintry region is all for the best, though at present we 115 think otherwise. Things look not so sombre to-day as yesterday, that is to say, our spirits are less depressed with what a great man calls “sily fluids and flaccid solids.” The books among us are numerous and various, and by exchange, we get access to all. Here let us also assure you that this is a most favored country for long evening; nay, we might affirm that it is all evening with us if we remain below, and we cannot very well read above in these Cape Horn snow storms. Thermometer 35°; barometer 29 5-10.

Thursday, 7th.—

The reckoning gives us 54° 45' Latitude, and 57° 34' Longitude. This is not the most encouraging, surely. But the weather is a trifle more calm and mild. A painful accident occurred about noon which well nigh proved fatal to several lives. We were breaking out water at the time, and having got a large cask on deck and about making it fast, the ship careened at the moment, and set the hoghead in motion. The Captain, with a quick perception of the hazard which menaced us, and more thoughtful of others' safety than his own, sung out to the men, “Clear yourselves;” but before

the warning could be heeded two of them were caught by it, and himself a third. It did them less injury, we are happy to say, than was feared at the time. We stood aghast for a few moments at the cries of one poor fellow who was badly hurt, as they bore him hence to his state-room for medical treatment. But soon the activities and cheerful spirits of the men returned as if nothing amiss had occurred.

Friday, 8th.—

Lat. 55° 00', Long. 60° 00'. We all find ourselves in a joyous mood to-day. The cause 116 would be obvious at once to a sea-faring man; but as some of our readers have not been favored with a home on the deep, we will just say, it is a fair wind. The breeze springing up in the night from the northeast, faintly at first, but freshening as the day advanced, has borne us many a good mile on our course, and has served as a charm to our drooping spirits. Now all sails are set, and we are running before the wind at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. Old Henry dashes through the salt waves as if to redeem past weeks of restraint and delay. But we fear to rejoice or even breathe aloud, lest this fleeting wind, which is mediately all our hope, should die away before morning, or, what is the same thing, veer round against us Barometer 29 4-10 in.

Saturday, 9th.—

Lat 55° 00" Long. 64° 31'. The sweet breath of heaven which swelled our canvas yesterday has continued its very acceptable services till now, and probably we have made not less than three hundred miles in the last thirty-six hours. Our bow is well pointed this evening to compass the long-looked-for Cape, and a few more such prosperous days will bring us fairly round to the northward. But man is doomed to adversity. It were not strange, therefore, if our wishes should be crossed in the present instance; however, as we are getting familiar with such matters, we will try and not despair if head-winds do blow, or fair ones lull. Our hope is in God, or should be; and we believe we shall yet tread those hills and valleys for which we voyage, and try our adventures in yon famed land of health and wealth, although we may have to battle with storms, and snuff many an ocean 117 gale first. We were not a little amused this morning in watching the pranks of a large shoal of

whales, as they followed and played around us nearly an hour. The spectacle of so many and such huge animals sporting in the liquid element, and making the very waves sparkle and breathe again, as if instinctive with life, was truly sublime. And ought not a blush, or some such thing, blanch the cheek when we add, that some of our people repaid this grand exhibition by sending over to them certain pieces of lead coined in the shape of bullets; howbeit, this discourtesy, or unkindness, or whatever else you please to call it, was received by them, hit or miss, with apparent indifference.

Sunday, 10th.—

Lat. $57^{\circ} 00'$, Long. $67^{\circ} 00'$. The fact that man has wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances, is exemplified, we think, in our own case, inasmuch as we are fast getting acclimated to wintry weather without the accompaniment of artificial heat. It is the law of compulsion which rules here, and under it we would put on as good a face as possible, and thus make a virtue of necessity; still, though we may soon yield where no other course is left us, and bring ourselves with tolerable grace to bear what we cannot shun, we must nevertheless say, that a snug room, well warmed with anthracite, and a few friends we might name, are not wholly dissociated with ideas of comfort. But as an offset to the absence of these things, we cheer our quivering hearts with the belief that summer is not far distant; that a few short weeks at most will again give us the beautiful azure sky and the balmy atmosphere of the tropics. No public worship. The fair winds spoken of at the last date and 118 the pleasure to leave us this morning and in place thereof came stiff blasts from the west, which made us shorten sail and lay to for the day.

Monday, 11th.—

Lat. $57^{\circ} 10'$, Long. $66^{\circ} 34'$. Wore ship about midnight; wind southerly. Sun's altitude a trifle over nine degrees; hence, length of day from seven to eight hours. Beautiful birds in flocks, follow us from day to day for the crumbs which fall from our tables. Whales, too, are seen blowing in the distance; showing that, forbidding as this region is to us, it is, notwithstanding, densely peopled with living creatures who seem perfectly contented with their lot and happy to gather what is given them. But we must be done—"night's wheels are fast rattling over us."

Tuesday, 12th.—

Lat. 58° 13', Long. 67° 06'. Contrary to our wish, we make more southing then westing; in fact, our ariel conductor, much as we invoke his kindly agency, will, like a good housewife, do pretty much as he pleases without suffering any dictation from us. The sun is getting to be an inveterate sleeper, as he does not rise here till a quarter to nine, and sets a few minutes after three o'clock; hence he serves us only about six hours, then is away to his dormitory for the other eighteen. Short days, you say; aye, and a cloudy sky, their frequent attendant, render them shorter still. But we are tarrying long at this mount, and therefore anxious to arise and depart on our farther voyage. Our passage hither, we may well say, has been wrought by dint of hard toiling against the elements; and now the prospect meets us of a struggle equally laborious in reaching our northern destination 119 on the Pacific. Perchance our longing for a sight of the modern "Havilah" is too impetuous to brook any delay in reaching it, and therefore we may need this gentle rebuke for our impatience; still, we despair not of ultimately entering this goodly country, though not quite certain it was given us by promise. And may it not help our endurance a little, to reflect that the more valuable the treasure, the greater the price we should be willing to pay for it? If, then, our anticipations are large, shall not the expenditure required be cheerfully made, even though it may be large also? Who in all this world's history ever had the prospects of worldly gain that animate our emigrants to California? If we are in for the "main chance" be it understood then, that we have a bold game to play. And just here, let us believe, and assure ourselves, that our Yankee characteristics cannot suffer us to lack the proper shrewdness, exertion and perseverance, and consequently the final success.

Wednesday, 13th.—

Lat. 58° 10', Long. 67° 30'. This day has been as the last, in respect of weather, only worse. We still contend with opposing winds, and toss on enormous waves, which sweep round hither from the great Pacific. The decks, rails and rigging this morning gave ample proof of snow storms during the night; and the snow here comes not in the form of flakes as at home, but in round particles and often large, showing that the wind has driven them fast and far. These times, we believe, have harmonized all our minds on one point, viz: that some other way to California is preferable, and, in

fact, would be chosen at another time to a wintry passage around Cape Horn. 120 The thermometer puts the temperature at 34°—and yet we make out to stand the climate without much complaint. Many suffer with chilblains and swollen hands; yet we know not if the hands of any have refused duty at meal-time, or failed now and then to pull a rope. We generally keep the lamps going from the time of rising to the hour of rest. We sit by them, or lie and read, and cogitate and think of home, and eat peanuts, and do any little needlework which fractured cloth or stray button may seem to require. Thus we permit the curious eye a further peep into the domestic habits of our sea life.

Thursday, 14th.—

Lat. 58° 20', Long. 68°. High seas—deep rolling of ship—rain and snow—head winds—tacked ship several times; while a thick, heavy atmosphere rests upon us. A barque in company. We hardly realize that friends at home are now enjoying the lovely season of Summer, from the fact that it is difficult to realize a condition exactly the reverse of our own. With Winter's icy arms around us—with a sky above all darkened with clouds, and bleak storms daily driving in our faces; with no verdure to please the eye, or feathered songster's note to charm the ear, or sweet odor of plants to regale the sense of smell—how can we sympathize with them in their happiness, or fully estimate that summer beauties and halcyon days now gleam on the home spots which we have left? Yet, there, all these ingredients of happiness are, with the season's unerring round; and their senses, if ours cannot, appreciate their gladsome return. In a few days the sun will be in his highest altitude to them, and lowest, to us; and long ere this he has renovated 121 that part of the globe whence we hail, and has given fresh life to the whole vegetable kingdom. There, for a time, he will kindly linger to watch and nourish the work begun until it is brought to maturity; then, when his task is done—when the inhabitants of the North are supplied—he will slowly retrace his steps, scattering similar blessings along his whole pathway to the South. How beautiful, as well as beneficent, this arrangement for feeding earth's poor population! Yet how little is it minded!—how few our thanks!

Friday, 15th.—

Lat. 57° 30', Long. 68° 40'. The night was more favorable to our running westward, which we duly honored as a favor. Much of the day continued as it opened, clear and cold, with a few hours of pale, horizontal sunbeams to light up our dusky countenances. Two or three squalls of dry snow were received as testimony of our high position south, one of which took the liberty to break short off our fore-gallant mast; however, it was deemed not a very *spruce* stick. Our dull spirits, which evinced signs of waking through the first part of the day, began again to flag toward evening, which could be taken as an omen or the effect of a threatening storm. A brig, homeward bound, apparently explains the cry of “sail ho!” which we just heard. Wore ship by middle afternoon and stood to the southward. The wind freshens now, and again we resume the wonted pitch and roll, which is followed by the familiar summons: “All hands, ahoy! Reef top-sails.” Do we ill to ask if we must remain here always?

Saturday, 16th.—

Our faithful watchmen report this morning, “a heavy night of it,” which, when 122 amplified to a landman's comprehension, means drenching showers of rain—interrupted by fiercer ones of snow and sleet—and now and then spiced with no small part of a wave, which, unbidden, came bolting over the bulwarks; and worst of all tremendous gales from the west. The report is corroborated by ourselves, who are conscious of many a hindrance in the business of sleep during the night. The day has given us less storm, and frequent patches of clear sky; still the snowy carpet of pure round crystal is renewed about as often as it melts, or is swept away beneath our feet. Little thought we that the middle of June would find us here; but it finds our heads above the waves, and this surely is something. Our favor-turn, we think, must come yet; all eyes are looking for the happy breeze that is to confer it; but the lovely vision seems to tarry, and all we can do, therefore, is passively to wait for it. Of late, the men have taken quite a fancy to the barometer (which hangs in the cabin) as a tolerable indicator of the state of the weather; hence, in the absence of most other sources of news, this has become the fashionable resort, that they may read its prognosis of wind and weather for the day, and perchance for the morrow, too. The number of enquirers was evidently increasing with each successive gale—nay, the interest in this respect seemed verging on a fever. However, the

constant stream of visitors through the night brought the matter to a crisis and to a favorable issue: the toy was taken away for a time, and the gentle hint was sufficient.

Sunday, 17th.—

Lat. $56^{\circ} 37'$, Long. $70^{\circ} 45'$. At no time on the voyage have we seen higher or longer 123 swells than to-day. It was remarked by all the men, as well as spoken of by our captain, The ship is headed W.N.W., but she makes a vast deal of lee-way with the current here setting to the eastward. No service—the day has really been dismal.

Monday, 18th.—

Lat. $55^{\circ} 30'$, Long. $71^{\circ} 41'$. We noticed, after breakfast, that we were in green water, and it was no pleasant sight, we assure you, just now; for it indicated too near a proximity to land. The captain was active as soon as the sun came out in getting an observation, and in figuring out the ship's position. The result quickly brought him on deck, and as he looked for land, lo! the iron-bound shore was in sight. A squall, which was now in the wind, would, unless our position could be changed, bring us into serious peril. For a few moments, intense excitement pervaded all our minds. The ship was ordered to be instantly put on the other tack, hence we have been running S.S.E. through the day, or back again whence we came. No other course was left us under the circumstances, and we shall deem ourselves much favored in getting fairly beyond these dangerous regions.

Tuesday, 19th.—

Lat. $55^{\circ} 30'$, Long. $72^{\circ} 20'$. The day has passed with the usual share of squalls, calms, snow, hail, clouds and sunshine. The men have been employed in filling empty casks with salt water for ballast, and stowing things away in the main-hatch. The wind moderating from the west, south-west, the maintop-gallant sail was set.

Wednesday, 20th.—

Lat. 54° 48', Long. 74° 00'. Heading west, south-west, under close-reefed topsails. 124 Strong winds and snow squalls. Passed a barque towards dusk, headed north. Knowing, as we do that she is nearing the land, a general surprise is expressed that she should be steering that course with a long, dark and stormy night before them.

Thursday, 21st.—

Lat. 55° 23' Long. 74° 17'. These stormy winds and raging waves continue to be familiar elements, and although previously fond of listening to the wild notes of the 'storm fiend,' and gazing on the turbulent waters, yet we are not desirous of their longer presence, especially when the plank beneath our feet trembles, and the vessel labors with such powerful opponents as still obstruct our pathway. Occasionally, the waves, over generous, leap the rail and rush to the lee-scupper, and give life to everything transient.

Friday, 22nd.—

Lat. 54° 00', Long. 75° 17'. This day has differed but little from yesterday.

Saturday, 23rd.—

Lat. 53° 04', Long. 77° 04'. The shades of despondency are slowly fading from the countenances of many, and sociability is rapidly advancing, notwithstanding the repulsive nature of Cape Horn vicinity, which we are now in a fair way of leaving behind us. "The brave old hull" throws aside from her prow the sheets of glistening foam, and leaps from wave to wave as if exulting over the elements she has lately tested. Mr. Griswold and Mr. Morrison have fully recovered from the injuries received from the water cask some time since.

Sunday, 24th.—

Lat. 50° 40', Long. 78° 40'. The following which we are permitted to copy from our captain's journal, will give some idea of the hazards 125 through which we have passed, as well as valuable information to those who may attempt rounding Cape Horn in the Winter:—

“I feel as if it would be right to congratulate ourselves on being safe round Cape Horn, which sometimes appeared almost out of the bounds of probabilities. At any rate, I am convinced that a ship may make her way round in the Winter by exercising a great deal of patience. I would also recommend standing well out south as long as a ship makes no easting—say as far as 59°; for I found near the land a strong N.E. current, which prevented our making westing when steering any where to the north of north-west.

“Many say Winter is the best time to double the Cape, but, as far as my knowledge extends, give me Summer. In the first place, you have long days; in Winter, the reverse—nights eighteen hours long, and no moon, are not comfortable. Then it is not cold in the Summer, which makes a vast difference in making and shortening sail. Out of the last forty days there has been but four we could steer our course with a leading wind, which has been mostly from the S.W., and varying to the S.S.W.; a greater part of the time under reefed top-sails and courses. Never again will you catch me doubling Cape Horn from the eastward in the winter time.”

Monday, 25th.—

Lat. 47° 20', Long. 70° 20'. The wind continues favorable, which gives an elasticity to all our spirits. The days have been so exceedingly short for the past two or three weeks that we now greet with joy their increasing length, and with no less satisfaction, the warmer latitudes which we are rapidly 126 approaching. It was the intention of the captain to go into the port of Conception or Valparaiso when we left Rio Janeiro, but the long detention at the Cape, and the now prosperous winds have made it judicious to keep on our way, and, if necessary, to stop at some of the islands more directly in our track.

Tuesday, 26th.—

Lat. 44° 44', Long. 79° 00'. This day has been a busy one, as every breaking out day is. It was ascertained that there was water enough in the hold to supply us, if the remaining part of our voyage shall prove successful. This news, and the pleasantness of the weather, gave an additional impulse to our reviving hearts.

Wednesday, 27th.—

Lat. 42° 10', Long. 79° 30'. The addition of the mizzen t'gallant, main royal, with two main t'gallant, fore-top-mast and lower studding sails, with a fair wind, have sent us dancing o'er the water in the most agreeable manner.

Thursday, 28th.—

Lat. 39° 44', Long. 79° 11'. A light rain made the decks somewhat damp; wind light; occasionally calm; cloudy.

Friday, 29th.—

Lat. 38° 34', Long. 79° 41'. Much Cape Horn weather, but not as cold. The rain which fell in considerable quantities during the night, gave us much fresh water for washing. Saw a sail, steering to the north.

Saturday, 30th.—

Lat. 38° 31', Long. 79° 20'. Moderate winds from the N.N.E.; heading to the N. W. Early this morning the mizzen top-sail was split, and was taken in. A sail in sight, heading N.N.W. Some large birds (albatross) and innumerable small ones are following us; two of the former were caught 127 with a hook and line. The wings of one of them measured from tip to tip eight feet and a half. After passing through an examination, they were set at liberty. We are now within three or four degrees of the island of Juan Fernandez, so renowned in romance and adventure as the home of Robinson Crusoe. To gratify the ardent longings created in our youthful days by perusing this work,

we are contemplating a visit to it, if the wind and weather permit. Some have expressed a desire to celebrate the birthday of our country there.

