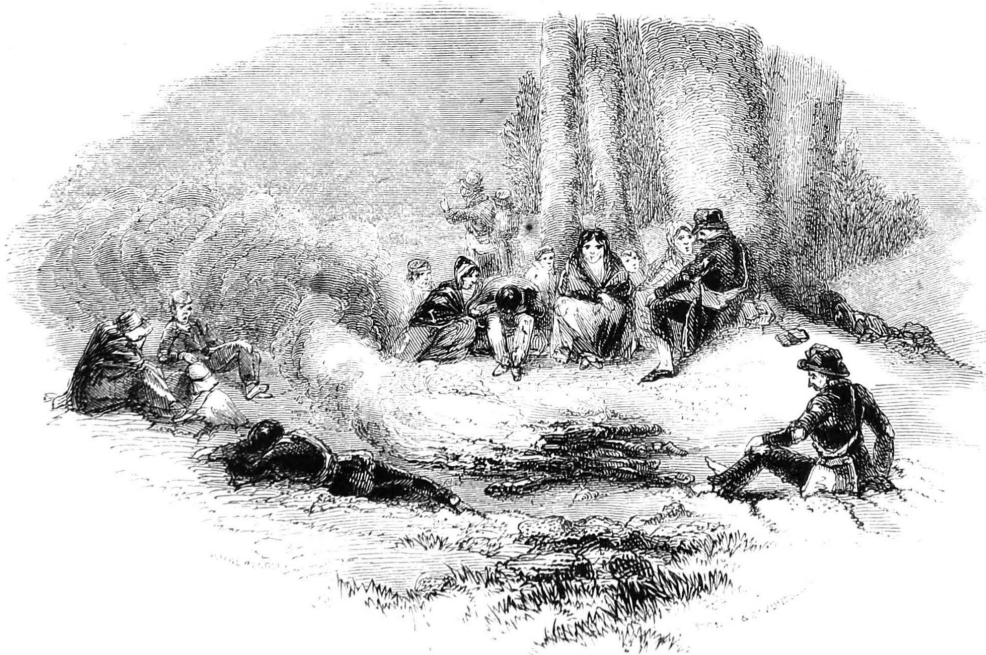

THE CAMP OF DEATH.

# OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

# IN 1848:

BY J. QUINN THORNTON,

LATE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OREGON, AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

INCLUDING RECENT AND AUTHENTIC INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF

THE

## GOLD MINES OF CALIFORNIA,

AND OTHER VALUABLE MATTER OF INTEREST TO THE EMIGRANT, ETC.

With Illustrations and a Map.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

329 & 331 PEARL STREET,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1864.

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# OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

## CHAPTER I.

### HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE COLONIZATION OF OREGON.

THE interior of Oregon Territory was a vast unknown wilderness until its partial exploration by Lewis and Clarke. The journal of their expedition was read with great interest. The information, however, which was thus obtained had no direct and practical effect upon the colonization of Oregon. The report made by the commanders of the expedition was far from being, upon the whole, calculated to encourage settlement, and all interest in that country seemed at length to have been lost, until in 1817, when Hall J. Kelly, A.M., while engaged as a teacher in one of the public schools of Boston, became impressed with a sense of the value and importance of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. From a memorial to Congress, at its last session, upon the early colonization of Oregon, I make the following extracts, which refer to Mr. Kelly:—

"He conceived the plan of colonizing the territory, having for the object and end of such a labor, the founding of a new republic of civil and religious freedom on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and extending

the blessings of Christianity to the Indian tribes. In carrying out this long cherished wish and purpose, he obtained from personal conferences with intelligent navigators, and from divers other sources of correct information, a knowledge of the natural advantages of that territory for trade and commerce, the uniform mildness of the climate, and the capabilities of the soil; and without conferring with flesh and blood, and in despite of the entreaties of prudent, worldly-wise friends, and in full view, too, of all the history of the past, and of the experience of all the discouragements ever attending on such enterprises, with which his reading made him familiar, he resolved on the devotion of his life to the realization of his plans, in the hope of doing something worthy of the sacrifice, by planting on the northwest coast of America the vine of Christianity, and the germ of civil freedom." *

* Since writing the above, I have ascertained that the Hon. Thomas H. Benton wrote the first newspaper article to turn public attention to the importance of occupying Oregon Territory. He frequently conversed upon the subject with the deceased Judge Shannon, who had accompanied Lewis and Clarke in their expedition to the mouth of the Columbia river; and he urged the late Governor Floyd to press upon the attention of Congress the necessity for immediate action. Nor did Mr. Benton ever lose sight of this great and favorite measure; and when the amiable and lamented Linn gave, in some sense, to Oregon the affections of his heart, still Mr. Benton was her friend. At length, when the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, the distinguished Senator from Illinois became a member of Congress, he exerted every energy of his great mind in seeking to ameliorate the condition of the emigrants, and in vindication of the American title to the country. When the people of Oregon were in danger from the Indian tribes in their midst, Benton and Douglass strove side by side for an extension of the laws and arms of the United

During several years Mr. Kelly continued to memorialize Congress, praying the co-operation of the government; and these memorials are now a part of the printed and permanent documents of that branch of our government. He continued to labor, and in the year 1828 he planned an expedition, which proposed to commence its overland march from St. Louis to Oregon. To this end he selected agents in all the states of the Union, from among gentlemen whom he had succeeded in favorably impressing with his own enlarged patriotic, and philanthropic views; and in 1829 a society was formed with a view to the more successful prosecution of his enterprise.

In the same year Capt. Dominis, commanding the brig Owyhee of Boston, entered the Columbia river, and casually communicated to Dr. John McLaughlin, at that time Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, the fact that Mr. Kelly was thus employed in making preparations for the colonization of Oregon. Immediately after it became known in Oregon that Mr. Kelly was engaged in this enterprise, several of the servants of the Hudson Bay Company were sent to commence improvements upon some of the best lands in the Wilhamette valley, but whether for the purpose of anticipating the formation

States over that people for their protection; and when many of our people, including the Presbyterian missionaries, were at length murdered by the savages, these gentlemen most earnestly and eloquently labored to obtain that protection which the people of Oregon had long and vainly sought. Not easily or soon will the labors of these and other gentlemen be forgotten by a grateful people in whose hearts are cherished the names of men they will ever love to honor.

of an American settlement by Mr. Kelly can only be conjectured.

In 1830 several Canadians commenced the occupancy of lands near the Falls of the Wilhamette, which is now the site of Oregon City. They afterward removed farther up the river, where they established themselves in a beautiful and productive agricultural district.

At the time these events were transpiring in Oregon, Mr. Kelly was engaged in the preparation of a "Geographical Memoir of Oregon," which he published in the same year (1830), accompanied by a map, drawn by himself, and also a "Manual of the Oregon Expedition," for the guidance of emigrants. In these publications he presented the facts then obtained, which were calculated to show the political and commercial value and importance of the country, and sent them to a great number of public functionaries.

In 1831 he obtained from the legislature of Massachusetts an act, incorporating "the American Society for encouraging the settlement of the Oregon Territory." Among the officers of the Society were General John McNeil, John L. Blake, D.D., and Washington P. Gregg, Esq.

In this year several hundred persons had already been enrolled in the emigration books by Mr. Kelly, and preparations were made for entering upon the expedition which he had projected in 1828. Among the persons thus enrolled were Capt. Bonneville, of the U. S. Army, and Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge. It was proposed to give to the expedition the form of a military organization, and both these gentlemen were to have command in it. The contemplated

route of the emigrants was to be from St. Louis to the Nebraska, and thence, after following up that stream, through Fremont's South Pass. The enterprise was supposed to conflict with the interests of several British and American fur companies, and with that of persons engaged in the commerce of the North Pacific Ocean. Erroneous statements respecting the character of the country, the facilities for traveling, and the motives of Mr. Kelly, prompted by this supposed conflict of interest, were made through the press; and such was the power and influence which were brought to operate against the execution of his well-matured and wisely-conceived plans, that the expedition was at length broken up. A few, however, who had been induced by Mr. Kelly to engage in the enterprise, adhered to their purpose, and crossed the Rocky Mountains. Two of these, John Ball, Esq., and Mr. Calvin Tibbits, were the first American citizens who commenced farming, and opened a school in Oregon. Captain Nathaniel Wyeth was also one of those whom Mr. Kelly induced to enlist in the enterprise, for the purpose of forming a settlement; but he subsequently changed his purpose, and went into Oregon, not as a settler, but as a trader among the Indians.

Messrs. Ball, Tibbits, and others crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1832, and upon their arrival at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Ball being a gentleman of more than ordinary intellectual endowments, and having received a collegiate education, with a view to the practice of law, opened a school for the instruction of Indian and half-breed youth, under the auspices of Doctor John McLaughlin, the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company. This was the first school established in Oregon.

In the spring of 1833 Messrs. Ball and Tibbits commenced farming. After the first season, finding none of their countrymen disposed to sustain them, they ceased to cultivate the soil. Mr. Ball returned to his native land, and Mr. Tibbits commenced teaching.

Mr. Kelly passed the winters of 1830, 1831, and 1832 at Washington, in making known to the authorities there, the nature and extent of his plans, in communicating information, and in an unavailing effort to induce the General Government, in some manner, to co-operate with him in his enterprise. After the breaking up of his expedition by land, he sought to get up an expedition by sea. But here obstacles were in like manner thrown in his way, and in this, also, his efforts were rendered ineffectual.

It was his intention to accompany the expedition which was forming in 1831, but after it had been broken up, and believing that one of the objects which he had in view (colonization), would result from what had already been done, and not deeming his presence in Oregon at that time essentially necessary to the accomplishment of his purposes, a desire to make some arrangements with the authorities of Mexico, for opening a trade between Oregon and the ports of California, induced him to determine upon proceeding upon his journey through the Mexican States. In pursuance of this purpose, he left Boston in 1832 for Oregon, via Mexico.

In New Orleans new misfortunes awaited him. On arriving at Vera Cruz he was despoiled by the revenue officers of the most valuable portion of his goods destined for the Columbia river, although these goods were not subject to duty, and notwithstanding he was

traveling with a passport from the State Department of the United States, which was endorsed by the proper Mexican authority.

He arrived at length at Monterey, in Upper California, in the summer of 1834, where he induced Mr. E. Young and a party of men to accompany him to Oregon, for the purpose of settling permanently in the country. This party arrived at Fort Vancouver, Oct. 15, 1834, with one hundred and twenty horses. Mr. Kelly's health had, in the mean time, been much impaired by hardship and exposure, and his spirit depressed by misfortune and oppression. After remaining some months in the country, and collecting "a large amount of valuable information relative to the geography and statistics of the Territory, and having made a particular survey of the Columbia river, from Vancouver to its mouth,"* he took passage in March, 1835, in the brig Dryade, for the Hawaiian Islands, and proceeded thence, in October, on board the whale ship Canton Packet, for his native land.

Mr. Young and others, whom Mr. Kelly induced to accompany him to Oregon, permanently settled in the country.

Mr. Kelly is now "in the decline of life, worn out by severe sufferings, having lost and sunk his whole fortune of upwards of thirty thousand dollars, bereaved of the ties of life, reduced to poverty and the premature decay of mental and physical powers."

I have been thus particular with regard to dates and facts, because historical justice has never been done to this gentleman. I have not the able work of Mr. Greenhow before me, but my recollection of it is

* Mr. Kelly's Memorial to Congress.

that the only notice of Mr. Kelly which it contains, is a reference to him as a "patriotic American citizen who gave the name of the Presidents' Range to the chain of mountains usually known as the Cascade Range." In Daniel Lee's "Ten Years in Oregon," Mr. Kelly is very summarily dismissed as "*one Hall J. Kelly.*"—*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

But Mr. Lee's residence of "Ten Years in Oregon," was probably a consequence of Mr. Kelly's long-continued and often-repeated appeals through the press to the Christian public, to send missionaries into Oregon. For this purpose he used the columns of the New England Christian Herald, at least as early as 1831. The editor of Zion's Herald, says, Dec. 11, 1839:—

"Mr. Kelly has frequently made philanthropic appeals to the public through the medium of our paper. Judging from what we have seen and heard, he is unquestionably the *founder* of the first American settlement in the Oregon Territory; and to his zeal and industry, in a great degree, are we indebted for the present interest felt by the religious and political, as well as by the business community, in the settlement and colonization of that western frontier. We well remember that for many years Mr. Kelly spared no pains to excite in the minds of the Christian public an interest that would induce the sending of missionaries into the far west, and that he labored with a zeal which knew no discouragement, and shrank from no sacrifice, to give a new world, as it were, to commerce and civilization."

The same gentleman, in an affidavit setting forth certain facts, sworn to January 30, 1843, concludes by saying– "And, perhaps, to his zeal and persevering

efforts, is the religious community chiefly indebted for their missionary establishments in that country."

As early as the year 1831, the Methodist Board of Missions had been induced by Mr. Kelly to determine upon sending Messrs. Spalding and Wilson as missionaries to the Indians of Oregon, but the expedition which they proposed to accompany having been broken up, they changed their destination, and went to Liberia.

An event at length occurred, which caused another effort to be made to send the gospel to the Oregon Indians. Two natives were permitted to pass in company with a party of Capt. Sublette's trappers, from the Rocky Mountains to the Indian agency of the late Major Pilcher, and thence to St. Louis. At that place the celebrated Mr. Catlin learned from them that they desired to have persons sent to reside among them, for the purpose of communicating to their people the true knowledge of the Great Spirit. These facts being communicated to Christian gentlemen in Missouri, and to others in New England, the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions, and also the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, immediately determined upon sending suitable persons to explore Oregon, with a view to the establishment of missions.

The call for missionaries by the Methodist Board, was made in the spring of 1833. To this call the late Rev. Jason Lee, and the Rev. Daniel Lee, then pursuing their studies at Wilbraham Academy, responded. On the 16th October of the same year, an appropriation of $3000 was made for their outfit. The Messrs. Lee and two laymen, Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, having united with Capt. N. J. Wyeth's party,

at Independence, proceeded in company with it across the great interior wilderness, and at length arrived at Vancouver, September 15, 1834; from which place, after a brief repose, the missionaries proceeded up the Wilhamette river, forty miles above the Falls, and commenced their establishment, October 6th, on the east bank of the stream. Rev. Jason Lee and party brought cattle through with them, which were the first owned by any American citizen west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman were sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1835. They proceeded together with a company of American trappers, as far as the Rocky Mountains. At this point of the journey it was deemed advisable for Dr. Whitman to return for an additional number of missionaries. Mr. Parker continued from the point of his separation with Dr. Whitman, in company with the Nez Perces Indians, to Fort Wallawalla, and thence to Vancouver, the Wilhamette valley, etc.

The American Board having appointed Rev. H. H. Spalding and Mr. W. H. Gray as associates with Dr. Whitman, these, together with Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, proceeded to the Rocky Mountains, with a party of American fur traders, and thence to Vancouver, with a party of the Hudson Bay Company, where they arrived in the autumn of 1836, bringing with them a small band of cows. A small wagon was brought as far as Fort Boissée, where they were induced to leave it, upon the representation of persons acquainted with the difficulties of the subsequent part of their route. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding

were the first white females that crossed the Rocky Mountains.

In 1837 Dr. Whitman established the mission station at Waiilatpu, about twenty or twenty-five miles east of Fort Wallawalla. Rev. Mr. Spalding established one about one hundred and twenty-five miles north-east of Wallawalla, on the Cooscootske river. To this station he gave the name of Lapwai (Clear-water). Mr. Gray remained in Oregon until the spring of 1837, when he returned to the United States.

Subsequently other missionaries were sent by the American Board. A station was established, called Chimikane, some ten or twelve miles north of the Spokane river, under the direction of Messrs. Eels and Walker.

The emigrants (in contradistinction to missionaries) of 1843 were the first who proceeded west of Fort Hall with wagons. A portion of these left their wagons and animals at Wallawalla, while other succeeded in taking theirs as far as the Dalles of the Columbia. A few of the emigrants wintered at Dr. Whitman's station. The main body proceeded down the Columbia in boats from the Dalles. This was the first party of immigrants who came into the country for the purpose of becoming cultivators of the soil.

I might proceed to present the history of the immigration of each subsequent year, but this would enlarge my work without a corresponding practical benefit. It is sufficient to say, that the facts respecting the character of the country which the missionaries and these immigrants communicated to their friends and the public, in the States, caused great numbers to turn their eyes to the interesting, beautiful, yet distan

country of Oregon. The emigration of each subsequent year has gradually increased, up to the time of my sailing for the United States, when the immigration of 1847 amounted to not less than 4000. The total white population of Oregon now amounts to 12,000.

## CHAPTER II

### HISTORY OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON

WITH a title to Oregon, the government of the United States became involved in a protracted and intricate diplomatic controversy with the government of Great Britain respecting it. Through how many years of doubtful negotiation the correspondence proceeded, and how often the two nations were believed to be upon the eve of a rupture, are now subjects which have become a part of the history of both countries. At length, while the honorable the Secretary of State was laboriously engaged with his pen in a masterly vindication of our title to Oregon, the hardy and enterprising emigrant, unaccustomed to the forms and distinctions of diplomacy, and the laws and usages of nations relating to such questions, resolved upon terminating the dispute in his own way, and according to his own views of right and wrong, by means of his rifle, ax, and ox-goad. It may not become me to express even an opinion as to the extent of the influence which was thus exerted upon the negotiations which finally resulted in the settlement of the controversy by the establishment of the Oregon Treaty, signed at Washington, June 15, 1846, and ratified at London, July 17, of the same year. It is, however, certain that during the pendency of the negotiations our citizens were forming prosperous settlements in the rich and

beautiful valley of the Wilhamette, and were thus giving strength to our title resting upon occupancy. Whatever may have been the strength of the American title resting upon discovery, exploration, cession, and contiguity, an actual possession of the country by an agricultural people was wanting to render that title clear and indisputable. Nothing was complete without this, and this the immigrants into Oregon gave to the nation, with a firm reliance upon its sense of justice, for such liberal grants of land as would, in part at least, remunerate them for their pecuniary sacrifices and exhausting toil in performing the journey. In exchanging their former places of residence for a habitation in the wilderness between three and four thousand miles distant from the capital of that country, to which they were still attached by the ties of duty, not less than those of admiration, kindred, and affection, they not only proposed to improve their condition by providing homes for themselves and for their offspring, but they believed that they would thus assist in bringing to an honorable and satisfactory termination a protracted and harassing dispute. And if, impressed with the solemn conviction that territorial disputes have at all times been found a fertile source of national hostility, and that most of the wars that have desolated the earth, have thus originated, they have in any degree been instrumental in averting strife between two great nations, the language, laws, and commercial interests of which should unite in a lasting peace, they believed that they ought not to be made to feel that even their most pressing wants were neglected or forgotten.

The emigrants also flattered themselves that in forming settlements upon the distant shores of the

Pacific, they would be made the honored instruments, in the hands of the Great Ruler of nations, for establishing the institutions of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, in

> "the continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings."

Without intending to expatriate themselves from the country, or to renounce their citizenship in the land of their nativity for a home in Oregon, they cheerfully exposed themselves in small parties to the dangers and perils of a long and exhausting journey of many months, through hostile Indian tribes, and over arid deserts and bleak mountains. Having arrived at the end of their journey, with their little fortunes wrecked by the difficulties of the way, and with their bodies broken down by the fatigues of their long continued travel, they were at once exposed, not only to the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, but to those which are peculiar to their isolated condition; cut off as they were from the society and sympathies of civilized life, far distant from the inhabited borders of their native land, between which and them there was a vast region traversed by roving tribes of Indians, whose hands are against every man, and whose predatory habits are the source of continued annoyance and danger.

The thievish propensities of the savages of the country, also, in which the emigrants settled, were likewise a cause of unceasing irritation and disquietude, and especially so, since they were without an arm of the national defense to protect them, and without the weapons and ammunition necessary to enable them to

protect themselves. In their immediate vicinity, too, were the subjects of a princess, claiming the right to exercise a sovereign jurisdiction over the country, and possessing the power to crush the rising colony in its infancy, either by the force of arms, or by refusing to sell to them the supplies necessary to their existence. If political considerations prevented the former, and benevolence and good will a resort to the latter expedient, the immigrants, nevertheless, felt that they were in the power of a people whose interests were inimical to their own.

In addition to these embarrassing and untoward circumstances, while the subjects of the British empire were covered by the protecting ægis of its laws, the American immigrants, although from year to year they hoped to see the paternal care of their government extended over them, were from time to time doomed to bitter disappointment, and to realize that they were without just and equitable laws to govern them, and to feel that they occupied the extraordinary and in every way anomalous position of a people who, without having either renounced their country, or been renounced by it, were, nevertheless, without one.

We love to dwell, with something more than even classic reverence, upon the story of our pilgrim fathers, who, landing upon the bleak coast of New England, established a state, without a king, more lasting than the rock upon which they disembarked. The heart of the patriot, too, swells with emotions of a just and honorable pride, and with gratitude to a watchful and guiding Providence, as he reads the history of the colonization of Jamestown, and observes so many instances of self-sacrifice, and of hardships and priva-

tions, borne with a high degree of the most heroic fortitude. But I trust that I may be permitted to express the opinion, that all history, both ancient and modern, may be challenged to furnish an instance of colonization so replete with difficulties met and overcome, so fraught with circumstances of discouragements sustained and submitted to, as those which characterized the settlement of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Wilhamette. Distant from the land of their nativity, surrounded by restless tribes of Indians, who clamorously and insolently demanded of the immigrants pay for lands which the immigrants had neither the means nor the right to purchase; still ardently desiring to have their names and their destiny connected with that of the republic; and yet, often pierced to the heart by the thought, which would sometimes, unbidden, obtrude itself upon the mind, that they were the victims of their country's neglect and unjustice; and suffering all the inconveniences and embarrassments which are necessarily felt by a resident and civilized community without a system of laws for the conservation of peace and order, they were at length compelled to organize and put in operation a provisional form of government.

In performing this arduous and difficult labor, so necessary to the removal of a suspense that rendered the people discontented and unhappy, and of an uncertainty that discouraged their efforts, and depressed their energies, they had to meet and remove obstacles to the administration of a temporary system of government, which are unknown in establishing one of a permanent form; yet, fully impressed with the solemn conviction that it was better to unite the sinews of government in the hands of even a single despot and tyrant, than to

encounter the anarchy and confusion of a multitude without law, they addressed themselves to the task, difficult as it was, feeling that they merited the respectful consideration of the government of the country, and that at least they would no longer be wanting in duty to themselves.

The first effort which was made with a view to the organization of a civil government in Oregon was made at Champoeg, which at that time was the seat of the principal settlement in the Wilhamette valley. This was on the 7th of February, 1841, when, as the record shows, "a meeting of some of the inhabitants was held" "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute the same." The late Rev. Jason Lee, at that time the Superintendent of the Methodist mission among the Indians of Oregon, was called to the chair. He advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of draughting "a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river."

The names of persons regarded by the meeting as suitable were recommended to the people at large for governor, and for all other necessary officers. A resolution was also passed "that all settlers north of the Columbia river, not connected with the Hudson Bay Company, be admitted to the protection of our laws, on making application to that effect." On the 18th of the same month, persons were elected to fill the various offices, and they were instructed "to act according to the laws of New York," until other laws were adopted. They did not, however, enter upon the discharge of their duties. At a meeting, held on the 1st of July, of

the same year, the committee which had been appointed, at the meeting of February 7th, to draught a constitution and laws, were instructed to confer with Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., and John McLaughlin, Esq. After this conference it was decided by a majority to be inexpedient, at that time, to proceed with the contemplated organization, and that the moral sense of right and wrong, by which the people had up to that time been held together as a community, was sufficient. The real cause, however, of this diversity of expression did not, perhaps, arise so much from the conviction that a civil government was unnecessary, as from a sense of an inability to pay the officers a just compensation. The people were few in number, greatly reduced in their pecuniary circumstances, occupying portions of the country remote from each other; engaged in felling forests, cultivating fields, and in other ways giving their utmost attention to supplying the pressing wants of themselves and their families. They were, too, without either books (excepting one copy of the Iowa Statutes), to which to refer for assistance in framing their laws, or a press upon which to print them when framed.

The difficulties and inconveniences incident to the peculiar condition of the colonists being more sensibly felt, and all realizing, at length, that something more efficient than a moral sense was requisite to the suppression of wrong, and the maintenance of right, a meeting of the citizens was held on the first Monday of March, 1843, to consider "the propriety of taking some measures for the civil and military protection of the colony," and for the purpose of taking "into consideration" "measures for the protection" of the herds

against wolves and panthers. At this meeting civil and military officers were elected, the latter being instructed to form one or more companies of mounted riflemen. A legislative committee, consisting of nine persons, was also appointed to draught a constitution and code of laws, with instructions to report at Champoeg on the 5th of July. This committee having finished the task assigned to it, reported a constitution establishing a provisional government, with a triumvirate executive, styled "The Executive Committee."

The laws reported by this committee, although subsequently amended, prove that while they were not faultless, yet that the "legislative committee" had not proceeded rashly in laying the foundation of the civil superstructure. The great and only very material error committed was in the peculiar form given to the Executive.

The deliberations of the committee seem to have been characterized by dignity, moderation, and a respectful deference to each other's opinions. Their previous habits had not fitted them for debate; they received no compensation, and the condition of their domestic interests made it necessary for them to hasten away from the log-cabin, in which they legislated, and to return to their respective farms. Receiving no per diem allowance for their services, and the community which they represented being small, and possessing but little political consideration, neither lucre nor glory allured to office; and they were, therefore, not under the influence of the seductions of either interest or ambition, prompting them to consume time in making speeches for effect upon a constituency that felt itself

obliged to men of integrity and capacity, who would accept of office. It is not wonderful, therefore, that "the legislative committee" addressed itself to its labor with energy and in good faith.

The following extract from the laws passed at that session will show the method proposed for defraying the expense of sustaining the Provisional Government during the fiscal year commencing July 5, 1843, and ending June 18, 1844:—"That subscription papers, as follows, be put in circulation, to collect funds for defraying the expenses of this government.

"We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves to pay annually to the treasurer of Oregon Territory the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of government: *Provided*, That in all cases, each individual subscriber may at any time withdraw his name from the said subscription, upon paying up all arrearages, and notifying the treasurer of the colony of such desire to withdraw."

The large immigration that came into the country in the autumn of 1843 assisted in effecting alterations in the face of the country, and in subsequent legislation. The organic law was regarded as being in some respects defective, and the land law was objectionable in some of its provisions.

In May, 1844, the people elected a second "executive committee," and a second "legislative committee." Peter G. Stewart, Osborn Russell, and W. J. Bailey, men of integrity and worth, were elected executive committee. Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver, M. Gilmore, A. L. Lovejoy, Robert Newell, Daniel Waldo, and T. D. Keizer, all patriotic and intelligent, constituted the legislative committee. About

that time the public records began to assume a connected form.

On the 18th of June, 1844, the legislative committee having assembled at the Falls of the Wilhamette, and received the first message of the executive committee, proceeded to reconstruct the government. The executive power was united in a single hand, the legislative powers were regulated and defined, a judiciary system was established, and an act was passed, the object of which was to create a revenue which should be equal to the wants of an economical administration of the government.

The organic law thus passed by the legislative committee was adopted by the people, and is the present basis of the municipal regulations of the people of Oregon.

The second legislative committee having re-organized the government, and performed much labor during a session of nine days, adjourned, June 20th.

The legislative committee again assembled at Oregon City, December 16th, and continued in session eight days. Much important business was transacted. It may not be improper to state, in this connection, that a few persons, respectable for their character and influence in Oregon, discussed, about this time, the question of the expediency and necessity of an independent, instead of a provisional government. It was said, that the geographical position of the country, being such as to place it at so great a distance from the seat of the metropolitan government as to make it almost impossible to present the wants and wishes of the people, rendered it not only expedient, but necessary. The real cause, however, for this movement, was the discontent

and even resentment felt in consequence of their seeming to have been left without protection, and in a state indicating abandonment by their country. They could not realize the difficulties with which the negotiations upon the subject of the title were beset, and hence they were not in a condition to appreciate the motives of the General Government for the delay; but happily for them, and the people of Oregon, the proposition was not favorably received. The people very generally looked forward with honest pride and hope to the time when the flag of their country would again wave above them, a visible sign that they had not been forgotten in their distant homes.

In the spring of 1845, his Excellency George Abernethy was elected the first Governor of Oregon.

The appearance, upon the Columbia, of the United States schooner Shark, in 1846, cheered the hearts of our citizens in that distant territory; and upon the stars and stripes being displayed, they were greeted by the spontaneous shouts of a people, whose minds were filled with a thousand glorious memories, which clustered about the emblem of their country's nationality. An ensign and union-jack being among the few articles preserved from the unfortunate wreck of that vessel, these were, with peculiar appropriateness, presented to the Provisional Government of Oregon, through his Excellency George Abernethy, by Lieut. Niel M. Howison, the late commander of the Shark. This was emphatically the first flag of the United States that waved over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon; for it was about the 22d of February, 1847, that a confirmation of the news of the Oregon treaty was received. Powder sufficient for a national salute

having with great difficulty been procured, the flag of our country was flung to the breeze on the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and at mid-day a national salute was fired from an old rusty and dismounted gun which had been given to us by a merchantman.

Every reasonable obstruction to the extension of the laws and jurisdiction of the United States over Oregon, arising out of the pendency of negotiations upon the title, having been removed by the Oregon treaty, our citizens expected, and they had a right to expect, that they would no longer be permitted to occupy their anomalous and extraordinary position. They could not believe that any local causes would be permitted to operate so as to prevent them from receiving that protection which was not a favor to be granted, but a right, which was not the less a right because of the circumstance of that weakness which has rendered it necessary for them to beset Congress again and again with memorials. It was with grief and astonishment, therefore, that the people were informed by the immigrants who arrived in September, 1847, that it had adjourned, without having done any thing to relieve them from their peculiarly embarassing and—considered with reference to the Indians—even dangerous position. I refer to it as a peculiarly embarassing position, because the Provisional Government, having a right to expect that the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would be extended over Oregon, could not legislate efficiently and usefully, so long as it was believed that a few brief months would bring in a new government, and perhaps entirely new measures and laws. A multitude of evils, which no one who has not lived in the country can

understand or appreciate, spring out of this uncertainty. Had the General Government of the United States informed the Provisional Government of Oregon, that nothing would be done within the next ten years, then, while the people would without doubt have expressed their profound regret, yet they would at least have been relieved from that uncertainty and doubt which had previously so greatly paralyzed their efforts. They would immediately have commenced a useful and permanent system of legislation; and at the termination of the ten years, Oregon would have been ready to enter the American constellation as one of the very brightest stars in it. As it was, however, the intelligence was received with the profoundest sorrow, and a universal gloom pervaded the community, as the conviction forced itself upon the mind, that they were again left to the serious inconveniences arising out of their extraordinary position, and to the perilous circumstances in which they were involved, by being without arms and ammunition, in the midst of savages clamorously demanding pay for their lands, and not unfrequently committing the most serious injuries, by seizing property and by taking life, in consequence of the people having neither the ability nor the right to buy.

A number of individuals from different portions of the Wilhamette valley at length met in Yamhill county, when a committee was appointed to draught a memorial praying for the passage of a law establishing a territorial government in Oregon. That memorial was addressed to the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and placed in the letter-bag of the bark Whiton, then in the Wilhamette, and about to sail. About this time, it

was proposed to elect a delegate to Congress. This was at length decided to be impracticable, because:—1. We had no law authorizing such an election; 2. Because, if we had, there was not then time to give the notice, and do it before the only vessel would sail that could convey the delegate to the United States; 3. Because Congress not having passed a law establishing a territorial government, there was no law of the United States under which a delegate could demand to be received; and 4. It was not deemed expedient to elect a delegate with the expectation that a seat in the House of Representatives would be yielded to him from courtesy, and from the necessity of the case.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the question was solemnly asked—Can nothing be done? It was said to me, that my position as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory would probably cause Congress to confide in my representations and statements, and I was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the metropolitan government, and to rely upon the magnanimity and sense of justice of Congress for a compensation, in some manner, for my time, and the money which I might expend in the discharge of the duties imposed upon me, by entering upon the mission. I need not say that there was not a dollar in the treasury to meet these expenses. Having received a letter from the Governor of Oregon to the President of the United States, stating the nature and objects of the mission, and, for reasons already mentioned, written not as an official but as a private letter, I proceeded without delay to make my preparations to embark immediately on board the bark Whiton, for the purpose

of proceeding, with as much dispatch as possible, to the seat of government at Washington.

I believed that, when Congress were made acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances in which their fellow citizens of Oregon were situated, although they had done nothing for them up to this time, yet the Government would not, nay it could not, be guilty of the monstrous injustice of permitting an omission to extend to them the protection of the laws of their native country to mark another year. Congress had hitherto permitted this unhappy omission, because of the impossibility of their knowing the real condition and wants of their brethren in that distant land, and because of slavery becoming an element of the question, as to whether the General Government would proceed at once to the discharge of its most solemn duty, to throw over all its citizens the ægis of its laws.

I was also encouraged to hope for prompt and efficient action upon this subject, from a consideration of the additional fact that the Oregon treaty had removed every obstacle which could be referred to as a reason for not granting to the colonists of Oregon the protection of the laws of their country, and the means of defense against the Indian tribes. I believed that it would ill comport with the character of a great nation to urge, that protection could not be *afforded* to a people whose duty and allegiance had been tested by almost every variety of circumstance. I could not persuade myself that it would be said, that because the people of Oregon had done well in establishing a government, in the administration of which internal order had been maintained to an extent equal to that of any state of the Union, that therefore they might be neglected, and

exposed to the brutal outrages of ruthless savages, upon their borders and in their midst. This would have been making their well-doing a misfortune, by withholding their rights. The continued expectation that their government would be superseded, prevented them from doing for themselves what their exigencies demanded, and that which they might otherwise have done. They were, therefore, weary of a *quasi* independence, and would have rejoiced to have yielded it up for something that might not be changed by the arrival of the next vessel that entered the mouth of the Columbia.

Had the people of Oregon and the subjects of her Britannic Majesty who reside in the Territory, by cherishing for each other a feeling of hostility and rancorous enmity, become embroiled in an unnatural strife, instead of cultivating a spirit of benevolence, friendship, and good will, honorable alike to both, the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would have been extended over that distant territory. This would have been done, also, if the country, instead of now presenting an example of industry and (if the depredations of the Indians be excepted) tranquillity, unparalleled in the history of new colonies, had exhibited a scene of anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed, unworthy of their origin and of the destiny of the country of their adoption. But how much better is it to extend the laws over a people already in the enjoyment of many of the blessings of a peaceful and well ordered state, than to be under the necessity of interposing authority as a shield to prevent them from staining their hands with fraternal blood. Although the people of Oregon felt an unconquerable desire for self-government—a desire

nurtured and educated under the republican institutions of the land of their birth—yet their position was so peculiar that they felt the impossibility, under the circumstances, of making full provision for their protection; and they, therefore, husbanded their resources under a temporary government, cherishing a hope which they believed to be reasonable, that as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, a law would be passed establishing a territorial government. The settlement of the boundary question seemed to present that opportunity for the fulfillment of their most ardent hopes, and the consummation of their most devout wishes. The extension of the laws of the United States over the people, was an event looked to as promising a remedy for evils growing out of the fact that there were many important subjects upon which the provisional legislature had not, under the circumstances, the power to legislate. It was an event looked for, also, as one that would give additional importance to the country, and a new impulse to trade and commerce; and one which would satisfy the mind upon the subject of a grant of lands.

That this anxiety was both reasonable and natural, would appear by adverting to the peculiarly interesting history of the country. For several years without any government except that which reason imposes, and without a law of any kind except the law of love, the penalties for the violation of which were inflicted by the conscience only, the people peacefully pursued their occupations during six days of the week, and on the seventh quietly assembled to listen to the preaching of the late Rev. Jason Lee, or to that of some of his fellow-laborers in the missionary field. It might be

said of Oregon, with peculiar truth and propriety, "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." But time brought changes, and in these changes originated the absolute necessity for that provisional government under which has grown up a prosperous and virtuous community, mature in its development, notwithstanding the population is a mixed one.

A variety of minor, yet important reasons existed, which rendered it necessary for some one to proceed to the seat of government, at Washington, for the purpose of making the necessary representations. Some of them may be mentioned:—Under the organic law of Oregon, and the enactments of the provisional legislature, contracts had been made, marriages had been entered into, divorces had been granted by the legislature and the judicial tribunals of the country; judgments in courts of law had been rendered, and decrees in courts of chancery had been made, some of which had already been satisfied, while others yet remained unsatisfied; and actions and suits were still pending in the courts.

In order, therefore, that inextricable confusion and remediless wrong might not result from a change of government, it was necessary that by the act establishing a territorial government in Oregon, provision should be made for all suits, processes, and proceedings, civil and criminal, at law and in equity, and all indictments and informations which might be pending and undetermined in the courts established by the Provisional Government of Oregon, within the limits of said Territory when the said act should take effect, being transferred to be heard, tried, prosecuted, and deter-

mined in the district courts to be thereby established, which might include the counties where any such proceedings might be pending; and for all contracts, bonds, recognizances, and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws within the limits of the Territory, being in like manner valid under the act which might be passed to establish a territorial government in Oregon; and for all crimes and misdemeanors against the laws in force within said limits being prosecuted, tried, and punished in the courts which might be established by said act; and for all penalties, forfeitures, actions, and causes of action, being recovered under said act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits of said Territory at the time the said act should go into operation.

It was also necessary that all justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs, and all other judicial and ministerial officers, who should be in office within the limits of the Territory when the said act should take effect, be authorized and required to continue to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices, as officers of the Territory of Oregon, until they or others should be duly appointed and qualified to fill their places in the manner therein directed, or until their offices should be abolished.

It was likewise necessary, in the act which Congress might pass, to establish a territorial government in Oregon, to declare that the existing laws in force in the Territory, under the authority of the Provisional Government established by the people, should continue to be valid and operative therein, so far as the same were not incompatible with the principles and

provisions of the said act, and until the end of the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory; and that the laws of the United States might be thereby extended over, and declared to be in force in said Territory, so far as the same or any provision thereof might be applicable.

The immediate extinguishment of the Indian title was also a subject to which it was regarded as being important to call the attention of the General Government.

Another subject of vital importance to the people was the procurement of the passage of an act making provision for the immigrants obtaining liberal grants of land in said Territory, upon condition of their continuing to reside therein during five years consecutively from the passage of the said act. This condition was necessary to prevent lands from passing into the hands of men who had no intention of remaining permanently in the country. The inhabitants then in the country believed that they had some claim to a confirmation of the title to the homes which they had made, based upon the promises implied in repeated legislation; in the fact that they had overcome many of the difficulties of the journey to Oregon; and by their settlements had introduced agriculture and civilization upon our shores on the Pacific, and by doing so had given to the nation an actual occupancy, which was the only circumstance wanting to make the title to the country clear and unquestionable.

The people of Oregon believed that they had a claim to land, derived from the provisions of their organic law, also. It should be remembered that they found themselves without government of any kind,

and that they were thrown back upon the original elements of society. Thus situated, they organized a civil government, put it in operation, and continued to maintain it. They had acquired rights under the third article of the organic law, which it was important to them that Congress should recognize, in their principle at least.

So, likewise, it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, for educational purposes; and also one entire township on the north side of the Columbia, and one on the south side of the same river, being so located, under the authority of the territorial legislature, as not to interfere with the rights of actual lawful claimants.

In a government like ours, resting upon the suffrages of the great body of the people, who not only in semblance, but in reality, have the care of their political institutions, the general diffusion of knowledge is necessary, in order that they may exercise their rights in a manner the most conducive to the prosperity of the nation, the preservation of its laws, and the purity of its legislative and judicial tribunals. The education and mental training of the youth of the country is absolutely necessary, to qualify them for the care of our political institutions, and that they may possess the ability to exercise the powers of government in a manner the most conducive to the preservation of their civil and religious liberty. All history shows that where the people have not been educated, they have always been the dupes of political demagogues, who were selfish rather than sagacious, and who learned to ruin by hollow pretenses and professions of

patriotism. Believing that the generous and ennobling sentiments, to which his own breast is a stranger, are a worthless and wicked pretense in others, he justifies himself in caressing the deluded and uneducated people, he means to scourge as soon as they transfer their power to him.

If an uneducated people do not fall into the hands of demagogues, yet they are sure, in time, to become the victims of the rapacity, avarice, and a thirst for power of another class, who are even yet more dangerous, because they worship cunning, betray with a kiss, counterfeit wisdom, and so adroitly work upon the weakness, ignorance, and prejudices of their victims, that they at length obtain place, as slimy reptiles are sometimes known, by a slow and laborious process, to arrive at the tops of pyramids.

But these political evils and social wrongs can be prevented, by training the youth of the country in proper studies, and by animating them with a love of country and of virtue, by the habitual contemplation of the character and example of distinguished American statesmen and warriors. Enlightened and instructed, they may set at naught the wicked designs of the hypocrite, who flatters and caresses those he means to sell as soon as he discovers that they are sufficiently debased to pass quietly and without resistance under the yoke of a new oppressor. But, if properly educated, the people will be able to sustain the institutions of the country, not only against their own temporary excesses; but when their rulers contemplate wicked enterprises, and would cast down the ark of their country's liberty, they can, without presumption, extend their hands to stay it.

Added to all these, the extension of the revenue laws; appropriations for a library, for paying the public debt of the Provisional Government, for facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the Columbia river, and for a good wagon road—were all important subjects to which it was deemed necessary to call the attention of the General Government.

## CHAPTER III.

### DEPARTURE OF THE AUTHOR FROM OREGON, AND VOYAGE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE subjects which have been treated of at length, in the preceding chapter, were thought materially to affect the interests and welfare of the people of Oregon. To them, therefore, it was the object of my journey, by all reasonable and prudent means, to call the attention of the General Government at Washington. They are briefly the following:—

1. A line of stockade posts between Independence, Missouri, and Western Oregon, for the protection of emigrants, for facilitating the transportation of an overland mail, and for the establishment of new settlements.

2. Engineers, to survey and establish the best wagon route into Oregon.

3. Appropriations for opening and grading a road across the Presidents' Range.

4. A line of steam packets from Panama, Monterey, San Francisco, and the Columbia river.

5. Appropriations for the mouth of the Columbia river, for a fixed light on Cape Disappointment; a revolving light on Point Adams; buoys; a steam towboat.

6. Fortification of Cape Disappointment, or Tongue Point, or both.

7. Light at New Dungeness.

8. Grants of land to immigrants.

9. Grants of land for educational purposes.

10. A geological survey of the country.

11. Purchase of Indian title.

12. Survey of a road to California, and for stockade posts upon it.

13. Indian agencies, or sub-agencies, at Fort Laramie, Soda Springs, Wallawalla, the Dalles, the Wilhamette valley, Puget Sound, and Rogue river.

14. A military and naval dépôt in Oregon.

15. A recognition of all our legislative and judicial acts. Examples of the necessity for this :—Divorces; contracts made with reference to the currency law; judgments and decrees; judgments and decrees enforced; suits and actions pending.

16. A recognition of our land titles, valid under organic law of Oregon.

17. An appropriation for the payment of the public debt of the Provisional Government.

18. Mail facilities in the Wilhamette valley.

19. Troops for protection.

20. Immediate extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over us.

21. A territorial library.

*Monday, Oct.* 18, 1847.—I proceeded to Green Point, the residence of his Excellency George Abernethy, the Governor under the Provisional Government, and received his letter to the President of the United States, explaining the nature and objects of my journey to Washington. I then embarked with Capt. Roland Gelston, in his gig, and in a short time my home was lost to my sight, and nothing was left to me

but its pleasant recollections. The regular plash of the oars in the water, as we smoothly and rapidly glided down the beautiful Wilhamette, seemed to make a sort of melancholy music, that was much in harmony with my feelings, which I own were those of sadness. There were many circumstances in my position, well calculated to produce this state of mind. In taking leave of my wife, busy memory grouped, within the space of a minute, all our mutual dangers, toils, and famine, with all their accompanying incidents by the way, as we journeyed into the country. Added to this, there had long been a very peculiar and unhappy state of things existing in Oregon, and continuing up to the time of my departure. All felt, and freely spoke of the necessity for something being done for the purpose of procuring at Washington the adoption of measures of relief. We were at that time, as many believed (and the events of the following six weeks demonstrated that their opinions were correct), upon the eve of an Indian war. Yet, to speak a little extravagantly, every man was afraid of his neighbor, because of an apprehension that something would be done to prevent him, or his son, or his son-in-law, or his brother-in-law's son-in-law, or his son's father-in-law, or some other relative or connection, from obtaining an office.