Sunday, July 1st.—

Lat. 35° 53', Long. 77° 57'. Hard gales from the west, and a large swell running. Heading west north-west.

Monday, 2nd.—

Lat. 34° 00', Long. 77° 00', Wind north; heading east north-east. Although thus driven off the course for the island, yet we must submit to Him whose supreme power and wisdom “doeth all things well.” A committee have been appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the festivities of the 4th of July.

Tuesday 3d.—

Lat. 30° 09', Long. 76° 26'. The increased motion of the vessel, owing to the hard gales of last night and the long unbroken swell, are rather uncomfortable; but all sail set and rapid sailing are sufficient for an offset.

CHAPTER VIII.

Independence Day.

Wednesday, 4th.—

Lat. 29° 54', Long. 77° 44'. Fair winds, a gentle sea—bright skies—a bland, delicious air—health—cheerfulness—and peace; these excellencies were all combined in and around us during the anniversary “day that speaks our nation's glory.” The report of guns, the ringing of the bell, and the roll of the drum, announced its dawn; while, as the sun arose, the “Stars and Stripes,” waving proudly over the stern, and the “Union Jack” at the bow were seen. These sights and sounds awoke

a chord of home feeling in the hearts of all, which vibrated with pleasure through the day. At 10:30, according to previous arrangements, the services of the day commenced, in the order of the following program:

President of the day, L. H. BACON.

1st.— *Prayer*, by REV. O. F. PARKER.

2nd.— *Song for the Fourth of July*. Thrice hail, happy day, that speaks our nation's glory! A voice with thee Proclaims "we're free," Thrice hail, happy day. Our hills and plains no more are trod By those who wield oppression's rod. We know no tyrant's nod. Thrice hail, happy day!

129

The graves of our fathers, laurels brightly crown them, They fought and died That we, in pride, Might hail freedom's day! Then come ye sons of freedom's throng And shout their deeds in joyful song. May memory cherish long This bright, happy day.

3rd.— *Reading of the Declaration of Independence*, by Col. Wm. B. Dickinson.

4th.— *Music* by the band.

5th.— *Oration*, by Lorenzo Hamilton.

6th.— *Benediction*, by Rev. O. F. Parker.

7th.— *Dinner—Regular Toasts—Music, &c. Toast Master* —Capt. David P. Vail.

We would speak particularly of the happy effort of the orator of the day, which was duly appreciated and loudly applauded by the audience. He reviewed the early history of our country, traced out with skill the causes that operated to effect its independence, and did ample justice to the high-souled resolution of those noble-minded signers of the Declaration of Independence, who amidst so much that was dark and discouraging, with the certainty before them of a fearful strife,

in maintaining what they thus declared, faltered not, but subscribed their names to an instrument which has never failed, nor can fail, so long as freedom is more than a name, to call forth the admiration of those who would uphold the right. The men who lived and acted thus were patriots; for they risked their “lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,” and not so much for themselves as for those who should live after them. Although far away from our homes 130 on the great highway of nations our minds, acted upon by the orator's eloquence, were carried, as on the wings of our own bright-eyed Eagle, over the dark nations which intervened to the land of our birth.

The exercises on deck having closed, we adjourned to the saloon and partook with excellent relish of the extras which had been prepared for the occasion. After dinner the following regular volunteer toasts were offered and received with cheers, being pledged in bumpers of cold water, and interspersed with appropriate music:—

1st. The day we celebrate—May that time be far distant when the sons of freedom shall forget the glorious Fourth of July.

2nd. The memory of Washington. This was received standing, uncovered and in silence.

3rd. The heroes of '76—mostly gathered to their fathers. Those who remain should be revered by a grateful people, whose liberties they have achieved.

4th. The President and Vice-President of the United States.

5th. The Army—Regulars and Volunteers, deserve the highest commendation of their country.

6th. The Navy—the defender of our rights upon the seas both at home and abroad. The right arm of our government.

7th. Our Country—extending from ocean to ocean, from the regions of snow to the sunny South; peopled by an intelligent and a happy population, honored and respected abroad. Well may we be proud of our country.

A song being called for, the choir sang “Land of our Fathers.”

131

8th. Our Flag—Under its shadow, in every clime and country, may we find security and protection, and ever may it float on the breeze as the flag of the Free.

“The Star Spangled Banner” was then loudly called for, and sung by Capt. Vail, with a full chorus by the company.

9th. The Genius of Liberty—Thrones and Powers vanish before her. May she continue her flight o'er the eastern world till the last man can stand forth a free man.

10th. The Fair Sex—May we ever remember in our wanderings the sweet influences of our wives, our mothers, our sisters, and the virtuous fair of old New England.

Music by the band—“The Girl I Left Behind Me.”

11th. Cape Horn—Safely clear of your territories, may we be excused from paying our respects to you again, old fellow—especially in the Winter.

12th. The Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company—accompanied by the best wishes and kind sympathies of its friends at home. Let us not disappoint them, but be united in one bond of harmony and good will, one to another. In this depends our success and safety.

13th. California, the El Dorado of our hopes. May we not be disappointed, but find stores of golden treasures to gladden our hearts, and make ample amends for the ills and trials of acquisition. May our families and friends be enabled to rejoice in our success, and all end well.

By the Rev. O. F. Parker. Orator of the day—May the fruit of his toils in California be as gratifying to himself as his speech to-day has been pleasing to us.

132

By L. Hamilton. The Clergy—Their services in the days of the Revolution were gratefully acknowledged by Washington and Congress. Their influence is now felt on the side of right and freedom.

By L. H. Bacon. Memory of Nathan Hale—a martyr to liberty, whose last regret, as he was about to suffer a death of ignominy, was that he had but one life to give for his country.

By Col. Wm. B. Dickinson. Ourselves—A little condescension and a proper degree of forbearance toward one another may make us what the Almighty intended us for—honorable, upright men.

By Wm. E. Bushnell. California—The name of a star lately numbered among those satellites that decorate the Flag of Liberty. May her future deeds of valor be in the cause of human freedom, blazing forth with as bright an effulgence as her soil has proved dazzling to the eyes of the inhabitants of the older planets.

By Henry T. Havens. Our wives and mothers—May their influence keep us in the path of duty through all the vicissitudes of a California expedition.

By Emerson Moody. The Officers and Crew of the Henry Lee—for their noble and manly conduct, may their memory long be cherished in the grateful hearts of her living cargo.

By Charles Fisher. The passengers of the ship Henry Lee—their deeds in California will, I trust, prove them worthy scions of that noble race who populated New England.

By Henry A. Hawkins. Absent friends—though far from us, they are ever present in our minds.

By Wm. E. Bushnell. The American Eagle—The 133 bird whom we have chosen to bear onward the standard of our liberties. May we, while basking in the sun of their enjoyment, under the protection of her wing on the Pacific, as we ever have been under her more immediate eye, not forget the oppressed of the other countries, and still help to extend her flight to their relief.

By Geo. G. Webster. The spirit of this scene recalls an incident of seventy-three years since. When the men of that day were deliberating upon the perplexities surrounding them, with that time-living Declaration, to which you have to-day listened, before them, a painting of a sun upon the horizon caught the eye of Franklin. He knew not he said, whether it was the rising sun—Gentlemen, the Rising Sun of July 4th, 1849—may it guide us, determined and united, to success.

By Rev. O. F. Parker. Cape Horn—May its doleful, wintry scenes never find record in our future history.

By G. P. Kellogg. The Henry Lee—our gallant ship, not like most things noble, appears best under a *Vail*.

By A. H. Mallory. Our Country—May her flag be unfurled in every clime, and earth's latest posterity know freedom's worth.

By Matthew R. Hart. Capt. David P. Vail—— A trusty genius in a gale. At bracing yards, or making sail.

By Emerson Moody. Ship Henry Lee—a rotten, lazy, despised old craft to her enemies, but a sound, tight, noble ship to her friends.

134

By Wm. E. Bushnell. America—The Child of Freedom, over whom the Goddess of Liberty has fixed her star, to direct the wise of the East in their flight from the Herods of tyranny to the place where they might find and worship him.

The Committee of Arrangements and Toast Master were not forgotten among the toast, but, failing to note minutely the proceedings, they are gone from our memory. They did much to enliven the scenes of the day, and will long be remembered. The dinner and accompanying arrangements were such as to reflect honor upon the genius of our worthy steward and his assistants. Some choice pieces of beef and pork were handsomely sliced, and then came on apple-pie—not a miserable

eighth or quarter but a large whole pie for each man, and this, too, accompanied with excellent pickles. Some nice cake had been baked for the occasion, but all hands had done such ample justice to the previous coursed that by general agreement it was reserved for supper. As the tables were too short to admit of all being seated at once, those who occupied staterooms near midship, with diverse ingenuity, arranged chests, trunks, or boards into hollow squares or semicircles, and had dinner served to them in their staterooms. From this position all that was going on could be seen and heard. The music, although the variety of instruments was not great, was arranged in good taste, and was executed to the credit of the performers.

The enjoyments of the day were much enhanced by contrast with those dark and dreary ones we have so lately experienced in the cold, inhospitable vicinity round the Cape; and we felt, as it were released from 135 an oppressive thralldom ourselves, as under such favorable circumstances we celebrated the dawn of our country's freedom from oppression and misrule. We doubt whether the love of our country, or the desire for her glory, is ever more strongly felt than when, at a distance from her shores, her sons unite in honoring the day most distinguished in her annals. We were proud of being Americans—sons of Revolutionary fathers. Reference was often made to those whom we had left behind, who were doubtless also engaged in the appropriate services of the day. The evening passed off admirably, enlivened by a “Grand National Ball,” the quarter-deck being illumined by the moon and lanterns. It was expressed generally, in our hearing, “that it had been, on the whole, the best celebration of the Fourth we had ever participated in.” We shall never in after years forget the occurrences of this anniversary day, passed in the midst of the wide Pacific.

About noon a large ship was seen to the eastward, apparently steering toward us, but owing to the light winds, however, it was near sunset when she came within hail. Speculation was rife, as she neared us, as to her name. One thought her to be the “Charlotte,” another was as certain that she was the “Regulus;” she proved to be the “Loo Choo,” from New York March 3rd, and Valparaiso June 29th, with 212 passengers. To give an idea of the usual interchange of civilities which pass between two vessels at sea, we will here detail the conversation of our respective captains. As the

ships closed, the captain of the Loo Choo (being the one running across our stern) commenced with
“Hoy.”

136

Henry Lee—“Hoy.”

Loo Choo—“Where are you from?”

Henry Lee—“Rio Janeiro last. What ship's that?”

“Loo Choo, from Valparaiso last, five days out; ninety-five days from New York there. What port did you sail from?”

Henry Lee—“From New York, one hundred and thirty days out, have been dismasted—what time d'you have round the Horn?”

Loo Choo—“Pretty good, what had you?”

Henry Lee—“We had an ugly time—forty days.”

Loo Choo—“Have you seen anything of the Robert Bowne?”

Henry Lee—“No; she left Rio two weeks before us.”

Loo Choo—“She is reported by a brig to have sunk off Cape Horn.”

Henry Lee—“I am not surprised at it. What's your longitude?”

Loo Choo—“77° 40'. How many passengers?”

Henry Lee—“One hundred and twenty-five. How many have you?”

Loo Choo—“Two hundred.”

Henry Lee—"Any news from California at Valparaiso?"

Loo Choo—"Yes, good news; plenty of gold, no women."

Henry Lee—"Is the Elizabeth Ellen there, or been there?"

Loo Choo—"No."

Henry Lee—"Pleasant passage."

Loo Choo—"Thank you, same to you."

The Loo Choo meanwhile having passed some 137 distance to leeward, it was necessary to speak quite loud through the trumpet to be distinctly understood; and, according to previous arrangements, it being time to fire the sunset gun, we returned their hearty cheers with the report of our arms, the beating of the drum, and the echo of our own hundred voices, with spirit. The thought, seemingly, of scores of human beings in their last long sleep, over whose repose we had so lately listened to the wild requiem of winds and waves checked the patriotic ardor of our blood, and slightly tinged our pleasures with shade. But the excitement of the day, and the good news from California, soon caused animation to return and hilarity to prevail. The Loo Choo kept on her course westward and was soon hid from us by the shadows of night. THE HARRY LEE. AIR—"Dearest Mae." 'Twas in the year of '49, With bosoms beating free, We left our homes and harbor In the bonnie Harry Lee. CHORUS—Oh, Harry Lee, You were the ship for me, In storm or lull the bravest hull That ever sailed the sea. We bore out to the ocean, The northerly breezes blew, Our gallant craft kept steadily on, And seemed to know her crew. We dashed away through foam and spray, With pennant flying free, Past capes and isles, ten thousand miles, With the storm-proof Harry Lee..

138

And when we reached the dreaded Horn, Around its rocky rim, Our gallant craft kept bravely on, And like a duck did swim. Then turning stern to Staten Land, Up the Pacific Sea, With wind and tide did gaily ride The noble Harry Lee. When two short years had quickly flown, And almost

passed away, One bright Spring morn a vessel came And entered Gotham's Bay. Each man on board possessed a hoard, A hoard of wealth in fee, Ten tons or more of golden ore Brought back the Harry Lee.

CHAPTER IX.

Some Amusing Incidents.

Thursday, 5th.—

Lat. 27° 33', 77° 40'. Mild weather still continues. There having been for some time past various demonstrations of dissatisfaction by members of the Company with the Board of Managers, it was resolved by them to resign their posts, intimating, however, their readiness to serve the Company provided it should be their expressed wish. Accordingly, an election was held, which resulted in the choice of the old Board with the exception of Dr. Hitchcock, who positively declined a re-election. Col. Wm. B. Dickinson was chosen in his stead. Maj. L. H. Bacon having declined serving as president, Capt. D. P. Vail was chosen to fill that office. The evening was spent in a general exchange of friendly feeling among all the members of the Company.

Friday, 6th.—

Lat. 25° 34', Long. 80° 10'. To-day, began breaking out the hold to get the iron, steel, nails, boards, wheels for carts and wheelbarrows, tin, lead, screws, tent stuffs &c. preparatory to commencing work on board. This was a hard and difficult job, owing to the fact that Mr. Kellogg, who had superintended the stowing away in New York, was the only man ever connected with the Company who knew of what part 140 the ship the different articles were in, as it was expected at the time that he would accompany us on the voyage. However, by dint of pulling and hauling, lifting and shifting, the necessary articles were all found.

We have frequently alluded to what is termed on board “*Breaking-out*,” an operation which may not be fully understood by all. This has constituted our principal work up to this time. As the hole is

full of boxes, barrels, &c., and the hogsheads containing water are placed next to the lower tier the articles, such as barrels of flour, pipes of bread, boxes of clothing, which are near the top, have to be hoisted on deck, or into the saloon, before the water can be got at. As there is room on deck for only about twelve or fourteen hogsheads at a time, we have, once in two or three weeks, to “break out.” The sailors take the brunt of the labor, but all, with the exception of a few otherwise engaged or amused, lend a helping hand by turns, and the work goes briskly on. When a sufficiency of water has been passed up in buckets, or hauled up in casks, as may be most convenient, the empty casks are filled with salt water on deck, or by passing buckets to a hose leading from the hatch to the casks below. While engaged in this operation it only requires the addition of a roaring fire to complete the resemblance between our company and the Hartford Sack and Bucket Co.

Saturday, 7th.—

Lat. 23° 54', Long. 81° 08'. The scenes of yesterday are continued to-day. The men take hold of work with a spirit not to be mistaken, with willing hearts and ready hands. The island of St. Felix, indistinctly seen, was passed early this morning.

141

Sunday, 8th.—

Lat. 22° 50', Long. 81° 50'. The wind is light and variable. Divine service as usual.

Monday, 9th.—

Lat. 22° 04', Long. 81° 41'.

Tuesday, 10th.—

Lat. 22° 04', Long. 81° 35'. To speak more particularly of the position of things, we will add, that in the first place, two movable carpenter's benches were made, and a stationary bench for a joiner on one side, and one for a tinner on the other side of the house over the main hatch; a turning lathe was placed just forward the mizzen mast, and a place cleared midship for a portable forge. The

hurricane deck was turned into a tailor's bench to make tents on, and the two boats suspended by davits over the sides of the ship were occupied for knitting fish-nets and making pouches for shot and bullets, and sheaths for knives, and belts for pistols. Vices were fastened in various places for filing locks, dirk and bowie knives, or stamps, and such other iron work as the mania of the times directed. While these various departments were in operation, the puffs of the bellows, with the dingy smoke rising and curling above, the heavy blows of the blacksmith, on whose face the big drops of perspiration gathers while standing over the warm fire, or heated metal, were seen and heard. Soon the iron is shaped into a crank for a gold-washer. Next in view is the tinner, with his furnace, coppers, sheet-iron and tin, making another part of the washers, and canteens for the company. Opposite him is the joiner, engaged in mortising the frames for the same; while a machinist at the lathe is turning and finishing the cog-wheels. Another is inventing a more simple remedy for separating the precious dust from the worthless sand. 142 Others are making carts, wagon bodies, wheelbarrows, axe-helves and various other articles to facilitate operations in the diggings. Thus the work, day after day, goes merrily on.

The atmosphere is of the right temperature to be enjoyed; but the wind being light, the sails flap lazily against the masts as we move snail-like through the water, which is far from being congenial to our restless nature.

Wednesday, 11th.—

Lat. $21^{\circ} 36'$, Long. $81^{\circ} 51'$. About 4 o'clock p.m. the heavy bank of clouds around the horizon began breaking up into light fleeces, which floated over the heavens, leaving patches of deep blue sky between and around them. As the sun neared the horizon, the lighter clouds in the zenith were of the purest white; just below they were of light crimson, changing into scarlet, and then deep green, lower still they were like burnished gold while the whole atmosphere assumed a splendid orange tint. Such was the general appearance, but the beautiful changes constantly going on we will not attempt to describe. We have spoken before of a glowing sunset, and we have seen many on our voyage, but none of them could vie in splendor with the one to-day.

The sameness on board ship and around us would be tiresome and uninteresting to follow out each day, as we have done, therefore we insert, until something more attractive shall occur, only the Date. Lat. Long. July, 12, 20.32, 82.49.

13, 19.18, 83.55.

14, 17.57, 84.32.

15, 15.54, 85.56.

143

16, 13.28, 86.46.

17, 10.50, 87.21.

18, 8.27, 87.53.

19, 5.40, 87.58.

20, 3.18, 87.51.

21, 1.46, 88.11.

22, 0.15, 89.30.

Early this morning the cry of “land ho” was heard throughout the ship, and at daylight we saw Chatham Island, one of the Gallapagos group, and passed within about five miles of it. It is said by Morrell to be about forty-five miles from the line, and fifteen miles in length, having a triangular shape. All eyes were fixed on it throughout the forenoon, except during the usual services, watching the different changes which were presented as the ship passed by.

Monday, 23rd.—

Lat. 2° 00', Long. 90° 15'. There was quite a difference in crossing the line on the Atlantic side to what we have experienced here. There, calms, heat and rain; here, a fair, cool breeze.

Tuesday, 24th.—

Lat. 3° 50', Long. 91° 45'. Cow-fish and dolphins have been sporting round us in large numbers. One of the cow-fish was speared and drawn from the water, but succeeded in making his escape.

Wednesday, 25th.—

No observation was taken to-day. The morning was cloudy, and about middle forenoon a copious shower of rain fell, which was improved by a large number. The lee-scupper outlets were stopped, and when a sufficient quantity of water had collected, some denuded themselves and commenced an operation somewhat similar to the public washings in Rio Janeiro, on however, a more extravagant scale. While sitting 144 in the water, which was eight or nine inches deep, and pounding their clothes with mallets, or clubs, or fists; some not satisfied with this mode of washing commenced thrashing their clothes on the rail, or stamping them with their feet, which spattered those otherwise employed; then a general rough and tumble took place, which made bare backs and shoulders look red, and caused sundry heads and ears to be soused in the scuppers, while the water was dashed far and wide, saturating those standing near. Saw blackfish.

Thursday, 26th.—

Lat. 7° 20', Long. 94° 00'. Frequent squalls of rain. The large number of blue, white and red clothes now hanging in the rigging, presents a picturesque sight.

Friday, 27th.—

Lat. 8° 49';, Long. 95° 10';. Squalls and calms.

Saturday, 28th.—

Lat. $9^{\circ} 26'$; Long. $94^{\circ} 00'$; We feel the heat more sensibly now than heretofore on account of the calms which linger with us.

Sunday, 29th.—

No observation. A porpoise was caught, dressed, and served up for breakfast. The meat, which is of a very dark color, tasted much like beef-steak, and was quite palatable. A “booby,” which had seemingly tired itself on wing, alighted on the studding-sail boom and staid till near midnight. Wind variable—towards night it came steady from the east, or north-east, attended with rain, heavy thunder and sharp lightning.

Monday, 30th.—

Lat. $11^{\circ} 24'$; Long. $96^{\circ} 49'$; Sperm whales observed in large numbers. It was the opinion of our Captain that, if we had the necessary implements, we could make as much taking whales as in the “gold-diggings.”

145

Tuesday, 31st.—

Lat. $12^{\circ} 00'$; Long. $99^{\circ} 12'$;

Wednesday, August 1st.—

Lat. $1^{\circ} 36'$; Long. $100^{\circ} 33'$; To give our friends a more life-like view of the mode of passing our time at sea, we will here insert a sketch taken at the time, faithful in every particular, which may be regarded as a fair specimen of things occurring daily. Five o'clock p.m.—There are on the hurricane deck at this moment twenty-five persons, four of whom are playing back-gammon; two, chess; four, checkers; one, reading the “Outlaw's Bride;” one at his side is sleeping soundly; two are on their backs, and three on their faces, musing; one is whittling; two are a little separate engaged in conversation; three are overlooking the plays, and two are sitting cross-legged, looking at me

while writing this note. Just on a level with the deck and seated on some spars, which rest on two beams for the support of a couple of extra boats, are seated the minister and lawyer, engaged in conversation apparently on Shakespeare, which one holds in his hands; a third is lying close by reading "Morrell's Travels;" at one side in the long boat two are stretched at length reading; one, a "Waverly Novel," the other, a "New Englander;" two are in the same boat, bothering each other by pulling legs, &c.; sitting on the rail, between the deck and boat, are three persons, one reading an old newspaper, one telling yarns and the other listening. Just under us, at the wheel, is a passenger, and on the potato bins, each side of the wheel, are six persons; on one side, guessing ages; on the other, one is reading a novel while a second is looking over; a little back on the stern a man is polishing a dirk knife, while three are 146 superintending the job. Casting our eyes aloft, there can be seen six persons in the mizzen top, one-half engaged in playing cards, and the other half "helping Saul;" immediately forward the wheel a game of checkers is on the tapis, which twelve others, including the first mate, are watching with intense interest. Our doctor is figuring with a pencil on a new pine box recently made as a covering for the turning lathe; seated on the rail each side of the quarter-deck are seven more, looking over the side or aloft, or at the passers by; further forward, T—A. is scuffling with one of the sailors—there goes a new straw hat overboard as the result. Deacon M. has just lain himself cornerwise across a trunk, to rest after the labors of the day at the forge. By the main-mast is one poring over a "Waverly Novel," while close by, at the forge, the fire of which is dying out, one is hammering steel, and three others are casting bullets. The waist at present is unoccupied. Forward on deck are eight seamen; one is engaged in making a miniature ship, and a second, in fastening a knife handle, while the rest are talking to each other and three or four passengers who, having nothing else to do, have seated themselves near them. Now comes on supper, and the immediate rush of the first side to the saloon breaks up the scene on deck. The seaman, however, keep their position and partake of the supper over the forecastle at random, one of their number acting as waiter to the others.

After supper they assemble on deck, standing in groups along the waist and are either discussing the prospects awaiting them, or some subject more immediately connected with themselves as a company, or 147 listening to the songs of some one near them; others go further forward,

where they were when summoned by the bell to supper, and others resume their old places on the hurricane deck. Thus, and in various other ways, the evening passes off until the hour of rest.

For some time past many have slept above deck, but to-night the heat has become so intense that the saloon and state-rooms look quite deserted. This has produced some amusing scenes between those who wish to get the best lodging places. The hurricane deck is the favorite bed-room. It will accommodate twenty-five; that number occupied it last night, but to-night about forty seemed determined to sleep there. Some of the new comers would just get fairly into a place when he of last night appears, claiming priority of right. A demurs and asserts his determination to hold on by virtue of present possession; now commences a regular "boy scrape." Our mothers at home would scold some if they could see how the mattresses, blankets and pillows fly. A neighboring bedfellow gets trod on and hauls A. and B., sprawling, over half a dozen others. By this time all are awake and in motion. Some of the more sleepy mutter something about fools; others sing out to have the door shut and light (moon) blown out. Those in the other parts of the ship are attracted by the noise, and rush to the scene, which only increases the uproar. At length, he who was loudest in the melee falls over on to the main deck, a distance of seven or eight feet; fortunately, he escapes with whole bones and returns with renewed energy to the contest. After a time the fun is out. Some give up and find another place; gradually all relapse into the arms of 148 morpheus. An hour or two passes quietly, when some of the more roguish slip nooses around the feet of several of the sleepers, who, with remarkable unanimity, charge the mischief upon the officer of the watch. Mr. H., whom we shall not defend, as he has many sins of a kindred nature to answer for, if not for this. We had the curiosity, after all was still again, to note the lodging accommodations of some. Commencing at the stern, we found twenty-five or thirty as described above, seven in the boats, eight in hammocks, three on the potato bins, one lashed to the lathe box, and one ensconced under it. Four were on and four under each carpenter's bench; two, on the tinner's bench, and four had arranged themselves on the roof of the main-hatch house, around a window in the center, large enough to fall through in case of an unlucky move, with the equal danger, owing to narrow space, of falling outside, though as yet no accident of that kind has happened. The roof of the cook's galley was occupied in the same way. In the long boat were six, and on its cover the same number, while on each side of it,

arranged at heads and feet, were four more. One fellow, by dint of hard squeezing, had composed himself at full length in a trough fourteen inches wide, of a gold washer. Two cart bodies newly finished afforded excellent accommodations to their makers. Three or four were (may the fastenings hold) in an old sail which had been tied up to shelter the workmen from the noontday sun. Over the forecastle, as is usual in these latitudes, the deck was occupied by the seamen; while here and there on the main deck, for want of a more eligible place, were several more asleep.

149

Date. Lat. Long.

August, 2, 13.12, 101.46.

3, 13.40, 104.03.

4, 14.04, 105.15.

5, 14.20, 106.00.

6, 14.25, 106.50.

7, 14.47, 107.24.

8, 15.02, 108.24.

9, 15.58, 108.35.

10, 16.56, 109.39,

11, 17.56, 110.39.

12, 18.08, 110.39.

This morning the sun rose upon a scene of magnificent beauty; there was a heavy swell on, but scarce a breath of air to ripple the surface of the ocean. In the distance the island of Socorro, which was seen yesterday afternoon, was still in view. Several of our number bathed in the light blue transparent water. Two or three large sharks were swimming about, while a large number of dolphins and other fish, resembling the black-fish of Long Island Sound, accompanied the vessel through the day. The appearance of these finny tribes was singularly beautiful, sometimes basking near the surface and then sinking gently down to an immense depth, yet still distinctly visible in every motion to the eye. It seemed more like watching birds in the air than fishes in the water; and then, too, no other object, animate or inanimate, except the ship's hull, was visible in the water. During the middle part of the day, while the sun glared down upon us fiercely and the moon reflected faintly its beams, a brilliant star was noticed in the west, at an altitude of from forty-five to fifty degrees. Divine service as usual.

150

Monday, 13th.—

Lat. $18^{\circ} 00'$; Long. $111^{\circ} 50'$; Calm; light air from the north-west.

Tuesday, 14th.—

Lat. $17^{\circ} 45'$; Long. $112^{\circ} 34'$; Wind north-west.

Date. Lat. Long.

August, 15, 17.38, 114.40.

16, 18.51, 113.51.

17, 19.14, 114.37.

18, 19.24, 114.47.

19, 20.38, 114.47.

20, 22.36, 119.07.

21, 24.04, 120.14.

22, 25.24, 122.14.

23, 26.45, 124.14.

24, 28.27, 126.07.

25, 29.41, 127.37.

26, 30.53, 129.12.

27, 32.00, 131.15.

The Company's work being finished, many of the men are making compasses and fiddle-drills; some are still engaged on pistol belts and knapsacks. One man has invented a spinning jenny for making fish lines, while a few are making cloth caps. Some of the articles are got up in good taste and speak well for the ingenuity and tact of the makers. As soon as one thing is used up another is invented; in this way much of the time that would be misapplied and injurious to us, is spent upon something useful, which, at the same time affords an agreeable employment.

Tuesday, 28th.—

Lat. $32^{\circ} 56'$; Long. $132^{\circ} 25'$; Strong winds from the north by east, and clear sky; under all sail; steering by the wind, which is 151 increasing; top-gallant sails furled. More than six months have flown since leaving the shores of New York, and we are still ploughing the deep, with every prospect of doing so for days, perhaps weeks, to come. This was unexpected, although we looked for our share of calms and head winds. We must acknowledge our patience is on the wane. Perhaps

this detention is for our good; we may gain wisdom from it; our expectations may be visionary. This school of experience and restraint may have fallen to our lot for a wise purpose, which we are not permitted at present to see. We must submit to the will of Him whose ways are not as our ways. Our friends will have, no doubt, great anxiety for us in not receiving letters by the mail steamer which starts the first of September from San Francisco. Could we assure them of our safety, it would give us pleasure, but as it is, we must wait patiently. We look forward with eagerness to the time when we can devour the messages of affection and friendship that must be awaiting us in port. The solicitude manifested to hear from home is general; and the desire to raise the curtain which hides coming events, and keeps us in uncertainty, is also great.

Wednesday, 29th.—

Lat 33° 55';, Long. 133° 10';. The morning brings a clearer sky and warmer sun. The main-top-gallant sail was set.

Thursday, 30th.—

Lat. 33° 50';, Long. 131° 09';. The surface of the water is covered with mist, and the air is cool and damp. Heading east by north. We have about five hundred miles of longitude and two hundred and forty of latitude to make. The men are employed in “breaking out” for water, and the saloon, 152 as usual on such occasions, is filled with the lighter articles of the hold.

Friday, 31st.—

Lat. 33° 42';, Long. 130° 30';. This afternoon an auction came off which was quite amusing; it acted like a powerful magnet on the Yankee spirit of trade and speculation. The dullness and stupor which monotony had produced, hung heavy upon all our spirits and had become indeed oppressive; it seemed as if a general stagnation of all feeling and enjoyment was fast creeping over us; it was a lethargic state from which there appeared no escape; but the genius who presided over the little tin trunk, which contained the mysteries, had touched the right chord; the spell was broken. He mounted a carpenter's bench, sword in hand, ready to *strike* down any article that was bid off. Old

clothing, old hats, fancy articles, and Boston notions, with a few boxes of those “patent pills,” were soon disposed of. At this auction were one or two outsiders, who, with hands deep thrust into their trousers' pockets, stood ready to bid *five cents*, the extent of their capital, on every article offered for sale. This occasioned much merriment. In the evening, after supper tables were cleared, trade and speculation commenced more generally. The saloon was dimly lighted at each end, and the center, where the crowd gathered, was nearly dark. Here the oft repeated question, “How'll you trade?” commenced the business. Some were ready to barter or exchange all the wearing apparel they had on, which often took place, and the exchanges were immediately made. Chests had been ransacked from top to bottom, and all the old worn out clothing brought forth. Changes were 153 made by some ten or fifteen times, and some of the *fits* would have created smiles even in marble statues. Here comes one feeling his way, a tall, long-limbed, live Yankee; he enquires, “How'll you change?” “Even,” cries a smaller and shorter man; “Done,” says the first. The swap is completed; lights are produced; now comes the cream of the trade; the tall man has got too far through his pants, and the coat, like the old militia garment with a short swallow-tailed skirt, has dropped all communication with them. The short man is in as bad a fix on the other extreme. They sustain the pants by their hand until another trade can be effected. This may be styled “Yankeeism with a vengeance.” It certainly produces as much sport as profit. The frolic was kept up till near midnight, when wearied with the tedious process of changing clothes, they retired to sleep and rest.

CHAPTER X.

The Golden Gate at Last.

Saturday, Sept. 1st.—

Lat. 44° 42';, Long. 132° 25';. A Hermaphrodite brig in sight. The air this morning is quite chilly, and exercise quite agreeable.

Sunday, 2nd.—

Lat. 35° 55';, Long. 132° 32. This morning, spoke the brig which came in sight yesterday. She was the "Planet—Cohasset," sailed from Boston April 1st. She is as trim a looking craft as we have seen on the water, and danced upon the waves as light as a feather. She bore away to the north-west by west, and soon we tacked and lost sight of her. The wind hauled one or two points westerly, and we headed east-north-east. Light clouds were noticed scudding to the west-north-west, which was considered favorable to a change of wind.