There really appeared, upon a superficial view of occurrences, to be more anxiety felt to obtain office, than to procure the passage of laws and the adoption of measures which the exigencies and dangers of the country demanded. One man, to present an example, sought for himself the office of Surveyor-general; for his almost beardless son the office of District Attor-

ney; for his son's father-in-law the office of Indian Agent; and for his brother-in-law's son-in-law the office of District Judge. The son was little more than a beardless youth, who had contrived to obtain an odd volume of Blackstone, which, after reading six months, qualified him, as he imagined, for writing himself "Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery." The brother-in-law's son-in-law had been an intemperate soldier in the army of the United States, in time of peace. Having either served out his time, or deserted, I know not which, he came to Oregon, and obtaining another odd volume of Blackstone, he in a few weeks had no doubt of his ability to discharge the duties of an office upon which Sir Matthew Hale and Chief Justice Marshall had shed luster.

I was fully conscious, therefore, that every man whose consciousness of want of merit or capacity caused him to believe that I would not advocate his pretensions, would probably, by letters written to Washington, make me the victim of his spleen and revenge. This in itself I did not regard; but during a brief period I felt depressed, when I thought that it might deprive me of the power to be useful at Washington, in procuring those measures of relief demanded by the exigencies of the country, and in which I felt a great interest. Nevertheless, I was conscious that my motives were such as I had no reason to disguise. I remembered, too, that there were gentlemen in the Senate and in the House (one of them had been my fellow-student at college), who had known me many years, and whose confidence and friendship I had long enjoyed. The feeling, therefore, was but momentary;

and Crocket's maxim, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," occurring to my mind, I repeated it aloud, and immediately shook off my sadness, and rapidly glided down the river, leaving these office-seeking gentry to work out their "salvation with fear and trembling."

In about two hours and a half we landed at Portland, twelve miles below Oregon City. Here we were invited to remain for supper. The moon shining bright and beautiful, and casting a silvery luster upon the waters, we again entered the gig, and were rowed down to the bark Whiton, which had weighed anchor before we arrived at Portland, and was then lying about two and a half miles below. Mr. Waymeyer accompanied us, and after introducing the subject of high prices in Oregon, he informed me that he had recently paid to Mr. Pettygrove, a merchant of Portland, two and a half dollars for six very plain cups and saucers, which could be had in the States for twenty-five cents; and the same sum for six very ordinary and plain plates. Wheat at the time was worth one dollar per bushel.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 22d, Captain Gelston and myself proceeded in a gig to Coffin Rock, for the purpose of examining it, as one of the very remarkable places of Indian sepulture in Oregon. The canoes in which the dead had been deposited were nearly all so much decayed that they had fallen into pieces. Bones were scattered all over the face of the rock, and multitudes had evidently fallen down into the Columbia. A gentleman, who was on board the barque, and who has lived with an Indian wife many years in the country, informed me that the tribe which had used that rock as a place of deposit for their dead,

was once powerful, but that it had since become extinct, with the exception of one woman. He also informed me that within twenty years, about eighty-five per cent. of all the Indians upon the Columbia had perished from fever and ague, and that five per cent. of them had died with consumption; and that, while fever and ague had attacked the Indians, the whites were almost wholly exempted. He had previously, while on my way down, called my attention to the site of an old Indian village, at a place now known as Warrior's Point. He said that a powerful chief once occupied that place, who levied a tribute upon all who passed it, and held all the neighboring tribes as tributaries to him. Of this tribe all but six are dead, and the chief is fed at a side table at Fort Vancouver.

This mortality is attributed to the manner in which they treated the disease. The sick was placed in a sweat-house, where he remained until greatly weakened by a most profuse perspiration, when he was plunged into the waters of the Columbia, where he remained until his blood become thoroughly chilled, when he was taken out to die.

The Indians of the Columbia river are usually very much averse to speaking, or having others speak, of their dead, after the days of their mourning are past; and if a stranger persists in speaking upon the subject, they regard it as an offense. George, a brother of the Ramsay, who was murdered in the summer of 1847, told an individual who asked him to relate the circumstances of the killing, that he was "*hias pieton*"—a great fool.

On Saturday, Oct. 30th, Mr. Edmunds, a worthy and enterprising man, came alongside our vessel in a

whale-boat, with one of the men in the employment of our excellent bar-pilot, Mr. Reeves, while we were anchored a short distance above Tongue Point. After coming on board, and remaining a short time, they left, and hoisted sail, although a violent gale was blowing at the time. We thought that they were acting imprudently in doing so, but saw them at length take it in. In a few minutes they were again seen to hoist their sail. The weather being cold, and a severe gale blowing the rain directly in our faces, we retired into the cabin. On Monday, November 1st, after anchoring below Astoria, we were informed that Mr. Edmunds drifted ashore, upon his boat, a little before daylight that morning, almost chilled to death, and had with great difficulty made his way to a house a short distance above Astoria. The boat capsized early in the forenoon of Saturday. He and his companion succeeded in getting upon the boat, and they made every demonstration in their power to apprise us of their condition; and although the Whiton, the Cowlitz, and the Henry were all in sight, these unhappy men were not seen. The poor seaman perished in about five hours, and fell into the water. Mr. Edmunds remained in the water about forty-four hours. The gale continued until some time in the afternoon, when it abated, and the weather became clear and calm, but cold.

On Thursday, November 4th, Captain Gelston and some of the passengers, with myself, proceeded in the gig across Baker's Bay, and landed on a low neck of land, east of Cape Disappointment. I have no doubt that a canal cut across this depression, so as to connect Baker's Bay with the ocean back of the cape, would

admit vessels into the Columbia at all seasons, and in all weather. Gates at each end would be necessary to prevent a current from the river, carrying sand into it.

From this place we ascended to the top of Cape Disappointment, from which we had an extensive view of the entrance to the mouth of the river—the naked bar, and the breakers. We saw also the Hudson Bay Company's bark, the Cowlitz, taken out to sea by the pilot, Mr. Reeves. We returned to our vessel; and at noon Mr. Reeves came on board and took our vessel through the new channel with three fathoms water at the most shallow part. Smoothy and safely we glided out of Baker's Bay, the beautiful bark behaving herself most nobly, except that she now and then plunged her bow down like a high spirited and restless steed that champs his foaming bit and throws down his head, impatient to bear his rider in thunder upon the plain. In thirty minutes from the time our anchor was "apeak" we were in "blue water," and shaking hands with our cool, intelligent, and skillful pilot, to whom I gave another letter for Mrs. Thornton, we bore away to the westward under a stiff breeze, which made our "trim and stanch sea-boat"

> "Walk the waters like a thing of life,
> That seems to dare the elements to strife."

About five leagues to the westward of the mouth of the Columbia, we spoke the bark Genet, Capt. Dring, near one month from San Francisco. She had encountered a severe gale from the southeast; and had been standing off the entrance of the river eight days waiting for a pilot to come out.

It would not be expected that a landsman should

give "sailing directions," nor would a sailor, jealous as he ever is of every one, who, without being a practical seaman, interferes with the mysteries of his craft, give heed to them, if I did, with no matter what degree of correctness. But I may be permitted to say, that when the weary voyager arrives off the bar at the mouth of the Columbia, if he will hoist a signal, and fire a gun, there will be no necessity for standing off seven or eight days; for he will soon find on his deck as safe and skillful a pilot as ever "conned a helm, or hove a lead."

We then bore away to the west, for the purpose of getting out from the coast, so as to have sea-room. Vessels along this coast between Cape Flattery and the Bay of San Francisco, ought not to be in less than seventy fathoms water. This depth clears all outstanding rocks. In the night we encountered a severe gale from the northwest. In the morning we bore away to the south—the waves rolling very high, sometimes dashing over the ship.

There must ever be excitement, novelty, and interesting sensations created in the breast of the most indifferent beholder of the wonderful works of God, as displayed in the unequaled grandeur and power of the ocean-waves, which a man realizes when he finds himself fairly away from *terra firma;* and is borne along, like a feather in the air, wafted hither and thither, or "reeling to and fro, like a drunken man," as the long, sluggish swells leave him rolling upon the deep, or the wildly lashed billows heave the helpless bark, which, although it bears him so safely, is yet driven wildly and fearfully before the storm, notwithstanding the greatest efforts of the most skillful seaman, who is unable to do

more than protect his charge from being overpowered by the blast, or engulfed by the mountain wave. With a fair wind he, indeed, pursues his course to his desired haven, but his feet must ever be unstable, because the motion of the ship is as ceaseless as that of the never slumbering deep.

To me, this vast ocean possessed a double interest. I realized, too, that although upon the majestic Pacific Ocean, I was upon the coast of the United States, and sailing only coastwise, with a voyage of many thousands of miles before me; that much less than a century had passed since our flag was first unfurled on the shores of the Atlantic, and that it had advanced, until the setting sun, as he sinks in the depths of this vast ocean, casts his last rays upon that banner which now waves from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. With the undisputed possession of Oregon, and the certain acquisition of California, the Italy of the western hemisphere, I saw new stars added to a constellation, the light of which we would fain hope is destined never to grow dim, until the great catastrophe of nature shall sweep suns from their systems, and stars from their orbits. But who shall pretend to look into the great and glorious, yet I trust peaceful future of the American Union? or who portray its destiny?

Although the good ship Whiton continued to rear and pitch, roll and tumble, like a wild bison of the prairie, or a fresh caught mule in its efforts to divest itself of a "first pack," yet I was not so sea-sick as to be confined to my berth, or even to the cabin, but I stood quietly upon the deck, holding on by a rope, while I reveled in the beauty of the ceaseless combing and dashing of the waves, till the glorious orb of day set

in the sparkling waters, and the body, fatigued with the exciting emotions of the mind, sought its wonted repose. I retired to my room, and after asking the blessing of God upon my wife in my absence, and commending myself to his protection through the night, slumbered peacefully and pleasantly upon the deep, notwithstanding the ceaseless rattling of the waters, as if in my very ears; for so perfectly does the plank convey the sound, that the thought frequently recurred—

> "There is naught but a plank 'tween life and a grave,
> Dark, deep, and still, 'neath the bright sparkling wave."

On the morning of Wednesday, November 10, after a rough though quick passage of six days from the Columbia river, we arrived off the Punta de los Reyes, and stood in for the entrance of San Francisco, passing between the Punta Reyes, and the little islands to the westward known as the Farralones de San Francisco. These islets start up abruptly from the sea, and at a distance present the appearance of a ship under full sail. A few years ago, they were a favorite haunt of the fur seal, and were resorted to by the Russians, who were during many years settled at Bodigo, a little north of Punta Reyes, for the skins, of which they annually took a considerable number. Fur seal and otter are still found there but in numbers greatly diminished.

The Punta de los Reyes, or Kings' Point, is a bold and majestic promontory, stretching to the west-northwest, thirty miles from the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco. High, precipitous cliffs of red sandstone and granite face the sea. These cliffs are varied by deep ravines covered with verdure, and terminate at

the sea line with short white sand beaches. A high table land divides it in the center, while the tall black peak of the Picacha Prieto, the base of which rests upon the western edge of the waters of San Francisco, towers up 2800 feet. Upon the sides of this peak, grow some of those immense redwood or Palo Colorado trees, some of which measure from fifteen to nineteen feet in diameter. These trees, whether seen singly or in clusters, are beautiful objects. They have but few limbs, and those are near the top, and project at right angles to the trunk. When felled, they are split into pieces sufficiently small to admit of their being put upon the mill cradle. The lumber made from these trees is very durable, and is suitable for building purposes, except flooring, for which it is too soft. It is more durable than any known pine.

Crossing the bar of San Francisco, with a stiff breeze and fair tide, our barque was rapidly approaching the beautiful and romantic entrance to the bay within. On the right of this entrance, stands perched upon a high cliff, the old Spanish fort which guarded the entrance during the days of the Spanish Dons in this region. Properly speaking, it was but a battery built of sun-dried bricks, forming an irregular wall eight feet high. Some thirty embrasures were at one time filled with long brass nines and twelves, and eighteen-pounders of iron. The position of this battery is commanded by hills a short distance in its rear; and to construct effective fortifications on either side, so as fully to command the entrance, will require extensive and expensive works. Lieut. Warner of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, had completed, some time before my arrival, a military survey of this fine entrance.

It has become the habit of travelers to speak and write of the entrance of San Francisco Bay, as being in defensibility only inferior to Gibraltar; but a single glance at a sketch, much more an examination by the veriest tyro in fortification, will at once show that any thing which science, skill, and money can do for the entrance to San Francisco Bay, can never make it what Gibraltar is.

On passing the battery, the Presidio of San Francisco de Assis appears in view, about one mile inside. This post was the headquarters of the Spanish in this quarter. Afterward it became a Mexican garrison, and so continued as long as they had any force in the country. When taken possession of by the U. S. naval forces, it was commanded by an old corporal, Joaquin Peña, who also composed the entire rank and file of the garrison.

Corporal Joaquin Peña had been at his post during nineteen years consecutively, and had received as an acknowledgment of his services, a grant of one league of land near the Presidia. His very extensive and productive estates, however, might as well have been in the moon, for the tract was covered with brush, was destitute of water and necessary timber, and therefore it yielded him nothing. Believing, with many others, that the advent of the American flag would inure to his own benefit, he petitioned the first American Alcalde of San Francisco, Lieut. W. A. Bartlett, U. S. N., for a pension from the American government, for the faithfulness with which he had continued at his post; and added that he had long been promised one by the Mexican authorities. The whitened locks and deeply furrowed face of the aged Mexican could not fail of

securing respect, and of exciting sympathy; and although the American officers were ready to buy his chickens, milk, and eggs at four times their prices at home, they could give him no hope of obtaining a pension from our government for services rendered to another.

The Presidio, at the time of my sojourn in California, was garrisoned by two companies of the seventh regiment of New York Volunteers, under the command of Major Hardie, late of West Point. It was pleasing to see the star-spangled banner waving over the tile-roofed barracks, and to mark the glistening of the musket of the sentinel, as he continued his quiet rounds.

The aged corporal occupied his old quarters unmolested; and he, together with his wife and daughter, declare that "*los soldados Americanos son muy buenos amigos.*"

On the north side of the bay, as we passed, I observed a beautiful cove, called Sousolito—Little-willows—which affords excellent facilities for watering ships. It is, in consequence, a favorite resort of whale-ships and other vessels. It is generally calm, while the northwest winds are sweeping over other parts of the bay.

A fine grazing estate, owned by Mr. W. Richardson, borders on this cove, and supplies good beef to the shipping. His estate, as also all other parts of Punta Reyes, has upon it great numbers of deer, that feed upon the hills, and often in sight of the shipping.

Angel Island, opposite Sousolito, is also a prominent object in the scene. It is high, conical, about five

miles in circumference, and has wild oats growing upon it to its summit.

November is the last month of the dry season in Upper California, and the commencement of the rainy season in Lower California. Hence, the scenery of San Francisco, at the season in which I was there, presented a tame appearance, notwithstanding its majestic cliffs, high rolling hills, and the towering peak of Picacho Prieto on the north, and Sierra Bilbones to the east, near the junction of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. The same burnt or parched appearance met my eyes at all points. But a subsequent closer inspection of the character of much of the herbage showed that it was the ripened oats which covered the distant hills, and caused their brown appearance. Every object in view, however, plainly indicated that nearly all the streams were dried; and my subsequent inquiries convinced me, that the nature of the country and climate, although adapted to pastoral purposes, will ever be a most formidable obstacle to making many small farms.

Four miles from the fort, passing to the right of Seal Rock and Pelican or Bird Island, brought our vessel to Yerba Buena Point, on the south side of which, and looking toward the east, stood the busy little town of San Francisco. Rushing past the point at railroad speed, and borne on by wind and tide, we came suddenly before the port, and as quickly dropped our anchor among a number of vessels of all commercial nations. The change in the government of the country, and the prospect of an open market, had evidently given an impetus to commercial enterprise; while our own Oregon was coming in for a full share

in supplying the wants of the army and navy, and the inhabitants, from her surplus crops.

I had hoped to have found some of our vessels here; but the quiet of the country, the arrival of the land forces, and the commencement of the favorable season for operations on the southern coast, had drawn them all in that direction; while we were quite in the dark as to whether the war still continued, or peace had been concluded, as many hoped.

The merest glance at the little town of San Francisco was sufficient to show a stranger that a very sudden demand for houses or habitations had arisen in the place, beyond the utmost ability of builders to complete; with likewise an evident scarcity of materials for building. The various styles of architecture were interesting and amusing, even to one accustomed to see towns spring up in the States, like "Jonah's gourd." Commodious mansions, with considerable pretension to taste and elegance, cheek by jowl with a hut, eight feet by ten, of rough boards; here an "adobie" house, and next a "wall tent;" wood sheds turned into parlors, a "horse-power grist mill" into a dwelling-house, a baker's oven into a bed-room, or a windmill into a printing-office, seemed to be but ordinary changes; while society seemed to be in such a happy state of Utopianism, that no man looked down upon his neighbor in consequence of the humbleness of his dwelling, or the want of a floor, if he was so fortunate as to have one; while perhaps his more luxurious neighbor enjoyed all the comforts, and even elegancies of life. But this state of primitive happiness will not be seen long, unless San Francisco should adopt customs of her own; since there is nothing in

the old that would tolerate the admittance of a lady upon a carpet, who had no floor to her own humble boudoir, even if there were no boards in the market. It was very clear, however, that, notwithstanding every effort, and the rapid increase of buildings, San Francisco had been much retarded by the want of lumber to build.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PORT AND TOWN OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

THE expedition of Cortez to Mexico resulted in the conquest of that country, about the year 1603, and this conquest ended with the discovery of Monterey and San Diego. San Francisco, however, was not discovered until about 1770; and even then not in the way which naturally suggests itself, but by an overland party. When this place was known to contain the best and safest port in the land, and indeed one of the best in the world, the Mexicans, who at this period are better denominated Spanish Americans, were prompted, by the extensive mines and the valuable pearl-fisheries in this part of the country, or rather a little to the southward, to visit the place. Many efforts were made to open a market here, by settling the country with individuals who were interested in the business of the pearl-fishing, as well as that of exploring the silver mines. But so many were the obstacles operating against such colonization—such as the rocky and mountainous character of the country, and the general unproductiveness of the soil—that each expedition was rendered futile. At first the Jesuits commenced the task of planting the cross upon the mountains and in the valleys of California. Their efforts, perhaps happily for California, proved unsuccessful.

After a struggle of nearly fourscore years—from the year 1697—they had not removed far inland. The failure was a signal one; for they had been expelled from the Spanish possessions just before, and were enabled to muster their forces in this infant colony. Besides, this was not the only reason that rendered it a great failure. Opposed to this powerful order we find the prosperous institution of the Franciscans. Both these orders have for their object the spiritual conquest of gentile countries; but they pursue entirely different courses to effect the same object. About the year 1767, the Franciscans, under the then existing rulers of Mexico, were incited to the undertaking of bringing into notice Alta California—and for a strong reason. These two orders, as we have before remarked, were opposed to each other. The Jesuits were the objects of the greatest attention to the Franciscans: their every step—their every plan—was critically noticed by them; and any motion that could injure the former was eagerly made by the latter. This expedition was considered in this light; and with all the influence which the reigning viceroy of Mexico and their order itself could bring to operate upon the minds of men, they resolved to begin the enterprise.

It was an enterprise of the highest interest. The largest kingdoms of Europe had, with a jealous and watchful eye, for the past two hundred years, guarded their interests upon the coast, and in the isles of the Pacific. Their disapprobation must not be incurred, or else all would be lost. The question then was of moment: How could they be kept pacified? From many plans, which doubtless suggested themselves, they adopted the following: Missionary stations were

designed for Monterey and San Diego. Vessels, to the number of three, were sent out to sail for these ports, then the only ports visited in this country. But the vessels were unfortunate. Nature seems to have combined her resistless powers against them; of the three ships, one was totally wrecked, while the other two were detained upon the waters for several months. The inhabitants of this country were then unacquainted with managing their ships during storms of wind, which here, at intervals, last for more than half the year. Baffled by difficulties of navigation, sad because of the loss of one-third of their all, and disappointed, as well as discouraged by the long time they were out upon the ocean, they resolved, after gaining port, to take the remaining part of their journey over the land. To each was assigned his share of labor. The saints, according to their rank, were honored by the subdivisions thus made. But after the deliberations were ended, it was found that St. Francis himself had been neglected. It was necessary to honor him in some way; accordingly it was determined to give him, upon his conducting them to a good port, the glory of that discovery. On beholding this port they were struck, not only with its beauty and value, but were rejoiced that their patron saint had guided them to this delightful spot. The place and the port from that time received the name San Francisco.

The position of the port and town of San Francisco is singular as well as beautiful. The fertile and rich country in the neighborhood—the great valley opened to it by the waters of the Sacramento—and the pleasantness of the country during the whole year—are advantages which will make it among the most noted

of any in the world. The bay of San Francisco is cut off from the Pacific by high hills. From the summit of some lofty mountain we have present to the eye a range of land without any opening save one, and that the bay of San Francisco, thereby opening a communication with the whole interior country. On the north the mountain rises to a great height; while on the south it gradually slopes till it presents a surface diversified with hills, ending in a steep point, against which the sea dashes. A strait is formed by these points, about a mile in width, and five miles in length. The bay extends from this place about seventy miles, and is divided into two portions. Frequent islands break the level of the bay, some of which are fertile, and others are entirely destitute of vegetation.

The coast is beautifully lined with hills, having a rich soil, and affording many places for cultivation. At the extremity of the bay, on the south, there are low bottoms, having a fine soil; and in a short distance we come to a valley lying between two ranges of mountains near each other, covered with forests of oak, and at certain seasons of the year with grass. This valley varies from one to thirty miles in width; and besides having large quantities of oaks and grass, has also fine clover and wild mustard. The valley is protected from the northwest winds by a high ridge called the Wildcat Ridge, which is covered with bushes and forests. The end of this ridge on the south is at the Anno Nuevo. On the north it has the town of San Francisco, upon the shore of the bay. The situation of this valley makes it one of the finest grain countries on the globe; and the productions of the soil thus far have been forty and sixty times the amount sown.

The two bays formed by the points which arise in the main water are called respectively the Suisoon and San Pablo bays. The Strait of Carquines unites these two bays. The Suisoon is united with the mouths of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, the rivers meeting at their mouths, and jointly flowing into the bay. The expanse of water formed by the junction measures about one mile in breadth; though a distance of twenty-five miles is given into the interior valleys, for the purposes of navigation. The Strait of Carquines contains water about fifty feet deep. The country about the Suisoon Bay, as well as the valleys of which mention has been made, is very fertile, and covered with large fields of wild oats. The port and town of San Francisco is thus situated in a rich and lovely spot, and the neighboring country watered by the San Joaquin and Sacramento, affords to it the means of wealth and prosperity.

With privileges so numerous, with enticements so powerful, and with blessings so inviting, the people of this place are poor and dependent. Here water-communications can be made with comparative ease and security, but the natives are willing to borrow from their neighbors even boats to sail about their own wharves; and never, unless the weather is very calm, do they venture on excursions to sea.

But a brighter day has dawned upon Alta California. When I was in that country, the emigrants who had left me upon my journey through the great prairie wilderness to Oregon, to settle in California, had arrived; and around them was springing up the busy mart of business. American enterprise was beginning to awaken a new era in California. Before the hand

of the hardy western pioneer, houses were being built, and schools established. While a few whom I esteemed, and with whom I had shared a part of the toils of a wearisome journey through the wilderness, had arrived in California, and were gathering around them the comforts and blessings of home, the tocsin of war was sounded. This has proved one of the most glorious events, of a political and religious nature, that have ever happened to this part of the western world. Before the opening of the late war, the commerce was reduced to a few vessels, which would come for the purpose of getting tallow and hides, which were exported to the United States, Great Britain, and some of the South American states. The repeal of their former laws; the substitution of an American for the previous population; and the great facilities offered to enterprising individuals, had begun, when I was there, to work their wonderful and cheering effects upon business.

Onerous laws, strict prohibitions, and heavy duties were not the only things which injured trade. The destruction of the missionary stations also had a very powerful influence. The trade of the bay was in the hands of foreigners, even before its annexation to the United States, on account of their greater capital and energy. But those who traded here became frequently identified with the natives in their interests, by marrying among them, and by embracing their religion.

Among the missionaries large numbers of sheep were raised; wool was made into cloth; wheat was cultivated; beef was put up for private use, and exported in large quantities; and many other articles, requiring some degree of labor, were to be found among them. But now sheep are scarcely to be obtained for public

use; wool is not manufactured to any great extent. In all probability the sheep once there have died out, because of a desire among the people for horned cattle. Beef can not be found cured in sufficient quantities for general and common use. Wines of the finest quality were once obtained at the Missions, but now very little of an extra quality is to be had.

Prior to the Americans occupying the country, the chief articles of import were wines, teas, brandies, cotton cloths, silks, etc. Since the above event, many other articles have been added to this list. Articles of exportation are chiefly hides and tallow, together with some fur, including beaver and sea-otter skins. The value of exports is estimated at about $400,000. The price of hides is about two dollars apiece, while tallow is about $1 50 an arroba (twenty-five pounds); beaver skins are obtained to the amount of several thousands; sea-otter skins to the amount of a few hundreds; the former valued at two dollars apiece, and the latter at thirty dollars. Elk and deer skins are sold in some numbers from fifty cents to a dollar apiece. Grains grow in great abundance. The wheat of this country has been exported in large quantities, and at one time was bought for fifty cents a bushel; but lately it has been much dearer, bringing from two to three dollars a bushel, and much wheat and flour have been imported from Oregon. The products are valued at about one million of dollars.

While in California I sought to obtain such statistical information as I believed would be useful and interesting. Upon my applying to the editor of the "California Star," for information, he politely furnished me with one of his papers, containing an article, upon the

subject of the statistics of San Francisco. I beg leave to insert in this place the greater portion of this article:—

"The town of San Francisco (*Yerba Buena*), is situated on the west side of the great bay of the same name, and on the northern point of the peninsula, which lies between the southern portion of the bay and the Pacific Ocean. It is about four miles from the narrows or straits, by which you enter the bay from the sea. The immediate site of the present town is an indentation or cove in the western shore of the bay, directly in front of which, and at the distance of about two miles, lies a large island, called *Yerba Buena* Island. From the water's edge the land rises gradually for more than a half mile to the west and southwest, until it terminates in a range of hills of five hundred feet in height, at the back of the town. To the north of the town is an immense bluff (or rather, three in one), more than five hundred feet high, which comes down to the water's edge with precipitous sides of from twenty to one hundred feet in height. In front of this bluff is the best anchorage ground, the bottom being good, and the high land protecting shipping from the full blast of the westerly winds which prevail so constantly during the summer season. Between this bluff and the hills above mentioned there is a small and nearly level valley which connects with a smaller cove about a mile nearer the ocean. The bluff forms the northwestern boundary of the cove, and the eastern boundary is another bluff, called the Rincon, but of only about fifty feet in height. To the south and southwest of this last mentioned point, there is a succession of low sand hills, covered with a dense growth of shrubby trees peculiar to the country.

"The town plot, as recently laid out and surveyed, fronts upon the cove, taking in the high bluff before mentioned, and the Rincon, and extending about three-quarters of a mile from north to south, and two miles from east to west, thus embracing about one and a half square miles. From the water the streets run to the top of the range of hills in the rear of the town, and these streets are crossed at right angles by others running parallel to the water. The squares thus formed are divided into lots which are of three different sizes, viz.—

"1. *Beach and water lots.*—The lots comprised in this designation are those situated between high and low water mark. They are sixteen and a half varas* in width of front, and fifty varas deep. These lots were surveyed and offered for sale at public action by order of General Kearny, when he was governor of the Territory. There are about four hundred and fifty of them, of which about two hundred were disposed of at the sale in July. They brought prices ranging from fifty dollars to six hundred dollars. One quarter of the purchase money was required to be paid at the time of sale, a second quarter in six months thereafter, a third quarter in six months more, and the fourth and last in six months more—the unpaid balance bearing ten per cent. interest from the date of the sale. About four-fifths of these lots are entirely under water at flood tide, and will, therefore, require much improvement before they can yield a revenue to the holders; still, they are beyond question the most valuable property in the town.

* A *vara* is a Spanish yard; i. e., about 33⅓ inches, English measure.

"2. *Fity vara lots.*—The principal part of the town is laid out in lots of this class. They are fifty varas depth and front, and six of them make a square. There are now surveyed about seven hundred of this description, of which number four hundred, or, perhaps, four hundred and fifty, have been sold. These lots are sold at private sale by the Alcalde at a fixed price for each. The price established by law is $12 for the lot, to which is to be added the office fees for deed and recording, $3 62½, making, in all, $15 62½. The conditions of sale are, that the purchaser shall fence the lot and build a house upon it within one year from the day of purchase. If he fail to do this, the lot and improvements revert to the town.

"3. *One hundred vara lots.*—The eastern portion of the town is laid out in lots one hundred varas square. This is the largest class, and embraces that part of the town plot which will probably be the last to be improved by purchasers. There are about one hundred and thirty lots of this size, and probably sixty of these are still unsold. These are also disposed of by the Alcalde at private sale, at $25 per lot. The cost of deed and recording is $3 62½, making the whole cost of one of these lots $28 62½. The conditions of sale are the same as for the fifty vara lots. The sales of both classes are made only for cash, which must be paid at the time of purchase.

"The proceeds of the sales of all these lots go into the town treasury, to assist in defraying the necessary municipal expenses. Thus far they have been found more than sufficient for this purpose; and these receipts will probably preclude the necessity for taxation for a short time to come.

"The streets in the oldest part of the town are only about sixty feet in width. Those in the more recent surveys are seventy-five and eighty, with one broad avenue one hundred and ten feet wide. It is a source of regret that any street should have been less than eighty feet in width.

"There was originally a municipal regulation under which the fifty and hundred vara lots were sold, which prohibited any man from purchasing more than one lot. Notwithstanding the object of this regulation was clearly manifest, some few speculators managed, by buying in other men's names, to get quite a number of lots each into their possession, with the avowed intention of holding them at such prices as would enable them to reap a fortune. Such proceedings are certainly detrimental to the interests of the community, however much they may advance individuals; and it is deeply to be regretted that the provisions of so wise and beneficent a regulation should thus be defeated. Since the greater portion of the centrally located lots in the plot have been sold, this regulation has been annulled by the Alcalde and town council. It is certainly a matter of doubt, whether such a proceeding will have a beneficial tendency.

"In connection with the preceding remarks, permit me to lay before your readers some statistics relative to the number and character of the population who compose the now village, but eventual city, of San Francisco. They were collected in the latter part of June, 1847, during short intervals of leisure from public duties; but from various and unavoidable causes their classification and publication has been delayed until the present time.

"The following Table shows the total number of inhabitants, the sex and age of the whites, and the sex of the Indians, Sandwich Islanders, and Negroes, viz.—

| Population. | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Whites under 5 years of age . . . . | 28 | 23 | 51 |
| " over 5 and under 10 . . . | 18 | 14 | 32 |
| " " 10 " 15 . . . | 10 | 14 | 24 |
| " " 15 " 20 . . . | 11 | 11 | 22 |
| " " 20 " 25 . . . | 29 | 15 | 44 |
| " " 25 " 30 . . . | 54 | 19 | 73 |
| " " 30 " 40 . . . | 61 | 19 | 80 |
| " " 40 " 50 . . . | 20 | 10 | 30 |
| " " 50 " 60 . . . | 12 | 3 | 15 |
| " " 60 " 70 . . . | 2 | | 2 |
| " " 70 " 80 . . . | 2 | | 2 |
| Total whites . . . . . | 247 | 128 | 375 |
| Indians (of different ages) . . . . . | 26 | 8 | 34 |
| Sandwich Islanders (of different ages) | 39 | 1 | 40 |
| Negroes (of different ages) . . . . | 9 | 1 | 10 |
| Total . . . . . | 321 | 138 | 459 |

"I have no very satisfactory means of judging of the increase of population within the year last past, but the facts I possess render it certain that the increase has been at least one hundred per cent. Of course, the whole of this increase was by immigration.

"To form a correct idea of the energy, enterprise, and capability of the white inhabitants, the reader should not fail to note that thirteen-fifteenths, or more than four-fifths, of the white population are less than forty years of age, and more than one half are between the ages of twenty and forty. It will also be perceived by a glance at the table, that the number of the white males and females are nearly the same under the age

of twenty, while above that age the males are nearly as three to one.

"To give a clearer view of the *composition* of the white population, the succeeding statement of the places of birth is given:—Born in Canada, 5; California, 38; other Mexican departments, 2; Chili, 2; Denmark, 1; England, 22; France, 3; Germany, 27; Ireland, 14; Malta, 1; New Holland, 1; New Zealand, 1; Peru, 1; Poland, 1; Russia, 1; Sandwich Islands, 1; Scotland, 14; Sweden, 1; Switzerland, 6; the United States, 228; West Indies, 1; at sea, 4.

"Of the number stated above, as born in California, eight are children of emigrant parents. The others are Californians proper, and they, with two others born in other departments of Mexico (in all thirty-two), constitute the entire Mexican population. Of the whole number (a fact that will at once strike the reader), three-fifths are from the United States. Not only is this true, but probably at least another fifth, including Scotch, Irish, and German emigrants, have reached this country, after residing for a time in the United States.

"The educational memoranda, which have been collected, give these results:—Number who can read and write, 273; can read, but not write, 13; can not read or write, 89.

"From this it appears that the number who can not read or write bears a very near relation to the number of inhabitants under ten years of age. A fact not to be wondered at, when we reflect that there is but one school teacher in the place, and that the town has as yet failed to erect a building suitable for the purposes of education.

"The occupations or professions of the white males are as follows:—Minister, 1; doctors, 3; lawyers, 3; surveyors, 2; school teacher, 1: agriculturists, 11; bakers, 7; blacksmiths, 6; brewer, 1; brickmakers, 6; butchers, 7; cabinet-makers, 2; carpenters, 26; cigar maker, 1; clerks, 13; coopers, 3; gardener, 1; grocers, 5; gunsmiths, two; hotel keepers, 3; laborers, 20; masons, 4; merchants, 11; miners, 1; morocco case maker, 1; navigators (inland), 6; ditto (ocean), 1; painter, 1; printers, 6; saddler, 1; shoe makers, 4; silversmith, 1; tailors, 4; tanners, 2; watchmaker, 1; weaver, 1.

"The Indians, Sandwich Islanders, and negroes, who compose nearly one-fifth of the whole population of the town, are mostly employed as servants and porters. Some of the Indians are very expert in the manufacture of sun-dried bricks (*adobes*), and in the erection of houses from them. The Sandwich Islanders are mostly employed as boatmen in navigating the bay, and they are said to be very servicable in the business. Some few of the Sandwich Islanders read, and two or three can both read and write their own language. Occasionally there will an Indian be found, who had been taught, during the existence of the missions, to read; but such instances are rare. They are, for the most part, an idle, intemperate race, laboring only to procure the means of gratifying their passion for rum and *monte*. Some of the Indians are considered by persons having them, as their property; and I am told, though I have never known of such a case, that there have been instances of the sale and transfer of them from one person to another. As there is no necessity for such an institution as slavery in this country, and

as most of the immigrants who come here are educated to respect every human being's rights, there can be no doubt that such practices, if they ever did exist, will soon become obsolete. The few negroes who reside here are from the United States, and are as intelligent as is usual among the free negroes of the north.

"An attempt was made, in collecting the foregoing information, to ascertain the amount of capital invested in the various pursuits and occupations. The results obtained were so meager, that it is not deemed of importance to lay them before the public. The truth is, the most of the capital possessed by the great majority of the inhabitants has been employed in purchasing lots, and improving them by the erection of fences and buildings. There is, though, a large amount of money employed in mercantile pursuits, and many small sums in other occupations. That the public may be enabled to form some conclusions on this subject, the following statement of the number of offices and places of business is submitted, viz.—

"Apothecary's shop, 1; bakeries, 3; blacksmiths' shops, 2; butchers' shops, 3; cabinet maker's shop, 1; carpenters' shops, 2; cigar maker's shop, 1; coopers' shops, 2; groceries, 7; gunsmith's shop, 1; hotels, 2; mill (horse power), 1; mill (wind), 1; printing offices, 2; shoemaker's shop, 1; stores, 8; tailors' shops, 2; watchmaker's shop, 1.

"During the year elapsed previous to the 30th of June, 1847, there were built in the town *thirty houses.* Most of these structures are, indeed, but poor affairs, yet they constitute an important item, when taken as an index of the enterprise and improvement which the town exhibits. Since June, and up to the present time

(two months), there have been built, or are in process of erection, at least *twenty* houses. There can be no better evidence of the rapid improvement of the place than this single fact.

"In conclusion, I can not suppress a desire to say, that San Francisco is destined to become the great commercial emporium of the North Pacific coast. With the advantages of so fine a harbor, and the enterprise of so hardy and intelligent a race of pioneers, it can scarcely be otherwise. Notwithstanding these conclusions are so obvious, I have heard it asserted, that Monterey is destined to outstrip it. That Monterey can never surpass San Francisco, I think the following view will clearly establish :—1. San Francisco has a safer and more commodious harbor than Monterey. 2. The waters of the bay afford an easy method of communication, and a facile means of transportation, between the town and the hundred lateral valleys which surround the bay, and which are destined soon to become granaries and hives of plenty. 3. It also has a ready means of communication, by water, with the rich and large valleys of the San Joaquin, the Sacramento, and the American Fork, as all of these rivers are tributaries to the bay. So far as my information goes, Monterey, although it has a fine country at its back, has none of the facilities for reaching and transporting the products of that country, which San Francisco possesses in regard to the country which surrounds it. This, it seems to me, allowing all other things to be equal, would give to San Francisco an insuperable advantage.

## CHAPTER III.

### CALIFORNIA WEST OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

THE Sierra Nevada divides California into two great divisions. The country lying upon the west embraces ten degrees of latitude, from 32° to 42° north, and occupying the land between the peninsula of California and Oregon. From the mountains to the sea, the distance variously extends from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. The total number of square miles would thus be more than one hundred thousand. This division is a populated and settled country, with such peculiarities as render it entirely distinct from other parts of the Territory. The climate is mild and agreeable. From the same latitude upon the eastern side of the United States, no idea can be formed of the character of the soil, climate, or productions. From the Mountains of Nevada the prospect is one of alternate valleys and mountains—plains and hills—beautiful streams and well-timbered bottoms. The mountains running between the coast and the Nevada are parallel to each of them, and as they run northward, are larger and higher, until finally they become in some places entirely covered with snow. Cultivation now is vastly different from what it was in former days. We hear of this being a land of pomegranates, of oranges, of grapes, and of

various kinds of fruit—of the indigo, the banana, and the cocoanut being the products of this clime, but now the fields are covered with wild productions, and the scanty crops of the indolent farmers. The evil that has resulted from the abandonment of the missions, is seen in the general neglect that shows itself upon the land. The missions employed by persuasion, by force, or by enticements, thousands of Indians, who were made to cultivate the soil, and were, in reality, nothing more than slaves.

While in the northern part of California we have, in abundance, the products named, we have in the south, besides some of these things, tobacco and wheat cultivated to a considerable extent; and, judging from the uninterrupted dryness of the climate, after the wet season, it doubtless would be favorable to the growth of cotton. The moisture arising from a proximity with the sea, renders it highly favorable to potatoes and other vegetables. Luxuriant fields of almost every kind of fruit and grain—perpetual spring casting its greenness and life over every object, and a salubrious clime, making health a lasting blessing, and life a comfort, are the cheering and inviting advantages of California, west of the Sierra Nevada.

Although I have thus adverted to some of the striking peculiarities of this country, with its productions, I deem it proper to state, that more particular accounts of its climate, soil, productions, etc., will be given in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA enjoys a healthful and salubrious climate. Along the coast, the prevailing northwest winds during the dry season, render the climate somewhat disagreeable and cold. The country in the interior, however, is quite different from that of the coast; and, perhaps, there is not a finer climate to be found in the world than in some parts of the inland country of California. The climate of the valley of San Juan is of this character. The fertile valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, on account of their rank vegetation, are somewhat unhealthy in the months of September, October, and November, when this vegetation decomposes and fills the air with malaria. The deleterious gases that load the atmosphere at this time produce chills and fevers, but these are of such a slight nature that they are easily prevented or cured by medicine. At other seasons of the year these valleys have a fine and pleasant atmosphere, and sickness rarely occurs. The unpleasant winds that sweep over the coast, by the time they reach the interior, have become warmed, and though retaining their purity and freshness, have abated their force and violence. The climate along the coast is, in the afternoon, often cold and disagreeable to some degree, on account of

the winds, but is, nevertheless, a pleasant one on the whole. The ground is never frozen, and frost is seldom seen. Woolen clothing is worn with comfort during the most of the year. The atmosphere is also so pure that meat, even in the summer, does not become putrid.

The soil of California varies as much as the surface of the country. With the exception of some small vales among the coast range of hills, there is little soil that is well adapted to agricultural purposes. There is, however, a plentiful supply of wild oats and grass for the deer and other animals. The northern country is fit for extensive operations in agriculture, but few efforts have been directed to its cultivation. Leaving this coast range of hills, the land between the Nevada Mountains and the Pacific coast, is the most fertile part of California. It is capable of producing Indian corn, wheat, rye, and other grains, with many fruits of the tropics, and all those of temperate climates. In the valleys irrigation is not necessary for many of the grains, nor for tobacco, flax, and hemp; but Indian corn and vegetables require it. Wild mustard, oats, and clover, literally cover the country; the two latter of which grow to a great height. The valleys of the San Joaquin, Sacramento, San Juan, Nappa, and Sonama, are the garden-spots of the country. Pasturage here is also very good; but in the dry season, vegetation, notwithstanding it requires but little water, becomes injured, and the stock suffers considerably from want of food.

Cattle and horses have formed the chief products of California. The greater part of the wealth of the people consists in their live stock, which is fine and

large. The exportation of hides and tallow, average yearly not much short of one hundred and fifty thousand of the former, and two hundred thousand *arrobas* of the latter. The price of cattle per head will average about five dollars. Horses and mules are numerous; the horses are smaller than the American horses, but for a short journey endure more, and are more fleet. The price of horses fluctuates very much, on account of the immigration into the country; but before there was much immigration, good horses varied in value from ten to twenty-five dollars.

The salmon-fishery is capable of being made a profitable business, if it is attended to. But while this is capable of being made a source of so considerable profit, the people have never engaged in the business to any extent.

The vegetable productions of California embrace nearly all the grains and vegetables of the United States, and nearly all the fruits of the temperate and tropical climates. The grain crops consist of wheat, oats, corn, and other small grains. Potatoes, beans, and pease yield well. The vegetables are beginning to be cultivated extensively; and supplies of the articles just mentioned may be had in abundance, and of the finest kind. The soil is well adapted for the raising of grapes, and every year the labor and attention of the people increase in their cultivation. Rice, cotton and sugar can not be profitably cultivated here, though some persons have expressed an opposite opinion.

Agriculture is in the rudest state. The utensils of farming are the same as those used when Mexico was invaded and conquered by Cortez, three hundred years ago. The plow is made of a prong of a tree, or a

crooked piece of timber, four to six inches square, somewhat in shape like our plows; and while to an American they would be deemed useless, they are believed to answer the purpose in this country very well. The ground is loosened three or four inches in depth, and in a rich soil, and on even land, produces large crops. They are drawn by oxen, and are adapted to the use of the Indian, who easily learns how to use them. The introduction of American farming implements will form a new era in agriculture in California.*

The only trouble the people of California have in raising their cattle is to brand them annually with the peculiar mark of each owner. The cattle pasture in common. The want of fences in the country gives them a large field for roaming, and yearly, when the young are to be branded, they are driven into a pen into which all the owners go at the same time, each owner closely observing his neighbor, to prevent his own rights of property from being invaded. The cattle after being branded are again let out to their pastures. The persons who have composed the company engaged in marking the cattle, wind up the labor of the day by a grand feast, accompanied with various amusements. It is not, however, always the case that the owners of the cattle wait until branding time arrives before they take notice of the stock. Sometimes they drive them up to their pens, or, as they are called,

* The discovery of the Gold Mines having transpired subsequently to the date of the author's visit, for the sake of greater completeness, it has been deemed expedient by the publishers to embody in the form of an appendix, a condensed view of all that has been ascertained upon the subject, based upon reliable authorities.