Monday, 3rd.—

Lat. 35° 44';, Long. 130° 06. Wind strong from the north-north-west, the waves roll high and are much broken. A thick hazy air and cloudy sky. Ship under topsails. Steering by the wind, north-east. Our progress is much impeded by the heavy head sea.

THE GOLDEN GATE, OR ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.

157

Tuesday, 4th.—

No observation. This is one of those days that tinges our thoughts with gloom; the elements seem striving to awe man into silence, and from the acidity of the looks of those we meet, we should judge with success. The influence of circumstances by which we are surrounded is powerful, and the taciturnity often produced is in proportion to the rise and fall of the barometer.

Wednesday, 5th.—

Clouds still darken the sky and render it impossible to take the usual observations. Having nearly reached the latitude of San Francisco, we have something like three hundred miles of longitude to make. We have looked for a change; it has come; the first calm for three weeks; and even this is preferable to the baffling winds which have headed us off our course. The long regular swells of this morning are dying away, and all the ocean resuming its mirror-like smoothness.

Thursday, 6th.—

Lat. $36^{\circ} 54'$; Long. $128^{\circ} 25'$; We have got the long looked for change. The yards are square; the sails fill with the light wind, and our prow is turned toward the desired haven. This is thrice welcome; with a fair breeze we shall soon be on terra firma, and our voyage ended. Everything wears the appearance of hope, and, we trust, not to be disappointed. “Sail-ho” is heard from aloft; then we are not alone in this, the eleventh hour; that may be some consolation.

Friday, 7th.—

Lat. $37^{\circ} 25'$; Long. $127^{\circ} 32'$; We have made slow progress for the last twenty-four hours—a degree only. It will take us, at this rate, five or six days to get in. It is warm and pleasant, and if our 158 voyage had not been already so long, we should enjoy this fine sailing. Most of the men have exhausted their resources of employment, and are trying in various ways to kill time. A few are sketching over the views taken of the first land in sight, Cape Frio Light, Lord Hood, the Sugar Loaf, and the Harbor of Rio, &c. Some of the sketches are accurately drawn, and show the genius, taste and skill of the artist in a manner which merits approbation.

Saturday, 8th.—

Lat. $37^{\circ} 34'$; Long. $125^{\circ} 55'$; Light clouds cover the whole heaven, and the surface of the water is gently breaking into ripples. We can see a great distance, although a thin vapor hangs upon the horizon. Since last evening our speed has been, and continues to be, accelerated. We glide through the water quietly and swiftly, which is truly delightful. The ship and boats are receiving a new dress of black and white paint preparatory to going into the harbor. Under all sail, with a fine breeze from west-north-west. The sun occasionally peers through the clouds and smiles down upon us. Toward night the wind became lighter and the sea more even. Later in the evening it freshened into a seven knot breeze.

Sunday, 9th.—

Lat. 37° 51';, Long. 123° 15';. The wind increases and has hauled from west-north-west to north. The sky is overcast with clouds, and the air is much cooler. No service to-day. The water assumes a light green color, which is evidence that we are nearing the land, of which nothing has yet been seen. Some who are on the lookout find great coats and cloaks quite necessary for comfort. Evening has come, and straining eyes have gazed in vain for the distant 159 shore. The lead was thrown about five o'clock, and found seventy-five fathoms of water with muddy bottom. For several Sunday evenings back the saloon has been made vocal with sacred music; this is a pleasant and appropriate manner of spending the close of the holy day, and brings to mind many associations of home.

Monday, 10th.—

Morning dawned, and the dim outlines of the shore appeared. A multitude of birds of various plumage—sweet messengers from the shore—came to escort us to the land of gold. About 10 o'clock the northern bluffs of the “Golden Gate” opened dimly in sight.

The entrance of the long wished-for-harbor was before us. The Chrysopyle, or golden gate, the name given to the entrance of the harbor, was suggested to Col. Fremont, not from any knowledge of the land of gold beyond. The entrance to the Byzantium kingdom received this name anciently; and Fremont, believing that San Francisco, from its central position, would be the great centre of trade between Asia and America—the great highway of nations—bestowed this ancient name upon it.

Along the rocky shore a large number (many hundreds) of seals were sunning or swimming. Upon the right is a stone arch, an object impressed upon the mind of every traveller who passes up the entrance.

As the gently sloping hills, and the scattered clumps of low shrubbery unfold before us, the exclamations of joy broke frequently from the lips of my companions. We had been so long at sea that the sight of poor earthly scenery called forth the most rapturous exclamations.

The ever green hills of Rio Janeiro, her mountain 160 villas, her luxuriant vegetation, her horticultural displays—her palms, cocoa and orange trees, could not compare in the mind of an American with the sterile appearance of the soil on an American shore. “My native land I love thee, I love thy rocks and rills. Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.”

Now, with fresh breezes from a favorable quarter, with a clear sky above us, we enter the harbor on the 13th of September, 1849, at 1 p.m. The narrow, and apparently closed way opens before us. Each shore looks barren but as we turn the principal point in the harbor, our eyes catch sight of the star-spangled banner waving over the barracks called the *Presidio*.

We know not what the feelings of an exile are, but we do know the electric effect upon ourselves and company at the sight of our country's flag; the thrilling sensation that fires the soul, and lights the eye, and warms the blood. And we dare predict, that a flag born in adversity, and baptized in blood, will never be furled until memory deserts its post—until the last American heart ceases to beat.

The spontaneous cheers that rolled from hearts full to the brim, at the sight of its waving folds, will not, cannot, be forgotten.

The *Presidio*, over which the stars and stripes waved, was a fortress of unburnt brick, or adobe, 12 feet in height, enclosing an area of about one thousand square yards. This was formerly occupied by a military prefect, with a few troops under his command.

The fortification of Mexican memory had been left

FORT LOS ANGELES.

163 behind, viz: Los Angeles. Next came in sight the renowned harbor of the western world—the glory of the Pacific coast.

The scene shifted, like the curtains of the stage, into new and more attractive objects. A forest of masts—a mighty fleet of ships, lay before us, representing almost every nation. The French, Spanish, Hungarian, Bremen, English, and colors of other nations were decorating the blue sky.

We passed the Ohio, an American ship of the line; the Savannah, and two sloops of war, and reached a favorable spot to drop anchor.

The familiar voice of command was heard, “*Stand clear.*” The men sprang up the rigging, with an alacrity and animation seldom equalled. “*Let go anchor!*”—and the rumbling, rattling chain attached to the anchor soon told us that we had reached the end of our voyage.

The Captain then, turning to the elated passengers, lifted his hat and said: “Gentlemen, I have done my best for you.” He said truly; he had been severely tried, but was found sufficient for every emergency. the involuntary shout of gratitude and hearty cheers showed that the words of our Captain had been fitly spoken, and the two solitary tears that rolled from his sea browned face showed that the immediate response had hit the mark.

Three times we had been so near wrecking that the apparent chances were against us, but his indefatigable spirit, his vigilant eye, his heart of resource had, through Divine Providence, saved us. His manly aids, the first and second mates, by genial and social qualities, had also endeared themselves to all.

164

A vote of thanks was unanimously given and a record of the same placed upon the Log Book.

The boats swung from the davits, and those on deck were soon drifting to the stern of the ship for use. In a little while we stood upon terra firma.

The pleasure of standing upon solid foundation after so long treading the moving, jarring and tripping deck, can better be realized than described. The man who rides in a hard-jolting stage feels it no small luxury to straighten himself for a walk, but he who rides for months upon the ocean

waves, finds himself too often, when first upon land, undulating, courtesying, and reeling—he has endeavored to convince the ship that the fault of irregular movement was not in himself but in the ship, but on land he finds his argument for steady behavior will not pass current.

We stood where the good Padre Junipero and the followers of St. Francis first embraced the ground nearly one hundred years ago—when they chanted the Mass, celebrated the triumph of the Holy Cross, sprinkled the ground with the baptismal water, and bestowed the name *San Francisco* upon the bay and shore.

In answer to the prayer of Franciscan monks and priests, after a long depression of spirit, consequent upon storms and headwinds, they found this renowned harbor, and blest it in the name of their patron saint.

San Francisco is situated about ten miles from the entrance of the harbor. A semi-circle of high hills extends around a little green basin-like centre, which had received the name of *Yerba Buena*. Climbing the hill now called Telegraph hill, we have one of the most inspiring views that falls to the lot of man.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1849.

167

Rincon Point, Angel Island, Goat Island, Contra Costa, Vallejo, Saucelito harbor, or bay, and the golden gate come within the range of the sweeping eye. Down upon the medley of tongues and nations that compose the city, we now may gaze. Houses and sheds were thrown together, and a multitude of tents, in every shape and size, marked the streets. Not more than 100 wooden houses were built where stood in two short years afterwards upwards of four thousand dwellings, and some of them of costly fabric and architecture.

In the largest and most inviting houses and tents were scenes that cannot be here fully described. Gold, and silver coin, and ore, were heaped upon the tables, around which gathered the victims of the gambling mania. Men, maddened by their losses, stood at the bar drinking the fiery liquid, to

brace their sunken spirits; boys, with bags of dust, and handfuls of coin, were smilingly tempted on, and permitted to win and indulge the hope of being Fortune's favored ones only to be disappointed and ruined in the end.

Dark-eyed Spaniards, and the stupid looking Indian, the miner and the rancho, the trader and the gambler stood around, with dirks and pistols in their belts. Upon the walls were hung the most attractive paintings, and in the recesses of the room, raised above the floor, were platforms for the various bands of music, to allure the unwary and soothe the disappointed.

We have witnessed many sad scenes in connection with these vices that we may pass, and would gladly forget. The suicide, the criminal, the doomed, we 168 conjure up from memory's corners—but we will pass on to the field of gold.

The reports from the mines are so contradictory that that no reliance can be placed in them. But the majority that come down from the mines think that the first and second harvest is past. Good mechanics get from ten to eighteen dollars per day, with the prospect of a decline. The want of room must be the only apology for the cursory manner with which matters have been touched upon. The obligations we are under to Messrs. Vail, Parker, Hamilton, and Webster for occasional assistance is duly acknowledged, and we hope they will be as successful in their enterprises as they have been kind.

THE END.

APPENDIX. AMONG THE MINES AND MINERS IN '49 AND '50.

CHAPTER I.

On the Road to the Mines,

The thirteenth of September, 1849, the Henry Lee dropped her anchors in the bay of San Francisco. Around her were a large fleet of ships, mostly deserted by the crews, who were anxious to reach the rich mines of gold. It was difficult to control the men who had enlisted on the ships of war, and who

were under the strict discipline of the United States naval service. Several who had deserted and were retaken were severely punished. Two attempted to kill an officer whom they were rowing to the shore, and came very near accomplishing their design. They struck him with an oar, and while stunned, threw him into the bay to drown. But, fortunately, he was rescued by a passing boat. The guilty men were retaken, and tried and condemned to death. Their forms were seen hanging at the yard-arm one morning, as a warning to others.

Our company of 124 men, before we reached the harbor, had manifested a spirit of disorganization. This was the experience of nearly every stock association that came around the Cape.

Our ideas of the condition of the mines, and the opportunities for mining, were very crude. Some companies believed—as we had sung—in the *golden shores* 172 of California. Some expected that they would anchor close to the mines, and make use of the ship as a sleeping place at night; but when the nearest mines to the shore were found to be from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles, and some twice that distance, their illusions were dissipated.

In our company we had other conditions. On board ship where so many men are congregated, they found natural selections, or apparent affinities. It is an old saying that to know a man thoroughly you should sail around the Horn with him.

Rival squads held secret meetings and whispered consultations. For the well-fleshed and apparently strong to share their labors and profits with the poor-fleshed and weak would not, in the judgment of the former, be reasonable. The long indolent life of the ocean voyage, and the excellent fare at the table had left a superabundance of flesh on some, which was regarded as evidence of health and strength and fitness for the exposure and labor at the mines. Sad and disastrous mistake. Some who had worked the flesh into muscle, though somewhat lean, were in better condition to endure the change from ship to shore—and from the food of the ship to the plain diet of miner's life, and the dust and weary travel on foot, as subsequent facts revealed.

The directors of our company having gained as much information concerning the mines as was possible during the brief time we lay at anchor in the bay, decided to weigh anchor and go as far as Suison Bay.

All again on board, our anchor up, we sailed along the bay toward Vallejo—a town deriving its name 173 from Gen. Vallejo, one of the prominent natives in the first assembly under the Government of the United States.

Benicia, a town named after Gen. Vallejo's daughter, lies next on our left. A few miles beyond, we enter Suison Bay. This bay is formed by the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers.

The good old ship was moored, dismantled—her sails snugly housed—her spars lashed by the waist—our sea chests arranged and placed under the care of Capt. Vail.

Between the mouths of the two rivers was a wide tule marsh. It was a breeding place for mosquitoes; they were large, voracious and irresistible. They came to the ship, which was quite near the shore, in multitudes. To avoid them, the men covered their faces with blankets, and sought refuge between decks—but in vain. They climbed the ratlines, and sat in the cross-trees comparatively above them. Below decks, they burnt cattle chips—smoked until the smoke was as thick as a fog. The unconquerable mosquito made his sudden, quick stabs where least expected. The hand would fly from cheek to cheek, across the nose, on the knee, and over the shoulders; but when they hit the spot he was not there. Here were sober, good-natured men performing gyrations, evolutions, and contortions that would make an Ethiopian banjo player blush. It was a night of battle, followed by a morning of red, swollen, and blotched faces. Toward morning they retreated to the tule swamp.

The next morning the sun shone brightly through the cool, clear atmosphere, revealing the undulating 174 slopes of the hills in an enchanting manner. A proposal was made that a morning walk to a rock upon the hillside would be refreshing. We could hold a little prayer meeting, and praise God for giving us a successful voyage. Several accepted the invitation. We started with the

thought that it was but a short walk at most, and we would not be gone but a brief time. We walked sometime before we discovered the rock was a long distance from the ship. The clear atmosphere had deceived us. It has been said that hunters would fire at game and miscalculate the distance, and wonder why they could not hit the objects they fired at. By the time we reached the rock we were too weary to pray or praise. We returned to the ship, and spent the balance of the day in preparations for leaving for the mines.

Hasty stores of what we should require were gathered together—provisions, picks, iron bars shovels, rockers, blankets and tents; and long and short handle spiders for each one. Small yawl boats were obtained for every squad. Upon the third day we left the ship and some of our ship companions, on whom we looked for the last time.

The change from ship life to shore life—from the berth to a bed on the ground—from inactive life to the toil and dust of travel, produced more fatal effects than we had anticipated.

Within four weeks some of the men were attacked by fever and the fatal dysentery. Those who died were buried in uncoffined graves, beside the lonely trail, or in some solitary mountain side or vale—with no slab or stone to tell to the living who lies beneath. 175 And some of them were of stalwart form and strength, in whom great expectations were placed.

The squad to which I was attached purchased a yawl boat, so as to be independent of the company boats—that we might keep it for our own private use. The day we left the ship, the wind was blowing fresh from the bay against the current of the river and an out-flowing tide. The waves were high and surmounted with white crests. The boat was loaded down nearly to the water's edge. Four men were rowing, and one at the tiller, and the remainder were busy in bailing the water, which, every now and then, would dash over the backs of those who sat at the windward to form a barrier against them. Reaching the mouth of the Sacramento—and escaping the dangers of swamping among the tules—our sail was hoisted and the progress was every way more pleasing. Night came. We landed, and made our camp. We soon discovered a small party of Digger Indians not far away. Supper, the first on land for many months, consisting of hard sea bread and coffee,

was soon dispensed with; guards set; clothes dried by the camp fire; and we retired, not to sleep but to lie down and think. About midnight I was called to perform my two hours on guard. We had no knowledge of the Indian disposition, whether hostile or friendly, and therefore were more careful and watchful. Morning dawned. Breakfast, of that steadfast, unchangeable meal from henceforth—fried bacon and griddle cakes—was soon despatched, and we were on board the yawl sailing up the Sacramento. We landed at the levee about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Sacramento City was 176 represented by a large number of tents, frames covered with cloth, gambling houses, and saloons of the same, and a few rude houses built of rough lumber. Many of the people we met had crossed the plains with ox-teams; and some, finding freighting profitable, had entered into the business. It would have surprised the graduates of Yale College could they have seen one of its former professors, with a battered stove-pipe hat, and a teamster's frock, pants tucked into his boots, wielding a long-lashed whip over a four yoke ox-team, and running an eating-house at the same time—mixing in his vocabulary *Gee Haw Buck*, with his *veni vidi vici*. It was the testimony of those who had tried his warm biscuits, that they could not be excelled.