*kraal*, to prevent them from becoming too wild, and also to notice whether some have not been stolen. Stealing, by means of a running noose, is frequently practiced, and even some who are reputed honest in other respects, sometimes appropriate the cattle of their neighbors. The brand is the only means of distinguishing to whom the cattle belong. In law they can be claimed by the persons whose brand they bear. On this account those who steal them are always particular to remove the brand, if possible. In selling them, another brand must be put upon them, or else the buyer's title is not a good one. The wealth of a Californian can very accurately be known by estimating the value of his stock. The income of an individual from his cattle, if he has a very large stock, is great. An animal generally can be sold for five dollars, the hide bringing two dollars, the tallow three, and the flesh usually nothing. Without injury to the stock by a diminution in numbers so great as to effect a decrease of the average number at the time they are let out to pasture, about one-fourth can be killed yearly.

While in California, I was informed that Gen. Don Guadaloupe Vallejo of Sonama owned one thousand horses that were broken to the saddle and bridle; nine thousand that were not broken; and twenty thousand head of cattle. Another gentleman, I was informed, owned eight thousand head of cattle, and according to the above rates, his income from them must be about $10,000. The income at the missions must have been very large. Horses when broken are worth sometimes as much as one hundred dollars, while a wild horse can be had for a very small sum, or for the trou-

ble of getting him. So numerous are horses that at one time some were driven away and others slaughtered, because of their encroachments upon the feeding places of the other stock.

Lassoing cattle is exciting and interesting, besides being attended with considerable danger. Sometimes horses are lassoed while in a pen or *krall*, and sometimes in the open fields. The manner of taking them is the same in both places. A noose is coiled up in the hands, and at a favorable opportunity is directed to the horse that the individual desires to take. When caught, the horse exhibits the utmost fury, plunging and rearing until thrown down. The lasso, when he is down, is loosened, and the steed, being somewhat recovered in strength, makes many futile endeavors to release itself from the rope. After several fruitless efforts of this sort, the animal is finally overcome, and rendered manageable.

The grasses of this country are of many varieties; are more abundant than those upon the Atlantic coast, and possess more nutriment. The different species are all heavily seeded. The grasses are so numerous, and grow so profusely, that in the rainy season they cover the whole land. They are as nutritious as the grains used for sustaining and fattening the cattle; making it useless to raise grain for their food. The seeds of the clover and other grasses are so large that they are easily taken up by the cattle, when scattered upon the ground.

Some idea may be formed of the extent and character of the natural pastures of the country, from the fact that in 1831 the number of horned cattle was estimated at not less than 500,000; the number of sheep, goats,

and pigs, 321,000; and the number of horses, asses, mules, etc., 64,000. I have no data upon which to base an opinion as to the present number of sheep, goats, pigs, horses, asses, mules, etc.; but the present number of horned cattle, it is believed by competent judges, will not fall short of one million.

California is rich in its botany and flora. During the months of May and June the greatest number of flowers appear. There are many medicinal plants. One of these plants is the *canchalagua*, which is considered by the inhabitants as an antidote for all the diseases to which they are subject. It is especially useful in fevers and agues; and for cleansing and regulating the system, is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any other medicine. In the flowering season, its blossoms make a beautiful display. There is another plant called the *amóle* or soap-plant, that is very useful in washing linen; its saponaceous part, which is the root, bears a likeness to the onion, and cleanses linen as well as the best manufactured soap. I found also this plant when upon my journey into Oregon, imme diately before entering the Umpqua Mountains. The botanists will have hereafter a large and interesting field for investigation, in the botany and flora of this country.

The water-power in California is not very extensive, but is sufficient for milling purposes. There is a great scarcity of timber in most places, except where access is difficult. The timber that can be had on the Nevada Mountains, can not now be obtained, on account of the difficulty of getting to it. The evergreen oak is wholly unfit for any other use than that of fuel. The pine and fir that can be had along the coast, and in the

valleys between the hills, are fit for lumber, and will not be exhausted for a long time.

The quantity of game in California is almost incredible. While the elk may be said to be the most numerous, there are many bears, wolves, wild horses, black-tailed deer, foxes, minx, lynx, muskrats, hares, badgers, antelopes, otters, cayotes, squirrels, Rocky Mountain sheep, and beavers. It is the opinion of Dr. Marsh, an intelligent gentleman, residing in the country, that there is only one species of the grisly bear. In addition to the black bear of the United States, found also in Mexico, Dr. Pickering is said to have seen still another species, the coat of which, in summer, bears some resemblance to the yellow bear that is found in Oregon. The young, unlike the grisly bear, is without horny claws. Its skin is made into quivers by the savages. The grisly bear has a skin sometimes as large as that of an ox; it will sometimes attack and devour the savages. It is very strong. The wolf is said to be like that found in Oregon, while others affirm that it is the same as the prairie-wolf of the upper Mississippi. The foxes are the same as the gray foxes of the United States, and have the habit, when pursued, of climbing trees. The wild fowls are very abundant. The skins of the large animals are exported in considerable quantities.

Birds are very numerous, but of only few varieties. Aquatic birds, such as wild geese, ducks, and swans, line the bays and indentations on the coast, and the rivers and lakes in the interior. Immense numbers of eggs are obtained from the islands of San Francisco Bay; the soil of these islands is whitened with the guano of the birds. Partridges and pheasants are

numerous in the mountains. There are not many small birds.

The Indians of California are generally of small stature, robust appearance, and not well formed. They wear their hair short, and it is usually thicker than that of the savages living north of them; they also wear whiskers. The women wear the *maro*, and the men go naked. Tattooing is practiced upon the breast to some extent. In some instances their ears are bored, and pieces of bone or wood worn in the openings.

Their arms are the same as those used by the northern tribes. Their bows and arrows are about three feet in length, and are made of yew and encased with sinew. The arrows are pointed with flint, as are also their spears which are very short. They do not use the tomahawk or scalping knife.

An Indian village or *rancheria* usually contains only about five or six wigwams. These huts are constructed by first digging a round hole in the ground, from ten to twenty feet in width, and three or four feet in depth; over this are placed sticks, worked together; these are covered over with grass and reeds; the whole being then overlaid with earth. There is only one entrance to the hut, and this is so small as to make it necessary to creep in order to get admittance. The opening at the top serves as the chimney. The roofs are strong enough to sustain the weight of two or three men, and usually the savages sit upon them. Their *tamascals* or sweat-houses are built in the same manner, with the exception that they are larger and have several entrances. From the great quantity of muscle-shells and acorns that lie around their huts, it would appear that these are their principal food. The

huts are shaded by erecting large branches of trees near them. Their furniture consists principally of water-proof baskets and rush mats.

At the usual seasons the Indians take fish in considerable numbers. Their fish-weirs are made with some degree of skill. They drive stakes, inclining down the stream, into the bed, having three apertures, conducting to square pens above: the natives stand upon a platform, constructed over the entrances to the pens, where they catch the fish. A fire is sometimes kindled upon the platforms for the purpose of attracting the fish.

In the days of the missions the Indians were either by persuasion, force, or presents, brought into their fold. The understanding, or rather the rule, was, that they should become Christians, and for such a valuable blessing, they were required to give in exchange ten years of labor. At the expiration of the ten years of service, they were to receive their liberty, together with a few head of cattle, and a small piece of land, that they might follow agricultural pursuits. But these were only given when they could give bonds for their good conduct. It did not often occur that security could be given; and the savages, habituated, from so long a service, to the labor of the missions, generally remained at their old employments. Their duties were varied. Some worked upon the farm; others took care of the stock; some learned and worked at mechanical employments; and others were hired out to the service of the whites. Punishment was administered for bad behavior, and rewards were given to those who behaved well. They were prompted, on account of the inducements offered, to bring into the missions those who would become proselytes. The

priests also dispatched agents, whose duty it was to recruit the missions, by enticing the savages into the fold, for the purpose of christianizing and civilizing them. The priests had caused them to believe that they were to be participants in the benefits accruing from the sale of the articles that were taken to the market from the missions. The laborers, who naturally were opposed to labor, soon became industrious and active, when they believed that they would receive in return the proceeds of their toil. Each of the missions constituted a distinct community, and had its own officers. Under the government of the Spanish padres, the missions appeared to be conducted under regulations which, considered with reference to the pecuniary interests of the priests, were good. But, in 1835, the Supreme Government issued orders, annulling the jurisdiction of the priests, and giving them only their religious powers, with a small compensation; at the same time sending to every mission its administradors. The corruption and wickedness that finally manifested themselves made the hitherto profitable labor of the Indians entirely profitless to them, while it increased the riches of the administradors. But a short time wrought such a change, that the missions were not able to support even their proselytes; and the revolution that occurred in 1836, increased the evils of these establishments, by turning loose thousands of disciples, who were compelled to procure subsistence in the best manner they could. The government claimed entire possession of the property, and did not heed the claims of the Indians. Many of them have allied themselves with the wild savages, and, smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong, they use the experience they ob-

tained at the missions for destroying the peace, comfort, and even life, of the white inhabitants. Retaliation was, of course, adopted by the whites. The most cruel measures were taken by both sides to avenge their wrongs. The inhabitants, when aroused, pursue them with the greatest eagerness, and have, at such a time, no regard for sex or condition, the innocent or the guilty.

Under such circumstances, the Indians and whites lived in a belligerent state. The savages stole the horses of the whites, sometimes with the utmost boldness. The Californians, on the other hand, treated them like brutes; and the savages forfeited their lives when caught stealing. Indeed, they were shot down when not violating the laws or disturbing the peace of the country, as pests to society, and enemies to the general welfare of the government.

Their great antipathy is against the Spaniards. The character of these Indians is not fierce. The wrongs, which they endured under the rule of wicked priests, unprincipled administradors, and a corrupt government, have exasperated their feelings. It is said that they are friendly to other citizens than the Mexican-Californians. The knowledge they have obtained from their connection with the missions would, doubtless, enable them, in a well-directed effort, if it were not for the Americans and English, to drive the Mexican-Californians from the country, or, at least, to confine them to their towns.

The largest number of Indians reside in the Sacramento Valley. The present population is from eight to nine thousand. The small-pox has been very fatal to the various tribes, and at present they are only about half as numerous as before the ravages of this disease.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JOURNEY OF A PARTY OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS, IN 1846, FROM FORT BRIDGER TO THE SINKS OF OGDEN'S RIVER.

UPON my arrival at the town of San Francisco, I had the pleasure of receiving the friendly salutations and cordial greetings of many who had been my traveling companions in 1846. We had all commenced our journey together from the Wokaruska creek, west of the frontier settlements of Missouri, with my valued friend Col. Russell for our leader. In the divisions and subdivisions of the company which subsequently occurred, at the times and places noted in my journal, we were separated. Our respective companies, however, often traveled near to each other, and not unfrequently we encamped at the same grass and water. The reader, by turning back to my journal entries, under dates of July 21 and 22, 1846, will see that these California emigrants, at that time, determined upon following Lansford W. Hastings, upon a "cut-off" into California. This man had left California, and proceeded as far as the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, and encamped at a place where the Sweet Water breaks through a cañon, at the point where the emigrants leave that river to enter the South Pass. He had come out for the purpose of inducing the emigrants to follow him through a "cut-off" into California. After meeting some of the advanced companies,

and sending forward a messenger with a letter to those in the rear, informing them that he had explored a new and much better road into California than the old one, he returned to Fort Bridger, where he stated that he would remain until the California and Oregon emigrants should come up, when he would give a more particular description of his "cut-off."

The emigrants having all in time arrived at that place, Hastings assured them in the most solemn manner that the road over which he proposed to conduct them, was much nearer and better than the one via Fort Hall. He stated that there was an abundant supply of wood, water, and grass upon the whole line of the road, except one dry drive of thirty-five miles, or of forty at most; that they would have no difficult cañons to pass, and that the road was generally smooth, level, and hard.

Upon meeting in California many of those who survived the dangers of that disastrous cut-off, some of them expressed a wish that I would embody the facts, and publish them to the world in connection with my own journal, as constituting an important part of the history of the journey of the emigration of that year to the Pacific coast.

The notes from which I write the history of the journey of that party, after our final separation at Sandy, were written in the presence of Mr. Clarke of San Francisco, as the facts were verbally communicated to me by survivors.

It is proper to state, likewise, that such was the character of many of the shocking and heart-sickening scenes of the journey, that the emigrants had at first determined that they would, as far as practicable, keep

these occurrences from the gaze of the world. But those who went from the settlements of California to the relief of the emigrants, at the Mountain Camp, necessarily obtained a knowledge of many facts. These were published, on their return, in the California Star, and also others that were materially erroneous. The latter class of newspaper notices, together with a multitude of floating rumors, finally led to the opinion that a circumstantial and plain narrative of the events referred to should be given to the world.

The California Company, after parting, on the 22d August, 1840, at Sandy, from the company in which I traveled, proceeded on their road to Bridger's trading post, where they arrived July 25th. They left that place on the 28th, buoyant with hope, and filled with pleasing expectations of a speedy and happy termination of the toils and fatigues of travel. They continued traveling, without any circumstance of especial importance occurring, until August 3d, at which time a letter from Lansford W. Hastings was found by them, at the first crossing of Weber river, placed in the split of a stick, in such a situation as to call their attention to it. In this letter they were informed that the road down Weber river, over which the sixty-six wagons led by Lansford W. Hastings had passed, had been found to be a very bad one, and expressing fears that their sixty-six wagons could not be gotten through the cañon leading into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, then in sight; and advising them to remain in camp until he could return to them, for the purpose of showing them a better road than that through the cañon of Weber river which here breaks through the mountains. The company, piloted by Hastings, did with great difficulty

succeed in passing. In this letter, Hastings had indicated another road which he affirmed was much better; and by pursuing which they would avoid the cañon. Messrs. Reed, Stanton, and Pike then went forward, for the purpose of exploring the contemplated new route. In eight days, Mr. Reed returned, reporting the practicability of the way, and that Messrs. Stanton and Pike were lost. These eight days thus spent materially contributed in bringing upon them the disasters which ensued. Upon receiving this report, they dispatched a party in search of Messrs. Stanton and Pike, and resumed their journey.

The company at that time consisted of the following persons:—J. F. Reed, wife, and four children; George Donner, wife, and five children; Jacob Donner, wife, and seven children; Patrick Brinn, wife and seven children; William Pike, wife and two children; William Foster, wife, and one child; Lewis Kiesburg, wife, and one child; Mrs. Murphy, a widow woman, and five children; William McCutcheon, wife, and one child; W. H. Eddy, wife, and two children; Noah James; Patrick Dolan; Samuel Shoemaker; John Denton; C. F. Stanton; Milton Elliot; —— Smith; —— Hardcoop; Joseph Rianhard; Augustus Spitzer; John Baptiste; —— Antoine; —— Herring; —— Hallerin; Charles Burger; and Baylis Williams.

On the second day after resuming their journey they came to a grove of willows and quaking asp, through which their way led. Here they were compelled to open a road, which occupied one day. They again continued their journey, and passing over some very difficult bluffs, entered a hollow leading into the Utah River valley, and through which they were under the

necessity of cutting eight miles of very thick timber and close-tangled underbrush. This difficult labor occupied eight days. On the sixth day of their being thus employed, Mr. W. Graves, wife, and eight children, and his son-in-law Jay Fosdick and wife, and John Snyder, came up with them. On the ninth day they left their encampment, and traveled into an opening which they supposed led out into the Utah River valley. Here Messrs. Stanton and Pike, who had been lost from the time Mr. Reed had gone forward with them to explore, were found by the party they had sent to hunt for them. These men reported the impracticability of passing down the valley in which they then were; and they advised their companions to pass over a low range of hills into a neighboring valley. This they did. Here they worked five days in cutting through the timber. On the seventh day they came out of the timber into a prairie, which led down to a cañon opening into the valley of the Utah. The cañon being impracticable as a wagon way, they doubled teams and got their wagons to the top of the hill, from which there was a gradual descent into the valley. They encamped in this; and resuming their journey on the next morning, struck the trail of the company in advance, at the crossing of the river which flows from the Utah Lake into the Great Salt Lake. They were thus occupied thirty days in traveling forty miles.

On September 3d, they again resumed their journey, pursuing their way around the south side of the Salt Lake, and along the trail of the company in advance.

The valley of the Utah river is about thirty-five

miles long. One of the emigrants expressed to me the opinion, that as a happy abode for man, it surpassed in beauty, fertility, and every thing that can render a spot of earth desirable, any country that he had seen or expected to see. It is well supplied with streams of clear water, filled with salmon-trout. The atmosphere is remarkably pure and healthful, and the whole face of the country is covered with a heavy coat of the most nutritious grass. It is surrounded by high and rugged mountains, in the bosom of which it reposes in a calm and quiet beauty, that invites the weary and worn traveler to stay his wanderings and to enjoy, in the seclusion and loveliness of the scene, the happiness which he has sought in vain amidst the crowded marts of commerce or the fashion and dissipation of cities. The peaceful stillness and loveliness of this most interesting valley, and the happiness to which it seemed to invite, strangely contrasted with the suffering of body and the anguish of spirit which that devoted party subsequently endured.

In listening to the description of this valley, as thus substantially given to me by the emigrants, I was strongly reminded of my own emotions and feelings when, after passing over a long and cheerless waste, I suddenly emerged from sands and artemisia into a beautiful little valley of bubbling springs, and verdure, and flowers. At such a time, it has appeared far more interesting and lovely, from the striking contrast, than it would have done, had I met with it in a country of general fertility. On these occasions I have often experienced a cloud of sadness to come over my spirit, as I reflected that the leaves around me must wither, and the flowers, that modestly turned up their beauti-

ful faces to the sun, must fall silently and unobserved. The beauty of the place, the penciling of the leaves, the sparkling of the fountains, the rippling of the streams, and the whole aspect of the surrounding scenery of nature rejoicing in her beauty, yet induced within my mind saddened emotions, as I reflected how evanescent were all these varied expressions of the beautiful and the real. The interest I have thus felt in all this, was but a tribute of grief and affection, eminently befitting and proper in one whom Nature had never deserted in adversity, but had a thousand times whispered in his ear the promise of a new and better condition of being, in a world not subjected to the decree of the fell destroyer, where the fields are ever fresh and verdant, and the flowers never fade.

It is in this valley that the Mormons have made a settlement and laid out a town, about four miles above the emigrant road.

The Mormons, upon being expelled from Nauvoo, in 1846, made a large settlement at Council Bluffs, upon the Missouri river. This is designed rather for a place of outfit and preparation for the journey across the Rocky Mountains, than as a permanent settlement. A party, consisting of about three hundred and fifty, left Council Bluffs very early in the year 1847, for the purpose of exploring the Salt Lake country. In June they were followed by about fifteen hundred souls, with provisions and supplies for eighteen months. They purpose to plant and sow crops for 1848; and if the climate and soil should be found favorable to the plan of making a permanent settlement at this place, they will establish one here, for the purpose of making it a half-way or stopping place for persons traveling

from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many thousands are expected, during each succeeding year, to settle at this point.

So soon as a settlement shall be established at this place, they propose to explore the mountains, for the purpose of obtaining minerals. They also contemplate opening a new road from the Salt Lake into California. They measured the distance from the Council Bluffs to the Salt Lake, and found it to be eleven hundred miles. The distance from the Salt Lake to San Francisco, now estimated at seven hundred miles, they believe can be diminished to five hundred.

On the evening of September 3d, the emigrants encamped on the southeast side of the Great Salt Lake. On the morning of the next day, they resumed their journey, and at about 9 o'clock commenced passing round the point of a mountain which here runs down to the beach of the lake. This occupied the entire day. Here Mr. Reed broke an axletree, and they had to go a distance of fifteen miles to obtain timber to repair it. By working all night, Mr. Eddy and Samuel Shoemaker completed the repair for Mr. Reed. About 4 o'clock, P.M., Mr. Hallerin, from St. Joseph, died of consumption, in Mr. George Donner's wagon. About 8 o'clock, this wagon (which had stopped) came up, with the dead body of their fellow-traveler. He died in the exercise of a humble trust and confidence in the ability and willingness of the blessed Redeemer to save his soul. The melancholy event filled all hearts with sadness, and with feelings of solemnity, they committed his body to its silent and lonely grave in the wilderness. Nor did they seek to disguise the tears that silently coursed down many a care-worn face, as they took

their last adieu of the lost fellow-traveler. The day of the 5th was spent, with the exception of a change of camp, in committing the body of their friend to the dust. They buried him at the side of an emigrant who had died in the advance company. The deceased gave his property, some $1500, to Mr. George Donner.

On September 6th, they resumed their journey, and after dark encamped at a place to which they gave the name of the Twenty Wells. The name was suggested by the circumstance of there being at this place that number of natural wells, filled to the very surface of the earth with the purest cold water. They sounded some of them with lines of more than seventy feet, without finding bottom. They varied from six inches to nine feet in diameter. None of them overflowed; and, what is most extraordinary, the ground was dry and hard near the very edge of the water, and upon taking water out, the wells would instantly fill again.

On the morning of the 7th, they left camp; and after making a long and hard drive, encamped in a large and beautiful meadow, abundantly supplied with the very best grass. Here they found a number of wells, differing in no respect from those just mentioned. Here they found a letter from Lansford W. Hastings, informing them that it would occupy two days and nights of hard driving to reach the next water and grass. They consequently remained in camp on the 8th, to rest and recruit their cattle. Having done this, and cut grass to carry on the way, they resumed their journey at daylight on the morning of September 9th, with many apprehensions, and at about ten o'clock, A.M., of the 12th, Mr. Eddy and some others suc

ceeded, after leaving his wagons twenty miles back, in getting his team across the Great Salt Plain, to a beautiful spring at the foot of a mountain on the west side of the plain, and distant eighty miles from their camp of the 7th and 8th. On the evening of the 12th, just at dark, Mr. Reed came up to them, and informed them that his wagons and those of the Messrs. Donner had bad been left about forty miles in the rear, and that the drivers were trying to bring the cattle forward to the water. After remaining about an hour, he started back to meet the drivers with the cattle, and to get his family. Mr. Eddy accompanied him back five miles, with a bucket of water for an ox of his that had become exhausted, in consequence of thirst, and had lain down. Mr. Reed met the drivers ten miles from the spring, coming forward with the cattle. He continued on, and the drivers came into camp about midnight, having lost all of Mr. Reed's team after passing him. The Messrs. Donner got to water, with a part of their teams, at about 2 o'clock, A.M., of September 13th. Mr. Eddy started back at daylight on the morning of the 13th, and at dawn of day on the 14th, he brought up Mrs. Reed and children, and his wagon. On the afternoon of the 14th, they started back with Mr. Reed and Mr. Graves, for the wagons of the Messrs. Donner and Reed; and brought them up with horses and mules, on the evening of the 15th.

It is impossible to describe the dismay and anguish with which that perilous and exhausting drive filled the stoutest hearts. Many families were completely ruined. They were yet in a country of hostile Indians, far from all succor, betrayed by one of their own countrymen. They could not tell what was the character of the road

yet before them, since the man in whose veracity they reposed confidence, had proved himself so utterly unworthy of it. To retreat across the desert to Bridger was impossible. There was no way left to them, but to advance; and this they now regarded as perilous in the extreme. The cattle that survived were exhausted and broken down; but to remain there was to die. Feeble and dispirited, therefore, they slowly resumed their journey.

On this drive thirty-six head of working cattle were lost, and the oxen that survived were greatly injured. One of Mr. Reed's wagons was brought to camp; and two, with all they contained, were buried in the plain. George Donner lost one wagon. Kiesburg also lost a wagon. The atmosphere was so dry upon the plain, that the wood-work of all the wagons shrank to a degree that made it next to impossible to get any of them through.

The name of this place indicates its character in some respects, and I need not now detain the reader with a description of it; but I can not forbear mentioning an extraordinary optical illusion related to me by one of the emigrants. They saw themselves, their wagons, their teams, and the dogs with them, in very many places, while crossing this plain, repeated many times in all the distinctness and vividness of life. Mr. Eddy informed me that he was surprised to see twenty men all walking in the same direction in which he was traveling. They all stopped at the same time, and the motions of their bodies corresponded. At length he was astounded with the discovery that they were men whose features and dress were like his own, and that they were imitating his own motions. When he stood

still, they stood still, and when he advanced, they did so also. In short, they were living and moving images of himself, and of his actions. Subsequently he saw the caravan repeated in the same extraordinary and startling manner.

Mr. Eddy having ascended the side of the mountain that commanded a view of the plain below, saw the morning spread out upon the hills, and, at length, beheld the sun arise above the plain, and cover it with splendor and glory. The mind can not conceive, much less the tongue express, the ravishing beauty of the scene that instantly kindled into a magnificence, grandeur, and loveliness unequaled—cloud-formed masses of purple ranges, bordered with the most brilliant gold, lay piled above the eastern mountains. Peaks were seen shooting up into narrow lines of crimson drapery, and festooning of greenish orange, the whole being covered with a blue sky of singular beauty and transparency. All the colors of the prism bordered the country before him, and ten thousand hues of heavenly radiance spread and diffused themselves over it, as the sun continued to ascend. The king of day seemed to rise from his throne, and cast upon his footstool his gorgeous robes of light, sparkling with unnumbered gems. Here nature appeared to have collected all her glittering beauties together in one chosen place.

Having yoked some loose cows, as a team for Mr. Reed, they broke up their camp on the morning of September 16th, and resumed their toilsome journey, with feelings which can be appreciated by those only who have traveled the road under somewhat similar circumstances. On this day they traveled six miles, encountering a very severe snow storm. About 3

o'clock, P.M., they met Milton Elliot and William Graves, returning from a fruitless effort to find some cattle that had got off. They informed them that they were then in the immediate vicinity of a spring, at which commenced another dry drive of forty miles. They encamped for the night, and at dawn of day of September 17th, they resumed their journey, and at 4 o'clock, A.M., of the 18th they arrived at water and grass, some of their cattle having perished, and the teams which survived being in a very enfeebled condition. Here the most of the little property which Mr. Reed still had, was buried, or *cached*, together with that of others. As the term *cache* will frequently occur, I ought to remark that it is used for what is hidden. *Cacher*, the verb, is equivalent to *to conceal.* Here, Mr. Eddy, proposed putting his team to Mr. Reed's wagon, and letting Mr. Pike have his wagon, so that the three families could be taken on. This was done. They remained in camp during the day of the 18th to complete these arrangements, and to recruit their exhausted cattle.

What is the cause of the sterility and aridness of this region, and also of much of the country between the Mississippi and Middle Oregon, is a question that will never, perhaps, be fully answered. It is a remarkable fact, however, that all such districts of country are destitute of timber. And Humboldt has almost demonstrated that the streams of a country fail in proportion to the destruction of timber. If the streams fail the seasons will continue to be worse, because of their becoming each year more dry. It has been observed by the old settlers of a country, that water-courses have failed as the forests have been cleared away. Hum-

boldt, in speaking of the valley of Aragu, in Venezuela says that the lake receded as agriculture advanced, until fine plantations were established on its banks. The desolating wars that swept over the country after the separation of the province from Spain, arrested the process of clearing. The trees again grew up, with a rapidity known only to the tropics, and the waters of the lake again rose, and inundated the low plantations.

Early on the morning of Sept. 19th, the emigrants broke up their encampment, and passing over a low range of mountains, came down into the head of a most beautiful and fertile valley, well supplied with water and grass. They encamped on the west side of this valley. They gave to it the name of the Valley of the Fifty Springs, the name being suggested by that number being here found. They encamped by one of them, situated in the centre of a cone about ten feet high. The water rose to the top, but did not flow over. Many of the springs were hot, some warm, and many cool, and slightly acid. They saw hundreds of Indians, who were friendly, and seemed never before to have seen a white man. Here were great numbers of antelopes and Rocky Mountain sheep, which they had no difficulty in killing. This valley is destitute of timber, and is about fifteen miles wide.

Early on the morning of the 20th, they continued their journey, and traveling about fifteen miles down the valley in a southerly direction, encamped at night near good grass and water. They proceeded down this valley three days, making about fifty miles of travel. The valley, however, still continued to extend south, beyond the reach of their vision, and presenting the same general appearance.

On the morning of Sept. 23d, they left the valley of the Fifty Springs, and crossing over a low range of mountains, came into a valley of great beauty and fertility. Crossing this valley, which was here seven miles wide, and finding water, they again encamped. In all these valleys, there are no springs on their eastern sides. The water being uniformly found breaking out at the foot of the mountains, upon the western side.

They had been traveling in a southerly direction for many days, but on the morning of the 24th, they commenced traveling due north. This they continued to do three days, following the tracks of the wagons in advance. They then turned a little west of north, and traveled two days, so that in nine days' travel they made but about thirty miles westward.

On the night of the 28th, they encamped at the head of a cañon leading into the valley of Mary's or Ogden's river. Here they saw large bodies of Indians in a state of perfect nudity. They hovered around in the vicinity, but did not come into camp.

On the morning of the 29th, they entered the cañon, and traveling about eight miles, found, at 11 o'clock, P.M., a place sufficiently large to admit of an encampment out of the water.

On the 20th, they pursued their way down the cañon, and after traveling eight miles, came out into the valley of Mary's river, at night, and encamped on the bank of the stream, having struck the road leading from Fort Hall. Here some Indians came to camp, and informed them by signs, that they were yet distant about two hundred miles from the sinks of that river.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JOURNEY OF THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS FROM OGDEN'S RIVER TO THE EAST SIDE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

ON the morning of October 1st, they resumed their journey, and traveled along the usual route down Ogden's river, and encamped that evening at some hot springs, at the foot of a high range of hills.

On the morning of the 2d, they commenced passing over these hills. About 11 o'clock, an Indian, who spoke a little English, came to them, to whom they gave the name of Thursday, on account of their believing that to be the day; although at the time, they were inclined to believe that they had lost one day in their calculation of time. About 4 o'clock, P.M., another came to them, who also spoke a little English. He frequently used the words "jee," "who," and "huoy;" thereby showing that he had been with previous emigrants. They traveled all that day, and at dark encamped at a spring about half way down the side of the mountain. A fire broke out in the grass, soon after the camp fires had been kindled, which would have consumed three of the wagons, but for the assistance of these two Indians. The Indians were fed, and after the evening meal they lay down by one of the fires, but rose in the night, stealing a fine shirt and a yoke of oxen from Mr. Graves.

On the evening of October 5th, the emigrants again

encamped on Ogden's river, after a hard and exhausting drive. During the night the Indians stole a horse from Mr. Graves.

On the morning of October 5th, they broke up their camp, and the caravan proceeded on its way. Mr. Eddy went out hunting antelope, and spent the forenoon in this manner, being frequently shot at by the Indians. At noon he came up with the company, which had stopped to take some refreshments, at the foot of a very high and long sand-hill, covered with rocks at the top. At length they commenced ascending the hill. All the wagons had been taken up but Mr. Reed's, Mr. Pike's, and one of Mr. Graves', the latter driven by John Snyder. Milton Elliot, who was Mr. Reed's driver, took Mr. Eddy's team, which was on Mr. Reed's wagon, and joined it to Mr. Pike's team. The cattle of this team, being unruly, became entangled with that of Mr. Graves', driven by Snyder; and a quarrel ensued between him and Elliot. Snyder at length commenced quarreling with Mr. Reed, and made some threats of whipping him, which threats he seemed about to attempt executing. Mr. Reed then drew a knife, without, however, attempting to use it, and told Snyder that he did not wish to have any difficulty with him. Snyder told him that he would whip him, "any how;" and turning the butt of his whip, gave Mr. Reed a severe blow upon the head, which cut it very much. As Reed was in the act of dodging the blow, he stabbed Snyder a little below the collar-bone, cutting off the first rib, and driving the knife through the left lung. Snyder after this struck Mrs. Reed a blow upon the head, and Mr. Reed two blows upon the head, the last one bringing

him down upon his knees. Snyder expired in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Reed, although the blood was running down over his face and shoulders from his own wounds, manifested the greatest anguish of spirit, and threw the knife away from him into the river. Although Mr. Reed was thus compelled to do as he did, the occurrence produced much feeling against him; and in the evening Kiesburg proposed to hang him. To this, however, he was probably prompted by a feeling of resentment, produced by Mr. Reed having been mainly instrumental in his expulsion from one of the companies, while on the South Platte, for grossly improper conduct. Mr. Eddy had two six-shooters, two double-barreled pistols, and a rifle; Milton Elliot had one rifle, and a double-barreled shot gun; and Mr. Reed had one six-shooter, and a brace of double-barreled pistols, and rifle. Thus Mr. Reed's comrades were situated, and they determined that he should not die. Mr. Eddy, however, proposed that Mr. Reed should leave the camp. This was finally agreed to, and he accordingly left the next morning; not, however, before he had assisted in committing to the grave the body of the unhappy young man.

On the morning of October 6th, they quitted the wretched scene of mortal strife, and in the evening encamped on Ogden's river.

Leaving camp on the morning of the 7th, they proceeded on until about eleven o'clock, when they found a letter from Mr. Reed, informing them of a battle between one of the advanced companies and the Indians. On the forenoon of this day, a number of arrows were shot at Mr. Eddy and Mr. Pike, while

out hunting for game, which the reduced amount of their provisions had by this time made it necessary to seek. Upon arriving at their evening encampment, they found that Hardcoop, a Belgian, who had given out, and had been carried in Kiesburg's wagon for several days, was missing. Kiesburg professed not to know what had become of him, but suspecting that there was some wrong committed, a man was sent back upon a horse, for the old man. He was found about five miles in the rear. Hardcoop stated that Kiesburg had put him out of the wagon to perish.

On the morning of Oct. 8, they *cached* a part of Mr. Eddy's tools and clothing, and Mr. Reed's wagon, and procured a lighter wagon of Mr. Graves. At about nine o'clock they started. In about half an hour Hardcoop came to Mr. Eddy, and informed him that Kiesburg had again put him out of the wagon—that he was an old man, being more than sixty years of age, and in addition to the infirmities usually attendant upon one of his advanced years, was sick and worn down by the toils and hardships of the way; and he concluded by requesting Mr. Eddy to carry him in his wagon, as it was utterly impossible for him to travel on foot. Mr. Eddy replied that they were then in the sand, and if he could in some way get forward until they got out, he would do what he could. He told me that he shuddered at the thought of seeing him left to perish by the way; and that he knew that the picture of his bones bleaching in the wilderness would haunt his memory to the latest day of his life. Hardcoop replied that he would make an effort. The emigrants traveled on until night. As soon as they got into camp, inquiry was made for Hardcoop. Some boys who had been

driving cattle stated that they had seen him last sitting under a large bush of sage, or artemisia, exhausted and completely worn out. At this time his feet had swollen until they burst. Mr. Eddy, having the guard during the fore part of the night, built a large fire on the side of the hill, to guide Hardcoop to the camp, if it was possible for him to come up. Milton Elliot had the guard during the latter part of the night, and he kept up the fire for the same purpose. The night was very cold; but when morning dawned, the unhappy Hardcoop did not come up. Mrs. Reed, Milton Elliot, and Mr. Eddy then went to Kiesburg, and besought him to return for the old man. This, Kiesburg, in a very heartless and inhuman manner, refused to do. No other persons, excepting Patrick Brinn and Mr. Graves having horses, upon which he could be carried, they then applied to Patrick Brinn, who replied that it was impossible, and that he must perish. Application was then made to Graves, who said that he would not kill his horses to save the life of Hardcoop, and that he might die; and, in great anger, requested that he might not be troubled any more upon the subject. Milton Elliot, William Pike, and Mr. Eddy then proposed to go back on foot and carry him up, but the company refused to wait. Being in an Indian country, they were compelled to go forward with their traveling companions. They arrived at the place where Applegate's cut-off leaves the Ogden's river road, about 11 o'clock, A.M. of this day (Oct. 9); and having halted for the purpose of resting and taking a little refreshment, they again sought to induce Brinn and Graves to let them have horses to go back for the unfortunate Hardcoop: the proposal was again violent-

ly repulsed. Thus disappointed and defeated in every effort, they were, at last, under the dreadful necessity of relinquishing every hope, and of leaving their aged and exhausted fellow-traveler to die a most miserable death. He was from Antwerp, in Belgium—was a cutler by trade, and had a son and daughter in his native city. He had come to the United States for the purpose of seeing the country. He owned a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, and intended, after visiting California, to go back to Ohio, sell his farm, and return to Antwerp, for the purpose of spending with his children the evening of his days.

Proceeding from their 11 o'clock halt, they arrived at a bed of deep, loose sand about 4 o'clock, P.M., and did not succeed in crossing it until 4 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 10, when they halted upon the place where Mr. Salle, who had been killed by the Indians, had been buried. His body had been dug up by the savages, and his bones, which had been picked by wolves, were bleaching in the sun. Here they *cached* another wagon, and at this place all of Graves' horses were stolen. At 10 o'clock they drove on, and encamped at night on Ogden's river, with scarcely any grass for their cattle, the water being very bad.

On the morning of the 11th George Donner, Jacob Donner, and Wolfinger lost eighteen head of cattle. Graves, also, had a cow stolen by Indians. They encamped on the night of the 11th on a small spot of very poor grass. The water here, also, was deficient in quantity and bad in quality. Brinn had a fine mare die in the mud. He asked Mr. Eddy to help him to get her out. Mr. Eddy referred him to poor Hardcoop, and refused. Several cattle had arrows shot at

them during the night, but none of them died in consequence.

On the morning of Oct. 12, the emigrants resumed their journey. One of Mr. Eddy's oxen gave out during the day, and they left him. At 12 o'clock at night they encamped at the sinks of Ogden's river. At daylight on the morning of the 13th they drove their cattle to grass, and put them under a guard. The guard came in to breakfast, and in their absence the Indians killed twenty-one head, including the whole of Mr. Eddy's team, except one ox; and the whole of Wolfinger's, except one. Wolfinger wished to *cache* his goods at the sinks, but the company refused to wait. Rianhard and Spitzer, who were traveling with him, remained behind to assist him. Three days afterward the two former came up to the company at Truckee river, and said that the Indians came down from the hills upon them, and after killing Wolfinger, drove them from the wagons, which they burned, after taking the goods out. Wolfinger had a considerable amount of money. I was informed by Mr. Eddy that George Donner, with whom Rianhard subsequently traveled, told him that Wolfinger had not died as stated—that this fact he learned from a confession made by Rianhard a short time previous to his death; and that he would make the facts public as soon as he arrived in the settlements. Donner having perished, nothing further was ever known of the matter.

In mentioning these facts I am aware that I am anticipating some of the events of this narrative, and I will only remark that Donner, Rianhard, and Spitzer having all been subsequently starved to death, it is probable the facts will never be revealed.

MR. EDDY AND FAMILY SETTING OUT.

Here Mr. Eddy *cached* every thing he had, except the clothing which he and his family had on. On this morning they partook of their last remaining mouthful of food. The Indians were upon the adjacent hills, looking down upon them, and absolutely laughing at their calamity. The lock of Mr. Eddy's rifle had been broken some days before, and the gun left. He could not obtain one, and had he been able to do so, it would have been worse than insanity for him to have encountered the Indians alone. Dejected and sullen, he took up about three pounds of loaf sugar, put some bullets in his pocket, and stringing his powder-horn upon his shoulders, took up his boy in his arms while his afflicted Eleanor carried their still more helpless infant, and in this most miserable and forlorn plight, they set out once more on foot to make their way through the pitiless wilderness. Trackless, snow-clad mountains intercepted their progress, and seemed to present an impassable barrier to all human succor: —mountains, the passage of which, with even the accessories of emigrant wagons, and in the most pleasant season, would have been a feat of no small difficulty. Without shoes—these having been worn out by the jagged rocks—they had nothing to protect their feet but moccasins, which were also so much worn as to be of little service. Their painful and perilous way led over broken rocks, presenting acute angles, or prickly pears, which alike lacerated their feet in the most dreadful manner. Nature disputed their passage, and Heaven seemed to be offended. They struggled on, however, with their precious charge, without food or water, until 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when they arrived at a spring that jetted up a columr

of boiling hot water, about twenty feet high. It was situated in a region that had been rent into millions of fragments by volcanic fires. The desolation was such as to impress upon the mind the idea of expiring nature convulsed with the throes and agonies of the last great and terrible day, or of an angry Deity having taken vengeance upon a guilty world. Having obtained some coffee from Mrs. Donner, Mr. Eddy put it into a pot, and thus boiled it in the hot spring for the nourishment of his wife and children, refusing to partake of it himself. He told me that he should never forget the inexpressible emotions he felt on seeing them thus revive. Under such circumstances of extreme privation, how much more forcibly does the wasteful prodigality of the rich appear. Although he had suffered the loss of all he possessed, yet had it pleased Heaven to have spared him one blow, he might have still been comparatively happy. But God, who is ever wise and just in the allotments of his providence, had decreed otherwise.

About 9 o'clock the party left the Geyser Spring and traveled all that day until sunset, over a road in no respect different from that of the 13th. At this time Mr. Eddy's children were in great danger of perishing for the want of water. He applied to Patrick Brinn, who he knew had ten gallons, for a half pint to give to them. Brinn denied having any; but this Mr. Eddy knew to be untrue, for he had himself filled Brinn's cask at the sinks of Ogden's river; Brinn finally admitted that he had water, but said he did not know how far water was yet distant from them, and he feared that his own family would require it. Mr. Eddy told him, with an energy he never before felt, that he would have it or

have Brinn's life. He immediately turned away from Brinn, and went in quest of the water, and gave some to his children.

At sunset they arrived at an exceedingly difficult sand-ridge of ten miles in width. They crossed it about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the company losing three yoke of cattle that died from fatigue.

Neither Mr. Eddy nor his wife had tasted food for two days and nights, nor had the children any thing except the sugar with which he left the sinks Ogden's river. He applied to Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Brinn for a small piece of meat for his wife and children, who were very faint. They both refused. The emigrants remained in camp to rest the cattle. The Indians killed some of them during the day.

Mr. Eddy procured a gun in the morning, and started to kill some geese which he heard. In about two hours he returned with nine very fat ones. Mrs. Brinn and Mrs. Graves congratulated him, and expressed the opinion that they were very fine, and wondered what he would do with them. He invited them to help themselves, and they each took two. He gave Kiesburg one.

Oct. 16th, early in the morning, they resumed their journey, and commenced driving up Truckee river. Nothing of importance occurred until Oct. 19th, about 10 o'clock, A.M., when they met Mr. C. F. Stanton and two Indian *vaqueros* (cow-herds) of Capt. Sutter, one named Lewis, and the other Salvadore. Mr. Stanton had flour and a little dried meat, which he had procured for them. I omitted to state that on the day they broke up their encampment on the Salt Lake, they dispatched Messrs. Stanton and McCutcheon to go to

Capt. Sutter's Fort for relief. They drove on during the day, and Mr. Stanton and the *vaqueros* continued on to some of the families one day in the rear.

*October* 20.—On this day Wm. Pike was killed by the accidental discharge of a six-shooter in the hands of Wm. Foster. He died in one hour: he was shot through in the back.

On the evening of October 22d, they crossed the Truckee river, the forty-ninth and last time, in eighty miles. They encamped on the top of a hill. Here nineteen oxen were shot by an Indian, who put one arrow in each ox. The cattle did not die. Mr. Eddy caught him in the act, and fired upon him as he fled. The ball struck him between the shoulders, and came out at the breast. At the crack of the rifle he sprung up about three feet, and with a terrible yell fell down a bank into a bunch of willows.

On the morning of October 23d they resumed their journey, and continued traveling without any thing of importance occurring until October 28th at dark, when they encamped upon Truckee Lake, situated at the foot of Fremont's Pass of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada. The Pass is here 9838 feet high.

On the morning of Oct. 29th, they again continued their journey, and went on within three miles of the top of the Pass, where they found the snow about five feet deep. This compelled them to return to a cabin, which was situated one mile in advance of their camp of the previous night. Here they remained in camp during the 30th. At dark their fellow-travelers, Stanton, Graves, the Donners, and some others, came up.

On the morning of Oct. 31st the whole body again started to cross the mountain. They succeeded in

getting within three miles of the top of the Pass. The snow had deepened to about ten feet. The night was bitterly cold; the wind howled through the trees, and the snow and hail descended. Finding it utterly impossible to cross, they commenced retracing their steps on the morning of November 1st, and arrived at the cabin about 4 o'clock

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MOUNTAIN CAMP.

THEY now saw that it would be necessary to winter here. On the morning of November 2d, Mr. Eddy commenced building a cabin. When finished, the following day, he went into it, with Mrs. Murphy and family, and Wm. Foster and family, Nov. 3d. The snow at the place at which they were encamped, was about one foot deep. A single ox constituted the whole stock upon which the family were to winter.

Mr. Eddy commenced hunting on the 4th, and succeeded in killing a prairie wolf, of which supper was made in the evening for all in the cabin. On the 5th he succeeded in killing an owl, of which supper was made. The Messrs. Graves, Donner, Dolan, and Brinn commenced killing their cattle. Mr. Eddy also killed his ox. On the 6th, an ox belonging to Graves starved to death. He refused to save it for meat, but upon Mr. Eddy's applying to him for it, he would not let him have it for less than $25. This, Mr. Eddy told me, he had paid to the estate of the deceased Graves since getting into the settlement. Mr. Eddy spent the 7th in hunting, but returned at night with a sad and desponding heart, without any game. The three following days he assisted Graves in putting up a cabin for himself and family, and Mrs. Reed and her

family. The day after, they cooked some of their poor beef.

On the 12th, Mr. Eddy, C. T. Stanton, Wm. Graves, Sen., Jay Fosdick, James Smith, Charles Burger, Wm. Foster, Antoine (a Spaniard), John Baptiste, Lewis, Salvadore, Augustus Spitzer, Mary Graves, Sarah Fosdick, and Milton Elliot, being the strongest of the party, started to cross the mountains on foot. Mr. Eddy, in narrating the afflicting story, said to me, that he could never forget the parting scene between himself and family; but he hoped to get in and obtain relief, and return with the means for their rescue. They started with a small piece of beef each; but they had scarcely gone within three miles of the top of the Pass, when the snow, which was soft, and about ten feet deep, compelled them again to return to the cabins, which they reached about midnight.

Nov. 13th, Mr. Eddy succeeded in killing two ducks, but no one would let him have a gun without he gave them half he killed. The next day, very faint from want of food, he resumed his hunting, and at length came upon an enormously large grisly-bear track. Under other circumstances, he would have preferred seeing the tracks of one to seeing the animal itself. But now, weak and faint as he was, he was eager to come up with it. So fierce and powerful is this animal, and so great is its tenacity of life, that the Indians almost uniformly avoid it. Even the most daring and successful white hunters who are acquainted with its habits, usually decline shooting at it, unless they are in a position that enables them to spring up into a tree in the event of the first shot failing to bring it down. This very seldom happens, unless the shot takes effect

in the brain. Lewis and Clarke give an account of a bear killed by their party, which was not brought down until it had received five wounds, any one of which would have immediately disabled any other animal. Even then, one of their number very narrowly escaped with his life by leaping down a precipice and plunging into the river. It invariably attacks all persons whom it suddenly finds near it. If it be distant, a noise will cause it to run away; but even in this case it uniformly makes battle if wounded. With a full knowledge of its real character, and although he had heard the stories of many exciting adventures, which were not the less interesting because some of them were unreasonable, and others even impossible, yet he now was exceedingly desirous of coming up with an animal he would otherwise have been most careful to shun. He was not long in finding the object of his search. At the distance of about ninety yards he saw the bear, with its head to the ground, engaged in digging roots. The beast was in a small skirt of prairie, and Mr. Eddy, taking advantage of a large fir-tree near which he was at the moment, kept himself in concealment. Having put into his mouth the only bullet that was not in his gun, so that he might quickly reload in case of an emergency, he deliberately fired. The bear immediately reared upon its hind feet, and seeing the smoke from Mr. Eddy's gun, ran fiercely toward him, with open jaws. By the time the gun was reloaded, the bear had reached the tree, and, with a fierce growl, pursued Mr. Eddy round it, who, running swifter than the animal, came up with it in the rear, and disabled it by a shot in the shoulder, so that it was no longer able to pursue him. He then dis-

SHOOTING THE BEAR.

patched the bear by knocking it on the head with a club. Upon examination, he found that the first shot had pierced its heart. He then returned to the Mountain Camp for assistance to bring in his prize.

Graves and Eddy went out after the bear. On the way out Graves said that he believed he should perish in the mountain; that he feared that the judgment of God would come upon him, for not assisting Hardcoop up to the wagon, when Kiesburg put him out, and for driving Mr. Reed out of camp. They, however, finally contrived to get in the bear after dark. Mr. Eddy gave one half to Mr. Foster for the use of the gun. A part of it was likewise given to Mr. Graves and to Mrs. Reed. The bear weighed about 800 lbs.

Nov. 15th, Mr. Eddy killed a duck and one gray squirrel. Nothing of importance occurred between this date and the 21st, beyond the fears of starvation, and the increasing weakness of the emigrants. On this day, six women and sixteen men, including Stanton and the two Indians, made another effort to cross the mountain on foot. The morning was fine; the wind from the northwest. They crossed the pass on the crust of the snow. Mr. Eddy measured the snow here, and found it to be twenty-five feet deep. They encamped in a little valley on the west side of the mountain, in six feet snow. They experienced great difficulty in kindling a fire and in getting wood, in consequence of their extreme weakness. Here Mr. Stanton and the two Indian boys refused to go any further, in consequence of not being able to get along with seven mules belonging to Capt. Sutter. Fully aware of their peril, Mr. Eddy exhausted all his reasoning powers in a vain effort to induce them to

proceed; urging the imminent danger of their all perishing from starvation, and offering to become responsible for the mules. He knew that Capt. Sutter would rather lose the animals, than know that his fellow-beings had perished in a foolish attempt to save them: but all persuasion was in vain. He then proposed that they should compel the Indians to go forward. This was objected to; and a good deal of angry feeling was exhibited by Mr. Eddy, and those against whose plans he vainly remonstrated. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, faint and dispirited, they again commenced their return to their unhappy companions in peril. They arrived, almost exhausted, at the cabins about midnight. The previous night had been most bitterly cold; but the weather of this day was clear, and the sun shone brightly upon the snow.

The subsequent day the weather was clear, and the wind westerly. Mrs. Eddy and her children were very weak, but exhibited great courage and fortitude.

The weather on the 25th was very cloudy, and there was every appearance of another snow-storm. The previous night had been intensely cold. They proposed to make another effort the next day, if the weather would admit of it; but the snow began to descend on the afternoon of the 25th, in great flakes, and so thick that it was impossible to see beyond a few feet. This continued with greater or less violence, and with but occasional intermissions, until the 29th, when it ceased for a few hours. The wind changed from northwest to west. By this time it was three feet deep in the valley, which made it very difficult, in their feeble condition, for the emigrants to get wood. On this day Patrick Brinn sold William Foster a yoke

of oxen, taking a gold watch and some other property in security, and then killed the last ox he had. On the 30th it snowed very heavily, and there was every appearance of its continuing. It was next to impossible for any living thing without wings to get out.

*December* 1.—The snow continued to fall as when it first commenced, and upon being measured was found to be from six to six and a half feet deep. The wind blew in fearful and terrific blasts from the west. The cold was intense: the wretched sojourners were nearly naked, and almost without food: the snow had now become so deep as to make it increasingly difficult to get wood for fuel. They were completely housed up, and were cut off from all the world, and sympathies of life. The few cattle that had lived up to this time, and the horses, and Capt. Sutter's mules, were all supposed to be lost in the snow, and none now cherished the least hope of ever finding them.

The snow ceased falling on the 3d; and although the weather continued cloudy all day, the atmosphere was sufficiently warm to thaw the snow a little. They measured the snow on the 5th, and found it seven or eight feet deep. The sun shone again, clear and beautiful, causing every thing, after the long and terrific storm, to assume its wonted aspect. The cheering light once more rekindled hope in the hearts of the desolate travelers.

The morning of the 6th opened upon them fine and clear; and Messrs. Stanton and Graves spent the day in manufacturing snow-shoes, preparatory to making another effort to cross the mountains. Nothing had been heard from the mules, and all, now, at least, saw that they ought to have been killed for food, as Mr.

Eddy proposed at the camp on the 22d, after their return from the mountain. Then Graves and others objected, fearing that it might be necessary to pay for them. The morning of the 8th was fine and clear, although the previous night had been distressingly cold. They found it very difficult to obtain enough wood to cook their now nearly putrid beef, or even to keep them warm. The wind, during the day, was from the southwest.

About 11 o'clock, A.M., Dec. 9, the wind commenced blowing from the northwest, and their hearts almost died within them, as they again saw the snow beginning to descend. Mr. Stanton sought to obtain some food for himself and the two Indians, Lewis and Salvadore, but did not obtain much. Patrick Brinn, on the day before this, took Spitzer into his cabin in a state so weak from starvation, that he could not rise without help. The snow continued to fail on the 10th. On the 13th, it fell faster than on any previous day; and in a short time was eight feet on a level. The prospect became every moment more appalling. Death seemed inevitably to be awaiting them. Messrs. Eddy, Stanton, Graves, and others spent the day in preparing to make another attempt to cross the mountains. On the 14th Baylis Williams died of starvation. He was the first victim of this hapless company who thus expired, and their feelings and reflections may, perhaps, be imagined, but can not be described.

## CHAPTER X.

### JOURNEY OF A PARTY FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAMP INTO THE SETTLEMENTS OF CALIFORNIA.

ON the 16th of December, the following persons started on snow-shoes to cross the mountains:—Sarah Fosdick, Mary Graves, William Foster, Sarah Foster, C. T. Stanton, William Graves, Jay Fosdick, Wm. Murphy, Charles Burger, Harriet Pike, Lemuel Murphy, Patrick Dolan; Antoine, Lewis, Salvadore, Mrs. McCutcheon, and William Eddy.

The night previous to their departure was exceedingly cold. Their friends were in a state of extreme suffering and want. The hollow cheek, the wasted form, and the deep sunken eye of his wife, Mr. Eddy told me he should never forget. "Oh," said he, "the bitter anguish of my wrung and agonized spirit, when I turned away from her; and yet no tear would flow to relieve my suffering." The wind was from the southeast, and the weather comparatively fair and pleasant. William Murphy found it to be impossible to get along, and he finally turned back during the day. Ultimately, Charles Burger was missed, and it was supposed that he had gone back. They struggled on until night, and encamped at the head of Truckee lake, about four miles from the mountain. The day following they resumed their painful and distressing journey; and after traveling all day, encamped on the west side of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada,

about six miles from their last camp. They were without tents. The wind, on this and the previous day, was from the southeast. On the 18th they traveled five miles, and encamped. Mr. Stanton became snow-blind during the day, and fell back, but came up after they had been in camp an hour.

As several instances of snow-blindness will be mentioned in the subsequent progress of this narrative, I will here observe that it is produced by the glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue. It may be prevented, or its effects obviated, by the use of either dark green glasses or black handkerchiefs. Of these they had none.

*December* 19.—Although the wind was from the northwest, yet the snow which had fallen on the previous night, thawed a little. Mr. Stanton again fell behind, in consequence of blindness. He came up about an hour after they were encamped. The wind on the 20th was from the northeast. In the morning they resumed their journey, and guided by the sun, as they had hitherto been, they traveled until night. Mr. Stanton again fell behind. The wind next day changed to southwest, and the snow fell all day. They encamped at sunset, and about dark Mr. Stanton came up. They resumed their journey on the 22d, Mr. Stanton came into camp in about an hour, as usual. That night they consumed the last of their little stock of provisions. They had limited themselves to one ounce at each meal, since leaving the mountain camp, and now the last was gone. They had one gun, but they had not seen a living creature. The weather was clear and pleasant during the day, and the wind northeast. The weather was always clear when the wind

was east or northeast. A south and southwest wind always brought a snow-storm.

*December* 23.—During this day Mr. Eddy examined a little bag for the purpose of throwing out something, with a view to getting along with more ease. In doing this, he found about half a pound of bear's meat, to which was attached a paper upon which his wife had written in pencil, a note signed "Your own dear Eleanor," in which she requested him to save it for the last extremity, and expressed the opinion that it would be the means of saving his life. This was really the case, for without it, he must subsequently have perished. On the morning of this day Mr. Stanton remained at the camp-fire, smoking his pipe. He requested them to go on, saying that he would overtake them. The snow was about fifteen feet deep. Mr. Stanton did not come up with them. On the morning of the 24th, they resumed their melancholy journey, and after traveling about a mile, they encamped to wait for their companion. They had nothing to eat during the day. Mr. Stanton did not come up. The snow fell all night, and increased one foot in depth. They now gave up poor Stanton for dead. A party that subsequently returned from the settlement, headed by Mr. Fallen, found his remains at the place where they had left him. His pistols, pipe, and some other articles, were found by him; but his body was in a great measure consumed by beasts of prey.

Mr. Stanton was from Syracuse, New York, and had been a merchant at that place. He was kind and benevolent in his feelings, and gentlemanly in his deportment and manners. He had, as has been stated

in a previous part of this narrative, been sent on in company with Mr. McCutcheon from the Great Salt Lake, to obtain supplies from the settlements. He traveled several hundred miles through hostile Indians, across deserts and over lofty mountains. He arrived at Capt. Sutter's Fort about the first of October, and from this generous and noble man, obtained supplies for his suffering fellow-travelers. Furnished with seven mules loaded with provisions, and two Indian *vaqueros*, he returned, and met them at the crossing of Truckee river, about half way between Pyramid Lake and Truckee Lake—their route having led them within ten miles of the former. Had it not been for the disinterested sympathy of Mr. Stanton for the unfortunate emigrants, all must have perished before the first party sent out to their assistance reached them.

Before he left Capt. Sutter's Fort to return to their assistance, he left a vest in charge of that gentleman, in one of the pockets of which a small package was subsequently found, directed to Capt. Sutter, with a memorandum as follows: "Capt. Sutter will send the within, in the event of my death, to Sydney Stanton, Syracuse, N. Y." Inclosed was a diamond breast-pin, with a note from his sister, addressed to him at Chicago, Illinois, from which the following is an extract: "Sidney has requested me to do up your breast-pin, and send it to you. As you perceive, I have done it up in a newspaper ..... May God bless you, my dear brother. A. S."

The only entire article on the piece of newspaper, was the following translation for the True Sun, from the French:—

"THE WITHERED FLOWER.

"O! dying flower, that droop'st alone,
Erewhile the valley's pride,
Thy withered leaves, disordered strown,
Rude winds sweep far and wide.

"The scythe of Time, whose stroke we mourn,
Our common doom shall bring.
From thee a faded leaf is torn,
From us a joy takes wing.

"As life flies by, oh! who but feels
Some sense, some charm decay?
E'en every fleeting moment steals
Some treasured dream away.

"Some secret blight each hope destroys,
Till at length we ask in grief,
If, than life's ephemeral joys,
The floweret's be more brief."

Every one who understands a woman's heart, who has enjoyed a sister's love and confidence, and who observes the peculiar appropriateness of the poetry to the circumstances then surrounding this affectionate girl, will see in a moment that the paper was selected by her on that account.

On Christmas Day the painful journey was again continued, and after traveling two or three miles, the wind changed to the southwest. The snow beginning to fall, they all sat down to hold a council for the purpose of determining whether to proceed. All the men but Mr. Eddy refused to go forward. The women and Mr. Eddy declared they would go through or perish. Many reasons were urged for returning, and among others the fact that they had not tasted food

for two days, and this after having been on an allowance of one ounce per meal. It was said that they must all perish for want of food. At length, Patrick Dolan proposed that they should cast lots to see who should die, to furnish food for those who survived. Mr. Eddy seconded the motion. William Foster opposed the measure. Mr. Eddy then proposed that two persons should take each a six-shooter, and fight until one or both were slain. This, too, was objected to. Mr. Eddy at length proposed that they should resume their journey, and travel on till some one died. This was finally agreed to, and they staggered on for about three miles, when they encamped. They had a small hatchet with them, and after a great deal of difficulty they succeeded in making a large fire. About 10 o'clock on Christmas night, a most dreadful storm of wind, snow, and hail, began to pour down upon their defenseless heads. While procuring wood for the fire, the hatchet, as if to add another drop of bitterness to a cup already overflowing, flew from the handle, and was lost in unfathomable snows. About 11 o'clock that memorable night, the storm increased to a perfect tornado, and in an instant blew away every spark of fire. Antoine perished a little before this from fatigue, frost, and hunger. The company, except Mr. Eddy and one or two others, were now engaged in alternatingly imploring God for mercy and relief. That night's bitter cries, anguish, and despair, never can be forgotten. Mr. Eddy besought his companions to get down upon blankets, and he would cover them up with other blankets; urging that the falling snow would soon cover them, and they could thus keep warm. In about two hours this was done.

Before this, however, Mr. Graves was relieved by death from the horrors of that night. Mr. Eddy told him that he was dying. He replied that he did not care, and soon expired. They remained under the blankets all that night, until about 10 o'clock, A.M., of the 26th, when Patrick Dolan, becoming deranged, broke away from them, and getting out into the snow, it was with great difficulty that Mr. Eddy again got him under. They held him there by force until about 4 o'clock, P.M., when he quietly and silently sunk into the arms of death. He was from Dublin, Ireland. Lemuel Murphy became deranged on the night of the 26th, and talked much about food. On the morning of the 27th, Mr. Eddy blew up a powder-horn, in an effort to strike fire under the blankets. His face and hands were much burned. Mrs. McCutcheon and Mrs. Foster were also burned, but not seriously. About 4 o'clock P.M., the storm died away, and the angry clouds passed off. Mr. Eddy immediately got out from under the blankets, and in a short time succeeded in getting fire into a large pine tree. His unhappy companions then got out; and having broken off boughs, they put them down, and lay upon them before the fire. The flame ascended to the top of the tree, and burned off great numbers of dead limbs, some of them as large as a man's body; but such was their weakness and indifference, that they did not seek to avoid them at all. Although the limbs fell thick, they did not strike.

On the morning of December 28th, they found themselves too weak to walk. The sensation of hunger was not so urgent, but it was evident to all that some substantial nourishment was necessary to recruit their bodies. The horrible expedient of eating human flesh

was now again proposed. This Mr. Eddy declined doing, but his miserable companions cut the flesh from the arms and legs of Patrick Dolan, and roasted and ate it, averting their faces from each other, and weeping.

They gave some of this horrible food to Lemuel Murphy, with the hope that he would revive; but he continued to grow weaker, until at length the lamp of life, which had been flickering so long, went out, and the darkness of death covered him forever.

They were all reduced to mere skeletons. The skin upon the face, particularly, was drawn tight over the bones; the eyes were sunken, and had a fierce and wild expression. Perhaps the eye of a famishing tiger would have something of the same expression. But as death came on, the countenance became more settled and calm; the eyes retreated still farther back into the head, losing their fierceness; and the whole features assuming, in some cases, a sort of fixedness, while in others they exhibited a calm and gentle repose, illuminated by the expiring rays of departing reason; like the surface of a lake, no longer lashed by the tempest into foaming surges; but reflecting from its bosom the last rays of the setting sun, indicating that night will soon come on, and cover it with darkness. In other cases, however, some time after this, the expression of the countenance was horrid, ghastly, and restless. The eye was wild and fierce, up to the very moment when its fire was quenched in death forever.

To this place they gave the name of "The Camp of Death." The horrors of that awful scene exceed the power of language to describe, or of imagination to conceive. Besides starvation, they had to contend

also with trackless mountains and almost unfathomable snows. The wind and hail had beaten upon them with a fury that seemed to indicate that the Almighty had let loose the elements upon their devoted heads. The deep stupor into which their calamities had plunged the most of them, often changed to despair. Each seemed to see inevitable destruction, and expressed in moans, sighs, and tears, the gloomy thoughts over which their minds were brooding. Mr. Eddy dissembled his own fears, and sought, by proferred consolations and an unmoved countenance, to inspire them with hope and courage. He found it impossible to dissipate the terror of the men. With his female companions there was less difficulty. Some of them, indeed, exhibited a want of fortitude; but the most of them manifested a constancy and courage, a coolness, presence of mind, and patience, which he had not, previous to entering upon this journey, suspected to form any part of female character. He had often occasion to remark the fortitude with which the most of the females sustained the sad reverses by which they were overwhelmed on the way. The difficulties, dangers, and misfortunes which frequently seemed to prostrate the men, called forth the energies of the gentler sex, and gave to them a sublime elevation of character, which enabled them to abide the most withering blasts of adversity with unshaken firmness. She who had been, while in prosperity, all weakness and dependence; clinging around her husband as the ivy does to the oak, now suddenly rose to be his comforter.

On the morning of December 29th they resumed their journey from "The Camp of Death." They had been guided heretofore, partly by the sun, and partly by the

two Indian *vaqueros*, Lewis and Salvadore, but now Lewis, who spoke a little English, informed them that they were lost, and that he was, therefore, unable to guide them. They proceeded on, however, in the best way they could, until night, when they encamped. Mr. Eddy had now been a long time without food. The half-pound of roasted bear meat, which his "own dear Eleanor" had, by stealth, put into the bottom of his sack, had preserved his life up to this moment. And even now he felt no hunger—that almost intolerable and maddening sensation had long since passed away. His feelings were peculiar, but altogether indescribable. His companions told him that he was dying. He did not, however, believe them; and so informed them. But he felt that he was sinking, and that there was a rapid breaking up of his energies, which, under God, had hitherto saved his own life and that of his companions. Although he felt no hunger, his body imperiously demanded nourishment. Such were the circumstances under which he made his first cannibal meal. He experienced no loathing or disgust, but his reason, which he thought was never more unclouded, told him that it was a horrid repast. The hard hand of necessity was upon him, and he was compelled to eat or die.

This night passed away as tranquilly as could have been expected of persons situated as they were. Mr. Eddy talked with his unfortunate fellow-travelers of the means by which they would save themselves. He sought to reanimate them with courage, and to inspire them with hope, by speaking of their deliverance as certain. More than one vowed vengeance upon Hastings, for having decoyed them into his cut-off. Their

feelings will perhaps be understood by those whom Jesse Applegate, in a similar manner, decoyed into the "Applegate cut-off."

On the morning of December 30th they resumed their journey, their feet being so swollen that they had burst open, and, although they were wrapped in rags and pieces of blankets, yet it was with great pain and difficulty that they made any progress. They encamped, late in the afternoon, upon the high bank of a very deep cañon. From this point they could distinctly see a valley which they believed to be the valley of the Sacramento.

December 31st was spent in crossing the cañon, and although they toiled hard during the entire day, they effected no more than the crossing. Every foot of that day's struggle was marked with the blood from their feet. They encamped that night on the banks of the cañon. Here Mr. Eddy saw that poor Jay Fosdick would not survive much longer; and reminded him that his end was nigh, if he did not summon up all his energies.

On this night they ate the last flesh of their deceased companions. One of the company then proposed that they should kill the two Indian boys, Lewis and Salvadore, who, it will be remembered, met them with Mr. Stanton, with provisions for their relief; Mr. Eddy remonstrated, but finding that the deed was resolved upon, he determined to prevent it by whatever means God and nature might enable him to use. Desiring, however, to avoid extremities, if possible, he secretly informed Lewis of the fate that awaited him and his companion, and concluded by advising him to fly. The expression of the face of Lewis, never

can be forgotten; he did not utter one word in reply, but stood in mute astonishment. In about two minutes his features settled into Indian sullenness, and he turned away to fly from the scene of danger. Their complicated sufferings were of a character that rendered it impossible for them to judge accurately, of the right or wrong of many actions. But this was a deed which nothing could justify or excuse. Had it been proposed to cast lots for the purpose of determining who should die, and the lot had fallen upon these Indians, or upon Mr. Eddy, he would have submitted to it without a murmur or complaint. But the thing proposed, he could not but regard with feelings of abhorrence. His very soul recoiled at the thought.

*January* 1, 1847.—They made their New Year's dinner of the strings of their snow-shoes. Mr. Eddy also ate an old pair of moccasins. They struggled on until night, and encamped in six feet snow. On the morning of the following day they resumed their journey, their feet being still greatly swollen and cracked, and encamped at night in three feet snow. That night they took some old boots and shoes, and having slightly crisped them in the fire, made an evening meal of them.

They staggered on during the 3d, and encamped at night on bare ground, the snow, however, being still in patches. The whole face of the county had gradually changed; the hills had become less and less rugged, and they were now encamped in an open oak grove. They had nothing to eat during this long and melancholy night. Mr. Eddy saw that death was beginning to grapple with poor Jay Fosdick. He had

been sinking for some time; but now it was evident that he was drawing very near to the close of his sorrowful pilgrimage. He also saw that they would all very soon perish, if they did not obtain relief. He therefore determined secretly to leave the camp, and go on with a gun, hoping, now they had left the snows behind, that he would find some game. If successful, it was his purpose to return and share with his companions. If successful, he might save himself and them; if otherwise, he could but die. Finally, he determined to give the company some hint of his plans. They at once comprehended his purpose, and the women besought him not to leave them; assuring him that their only hope for life, was in his continuing with them.

On the morning of the 4th, Mary Graves, who had more strength than any of the other women, resolved that she would go with him or perish. Mrs. Pike threw her arms around his neck, imploring him, by every thing to which she could appeal, not to leave them. The other women added their tears and entreaties to those of Mrs. Pike. But to remain with them was to die. To go forward might possibly be the means of their preservation. Although they had seen no game nor a living thing since they had left the Mountain Camp, they were now in an open country, and this circumstance, although trifling in itself, was one that afforded him a hope. Those who have not been in situations in which they were exposed to extreme peril, can form no correct conception of the value which sometimes attaches to the simplest object. They can never know with what desperate eagerness and energy one seizes upon the slightest means capa-

ble of mitigating the rigor of a fate into which their circumstances seem about to plunge them.

Mary Graves and Mr. Eddy accordingly set forward. They had not proceeded above two miles, when they came to where a deer had lain the previous night. In an instant a feeling took possession of his heart to which it had been a stranger. He knew not what were all the elements of his emotions; but gratitude to God, and a hope in his providence were at least two. Tears immediately began to flow down his haggard cheeks. He turned round and saw Mary weeping like a child. As soon as his choked utterance would admit of his speaking, he said, "Mary, don't you feel like praying?" "Oh, yes," she replied with sobs and tears, "I do, but I never prayed in my life! Do you pray?" He replied that he knew not how to pray. But in an instant they were both upon their knees, and by a feeling natural to the unfortunate, their hearts were turned toward heaven. Surrounded by danger, and not having a prayer-book, they addressed themselves to the invisible Being in terms neither studied nor measured, but which were the spontaneous outburstings of hearts that felt that nothing but the God who maintains the order of the universe could afford them succor in this their last and most fearful extremity. They then rose from their knees, experiencing the cheering influence of hope. Their vows were solemn and their prayers fervent and impassioned. There was in that first prayer a luxury, the remembrance of which was delightful. In all Mr. Eddy's anguish of spirit upon this most disastrous road he had not shed a tear. Some had wept and prayed; others had wept and cursed Almighty God for their hard

fate. He had never felt like cursing God, or blaming his Providence; but he had not wept. The fountains of his tears were as dry as many of the deserts over which they had passed, and upon which they had wrecked their little fortunes. Tears would have relieved the agony of a spirit which, although not disposing him to blaspheme his Maker, did not incline him to submit to the chastisement of his hand. But now he had wept and prayed, and rose from his knees, feeling an humble but not presumptuous trust, that God would fill his mouth with food, and his heart with gladness. They had not proceeded far before they saw a large buck, about eighty yards distant. Mr. Eddy raised his rifle, and for some time tried to bring it to bear upon the deer; but such was his extreme weakness that he could not. He breathed a little, changing his manner of holding the gun, and made another effort. Again his weakness prevented him from being able to hold upon it. He heard a low and suppressed sobbing behind him, and turning round saw Mary Graves weeping and in great agitation, her head bowed, and her hands upon her face. Alarmed lest she should cause the deer to run, Mr. Eddy begged her to be quiet, which she did, after exclaiming, "O, I am afraid you will not kill it!" He brought the gun up to his face the third time, and elevating the muzzle above the deer, let it descend, until he saw the animal through the sights, when the rifle cracked. The deer bounded up about three feet, and then stood still. Mary immediately wept aloud, exclaiming, "O, merciful God, you have missed it!" Mr. Eddy assured her that he had not; that he knew the rifle was upon it the moment of firing; and that, in addition to this, the deer had

dropped its tail between its legs, which this animal always does when wounded. They were at the moment standing upon a precipice of about thirty feet, a snow-bank being at the bottom. In a short time the deer ran. Mr. Eddy immediately sprang down the precipice, and in a moment Mary followed him. The deer ran about two hundred yards, and fell. Mr. Eddy got to it while it was yet alive, and taking it by the horns, cut its throat with a pen-knife. Before this was done, Mary was at his side, and they drank the blood together as it flowed from the expiring beast. This gave to them a little strength, and with their faces all covered with blood, they sat down to rest a little. In a short time they rolled the deer near by to a spot where they made a fire. That night they ate the entrails; and with their hearts glowing with gratitude to the Giver of all good, they enjoyed a degree of refreshing slumber to which they had long been strangers.

Their dreams were wont to tantalize and mock them with rich and varied food, prepared in the most inviting manner. But this night they had made an abundant meal upon the entrails of the deer—a meal that they enjoyed more than any they had ever eaten; and their rest was not broken by dreams that insulted their misfortunes.

They rose on the morning of the 5th of January, filled with renewed hopes, and deeply impressed with the sublime idea of a Great and Good Being extending a protecting ægis over the unfortunate.

Several times during the night of the 4th, Mr. Eddy had fired his rifle for the purpose of informing his companions where they were. Jay Fosdick, who, it

will be remembered, was expected to die, was about a mile back. He had lain down, unable to proceed any further; and his wife was with him. Upon hearing Mr. Eddy's rifle crack, at the time of his killing the deer, he exclaimed, in a feeble voice—"There! Eddy has killed a deer. Now, if I can only get to him, I shall live." William Foster and wife, Mrs. Pike, and Mrs. McCutcheon, were encamped about half way between Mr. Eddy's camp, and the place at which Mr. Fosdick and his wife were. One of the emigrants, believing that Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick had died during the previous night, sent a person back to the place, with instructions to get Mrs. Fosdick's heart for breakfast; and to be sure to secure her jewelry, and her husband's watches and money. The person sent for this purpose met Mrs. Fosdick on the way to Mr. Eddy's camp. The individual thus sent turned about, and came on with her to Mr. Eddy's camp; who gave them some of the roasted liver of the deer, and upon their returning to the other camp, he requested that all should come to him, and partake of his venison.

Mrs. Fosdick had been with her husband during the previous night, which was bitterly cold; and after his death, she rolled his body in the only blanket they possessed, and laid herself down upon the ground, desiring to die, and hoping that she would freeze to death. The scenes surrounding her were rendered still more terrible by the horror inspired by the darkness of the night; and she prayed, and in a certain sense, struggled for death, during the whole of its heavily-passing hours. But the return of the morning's light brought with it an instinctive love of life,

and she now proposed to go back to the body of her husband, and for the last time kiss his lips, then cold and silent in death. Two individuals accompanied her, and when they arrived at the body, they, notwithstanding the remonstrances, entreaties, and tears of the afflicted widow, cut out the heart and liver, and severed the arms and legs of her departed husband.

Mrs. Fosdick took up a little bundle she had left, and returned with these two persons to one of the camps, where she saw an emigrant thrust the heart through with a stick, and hold it in the fire to roast. Unable to endure the horrible sight of seeing literally devoured a heart that had fondly and ardently loved her until it had ceased to throb, she turned away, and went to another camp, sick and almost blinded by the spectacle.

Mr. Eddy cut up the deer, dried it before his fire, and then divided it with his unhappy companions in misfortune and peril, of both camps.

The day having thus passed away, on the morning of the 6th of January they all started together. They went down to the north branch of the American fork of the Sacramento, and after crossing it, encamped for the night. They resumed their journey the next morning, and being unable to proceed down the river, they commenced climbing a very high and difficult mountain. The sides were very steep, and they pulled themselves up the rocks, by laying hold of shrubs growing in crevices. There were many places in which, had these given way, they would have been precipitated hundreds of feet below.

Their feet were greatly bruised, and so swollen that they had literally burst open, and were bleeding so

much, that the fragments of blankets with which they were bound up, were saturated with blood. But a merciful God assisted them in a wonderful manner; and after struggling all day, they reached the top, where they encamped. The day was fine, and although the minds of the company were singularly altered by untold sufferings, yet the most perfect tranquillity reigned among them, as calms are said sometimes to precede the most desolating storms. Mr. Eddy lamented the loss of their unfortunate companions, but carefully avoided making any allusion to recent revolting events. They sat down upon the ground to their evening repast, and consumed the last of their venison.

Soon after, Eddy and Foster were apart from the company. Despondency had again seized upon the mind of the latter. He had all along exhibited evidences of a partial and, perhaps, perfect insanity, caused by mental anxiety, hardships, and perils. He had also shown, as a consequence of this, a total want of energy, making no effort, rendering no assistance in making fires, and seeming to look to Mr. Eddy, and to depend upon him—as, indeed, did all the company—to guide and save the lives of the party. He doubted not that they were approaching the last critical hour of their fate. Suffering and danger had rendered him selfish to the last degree; and seeming firmly to believe that the sacrifice of the lives of some of their companions was necessary to the preservation of the others, he proposed to kill Mrs. McCutcheon, alleging that she was but a nuisance, and could not keep up. Mr. Eddy remonstrated, and told him that she was a wife and a mother, and was with them, helpless and without pro-

tection, unless she found it in them; and finally informed him, with much sternness in his manner, that she should not die. Foster then proposed that they should kill Mary Graves and Mrs. Fosdick, as they had no children. Mr. Eddy told him that he would inform them of his purpose. This he did in the presence of the company. Foster said he did not care, he could handle Mr. Eddy. Seeing that he was lost to all reason, and perfectly insane, and firmly believing that they would all fall a sacrifice to his insane appetite, unless the further development of this spirit of selfishness was checked, Mr. Eddy said, "Perhaps you intend to make a victim of me. If this is so, we will proceed to settle the question." Seizing a large club, and striking it across a log, to ascertain whether it would break, Mr. Eddy threw it to him, and bade him defend himself. At the same time he advanced upon him with a knife which had belonged to Jay Fosdick, as rapidly as he could in his weak and feeble condition, with the intention of taking his life. Having gotten almost within striking distance, with his arm raised to strike a fatal blow, he was seized by Mary Graves, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. McCutcheon, and Mrs. Fosdick, and thrown down. The knife was then taken away from him. He then told Foster, who stood apparently powerless, that he would kill him if he ever again manifested the slightest inclination to take the life of any of the party; and that if it should become necessary to take life, in order to the preservation of other lives, one of them should be the victim; and that this point should be determined by fighting, since Foster had shown a determination not to cast lots, which was the only just method of deciding upon the victim.

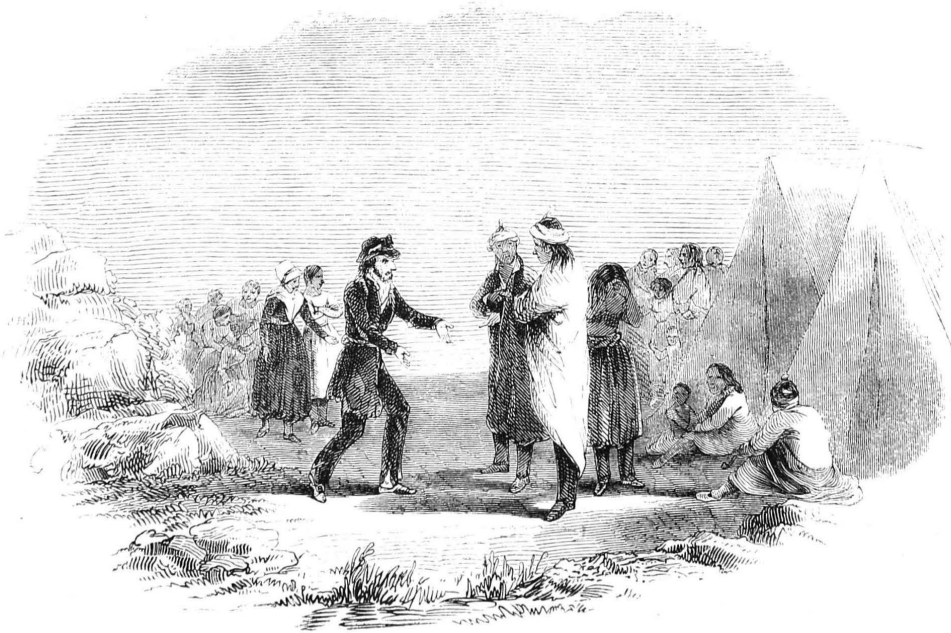
Foster might easily, had he possessed the energy, have dispatched Eddy at the time when the females, whose lives he had saved, by resolutely resisting Mr. Foster's purpose, had thrown him down. But devoid of energy, and conscious, perhaps, although he could not have been sane, that he had meditated a wicked act, he cowered before Eddy's look.

On the other hand, Mr. Eddy was conscious of doing right; and, in addition to this, his was a courage animated by desperation. He had left behind him in the Sierra Nevada a most beloved and affectionate wife, and two young children, whom he tenderly loved. He had been unable to take them out, and was now staggering into the settlements for the purpose of obtaining the means of rescuing them. He saw that Foster was evidently deranged, and therefore a dangerous man to be with, in the circumstances in which they were then placed; and while he was willing to share the risk of life incident to their situation, yet, the ghastly images of his famine-stricken wife and children appealed to every generous feeling of his nature, to require of others a similar and equal risk. He might have reached the settlements sooner, perhaps, by consenting to the death of his companions; but had he done this, and thereby have saved his wife and children, the remembrance of the price paid would have embittered every subsequent moment of his miserable being.

The morning of Jan. 8th they resumed their journey from the "Camp of Strife," order being re-established. They had not proceeded above two miles, when they came into a small patch of snow, where they found the tracks of Lewis and Salvadore, for the first time since Mr. Eddy informed them of their danger. Fos-

ter immediately said that he would follow them, and kill them if he came up with them. They had not proceeded more than two miles when they came upon the Indians, lying upon the ground, in a totally helpless condition. They had been without food for eight or nine days, and had been four days without fire. They could not, probably, have lived more than two or three hours; nevertheless, Eddy remonstrated against their being killed. Foster affirmed that he was compelled to do it. Eddy refused to see the deed consummated, and went on about two hundred yards, and halted. Lewis was told that he must die; and was shot through the head. Salvadore was dispatched in the same manner immediately after. Mr. Eddy did not see who fired the gun. The flesh was then cut from their bones and dried. Mr. Foster and wife, and Mrs. Pike encamped at "The Place of Sacrifice." Mary Graves, Mrs. Fosdick, Mrs. McCutcheon, and Mr. Eddy encamped about two hundred yards in advance. They never encamped again with Foster; and some one of their number was always awake, to avoid being surprised.

Mr. Eddy made his supper upon grass. Although they saw deer in great numbers every day, and sometimes very near them, yet such was the extreme weakness to which Mr. Eddy was reduced, that it was impossible for him to take accurate aim at them. He staggered like a drunken man; and when he came to a fallen tree, though no more than a foot high, he had to stoop down, put his hands upon it, and get over it by a sort of rolling motion. They were under the necessity of sitting down to rest about every quarter of a mile. The slighest thing caused them to stumble



MEETING WITH THE INDIANS.

and fall. They were almost reduced to the helplessness of little children in their first essays to walk. The women would fall and weep like infants, and then rise and totter along again.

*January* 9.—They proceeded during the day over a rocky country, and encamped at night, after a day of immense toil and suffering. Mr. Eddy gathered some grass near by, to sustain, in his wasted body, the almost extinguished spark of life.

On the following morning they staggered forward, and toward the close of the day, which seemed interminable, they arrived at an Indian village, which in this country is called a *rancheria.* The Indians seemed to be overwhelmed with the sight of their miseries. Proverbial as they are for their cruelty and thievish propensities, they now divided their own scanty supply with them. The wild and fierce savages who once visited their camps only for the purpose of hostility; who hovered around them upon the way; who shot their cattle, and murdered their companions; who actually stood upon the hills, laughing at their calamity, and mocking as their fear came, now seemed touched with the sight of their misfortunes; and their almost instinctive feeling of hostility to the white man, gave place to pity and commiseration. The men looked as solemn as the grave; the women wrung their hands and wept aloud; the children united their plaintive cries to those of their sympathizing mothers. As soon as the first brief burst of feeling had subsided, all united in administering to their wants. One hurried here, and another there, all sobbing and weeping, to obtain their stores of acorns. The acorns grow upon a species of the live oak, and are from one to two inches

in length. They are in appearance and taste very much like the chestnut. While they were eating these the Indian women began to prepare a sort of bread from the acorns, pulverized. As fast as they could bake them, they gave them to starving emigrants. It was a sort of food that made Mr. Eddy sick, producing constipation. It did not affect the others in this manner.

On the morning of January 11th, the chief, after sending on runners to the next village, informing them of the approach of the sufferers and to prepare food for them, accompanied them during the day with many of his tribe, an Indian being on either side of each of the sufferers, supporting them, and assisting them forward. They thus continued from day to day until the morning of the 17th, the chief from one village accompanied by some of his men, supporting them to the next, where they witnessed the same exhibition of feeling and sympathy. They received the best food the Indians had, which was acorns. But this, as I before remarked, made Mr. Eddy sick, and he could not eat them, but had lived upon grass only. On the morning of this day, the chief, with much difficulty and labor, procured for him about a gill of pine-nuts, which he ate, and found himself wonderfully refreshed.

They resumed their journey on the next morning, as usual, accompanied by a chief and a number of Indians, supporting and assisting them. Mr. Eddy felt a renewed strength, derived in part, as he supposed, from the pine-nuts, and in part, from the energy which a prospect of a speedy termination of his unhappy journey imparted. Nature seemed to have gathered up all her strength for the last effort; so

that he was even able to proceed without assistance.

They had not gone more than a mile when the whole party, excepting Mr. Eddy, sunk under their complicated toils and sufferings, and all laid down to die. The Indians appeared to be greatly distressed. But the picture of his wife and children, perishing with hunger among the terrible snows of the Sierra Nevada, filled the spirit of Mr. Eddy with unspeakable anguish, and he resolved to get to where relief for them could be obtained, or to perish by the way. The old chief sent an Indian with him, instructing him, as well as Mr. E. could understand, to take him to the nearest settlement.

Mr. Eddy had suffered unutterable sorrows by the way. Fear and anguish had got hold upon him; and although he believed that his reason was never more unclouded, yet continued anxiety, the most cruel privations, and circumstances presenting the severest tests of principle, had changed his feelings and his nature in a considerable degree. Let it not therefore be imagined, that in all the dangers surrounding him he had preserved himself entire, if I may be permitted thus to express myself. Now he felt that he was escaping from a painful dream of combats, of famine and death; of cries of despair; of fathomless snows, and impassable mountains; dreams that tormented his soul and exhausted his body with fatigue. The scene was changed. The day was calm and beautiful, and the sun shone as bright as though no murder had ever been committed in its light. A ray of hope beamed to quiet his agitated and over-wrought spirit. He expected soon to be once more among the abodes of

society and civilization, and to be able to send succor to his wife and children.