We engaged a team consisting of two yoke of oxen, to carry our freight to Weaver Creek, for which we paid \$300. The roads were good at that season of the year, except when on steep hills; then long ropes were attached to the wagon and steadied by the combined strength of a dozen men. As we left Sacramento, we met a number of miners returning from the mines, one of whom addressed a companion, who was whistling, thus: “Young man, you will whistle a different tune when you come back.” When asked an explanation, he replied, “If you are going to the mines for gold—1st, you will find hard work to tell where it is; 2nd, it will be harder still to get it; and 3rd, it will be the hardest thing in your life to keep it after you have got it.”

Our company from Sacramento consisted of two squads of men, 23 in all. The first day of travel on land, and the third night from the ship, found us encamped about 25 miles from our landing place.

VILLAGE OF “DIGGER” INDIANS.

Our camp was near the banks of the American River. Some of the early risers had gone down to the river's side to bathe and wash. They discovered a large quantity of mica and black sand, just at the water's edge. They came back excited, and somewhat reserved and uncommunicative, except to a few. They were sure it was gold, and oh, such quantities! The favored few might know, but the majority should be kept in ignorance. They whispered, or stepped out one side and spoke in low tones. They frequently cast glances at me, and seemed almost ready to communicate. To explain why they glanced at me, advanced and retreated, was in the fact that I was the only one in the party who had gold dust in his possession—having exchanged my type and press, with which my journal had been printed, for gold dust, at the Alta office in San Francisco. I retained it that I might compare the genuine ore with what we found in the mines. This is human nature, here and everywhere—human weakness and human selfishness. It was overcome and their golden vision vanished.

The night had passed in rest, upon the hard ground, with only one incident to mar our slumbers. A Frenchman, called Joe, was frightened at the braying of a mule—an animal he had never seen before, and the music of whose voice he was unacquainted with. He seized his rifle—cried out in a loud and trembling tone, that he heard the growl of a grizzly bear, close upon us. All sprang to their feet. But a second blast from the same source, followed by a hearty laugh from his companions, quieted his fears; and all were soon in slumber again. I acknowledge it would be more manly on the part of the mule if he had reserved his tones until the 4th of July, or taken daylight for his bray. The party again were on the road. Some, with guns, had gone from two to three miles from the trail for the purpose of hunting. One failing to return, and not being provided with food, caused no little anxiety. We reached Weaver Creek about an hour before sunset, after two days travel. The wagon was unloaded, camp made, supper served, and a night's rest before us in the long-wished-for mines of gold. The place chosen was about two miles below Weaverville, a mining camp of six month's existence.

The next morning, the company divided into two men each, and commenced prospecting. The rude and primitive method consisted in removing the top surface of gravel, sand, and loose stones,

carefully collecting the earth, clay, or sand, into the pan, and by the aid of water, washing all the lighter substances away—which would leave the black metallic sand and gold behind. These substances, by a careful turning of the pan, could be separated by the water flowing over it, thus leaving the gold free. Many prospect holes were dug without finding a trace of gold, and often when found, water, that essential element, was far away. The creek, mostly dry in the summer, had here and there, in little depressions of the bed, standing water. To these small pools the selected earth was carried in sacks, and by the use of rockers, the gold was separated from the baser earth. We prospected the ravines, from a few rods to many hundred from the water. We continued our search from one to three miles up and down the creek. Some 181 days an ounce of gold would repay our labors—and many days, but a few grains. The long Tom, or sluice box, could be used only where there was running water, hence the prospecting and use of these aids were confined to running streams. During the dry season in California, the opportunity for placer mining was limited, and the thousands who sought the running brooks, or rivers, would rapidly stake off their claims; and all late comers would be forced to travel on to discover some other place—to be again and again disappointed.

The placer digging is the poor man's mine, requiring few and simple tools, and hard labor. To handle tons of rock, and loose stones and earth in order to find a single grain of gold, as tens of thousands have done, is discouraging to the laborer, who can find better remuneration at other business. The success of one in a hundred is heralded abroad, exciting the multitudes into hope, while the failure of ninety-nine is not printed, or even reported. The ninety-nine generally chose to say nothing, and the world takes no note of their disappointments.

CHAPTER II.

Scenes at the Mines.

October 1st, 1849, we reached the dry diggings. Two weeks passed with but little success, and at hard labor. The ground, our bed; the tent, our covering by night; griddle cakes and pork, our food, with coffee from acorns, and tea from mountain mint—without sugar or milk. The astringent

nature of the one, and the effect of the other, added to the toil and wet feet, soon began to effect several of our party. One man, by the name of John Lyon, was taken down by fever and dysentery, in one tent, and soon another, myself, in the adjacent tent. Left alone by day, we cheered each other by talk, until the disease had weakened our voices and our conversation ceased with the exception of occasional words, as “*never give up the ship,*” and the response, “*never say die.*” The third day, toward sunset, the response came so weak from Lyon, and so broken, as to fill me with alarm. I crawled to the door of his tent, and seeing by the fever-flushed face and glassy eye that he was dying, I sprung to my feet and beckoned to two of the party who had just come in sight, to hasten their approach; and then I fell upon the ground exhausted. They ran to the tent; and 183 one who had been his state-room mate bent over his dying form, and asked, “John, shall I send your gold watch, as you requested me on shipboard, to Bertha, your promised bride?” As the name was spoken, a tear—only one, for they say the dying never weep—rolled from his eye, and his lips quivered—and all was over. He was dead. The men came in from different parts of the creek, saddened by his death. They talked of his noble nature, and manliness on shipboard. To lie in the tent, to sleep beside the dead, they could not. Night had fallen around us. Some brought torches of pine; others, with pick and shovel, hollowed out a grave in the slate rock upon the brow of the opposite precipitous hill, between a pine and an oak. The bottom of the grave was filled with leaves and pine twigs. Torches were lighted and placed in the ground a few feet from the grave, and others upon each side of the steep zigzag path. The men returned to the tent, folded their dead comrade's blankets around his form, and bore him with silent tread to his midnight burial. Torches carried in the hands of the bearers, both front and rear cast a lurid and sombre glare over the weird procession. Never can I forget the scene, as helpless, and alone, I lay upon my blankets. I watched and listened to the men, and gazed upon the darkness beyond and around, with the constantly recurring question, “Who will be the next?” Thanks to a kind providence, and to the watchful care and tender nursing of the men, I soon recovered.

Our companion, who had been lost on our way to the mines, while hunting, had at last found us; and he received a hearty welcome. Dissatisfied with 184 the poor success of prospecting in the vicinity of Weaver Creek, we engaged a mule team to move our traps over to the Macosma River.

A few straggling Indians of the Digger tribe were encamped near us. One day, after watching them clubbing a pine tree and eating something, we went to the place as soon as they had left, and examined the pine cones which lay upon the ground. We found beneath the folds of the cone a most delicious almond-shaped nut, on which we feasted. This tree grows to such maturity in California as to reach a height of one to two hundred feet, or more and produces a fruit that is most palatable. After a few days of prospecting in this vicinity, with no better success, and finding our supplies running short, and the rainy season fast approaching we decided upon returning to Sacramento. During the last days of October, every morning, our attention had been drawn to a small quantity of water gathered in the shallow basins of the rock. There was no appearance of rain; but few clouds could be seen during the day. We learned that this was the common sign of the approach of the rainy season. Our conceptions of the rains of California had been made from the descriptions of a few uncommonly rainy days, by a very graphic writer. We expected continual pours; the heavens darkened constantly by black water clouds; all outdoor work suspended; the ground soaked, and teams and foot travellers mired in deep mud; communications between town and camp would be cut off—and, if without supplies of provisions, starvation would stare us in the face. There was none to give us light upon the subject; for all were

PROSPECTING.

187 ignorant—lacking in experience and observation. The dry creeks of summer were running streams and rivers in winter. Hence winter was the best season for placer digging, as without water there could be no mining with rocker, sluice, or long Tom.

Our stock of provisions was getting low. Another team was hired. Men were sent in advance to take our boat to the ship in Suisun Bay, and meet us with stores upon our arrival at Sacramento. The rains came on the morning we started. Travel was slow for men and teams; our feet often up to the ankles in mud; camp wood on which we depended for fires was soaked. The first day, one of our company, a young man by the name of John Hart, was taken sick with the fearful disease of California. He soon became too weak to walk, and was placed on the loaded wagon. As night came on, we camped upon the wet ground near a dead and leafless pine. Our axes chopped away the wet outside bark of the tree, and with the dry and pitchy pine beneath, our evening fire was

kindled. Supper of flap-jacks and bacon was served. It was a dark and stormy night. Our companion grew worse. He announced his impression that he would not live to see the morning. As he had a little property in Old Connecticut, he desired to make his will. The only light was from the fire burning at the base of the pine tree. None could sleep with a dying man by his side. Some, shunning the dying scene, busied themselves with replenishing the fire. Two supported the sick man in a half sitting position while he wrote his will, with trembling hand, by the flickering and shadowy flames of the camp-fire. A cousin, by the 188 name of Matthew Hart, moved restlessly out and in the tent. He was a peculiar type of a man—a kind of poetical, Bret Hart style; a pictorial Puritan Yankee, with stove-pipe hat, battered and worn by exposure, set well back on his head—always well and strong, expressing but little sympathy in his words with the weak and sick, though his face of interest would belie his words. He was our lost hunter. As the brief will was finished, he was called to put his signature to it, as a witness. He looked at his cousin and addressed him thus: “John, it's an awful stormy night to die in—postpone it until morning—a man can die so much handsomer by daylight, when the sun is shining. I would postpone it a few days.” The want of sympathy from the cousin was more apparent than real. John replied, “Within two hours or before 3 o'clock in the morning, I shall be a dead man.” The voice of a stranger was heard at that moment from the stormy darkness, saying, “Friend, can I be permitted the shelter of your tent?” The man, drenched with the rain, and spattered with mud, stood beside the fire, partially hidden behind the tree. “If,” said he, as he looked and saw the crowded condition of the tent—“if I can put my face under the cover, so that the rain will not keep me awake, I will let the body be on the outside.” “I don't think that you or any one else will sleep in that tent this night,” some one replied. “There is a dying man in there.” “A man dying—well, I am a doctor, perhaps I can do something for him.” Saying these words, he entered the tent, looked at Hart, felt his hands and face, and immediately took out a bottle, which he said contained *quinine and 189 whiskey*. As he poured out a dose for the sick man, he continued to speak of how he had saved many lives, using no other medicines. The sick man said, “It is *too late*—it's all over with me.” “Ah, I see,” said the doctor, “you want a strong dose; you have a fever and the dumps. Now, you will go over the range and up a flume if you don't take this before morning.” The invalid took the dose, and was soon calmed to sleep under its influence; and when he awoke, toward morning, he appeared hopeful of living. The storm had passed, and we were on the road,

accompanied by the physician, who continued his attentions to the sick one. The next evening we camped upon the banks of the Sacramento, near the mouth of the American River. Several days were passed in waiting for the return of our yawl-boat from the ship. The boat did not appear. Our provisions were exhausted. The company separated to look for employment. Some found teams to freight to the mines; others found work as carpenters; and others in saloons or restaurants. The remainder continued in camp. The conclusions of the company were that our boat and crew were lost.

One day, while searching for work in the two printing offices of the embryo city—a fruitless search—the tent and company disappeared, without leaving a trace of their whereabouts or a word of their design. My blankets and tools were left upon the ground where we had encamped. I found a cluster of bushes over which a wild grape-vine grew, and made it my home. This act on the part of the company may look like a heartless desertion, but the desperate condition, 190 exhausted stores, and fruitless search for a remedy for those who had remained, had prepared my mind for any event that might occur. Somehow I felt a burden removed. Upon examination of my finances, I found enough left for one day's wants. I again went to the printing offices and begged for work, but I was told that other beggars had been there before me. Having served my apprenticeship in all positions of a printing office, from the youngest boy—formerly known by the name *devil*, whose duties were to roll the ink, fold the papers, buy the italic spaces and shooting sticks; and get the glue and molasses from the dry good stores, and take the censures for all ink spots upon door-knobs and pocket handkerchiefs, hands and faces; sell the papers, etc., etc.—in all positions, from the lowest up to the sanctum, I felt prepared for anything. I proposed to the printer to let me have the daily to sell on the street. He could not do that, as every street had its regular agent, and the agents would be offended. The publishers of papers knew no subscribers; they printed the paper and sold to the route agents, received the money every day or week, and the profits of advertising. Subscribers were known only to agents. I felt deeply my helpless position. The day was closing, and my funds exhausted. One of the agents came in for his supply of papers. I told him my destitute condition, and begged the privilege of selling for him; but he kindly refused from necessity, as he said I knew not his customers. I then proposed to him to allow me to sell a few extras after his customers had

been supplied on the route. He consented, and became responsible to the publisher for 191 fifty extra copies; but I was to wait an hour after he left the office before going on his route. I took the papers on the street and accosted every one to buy, but all that wanted papers had been supplied. I grew desperate. I sat upon the sidewalk and examined the contents of the paper. I read in headlines of the safety of the Queen of England; of the demonstrations of joy throughout the kingdom; of illuminations, processions, bells ringing, cannons firing, at the great event. My inspiration came. I sprang to my feet, vociferated at the top of my voice, as though the city was on fire, shaking one of the papers in the air: “ *Great rejoicing throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain! The Queen is safe! The Queen is safe! Illuminations in all the streets of London! cannons firing; bells ringing! Te Deums in all the churches.*”

Men ran toward me, and I toward them, continuing my cry. They bought the papers about as fast as I could deal them out. I do not know what child was born, but have always thought it was the Princess Louise—at any rate, a babe was born to be my savior from immediate starvation. Some who bought had the same paper and saw the joke, and not liking to be outdone, went off laughing at the eagerness with which others bought. This replenished my exhausted funds enough for two or three days. But it could not be repeated. How often, on the streets of our eastern cities, have I met newsboys who reminded me of that event. Two days passed in vain efforts to find something to keep the wolf from the door. My funds were reduced to \$1.50. I sat on the banks of the Sacramento, near where the American River empties into it, 192 dejected in spirit, and thinking of home, of kindred, and wife, and child, that I might never see again. A fish leaped from the water in sportive play, and seemed as though he said, “Catch me if you can!” A plan sprung to my mind, like the sunlight of heaven to the opening flower. I felt elated. The little means I had left I immediately invested in fish-lines, fish-hooks and beefsteak. Fish-poles—there were none. A belt of oaks about ten miles away was the nearest timber. I baited eight of the hooks with a part of the meat, and attached them on small lines to the main line. I tied one end to a root in the bank, and taking a boat which had been fastened to the shore, I went out in the stream as far as my line would reach, tied a stone to the end of the line and sunk it in the water. I waited about an hour and a half, meantime cooking and eating the balance of the meat, which was my all. Money gone, meat gone—if, oh,

if, the fish would only bite! I was supplied. If not, there was nothing left but beggary—and death would not be worse. Upon examining the hooks, I found the first hook untouched; second hook, bait partly gone; third hook, a weight of something on it. I pulled it up eagerly and saw a large fish, a salmon. My heart bounded as I rose to my feet, and cried *Eureka!* and pulled it up out of the water; but the small line broke and the fish went back into the river. The fourth hook was untouched; the fifth hook bare; the sixth hook, ditto; the seventh hook—another salmon. I hauled him slowly to the surface, and got upon my knees, reached my hand under him and brought him into the boat. As the salmon was secured, visions of thousands of dollars

WASHING OUT THE GOLD.

195 came dancing before my eyes. A thousand lines, and baited hooks, would produce, at the price of 50 cents per pound, a thousand dollars per day. Did you ever strike pay gravel? I have been asked a score of times.—Well, I thought I had struck it then. I took my salmon to market and received \$6 for it, part of the pay in meat, and the balance in cash. The next day I feasted, and felt myself a prospective millionaire. My hooks were again baited and placed. The owner of the boat appeared. He made the atmosphere blue with savage threats, and as I leaped upon the bank, he drew his pistol and threatened my life. I made an attempt at an explanation, and thought of laying before him the road to a fortune; but he bade me be silent, and again flourished his pistol. I had been taught to be obedient to my superiors, and he being my superior in armed weapons, I retreated, leaving my lines and hooks to his mercy. At that period of time it was too often a word and a shot between men. The only authority and resort of men was Judge Lynch, the pistol, or the rope's end. The following day I had gloomy thoughts at the outlook. At evening, a little before the sun disappeared, not knowing what next to do—every avenue and plan closed against me—I saw the little pennant of our boat below the bend of the river, just in sight above the banks, moving slowly along. I cannot stop here to describe my feelings of joy. It rounded the point and came full into view. The emotion at the sight of the men, and its abundant supplies, I cannot forget. A barrel of corn-beef, a barrel of pork; flour, coffee, tea, dried apples, and beans for every two men—enough for several months supply. 196 At that time these articles of food were extremely high—\$50 per barrel for the pork and beef, \$75 for the flour—and in the mines we had left double these prices. The next day, while seeking a

place for the storage of my provisions, I met a mate of school-boy days, who had come round the Horn in another ship. He had started an eating house on M. street and invited me to share his tent, and store my goods with him. I accepted the offer. The miners, who were his customers, told of the rich strikes that they had seen or heard about. That made him anxious to go to the mines and try his fortune. He left in a few days, placing the tent and eating business in my hands. I never saw or heard from him from that time until now, and presume that he met with the fate of many others—death. Had I time to describe the eccentric characters of my boarders—the scenes of excitement during the winter; the levee, or *embarcadero*, with its shores lined with sloops and schooners; the prison brig; its prisoners, among whom was Dr. Charles Robinson, who was elected representative to the first Legislature of California while awaiting trial for inciting a mob, which resulted in the murder of Mayor Bigelow. The excitement arose from the warm debates on squatter sovereignty and the making of California a slave state.