Thus situated, and thus feeling, he hastened on, as though famine and death were close upon the heels of himself and his family. They had not proceeded more than five miles, when they met another Indian, to whom Mr. Eddy promised some tobacco, if he would accompany them. At last it became necessary for them to assist him; and they hurried forward until they arrived at the house of Col. M. D. Richey, about half an hour before sunset, having traveled eighteen miles. The last six miles of the way were marked by the blood from Mr. Eddy's feet. The first white woman he saw, was the daughter of the truly excellent Mr. Richey. Mr. Eddy asked her for bread. She looked at him, and without replying, burst into tears, and took hold of him to assist him into the house. He was immediately placed in bed, in which, during four days, he was not able to turn his body. In a very short time he had food brought to him by Mrs. Richey, who sobbed as she fed the miserable and frightful being before her. In a brief period Harriet, the daughter, had carried the news from house to house in the little neighborhood; and horses were seen running at full speed from place to place, until all the necessary preparations were made for taking out relief to those Mr. Eddy had left in the morning. William Johnson, John Howell, John Rhodes, Mr. Kiser, Mr. Segur, Daniel Tucker, and Joseph Varro, assembled at Mr. Richey's immediately. The females collected all the bread they had, with tea, sugar, and coffee; amounting in the whole to as much as four men could conveniently carry. Howell, Rhodes, Segur,

and Tucker, immediately started on foot, with the Indians for guides, and arrived at the company, eighteen miles distant, about midnight. One man was employed all night in cooking food, and although Mr. Eddy had cautioned these gentlemen not to give the sufferers as much as they desired, yet the provisions were all consumed that night. They wept and begged for food continually, until it was exhausted. It is needless to say that they were all sick; none, however, died.

On the morning of Jan. 18th, Mr. Richey, William Johnson, Joseph Varro, and Mr. Kiser, proceeded on horseback, with more provisions for the emigrants, and to bring them in. About 10 o'clock at night they returned, surprised at the distance Mr. Eddy had traveled, which they said they could not have believed, had they not passed over it. Mr. Richey remarked when he returned, that he had followed Mr. Eddy's track six miles by the blood from his feet.

The 19th was a beautiful day, and although Mr. Eddy felt great solicitude for his family, his soul was in harmony with the aspect of the heavens, which seemed to shed upon him a new ray of hope. Filled with gratitude for his own deliverance, he sought to obtain immediate relief for those who yet remained in the Sierra Nevada. For this purpose he dictated a letter to John Sinclair, Alcalde of the Upper District, residing near Sutter's Fort, about forty miles distant, informing him of the condition and peril of the emigrants, and urging him to adopt measures for their immediate rescue from famine, cannibalism, and death. An Indian courier was sent with it. Mrs. Sinclair sent back by the Indian a considerable amount of

under-clothing for the females of Mr. Eddy's party, who had arrived almost in a state of nudity.

Mr. Sinclair immediately dispatched a courier to San Francisco with a letter containing the intelligence. The letter was taken up to the City Hotel, and read at the tea-table. The scene that followed will never be forgotten by those present. The ladies immediately left the table, sobbing and in tears. The men, overwhelmed with the picture of distress it presented, rose in haste; and many an eye unused to tears, expressed how much was felt by the burthened and sickened heart.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PREPARATIONS FOR RELIEVING THE SUFFERERS.

THE insurrection, which had entirely occupied the attention of the United States officers, and of all classes of citizens in the northern district of California, of which San Francisco was the "head-quarters"—having been entirely suppressed, and order restored by the middle of January, 1847, Mr. Reed, who, in consequence of that insurrection, had not been able to obtain any assistance which would aid him in making another effort to recross the mountains, now hoped to effect something, at the earliest moment that experienced mountaineers, acquainted with the Sierra Nevada, believed that sufficient intervals would elapse between the storms in that elevated region, and the settling of the snows, to warrant such an undertaking. Experienced men supposed this might occur by the last of February or first of March; although such an attempt must ever be attended with much risk and no little suffering to the party who should undertake it before the melting of the snows.

At this time Mr. Reed was at the Pueblo de San Jose, on the southeast side of San Francisco Bay, about one hundred and twenty miles from Sutter's Fort. His situation, and that of his suffering companions in misfortune, soon became known to the whole people. Among the people in the town and immediate vicinity,

particularly the Mission of Santa Clara, were many immigrants of the last season, who had got in safely and in good time by the old Fort Hall road; and also some who had been caught on and near the summit of the Sierra, in the month of December, 1844, but had got through the snows themselves with great difficulty, leaving behind them all their property, most of which was destroyed by the Indians, in the spring of 1845, before they could recross the mountains to recover it.

Great sympathy was expressed for Mr. Reed and the sufferers, by all parties, as they feared that the company must soon be in a starving condition. Nothing, however, was done.

Mr. Reed, perceiving that nothing could be done at San Jose, proceeded to San Francisco, to bring the condition of the sufferers to the knowledge of the Governor, by a personal representation; and with that view called upon the Alcalde of the town and district of San Francisco, Washington A. Bartlett, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, who at once took a lively interest in all his statements, and assured him that assistance should certainly be afforded him, and that immediately. Lieut. Bartlett waited upon the Governor, and introduced Mr. Reed, who told his painful story; when Capt. Hull stated that he had that morning received a petition from the Pueblo de San Jose; but as he had neither the men nor means to fit out such an expedition as the petition called for, he would consult with the Alcalde, and see what could be done. He remarked, that he thought petitions would do but little toward affording relief, if that was all the people were disposed to do. Lieut. Bartlett informed him that, from what he had already learned in conversation

with the principal citizens of the town, a very liberal subscription could be obtained, and a relief company started in a very short time, if the Governor would give it his countenance and support. Governor Hull stated that he would do all in his power, both officially and as a private citizen, and that relief must be sent.

Lieut. Bartlett then informed the Governor that he would issue a call for a public meeting that evening, when the Governor authorized him to subscribe fifty dollars on his account. Capt. Mervine, U. S. Navy, and Mr. Richardson, U. S. Collector, subscribed the same amount.

The meeting was at once called; and at 7, P.M., February 3d, nearly every male citizen of San Francisco, and the officers of the United States forces, assembled in the saloon of the principal hotel, to consider what should be done.

His Honor the Alcalde called the meeting to order, by reading his call upon them to assemble; and then, after stating that Governor Hull designed to do all he could in the matter, read to the meeting the petition from San Jose, and expressed his belief that, although the citizens of San Francisco had never before been called upon to exercise a collective charity, this call would result in something more than a petition; but that, as he did not wish to forestall their action by his suggestions, he hoped they would organize the meeting independently of the magistracy, and thus afford him an opportunity of acting in his private capacity with his fellow-citizens and brother officers. Frank Ward, Esq., was then called to the chair, and William Pettet, Esq., was appointed secretary.

Mr. Reed having come into the room, the people desired him to state to them his opinion of what would be required to make an expedition successful in its results. But Mr. Reed begged to decline, alleging that his feelings were such, that he could not command himself sufficiently to express himself publicly, with the conviction ever on his mind that, in all probability, his wife and children were then starving. Overpowered with emotion by the delivery of a few remarks, he sat down with tears streaming from his eyes, and showing how severe was his suffering.

Mr. Dunleary, with whom Mr. Reed lodged (himself an immigrant), now rose, and stated that, in conversation with Mr. Reed at his house, he had gathered his views, and that he himself had traveled the road, and supposed he could estimate pretty closely where the company then must be; he would, with the indulgence of the meeting, give the views of Mr. Reed and himself as to what was best to be done.

Those who heard that thrilling address of Mr. Dunleary will never forget the effect upon his attentive audience, while he related the trials of their journey and the probable fate of the starving company, unless relief was soon carried to them—perhaps already too late; but it was hoped that, if prudent, they could hold out till the first of March. (It must be remembered that nearly the entire population of San Francisco, then resident there, were immigrants by sea, and entirely unacquainted with life on the road or in the mountains.) It is worthy of notice, that the sufferers encamped on the very spot (Truckee Lake) where Mr. Dunleary supposed they must have arrived the day the first snow fell, which was only thirty miles

beyond the point reached by Reed and McCutcheon when they failed in their first effort.

The speaker had scarcely taken his seat, when the people rushed up to the chairman's table, from all parts of the hall, with their hands full of dollars. But the chairman begged they would stay their hands for a moment, and organize a little; when two committees were elected—one to solicit subscriptions (scarcely necessary), and also a treasurer, and a committee of purchases of supplies. These were instructed to consult with the Alcalde, who was requested to act with both committees. The subscription was then opened, and $700 subscribed before the meeting adjourned.

Messrs. Ward and Smith, in addition to a generous subscription, offered their fine launch, "*Dice mi Nana*," free of charge, to transport the expedition to Feather river. Mr. John Fuller volunteered to pilot the launch, and Passed-midshipman Woodworth, U. S. N., volunteered to take charge of the expedition, under instructions from the committee and Governor, and carry out the wishes of the people in aiding Mr. Reed to save the sufferers.

The committee at once dispatched a courier to the Redwood, forty miles south, for Mr. Dennis Martin, as it was not known that any other person could be had who could pilot in the mountains, when covered with snow. A pilot was all-important to prevent the loss of the party going out—at least to take the very shortest route to Truckee's lake.

The next day was employed in adding to the subscription, and purchasing any thing in the market which the best judgment could suggest as necessary. Howard Oakley volunteered to go with Mr. Woodworth, and men

were obtained to work the launch up the river. The utmost expedition was used to get Messrs. Woodworth and Reed started. The courier returned from the Redwood, stating that Mr. Martin could not possibly go, in consequence of his engagements.

On the 5th all was ready for a start with the evening tide, when Captain Sutter's launch, "Sacramento," appeared off the town, and on anchoring, the Alcalde received from Justice Sinclair a letter, which, while it filled the hearts of all with horror by its terrible details; and incited to additional efforts of relief, was softened by the pleasing reflection that they had not waited for such an appeal to move them to action.

That letter, honorable to the writer and Captain Sutter, and well calculated to rouse to exertion, was at once laid before Governor Hull, and read at the tables of the principal hotels, by the committees and citizens generally; and, as it contained the information so much needed, enabled the committees of relief to act more understandingly. It being now known that a relief-party were actually on the route, and would probably succeed in bringing out of the snows a considerable number of the sufferers, it was determined to make every provision necessary to relieve both the sufferers and those who had gone to their aid, and to have a relief-camp established at the most eligible point on the route, and also to provide liberally for the wants of the emigrants, in food and clothing, should any party succeed in getting them out. It was, therefore, determined to increase the funds during the next day, and thus increase the supplies, in all that could be considered useful.

The same evening, February 5th, Mr. Greenwood,

an old mountaineer, also appeared at San Francisco to ask for assistance in fitting out a party to go out with himself and McCutcheon, to which end the citizens of Sonoma and Nappa, headed by Lieutenant William L. Maury, U. S. N., Commandant of the port, and Don Mariaño G. Vallejo, Ex-Commandant-general of California, had subscribed over $500 for the party, besides large donations of horses and mules, which $500 was to be paid Greenwood and company, *if they succeeded* in raising a party and going out; but as warm clothing and ready money were absolutely necessary to start an expedition, they went to San Francisco for them. Greenwood thought he would succeed, if he could secure ten or twelve men he could depend upon in the snow. He believed he could secure such men by having ready money. His horses and provisions were already in his camp, at the head of Nappa valley.

Governor Hull now desired Lieutenant Bartlett to lay before him a statement of what was proposed to be done, as a basis for his action, on the part of the government; trusting to its generosity and humanity in sustaining him in an extraordinary expense which his position as Governor and Military Commandant of the Northern Department called upon him not to hesitate in incurring, even at the risk of its not being allowed by the government; and, on receiving from Lieutenant Bartlett a communication setting forth the facts already stated, and the appeal of Greenwood for aid to start his expedition, Captain Hull determined to appropriate $400 on government account to organize that party. Greenwood stated to Captain Hull, that he could easily get men, if he had this ready money to make advances and purchase clothing; and, as he had crossed the

Sierra Nevada, while the snow lay on the summit, in April, 1846, he thought he could do it again, as soon as he could reach the mountain; and, possibly, he might succeed in driving over some of his horses, which he would kill in the Mountain Camp for provision for the sufferers. At any rate he and his sons, with Turner and others, could reach them on snow shoes.

As it was believed that Mr. Reed could get to the mountains quicker, by going via Sonoma and Nappa valleys, he determined to leave the next day with Mr. Greenwood, and get animals and packs prepared to meet Mr. Woodworth, at Feather river. Fifty dollars in money was given to Mr. Reed, by the committee, to pay contingencies, and an order, signed by Capt. Hull, to enable him to get the horses, and secure some men if possible. Greenwood was also to start on his independent expedition, at the earliest possible moment. Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon were supplied gratis by the committee, with every thing they required for the journey; and to Mr. Reed was also given a supply of clothing and goods, necessary for the women, who had already reached Johnson's. Mr. Reed was further directed, that in case he should have to waste any time at Feather river, for Mr. Woodworth's arrival, he was not to do so, but push on, and, if possible, drive some cattle to the edge of the snow, to relieve the party now known to be out; in which case, Mr. Woodworth had orders to get his horses, packs, and men, from Sutter's Fort; and if he could not take all on at once, Capt. Sutter was charged with the forwarding of the supplies, which he should leave behind. And Mr. Woodworth was to unload the launch at the Fort, if he should think he could get on faster by so doing.

During the 6th, the crews of the U. S. frigate Savannah, sloop of war Warren, and the marines, in garrison, on shore, carried the subscription up to $1300, which enabled the committee to get other necessaries; and, besides, to place in Mr. Woodworth's hands $100, with which to purchase cattle to drive as far as the snow, and then kill them for food for the relief-parties and sufferers. Capt. Hull, also, sent orders to Capts. Kern and Sutter, to do all in their power, by assisting with men and horses, to hurry forward the supplies.

On an application to Capt. Mervine, commanding the U. S. frigate Savannah, by Lieut. Bartlett, on the part of the committee of supplies, he furnished from the provisions of the ship twenty days' full rations for ten men or two hundred rations; that there should not be any expenditure of the supplies by the persons who should work the launch up and back.

Mr. Greenwood, with the $400 supplied to him by Capt. Hull, purchased the clothing necessary for his party, retaining the balance to make advances, and purchase provisions. All parties being thus supplied, so far as their necessities could be foreseen, set out on their errands of mercy. Messrs. Mellus and Howard tendered the gratuitous use of their launch to transport Messrs. Reed, Greenwood, McCutcheon, and others, to Sonoma.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MR. GLOVER'S TWO EXPEDITIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS.

IT will be seen from the foregoing chapter, that an expedition was fitted out at San Francisco, for the relief of the emigrants at the Mountain Camp. But as another was organized a little before that, I will take it up as being the first in point of time.

In about a week after Mr. Sinclair received the letter, which has been mentioned as having been dictated by Mr. Eddy, he came to the place at which Mr. Eddy was temporarily abiding. Capt. E. Kern had made an unsuccessful effort to induce men to go with relief to the immigrants, offering three dollars per day. Aquilla Glover, R. S. Mootrey, and Joseph Sel, were all that would consent to go; and they were willing to enter upon the hazardous enterprise, without any other reward than the satisfaction derived from a consciousness of the fact that they might be instrumental, in the hands of God, in rescuing from the jaws of a miserable death a multitude of men, women, and children.

John Sinclair, Esq., and Mr. George McKinstry, Jr., returned from San Francisco about the time of the failure of the effort made by Capt. Kern. Capt. Sutter and Mr. Sinclair then proposed, that they would become responsible for three dollars per day, which they would pay, if the Government of the United States would not. This induced Daniel Rhodes, John Rhodes,

Daniel Tucker, and Edward Coffeymier, to join the three above mentioned. William Koon, and a man for whom I have never known any other name than that of "Greasy Jim," also joined the expedition; but as these did not go through, no other notice will be taken of them. Capt. Sutter and John Sinclair furnished supplies and horses.

On the last day of January, the party set out, and after traveling fourteen miles, encamped on Dry Creek.

*February* 1.—Immediately after sunrise, Mr. Glover, who had command of the party, set out, and after traveling all day, encamped about three miles below Mr. Johnson's, on Bear river. The party proceeded, the next day, on to Mr. Johnson's, where the company was occupied during the 3d and 4th, in making pack-saddles, drying beef, and in completing the preparations for the journey. Mr. Eddy had greatly improved in strength, and fancying that he could be serviceable, he here determined to accompany the expedition.

On the 5th, the party set forward; and after being helped upon a horse, Mr. Eddy proceeded on with it. They continued traveling, with some delays, till February 9, when they arrived at the Mule Springs. Here they found the snow so deep that it became necessary to leave the horses. And such was Mr. Eddy's weak and feeble condition, that the party refused to permit him to go any further. The 10th was occupied in making preparations for carrying provisions over on foot.

The following day Mr. Eddy started back for the settlements, intending to procure fresh supplies, and to return with two men to meet Mr. Glover on his way in. The party set out early in the morning, sinking

at each step knee-deep in the snow. That night they encamped on Bear river. They had believed that they would be able to follow it up, and in this manner avoid the hills. But upon examination, this route was found to be impracticable, in consequence of the river breaking through cañons.

On the 12th, the party resumed their journey, and after traveling about two miles, in snow waist-deep, found it impossible to proceed, and encamped for the purpose of making snow-shoes. The following day, they traveled until noon when they encamped, and spent the afternoon in removing the snow from a *cache* of provisions made by Mr. Reed in the autumn. After digging and melting away thirteen feet of snow, the wagon was found torn in pieces by the grisly bears. The party remained in camp during the 14th, preparing packs and provisions.

On the 15th, they left Bear River valley, in consequence of the immense snow-drifts upon the sides of the ridge, over which the emigrant road passes, from Yuva river to this valley. After traveling fifteen miles, they encamped on the wake of Yuva river. The river was entirely concealed by snow of unknown depth.

The next day, the company proceeded on three miles, when it became necessary to stop and make snow-shoes. On the 17th, after traveling five miles, they encamped on Yuva river, in dry and soft snow fifteen feet deep. They traveled eight miles, on the 18th, and encamped at the head of Yuva river, where the snow was so deep that all the low trees, and of course all the undergrowth, were covered.

*February* 19.—On the morning of this day, the party resumed its journey. Mr. Glover and Daniel Rhodes

became so much exhausted in crossing the Sierra Nevada, that their companions were under the necessity of carrying their packs. After traveling about nine miles, they arrived at The Mountain Camp as the last rays of the setting sun were departing from the tops of the mountains. Every thing was as silent as the grave. A painful stillness pervaded the scene. Upon some of the party raising a shout, for the purpose of finding the cabins, by attracting the attention of the living—if, indeed, any did live—the sufferers were seen coming up out of their snow-holes, from the cabins, which were completely covered, the snow presenting one unbroken level. They tottered toward their deliverers, manifesting a delirium of joy, and acting in the wildest and most extravagant manner. Some wept; some laughed. All inquired, "Have you brought any thing for me?" Many of them had a peculiarly wild expression of the eye; all looked haggard, ghastly, and horrible. The flesh was wasted from their bodies, and the skin seemed to have dried upon their bones. Their voices were weak and sepulchral; and the whole scene conveyed to the mind the idea of that shout having awaked the dead from the snows. Fourteen of their number, principally men, had already died from starvation, and many more were so reduced, that it was almost certain they would never rise from the miserable beds upon which they had lain down. The unhappy survivors were, in short, in a condition the most deplorable, and beyond the power of language to describe, or of the imagination to conceive. The annals of human suffering nowhere present a more appalling spectacle, than that which blasted the eyes and sickened the hearts of those brave men, whose indomitable courage

and perseverance, in the face of so many dangers, hardships, and privations, snatched some of these miserable survivors from the jaws of death, and who, for having done so much, merit the lasting gratitude and respect of every man who has a heart to feel for human woe, or a hand to afford relief.

Many of the sufferers had been living for weeks upon bullock hides, and even this sort of food was so nearly exhausted with some, that they were about to dig up from the snow the bodies of their companions, for the purpose of prolonging their wretched lives. Mrs. Reed, who lived in Brinn's cabin, had, during a considerable length of time, supported herself and four children, by cracking and boiling again the bones from which Brinn's family had carefully scraped all the flesh. These bones she had often taken, and boiled again and again, for the purpose of extracting the least remaining portion of nutriment.

Some of the emigrants had been making preparations for death, and at morning and evening the incense of prayer and thanksgiving ascended from their cheerless and comfortless dwellings. Others there were, who cursed God, cursed the snow, and cursed the mountain, and in the wildest frenzy deplored their miserable and hard fate. Some poured bitter imprecations upon the head of L. W. Hastings, for having deceived them as to the road upon which he had conducted them; and all united in common fears of a common and inevitable death. Many of them had, in a great measure, lost all self-respect. Untold sufferings had broken their spirits, and prostrated every thing like an honorable and commendable pride. Misfortune had dried up the fountains of the heart; and the dead, whom their weak-

ness made it impossible to carry out, were dragged from their cabins by means of ropes, with an apathy that afforded a faint indication of the extent of the change which a few weeks of dire suffering had produced, in hearts that once sympathized with the distressed, and mourned the departed. With many of them, all principle, too, had been swept away by this tremendous torrent of accumulated and accumulating calamities. It became necessary to place a guard over the little store of provisions brought to their relief; and they stole and devoured the raw-hide strings from the snow-shoes of those who had come to deliver them. But some there were, whom no temptation could seduce, no suffering move; who were

"Among the faithless, faithful still."

Upon going down into the cabins of this mountain camp, the party were presented with sights of woe, and scenes of horror, the full tale of which never will be told, and never ought; sights which, although the emigrants had not yet commenced eating the dead, were so revolting, that they were compelled to withdraw, and make a fire where they would not be under the necessity of looking upon the painful spectacle.

On the morning of February 20th, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and R. S. Mootrey, went to the camp of George Donner, eight miles distant, taking with them a little beef. These sufferers were found with but one hide remaining. They had determined, that, upon consuming this, they would dig up from the snow the bodies of those who had died from starvation. Mr. Donner was helpless. Mrs. Donner was weak, but in good health, and might have come into the settlements

with Mr. Glover's party, yet she solemnly but calmly declared her determination to remain with her husband, and perform for him the last sad offices of affection and humanity. And this she did, in full view of the fact, that she must necessarily perish by remaining behind.

On the evening of the 20th, the party that had gone down to Mr. Donner's camp in the morning returned, bringing seven persons with them.

The next day, at noon, the party, after leaving all the provisions they could spare, commenced their return from the Mountain Camp to the settlement, with twenty-three persons, principally women and children. The results of the disastrous and horrible journey of Eddy and Foster were carefully concealed from these poor sufferers. To have acted otherwise would have been to overwhelm them with fear and despondency, and this in their condition would have proved fatal.

Mrs. Pike's child and Mrs. Kiesburg's were carried by the party. After proceeding about two miles, two of Mrs. Reed's children gave out; the one a little girl of eight years old, and the other a little boy of four. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to return them to the Mountain Camp, or to abandon them to die upon the way. The mother was informed by Mr. Glover, that it was necessary to take them back. And now ensued that which it is hoped none may ever be called upon to witness again. She was a wife, and affection for her husband, then in the settlement, no doubt suggested her going on. But she was a mother, also; and maternal love—that strongest of all feelings, that most powerful of all instincts—determined her, immediately, to send forward the two children who could walk, while she would go back with the two

youngest, and die with them. It was impossible for Mr. Glover to shake this resolution, although he promised, that when he arrived at Bear River valley, he would go back for them. At length she asked, "Are you, a mason?" Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative she said, "Do you promise me, upon the word of a mason, that when you arrive at Bear River valley, you will return and bring out my children, if we shall not, in the mean time, meet their father going for them?" Mr. Glover replied, "I do thus promise." She then consented to go on. When the mother and children were about to separate, Patty, a little girl eight years of age, took her mother by the hand, and said—"Well, mamma, kiss me. Good-by! I shall never see you again. I am willing to go back to our mountain camp and die; but I can not consent to your going back. I shall die willingly, if I can believe that you will live to see papa. Tell him, good-by, for his poor Patty." The mother and little children lingered in a long embrace. Being separated, Patty turned from her mother to go back to camp. As Mr. Glover and Mr. Mootrey were taking the children back, she told them, that she was willing to go back and take care of her little brother, but that she "should never see mother again." I have given an imperfect sketch of that parting scene; but to do it justice is as impossible as to paint the rainbow, or to throw the sun upon the canvas.

While Mr. Glover and Mr. Mootrey were taking the children back to the Mountain Camp, the company continued to advance, and after proceeding about a mile, encamped at the upper end of Truckee's Lake. This lake, and the river flowing from it, derive their names from an Indian who piloted Mr. Child's company

from the sinks of Mary's river to this lake. His name was Truckee, and the emigrants gave his name to the lake and the river. Fremont calls it Snow Lake or Lake Wood. The river is the west fork of Salmon-Trout river; the east fork heads in Salmon-Trout Lake; and the two unite and flow into Pyramid Lake There are others in the neighborhood, of great beauty.

Messrs. Glover and Mootrey returned after the party had encamped; but they carefully concealed from Mrs. Reed the fact, that Brinn and wife absolutely refused to permit the children to come into the cabin, until many promises of immediate relief and succor were made. They were even then reluctantly, and with an ill grace, received.

The party were upon an allowance of one ounce of beef and a spoonful of flour, twice per day. The emigrants were almost famished, and some of them that night stole and ate the strings from Mr. Coffeymier's snow-shoes. This circumstance led to an amusing scene, which I would here present, did it not seem to be out of place in a narrative, every page of which presents scenes of horror and sights of woe.

*February* 22.—The company left camp in the morning, crossed the Sierra Nevada, and camped that night at the head of Yuva river. John Denton being missing at the camp, John Rhodes and one other went back and found him in a profound sleep upon the snow. They labored near an hour before they succeeded in rousing him. He was with great difficulty brought up to camp. Here a new misfortune awaited the party. Mr. Glover, upon his going out to the Mountain Camp, had made a *cache* of provisions at this place; but, upon examination, it was found to have been nearly all

destroyed by a cougar. This circumstance rendered necessary a further reduction in the daily allowance of food. The effect and consequence of this discovery can not be fully comprehended by persons sitting in comfort, around their firesides, and in the enjoyment of an abundance of the provisions of God's mercy. The poor emigrants wept bitterly, and the stoutest and bravest hearts of those who had gone to rescue them, were not free from fear and despondency.

On the morning of the 23d, Aquilla Glover, R. S. Mootrey, and Edward Coffeymier, hastened forward in advance of the company, for the purpose of obtaining supplies at another *cache*, which had been made at Bear River valley. From this, it was proposed to obtain supplies with which to return to the sufferers. After the company had traveled about one mile, Mr. John Denton became so much exhausted, as to be unable to proceed. He informed his companions, that it was utterly impossible for him to go any further, and stated that they could be of no service to him, and that to remain with him would involve the lives of all. He therefore requested them to leave him, expressing the hope, however, that relief would be sent to him, if possible. They made a fire for him, and after gathering a pile of wood, and leaving with him nearly all the food they had, they left him by the wayside in the wilderness. It will be seen, that Mr. Reed, after this, hurried forward with the hope of rescuing him; but the vital spark had been extinguished in his weary and worn-out body. After Mr. Reed had passed on, Mr. Eddy found him with the provisions still in his pocket.

He was an intelligent and amiable young man about thirty years of age. He was a gunsmith by trade, and

was a native of Sheffield, England, where he had a mother living at the time of his last hearing from home. The four years preceding his entering upon this journey, he had resided in Springfield, Illinois, where he left many warmly attached friends. Mr. Eddy had gone back into the mountain for the purpose of taking relief to the emigrants, and found him in a sitting posture, with his body slightly leaning against a snow-bank, and with his head bowed upon his breast. He had evidently fallen into a profound slumber, during the continuance of which the circulation had gradually diminished, until he ceased at once to live and suffer, and the transition of his spirit from time into eternity was unperceived.

Mr. Eddy found at his side a small piece of India rubber, a pocket pencil, and a little journal, containing a brief notice of some of the most prominent incidents of the journey, and among others of his Christmas dinner. On a slip of the paper was a piece of poetry, which he had written, making some corrections by rubbing out with his India rubber, and rewriting. It was handed over to Mr. Woodworth, who published it in the "Californian Star." It was written in pencil, and there can be no doubt of his having composed it a little before the coming on of that heavy slumber, from which he will never awake, until the angel Gabriel shall rouse earth's sleeping millions from the grave. When the circumstances are considered in connection with the calamities in which the unhappy Denton was involved, the whole compass of English and American poetry may be challenged to furnish a more exquisitely beautiful—a more touching and pathetic piece. Simple and inornate to the last degree, yet coming from the

heart, it goes to the heart. Its lines are the last plaintive notes, which wintry winds have waked from an Æolian harp, the strings of which rude hands have sundered. Bring before your mind the picture of an amiable young man, who has wandered far from the paternal roof, is stricken by famine, and left by his almost equally unhappy companions to perish among the terrible snows of the great Sierra Nevada. He knows that the last most solemn hour is near. Reason still maintains her empire, and memory, faithful to the last, performs its functions. On every side extends a boundless waste of faithless snow. He reclines against a bank of it, to rise no more; and busy memory brings before him a thousand images of past beauty and pleasure, and of scenes he will never revisit. A mother's image presents itself to his mind; tender recollections crowd upon his heart, and the scenes of his boyhood and youth pass in review before him with an unwonted vividness; the hymns of praise and thanksgiving that in harmony swelled from the domestic circle around the family altar are remembered, and soothe the sorrows of the dying man; and finally, just before he expires, he writes—

"O! after many roving years,
  How sweet it is to come
Back to the dwelling-place of youth—
  Our first and dearest home:—
To turn away our wearied eyes
  From proud Ambition's towers,
And wander in those summer-fields—
  The scene of boyhood's hours.

"But I am changed since last I gazed
  Upon that tranquil scene,

And sat beneath the old witch-elm,
  That shades the village green;
And watched my boat upon the brook—
  It was a regal galley,
And sighed not for a joy on earth,
  Beyond the happy valley.

"I wish I could once more recall
  That bright and blissful joy,
And summon to my weary heart
  The feelings of a boy.
But now on scenes of past delight
  I look, and feel no pleasure,
As misers on the bed of death
  Gaze coldly on their treasure."

The party, after providing as far as it was possible for the wants of Mr. Denton, resumed its journey, and after traveling about eight miles in advance, encamped. On that night a child of Mrs. Kiesburg died.

On the morning of February 24th the party resumed its journey, in great weakness, and after traveling within about eight miles of Bear River valley, encamped, and were met by R. S. Mootrey and Edward Coffeymier, with a little beef.

*February* 25.—The company again set out, and after traveling a short distance, met Mr. Reed. Mrs. Reed instantly rushed into her husband's arms. The affecting scene which followed the meeting of the husband and wife, the father and children, it is impossible to describe. The most generous and amiable sentiments of nature and humanity were testified in the joy this unfortunate couple exhibited, when they had sufficiently recovered their senses to realize that they were indeed restored to each other, after so many torturing anxieties, so many cruel misfortunes; and

after encountering from their companions a madness so insensate, sustained by a courage the most heroic. They felt and expressed so vividly the happiness they enjoyed in that moment of unsurpassed rapture, that it would have drawn tears from the most obdurate heart.

But other duties and obligations made it necessary for them to separate. There yet remained in this Mountain Camp many who must die, without assistance. Patty was there; and her little brother, a pet of the whole family, was there. These, aside from the peril of other sufferers, appealed to a father's heart to hasten to their rescue.

Mr. Glover's party encamped that night in Bear River valley, where they found their *cache* of provisions undisturbed. Having now a tolerable supply, young Donner ate too much, and was in consequence very sick. Some tobacco juice being given to him to make him vomit, he was well before morning. At breakfast, however, he again ate too much, and died before 10 o'clock.

The company traveled six miles on the 26th, and encamped near the crossing of Bear river.

*February* 27.—Mr. Glover's party resumed its journey early in the morning, and encamped that night at the Mule Springs, where Mr. Woodworth was encamped on bare ground, the snow being in patches. Horses had been sent from the settlements for the use of the emigrants. After resting over night, such of the sufferers as could ride, were put upon horses; and the party resuming its journey, traveled on to Cache Creek, where it encamped. On the second day of March the sufferers arrived at Johnson's, and finally terminated

their laborious, exhausting and fatiguing journey, at Sutter's Fort (Fort Sacramento), on the 4th of March, grateful to Almighty God for His delivering mercy, and to those whom He had honored by making them the instruments of that deliverance.

On the day of the arrival of Mr. Glover's party, at Fort Sacramento, he started back with two of Capt. Sutter's Indians, having ten or twelve horses and six mules loaded with provisions.

They proceeded on to Capt. Kern's camp, about sixty miles from the fort. Here Mr. Glover sent a man (for whom, after inquiring of a number of persons in San Francisco, I could learn no other name than that of "Greasy Jim") forward to Mr. Woodworth, who was in camp at the Mule Spring, about thirty miles distant. Mr. Woodworth sent back the messenger with a note, requesting that the horses should be brought up. Mr. Glover, upon arriving at Mr. Woodworth's camp, met Mr. Reed with Solomon Hook, Patty, and little Tommy.

Mr. Woodworth informed Mr. Glover that Eddy, Foster, and others had gone on, for the purpose of assisting the emigrants, and that it was with difficulty that a party had been obtained. He stated also that he had promised to meet the party of Messrs. Eddy and Foster, with supplies of food; but that his men were not able to go. Messrs. Mootrey and Coffeymier proposed to go, if Mr. Glover would accompany them. These three gentlemen then started, with packs of provisions upon their backs, Mr. Woodworth accompanying them. They traveled eight miles, and halted, about 3 o'clock, P.M., and made a bark shelter for Mr. Woodworth. The next morning, the party again set

out, and after traveling six miles encamped at the head of Bear River valley, where a shelter had previously been prepared for Mr. Woodworth. On the following morning, the party resumed its journey, and after traveling twelve miles, encamped at the last Yuva River cañon upon the emigrant road. On the following morning, Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, and Coffeymier set out, and after traveling until about 2 o'clock, halted to make a fire and cook dinner. While thus employed, Mr. Eddy and party met them. Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Coffeymier, and Mootrey, after dinner, commenced their return toward the settlements, and encamped at the last crossing of Yuva river, at a place where the emigrant road leaves that river. Some time after the fire had been made, Messrs. Foster, Miller, Thompson, and Eddy came up, and encamped. On the following morning, Mr. Woodworth proceeded on, with the gentlemen who were with him.

Here terminates the events connected with Mr. Glover's second expedition. The occurrences from this point properly refer themselves to the account of the expedition of Messrs. Foster and Eddy, whose story will be found.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. REED AND MC CUTCHEON.

. . . . . Farrago libelli.

JUVENAL.

"The miscellaneous subjects of my book."

MR. JAMES F. REED, it will be remembered, had been compelled to leave his company, far back on Ogden's river, on the morning after the unhappy contest with young Snyder. Such was the hostility of the company, with the exception of Milton Elliot and William H. Eddy, to him, that he was not permitted to take a gun, or any other arms, with which to procure game, or to defend himself from savages. After he left camp, Mr. Eddy resolved that he should not be turned upon the road, under circumstances in which he must necessarily perish; and at the hazard of a quarrel with his companions in travel, he followed Mr. Reed, with a gun and some ammunition.

Those who are only conversant with the modes of thought of well-regulated society, will find it difficult to understand the nature and elements of a feeling of hostility, of which the very best men upon the road often become objects. Far removed from the salutary restraining influence which law and the tribunals of justice exert upon even the most profligate and wicked; there being no public opinion in this vast wilderness,

a man may have escaped from the gallows, or be a fugitive from the penitentiary, and yet exert an influence, which will finally result in producing a prejudice, and, perhaps, even a positive hostility against men of virtue and intelligence. But there were in Mr. Reed's case some elements of ill-feeling, in addition to those alluded to, which all persons can appreciate. Snyder was one of Mr. Graves' ox-drivers, a daughter of whom he was to marry. This was in itself sufficient to array Mr. Graves and his family, together with all his dependants, and those over whom he could exert an influence, against Mr. Reed. Kiesburg had been required to leave another company, far back on the way, for a great impropriety, often repeated. Mr. Reed was mainly instrumental in that ejection. The divisions and subdivisions of companies, which subsequently took place, had again brought them together in the same company. And now the killing of Snyder, although clearly justifiable, seemed to present an opportunity to Kiesburg for gratifying a deep-seated purpose to be revenged. Accordingly we find that this man, whose character will be more fully exhibited before the curtain falls upon the scenes of this most shocking and revolting tragedy, was the first to propose hanging Mr. Reed, after the arrival of the company, at the evening encampment. This was prevented by the firmness and resolution of Messrs. Eddy and Elliot. Mr. Reed, it will be remembered, left camp on the next morning, leaving his family behind him, to make his way, alone and without food, through a hostile country into the settlements. The history of that journey would, if carefully written, make a volume, every page of which would be replete with instruction and interest. After a thousand hair-

breadth escapes, passing through the most terrible scenes, enduring the most cruel sufferings from famine and thirst, struggling with almost inevitable death, and passing days and nights of inexpressible anguish, he finally succeeded, in the good providence of God, in arriving at the settlements.

After recruiting his wasted energies, Mr. Reed obtained provisions and horses, for the purpose of going back to the relief of his family, and the other emigrants. Having passed over the road, after being thrust out by his traveling companions, he knew that they would require assistance, in order to get through. In this enterprise he was assisted by William McCutcheon, who, it will be remembered, had been sent forward with Mr. Stanton from the Salt Lake, to obtain supplies, with which to meet the emigrants. Worn down and exhausted by the journey into the settlements, Mr. McCutcheon did not accompany Mr. Stanton, on his return with two of Captain Sutter's *vaqueros*.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon, after obtaining twenty-six horses and mules, with the necessary provisions, and two Indians, from Captain Sutter, set out upon their expedition to cross the mountains. On the second day after leaving Mr. Johnson's, they encountered the snow. On the third day they reached the head of Bear River valley, in two feet snow, with their flour, beef, and beans, in good condition. At this place they found a man, named Jotham Curtis, who had become greatly grieved and vexed with the evil deeds of the uncircumcised Philistines, who had been the companions of his travel. He had fixed upon this spot, as an abiding place, a sort of lodge in the "vast wilderness," in which he might cease to hear of wrong and oppression. But his late

companions fully reciprocated the feeling—though, perhaps, even unjustly—which prompted him to desire a separate abode, and, without asking for even a lock of his hair, had hurried forward into the settlement, leaving their afflicted and sorrowing companion to the undisputed possession of his dominions.

He had built a sort of pen, over which he had stretched his tent for a roof. This, in two feet of snow, very imperfectly answered the purpose of a palace for the mountain monarch. Not having any one as yet connected with his establishment to perform the functions of purveyor, he had been reduced to the vulgar necessity of killing and eating his old dog. Upon the whole, Jotham's opinions, like some fruits, had been matured and ripened by frost and snow. In short, his views upon the subject of the blessings of solitude had undergone a most marvelous change, which caused him to determine upon abdicating his sovereignty, on the first suitable occasion. Frost, and hail, and sleet, and snow, had conducted him through a somewhat painful process, to the conclusion that, although a "boundless contiguity of shade" would do well enough for the summer, it was not quite the thing for winter. He was therefore profuse in his thanks to Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon for having come to carry him and his "household" into the settlements. He was informed, however, that they were on their way to their friends and traveling companions, on the eastern side of the mountain; but he was assured that, upon returning, every practicable assistance would be rendered.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon resumed their journey the following morning, leaving one Indian and nine head of horses at Jotham's camp, to remain until they returned

They pursued their way over a difficult mountain, along the emigrant road. Those who subsequently went to the relief of the emigrants avoided this mountain, by continuing up Bear River valley, until they entered the valley of Yuva river. The traveling was so heavy that they were unable to proceed more than three miles, when they encamped in Dry Valley, in three feet of snow. The snow was soft, dry, and very light, and the horses were, in consequence, almost exhausted. The Indian who had accompanied them, became so much discouraged that he secretly left camp to return. His departure being soon discovered, Mr. Reed went back to the camp of Jotham Curtis, who stated that the Indians, after whispering together, suddenly left, about half an hour before; and that they had taken with them three of the horses, which he did not attempt to prevent, because he believed that any effort of that sort would have been useless. The fact was, that Curtis had persuaded them to leave, believing that this would make it necessary for Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon to return, when, he flattered himself, he would be taken out of the snow. Mr. Reed, finding that a further pursuit would be unavailing, returned to his camp in Dry Valley, where he arrived before daylight.

After finishing a hasty breakfast, they resumed their journey for the eastern side of the mountain, along the still ascending ridge between Bear and Yuva rivers. They proceeded, with almost incredible toil, about three miles, when they found the snow four feet deep. They at length arrived at the summit of the ridge, along which they traveled about one mile and a half to a point where they found the snow four and a half feet

deep. Here some of the horses becoming exhausted, lay down greatly distressed, with their noses just out of the snow. The saddle-horses were then rode about one mile further, and left; when Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon proceeded on foot for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be possible to advance. After toiling onward about one mile, the snow was up to their arm-pits. This brought them to the ground which descends towards Yuva river. They now halted to consult. Neither had ever seen snow-shoes. After a few minutes of most anxious and painful deliberation, they resolved to go back. Upon returning to their pack-horses, they found them completely exhausted, and some of them almost smothered in snow. The heads of some were only partially visible; the packs of others were seen a little above the snow, while the head was below. Being at length extricated and taken back into the trail, they were driven to the camp of Jotham Curtis, where Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon arrived at night, suffering greatly from fatigue, and with feelings of the deepest dejection and despondency.

After a very brief rest, Mr. McCutcheon commenced cooking their supper in silence. Mrs. Curtis was unwell and weary. Her husband was dispirited, worn down, and cross as the grisly bear in the forest in which he had made his camp. At length, upon some trifling pretense, he commenced pouring upon Mr. McCutcheon abuse without measure or stint. To all this, however, Mr. McCutcheon gave no attention. His hands were busy with the preparations for the evening meal, and his mind was beyond the mountain. Curtis, however, was rather encouraged by this silence,

and his whole conduct was calculated to remind one of a little dog barking at a mastiff. A close observer might indeed have observed, at intervals, the color coming into Mr. McCutcheon's face, and an occasional curl of the brow, which seemed to indicate that it was possible for the little fellow, sitting upon the ground with his toes in the ashes, to get a snap after a while. Mrs. Curtis ventured indeed, once or twice, to hint that neither of the gentlemen were doing any thing wrong, and that herself and husband ought to be very grateful for the deliverance thus brought to them. This, however, only served to increase his wrath, and he made some remarks, amounting to something more than a hint, of his intention to revive in practice an old common-law right, which, although now obsolete, yet was once connected with the marital relation. Mr. McCutcheon, who was a great stalwart Kentuckian, full six feet six inches in height, with a habit of quoting hard names from Shakspeare, as will hereafter be seen, seemed now to be roused into something like a sudden sharp growl, which indicated that he was not in the habit of showing his teeth for nothing; and that he would probably give some little dog a most terrible bite before long.

"Harkee, here, you little mister," said McCutcheon, straightening himself up from over the fire where he had been cooking meat. "Lookee here, I say; if I hear you, you little pictur, saying another word upon that subject, I'll put you on the fire there, and I'll broil you to a cracklin' in two seconds."

Curtis cowered in an instant before the fire of the eyes that flashed upon him; and his wife said, with a trembling voice, that "Jotham meant no harm; he did

not intend to do such a thing for any thing in the world—he was only tired, unwell, and a little fretful; but he didn't mean what he said."

"He'd better not," said McCutcheon, as he stooped down again to resume his cooking, "if he don't want me to tear off his arms, and beat him with the bloody ends."

In a short time supper was ready; and McCutcheon said to Mr. Reed, in a whisper, "Reed, ask that starveling, eelskin, snapper, and his wife, to eat of our supper. I don't want to do it; but I know they must be as hungry as wolves. Poor thing, she looks as though she needed food. He's cross, to be sure; but I'd feed Beelzebub, if he was hungry, rather than have him go away and report that a Kentuckian ever turned any one away empty."

"Well, for my part," replied Mr. Reed, with a laugh, "I would not like to have the devil for a guest; but I'll do as you desire."

Mr. Reed then kindly and cordially invited Mrs. Curtis and her husband to partake of the evening meal which had been prepared. The poor woman was hungry, and of course did not decline; but her husband looked sullen, and sat like a spoiled boy in the pouts.

"Why," said McCutcheon at length, as he ran his fingers backward through his long, bushy hair, and looked with well-affected fierceness upon Curtis, "why don't you come to your supper?"

"I— I— I ca— can— can't eat."

"I know better," bellowed McCutcheon, in a voice of thunder. "You're not sick; you can eat; you shall eat. You are as hungry as a wolf. "What's the use

of being a fool here in the woods. If you don't get right up now, and come here and sit down by your wife, and take hold of your supper, sick or well, I'll take hold of you, and I'll shake you right out of your trowsers in two seconds, you ugly little pictur, you."

This eloquent harangue evidently impressed the mind of Curtis, with the conviction that at least seven evil ones had taken possession of McCutcheon; and deeming it imprudent, at the time, to contend against such odds he acquiesced, and contrived to do most ample justice to the supper.

During the night, when Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon were supposed to be asleep, Curtis commenced bestowing the most abusive epithets upon his wife for having eaten so readily of the supper. She seemed to be half frightened out of her wits, and replied, in a faltering voice, that he knew very well, that at that time, they had not a mouthful remaining of the old dog.

"Reed, Reed!" said McCutcheon, in a low whisper, accompanied with a smart nudge of the elbow in the ribs, "listen to that villainous compound of all that is cowardly, that woman-fighter, that thing, who is so fierce and pugnacious just now. Listen, Reed, she's crying. Shall I get up, and beat him to death? Tell me, quickly!"

"No, no!" replied Mr. Reed. "What will you beat him to death for? Let them alone. It is not probable he will offer any personal violence to his wife."

"Yes, yes, I know that," said McCutcheon, "but then he's making her cry. It's almost breaking my heart," he continued, as he seemed to be gulping down a sob. "I never could bear to hear a woman cry. And I won't bear it," added he, with an emphatic expletive,

and in a voice which had gradually risen from a whisper to a shout.

His actions corresponded with his words; and Curtis, before he expected it, found himself performing sundry feats of ground and lofty tumbling, which finally ended by his finding himself, by some process of legerdemain, in a deep snow-drift, where he was told to remain until it had cooled his wrath.

Curtis at length gathered himself up, and upon coming to the fire, said something about his having fallen among thieves. McCutcheon replied that he had just before fallen into a snow-drift, but that he had previously fallen among the frosts and snows of the Sierra Nevada, where he had been found by a couple of good Samaritans, who were not willing to be called hard names, while they were taking him to an inn. Nor would they permit him to abuse one whom he was under obligation to cherish and protect.

Day at length dawned; the morning meal was prepared, and eaten. Reed and McCutcheon then set about *cacheing* their beef, etc., up in the trees, and the flour in Curtis' wagon, reserving only enough for present use. They then resumed their journey, with all the animals, except a mule that had frozen to death during the night.

After traveling about four miles, they encamped at the foot of the valley. During the night Curtis again became very abusive. No one, however, seemed inclined to notice him, except McCutcheon, who said to Reed, in a whisper, "Reed, Reed! do you hear that fellow again, that starveling, pitiful-hearted Titan, that plague of all cowards, that—"

"Stop, stop," said Reed, amused at his quotations

from Shakspeare, and following the example, continued—

"'breathe awhile,
You tire yourself in base comparisons.'"

"Well, well, I have no patience with him," said McCutcheon. "I have a mind to get up and maul him, until nothing is left of him."

Curtis hearing a whisper, and having a very sensible recollection of the snow drift, observed during the remainder of the night a very becoming silence, and his conduct was otherwise unexceptionable. In the morning, however, he was observed before breakfast to take a firebrand to a place some distance from the camp, as though he was about to make a separate fire. This did not escape the keen eye of the rough and resolute McCutcheon, who immediately went to him, and thundered out a series of his favorite Shakspearian epithets—"You villainous coward! You panderly rascal! You Phrygian Turk! You knave! You—you—"

Here he seemed to have reached the end of his breath, and of his vocabulary at the same moment. But Curtis, anticipating what he would have said, replied, that he was "afeard" of being killed, and that he had gone out there to make a fire.

"Now march right back," said McCutcheon, "and sit down by the fire, and behave yourself, and don't let me know you to make a Judy of yourself any more, or I'll whip you half to death. If it was not for your wife, we would leave you, and trouble ourselves no more with you. But prudence requires us to take you both in together. But you will, I expect, provoke me to give you a most terrible thrashing."

After breakfast, the horses and mules were caught

and packed. They resumed their journey, and Curtis pushed forward for the purpose of avoiding the labor of assisting to drive. McCutcheon observed it, and suggested to Reed the propriety of calling back "that unconfinable baseness," as he denominated Curtis. He was permitted to go forward, however; he seemed to hurry on as though he knew that McCutcheon or the pestilence was at his heels. About 10 o'clock, A.M., a pack of goods, owned by Curtis, became loosened, and fell under the mule. This brought McCutcheon's stentorian lungs into full play, in calling Curtis to return. The hills and valleys echoed back the Shakspearian epithets by which he sought to arrest the onward progress of the fugitive. Curtis was driving through the snow at full speed. McCutcheon was behind gaining upon him, and bellowing like "a bull of Bashan." Curtis was in the mean time "booming it," as McCutcheon phrased it, as through he every moment expected to feel the horns. At length, McCutcheon came up with him, and suddenly restored him to hearing, by making some half a dozen very professional applications, not to the organs affected, but to another part, upon the principle of counter-irritation; repeating the application some two or three times on their way back to the mules. As they came within hearing distance McCutcheon called out, "I tell you Reed, he was booming it! The Flemish drunkard—the book of riddles—the mechanical salt-butter rascal—the Banbury cheese—the base Gangorian wight, was going as fast as a race-horse, and was as deaf as an adder, though I bellowed at him like a mad bull, when no more than twenty feet from him."

This little incident having passed off, the party con-

tinued on until night, when they encamped. The evening wore away without any thing of much interest occurring. In the morning, after breakfast, they resumed their journey.

After getting out of the snow, Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon gave to Mrs. Curtis and her husband all the food that remained, and then pushed on to Mr. Johnson's, where they arrived in the evening.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SECOND EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. REED AND McCUTCHEON.

ABOUT the 22d of February, 1847, Mr. Reed again started from William Johnson's house, with nine men on foot, loaded with provisions. Mr. Eddy wished to accompany him, but such was his weak and feeble condition, that it was not thought safe for him to attempt it. About the 27th February, this party met that of Mr. Glover in Bear River valley, coming out of the snow, at a place where the parties passed in one hour from naked ground to ten feet of snow. Here Mr. Glover informed him that, on the day previous, he had left John Denton at the head of the wake of Yuva river, twenty-five miles distant. That they had gathered for him a pile of wood, and left him with but a very scanty supply of provisions, because they had not more themselves; and that if Mr. Reed would hasten forward he might find him alive. Mr. Reed pressed on; but he was too late; the vital spark had fled. He had died like a lamp which ceases to burn for want of aliment. Without remaining to observe any thing beyond the fact of his decease, a quilt was hastily thrown over him, and the party pursued their journey. About 11 o'clock, A.M., of each day, the snow would become so soft as not to sustain their weight, and this made it necessary for

them to remain in camp until midnight, at which time each day's journey was commenced. They thus continued to toil on until March 1st, when they arrived at the Mountain Camp, where they found the emigrants in a most distressing condition.

When Mr. Reed found them, they were in circumstances the most desperate and shocking. He had in the morning sent forward three of his strongest and most active young men, Charles Cady, Charles Stone, and Mr. Clark, with provisions to the Mountain Camp, with directions to distribute the food among those most requiring it, and to remain by them until he came up, for the purpose of preventing them from eating so much as to injure them, The first camp which he reached was that of Mr. Brinn, whom he found with a sufficient supply of provisions, consisting of beef which he had killed when he first made this camp. He had previously consumed all, or nearly all, of his hides. He had, in fact, been more provident in this respect than any of the other emigrants.

At this camp Mr. Reed saw his daughter Patty sitting on the top of the snow with which the cabin was covered. Patty saw her father at some distance, and immediately started to run and meet him. But such was her weakness, that she fell. Her father took her up, and the affectionate girl, bathed in tears, embraced and kissed him, exclaiming, "Oh! papa, I never expected to see you again, when the cruel people drove you out of the camp. But I knew that God was good, and would do what was best. Is dear mamma living? Is Mr. Glover living? Did you know that he was a mason? Oh! my dear papa, I am so happy to see you. Masons must be good men. Is Mr. Glover

Meeting of Patty and her Father

the same sort of mason we had in Springfield? He promised mamma, upon the word of a mason, that he would bring me and Tommy out of the mountain." Mr. Reed told Patty that masons were every where the same, and that he had met her mother and Mr. Glover, and had relieved him from his pledge, and that he had himself come to her and little Tommy to redeem that pledge, and to take out all that were able to travel.* Mr. Reed, not seeing little Tommy, feared that he was dead. But Patty informed him, as well as her sobs would permit, that he was sleeping. He immediately descended through the snow-hole that led down into the cabin, and found his little boy asleep, and reduced to a mere skeleton. The feelings of the father upon seeing his child in a situation which may not here be described, may be imagined. He woke him up, but the little boy did not recognize him, and would frequently ask Patty, to whom he looked as a sort of mother, if that really was his father. At length he became assured and happy, and seemed to feel that he once more had a protector and friend.

After giving some bread to his own and Mr. Brinn's children, he went to Kiesburg's cabin, about two hundred yards distant, where he found Mr. Stone, who had given to them some refreshments, and was washing the children's clothes. He found them in a most deplorable condition. Mr. Foster's child and Mr. Reed's were in bed, crying incessantly for something to eat. They would stretch out their arms and beg, in the most moving terms and accents, for food. Mr. Stone had already given the children all that he pru-

* It may be proper to mention that the author is not himself a mason.

dently could. But such was the force of the affecting appeal made by these poor, helpless, and unprotected sufferers, that Mr. Reed could not restrain the promptings of his Irish heart, or refrain from giving heed to their cries, and he gave them more, perhaps, than was prudent. Mrs. Murphy, an amiable woman, and the grandmother of Mr. Foster's children, informed Mr. Reed that these children had been in that bed fourteen days. The imagination must fill up the picture.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon warmed water, and then divested themselves of their clothing, and left it out upon the snow, in order to avoid becoming polluted with vermin, thoroughly washed the children in soap suds, oiled them, and wrapped them in flannel, and put them to bed in comparative comfort. It is due to Mrs. Murphy to say, that she could not prevent this condition in which Mr. Foster's child and Mr. Reed's were found, for she was herself so reduced by famine, that she was helpless. Mr. Reed was now under the necessity of helping her up. She would sometimes weep, and then again laugh. She was, in short, reduced to childishness. Such, indeed, was the condition of the greatest number.

After the children were thus washed, and their wants supplied, Mr. Reed took a kettle of warm water to Kiesburg, and proposed, with the aid of Mr. McCutcheon, to perform the same offices for him. Kiesburg seemed to be greatly moved, and exclaimed in broken English, "Oh, Mr. Reed! is it possible that you have come to wash the feet and body of a poor miserable wretch who once sought to have you hung upon the end of his wagon-tongue? I have so wronged you—have so mistaken your whole character that I

can not permit you to do it. Any one but you may do it. This is too much." Mr. Reed said to him that it was an office of humanity, which he was called upon to perform, irrespective of the past; and that oblivion should cover the unhappy scenes and circumstances that had occurred by the way. The men had now, for the first time, a little leisure to observe. The mutilated body of a friend, having nearly all the flesh torn away, was seen at the door—the head and face remaining entire. Half consumed limbs were seen concealed in trunks. Bones were scattered about. Human hair of different colors was seen in tufts about the fire-place. The sight was overwhelming; and outraged nature sought relief by one spontaneous outcry of agony, and grief, and tears. The air was rent by the wails of sorrow and distress that ascended at once, and, as if by previous concert, from that charnel house of death beneath the snow.

Messrs. Reed, Joseph Jaundro, Matthew Dofai, and Hiram Miller then proceeded some eight miles to the camp of Messrs. Donner; Messrs. Turner, Wm. McCutcheon, and Britton Greenwood, being left with Mrs. Graves, for the purpose of *cacheing* her few effects, and to have the sufferers in readiness to return with the party to the settlements.

When Mr. Reed arrived there he found Messrs. Cady and Stone, who had been sent in advance with provisions to this camp. They informed him that when they arrived at the camp, Baptiste had just left the camp of the widow of the late Jacob Donner, with the leg and thigh of Jacob Donner, for which he had been sent by George Donner, the brother of the deceased. That was given, but the boy was informed

that no more could be given, Jacob Donner's body being the last they had. They had consumed four bodies, and the children were sitting upon a log, with their faces stained with blood, devouring the half-roasted liver and heart of the father, unconscious of the approach of the men, of whom they took not the slightest notice even after they came up. Mrs. Jacob Donner was in a helpless condition, without any thing whatever to eat except the body of her husband, and she declared that she would die before she would eat of this. Around the fire were hair, bones, skulls, and the fragments of half-consumed limbs. Mr. Reed and party, after removing the tent to another place, and making Mrs. Donner as comfortable as possible, retired for the purpose of being relieved for a brief period from sights so terrible and revolting. They had not gone far when they came to the snow-grave of Jacob Donner. His head was cut off, and was lying with the face up, the snow and cold having preserved all the features unaltered. His limbs and arms had been severed from the body which was cut open—the heart and liver being taken out. The leg and thigh which the boy, John Baptiste, had obtained, had been thrown back, upon the party coming up with relief. Other graves were seen, but nothing remained in them but a few fragments.

The party then proceeded to the tent of George Donner, who was in a weak and helpless condition. Mrs. Donner appeared to be strong and healthy. She would not consent to go, leaving her husband; and she declined letting her children go, because she said that she hoped, from what she had learned, that Mr. Woodworth, would be in camp in a few days, at most, when

she thought they would all be able to go into the settlement. Mr. Cady was in the mean time sent back to the upper camp with instructions to return that night with seven days' provisions. After leaving a man to take care of the sufferers, and to give them their food, Mr. Reed and party returned to the upper camp, taking two of Jacob Donner's children, and bringing up a pair of new boots for Kiesburg. After leaving Mr. Stone to take care of those at this camp, and to give to them, in proper quantities and at proper intervals, seven days' provisions, the party set out to cross the mountain.

The following are, in substance, extracts from a journal kept by one of the emigrants, and are introduced here for the purpose of presenting at least an imperfect account of the sufferers in their Mountain Camp. Although it possesses great interest, as showing some of the dire sufferings of the miserable survivors who passed through an ordeal more horrible and terrific than that of either fire or water, yet it must not be regarded as perfect. A multitude of the most shocking and revolting circumstances are designedly suppressed, as being unfit for the sober pages of history. Notwithstanding the unspeakable distress which is known by the world to have existed, and the thrilling scenes which the narrative of this lamentable affair presents, the *full* story will never be told, and the half of that which is known by the people of California will never appear in print; and indeed ought not.

"*Dec.* 17.—Pleasant. William Murphy returned from the mountain last evening. Milton and Noah started for Donner's, eight days ago, and not having

returned, it is probable that they are lost in the snow."

"*Dec.* 19.—Snowed last night, but is thawing to-day, although the wind is northwest."

"*Dec.* 20.—Clear and pleasant. Mrs. Reed is here. We have yet received no account from Milton. Charles Burger set out for Donner's, but was unable to proceed, and turned back. These are tough times, but we are not discouraged for our hope is in God."

"*Dec.* 21.—Milton got back last night from Donner's camp, and brings with him the sad news of the death of Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, Rianhard, and Smith. The others are in a low situation. The snow fell during the whole of the last night, with a strong southwest wind."

"*Dec.* 23.—Clear to-day. Milton took some of his meat away. All well at their camp. Began this day to read the 'Thirty days' prayers.' Almighty God, grant the request of unworthy sinners."

"*Dec.* 24.—Rained all night, and still continues. Poor prospect for any kind of comfort, spiritual or temporal."

"*Dec.* 25.—Began to snow yesterday. Snowed all night, and it continues to fall rapidly. Extremely difficult to get wood. Offered our prayers to God this Christmas morning. The prospect is appalling, but we trust in Him."

"*Dec.* 27.—Cleared off yesterday, and continues clear. Wood growing scarcer. A tree when felled sinks into the snow, and is hard to get at."

"*Dec.* 30.—Fine, clear morning. Froze hard last night, about ten o'clock."

"*Dec.* 31.—Last of the year. May we spend the

coming year better than we have the past. This we purpose to do, if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from our present dreadful situation. Amen. Morning pleasant, but cloudy. Wind east by south. Looks like another snow-storm. Snow-storms are dreadful to us. It is very deep."

"*Jan.* 1, 1847.—We prayed the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity, if it be His holy will. Commenced snowing last night, and snows a little yet. Provisions getting very scarce. Dug up a hide from under the snow yesterday, but have not commenced on it yet."

"*Jan.* 3.—Fair during the day. Froze during the night. Mrs. Reed talks of crossing the mountain with her children."

"*Jan* 4.—Fine morning. Looks like spring. Mrs. Reed and Virginia, Milton Elliot, and Eliza Williams, started a short time ago, with the hope of crossing the mountains. Left their three children here. It was hard for Mrs. Reed to part with them."

"*Jan.* 6.—Eliza came back yesterday, being unable to proceed. The others kept ahead."

"*Jan.* 8.—Very cold this morning. Mrs. Reed and the others came back, not being able to find the way on the other side of the mountain. They have nothing to live on but hides."

"*Jan.* 10.—Began to snow last night, and it still continues. Wind north-northwest."

"*Jan.* 13.—Snowing fast; snow higher than the shanty. It must be thirteen feet deep. Can not get wood this morning. It is a dreadful sight for us to look upon."

"*Jan.* 14.—Cleared off yesterday. The sun shining

brilliantly renovates our spirits. Praise the God of Heaven!"

"*Jan.* 15.—Clear day again. Wind northwest. Mrs. Murphy snow-blind. Lanthron not able to get wood. Has but one ax between him and Kiesburg. Looks like another storm. Expecting some account from Sutter's soon."

"*Jan* 17.—Eliza Williams came here this morning. Lanthron crazy last night. Provisions scarce. Hides our main subsistence. May the Almighty send us help."

"*Jan.* 21.—Fine morning. John Baptiste and Mr. Denton came this morning with Eliza, who will not eat hides. Mrs. —— sent her back to live or die on them."

"*Jan.* 22.—Began to snow after sunrise. Likely to continue. Wind west."

"*Jan.* 23.—Blew hard, and snowed all night. The most severe storm we have experienced this winter. Wind west."

"*Jan.* 26.—Cleared off yesterday. To-day fine and pleasant. Wind southwest. In hopes we are done with snow-storms. Those who went to Sutter's Fort not yet returned. Provisions getting scant, and the people growing weak, living on a small allowance of hides."

"*Jan.* 27.—Commenced snowing yesterday, and continues to day. Lewis S. Kiesburg died three days ago. Wood growing so scarce, that we don't have fire enough to cook our hides."

"*Jan.* 30.—Fair and pleasant. Wind west. Thawing in the sun. John and Edward Brinn went to Mr. Graves' this morning. Mr. —— seized upon Mrs. ——'s goods, to hold them until paid for a little food which

she bought. The hides which herself and family subsisted upon were also taken away from her. An opinion may be formed from these facts of the fare in camp. Nothing is to be had by hunting; yet, perhaps, there will soon be."

"*Jan.* 31.—The sun does not shine out brilliantly this morning. Froze hard last night. Wind northwest. Lanthron Murphy died last night, about 10 o'clock. Mrs. Reed went to Graves' this morning, to look after her goods."

"*Feb.* 5.—Snowed hard until 12 o'clock last night. Many uneasy for fear we shall perish with hunger. We have but a little meat left, and only three hides. Mrs. Reed has nothing but one hide, and that is in Graves' house. Milton lives there, and likely to keep that. Eddy's child died last night."

"*Feb.* 8.—It snowed faster last night and to-day than it has done this winter before. Still continues. Wind southwest. Murphy's folks and Kiesburg's say they can not eat hides. I wish we had enough of them. Mrs. Eddy died on the night of the 7th."

"*Feb.* 9.—Mrs. Pike's child all but dead. Milton is at Murphy's, not able to get out of bed. Kiesburg never gets up. Says he is not able. Mrs. Eddy and child were buried in the snow to-day. Wind southeast."

"*Feb.* 10.—Beautiful morning. Thawing in the sun. Milton Elliot died last night at Murphy's shanty. Mrs. Reed went to see after his effects this morning. J. Denton trying to borrow meat for Graves. Had none to give. They had nothing but hides. All are entirely out of meal, but a little we have. Our hides are nearly all eaten up; but, with God's help, spring will soon smile upon us."

"*Feb.* 12.—Warm, thawy morning."

"*Feb.* 14.—Fine morning, but cold. Buried Milton Elliot in the snow. John Denton not well."

"*Feb.* 15.—Morning cloudy until 9 o'clock, then cleared off warm. Mrs. Graves refused to give Mrs. Reed her hides, and to prevent her from getting Sutter's pack-hides to eat, put them upon her shanty."

"*Feb.* 16.—Commenced raining last evening, and then turned to snow in the night, which continued to fall until morning. Weather changeable; sunshine, and then light showers of hail, accompanied by strong winds. We all feel very unwell, and the snow is not getting much less at present."

"*Feb.* 19.—Froze hard last night. Aquila Glover, R. S. Mootrey, Joseph Sell, Daniel Rhodes, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and Edward Coffeymier, arrived from California with provisions, but left the greater part on the way. To-day is clear and warm for this region."

"*Feb.* 20.—John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and R. S Mootrey went to Donner's Camp this morning, and returned this evening, bringing seven persons to go into the settlements. They start to-morrow."

"*Feb.* 21.—To-day, at noon, the party set out with twenty-three of our number, some of them being in a very weak state. Two of Mr. Reed's children brought back."

"*Feb.* 22.—Mrs. Kiesburg started with the Californians yesterday, and left her husband here unable to go. Pike's child died two days ago, and was buried in the snow this morning."

"*Feb.* 23.—Froze hard last night. To-day pleasant and thawy; has the appearance of spring, all but the

deep snow. Wind south-southeast. Shot a dog to-day, and dressed his flesh."

"*Feb.* 25.—To-day, Mrs. Murphy says, the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty. The nights are too cold to watch, but they hear them howl."

"*Feb.* 26.—Hungry times. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday, that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him. I do not think she has done so yet. It is distressing. The Donners told the California folks six days ago, that they would commence on the dead people, if they did not succeed that day or the next in finding their cattle, then ten or twelve feet under the snow. They did not know the spot or near it. They have done it ere this."

"*Feb.* 28.—One solitary Indian passed by yesterday, coming from the lake. He had a heavy pack on his back, and gave me five or six roots resembling onions in shape, having tough fibers, and tasting something like a sweet potato."

"*March* 1.—Mr. J. F. Reed and nine men arrived this morning from Bear Valley with provisions. They are to start in two or three days, and *cache* our goods here. They say that the snow will remain until June."

The foregoing extracts from a journal kept during the winter, will present some imperfect view of the scenes and events which occurred in the Mountain Camp during the long and dreary winter. But this journal affords only indistinct glimpses of scenes as they passed. The full and complete record of even those circumstances which were entered in that journal were never read by above three persons. They preserve a silence as unbroken as the grave. But

many things occurred in that Mountain Camp previous to the first of March, which were not written, except by the recording angel; and which will never be fully known until God shall bring every secret work into judgment, whether it be good or evil.

After leaving about seven days' provisions with them to sustain them until Mr. Woodworth could come to them with relief, Mr. Reed's party commenced their return to the settlements, with seventeen of the unhappy beings, whose condition during the winter is in part shown by the foregoing journal. These persons were Patrick Brinn, wife, and five children; Mrs. Graves and four children; Mary and Isaac Donner, children of Jacob Donner; Solomon Hook, a step-son of Jacob Donner, and two of his children. He had met his wife with two of his children in the Bear River valley.

On the first day they traveled but three miles, although greatly urged by Mr. Reed to go faster and further. They encamped that night on the side of Truckee's Lake. It will scarcely be credited that on this night this company of emigrants, although surrounded by circumstances of extreme peril, amidst the most terrible scenes, and still struggling with death, were in fine spirits, and some of them uttered pleasantries which made their companions smile, notwithstanding the horrors of their condition. Patrick Brinn played about two hours upon a violin, which had been owned by Jay Fosdick, and which Mrs. Graves was taking into the settlements for him, she supposing him to be still living.

On the day that Mr. Reed's party left the camp in Bear River valley, he instructed the men with him not to let the sufferers know any thing in reference to

the disasters which befell the party that came in with Mr. Eddy. This was necessary, because of the effects which might, and probably would, have resulted from the depression the communication of the intelligence would have produced.

The night passed away, and in the morning a young man who was carrying $500 in specie for Mrs. Graves, said to one of his companions in a vein of pleasantry, such as that in which they had indulged during the previous night, "I think that we had better play *euchre*, for the purpose of determining who shall have this money." Although nothing was seriously meditated, yet the remark alarmed Mrs. Graves, who, when the company set forward, remained behind for the purpose of concealing the money. Mrs. Graves having perished a few days after this, a knowledge of her secret perished with her. The party traveled about five miles to the foot of the mountain and encamped, Mr. Reed finding it impossible to induce them to go further. The music of the violin again beguiled the heavily-passing hours. It could not, however, dispel the anxiety which Mr. Reed felt, upon observing a heavy and portentous cloud that hung, with a threatening and vengeful aspect, about the top of the mountain. Fearing the effects which might result from communicating his apprehensions to any one, he looked in silence upon the gathering storm, which was to sweep with desolating fury and a fearful energy over the sides of the mountains; the pines, standing upon which, seemed even then, as they swayed to and fro in the wind, to be moaning for the dead. After the evening meal, there remained only provisions sufficient to last them one day and a half. On the following morning Mr

Reed sent Joseph Jaundro, Mathew Dofar, and Mr. Turner forward, with instructions to get supplies at a *cache* that had been made about fifteen miles from that place, and to return. If, however, that should be found robbed, they were to go still further on to a second *cache*, unless, in the mean time, they should meet Mr. Woodworth coming to the relief of the sufferers; in which event, they were instructed to return with him as soon as possible. Upon these being sent forward, the party resumed their journey, expecting to meet the supplies thus sent on the next day. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and after traveling about ten miles, encamped on a bleak point on the north side of a little valley, near the head of Yuva river. During the night a most terrible snow-storm came down upon them, accompanied by a fierce wind, which increased to a tremendous gale before morning. The altitude of the mountain at the pass is 9838 feet. The camp was situated about 1500 feet below, and upon about 40 feet of snow—the snow above being from 60 to 100 feet deep. The storm continued, without the slightest intermission, for two days and three nights. On the morning of the third day the dark and angry clouds gradually passed off, and the air became, if possible, more intensely cold. The sufferings of the party, and especially of the unhappy and emaciated famine stricken emigrants, can never be portrayed with that vividness of coloring which is necessary to convey to the mind an adequate conception of what they endured. It is not possible to present upon the cold, and necessarily imperfect pages of a narrative, a true picture of the distress and anguish of spirit with which this terrible storm overwhelmed them. Individuals who

have been so unfortunate as to have been at some times similarly situated, can sympathize, to some extent, with those upon whom it descended with resistless fury. But the more inexperienced reader, sitting in a comfortable parlor, by a cheerful fire, surrounded by happy faces, can never know the suffering of body and tortures of mind, endured by those who felt that they were abandoned by those whose duty it was to come to their relief.

The bleak point upon which they encamped was selected, not from choice, but necessity. Mr. Glover had encamped here on his way to the Mountain Camp, and the snow had in consequence been partially trodden down. It was an object to encamp there, in order to enable the sufferers to keep their feet dry. They had, moreover, traveled ten miles, which, if the feeble condition of the emigrants be considered, will at once be seen to be a hard day's travel, especially so when it is remembered that the party had crossed the mountains. Mr. Glover's party had also left at it some logs; and this, too, was an object with men who, in addition to assisting forward the sufferers during the day, were under the necessity of performing the severest camp duty at night.

The manner in which the fires upon these terrible snows were made by those who were engaged in these expeditions was as follows:—two green logs were cut and laid down at a distance corresponding with the length of the fire necessary to be made. Large green logs of pine or fir were then cut and placed transversely upon the first two. These served as a foundation upon which to build the fire up out of the snow, and upon these the fire was made by piling

on dry wood. Boughs were cut down and laid upon the snow around the fire, and upon these the emigrants lay, with their feet to the fire. If the green logs burnt through, the fire fell upon the snow below, and was of course extinguished. Unless, therefore, this could be prevented by putting in other green logs, there was the greatest danger of all perishing with the cold. The heat of the fire above would also sometimes melt the snow below; and if this melting was greater at one end, or upon one side than another, the logs would become displaced, and the fire rolling down into the snow would become extinguished. If the process of melting was uniform, a hole in the snow would thus be made, varying from ten to thirty feet deep.

Such were some of the dangers to which they were exposed during the continuance of this dreadful storm, especially on the third night. Boughs had been set down around the fire. The snow was then thrown from the inside against the boughs, and upon the outside, so as to form a bank to break off the force of the wind and driving snow, which fell so thick as to make it impossible to see beyond a few feet. The cold was so intense as to make it impracticable to chop more than a few minutes without returning to the fire to warm. The party had all lain down, and were seeking to shelter themselves beneath their blankets. The driving snow soon covered them up. Upon some of them rising, the logs were found displaced, and the fire almost extinguished. The men, women, and children, were all so cold as to be in great danger of freezing. Mr. Reed had become snow-blind during the evening, and it was impossible for him to do any thing. The men, with the exception of Hiram Miller,


MRS. BRINN IN TRIBULATION.

and Wm. McCutcheon, were worn down and disheartened. All became greatly alarmed. The children were all crying. One of the women was weeping—another praying. A portion of Mr. Reed's men were also praying. The two above named were alternately struggling to save the expiring coals, and swearing at the others, urging them to leave off praying and go to work for the purpose of saving the fire; assuring them that all would inevitably perish before morning. Mrs. Brinn's voice was heard above the roaring of the storm, the weeping of the women and children, the prayers of some of the men and the swearing of others. She screamed, "Mr. Rade! Mr. Rade! Do in the name of the blessed Vargin make yer min get up and make a fire. We're all frazin'—every sowl of us! In the name of Saint Patrick and the Vargin, make them get up. They are all gettin' three dollars a day to take us out of the snow, and here they are a-lettin' us all fraze. The Vargin save us! Oh! you've brought us here to murther us! You brought us away from our comfortable camp to fraze us! Oh! Johnny's fell down in the pit and is kilt intirely. Patrick's froze to death. Little Jammy's legs are burnt off by the knees; and Patsy's heart has sased to bate for the space of faftane minutes!" Here Mr. McCutcheon, no longer able to bear this torrent of words, with a multitude of adjectives and expletives, informed her, in a voice he contrived to raise above hers, that if she did not "sase" this abuse and invective, he would, in less time than "faftane minutes," make her heart "sase to bate." The whole scene, though one of distress and the most imminent peril, was one in which the comic and tragical, the terrible and the ludicrous were

strangely mingled. At length, however, a fire was made, and it was soon found that Johnny had not been "kilt," nor Patrick froze to death, nor little Jammy "burnt off by the knees," and that Patsy's heart was still "bating," and that Mrs. Brinn's tongue was running with an increased velocity.

Morning came at length, and the storm passed away. The whole party had then been two days without any sort of food. Mr. Reed urged them to resume the journey. None of the party, however, were able to travel except Solomon Hook and Patrick Brinn and family. The latter affirmed that they could remain in camp better without food than travel without it. Mary Donner had burned her foot very much during the previous night, and, although she made an effort, she soon fell, and was assisted back to camp. Mr. Reed and party, after leaving wood for three days, then set out, taking his two children and Solomon Hook, Mr. Miller carried Tom, Solomon Hook also walked. Patty refused to let her father carry her, and continued to travel in the newly fallen snow, into which they all sunk about two feet. Her father frequently asked her if she was not tired or cold, but such was her energy and courage, that she continued to travel on foot, refusing to be carried. At length she called out to her father that she saw the stars and a multitude of angels. He immediately saw that she was freezing, and having wrapped her in a blanket, carried her upon his back. The child derived warmth from the body of her father. The party were all without food, and Mr. Reed had no hope of obtaining assistance from Mr. Woodworth. In fact, he informed the eleven, he had been under the necessity of leaving,

that Mr. Woodworth ought to have met them long before, and that to rely upon him any more, was leaning upon a broken stick. The men were very much reduced, from want of food, and worn down by toil. They were, in consequence, greatly discouraged, and expressed their fears that they would all perish; but Patty, who was herself, as has been seen, so near perishing in the morning, said, "No! no! God has not brought us so far to let us perish now." The remark of the child so filled the heart of the rough and resolute McCutcheon, that his eyes immediately filled with tears, that froze as they fell, and he exclaimed, with an oath, "Boys, if there is an angel on earth, Patty is that angel. Just listen to the child." No apology can be made for swearing; and yet the first wish of the heart is, that the tears of the recording angel may have blotted out the oath forever.

Soon after arriving at the encampment, Mr. Stone and Mr. Cady, who had been left at the Mountain Camp, came up. All the men, excepting Mr. Miller and Mr. Stone, found, upon coming to the fire, that their feet were without sensation. Mr. Reed, suspecting that they were frozen, thrust his into the snow, and advised the others to do so. Some of them did it. Mr. Cady, Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Greenwood lost more or less of their toes. Some of them were crippled for life.

The next morning, the party resumed their journey, this being the fourth day they had all been without food. Late in the afternoon, they found a little that had been left in a tree by Mr. Dofar, who had at length, with Mr. Jaundro and Mr. Turner, got forward to a small *cache*. It will be remembered that these

men had been sent forward for provisions, when the party arrived at the Starved Camp, where Brinn and his family had been left. The storm, however, had caught these, and they were themselves near perishing. Mr. Turner had been so much frozen, that he was with great difficulty taken forward. They had come to the first *cache*, which they found robbed by wild animals. After the storm abated, they had proceeded on to the second *cache*. A part of this was found, and with it Mr. Dofar had returned, and after depositing it in such a manner as to enable Mr. Reed's party to find it, pursued his way toward Mr. Woodworth's camp.

A little strengthened by this timely supply, the party continued on until night, and encamped. Mr. Cady and Mr. Greenwood had, however, pushed on with the hope of finding Mr. Woodworth. They arrived at his camp after night, I believe, and informed him of the condition of the party. After dark, Woodworth came to Mr. Reed's camp, with Mr. John Starks and Mr. Oakley, the two latter carrying provisions.

This party, finally, after immense toil and extreme peril, arrived in the settlement, without further disaster, or loss of life.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. FOSTER AND EDDY FROM THE CALIFORNIA SETTLEMENTS TO THE MOUNTAIN CAMP.

THE chapter which I have devoted to showing what were the nature and extent of the preparations made by the people of California for the relief of the sufferers of the Mountain Camp, present the facts which show the manner in which Passed-midshipman S. E. Woodworth became connected with the expeditions for the relief of the emigrants.

Furnished with the most ample supplies, Mr. Woodworth set forward with instructions from Captain J. B. Hull, U. S. navy, and at that time commander of the northern district of California, to use every possible exertion to rescue the unhappy sufferers, agreeing, on the part of the United States, to pay whatever might be necessary to prevent his countrymen from perishing.

Four days after Mr. Woodworth's party left Johnson's ranche, Messrs. Foster and Eddy obtained horses which had been purchased under the order of Captain Hull. With these they set out to meet Mr. Reed and his party.

Mr. Eddy had heard that his wife and one of his children had perished, but he cherished a feeble hope that he was not left to mourn the loss of all; and that he would find one of his children with Mr. Reed; and in any event he felt it to be a duty which he owed to

suffering humanity, to do all in his power to rescue others, although his wife and children might be no more. Mr. Foster believed that his child yet survived. He hoped also to find his mother-in-law, Mrs. Murphy, and his brother-in-law, Simon Murphy, alive.

On the second day after they left, they arrived at Bear River valley, where they found Passed-midshipman Woodworth remaining in camp with one man to bring water, make fires, and cook for him. There were also other men in other ways to assist him. Messrs. Eddy and Foster believed that at that time he was over the mountain, and upon inquiring of him why he was not, he replied that he could not go without a guide. Mr. Eddy replied that he had the best guide in the snow trail of those who had preceded him. Mr. Woodworth promised that he would set forward on the following morning, but he advised Messrs. Foster and Eddy not to attempt the passage of the mountain. They informed him that they had passed over under vastly more difficult circumstances, and that they would certainly attempt it again.

They according set out, eight in number, on the following morning. Having crossed a ridge, they arrived at Yuva river, where Passed-midshipman Woodworth, who had become tired from carrying his blanket, proposed, at about 3 o'clock, P.M., to encamp. That night two of Mr. Reed's men came to Mr. Woodworth's camp, and informed him that Mr. Reed's party were encamped about one mile in advance (in the direction of the mountains). Mr. Woodworth then went to Mr. Reed's camp, and after conversing with him, returned. Mr. Reed had informed him that some miles from that place he had left fourteen of the sufferers. Mr. Wood-

worth asked the men with him, if they would go to the relief of these emigrants, and received a reply in the negative.* Messrs. Foster and Eddy proposed to make themselves responsible for almost any sum to persons who would go with them. To this it was replied that they, having lost all their property and money, were irresponsible. J. F. Reed and Hiram Miller said that they would be responsible for any amount, for which Messrs. Eddy and Foster would engage. But these it was said were in the condition of the first. Mr. John Starks offered to go out without any reward beyond that derived from the consciousness of doing a good act. But the snow made it prudent to have only light men for the service. It was necessary for each man to carry fifty pounds of provisions; and this, added to Mr. Starks' own weight, of two hundred and twenty-four pounds, made it imprudent for him to go.

Being unable to induce any of them to consent to go, Messrs. Eddy and Foster were about to set out alone. Mr. Reed, however, remonstrated against this, and at length induced them to consent to return to Bear River valley, where he said he would use his utmost efforts to prevail upon Mr. Woodworth and his party to enter upon the enterprise. Upon returning to Bear River valley, Mr. Woodworth finally said that he would engage, under the authority he had received from Capt.

* I ought to say here, that in this chapter I omit several facts communicated to me by the emigrants, because I do not wish unnecessarily to involve myself in a newspaper controversy with others, and because their omission does not affect the fidelity of a narrative, having for its object the showing of how and in what numbers the sufferers were rescued.—AUTHOR.

Hull to pay three dollars per day to every man who would go, and fifty dollars in addition to every man who would bring out a child not his own. Mr. Eddy hired Hiram Miller, formerly of Springfield, Illinois, engaging to pay him fifty dollars.* Mr. Foster hired a Mr. Thompson for the same sum. Howard Oakley, John Starks, and Mr. Stone looked to Capt. Hull for their wages.

The company thus organized, through the instrumentality of Messrs. Eddy and Foster set out for the Mountain Camp, on the following morning. They encamped that night about half way up Yuva river, in fifteen feet of snow. The next day, at 4 o'clock, they arrived at the camp of those whom Mr. Reed had been compelled to leave. The fire at the Starved Camp had melted the snow down to the ground, and the hole thus made was about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet deep. As the snow had continued to melt, they made steps by which they ascended and descended.

The picture of distress which was here presented, was shocking indeed. And yet Patrick Brinn and his wife seemed not in any degree to realize the extent of their peril, or that they were in peril at all. They were found lying down sunning themselves, and evincing no concern for the future. They had consumed the two children of Jacob Donner. Mrs. Graves' body was lying there with almost all the flesh cut away from her arms and limbs. Her breasts were cut off and her heart and liver taken out, and were all being boiled in a pot then on the fire. Her little child, about thirteen months old, sat at her side, with one arm upon

* During my sojourn in California, I saw this debt paid.

the body of its mangled mother, and sobbing bitterly, cried, Ma! ma! ma! It was a helpless and innocent lamb among the wolves of the wilderness. Mr. Eddy took up its wasted form in his arms, and touched even to tears with the sight he witnessed, he kissed its wan and pale cheeks again and again; and wept even more bitterly in the anguish of his spirit as he thought of his own dear ones, and the departed companion of his perils and sorrows. The child looked up imploringly into his face, and with a silent but expressive eloquence, besought him to be its protector. In a few minutes it nestled in his bosom, and seemed to feel assured that it once more had a friend. As soon as possible, he made some thin soup for the infant, which revived it, and, with the exception of an occasional short convulsive sob or sigh, it again appeared quiet and happy. It was brought safely into the settlements, where its very misfortunes made friends for it. But it drooped and withered away like a flower severed from the parent stem. It now blooms in the paradise of God, in a better and happier clime, where the storms and disasters of life will affect it no more.

After supplying these emigrants with food, Messrs. Oakley, Starks, and Stone were left to lead them on to Bear River valley, and to carry out Mrs. Graves' babe and two other children. Messrs. Eddy, Foster, Thompson, and Miller, started at about 4 o'clock, on the following morning, for the Mountain Camp, where they arrived at about 10 o'clock, A.M.

A more shocking picture of distress and misfortune, can not be imagined, than the scene they witnessed upon their arrival. Many of those who had been detained by the snows had starved to death. Their

bodies had been devoured by the wretched survivors; and their bones were lying in and around the camps. A body with half the flesh torn from it, was lying near the door. Upon turning over a head which was severed from the body, Mr. Eddy instantly recognized the familiar face of an old friend and traveling companion. A dead child lay near. The wild, fiery, and fierce look of the eyes, and the emaciated and ghastly appearance of the survivors added tenfold horror to this scene of the Mountain Camp.

It is impossible for human language to describe the change wrought in the feelings of those who, but a few weeks before, would have preferred a thousand deaths to eating human flesh. The change which their unspeakable sufferings had produced seemed to affect the very texture of their nature and being. In the solitude and horror of the Mountain Camp, long nights of physical suffering and mental anguish had succeeded each other, in a manner of which it is impossible to have an adequate idea. Days had followed each other in a long succession; but no sun of hope had arisen to dispel the darkness of their misery; and as the long nights came on, the yet driving snow was heaped in impenetrable drifts above them, and extinguished even the dim rays which had sometimes shone fitfully through the dark clouds of disaster, which seemed to be fast thickening, and settling down upon them in a night of death. Surmisings had often been indulged, as to their probable fate; and questions had been asked for the thousandth time, as to the probabilities of relief. They had made calculations for the next and succeeding meals, as they sat gloomily around the fires of their miserable camps. Some had added the last little

fuel to the dim and flickering flame, and had given themselves up to the ravings of despair and madness, as they felt the crush of their reliance for aid from the settlements. Others had bowed their heads in moody silence upon the palms of their hands, and given themselves up to the tortures of thought. Here and there one was found, in whose face meekness and resignation were visible, and they seemed to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done."

Day after day had passed away, and the scanty store of food, miserable and loathsome as it was, had rapidly diminished, until the last hide had been consumed. Then hunger, keen, gnawing, and maddening, preyed upon them, until it might have been said of those who unlike some of their more miserable companions, ha up to that time refrained from eating human flesh, "In their gloomy looks you might see the longings of the cannibal." Many expedients had been discussed, for the purpose of avoiding the dreadful alternative of dying themselves, or of killing their companions, by lot or otherwise, to preserve their own lives. But at that juncture a greater number of persons perished from famine, than was necessary to supply, for a time, all the miserable survivors with this horrible food.

It is said that, immediately previous to this, a sacrifice had been agreed upon, and that an individual, who was supposed to have less claims to life than the others, had been selected as the victim. But Providence interposed, and some of them sank into the arms of death, whispering praise for unmerited mercies; while others expired, cursing their miserable fate. And now those who, but a short time before, would have shuddered at the thought of devouring the

dead bodies of their companions, rejoiced at their decease, and regarded it as a providential interference in their behalf.

In a very brief period, all the fountains of the heart's purest, noblest, and best affections were dried up, and in some instances every tie was sundered by the one great absorbing thought of individual self-preservation, which led them to escape, if possible, and without regard to others, from the calamities surrounding them.