The month of December, 1849, found me well under way as landlord of a cloth eating-house. Meals at \$1.50 each; lodging under cover, on the ground, 50 cents; in berths, on one side of the tent, on bare boards, 75 cents; board by the week, \$21. An old *galley ranger* for a cook, known by the name of “*Uncle John*.” *Galley* is a term applied to a cook-room on 197 board ship, in this instance. Everything appeared to be prospering—money flowing in, and custom increasing. The 12th day of January, 1850, an event—*the flood*—changed my pleasant dreams, and overthrew my schemes. The day before, clouds, dark and threatening, were hanging over the distant mountains, but there was no rainfall in the city. I retired to my cot at night, between the hours of ten and eleven. All was quiet, excepting the gambling houses, which closed neither day nor night. Between two and three o'clock, those sleeping on the ground floor were awakened by the sudden pouring in of a large stream of water. It increased so rapidly that it soon was from two to three feet in depth. The voices of excited men rose on all sides. The night was dark. We sought refuge in a frame building about 50 feet distant, just finished, with an upper story. The water was still rising. In the morning, a scene of desolation—an expanse of water so vast that no land could be seen in any direction, except toward the mountains. Between Sutter's Fort and the city a slight hill rises about 25 feet. Man and beast were making their way toward it.

Rafts and boats from the shipping were swiftly passing to and fro, saving the property and articles afloat. Meals of all kinds went up to \$2.50. My salt pork and corned beef needed no freshening—the larger part of the provisions was destroyed. Hailing a boatman, whom I recognized as a friend, in charge of a yawl, I induced him, even at a great sacrifice to himself, to aid me in saving what could be fished up, at \$20 per hour. We tore the tent from the frame, and with four men—the provisions saved—we rowed a mile and 198 a half to the hill. For several days the water cut off our road from the city. For two months or more the hill was our home. Days of storm and sunshine followed each other. One night a storm and strong wind took our tent from over our heads and left us to its merciless peltings. Other tents in our vicinity were also prostrated. One, close by, left its solitary inmate uncovered, and as he continued wrapped in his blankets through all the day, we went to him. He was dead. There was no name or mark by which to identify him. We buried him in an unmarked grave.

A few days after the flood subsided, an Indian and his two sons came on horseback to the tent. They made signs, and spoke a few words of Spanish, inquiring about the safety of the roads, which were covered by water. It was noon. Dinner was on the table. I invited them to dismount and partake with us. They accepted. They were unaccustomed to knife and fork, but imitated me in the use of them, with the exception of holding the knife in the left hand and the fork in the right. There was no conversation, but occasional gleams of the eye, and a grunt or so from the old Indian, to hint to the young sons a more perfect imitation. Dinner past, they mounted their horses, rode up to the door of the tent, gave me a parting look and went off. Three days afterward they returned, bringing a good-looking squaw, with long plaited black hair hanging down her back and in front, cut in bang style. For an Indian maiden she was well dressed. She was offered to me for a servant, but I declined the honor. They pointed toward the west, as the home of the tribe. I told them I should go in that direction in a few weeks.

AN INDIAN MAIDEN OF THE YUBA TRIBE.

201

About the middle of March, 1850, I disposed of what was left of tent, provisions, and utensils, and started again for the mines with blankets only.

CHAPTER III.

Prospecting in the Mountains.

Placerville, called in those days, *Hangtown*, from the frequent hanging of desperadoes and murderers, was my destination. A number of my ship companions had wintered there, and some of them were successful in gathering from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars worth of the gold. They had erected log houses and were comfortably situated. I was recieved with a hearty welcome, and entered into partnership with a Mr. Starkweather, and a Mr. Asher Hall, of Wallingford, Connecticut. Claims were staked out up and down the creek for two or three miles. Many had been worked out during the winter. My partners had staked out one the day before my arrival, and gave me a third interest. After one day of visiting among old acquaintances, we commenced labor on the new claim. It was in the bed of the creek, in which a small stream of water was running. The stream was turned to one side by one day's hard picking and shovelling. We alternated in the work of shovelling and carrying the dirt in pails to the rocker, and in rocking out the gold and clearing away the tailings. We worked in the water and muddy clay with wet feet and mud covered clothes, as hard and as constant as we could. When the black sand and gold was panned out at the close of the day, we found nearly \$300. Elated at our success, we felt weariness, blistered hands, and sleep vanish. Our wet and mud covered garments, and water-soaked boots were like the purple of kings, and the glass slipper of *Cinderella*. The next day a like success attended us. The evening came, and we were light of heart—in spirit, like giants refreshed with new wine. We talked of loved ones at home—wives and children; of what we would do for them and our aged parents. Starkweather's eyes often moistened as he spoke of his wife, and at times he grew impatient and nervous at the thought of the long, long months that had passed since he had heard from her. The mails came from the Atlantic to the Pacific in steamers, crossing the Isthmus of Panama on pack mules; and often it

would be from four to six months before they would reach San Francisco, and from thence to the mines, as chance would find the means of forwarding.

The third day's labor the result was not so favorable. The golden dream was broken; the placer exhausted. Days of prospecting followed, with only weariness for our wages. Hundreds of men in the town were in the same condition. In April, we joined a company to prospect about 75 miles beyond, in the mountains, where rumor had discovered rich deposits, and men were making from two to five ounces per day. We passed through vales so full of flowers that we could hardly step without crushing them. The air was rich with fragrance. A large number of our company were unknown to us. Subsequent facts showed 204 them up as horse and cattle thieves. The few log houses we saw were broken into, and articles and provisions ruthlessly taken. The third night, Indians in our vicinity made it necessary to guard our camp. The fourth night the snow of the mountain, near the place we stopped, was eight feet in depth. The crust had borne us up while we trailed along the side protected from the sun. We concluded that night to return, as the mountain was impassible and dangerous. The report of rich diggings rested upon the wild tales of the camp-fire circle, among whom were always some of a visionary tendency and great originality.

A few days of prospecting followed, without material results. Our log-cabin contained a stone fire-place large enough to hold logs that would burn nearly all night. The light from the fire-place generally served us for all our purposes. The miners gathered there in the evening, and sitting before the fire, would relate the rumors of the new finds; the lucky owners; how gold was first deposited, according to their experience and observation. It was generally found in crevices, or rifts of creeks, in pockets in slate rock, on the bed rocks of hills; at times, in rich seams of a bluish clay, between two parallel stratas of clay rock; seldom in seams of quartz, or in amalgamated form in other rocks, at this time. Proximity of quartz and black metallic sand were considered sure indications of gold being near.

One morning in the latter part of May, myself and partners were summoned to attend a trial before the Alcalde, in *Coloma*, (the place where gold was first discovered.) The man who summoned us supplied us

HANGTOWN, (PLACERVILLE). 1850

207 with very fine horses to ride. The distance was about 12 miles. A man by the name of Allen had been accused of stealing a horse. We were summoned on the part of the accused. He was with us in our late prospecting tour over the mountain, and rode the horse at that time. He was an intelligent, agreeable, and gentlemanly companion. We arrived in the town an hour before the case was called. He employed a young lawyer to conduct the defense for \$90—\$45 to be paid as a retainer, the balance at the close. The young man had an interview with the Alcalde, and went over to the bar across the way to drink a little brandy, to inspire him for his effort. The case was called after considerable delay. We assembled in the room of the *Blind Goddess*, and found the lawyer too drunk to stand, and too stupid to keep awake. The plaintiff, seeing the number of intelligent witnesses for the defense, and himself alone, had not the courage to stand the issue of the trial, and absented himself from the room. A few questions were asked by the Alcade, and he dismissed the case. Before we left the town the drunken lawyer came and demanded the balance of his fee. Mr. Allen refused at first to pay him, on the ground that there was no trial. But he assured the defendant that he had settled the matter with the Alcalde for one-half the fee before he drank, or the case was called. He was paid. On our return, I let the large and powerful grey I was riding fall behind the rest of the party. The balmy atmosphere, and the scenery absorbed my attention. There were grand old pines, straight and high; occasional oaks, with full-leaved wide-spread branches; and clumps of bushes 208 here and there, so thick as to afford a perfect screen to objects on the opposite side. The sudden breaking of a twig, and the trembling motion of the bushes, attracted my attention. Instinctively, I seized my pistol from its holster and looked into the bushes, and there saw an Indian boy, or young buck, with his arrow aimed at me. With a sudden movement of the hand he brought his arrow parallel with his bow and stepped out of his hiding place. He manifested no hostility. We talked by signs, and motions, and a few words. He was prepared for some marriage-dance—face painted, and hair pitched and covered with feathers. I examined his arrows, and felt their flinty points. In answer to my question, he pointed over the hills on our left. The thought that I was too far behind the party, and that other Indians might be hidden on the pathway, urged me forward. My partner had also fallen behind, and was waiting for me. As soon as I came up to him, he informed

me that the men we were with confessed to be organized for the purpose of taking up all loose horses or cattle, and selling them. He also told me that the horse we were ready to swear, to the best of our knowledge, belonged to Mr. Allen, was really stolen from the one who claimed him; and that all the horses they had were stolen, or taken up; that they had worked in the mines, and were sick of hard work and no pay. They proposed that he join them and bring me along with him. He replied that he would fall back and consult with me about it, and rather left the impression upon them that he was favorable to the proposition. Indeed, the manner he presented the subject to me impressed me in the same way. If I had time to describe my thoughts, as lightning-like they flashed through my mind, I would do so. The other horse owners would find the one who had discovered the gang and would call upon all lovers of justice to combine, and would soon make the rope, or lariat, a useful article. What if they should discover us on their stolen horses before we reached our camp? We could reach home by another route, a proposition which I quickly made and adopted. We turned our horses' heads across the ravine, into a trail through the wood, and rode swiftly along the hills. About a mile and a half on the way, we entered a beautiful, and well shaded valley, and came suddenly upon a band of Indians, who appeared to be enjoying some festival occasion. They were racing, and jumping, and dancing. A few of the squaws were engaged in cooking in a closely woven basket by dropping hot stones into it. We had learned that they were in the habit of gathering grasshoppers, and after drying them, they cook and eat them. We were invited to taste of them. The dainty way in which we tasted, was the cause of great merriment to the squaws.

If you will read *Lev. 11:22*, you will find that not only the *locust* and the *beetle*, but the *grasshopper* are ancient courses. The knowledge of the Yubas concerning these kinds of food exceeds the present generation of the civilized nations. And we may see the day when on all bills of fare in our first-class hotels will be printed among the extra of desserts, *locust, beetle and grasshopper jam*.

The squaws went through some laughable antics, and tried to instruct me how to eat the jam, using all 210 their fingers. We did not see the bride, for our motives of reaching home, and ridding ourselves of the horses, were more pressing.

About the middle of June, 1850, the story came into camp of the wonderful lake whose shores were lined with gold; where the Indians amused themselves by casting the gold nuggets into the clear crystal water and watching them sink 30 and 40 feet below. The claims on the creek were exhausted and abandoned; though the new-comers, now called the greenhorns by the miners who had wintered in the mines, would, in their ignorance and verdancy, discover new deposits, and rapidly enrich themselves; and the old miners prospect and grow poor. A select company was organized to go in search of the lake. One of my partners, Mr. Starkweather, could not endure the separation from his family longer and returned to the East, carry with him a few ounces of gold for each of our families. We joined the new company and started toward the fabulous riches. We purchased two mules for packing our food and utensils, and a horse to ride by turns. The *bivouac*, (one meaning of which is to encamp without tent or covering,) was the common mode of the night.

There were eight men in the company. One, Capt. Thompson, had been the master of a whaler. He had a well-developed, stalwart form, muscular arm, and broad shoulders. The third day he was taken sick. His sickness caused a complete change in his disposition. Before, he was affable, generous, social, entertaining; now, he became morose, ill-natured, crab-bed, and churlish. The kind acts and sympathy of 211 the company were checked. We had crossed the Bear River, the grass valley, and reached the south fork of the Yuba. Upon its banks we found one of our ship's company, by the name of Hamblin, keeping a wayside inn made of frame and cloth. We endeavored to leave the captain behind in his care, but he was determined to follow. The trails heretofore were good, but before us were rivers to cross, steep and long mountains to climb, and narrow and rocky paths and heavy timbered woods to penetrate. By concert, we stole away while the Captain, under the influence of brandy, (of which he obtained a supply at the inn) was asleep. After reaching the opposite banks of the South Yuba it was necessary to repack our animals, as a difficult, steep and long hill was before us. By the time we were ready for the ascent of the hill, the captain was seen on the shore of the river. His overloaded mule and himself crossed the stream. We watched with anxious eyes to see that he was safe, and the company started on. I tarried behind to render assistance, but was met with severe censures from my companions and curses from Thompson. The company called from the hill for me to follow, and leave him. I continued my assistance in silence,

while his abusive words fell fast. Having exacted a promise of Mr. Hamblin to follow him if he should persist in following us, at least for half a day—believing at the time that his rapidly waning strength would give out under the weakening effects of his disease—I felt somewhat justified, yea, I felt forced from necessity to leave him. I looked back from the hill, and he was resting on the ground. We reached the summit after the most toilsome climbing I have ever 212 experienced. Both men and beasts rested for two hours. Refreshed with dinner, and animals repacked, again we started on the trail. As the sun was near setting, we entered an open grassy plot of ground, where a copious spring of water bubbled up at the root of a fallen pine. Several other prospecting parties had gone into camp, and one or more came in after us. Huge camp-fires were built, and as is always the case, the brightest fire was the gathering place for the campers to meet, and learn of each other the latest news concerning the discoveries, &c. The Gold Lake story had been exploded a few days before, but we were not deterred from pursuing our journey; for the hope of discovering “new diggings” came as often as the old one vanished. The tents were pitched, supper past, fires dying out, and the party were sleeping soundly after the day's hard travel. I could not sleep, and I sat down in the door of the tent to think; at times, replenishing the fire with brush wood. The camp asleep—the fire casting flickering shadows on the wood beyond—just as a sense of loneliness was coming over me I heard the approach of some animal on the trail. Then a voice, unknown by sound, called my name. I knew it must be Thompson's, as no stranger would call it. I aroused my sleeping companions and hastened forward toward the entrance of the trail. The whole encampment was awake by this time. The form of Thompson was leaning against a tree for support, and as he recognized my approach, his strength gave way and he sank to the foot of the tree. His right arm was fastened to the end of a lariat, the other end about the neck of his mule. Releasing his

SINKING A SHAFT.

215 arm, we carried his unconscious form to the tent, bathed his face, and wet his lips with brandy, until he was so far restored as to speak. “Don't leave me again—do anything with me, or my animal, but don't leave me again.” He spoke like his former self. The men assured him of every attention possible, if he would act himself. We learned from him the peril he had been in. He was growing weaker when he started at noon, and had attached the lariat to his arm and mule so that he could

receive help from the mule. While passing a clump of bushes he saw an Indian with his arrow and bow endeavoring to get a fair shot at him. With his left hand he drew his pistol, the Indian following him, dodging from tree to tree, until he gave such a whoop as to frighten his mule—and he knew nothing more until he saw the light of our camp-fire. The next morning a large amount of his mule's load was disposed of, and a seat upon my horse fixed for him; and by slow travelling, and by frequent resting, we proceeded on our way. We reached Downieville, on the north fork of the Yuba, July 2, 1850. Five or six men were working in the river up to their waists building a wing dam. They took from the crevices of the river bed for several days in succession from 40 to 75 ounces of gold per day. Jaded with our two hundred miles of travel, we rested, and nursed our sick companion for two days or more; then, finding an acquaintance and friend of the Captain, he was engaged to attend him while our party divided and prospected. (Capt. Thompson recovered sufficiently to travel to the coast, but died two days out from port, and was buried in the sea.)

216

July 4, 1850.