Something was absolutely necessary to be done to sustain their miserable existence; yet all of them, except Kiesburg, had refrained from this most monstrous food as long as any thing else could be had. Once, when the snows had partially melted away, and the emigrants were enabled to find four hides and a dead bullock, upon which this man, as did the other emigrants, might have subsisted for a time, he took a child of Mr. Foster's, aged about four years, and devoured it before morning. What adds, if possible, to the horror of this horrible meal, is the fact that the child was alive when it was taken to bed; leading to the suspicion that he strangled it, although he denies this charge. This man also devoured Mr. Eddy's child, before noon on the next day, and was among the first to communicate the fact to him. When asked by the outraged father why he did not eat the hides and bullock, he coolly replied, that he preferred human flesh, as being more palatable, and containing more nutriment.

Such was the horrible and emaciated appearance of this man that Mr. Eddy, as he informed me, could not shed his blood there; but he resolved to kill him

upon his landing at San Francisco, if he ever came to the place. Mr. Eddy subsequently armed himself for that purpose, but was prevented by Mr. J. F. Reed and Edwin Bryant, Esq., the author of "What I saw in California."

I would without hesitancy express the opinion, that Kiesburg was at the time insane, had he not, long after his subsequent arrival in the settlements of California, shown himself to be a wild beast, by declaring with a profane expletive, that "A man is a fool who prefers poor California beef to human flesh." But the closing scenes of the Mountain Camp will more fully show that this man is perhaps without a parallel in history.

Whatever may be our feelings toward Kiesburg, we should not censure others who were already overwhelmed with misfortunes, but pity their condition, rather than cherish indignation against them for doing that which they could not avoid. We should rather shed tears of sorrow and sympathy for those who were reduced to such dreadful extremities, that their own lives could only be preserved by devouring the bodies of their companions. It will be impossible to prevent some share of our indignation from being directed against those who, by inducing the emigrants to leave the usual route, were the causes of their misfortunes.

The party of Messrs. Eddy and Foster, upon their arrival at the Mountain Camp, found five living children, to wit: three of George Donner's, one of Jacob Donner's, and one of Mrs. Murphy's. They also found a man whose name is Clarke. He was a shoemaker. He had been a sailor also, and I believe he ran away from the ship. I mention these particulars that he may not be confounded with a worthy gentleman of the same

name in San Francisco, with whom I traveled upon a part of my journey to Oregon.

Clarke had gone out with Mr. Reed, I believe, under the pretense of assisting the emigrants. He was found with a pack of goods upon his back, weighing about forty pounds, and also two guns, about to set off with his booty. This man actually carried away this property, which weighed more than did a child he left behind to perish. But this is not the only instance of the property of emigrants in distress being appropriated under some pretense, or directly stolen by thieves who prowled about the camp.

In addition to these, there were in camp, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Donner, and Kiesburg—the latter, it was believed, having far more strength to travel than others who had arrived in the settlements. But he would not travel, for the reason, as was suspected, that he wished to remain behind for the purpose of obtaining the property and money of the dead.

Mrs. George Donner was in good health, was somewhat corpulent, and certainly able to travel. But her husband was in a helpless condition, and she would not consent to leave him while he survived. She expressed her solemn and unalterable purpose, which no danger and peril could change, to remain, and perform for him the last sad offices of duty and affection. She manifested, however, the greatest solicitude for her children; and informed Mr. Eddy that she had fifteen hundred dollars in silver, all of which she would give to him, if he would save the lives of the children. He informed her that he would not carry out one hundred dollars for all that she had, but that he would save the children, or perish in the effort.

The party had no provisions to leave for the sustenance of these unhappy and unfortunate beings. After remaining about two hours, Mr. Eddy informed Mrs. Donner that he was constrained by the force of circumstances to depart. It was certain that George Donner would never rise from the miserable bed upon which he had lain down, worn out by toil, and wasted by famine. It was next to absolutely certain, if Mrs. Donner did not leave her husband, and avail herself of the opportunity then presented for being conducted into the settlement, that she would perish by famine, or die a violent death at the hands of a cannibal. The instinct of a mother strongly urged her to accompany her children, that she might be able to contribute her own personal efforts and attention to save the lives of her offspring. The natural love of life, too, was without doubt then felt, urging her to fly from a scene of so many horrors and dangers. Her reason, may have asked the question, "Why remain in the midst of so much peril, and encounter an inevitable death—a death of all others the most terrible—since it is certain that nothing can rescue your husband from the jaws of the all-devouring grave? and when you can not hope to do more than beguile, with your society, presence, and converse the solitude of the few hours that remain of a life, the flame of which is already flickering, and must in a very brief period be extinguished in the darkness and gloom of death?"

A woman was probably never before placed in circumstances of greater or more peculiar trial; but her duty and affection as a wife triumphed over all her instincts and her reason. And when her husband entreated her to save her life and leave him to die

alone, assuring her that she could be of no service to him, since he probably would not survive, under any circumstances, until the next morning, she bent over him, and with streaming eyes kissed his pale, emaciated, haggard, and even then death-stricken cheeks, and said:—

"No! no! dear husband, I will remain with you and here perish, rather than leave you to die alone, with no one to soothe your dying sorrows, and to close your eyes when dead. Entreat me not to leave you. Life, accompanied with the reflection that I had thus left you, would possess for me more than the bitterness of death; and death would be sweet with the thought, in my last moments, that I had assuaged one pang of yours in your passage into eternity. No! no! this once, dear husband, I will disobey you! No! no! no!" she continued, sobbing convulsively.

The parting scene between the parents and children is represented as being one that will never be forgotten, as long as reason remains, or memory performs its functions. My own emotions will not permit me to attempt a description, which language, indeed, has not the power to delineate. It is sufficient to say that it was affecting beyond measure; and that the last words uttered by Mrs. Donner, in tears and sobs, to Mr. Eddy, were, "O, save! save my children!"

Mr. Eddy carried Georgiana Donner, who was about six years old; Hiram Miller carried Eliza Donner, about four years old; Mr. Thompson carried Frances Ann Donner, about eight years old; William Foster carried Simon Murphy, eight years old; and Clarke carried his booty, and left a child of one of the Donners to perish.

The first night after leaving the Mountain Camp, the party encamped at the foot of the pass, on the eastern declivity of the mountain. On the next day they crossed the pass, where Mr. Eddy found an aperture in the snow which had been kept open by a spring, where, by letting down a cord, he ascertained the depth of the snow to be sixty-five feet. That night they encamped half way down Yuva river. The next morning, they resumed their journey, and came up with Mr. Starks, with Patrick Brinn and family, and others, who were the eleven persons that remained alive of the fourteen whom Mr. Reed had been constrained to leave. They at the same time met Messrs. Glover, Coffeymier, Mootrey, and Woodworth, who had halted to prepare dinner. After the meal was taken, these gentlemen set out for the Mule Spring.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Mr. Woodworth's party encamped at the last crossing of Yuva river. At night Messrs. Eddy, Foster, Thompson, and Miller came up, bringing with them the children with whom they had left the Mountain Camp. John Baptiste and Clarke were also with them. Here they encamped in the snow.

On the following morning, Mr. Woodworth gave to the party a little food. He was informed that there were persons yet remaining at the Mountain Camp, for whose rescue an effort ought to be made. He replied, that he could not remain any longer, and after giving his blankets to Mr. Mootrey to carry, he said he would go forward and prepare horses for proceeding immediately on into the settlements. Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Mootrey, and Coffeymier then proceeded forward to the Mule Spring, where they encamped.

Messrs. Foster, Eddy, Miller, and Thompson resumed their journey, and at 10 o'clock, A.M., arrived at the Mule Spring. Here they came up with Messrs. Oakley and Stone, who, having left Mr. Starks, had passed Messrs. Foster, Eddy, Miller, and Thompson.

On the evening of the second day after their arrival at this camp, Mr. Starks came up, with Patrick Brinn, his wife, and children. Mr. Starks carried Jonathan Graves, a boy twelve years of age.

Mr. Stone had carried the deceased Mrs. Graves' babe. Mr. Oakley carried Mary Donner, a girl thirteen years old, one of whose feet had been severely burnt at the Starved Camp, previous to Mr. Reed leaving at that place the fourteen, as previously mentioned.

The morning following the day upon which Mr. Starks came up, the whole number of persons thus brought together set out for the settlements; and in three days arrived at Fort Sacramento, the residence of Capt. Sutter.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. STARKS AND OTHERS.

IT will be remembered that Messrs. Starks, Stone Oakley, Thompson, Miller, Foster, and Eddy, when on their way from the Mountain Camp, with a company of the sufferers, met Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Mootrey, and Coffeymier, and that Mr. Woodworth was informed that there yet remained several persons at the Mountain Camp, for whose rescue an effort ought to be made.

From the point at which this information had been communicated, Mr. Glover proceeded on to Fort Sacramento, where he saw Mr. McKinstry, and informed him that Mr. Woodworth had declined making any further efforts to have the emigrants rescued. Mr. McKinstry promised to send a letter to Mr. Woodworth, urging him to send a party out. Mr. Woodworth received this letter March 23d. He then organised a party, consisting of John Rhodes, John Starks, E. Coffeymier, John Sel, Daniel Tucker, William Foster, and the son of Mrs. Graves; who were dispatched with provisions and horses.

This party proceeded no further than Bear River valley, or the foot of the mountain, from which point they returned, in consequence of the snow upon the mountain having become so soft, as to make the traveling impracticable.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MR. FELLUN'S EXPEDITION.

MR. FELLUN set out from the settlements in April, with six others, for the relief of such persons as might be found to survive at the Mountain Camp; and also to collect and, as far as practicable, secure the scattered property of both the living and the dead.

Upon arriving at the Mountain Camp, he found that all had perished except Kiesburg. A perusal of the following extract from Mr. Fellun's journal, as published in the California Star upon his return, is well calculated to create a painful suspicion, that this man remained at the Mountain Camp, to appropriate the property and money of the dead, and that he killed Mrs. Donner, Mrs. Murphy, and the child which the man Clark left there to perish. But this is not the only instance of the property of emigrants in distress being appropriated. Almost all which the perils and dangers of my own journey had left to me, in going into Oregon, was taken by a needy adventurer, who had come from the settlements, and had united with another, distinguished for even less principle than himself.

Mr. Fellun says:—

"Left Johnson's on the evening of April 13th, and arrived at the lower end of the Bear River valley on the 15th. Hung our saddles upon the trees, and sent the

horses back, to be returned again in ten days, to bring us in again. Started on foot, with provisions for ten days, and traveled to the head of the valley, and camped for the night; snow from two to three feet deep. Started early in the morning of the 15th, and traveled twenty-three miles; snow ten feet deep.

"*April* 17.—Reached the cabins between 12 and 1 o'clock. Expected to find some of the sufferers alive, Mrs. Donner and Kiesburg, in particular. Entered the cabins, and a horrible scene presented itself—human bodies terribly mutilated, legs, arms, and skulls, scattered in every direction. One body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Eddy, lay near the entrance, the limbs severed off, and a frightful gash in the skull. The flesh was nearly consumed from the bones, and a painful stillness pervaded the place. The supposition was, that all were dead, when a sudden shout revived our hopes, and we flew in the direction of the sound. Three Indians, who had been hitherto concealed, started from the ground and fled at our approach, leaving behind their bows and arrows. We delayed two hours in searching the cabins, during which we were obliged to witness sights from which we would have fain turned away, and which are too dreadful to put on record. We next started for Donners' camp, eight miles distant over the mountains. After traveling about half way, we came upon a track in the snow which excited our suspicion, and we determined to pursue it. It brought us to the camp of Jacob Donner, where it had evidently left that morning. There we found property of every description, books, calicoes, tea, coffee, shoes, percussion caps, household and kitchen furniture, scattered in every direction, and mostly in the water. At

the mouth of the tent stood a large iron kettle, filled with human flesh, cut up. It was from the body of George Donner. The head had been split open, and the brains extracted therefrom, and, to the appearance, he had not been long dead—not over three or four days, at the most. Near by the kettle stood a chair, and thereupon three legs of a bullock that had been shot down in the early part of the winter, and snowed upon before it could be dressed. The meat was found sound and good, and, with the exception of a small piece out of the shoulder, wholly untouched. We gathered up some property, and camped for the night.

"*April* 18.—Commenced gathering the most valuable property, suitable for our packs, the greater portion requiring to be dried. We then made them up, and camped for the night.

"*April* 19.—This morning, Foster, Rhodes, and J. Foster, started, with small packs, for the first cabins, intending from thence to follow the trail of the person that had left the morning previous. The other three remained behind to *cache* and secure the goods necessarily left there. Knowing the Donners had a considerable sum of money, we searched diligently, but were unsuccessful. The party for the cabins were unable to keep the trail of the mysterious personage, owing to the rapid melting of the snow; they, therefore, went direct to the cabins, and, upon entering, discovered Kiesburg lying down amidst the human bones, and beside him a large pan full of fresh liver and lights. They asked him what had become of his companions; whether they were alive; and what had become of Mrs. Donner. He answered them by stating that they were all dead. Mrs. Donner, he said, had, in attempting to

cross from one cabin to another, missed the trail, and slept out one night; that she came to his camp the next night, very much fatigued; he made her a cup of coffee, placed her in bed, and rolled her well in the blankets; but the next morning found her dead. He ate her body, and found her flesh the best he had ever tasted. He further stated, that he obtained from her body at least four pounds of fat. No traces of her person could be found, nor of the body of Mrs. Murphy either. When the last company left the camp, three weeks previous, Mrs. Donner was in perfect health, though unwilling to come and leave her husband there, and offered $500 to any person or persons who would come out and bring them in—saying this in the presence of Kiesburg—and that she had plenty of tea and coffee. We suspected that it was she who had taken the piece from the shoulder of beef in the chair before mentioned. In the cabin with Kiesburg were found two kettles of human blood, in all supposed to be over one gallon. Rhodes asked him where he had got the blood. He answered, "There is blood in dead bodies." They asked him numerous questions, but he appeared embarrassed, and equivocated a great deal; and in reply to their asking him where Mrs. Donner's money was, he evinced confusion, and answered, that he knew nothing about it—that she must have *cached* it before she died. 'I hav'n't it,' said he, 'nor the money, nor the property of any person, living or dead!' They then examined his bundle, and found silks and jewelry, which had been taken from the camp of the Donners, amounting in value to about $200. On his person they discovered a brace of pistols, recognized to be those of George Donner, and, while taking them from him, discovered

something concealed in his waistcoat, which on being opened was found to be $225, in gold.

"Before leaving the settlements, the wife of Kiesburg had told us that we would find but little money about him; the men, therefore, said to him, that they knew he was lying to them, and that he was well aware of the place of concealment of the Donners' money. He declared, before heaven, he knew nothing concerning it, and that he had not the property of any one in his possession. They told him, that to lie to them would effect nothing; that there were others back at the cabins, who, unless informed of the spot where the treasure was hidden, would not hesitate to hang him upon the first tree. Their threats were of no avail; he still affirmed his ignorance and innocence. Rhodes took him aside and talked to him kindly, telling him, that if he would give the information desired, he should receive from their hands the best of treatment, and be in every way assisted; otherwise, the party back at Donners' camp would, upon its arrival, and his refusal to discover to them the place where he had deposited this money, immediately put him to death. It was all to no purpose, however, and they prepared to return to us, leaving him in charge of the packs, and assuring him of their determination to visit him in the morning; and that he must make up his mind during the night. They then started back and joined us at Donners' camp.

"*April* 20.—We all started for Bear River valley, with packs of one hundred pounds each; our provisions being nearly consumed, we were obliged to make haste away. Came within a few hundred yards of the cabin which Kiesburg occupied, and halted to prepare break-

fast, after which we proceeded to the cabin. I now asked Kiesburg if he was willing to disclose to me where he had concealed that money. He turned somewhat pale, and again protested his ignorance. I said to him, 'Kiesburg, you know well where Donner's money is, and d—n you, you shall tell me! I am not going to multiply words with you, or say but little about it; bring me that rope!' He then arose from his pot of soup and human flesh and begged me not to harm him; he had not the money nor the goods; the silk clothing and money which were found upon him the previous day, and which he then declared belonged to his wife, he now said were the property of others in California. I then told him I did not wish to hear more from him, unless he at once informed us where he had concealed the money of those orphan children; then producing the rope, I approached him. He became frightened; but I bent the rope about his neck, and threw him, after a struggle, upon the ground, and as I tightened the cord, and choked him, he cried out that he would confess all upon release. I then permitted him to arise. He still seemed inclined to be obstinate, and made much delay in talking; finally, but with evident reluctance, he led the way back to Donners' camp, about ten miles distant, accompanied by Rhodes and Tucker. While they were absent, we moved all our packs over to the lower end of the lake, and made all ready for a start when they should return. Mr. Foster went down to the cabin of Mrs. Murphy, his mother-in-law, to see if any property remained there worth collecting and securing; he found the body of young Murphy, who had been dead about three months, with the breast and skull cut open, and the

brains, liver, and lights taken out; and this accounted for the contents of the pan which stood beside Kiesburg, when he was found. It appears that he had left at the other camp the dead bullock and horse, and on visiting this camp and finding the body thawed out, took therefrom the brains, liver, and lights.

"Tucker and Rhodes came back the next morning, bringing $273, that had been *cached* by Kiesburg, who after disclosing to them the spot, returned to the cabin. The money had been hidden directly underneath the projecting limb of a large tree, the end of which seemed to point precisely to the treasure buried in the earth. On their return, and passing the cabin, they saw the unfortunate man within, devouring the remaining brains and liver, left from his morning repast. They hurried him away, but before leaving, he gathered together the bones and heaped them all in a box he used for the purpose, blessed them and the cabin, and said, 'I hope God will forgive me what I have done; I couldn't help it! and I hope I may get to heaven yet!' We asked Kiesburg why he did not use the meat of the bullock and horse instead of human flesh. He replied, he had not seen them. We then told him we knew better, and asked him why the meat in the chair had not been consumed. He said, 'Oh, it's too dry eating! the liver and lights were a great deal better, and the brains made good soup!' We then moved on, and camped on the lake for the night.

"*April* 21.—Started for Bear River valley this morning; found the snow from six to eight feet deep; camped on Yuva river for the night. On the 22d, traveled down Yuva about eighteen miles, and camped at the head of Bear River valley. On the 25th, moved

down to the lower end of the valley; met our horses, and came in."

The last of the survivors of the Mountain Camp had now been brought in. The following list presents the names of the party. Those who perished were:—C. T. Stanton; Mr. Graves; Mrs. Graves; Franklin Graves; Jay Fosdick; John Denton; George Donner; Mrs. Donner, his wife; Jacob Donner; Betsy Donner; Isaac Donner; Lewis Donner; Samuel Donner; Charles Burger; Joseph Rianhart; Augustus Spitzer; Samuel Shoemaker; James Smith; Baylis Williams; Bertha Kiesburg; Lewis S. Kiesburg; Mrs. Murphy; Lemuel Murphy; Lanthron Murphy; George Foster; Catharine Pike; William Pike; Eleanor Eddy; Margaret Eddy; James Eddy; Patrick Dolan; Milton Elliott; Lewis and Salvadore, Capt. Sutter's vaqueros.—In all (including two who died before reaching the Mountain Camp) 36.

The following survived:—William Graves; Mary Graves; Ellen Graves; Viney Graves; Nancy Graves; Jonathan Graves; Elizabeth Graves; Sarah Fosdick; Loithy Donner; Leon Donner; Frances Donner; Georgiana Donner; Eliza Donner; George Donner, Jun.; Mary Donner; John Baptiste; Solomon Hook; Mrs. Wolfinger; Lewis Kiesburg; Mrs. Kiesburg; William Foster; Sarah Foster; Simon Murphy; Mary Murphy; Harriet Pike; Miriam Pike; Patrick Brinn; Margaret Brinn; John Brinn; Edward Brinn; Patrick Brinn, Jun.; Simon Brinn; James Brinn; Peter Brinn; Isabella Brinn; Eliza Williams; Noah James; James F. Reed; Mrs. Reed; Virginia Reed; Patty Reed; James Reed; Thomas Reed; William H. Eddy. —In all, 44.

The following Table exhibits the sex of those who were lost, and of those who were saved:—

| | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Number who perished . . . . . | 28 | 8 | 36 |
| " " survived . . . . . | 20 | 24 | 44 |
| Total . . . . . | 48 | 32 | 80 |
| Number who perished . . . . . | 28 | 8 | |
| Had the rate of mortality in the sexes been equal there would have died . | $21\frac{3}{5}$ | $14\frac{2}{5}$ | |
| Dif. against males, and in favor of females | $6\frac{2}{5}$ | $6\frac{2}{5}$ | |

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE SENSATIONS AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE SUFFERERS.

I WILL now make some remarks, in addition to those already made, respecting the sensations of the sufferers, and their mental condition, as far as I have been able to obtain information from the survivors, or to infer it from the events narrated.

Some of the unfortunate sufferers entirely lost their reason. Of this number was Patrick Dolan, at the Camp of Death. His words were vague and unconnected. He struggled until he got out from under the blankets. He called to Mr. Eddy, saying that he was the only person of their number who could be depended upon. He then pulled off his boots, and, divesting himself of nearly all his clothing, he bade Mr. Eddy follow him, and said that they would be in the settlements in a few hours. He was with great difficulty brought under the blankets, and held there until at length he became as quiet and submissive as a child; when he soon expired, as though he was in a calm and pleasant sleep.

Lanthron Murphy was of this number also.

Mr. Foster was likewise insane; but his was an insanity which, though complete, was of a totally different character. He, in a considerable degree, realized his situation, and in some respects was capable of reasoning from cause to effect. Nevertheless, his mental condition was one which rendered him irre-

sponsible for his actions. His conduct as exhibited in the account of the journey of the sixteen from the Mountain Camp, is not in any degree in keeping with his general character, both before he entered upon this journey, and since his arrival in San Francisco, where he now resides, and is esteemed a reputable and worthy man.

Mr. Eddy was probably the only really sane one of that party of sixteen.

With but few exceptions, all the sufferers, both those who perished and those who survived, manifested the same species of insanity as did Mr. Foster.

Objects delightful to the senses often flitted across the imagination; and a thousand phantasies filled and disturbed the disordered brain. Of this number I may mention the unhappy Denton, who, however, was sometimes perfectly sane; and was undoubtedly so when he finally perished. But the whole number, with very few exceptions, might be individually named as examples.

Their deluded fancies often represented to them during the day, beautiful farm-houses and extensive fields and gardens in the distance. Toward these they pressed forward with all the energy with which alternate hope and despair could inspire them. During the night they often heard men talking, dogs barking, cocks crowing, and bells tinkling. These cruel mockings were probably the effects of fever. Many believed that they were surrounded by familiar faces and old friends; and that they saw objects associated with scenes of other years and places. Some saw persons coming to their relief, and called to them to hasten. Many fancied, although in the midst of winter, that they were traveling through highly cultivated regions

in the midst of harvest. There were instances of persons suspecting at times that the circumstances with which they were surrounded were not real; and that they were deceived by the illusions of the most horrible dreams, and they would rub their eyes and put their hands upon the head for the purpose of assuring themselves, if possible, that all was not the result of a dreadful vision or nightmare. One was doubtful whether he had not in some way, unperceived, passed from time into eternity, in which the circumstances of his condition were a part of his new mode of being.

The following extract from the journal of the intrepid and enterprising Col. Fremont, will be interesting and appropriate in this connection:—

"We began," he says, "to be uneasy at Derosier's absence, fearing he might have been bewildered in the woods. Charles Towns, who had not yet recovered his mind, went to swim in the river, as if it were summer, and the stream placid, when it was a cold mountain torrent foaming among rocks. We were happy to see Derosier appear in the evening. He came in, and sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. It appeared that he had been lost in the mountain, and hunger and fatigue, joined to weakness of body, and fear of perishing in the mountains, had crazed him. The times were severe, when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food."

Some of the party, though sometimes, during brief

intervals, perfectly sane, when awake, yet suffered from the most painful and terrifying dreams, in which they saw combats and heard cries of despair and anguish. Dreams of famine and death, of floundering in fathomless snows, frequently made them afraid to sleep; for when they did, they often started up from their miserable beds in horror and affright. These not only tormented the mind, but the body also was exhausted and fatigued, through the sympathy which exists between the mortal and immortal part of man's nature.

Some of these unhappy emigrants felt a general sinking of all the energies of the mind, and a total prostration of the body, without, however, experiencing any gnawing of hunger. The unfortunate Denton was probably an example of this. It will be recollected that he was found at one time asleep upon the snow. He was with great difficulty aroused, but was afterward left with a little food; and when found dead, the food left with him was in his pocket. It is probable that, after writing the piece of poetry which I have mentioned in a former part of this volume as having been discovered at his side, he did not experience a sensation of hunger; and a drowsiness overcoming him, he never awoke.

This absence of the sensation of hunger was generally followed by an irresistible desire to sleep. If great efforts were not made to arouse them from the torpor into which they were sinking, an unnatural and difficult manner of breathing was usually observed in about half an hour; and this was followed by a rattling of the throat in about three-fourths of an hour. This continued from one to four hours; when death closed

the scene; the individual appearing to be in a profound slumber, until life was wholly extinct, and the spirit was released from its suffering body. Sometimes they were permitted thus to die, in order that the miserable survivors might in this manner obtain food, without resorting to a more horrid alternative. There were examples of no efforts being able to awaken persons from this dreadful slumber. On one occasion, a person in this sleep threw his arm out in such a manner that his hand fell into the fire. Mr. Eddy, who was awake, and observed it, hoped that it would awaken the miserable sleeper, and he permitted it to remain there until it was doubled and shriveled. He then threw the hand back upon the body; but the sleeper soon extended it again, and it fell into the fire, where it was consumed to a coal, without the slightest movement of a single muscle, or a perceptible change of the features, indicative of pain.

If the effort to arouse the sleeper was successful, as it frequently was, the poor sufferer often spoke of the most delightful visions, in which his imagination had presented to his view, beautiful plantations of luxuriantly growing crops, and tables groaning with a weight of food, prepared in the most inviting manner.

Such was the condition, both mental, and physical, into which Mr. Eddy felt himself sinking, at the time of his making his first meal of human flesh. He had ceased to experience the sensation of hunger, although at other times this had almost maddened him. But he felt a general prostration of body and mind, and a heaviness and lethargy almost imperceptibly stealing upon him. Those who were with him, told him that he was dying. This, however, he did not believe, but

he, nevertheless, had witnessed enough to convince him that these were primary symptoms, which, if he did not resist them, would certainly terminate in his death in a few hours. He reasoned clearly concerning his condition, and he knew perfectly well that nothing but courage could rescue him from that state of stupor and mental imbecility into which he was falling.

A few became furious, and died without sinking into this slumber. Others died calm and peaceful, taking an affectionate leave of their friends, and expressing a confident hope in the mercy of the blessed Redeemer; and in the fullness of the provision made by His death for even the most wicked; and in His power and willingness to save them in His kingdom.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CONCLUSION.

ON the 12th of December, 1847, I bade adieu to my former traveling companions whom I found in San Francisco, and to many new and pleasant acquaintances which I there made. Having embarked on board the Whiton, the vessel weighed anchor, and after a prosperous and pleasant voyage we arrived at St. José, in Lower California, where we found the U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, at anchor. Capt. J. B. Montgomery, the estimable and able commander of this vessel, upon being informed of the nature and objects of my mission to Washington City, very obligingly, and in most courteous terms, offered to convey me in his vessel to the United States. Of the kindness and Christian politeness of this good and brave man I can not say too much. It is sufficient to say that I continued to receive from him those delicate attentions which can only be manifested by a man who is truly a Christian and therefore truly a gentleman, in the only proper sense of that term.

While at St. José, I employed myself in making notes of such information as I believed would be useful and interesting. These, although they have since been written out at length, are now omitted, to avoid increasing the size of my work.

Having sailed from this port, we arrived at Valpa-

raiso, Chili, on the 17th of February, 1848. At this port, also, I employed myself in making notes, which, although since written out, are omitted for reasons already mentioned.

On the 23d of February, Capt. Montgomery ordered the vessel to be got under way, and we set sail for Boston where, after a pleasant and speedy voyage, we arrived May 5th.

Though thus passing over, and wholly unnoticing many occurrences, I can not forbear alluding in this place to one truly characteristic of "the universal Yankee nation." While on my journey from Boston to Washington, I had occasion to remain in New-York two or three days. I put up at the Astor House, where my name and residence being registered, I became on the day after my arrival an object of some attention from gentlemen who, in addition to their very natural desire to obtain information upon the subject of the geography, climate, geology, soil, and productions of Oregon, evidently felt an unusual interest in me because of my residence in so remote a part of our country. On one of these occasions a New Englander in a decent but coarse garb, and having a whip in his hand, contrived to elbow his way through the group around me, and upon some interest of the sort being manifested, he said, with great complacency, as he turned upon his heel, and, with an inimitable swing of his arm, cracked his whip, "O! livin' in Oregon ain't nothin'. I've been thar peddlin' tinware."

I arrived at Washington City on the 11th of May. On the following day, the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, whose friendship I had long enjoyed, introduced me to the President, who received me kindly and respectfully,

and to whom I delivered my letter from his Excellency George Abernethy, the Governor under the Provisional Government of Oregon. On the 13th, I had a private interview with the President, for the purpose of more fully communicating a knowledge of the condition and wants of the people whose interests I had come to promote. He manifested a very deep, and, as I believe, sincere concern for the condition of the people of Oregon. He had on several occasions called the attention of the legislative branch of the government to the subject, but hitherto without effecting any thing. Soon after this I prepared a memorial to Congress, which was presented by the Hon. Thomas H. Benton to the Senate, and by that body ordered to be printed for the use of both Houses. The public debates and action of Congress upon the affairs of Oregon are now a part of the history of the country. My own private and daily journal notes are omitted for a variety of reasons, in addition to that which caused me to believe it to be expedient not to embody in this work many observations which I made while in California, and all those written by me in South America. But the reader has nothing to regret in the suppression of these notes, since this can injure no one; and their publication could benefit no one. To me, however, they will, in coming years, should the Good Being spare a life his mercy has hitherto blessed, afford the materials for useful and profitable private reflection. While, in some instances, they will remind me of untoward events, in others, they will bring vividly before me the remembrance of occurrences that will be pleasant to contemplate. To two of these, I trust the reader will pardon an allusion.

Although I lived with the most rigid economy, yet my necessary expenses had been so much greater than I had believed they would be when I left Oregon, that at one time my purse contained no more than half a dime. I arose at sunrise from a bed to which I had retired at two in the morning. My rest had not only been brief, but disturbed and feverish. My mind was anxious, and I felt my energies sinking under a weight that oppressed me. An act to which I had been impelled by a sense of what I deemed my duty to those whose interests I sought to promote, had gathered a storm-cloud above me, and no ray of hope penetrated the dark and threatening mass. I thought of my humble cabin in Oregon, and of my devoted wife, its occupant. With this was associated her parting words—"Husband, if you should get into trouble, go to The Strong for help." I did "go to The Strong for help;" for, kneeling down at the side of my bed, I addressed myself to the Invisible Being, and implored the aid of Him at whose command Peter cast his hook into the sea, and brought up a fish with tribute-money in its mouth. I arose from my knees. Every care was removed, and every anxious thought had passed away. During that day I received far more money than my present necessities required. At night Capt. Montgomery of the U. S. navy, having no knowledge of my having obtained a supply, called on me and generously tendered me his purse.

Another occurrence of a different character, but to me of a pleasing nature, I hope I may be pardoned for rescuing from the oblivion to which I propose to consign my "notes." I had been sorely wounded by the archers, the dogs were upon my track, and I ex

pected to retreat to the quiet of my home in Oregon, with my own respect, indeed, unimpaired, and without self-reproach, yet under circumstances far different from those I desired. Thus situated, I went into the library of Congress, where I met Judge Collamer, the chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, in the House. After a few brief remarks, and without my making any reference to any subject at all affecting myself, he said—"You act very much like a man who intended to return to his people." I know not certainly to what he alluded, but I am sure that these words were those of balm, and peace, and healing.

Upon the final passage of the Oregon Bill, I received a number of letters from members of Congress, congratulating me on the event, and attributing to my efforts, and to the information which my residence in that country had enabled me to communicate, far more influence than I could conscientiously claim for them. Of these I will mention one from the Hon. Mr. Hunt, of New York, and another from the Hon. Robert Smith, of Illinois.

There are several subjects relating to the condition and prospects of Oregon, which are necessary to be noticed, but which I could not appropriately arrange under any other than a general head.

High prices, generally, in Oregon, have hitherto greatly retarded its prosperity. These prices were a necessary consequence of the peculiar condition in which we were left, by the omission of Congress to extend over us the laws and jurisdiction of the United States. The entrance to the Columbia river was not therefore buoyed out, and there was not a lighthouse to inform merchantmen of their approach

to the river in the night. The unwillingness of merchantmen to enter the river under these circumstances, greatly retarded the growth and prosperity of the country, by creating a want of competition among merchants, who have been charged with establishing their own exorbitant prices. But the truth is, that the unwillingness of men of business and capital to risk their merchandise in the mouth of the Columbia, has heretofore caused the supply to be very greatly below the demand. To this, and not to a disreputable desire for gain, is to be attributed the high prices in Oregon; for it is a well-known principle of political economy, that supply and demand are the uniform regulators of prices in every branch of industrial employments, whether mercantile, mechanical, or agricultural.

The following list of prices in Oregon, at the time I sailed from the Columbia river (Nov. 4, 1847), will clearly show that these high prices are not confined to merchants, but are general; and that there is, perhaps, nowhere a finer field than Oregon for mercantile investment of capital, and especially so since Congress, in the act lately passed for organizing a territorial government, has appropriated $15,000 for building a lighthouse at the mouth of the Columbia, and for putting down buoys:—

Flour per barrel, $7 to $8; pork per barrel, $10; beef per cwt., $6; beans per bushel, $4; coarse split-bottomed chairs, without paint, per dozen, $24; plain rocking-chairs, without paint, $15; butter per pound, 25 cents; lard per pound, 12½ cents; tallow per pound, 10 cents; oats per bushel, 50 cents; day laborers, $1 to $1 50; rails per 100, $1; hauling per 100, $1;

mechanics per day, $3 to $5; horse-hire per day, $1 50; horses, small and indifferent, $40 to $80; wood per cord, $3 to $4; oxen per yoke, $50 to $80; wagons, second hand, $100 to $200; flour barrels, $1; fir lumber per 1000 feet, $20; pine, $40; potatoes per bushel, 75 cents to $1; turnips per bushel, 62½ cents; common wash-stand, $10; plain dining table, $15; stocking a plow, $4 to $6; pickled salmon per barrel, $10; boarding per week, $3 50 to $4 50; cows, $20 to $50; American work-horses, $100 to $150; sheep per head, $5; cheese per pound, 25 cents; shingles per thousand, $4; hewed timber, square and delivered, per foot, from 6 to 9 cents; medium Irish linen, $2 to $3; coarse gray cassimere per yard, $5; coarse gray cloth, $7; fine blue, $13; medium handsaw, $3 50; wood-saw, $3 25; second and third quality of felling-axes, $3 75; medium white flannel per yard, $1 25; coarse calico per yard, 40 to 75 cents; lead per pound, 20 cents; powder, coarse and indifferent, 50 cents; coarse brown sugar per pound, 12½ cents; syrup per gallon, indifferent, 75 cents; molasses, indifferent, per gallon, 60 cents; white lead in oil per pound, 28 cents; window glass, such as would not sell here at any price, per box, $8 to $10; putty per pound, 20 cents; coffee, indifferent quality, 33⅓ cents; cast-steel spades, $3; iron per pound, 12½ cents; wrought iron plows per pound, 50 cents; indifferent salt per bushel, $1; Russia duck, $1; hyson tea, $1 50; rice per pound, 12½ cents; cradling scythes, $3 50; smoothing irons, $2; writing paper per quire, 75 cents; medium silk pocket handkerchiefs, $2; fine shoes, at the shop, $5 50; fine boots, at the shop, $12 to $15; very coarse boots, made in the States, $8; coarse cotton handkerchiefs

50 cents; coarse half hose, $1; percussion caps per box, $2; drawing knives, $3 to $5: tools of every kind very high; nails per pound, 25 cents; cooking stoves, medium size and pattern, $70 to $80; cast iron ploughs, stocked, $30 to $45; very coarse wool hats, $3.

The emigrants endure great fatigue, and are exposed to losses and perils, which might be avoided by surveying, marking out, and making a good wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri to the Wilhamette valley. Such road being once made, and small military posts established along the line of communication, many of the most formidable obstacles to the performance of the journey would be removed.

There is reason to believe that a nearer and better route into the settlements of Oregon may be had, by leaving the Oregon road on Bear river, and then passing north of the great Salt lake to Ogden's river, and by crossing the Wyhee river and the Blue Mountains north of Tlamath lake, so as to cross the Presidents' Range of mountains near some streams flowing into the Wilhamette. This route would probably conduct the emigrants into the Wilhamette valley a little south of Mount Jefferson, which is one of the great snow-peaks of the Presidents' Range. Trappers in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company affirm that the valley of the Malheur river makes a good pass through the Blue Mountains. Crooked river, which is a branch of the De Chutes, heads with Malheur river, and runs in a westerly direction. A road, following these streams might, perhaps, be found, having sufficient grass.

That a pass may be found, in the Presidents' Range,

near to Mount Jefferson, is made probable by the observations of Col. Fremont, in 1843, while traveling upon the river De Chutes. He says in his journal, page 119, that "a small trail takes off through the prairie, toward a low point in the range, and perhaps there is here a pass into the Wilhamette valley." His camp that night was in latitude 45°, 2′, 45″ north, and longitude 125°, 2′, 43″.

A wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri being established and graded, and facilities being provided for crossing the principal streams, the next measure in the magnitude of its importance, as affording assistance and protection to the emigrants, is the establishment of military posts upon this road, and at points so selected, as at the same time to keep the Indians in check, and to form the nucleus of settlements for production of supplies to the posts, and to emigrants. In addition to their ordinary duty, the soldiers might be employed with advantage in the transportation of the mail, or, at least, in the protection of those who might be engaged in that service. This would secure a more rapid, easy, and less perilous communication between the settlements west of the Rocky Mountains and those east of them, and would vastly increase the number of emigrants from the latter to the former. Considered, then, as a purely political measure, tending to a rapid colonization of our possessions upon the Pacific, the establishment of a cordon of military posts is important and necessary.

Although I could indicate the places at which, in my judgment, it would be proper to establish said posts, and assign the reasons for this my judgment;

yet, knowing that if they are ever established, the fixing of their location will become the duty of competent officers appointed for that purpose, I deem it inexpedient to remark upon this subject, aware as I am of a very natural and even commendable professional jealousy. Yet, there being one location, of which mere professional skill and science can not enable their possessor to speak with so much authority as a very humble emigrant, who has made it his business to make practical observations, I respectfully beg leave to say, that there is no place upon the whole line of communication so important for the establishment of a military post as the Grand Round. Mere scientific travelers and explorers, in consequenee of their want of a sufficiently practical acquaintance with the wants, the toils, and dangers of the emigrants, as such, have hitherto wholly failed to see the importance of the position.

The Grand Round is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Oregon, and is eminently adapted to agriculture and grazing purposes, if any reliance can be placed upon the statements of gentlemen who have passed through it. It lies in Middle Oregon, and is surrounded by the Blue Mountains, upon which there is an abundant supply of fir, pine, and cedar. It is circular in form, as is denoted by its name. It is very productive, and is sufficiently watered by streams running through it, and these are also said to have timber upon them. The Oregon road passes through it. A settlement can not now be made in it in consequence of the opposition of the Indians. The presence of a comparatively small military force here would remove every obstacle, by affording protection to emigrants,

who would immediately fill it. Its extent is sufficient for a large country.

Emigrants who had been detained until the coming on of the rainy season, or whose teams were broken down, might remain here during the winter, or they might finally determine upon making it their place of residence. Others, who might require it, could obtain fresh supplies at this place, and then continue their journey into the Wilhamette.

Emigrants could usually arrive at this point without encountering any difficulties which could not be surmounted by using a little more than ordinary prudence and diligence.

Considered purely as a political measure, it can not be otherwise than an important object to colonize our possessions on the Pacific coast as rapidly as possible. A flourishing State or States upon the western side of the continent would, by means of an armed occupation of the places at which an enemy could debark, effectually resist his approach. The nature of the coast and of the country is such that the possession of certain points commands the whole.

But a flourishing State upon the Pacific is important, not only as a military defense, but as opening the way for American enterprise and capital to the commerce of Asia, which would be turned to our western coast as soon as population and increased facilities for over land carriage will render it expedient for men of capital to send their commodities and merchandise through this channel, rather than round Cape Horn.

The investment of capital in a small steamboat, drawing about three or four feet of water, to run in the Wilhamette, above the Falls, and in another,

drawing four or five feet, to run between Oregon City and the mouth of the Columbia, and also up to the Cascades, would be profitable to the proprietors, and eminently useful to the country.

Those who remember my description of the Wilhamette river, will see that the boat intended for that stream above its Falls would have to be brought in parts and put together above the Falls, or be built in Oregon. In either case it would be necessary to ship the machinery from the States.

A territorial government will be organized in Oregon sometime in the early part of the spring of 1849. There being but one small hand printing-press in the country, an enterprising printer would greatly promote his own interest, and that of Oregon, by immediately going by sea to that country with suitable presses, types, and paper, etc., for executing the territorial printing. There are few printers in the country. These should, therefore, also go out.

I trust that, having had some experience, I may be permitted to offer some advice to those who intend to enter upon the journey to any portion of our possessions on the Pacific coast.

All persons, whether the proprietors of teams, and the heads of families, or the drivers of the teams (who are often worthy young men, desiring to settle in the country, and who go in this capacity), ought to use great caution in forming their connections. No partnership by which the rights of property are mingled, ought to be made, if it can be avoided. If this can not be avoided, at least, those with whom such connections are formed, should be well known to be persons of principle; for it is certain that the toils and every-

day occurrences of the way, will furnish the severest tests of character—tests so thorough and searching, that every thing, but the genuine gold, will be consumed in the furnace. These remarks, and others of a like character, are made with a view to practical usefulness.

Emigrants ought to procure strong, well ironed, light wagons, made of *thoroughly* seasoned timber. The tongue should be a *falling* one, and the hounds should be *thoroughly* braced above, below, and at the sides, with iron. The bed should be made of three-quarter-inch plank, and be also well ironed, having strong shoulders on the under-side to prevent it from becoming displaced in ascending and descending steep mountains. Each wagon ought to have at least four yokes of strong, healthy, well-broken oxen, with long straight legs, and from four to six years old. They ought to be worked some during the previous winter, to keep the neck hard, and be fed upon corn and hay, to secure firm flesh. Their yokes should be strong, but not unnecessarily heavy, and they ought to work easily upon the neck. They should also be provided with iron bow-keys, secured to the yoke by means of a light chain. Each wagon ought to be provided with about one dozen extra bows, made of hickory. As many young cows as can be brought, should accompany the loose stock. These can be yoked as the oxen give out, stray, or are stolen or killed by the marauding savages of the desert. Cows are not so strong as oxen, but they endure fatigue longer, and can subsist upon less. When brought to Oregon, they will sell for twice their cost in the States.

Too much caution can not be observed in the weight

of the load. No furniture, and but few cooking utensils ought to be taken. The table ware should be tin, and the camp kettles should be made of sheet-iron. These ought all to be made in sets, so as to fit into each other, for the purpose of economizing space. Little else ought to be taken, than bed-clothing (without the beds, but buffalo-robes instead), an abundance of ordinary wearing apparel for use in the country, but buckskin for use upon the journey; and a *circular* tent. This tent is preferable to any other form, because it can be put up with one pole. It should be made of very strong cotton drilling, and may be double, but ought not to be oiled.

To this should be added, for each adult:—100 pounds flour; 100 pounds butter crackers; 100 pounds bacon sides—no hams; 50 pounds dried beef; 50 pounds kiln-dried corn-meal; 20 pounds rice; 25 pounds beans; 1 light rifle, having a percussion lock, and carrying about 40 balls to the pound; 1 revolving, or Colt's pistol; 25 pounds lead; 12 pounds best rifle powder; 1 butcher-knife; 1 small tomahawk—with the nerve to use them, not rashly, but effectively, when necessary. Green goggles should be provided, to protect the eyes from the otherwise almost intolerable dust. I advise each person to take at least two pair, that the loss of one may be supplied in the event of accidental breaking.