In a tent a short distance from our own, a party had assembled to gamble, the night preceding. A disputation arose over the game, and one of the men *stabbed* his opponent. He was immediately disarmed, and bound with ropes, and guarded securely until the morning. The life of the man stabbed hung in the balance. When day dawned he was still considered in a critical condition. A few men held a consultation to decide what punishment should be applied to the offender. It was finally agreed to hang him if the wound was mortal, and if not, to give him forty-five lashes on the bare back; and if found in the vicinity twenty-four hours afterward, to shoot him.

The morning of the 4th was given up to a general celebration. The firing of guns and pistols, and maudlin speeches from some, and general carousing from others, were continued until about 9 o'clock. It was then announced that other exercises would be held at 10 o'clock upon the opposite hill. A crowd of several hundred were assembled at the place appointed. The man who had assaulted the other was brought forth and prepared for his punishment. The man chosen to apply the lash was a tall, strongly built Kentuckian, by the name of McDonald, a cousin to the man who

was stabbed. The man to be punished was tied to a tree, and received the lashes upon his bare back until the full number was given him. His writhing and groaning, and cries for mercy were unheeded. Each blow raised a large line across the back and when crossed diagonally, caused the blood to flow from the neck to the waist, and trickle down to his heels.

ON THE TRAIL.

219 Before the close of the punishment he was unconscious. As I gazed around upon the faces of the halt drunken crowd, I could see that many had been sobered by the scene; and the balance of the day was spent in discussing, with more serious aspect, the great event.

The few days following we spent in prospecting along the banks of the river. We sank a shaft about twelve or fifteen feet from the stream. The river beds often changed their channels by the washing of heavy rains upon the banks; and by our reasoning, we concluded if we could strike the old channel we could find the hidden gold. We had worked assiduously until we had reached the depth of about twelve feet. My companion went down into the shaft while I worked upon the surface. He was using pick and crow-bar. He struck his crow-bar with considerable force in the center of the shaft, when suddenly it went through and slipped out of his hand. He had tapped an under-current, which forced itself up with such rapidity that I had barely time to pull him out before the water was upon him. Our labor was lost, and other plans were laid.

My partner and myself were now alone. The little party broke up into fragments and have never been seen since. Our course lay up the south fork of the North Yuba, and about eight miles from thence we ventured to make trails for ourselves. There was no plan, or even general outline of design, only to travel where others had not been before us, and become discoverers of some new placer digging. One day, we would confine our course to the long ridges of the mountains, the next to the ravines for water—for 220 without this element mining for gold in placers was not to be thought of. One afternoon we pitched our camp upon the bar of a creek, full of trout; a few of which we caught. We prospected the bar, but found no gold. So deep and narrow the ravine that the sight of the sun came at 10 o'clock and left at 3 p.m. Our success was the fate of thousands. And while it is a common saying that nothing succeeds like success—our success did not succeed.

My partner began to complain of pains and feelings that indicated the approach of that dread disease which had been fatal to many—fever and dysentery, a burning sensation, dizziness and stupor. The absence of the sun's rays, the dampness of the deep ravine, and the cold nights and mornings, had brought it upon him. Repacking our mules, we climbed the mountain side and camped on the summit. There was plenty of sun, but no water. The work of the camp depended on me—tethering the mules, preparing the meals, and the *bivouac*

Our time was reckoned by the altitude of the sun by day, and the stars by night, as we carried no watches. We lay down at night in a little basin, or depression, on the dry leaves, wrapped in our blankets. Between 12 and 2 o'clock a strong wind commenced blowing. It fanned the embers of our camp-fire into a blaze, and scattered the fire into the dry grass and fallen pines, and surrounded us. I was startled from my sleep by a cry of alarm from my partner. He was standing up and casting a blazing blanket from him—the top one having caught fire by a coal dropping from a burning limb above us. I sprang to my feet, seized the 221 blankets under us, took him by the arm and led him to the windward, over the burning limbs, until we reached the outer edge of the fire, about 30 feet distant; and there we secured ourselves against the advancing fire by removing the brush from a flat rock about 20 feet in diameter.

When morning came, a sight met our eyes that was disheartening. All our saddles, bridles, provisions, and shovel-handles were consumed; our pans unsoldered. The fire had swept over the ground where we had tethered our animals, and they had escaped by the breaking or burning of the lariats. I spent the whole of the morning hunting for our lost animals. I found only one, a black mule, who was so wild that I could not approach him. He entered the narrow trail of the thick chaparral and disappeared. A long rope, which had been burnt off at one end and broken at the other, I made into a slip-knot and fixed in such manner as to entrap the mule when he returned on the trail. It was a success. As he leaped into the noose, it gathered upon his hind feet and he lay stretched out helpless. Another noose was placed about his neck and secured to a sapling. Twice I choked him down before he would submit.

Noon passed without food or water. My companion grew worse. The trail by which we made our ascent the day before was cut off by the spreading fire. Blazing trees rolled down the mountain side, scattering sparks when meeting obstacles, high over the rocks, and went hissing and roaring down into the ravine.

Making a bridle and girth from the rope, and binding our blankets on the mule, consumed a couple of 222 hours. My partner mounted the mule, and we followed the descending ridge in search of water. We entered the chaparral in a trail so narrow that we could travel only in single file, and so thick that we lost sight of each other if separated 20 or 30 feet. I stopped a moment behind—it seemed but a moment—it might have been many, for I was weary, hungry and thirsty. I could neither see nor hear the mule or my partner. I called aloud—no answer returned. He may have fainted and fallen. He was sick. I hurried forward until the trail parted, and examined the one and then the other for the fresh tracks of the mule. I could not decide which trail to take. I chose finally the one with the least descent, and followed it down toward the ravine. The sun was hidden behind the mountain; night was fast approaching. I came to a very steep hillside, and swung from bush to bush toward the stream I could hear, but not see as it dashed over its rocky bottom. Reaching a rock about 12 or 15 feet high, perpendicular on the side of the shallow stream, I leaped into the water and landed on a sandy bottom, where I drank and was greatly refreshed. The opposite bank was low, retreating into a bar of grass and trees. I kindled a fire from a fallen pine, dried my wet feet, and supplied myself with brands to be ready to fight the grizzly if he should come.

The thought that sitting or standing within the illumination of the fires would expose me to Indians or to beasts, caused me to retreat into the darkness of the thick wood. Silently I waited, and intently listened for every sound. The hope that my lost companion would be attracted by the fire, renewed my courage. 223 I built additional fires at the upper part of the bar, then I stealthily went farther into the darkness, hoping I might discover him. As I cautiously penetrated into the bushes I heard a slight noise, and stood still; my eyes, soon accustomed to the gloom, could distinguish bush and tree. The form of an animal was outlined to my vision. It was larger than the lions or bears of the *Sierras*; it was the mule my companion had ridden. He was not to be seen. The thought that he had

fainted and fallen from the mule filled my mind with fear. Upon approaching the mule I found the blankets were turned under him. This confirmed my fears. As I was about to readjust the blankets I heard the breaking of twigs a short distance away, and the form of my companion was coming toward me. He was excited by our separation, and was inspired with new strength. The nights down in the deep canons were colder than upon the mountain above. My coat and blankets, which had been fastened to the mule on which my partner rode, would make our *bivouac* more comfortable; and the pistol, the only weapon—our rifle had been destroyed by the fire the night before—would make us feel safer. There was but one trail that led up the hill, and that was narrow, rough, and doubtless an animal's trail to and from the water. Neither of us had tasted food since the night before. The mule was repacked and my companion mounted him. Once I struck a match to examine the trail where a little sand had gathered, and discovered the plain footprint of a bear. The roughness of each side of the trail afforded no room for *bivouac*, and silently we pursued our journey.

224

The feeling that it was not safe to pursue our course farther until daylight, made us stop close to a few large pines and prepare a resting place. The extremely rough and jagged rocks were covered with pine cones, and a blanket spread over them made my companion comfortable. I led the mule a few feet farther on the trail, and taking the lariat in my hand, I lay down near its fore feet. The large ears of the mule were not made for ornament, and knowing his instincts and ears would scent danger from afar, I watched his every movement until the day dawned.

At an early hour we resumed our journey. We ascended the hill and followed the ridge until we found a place to descend and cross the canon. The ascent of the opposite hill was made without difficulty. We discovered a trail, and followed it for the balance of the day, occasionally stopping to let my companion rest, and the mule browse on the leaves and stray bits of grass. Once we discovered a few spears of wild oats near the trail. It was a hopeful sign. It indicated that the white man had been over the trail, as the Digger Indian would leave no such evidence. I gathered a few spears and swallowed the juice. This was the only food for the two days which had elapsed since the fire had consumed all our provisions. My companion was too sick to partake of this kind of

nourishment; he was growing weak, and could hardly keep his seat on the mule. We made an early camp, that he might rest.

The next morning we continued our journey. My anxiety was increased through fear that he was nearing the end of his endurance. I felt no hunger nor 225 weariness, so great was my solicitude for his welfare. As we followed the trail, the evidence increased of its more common use, which encouraged us in the hope of obtaining food. At last we came to a little opening where was a spring. Our mule eagerly sought it to allay his thirst. My companion dismounted, but was so weak that he lay on the ground until I could tether the mules to a log and then arrange the blanket for his resting place. We had been three days without food, still I was not hungry. The fear that he would never rise again oppressed me. My plan was made to make a grave of stones to cover him if he should not live. We had no tools to work with—and stones would protect him from the animals that rove the mountains. I lay down beside him while my mind was thus occupied.

The sun was slowly sinking when we heard approaching steps of men and mules. It aroused my companion; he made an attempt to rise; he staggered through weakness and reeled back on the blankets.

I heard the men talking in the Spanish language, and from the dialect used knew at once they were *rancheros*. And having learned a few words in the Spanish from Ollendorf during the voyage, I could understand them.

“*Un Americano mucho malo, arguarente mucho beber.*” The American had drank much whiskey.

I immediately arose and replied:—“*Senors, somos amigos, mi companero muy enfermo—no comer per tres dias. Dar un pan el carne—mi companero muy hambre. Mi pagar dinero, o ore mucho preguntas.*” I suppose we are friends. I informed them that he was sick and hungry. That we would pay them gold for meat or bread.

As soon as they knew our condition they relieved our immediate wants. After eating one or two *fruta de sarten*, or pancakes, my companion rested quietly through the night.

Early the next morning the *rancheros* left. We found some flour in a paper which they thoughtfully had wrapped up for us. We had left our spiders and all cooking utensils, as well as plates, in the burning bushes, of three days before, having no means to secure them to the mules. Selecting a smooth flat stone, and cleaning it in the spring, we placed the flour upon it and wet it to the consistency of paste, and placed the stone upon the dying embers of the campfire, and thus made our breakfast.

This morning was the turning point in the sickness of my companion. We travelled on the trail, and met with miners from whom we obtained supplies of provisions. We heard of the great enterprise of the Horseshoe Bend Tunnel Company on the American Fork. With the hope of purchasing an interest or a claim in the bed of the river, we made that place our next point of adventure.

After a brief period of rest, and recuperation of strength, in our log-cabin in Placerville, and receiving and returning calls from many of the Henry Lee company who were working in the vicinity, we were again upon the trail. Upon our arrival at the American Fork, we found the tunnel nearly completed. Nearly a mile of the river-bed was laid bare, where the crevices, supposed to be filled with gold, were laid open to the naked eye. As gold is heavier than other metals, it was expected to lie in these crevices in large quantities. The age-long wash of the hills which formed its banks, and the small quantities of flake gold panned out from the banks and the bars adjacent, gave a reasonable hope to all, of sure success.

The confidence of men in the enterprise was so great, not only to those who had money to invest, but to the merchants in Sacramento and San Francisco, that credit to the amount of nearly \$90,000 was readily obtained by those who had shares in the new enterprise. It proved a failure. The force of the swollen torrents during the rainy season, had carried the gold on its course, and deposited it, if it was there, in the secret places unknown to men. “Gold is often fortune's furious, fickle wheel.”—*Shakespeare*.

It is stated by one who has made a life-long study of this precious metal—who is undoubted authority—that California has been, and still is, the greatest producer of gold on the American continent. That the yield of gold during the first fifteen months amounted to \$40,000,000. That 55,000 were engaged in the production. This statement is sufficient to increase the amazement that so few of the early adventurers came back with so small amounts. But a little calculation, or division of the \$40,000,000 by the 55,000, will give an average of a trifle more than \$727. As some brought home from \$700 to \$5,000, or more, a very much larger number came home penniless—and many who accumulated the average, after deducting expenses of living, and passage money, had nothing left.

Since the discovery of gold, the same undoubted and competent authority, (S. M. Frazier,) states that \$1,300,000,000 has been taken from the mines of 228 California. Large as this enormous sum appears, if it was divided among the 2,695,000 producers it would average about \$444.

“During this period of almost fifty years, between 1,800 and 2,000 nuggets have been found, weighing from one pound to one hundred and ninety-five pounds. The largest was dug out of Carson Hill, Calaverous County, in 1854. Nuggets weighing from one ounce to seven have been frequently found.”

About two and a half miles below the tunnel was a collection of a dozen tents and frames covered with cloth. A miner's store and gambling saloon were the two most prominent, and most frequented centers for the miners. The want of a few supplies made it necessary to visit the place. To reach it there were two trails—one led over the steep and high mountain, the other along the narrow rocky path, varying in width from two to four feet, along the course of the river. In some places the rock side was nearly two hundred feet perpendicular, and the trail about seventy-five feet above the foaming river. There were, here and there, steps on the trail from one to three feet high. The mountain trail was between five and six miles. A young man who had encamped with three others the day before, not far from us, hearing of my design to visit the store for supplies, expressed the desire to accompany me for the same purpose. We chose the river route. We arrived at the store about 3 o'clock p.m. I went to the store, and he to the liquor and gambling saloon. I found him

deeply interested in a game and informed him I was ready to return to camp. He said he would be ready in a short time. I waited 229 for an hour, and reminded him of the necessity of returning before the evening sunset, as the trail would be dangerous. I noticed that he had been drinking, and was excited by his losses. I left him with the intention of returning to camp, but had not gone far when the thought that his companions might hold me responsible for his safety, caused me to return and urge him to start at once. Should he attempt the trail in his condition and meet with disaster, suspicions of foul play might arise that would be difficult to allay.

It was near sunset when we started, and quite dark when we reached the dangerous part of the trail. He took the lead, and held me by the hand. He was drunkenly brave, and would not heed my request to lead him. Suddenly he pitched forward and his hand slipped from its grasp, and a loosened stone rolled down the steep rocks to the river-bed below. I felt a momentary faintness, and set down. All was dark and still but the roaring of the river over its rocky bed beneath.

I heard a groan—my control of mind returned, and the necessity of immediate action. I carefully slipped down by his side, and finding him lying close to the edge of the trail, moved him in to the wall, and held him firmly until his consciousness was restored. The blow upon the head and face from the hard rock left its traces in blood, but restored him to a sober realization of the danger to which he had been exposed. He was now willing to be led by me. We were soon beyond the most dangerous part of the trail, and the thought that he would be able to account for his wounds and blood-smearred face to his companions, lifted a burden from my mind.

230

The late hour of the evening, the darkness of the night, and the knowledge of the dangerous trail, had created a solicitude, at the camp, for our safety. The blood upon the face and clothes of the one who had accompanied me was satisfactorily explained.

We prospected the bar and the banks of the river for several days without success, and then returned to Placerville.

One year had passed among the mines and the miners, with no result but good health, and a good appetite, and absence from the places where the *big strikes* of the mines had been made.

These experiences among mines and the miners in the mountains and along the rivers, impressed me that the large wages paid to the common laborers, carpenters, mechanics and artizans, was far more remunerative than the uncertain and irregular yield of the mines in the placer diggings. Wages ranging from \$10 to \$30 per day, according to the skill or vocation of the workman, were common. One or two ounces of gold for one or six days in succession in the mines, would soon become exhausted by the weeks of prospecting and the high prices paid for supplies.

CHAPTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1851.

After two days of rest in the old log cabin, I called upon my ship companions that still lingered in Placerville, and bidding them and my companions farewell, I left the mines for San Francisco. A year had passed since we left this rapidly growing city. The cloth tents and cloth-covered frames had been removed from the center to the outskirts of the city, and large houses of wood, brick and stone occupied each side of the central streets. Three land-marks remained upon the plaza. They were buildings made of adobe, or sunburnt brick. Two of these adobe buildings were on the upper side of the plaza. One of them was occupied as a post-office, and the other as a printing office, in which the *Journal of Commerce*, a daily paper, was printed. The day following my arrival in the city I was employed in this office to take charge of the press-room, with the promise of \$25 a day. My hours of labor were from 8 o'clock in the evening until 4 o'clock in the morning. At midnight I strolled about the city for an hour—took a midnight lunch, and returned to my labors.

The gambling houses were running at full tide. The saloons brilliantly illuminated—the walls adorned 232 with fine paintings, and the bars with cut-glass decanters. Orchestras, at the end of the saloons, dispensed alluring music; while the clinking of silver coin and display of gold dust

and nuggets upon the crowded monte-tables, mingled with the clicking of elaborately cut drinking glasses of those who pressed forward to the bars.

Men, in the rough miners garb, with belts full of cartridges with pistols openly displayed, mingled with the well-dressed gamblers of all nationalities and colors.

The front of these saloons were generally built of large glass windows, through which the passer-by could see all that was passing within, and the doors stood wide open.

Upon the lower corner of the plaza, fronting Exchange and Kearney streets, was an adobe with a piazza stretching the whole length of the building. This was the favorite preaching place of Rev. William Taylor. His wife, a small, pleasant-looking woman, was seated at his right hand, and assisted him in the singing service. Attracted by the strangeness of the service, the half clad Indian and his squaw, *Senoritas* and their *caballeros*, and a mixed crowd of other people gathered before him, to whom he preached the Gospel of Good Tidings.

These two scenes—in close juxtaposition—on almost opposite sides of the street, have left a lasting impression upon my memory. In one, was hope of gaining the glittering piles of silver and gold—in the other, was the promise of eternal life. But time and space forbid description of scenes that were of daily

SAN FRANCISCO, 1851.—First Section.

235 occurrence, in which crime of almost every degree was committed.

It was not safe for men to carry much of value about their person especially in the night. If one was robbed of his possessions by the gamblers and “hold-ups,” and applied to some policeman, he often found that these guardians of the peace were in collusion with those who committed the crime. Miners who had made sufficient to carry them home, and lift the burden off some mortgaged farm, or from aged parents, or struggling family, were often *spotted* in Sacramento or Stockton by pretended miners, who would win their confidence, and they would thus become an easy prey to steer against some gambling device, and thus loose all their hoard in San Francisco. Some, feeling

the bitterness of their losses, would contemplate suicide, or return to the mines to make up the amount of which they had been defrauded. “ *Weep*, and you weep alone. *Laugh*, and all the world laughs with you.”— *Shakespeare*.

The cost of living in the city, in the most economical manner, including board, lodging-room and laundry bill, was about \$25 per week. This amount left me \$125 a week net gain. Wages were paid in gold coin. Greenbacks were seldom seen. A month's wages in gold coin becomes heavy and inconvenient to carry in your pockets. An ounce of gold was worth about \$16. A month's wages would weigh about three pounds. A bulging pocket with jingling coin is not a pleasant accompaniment in a city of hold-ups, at midnight. Several of the employees, including myself, received only enough for current expenses, and left 236 the balance in the employer's care, to be deposited in his safe.

After the accumulation of several hundred dollars I desired a settlement, that I might send money to my family in the East, but was put off with excuses and ridicule, until I commenced an action to recover what was my due. This movement on my part alarmed the other employees, and the city editor, (Judge McG,) and the marine reporter, (J. C. Duncan,) joined in with me. The result was a compromise. The office was placed in our hands as security for the amount of \$2,500, and the Journal was continued by us as a stock company. We removed to a more central location, and continued it for about two months. Its income was sufficient for current expenses, and left no balance for wages. Upon consultation with all interested, it was decided to either move the office to a mining town called Nevada, or to sell it at auction to the highest bidder.

I was chosen to go and look over the ground and examine into the prospects of the venture. I took passage on a steamer, “The Antelope,” at Long Wharf, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Sacramento at 2 o'clock in the morning. There were two young men on the steamer, one named Johnson, a printer who had worked in our office, and the other named Roe; the latter, a beardless youth of nineteen. We were seated near the bow of the steamer, and whiled away the slow-moving hours in conversation. Roe and Johnson had formed a partnership in the freighting business. In the mountains of California and Oregon this business was conducted mostly

SAN FRANCISCO, 1851.—Second Section.

239 by pack animals. They had just returned from a trip down the Columbia River and the Pacific coast. The motive for their visit to Sacramento was to purchase a new outfit of pack animals, and then return overland. They had lost one outfit in a storm on the Columbia River.

We reached the *Embarcadero* at 2 o'clock in the morning. I went to the New Orleans Hotel for lodging, and they to the gambling saloon, remarking as they left me, that it was so near morning they did not care for lodgings. After four hours of refreshing sleep, I arose and went down to breakfast. There were some miners at the table who had come the evening before from Nevada. They told of a fire there a few days before that had consumed the business portion of the town. This event changed my plans, and I concluded to return at once to San Francisco. During the breakfast hour, I noticed that men were passing excitedly toward some place in the city. A report soon reached me that “a murder had been committed about an hour before. That a gambler had taken the life of an honest, hard-working blacksmith. These high-handed crimes should be stopped by immediate punishment.” In the crowd, I soon met Johnson with a pale and frightened look. He took me one side and related the story of the crime and its cause. The story grew as the day passed by, and young Roe was described as one who had committed many crimes, and as a well-known desperado, to whom no mercy should be extended. It commenced with a game of cards to while away the time—a final disputation, which ended in a challenge to settle it with their fists outside of the 240 saloon—the interference of a blacksmith, who pinioned his arms and let his opponent kick and strike him at will—and the result.

That evening he was forced from the keepers of the *calabozo*, and from the chains which attached him to the iron pillar in the dark room, and dragged, more dead than alive, to an oak and suspended until dead. A fire was built of brush, which illumined the sad figure as it hung from the branch; and for the first time men gazed upon the beardless boy, who had never been seen by any one in the crowd until then—who was never in that city before, and who was not known to be guilty of any other crime which had been laid to his charge. The revulsion of feeling and exclamations of surprise were felt and heard from many lips.

The next day I returned to San Francisco and reported to my partners the defeat of our plan by the fire at Nevada. It was then decided to place the material in the hands of an auctioneer and sell to the highest bidder. It was advertised, and several parties came and consulted us concerning its purchase. In the meantime, Judge McGrey was occupied on the editorial staff of another paper, and I had found work in the jobbing department of the Courier office. We had engaged J. C. Duncan, the marine reporter, to watch the sale. The material had been removed to an auction room on Montgomery Street, where it could be examined. The day of sale and the time advertised, but the place of sale omitted. Instead of the auction-room on Montgomery street, where it was exposed for examination, the sale was made in one corner

SAN FRANCISCO, 1851.—Third Section.

243 of the Exchange Hotel and there was only one present to bid it off, and it was sold for less than a hundred dollars. The auctioneer doubtless was well paid. He appeared so well satisfied that he did not ask for his commission. Swindling, gambling and robbery characterized the times. The closing of banks where deposits were made, and the corruption of courts when appealed to for redress, were notoriously common.

The interest in the arrival of the mail from the East was manifested by the large crowds that gathered on the plaza near the post-office. Long lines of men formed opposite the post-office, sometimes numbering from one to two hundred, each waiting his turn to receive letters. I have stood at the head of these lines to watch the faces of the disappointed and the fortunate. The latter would be illuminated with the most delightful expressions, and often the letter greeted with a kiss. The former would be shaded as with a cloud, and sometimes a tear, at the disappointment.

The eagerness to obtain the newspapers from the East, which, with the letters, came once a month, was most marked. They were sold all the way from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

San Francisco has a delightful climate during the winter months. I quote from my diary of May 1, 1850.

“I am sitting in my lodging room, in the second story, on the corner of two of the principal streets of the city—California and Montgomery. Many women and children are continually passing and repassing, in full view from my window. The handsome, graceful, polite mademoiselles and mesdames, the reserved 244 dark-eyed senorita, the wondering, negligently-dressed squaw, mingling with the Japanese and Chinese, and a variety of other nations. The sun is shining brightly; earth and heaven are mingling their richest smiles on the scene. The atmosphere is warm and healthful; the sea breeze refreshing and invigorating. Telegraph Hill lies half a mile west of north from my room. Its summit is frequented by strollers, strangers, and lovers of the blending beauty of the sky and the waters of the harbor. Hundreds of vessels, of various descriptions, are quietly anchored in the harbor, against whose sides the musical wavelets beat. The eye ranges over the bay upon the distant Birds Isle, Angel Island, the shores of Contra Costa, and the faint outlines of Mount Diabolus; and more to the north, the world-famed Golden Gate.”

Eighteen months have passed away since we first anchored in San Francisco harbor, and a wonderful change has taken place. The rapid building of more convenient business blocks and residences has been marvellous. The materials of which many houses were built were prepared in the East, all ready to put together upon their arrival. From one to three dozen houses would greet the eye with every setting of the sun, until from 200 there has arisen nearly 4,000. Wharves have been extended out into the harbor in many directions, upon piles driven into shoal waters.

Many buildings have been erected for business purposes, on piles over the waters of the bay, and many hulls of ships that rounded the Horn have been driven as far as possible toward the shores, to serve as 245 storerooms for the rapid increase of merchandise. Among them is the Henry Lee—our old ocean home for over seven months. She failed to realize the poet's vision of “*Ten tons or more of the golden ore—entering Gotham's Bay.*”

May 1, 1851.—

Since I have been occupied in the San Francisco Courier office, at a salary of \$55 a week, for the last six or eight weeks my work has been confined to the day instead of the night. This was every

way more desirable. It gave me the evenings for study and pleasure, and the nights for sleep. I attended a night school taught by a Spaniard, in which the Spanish language was the sole study.* William Rand, the foreman of the jobbing department, was my fellow-student. Our wages were paid in gold coin every Monday. We found out the truth of the old adage, "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." The jingling of the coin in the pocket was musical in the day, but in the evening it sounded "*doloroso*," lest some highwayman would be attracted by its music. During the few months past I had not met with any of the Henry Lee Company until the third day of this month, when, if my memory serves me correctly, Giles P. Kellogg, of Rockville, Conn., gave me a call. He had just returned from the Marquesas Island with a cargo of fruit, which had found a quick and profitable market. He shared my room, sleeping, from choice, in his blankets on the floor. Having deposited his gold in some bank, or place of security, we started out to view the scenes of the city.

William Rand returned to the East and made a fortune in Chicago, under the firm name of "Rand, McNally & Co."—now extensively known throughout the United States.

246

We walked through the principal streets, and about 8 o'clock we were quietly viewing the attractions surrounding the plaza. Suddenly the alarm of fire was given on all sides of the square. The strong winds forced the fire and smoke in a rapid current down the wooden culverts of Sacramento street as swift as a race horse. The want of water, and of an organized fire department, soon placed the fire beyond control. Excited men were running in all directions. The current of the fire was toward our lodging room. We both rushed forward to save, it possible, our effects. By the time we came in sight of the building we found the front and roof already blazing, and the door-frame charring with the heat. The live coals were falling around us. Pulling up our coat collars, and down our hats, we broke through the door, and hastily gathering our blankets, leaving all our gathered gems and valuables to the mercy of the devouring elements, we retraced our steps to the street. There we separated, Mr. Kellogg to look after the safety of his deposit, and I to the Courier office, to see what could be done for its protection. My course was turned several times by being cut off by the devastation of the fire.

The office of the San Francisco Courier was in the upper room of a large three story brick building. The walls, two feet in thickness at the bottom, gradually tapered to one foot at the top. The windows had thick iron shutters, and the lower doors were also of iron. It was built for a fire-proof building. Upon reaching the office I found only one young compositor, by the name of Saunders. The forms from which the evening edition were printed still lay on the composing

THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE, 1851.

249 stone. I immediately locked them securely, with the idea that they would be lowered from a window to the ground and be found ready for the next day's edition. The proprietor came in and said my labor was unnecessary, as the building was fire-proof, and if I had anything of value it would be safer there than any other part of the city. I had seen the ravages of the fire upon my way to the office, and expressed great doubt of its withstanding the concentrated current of fire. As I descended the stairs, a man confined to his bed with sickness asked my opinion of the safety of the building, which I frankly gave; and through his persistent urging, he was removed from it. The janitor, confident in the safety of the fire-proof block, was seen just before the building fell, on the top, but was devoured by the fire, so that no vestige of his remains could be discovered. No words of mine can describe the quick, destructive power of that current of fire, which was concentrated by the increased velocity of the wind into a burning arrow against wood, brick and stone. A large corrugated iron building, into which were crowded a number of men for safety, two or three squares distant, the moment this arrow of fire reached it, so rolled or bent that the iron doors and window shutters could not be unlocked, and escape from it was impossible, and the men perished.

Telegraph Hill was sought by multitudes as the only place of safety on land, and the waters of the bay by those who had boats. The former was suggested as our only retreat. Mr. Saunders and myself, with our blankets, endeavored to reach it. Twice our way was cut off by the work of the devouring elements. 250 On our way we passed crowds of men crazed by the liquors they had obtained by pillaging from the saloons or restaurants—while other crowds were ransacking the dry goods stores and clothing houses for suits, cloths and blankets, and the hardware stores for pistols and other weapons. The firing of pistols, the throwing of champagne bottles, the carousal of the

intoxicated, the screams of women, and the orgies of the uncontrollable multitude, were frightful scenes that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

We found a place somewhat distant from the strollers, and throwing down our blankets, we rested on them and looked over the burning city. This event turned my thoughts to the whole series of experiences through which I had passed in California, and even in the life preceding. I was deeply impressed that it was a Providence—a voice that called me to a different vocation of life. Upon entering the mines, one evening I had withdrawn from my companions for reflection and prayer. The prayer voiced one petition that was followed by a vision of the lives of two characters. That petition was, that God in his providences would meet me with obstructions to the plans I made until I had found the right place for my life's work. The flood, the fire in the mountains, the failure of mining schemes, the losses of honestly-earned wages, the fraud of the auctioneer, and this last disappointment of plans I had made—all were an answer to that prayer. The resolution to immediately leave California and pursue a course of study that would prepare me for my life's labors, was communicated to my companion. As soon as the wharves were in condition for us to visit the vessels that lay beside them, we engaged passage on the bark Florida. On the 6th of May, 1891, we left San Francisco for our homes in the East.

The Florida was a small vessel of about 300 tons, rigged as a bark, with rakish-looking masts. The main-boom swept within eighteen inches of the poopdeck, and carried an immense spanker. In the cabin there were thirteen passengers, and sixty in the steerage. We arrived at Panama about the 24th day of June, without any mishaps except the danger of wrecking on the breakers in a dead calm. We were carried by a current toward an island, a long line of breakers with an open sea behind them. The ocean waves, rolling against them, were thrown back in foam and surf to a great height, and with a roar that could be distinctly heard from the bark. There was no wind to fill the sails. The long, smooth and high swells rocked us as in a cradle, the masts almost touching the waters as we rolled from one side of the swell to the other. The lead was thrown, and the report of 300 fathoms took away all hope of an anchorage to stay our course. A dead silence, and pale faces pervaded the ship's company. Just as we had relinquished all expectation of salvation, a “*black paw*,” or flurry of

a breeze, was beheld in the distance, coming over the waves toward us. A second breeze, wider and stronger, came in time to fill the sails, so that steerage way was obtained, and we were saved.

Our anchors were dropped in the harbor about two miles and a half from shore. Large vessels anchor at a distance of three miles, near the Island of Perico. Our cabin associations had been pleasant. The 252 captain, named McCarthy, was the navigator; Captain Shaw, the owner, and his lady and son were among the cabin passengers. By invitation from both, I had accepted the offer of a continuance of the voyage to round the Horn from the Pacific. All other passengers left the bark early the day following our arrival. After their departure, the bark appeared lonely and deserted. The thought that I should never have another like opportunity to visit Callao or Peru, Valparaiso, and the old volcanoes of the Andes in Chili, (which had been held out as an inducement) was sufficient motive for me to accept the kind offer. After sitting on deck all the evening, to enjoy the cool atmosphere, I retired to my berth. I became suddenly impressed with the thought that I was needed at home. I could not reason the impression away. Sleep fled from me. I arose, dressed, and walked the deck. Three times I repeated the act of retiring and arising. I came to the conclusion that I would leave the bark and return to my home. I related my impressions to Captain McCarthy the next morning, and after much urging he sent me to the shore. Six or seven months after this event I read the sad account, in a New York paper, of the death of all on board, with the exception of Captain McCarthy. The rest were murdered by a colony of convicts in the Straits of Magellan, while he was saved to navigate the ship. The bark Eliza Cornish also suffered a like calamity, at the same time. The penal colony belonged to the Chilian Government. The rebellious convicts were recaptured, and several of the ringleaders suffered the penalty of death for their crimes.

After forty-three years of devotion to the ministry, I have implicit faith in the ruling providences of God and the comfort of His mercies.

THE END.