The provisions should be stored in half-inch pine boxes, of a uniform height, and corresponding in length with the width of the wagon-bed. Wearing apparel, bed clothing, etc., ought to be stowed in sacks (waterproof, if possible), to avoid the unnecessary and often fatal weight of boxes and trunks.

To each wagon there ought to be an ax; a drawing knife; a hand-saw; a set of augurs, from half an inch to two inches; a gimlet; a hammer; about four pounds of assorted wrought nails; about forty pounds of tallow; and fifteen pounds of black lead.

The overland emigrant, having repaired to Independence, Missouri, and there completed his outfit in those things in which it was before wanting, should hasten to the place of rendezvous, which is usually in the great prairies, some fifteen or twenty miles from Independence, where it may be proposed to perfect the organization of the companies, previous to finally taking up the line of march. The companies should be organized as soon as twenty wagons are ready. A strong, athletic, enterprising farmer, of great endurance and patience, possessing a sound judgment, and practically acquainted with the use and management of cattle, ought then to be selected as a leader. An education—if I may be allowed the term—upon a farm and among cattle, would qualify any man for this station, who possesses good principles, a mature judgment, and the other qualifications already mentioned.

Being thus prepared for the journey, and the organization being perfected, as soon as the grass is an inch high, the emigrant ought firmly to resolve that he will keep the fear of God before his eyes; that he will cheerfully perform all his allotted camp duties; that he will take no "cut-offs," but keep the old roads, knowing that these have been passed in safety; that he will never yield to fatigue; that he will never beat and bruise the poor oxen that draw his load from day to day, and from month to month; that he will take no offense at any thing that may be said either to him

or of him; that he will never become either angry or unreasonable with those who are dependent upon him, or in any manner in his service; that he will neither be impatient with himself, nor unjust to himself or to others; that he will not confide in Indians, nor misuse them; that he will use all due and proper diligence in traveling; and then he may cherish a reasonable hope that he will arrive at the end of his journey safely and in season.

In prosecuting this journey, the emigrant should never forget that it is one in which time is every thing. Emigrants are often disposed to remain in camp a day or two, and sometimes even three. They ought to remain in camp on the Sabbath day. Aside from the obligation imposed by a command of God, the cattle will endure more if they are permitted to enjoy this periodical rest. The emigrants should remain in camp also about one day in two weeks, at some place where there is good grass and water, for the purpose of washing and cleansing their clothes.

That time is important on this journey can easily be made apparent. If the emigrant to California fails to arrive at the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada before the falling of the very early snow, to which that mountain is peculiarly liable, in consequence of its altitude, the destruction of his property is certain, and the loss of his life probable. If the emigrant to Oregon fails to arrive at the Presidents' Range before the rainy season commences, he must hazard the destruction of his wagons, by leaving them among the Indians at the Dalles; he must have his cattle driven over the mountains; and must take his family and goods in boats down the Columbia. He thus en-

counters a considerable expense and loss, which might and ought to be avoided.

But another evil resulting from remaining in camp, arises out of the fact that cattle, after remaining upon grass more than one day and night, are inclined to stray in search of new feeding-grounds. The loss of a single ox is the loss of a yoke, because they must be worked in pairs. The loss of a yoke is often practically the loss of the whole team, in consequence of the necessity for requiring the remaining oxen to perform more labor than their strength is equal to.

For these reasons it is expedient to drive every day, except those already mentioned, even if the distance traveled do not exceed two or three miles, and therefore there be little more than a change of camp.

To observe this diligence, and to continue it with system, will require an energy that is not ordinarily necessary. The long journey, which many will regard as being interminable, bringing with it, upon the return of each day, a renewal of great toil and anxiety, under even the most favorable circumstances, will exhaust the vital energies of the body, and fatigue the mental faculties to so great a degree, that there will often be a powerful inclination to remain in camp. But this must not be done, unless it be absolutely necessary to rest the cattle, to repair a broken wagon, or to afford the females time to wash.

A line of mail steamers will commence running from New York to Chagres, on the eastern side of the isthmus of Darien, and connect, on the first of January, 1849, with the line of mail steam packets, owned by Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, of New York, which on that day will commence running regularly between

Panama, on the western side of the isthmus, and the Columbia river. These lines will afford a cheap, pleasant, and expeditious method of traveling from the Atlantic States to either Oregon or California. These lines will doubtless be the means of bringing into Oregon a people distinguished for their intelligence, enterprise, and both public and private virtue. I have often asked the question, "If our brethren of New England can make such fine farms among the bleak rocks of their country, and build such cities as I have there seen, what could not genuine Yankee enterprise, intelligence, and capital make of Western Oregon?" I have traveled through portions of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and have seen the best parts of those States, and I do not hesitate to affirm that Western Oregon is superior to them in health, climate, and soil. Great numbers of New Yorkers and New Englanders, by availing themselves of the means of emigrating which these lines of steamers will afford them, might obtain, gratuitously, from government, large and fertile tracts of land in Oregon; and exchange the climate of a bleak and rugged coast, where thousands die annually from consumption, for the mild and pleasant climate of Oregon, where it would almost seem that people can never die but by the natural decay of nature.

The preceding pages will show that our enterprising brethren, who may propose to emigrate from the Western States to Oregon, must reasonably expect to encounter much in getting into the country. But the difficulties of the way have been passed by men, women, and children, and can be surmounted by others, who enjoy all the benefits of our experience,

and who will not, when they arrive in the country, be subject to the privations of pioneers. It can be shown that there has been a greater loss of life and property, in one year, resulting from abandoning the regular route, than has ever been sustained at the hands of all the savage tribes between the borders of the Western States and the Pacific coast. About half the emigrants into Oregon in 1846 lost their property, not by savages stealing it from them, or robbing them of it, but in consequence of placing confidence in a man who led them from the old road into his "cut-off." A body of California emigrants, consisting of eighty men, women, and children, was, in like manner, led into a "cut-off." This company, as I have elsewhere shown, lost all their property; and thirty-six of their number starved to death, and were literally devoured by the more miserable and unfortunate survivors. These companies would have arrived, each at its place of destination, safely and in season, had they pursued the regular route. The disasters, therefore, of these two companies are not to be regarded as necessary incidents of the journey.

If the emigrant, therefore, will give heed to my advice, I believe that when he arrives in Oregon he will be grateful to me for having given it. I might, by suppressing the necessary difficulties of the journey, and by presenting prominently in my journal only the agreeable scenes and incidents of the way, have induced others to believe that the journey to Oregon and California is only a pleasant excursion. But, to refer to no higher motive, I am too proud to utter an untruth; or, which is the same thing, to suppress a part of the facts, when I profess to tell the whole

story. Besides, I believe that I have some character; and I have not yet made up my mind to sacrifice it.

Being fore-warned, therefore, the emigrant is fore-armed; and although he will have some serious and real difficulties, yet when he arrives in Western Oregon, he will, according to my best judgment, after seeing considerable portions of it, find a country which, in health, climate, soil, and productions, will more than compensate him for all his toils, anxieties, and privations upon the way.

# APPENDIX.

## THE GOLD REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

WHILE the first portion of this work was passing through the press the world was astounded by a rapid succession of the most wonderful narratives of the discovery of boundless treasures, in our new possession of Upper California. At first these incredible accounts were treated by the graver portion of the population as idle stories—perhaps absolute hoaxes, or at best but gigantic exaggerations. Letter after letter, however, continued to arrive, in quick succession, from persons on the ground, to their friends in the Atlantic cities, all conspiring to give authority and consistency to these wonderful reports. Yet many doubted, and others even continued to laugh at the whole affair, and denounce it as a stale and profitless trick. But at length a letter arrived to a respectable mercantile house in New York, from the captain of one of their ships in the Pacific, stating that all California was rushing to the newly-discovered gold regions, and that his sailors had caught the infection, and deserted him—leaving his vessel safely laid up in the harbor of San Francisco, with no prospect of speedily leaving. He also corroborated the fact that gold had already begun to come in from the mines in large quantities, and that the quantity of the precious metal already

discovered was incalculable, and the limits of its deposit continually expanding. About the same time several specimens of the gold itself found their way to New York, and some gentlemen arrived direct from San Francisco, who confirmed all that had been told.

The public mind was by this time greatly inflamed on the exciting subject, and the doubters were becoming fewer and fewer. At this juncture the question was definitely set at rest by the appearance of the official letter of Governor Mason, our military commandant in California, whose statements, made with all the gravity and responsibility of his official station, far exceeded the wildest stories that had before been circulated. This was enough; and the eager and vigorous character of our people at once began to display itself in rapid preparations for emigrating, singly, and in companies, to the new *El Dorado*, which had thus suddenly gleamed in golden light upon the world. The new line of steamers, just then going into operation between New York and Chagres, and between Panama and San Francisco, were at once taken up with passengers, and scores of vessels of all sorts and capacities sailed out of harbor with every favorable wind, crowded with adventurers to this new and richly-promising field. The excitement rapidly spread from New York to the neighboring cities and states, and, in an incredibly short period, the Gold Fever had made its appearance in the most confirmed form of an epidemic in every portion of the United States. Nor has it yet abated, nor have the accounts which regularly reach us from the scene of operations at all diminished, but rather increased, in their exciting and tempting character. Several thousand persons, of all ranks, embracing

many well-known and learned names in fashion, literature, science, and art, either have already arrived at the golden goal of their desires, or are on their way there.

The Gold Region of California, as far as our present information extends, lies principally in the valley of the Sacramento river, and the smaller valleys of its tributaries, the Gila, Feather river, and the American Fork, reaching about one hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and fifty from east to west—with the fortieth parallel of latitude running through it rather north of the center. Two degrees north ran the United States boundary line of 1819, and at about the same distance south commences the great southern chain of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains. Less than a degree south of the lower line of the Gold regions, as already defined, is the pass which divides the southern and northern chains of these mountains, and which itself was ascertained by Colonel Fremont to be 9338 feet above the level of the sea. The lower gold mine, or Mormon Diggings, is about twenty-five miles up the American Fork, from Sutter's Fort; and this latter is, by land, from 150 to 200 miles from the city of San Francisco. You can go by water, however, across the bay of San Francisco, and up the Sacramento, to within a few miles of Sutter's Fort.

The manner in which the first discovery of the gold was made, deserves notice. At a point on the American Fork, about fifty miles above Sutter's Fort, where the country becomes broken and mountainous, grows in large quantities a species of pine tree, which Captain Sutter wished to make available for lumber. For this purpose he contracted, in September last, with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at this place. The mill

was finished in the course of last spring, and a dam and race constructed. Upon turning on the water, however, it was discovered that the tail-race was too narrow to permit the water to escape, with the proper degree of rapidity. Mr. Marshall, therefore, to save labor, let the water directly into the race, with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was deposited at the foot of the race. One day, as Mr. Marshall was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, he observed some glittering particles at its upper edge. He gathered a few, examined them, and became convinced of their value. He then went to the fort, informed Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they both agreed to keep it secret, until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. The news, however, somehow got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a short time hundreds of men were drawn to the spot. At the time of Governor Mason's visit to the place (about three months after the first discovery), it was estimated that upward of four thousand men were employed in the immediate vicinity, gathering, on the average, from one to three ounces of gold per man per day. [The value of an ounce of gold in New York is $16.] The appearance of the Mines, at the period of Governor Mason's visit, he thus graphically describes:—

"At the urgent solicitation of many gentlemen, I delayed there [at Sutter's Fort], to participate in the first public celebration of our national anniversary at that fort, but on the 5th resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American Fork to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings.

The hill-sides were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush arbors; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet about two hundred men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold—some with tin pans, some with close-woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine, known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse grate, or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleats nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; while a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself.

"The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy, fine black sand above the first cleats. The sand and gold, mixed together, are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterward separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged $100 a day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the lower mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens.

"From the mill [where the gold was first discov-

ered], Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where, in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight, and I send three pieces, labeled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying this, hold mechanically pieces of quartz; that the surface is rough, and evidently molded in the crevice of a rock. This gold can not have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was first deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many people if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not; but that the gold was invariably mixed with washed gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region.

"On the 7th of July I left the mill, and crossed to a stream emptying into the American Fork, three or four miles below the saw-mill. I struck this stream (now known as Weber's creek) at the washings of Sunol and Co. They had about thirty Indians employed, whom they pay in merchandise. They were getting gold of a character similar to that found in the main fork, and doubtless in sufficient quantities to satisfy them. I send you a small specimen, presented by this company, of their gold. From this point, we proceeded up the stream about eight miles, where we found a great many

people and Indians—some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, and two ounces were considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter not more than a hundred yards long, by four feet wide and two or three feet deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men—William Daly and Parry McCoon—had a short time before, obtained $17,000 worth of gold. Capt. Weber informed me that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party, and had left $10,000 worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upward of $12,000 worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth.

"Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighborhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over $2,000 worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged, with four others, with a machine, on the American Fork, just below Sutter's mill; that they worked eight days, and that his share was at the rate of $50 a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were then on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances; but, to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common laborers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my

presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbor of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked the price. Capt. Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Capt. Weber told him it only cost 50 cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a half, when Capt. Weber *had* to take it. The prices of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breech cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dresses.

"The country on either side of Weber's creek is much broken up by hills, and is intersected in every direction by small streams or ravines, which contain more or less gold. Those that have been worked are barely scratched; and although thousands of ounces have been carried away, I do not consider that a serious impression has been made upon the whole. Every day was developing new and richer deposits; and the only impression seemed to be, that the metal would be found in such abundance as seriously to depreciate in value.

"On the 8th of July, I returned to the lower mines, and on the following day to Sutter's, where, on the 19th, I was making preparations for a visit to the Feather, Yuva, and Bear rivers, when I received a letter from Commander A. R. Long, United States Navy, who had just arrived at San Francisco from Mazatlan with a crew for the sloop-of-war Warren, with orders to take that vessel to the squadron at La Paz. Capt. Long wrote to me that the Mexican Congress had adjourned without ratifying the treaty of

peace, that he had letters from Commodore Jones, and that his orders were to sail with the Warren on or before the 20th of July. In consequence of these, I determined to return to Monterey, and accordingly arrived here on the 17th of July. Before leaving Sutter's, I satisfied myself that gold existed in the bed of the Feather river, in the Yuva and Bear, and in many of the smaller streams that lie between the latter and the American Fork; also, that it had been found in the Cosummes to the south of the American Fork. In each of these streams the gold is found in small scales, whereas in the intervening mountains it occurs in coarser lumps.

"Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's, on the north side of the American, employs about 50 Indians on the north fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about five weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply closely woven willow baskets. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about $16,000 worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—fourteen pounds avoirdupois of clean-washed gold.

"The principal store at Sutter's Fort that of Brannan and Co., had received in payment for goods $36,000 (worth of this gold) from the 1st of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and rancheros had abandoned their fields to go to the mines. This is not

the case with Captain Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth at Sutter's $36 a barrel, and soon will be fifty. Unless large quantities of breadstuffs reach the country, much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

"The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject, was, that upward of four thousand men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one-half were Indians; and that from $30,000 to $50,000 worth of gold, if not more, was daily obtained. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection with me, how I could secure to the government certain rents or fees for the privilege of procuring this gold; but upon considering the large extent of country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered force at my command, I resolved not to interfere, but to permit all to work freely, unless broils and crimes should call for interference. I was surprised to learn that crime of any kind was very unfrequent, and that no thefts or robberies had been committed in the gold district.

"All live in tents, in bush arbors, or in the open air; and men have frequently about their persons thousands of dollars worth of this gold, and it was to me a matter of surprise that so peaceful and quiet state of things should continue to exist. Conflicting claims to particular spots of ground may cause collisions, but they will

be rare, as the extent of country is so great, and the gold so abundant, that for the present there is room enough for all. Still the Government is entitled to rents for this land, and immediate steps should be devised to collect them, for the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will become. One plan I would suggest is, to send out from the United States surveyors with high salaries, bound to serve specified periods.

"The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground, and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither. Laborers of every trade have left their work benches, and tradesmen their shops. Sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast, and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail. Two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco with no crew on board. Many desertions, tòo, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of these mines; twenty-six soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma, twenty-four from that of San Francisco, and twenty-four from Monterey. For a few days the evil appeared so threatening, that great danger existed that the garrisons would leave in a body; and I refer you to my orders of the 25th of July, to show the steps adopted to meet this contingency. I shall spare no exertions to apprehend and punish deserters, but I believe no time in the history of our country has presented such temptations to desert as now exist in California.

"The danger of apprehension is small, and the prospect of high wages certain; pay and bounties are

trifles, as laboring men at the mines can now earn in *one day* more than double a soldier's pay and allowances for a month, and even the pay of a lieutenant or captain can not hire a servant. A carpenter or mechanic would not listen to an offer of less than fifteen or twenty dollars a day. Could any combination of affairs try a man's fidelity more than this? I really think some extraordinary mark of favor should be given to those soldiers who remain faithful to their flag throughout this tempting crisis.

"Many private letters have gone to the United States giving accounts of the vast quantity of gold recently discovered, and it may be a matter of surprise why I have made no report on this subject at an earlier date. The reason is, that I could not bring myself to believe the reports that I heard of the wealth of the gold district until I visited it myself. I have no hesitation now in saying that there is more gold in the country drained by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers than will pay the cost of the present war with Mexico a hundred times over. No capital is required to obtain this gold, as the laboring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel; and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of rocks with their butcher knifes, in pieces of from one to six ounces.

"Mr. Dye, a gentleman residing in Monterey, and worthy of every credit, has just returned from Feather river. He tells me that the company to which he belonged worked seven weeks and two days, with an average of fifty Indians (washers), and that their gross product was 273 pounds of gold. His share (one seventh), after paying all expenses, is about thirty-seven

pounds, which he brought with him and exhibited in Monterey. I see no laboring man from the mines who does not show his two, three, or four pounds of gold. A soldier of the artillery company returned here a few days ago from the mines, having been absent on furlough twenty days. He made by trading and working, during that time, $1500. During these twenty days he was traveling ten or eleven days, leaving but a week in which he made a sum of money greater than he receives in pay, clothes, and rations, during a whole enlistment of five years. These statements appear incredible, but they are true.

"Gold is also believed to exist on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada; and when at the mines, I was informed by an intelligent Mormon that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake, and this they surely would not do unless they were sure of finding gold there in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

"The gold 'placer' near the mission of San Fernando has long been known, but has been little wrought for want of water. This is a spur which puts off from the Sierra Nevada (see Fremont's map), the same in which the present mines occur. There is, therefore, every reason to believe, that in the intervening spaces, of 500 miles (entirely unexplored), there must be many hidden and rich deposits. The 'placer' gold is now substituted as the currency of this country; in trade it passes freely at $16 per ounce; as an article of commerce its value is not yet fixed. The only purchase I made was of the specimen No. 7, which I got of Mr. Neligh at $12 the ounce. That is about the present

cash value in the country, although it has been sold for less. The great demand for goods and provisions, made by sudden development of wealth, has increased the amount of commerce at San Francisco very much, and it will continue to increase."

Mr. Larkin, the United States Consul at Monterey, California, and a man of good repute for veracity and discretion, writes to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, under date of June 1, 1848, as follows:

"SIR—I have to report to the State Department one of the most astonishing excitements and state of affairs now existing in this country, that, perhaps, has ever been brought to the notice of the Government. On the American Fork of the Sacramento, and Feather river, another branch of the same, and the adjoining lands, there has been, within the present year, discovered a 'placer,' a vast tract of land containing gold, in small particles. This gold, thus far, has been taken on the bank of the river, from the surface to eighteen inches in depth, and is supposed deeper, and to extend over the country.

"On account of the inconvenience of washing, the people have, up to this time, only gathered the metal on the banks, which is done simply with a shovel, filling a shallow dish, bowl, basket, or tin pan, with a quantity of black sand, similar to the class used on paper, and washing out the sand by movement of the vessel. It is now two or three weeks since the men employed in those washings have appeared in this town with gold, to exchange for merchandise and provisions. I presume nearly $20,000 of this gold has as yet been so exchanged. Some 200 or 300 men have remained up the river, or are gone to their homes, for the pur-

pose of returning to the 'placer,' and washing immediately with shovels, picks, and baskets; many of them, for the first few weeks, depending on borrowing from others. I have seen the written statement of the work of one man for sixteen days, which averaged $25 per day; others have, with a shovel and pan, or wooden bowl, washed out $10 to even $50 in a day. There are now some men yet washing who have $500 to $1,000. As they have to stand two feet deep in the river, they work but a few hours in the day, and not every day in the week.

"A few men have been down in boats to this port, spending twenty to thirty ounces of gold each—about $300. I am confident that this town (San Francisco) has one-half of its tenements empty, locked up, with the furniture. The owners—storekeepers, lawyers, mechanics, and laborers—all gone to the Sacramento with their families. Small parties, of five to fifteen men, have sent to this town and offered cooks ten to fifteen dollars per day for a few weeks. Mechanics and teamsters, earning five to eight dollars per day, have struck and gone. Several U. S. volunteers have deserted. U. S. barque, Anita, belonging to the army, now at anchor here, has but six men. One Sandwich Island vessel in port lost all her men; engaged another crew at $50 for the run of fifteen days to the Islands.

"One American captain having his men shipped on this coast in such a manner that they could leave at any time, had them all on the eve of quitting, when he agreed to continue their pay and food; leaving one on board, he took a boat and carried them to the gold regions—furnishing tools, and giving his men one-third. They have been gone a week. Common spades and

shovels, one month ago worth $1, will now bring $10 at the gold regions. I am informed $50 has been offered for one. Should this gold continue as represented, this town and others would be depopulated. Clerks' wages have risen from $600 to $1000 per annum, and board; cooks, $25 to $30 per month. This sum will not be any inducement a month longer, unless the fever and ague appears among the washers. The *Californian*, printed here, stopped this week. The *Star* newspaper office, where the new laws of Governor Mason, for this country, are printing, has but one man left. A merchant, lately from China, has even lost his China servants. Should the excitement continue through the year, and the whale-ships visit San Francisco, I think they will lose almost all their crews. How Col. Mason can retain his men, unless he puts a force on the spot, I know not.

"I have seen several pounds of this gold, and consider it very pure, worth, in New York, $17 to $18 per ounce: $14 to $16, in merchandise, is paid for it here. What good or bad effect this gold mania will have on California, I can not foretell. It may end this year; but I am informed that it will continue many years. Mechanics now in this town are only waiting to finish some rude machinery, to enable them to obtain the gold more expeditiously, and free from working in the river. Up to this time, but few Californians have gone to the mines, being afraid the Americans will soon have trouble among themselves, and cause disturbance to all around. I have seen some of the black sand, as taken from the bottom of the river (I should think in the States it would bring 25 to 50 cents per pound), containing many pieces of gold; they are from the size of

the head of a pin to the weight of the eighth of an ounce. I have seen some weighing one-quarter of an ounce ($4). Although my statements are almost incredible, I believe I am within the statements believed by every one here. Ten days back, the excitement had not reached Monterey. I shall, within a few days, visit this gold mine, and will make another report to you. Inclosed you will have a specimen.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"THOMAS O. LARKIN.

"Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State, Washington.

"P. S. This 'placer,' or gold region, is situated on public land."

In another letter Mr. Larkin writes as follows:

"MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, June 28, 1848.

"SIR—My last dispatch to the State Department was written in San Francisco, the 1st of this month. In that I had the honor to give some information respecting the new 'placer,' or gold region lately discovered on the branches of the Sacramento river. Since the writing of that dispatch I have visited a part of the gold region, and found it all I had heard, and much more than I anticipated. The part that I visited was upon a fork of the American river, a branch of the Sacramento, joining the main river at Sutter's Fort. The place in which I found the people digging was about twenty-five miles from the fort by land.

"I have reason to believe that gold will be found on many branches of the Sacramento and the Joaquim rivers. People are already scattered over one hundred miles of land, and it is supposed that the 'placer' extends from river to river. At present the workmen

are employed within ten or twenty yards of the river, that they may be convenient to water. On Feather river there are several branches upon which the people are digging for gold. This is two or three days' ride from the place I visited.

"At my camping-place I found, on a surface of two or three miles on the banks of the river, some fifty tents, mostly owned by Americans. These had their families. There are no Californians who have taken their families as yet to the gold region; but few or none will ever do it; some from New Mexico may do so next year, but no Californians.

"I was two nights at a tent occupied by eight Americans, viz. two sailors, one clerk, two carpenters, and three daily workmen. These men were in company; had two machines, each made from one hundred feet of boards (worth there $150, in Monterey $15—being one day's work), made similar to a child's cradle, ten feet long, without the ends.

"The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labor of the day. I suppose they made each $50 per day; their own calculation was two pounds of gold a day—four ounces to a man—$64. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day; the result was $7 to one, $82 to the other. There were two reasons for this difference; one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter

for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me $50 per hundred ($500 per thousand), ana a carpenter, washing gold dust, demanded $50 per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug-out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for $120, payable in gold dust at $14 per ounce. The owner excused himself for the price, by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first and five ounces the second day.

"I am of the opinion that on the American fork, Feather river, and Copimes river, there are near two thousand people, nine-tenths of them foreigners. Perhaps there are one hundred families, who have their teams, wagons and tents. Many persons are waiting to see whether the months of July and August will be sickly, before they leave their present business to go to the 'placer.' The discovery of this gold was made by some Mormons, in January or February, who for a time kept it a secret; the majority of those who are working there began in May. In almost every instance the men, after digging a few days, have been compelled to leave, for the purpose of returning home to see their families, arrange their business, and purchase provisions. I feel confident in saying there are fifty men in this 'placer' who have on an average $1000 each, obtained in May and June. I have not met with any person who had been fully employed in washing gold one month; most, however, appear to have averaged an ounce per day. I think there must, by this time, be over 1000 men at work upon the different

branches of the Sacramento; putting their gains at $10,000 per day, for six days in the week, appears to me not overrated.

"Should this news reach the emigration of California and Oregon, now on the road, connected with the Indian wars, now impoverishing the latter country, we should have a large addition to our population; and should the richness of the gold region continue, our emigration in 1849 will be many thousands, and in 1850 still more. If our countrymen in California as clerks, mechanics, and workmen will forsake employment at from $2 to $6 per day, how many more of the same class in the Atlantic States, earning much less, will leave for this country under such prospects? It is the opinion of many who have visited the gold regions the past and present months, that the ground will afford gold for many years, perhaps for a century. From my own examination of the rivers and their banks, I am of opinion that, at least for a few years, the golden products will equal the present year. However, as neither men of science, nor the laborers now at work, have made any explorations of consequence, it is a matter of impossibility to give any opinion as to the extent and richness of this part of California. Every Mexican who has seen the place says, throughout their Republic there has never been any 'placer like this one.'

"Could Mr. Polk and yourself see California as we now see it, you would think that a few thousand people, on 100 miles square of the Sacramento valley, would yearly turn out of this river the whole price our country pays for the acquired territory. When I finished my first letter I doubted my own writing, and,

to be better satisfied, showed it to one of the principal merchants of San Francisco, and to Capt. Fulsom, of the Quartermaster's Department, who decided at once I was far below the reality. You certainly will suppose, from my two letters, that I am, like others, led away by the excitement of the day. I think I am not. In my last I inclosed a small sample of the gold dust, and I find my only error was in putting a value to the sand. At that time I was not aware how the gold was found; I now can describe the mode of collecting it.

"A person without a machine, after digging off one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovelful of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch or two under water, continues to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner that the running water will carry off the light earths, occasionally, with his hand, throwing out the stones; after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is, on a handkerchief or cloth, dried in the sun, the sand is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of inclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I, from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half an hour, standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be $2 or $3.

"The size of the gold depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken, the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed companies of

four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage, yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold; at present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labor, or such as is called here severe labor.

"How long this gathering of gold by the handful will continue here, or the future effect it will have on California, I can not say. Three-fourths of the houses in the town on the Bay of San Francisco are deserted. Houses are sold at the price of the ground lots. The effects are this week showing themselves in Monterey. Almost every house I had hired out is given up. Every blacksmith, carpenter, and lawyer is leaving; brick-yards, saw-mills, and ranches are left perfectly alone. A large number of the volunteers at San Francisco and Sonoma have deserted; some have been retaken and brought back; public and private vessels are losing their crews; my clerks have had one hundred per cent. advance offered them on their wages to accept employment. A complete revolution in the ordinary state of affairs is taking place; both of our newspapers are discontinued from want of workmen and the loss of their agencies; the Alcaldes have left San Francisco, and I believe Sonoma likewise; the former place has not a Justice of the Peace left.

"The second Alcalde of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the

golden rivers. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year Attorney-General of the King of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a half per day; near him can be found almost all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.

"To conclude; my letter is long, but I could not well describe what I have seen in less words, and I now can believe that my account may be doubted; if the affair proves a bubble, a mere excitement, I know not how we can all be deceived, as we are situated. Gov. Mason and his staff have left Monterey to visit the place in question, and will, I suppose, soon forward to his department his views and opinions on this subject. Most of the land where gold has been discovered is public land; there are on different rivers some private grants. I have three such purchased in 1846 and '47, but have not learned that any private lands have produced gold, though they may hereafter do so.

"I have the honor, dear sir, to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS O. LARKIN.

"Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State, Washington City."

We have been politely furnished by A. R. Nye, Esq., with the following extract of a letter received by him from A. Ten Eyck, Esq., dated St. Francisco, Sept. 1:

"A day or two ago the Flora, Captain Potter, of New London, anchored in Whaleman's Harbor, on the opposite side of the bay. Yesterday the captain, fearing he would lose all his men, weighed anchor, intending to go to sea. After getting under way, the crew,

finding the ship was heading out, refused to do duty and the captain was forced to return and anchor here. Last night nine of the crew gagged the watch, lowered one of the boats, and rowed off. They have not been heard of since, and are now probably half way to the gold region. The Flora is twenty-six months out, with only 750 bbls. of oil. Every vessel that comes in here now is sure to lose her crew, and this state of things must continue until the squadron arrives, when, if the men-o'-war-men do not run off too, merchantmen may retain their crews.

"The whale-ship Euphrates, of New Bedford, left here a few weeks since, for the United States, to touch on the coast of Chili to recruit. The Minerva, Captain Perry, of New Bedford, has abandoned the whaling business, and is now on her way hence to Valparaiso for a cargo of merchandise. Although two large ships, four barks, and eight or ten brigs and schooners have arrived here since my return from the mineral country, about four weeks since, with large cargoes of merchandise, their entire invoices have been sold. Vessels are daily arriving from the Islands and ports upon the coast, laden with goods and passengers, the latter destined for the gold washings.

"The Volunteer regiment of United States soldiers have been mustered out of service, and have mostly gone gold hunting. Much sickness prevails among the gold-diggers; many have left the ground sick, and many more have discontinued their labors for the present, and gone into the more healthy portions of the country, intending to return after the sickly season has passed. From the best information I can obtain, there are from two to three thousand persons at work at the

gold-washings with the same success as heretofore. The rainy season will commence by the first of December, and those engaged in digging gold will have to remain where that month finds them, till along in March, as it will be impossible for them to get down into the settlements, on account of the peculiarities of the soil and country.

"The whole country, I am credibly informed, in the valleys and on the plains west of the California mountains and west of the gold region, is almost entirely overflowed with water during the winter months, so that it is with the greatest difficulty that access can be had to and from the settlements. The gold diggers, and those intending to become such, are making their preparations accordingly, by providing themselves with a four or five months' outfit. By the first of October the number of persons at the gold-washings will not fall short of four thousand."

The following extremely graphic letter is from Rev. Walter Colton, Alcalde of Monterey, California. It will be read with the liveliest interest:—

"MONTEREY, California, Aug. 29, 1848.

"The gold discoveries still continue—every day brings some new deposit to light. It has been found in large quantities on the Sacramento, Feather river, Yerba river, the American Fork—North and South branches—the Cosamer, and in many dry ravines, and indeed on the tops of high hills. The tract of country in which it is ascertained to exist, extends some two hundred miles north and south, and some sixty east and west; and these limits are every day enlarging by new discoveries. On the streams where the gold has been subjected to the action of water and sand, it

exists in fine grains; on the hills and among the clefts of the rocks it is found in rough, jagged pieces of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes two or three ounces.

"The gold is obtained in a variety of ways; some wash it out of the sand with bowls, some with a machine made like a cradle, only longer and open at the foot, while at the other end, instead of a squalling infant, there is a grating upon which the earth is thrown, and then water; both pass through the grating—the cradle is rocked, and being on an inclined plane, the water carries off the earth, and the gold is deposited in the bottom of the cradle. So the two things most prized in this world, gold and infant beauty, are both rocked out of their primitive state, one to pamper pride, and the other to pamper the worm. Some forego cradles and bowls as too tame an occupation, and mounted on horses, half wild, dash up the mountain gorges, and over the steep hills, picking the gold from the clefts of the rocks with their bowie knifes—a much better use to make of these instruments than picking the life out of men's bodies; for what is a man with that article picked out of him?

"A larger party, well mounted, are following up the channel of the Sacramento, to discover where this gold, found in its banks, comes from; and imagine that near the river's fount they will find the great yellow mass itself. But they might as well hunt the fleeting rainbow. The gold was thrown up from the bed of the ocean with the rocks and sands in which it is found; and still bears, where it has escaped the action of the elements, vivid traces of volcanic fire. It often encases a crystal of quartz, in which the pebble lies as if it had

slumbered there from eternity; its beautiful repose sets human artifice at defiance. How strange that this ore should have lain here, scattered about in all directions, peeping every where out of the earth, and sparkling in the sun, and been trod upon for ages by white men and savages, and by the emissaries of every scientific association in the world, and never till now have been discovered! What an ass man is, with all his learning!. He stupidly stumbles over hills of gold to reach a rare pepper pod, or rifle a bird's nest!

"The whole country is now moving on to the mines. Monterey, San Francisco, Sonoma, San Jose, and Santa Cruz, are emptied of their male population. A stranger coming here would suppose he had arrived among a race of women, who, by some anomalous provision of nature, multiplied their images without the presence of the other sex. But not a few of the women have gone too, especially those who had got out of tea —for what is woman without her tea-pot—a pythoness without her shaking tripod—an angel that has lost his lyre. Every bowl, tray, warming-pan, and piggin, has gone to the mines. Every thing, in short, that has a scoop in it that will hold sand and water. All the iron has been worked up into crow-bars, pick-axes and spades. And all these roll back upon us in the shape of gold. We have, therefore, plenty of gold, but little to eat, and still less to wear. Our supplies must come from Oregon, Chili, and the United States. Our grain gold, in exchange for coin, sells for nine and ten dollars the ounce, though it is well known to be worth at the mint in Philadelphia eighteen dollars the ounce at least. Such is the scarcity of coin here.

"We want a mint. Let Congress send us one at once

over the Isthmus; else this grain gold goes to Mazatlan, to Chili, and Peru—where it is lost to our national currency. Over a million of gold, at the lowest computation, is taken from these mines every month—and this quantity will be more than doubled when the emigration from the States, from Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and the Southern republics arrives. Send us a mint! I could give you forty more illustrations of the extent and productiveness of these mines, but no one will believe what I *have* said without my name, and perhaps but few with it."

*The Californian*, published at San Francisco, on the 14th of August, furnishes the following interesting account of the Gold Region:—

"It was our intention to present our readers with a description of the extensive gold, silver, and iron mines, recently discovered in the Sierra Nevada, together with some other important items, for the good of the people, but we are compelled to defer it for a future number. Our prices current, many valuable communications, our marine journal and other important matters, have also been crowded out. But to enable our distant readers to draw some idea of the extent of the gold mine, we will confine our remarks to a few facts. The country from the Ajuba to the San Joaquin rivers, a distance of about 120 miles, and from the base toward the summit of the mountains, as far as Snow Hill, about seventy miles, has been explored, and gold found on every part. There are now probably 3000 people, including Indians, engaged collecting gold. The amount collected by each man who works, ranges from $10 to $350 per day. The publisher of this paper, while on a tour alone to the mining district, collected, with the aid

of a shovel, pick and tin pan, about twenty inches in diameter, from $44 to $128 a day—averaging $100. The gross amount collected will probably exceed $600,000, of which amount our merchants have received about $250,000 worth for goods sold; all within the short space of eight weeks. The largest piece of gold known to be found weighed four pounds.

"Labor has ever been high in California, but previous to the discovery of the *placera* gold, the rates ranged from $1 to $3 per day. Since that epoch common labor can not be obtained, and if to be had, for no less price than fifty cents per hour, and that the most common. Carpenters and other mechanics have been offered $15 a day, but it has been flatly refused. Many of our enterprising citizens were largely engaged in building, and others wish to commence on dwellings, warehouses, and the like, but all have had to suspend for the lack of that all important class of community, the working men.

"E. P. Barnett and Jacob N. Metzger, who arrived here from Oregon on the 20th May last, in the schooner Mary Ann, to look at California, with an eye to its agricultural prospects, after remaining a few days at this place, repaired to the gold region. They have since returned, and it is their intention to go back to Oregon, for their families, in the brig Henry, which vessel will sail in a few days. They take back with them the round sum of $1280 in gold (80 oz), which they collected in the short space of twenty-two days This must certainly be more encouraging than hard labor at $15 per month, payable in shinplasters and Oregon scrip, worth fifty cents to the dollar.

"The construction of a railroad from Sutterville, on

the Sacramento, to the gold, silver, and iron mines of the Sierra Nevada, would be of the utmost importance to California, and those interested in transporting provisions and other merchandise to the mining district, who take in return iron and lumber, of which there is sufficient of the first quality to supply all the markets of the Pacific. The route is a practicable one, and but little excavation will be necessary. The rates of transportation of merchandise now charged by wagons are $5 per 100 pounds to the lower mines—a distance of 20 miles, and $10 per 100 to the upper mines—40 miles. Two horses can draw 1,500 pounds on any part of the road. Until a road of this kind is constructed, the extensive pineries in the California mountains, which are equal to any in the world, must remain in their present useless condition. We particularly invite enterprising capitalists to visit Alta California.

"The *Californian* again appears before its patrons this morning, as it will continue to do occasionally in these 'golden times,' during the temporary suspension of business. As soon as a re-action takes place, and business resumes its wonted channels, and our thoroughfares again wear their usual business-like and bustling appearance, we will issue the paper regularly, as heretofore.

"We understand from persons who have lately arrived here from the gold region, that the sickly season has set in, and the gold hunters are in consequence leaving in great numbers. The sickness does not operate on each individual in the same manner; but is in all cases very severe, and sometimes fatal. It is currently reported that three of our citizens have died at the mines, but we hope it may prove untrue, and

therefore do not give names. But it ought not to be concealed that much sickness prevails there."

Subsequent accounts, however, seem to confirm the opinion that the climate of Upper California is unusually healthy, and that the sickness of which we have heard is merely the effect of over-exertion and exposure among the gold-diggers. All experience and scientific investigation prove that the only natural cause of the unhealthiness of any country is the miasma arising from swamps or decaying vegetation. Now, in Upper California such a thing as a swamp does not exist, and vegetable as well as animal decomposition goes on so slowly that no perceptible miasma arises even from the decay of dead bodies. It will probably, therefore, be shortly established that California is one of the healthiest countries in the world. The atmosphere is said to be so transparent and clear that objects may be seen at an incredible distance—high mountains being visible at over 200 miles.

"NEW HELVETIA, *June* 30, 1848.

"I have just returned to Fort Sacramento, from the gold region, from whence I write this; and, in compliance with my promise, on leaving the sea-coast, I send you such items as I have gathered.

"Our trip, after leaving your city, by way of Pueblo, San Jose, and the San Joaquin river, we found very agreeable; passing over a lovely country, with its valleys and hills covered with the richest verdure, intertwined with flowers of every hue. The country from the San Joaquin river to this place, is rich beyond comparison, and will admit of a dense population.

"We found the fort a miniature Manchester, a young Lowell. The blacksmith's hammer, the tinner, the carpenter, and the weaver's shuttle, plying by the ingenuity of Indians, at which place there are several hundred in the employ of Capt. J. A. Sutter. I was much pleased with a walk in the large and beautiful garden attached to the fort. It contains about eight or ten acres, laid out with great taste, under the supervision of a young Swiss. Among the fruit trees I noticed the almond, fig, olive, pear, apple and peach. The grape vines are in the highest state of cultivation, and for vegetables, I would refer you to a seedsman's catalogue.

"About three miles from the fort, on the east bank of the Sacramento, the town of Suttersville is laid out. The location is one of the best in the country, situated in the largest and most fertile district in California, and being the depot for the extensive gold, silver, platina, quicksilver, and iron mines. A hotel is now building for the accommodation of the traveling public, who are now obliged to impose on the kind hospitalities of Capt. Sutter. A party of men who have been exploring a route to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains, have just returned, and report that they have found a good wagon road on the declivity ridge, between the American Fork and the McCossamy rivers, the distance being much less than by the old route. The road will pass through the gold district, and enter the valley near the American Fork.

"A ferry is to be established at Suttersville, on the Sacramento, and the road across the *tularie* improved soon, which will shorten the distance from this place to Sonoma and your city about 60 miles.

"After leaving the fort we passed up on the south bank of the American Fork, about twelve miles. This is a beautiful river, about three fathoms deep, the water being very cold and clear; and after leaving the river we passed through a country rolling and timbered with oak. We then commenced ascending the hills at the base of the great Sierra Nevada, which are thickly set with oak and pine timber, and soon arrived at a small rivulet. One of our party dipped up a cupful of sand from the bed of the creek, washed it, and found five pieces of gold. This was our first attempt at gold digging. About dark we arrived at the saw-mill of Capt. Sutter, having ridden over gold, silver, platina, and iron mines, some twenty or thirty miles. The past three days I have spent in exploring the mountains in this district, and conversing with many men who have been at work here for some weeks past. Should I attempt to relate to you all that I have seen, and have been told, concerning the extent and productions of the mines, I am fearful your readers would think me exaggerating too much, therefore I will keep within bounds. I could fill your columns with the most astonishing tales concerning the mines here, far excelling the Arabian Nights, and all true to the letter.

"As near as I can ascertain, there are now about 2000 persons engaged, and the roads leading to the mines are thronged with people and wagons. The implements used are shovels, picks, tin pans, wooden bowls, and Indian baskets. From one to nine ounces of pure virgin gold per day, is gathered by every man who performs the requisite labor. The mountains have been explored for about forty miles, and gold has

been found in great abundance in almost every part of them. A gentleman informed me that he had spent some time in exploring the country, and had dug fifty-two holes with his butcher's knife in different places, and found gold in every one.

"Several extensive silver mines have been discovered, but very little attention is paid to them now. Immense beds of iron ore, of superior quality, yielding 85 to 90 per cent., have also been found near the American Fork.

"A grist-mill is to be attached to the saw-mill, for the purpose of convenience of families and others settling at the mines. The water-power of the American Fork is equal to any upon this continent, and, in a few years large iron foundries, rolling, splitting, and nail mills will be erected.

"The granite of the mountains is superior to the celebrated Quincy. A quarry of beautiful marble has been discovered near the McCossamy river, specimens of which you will see in a few years in the front of the Custom House, Merchants' Exchange, City Hall, and other edifices in your flourishing city.

"P. S.—'The cry is still, they come.' Two men have just arrived for provisions from the Ajuba river, who state that they have worked five days, and gathered $950 in gold, the largest piece weighing nearly one ounce. They report the quantity on that river to be immense, and in much larger pieces than that taken in other parts."

"SONOMA, *Aug.* 5, 1848.

"The mining fever is raging here, as well as elsewhere. Not a mechanic or laboring man can be

obtained in town, and most of our male citizens have 'gone up' to the Sierra Nevada, and are now enjoying 'golden moments.' Spades, shovels, pick-axes, hoes, bottles, vials, snuff-boxes, brass tubes, earthen jars, and even barrels, have been put in requisition, and have also abruptly left town.

"I have heard from one of our citizens, who has been at the gold 'placer' a few weeks, and he had collected $1500 worth of the 'root of evil,' and was still averaging $100 per day. Another man, wife, and boy collected $500 worth in one day. Another still, who shut up his hotel here some five or six weeks since, has returned with $2200 in pure virgin gold, collected by his own exertions, with no other aid than a spade, pick, and Indian basket.

"Three new and valuable lead mines have recently been discovered in this vicinity, and one of our citizens, Mr. John Bowles, of Galena, Ill.—a man, who has been reported by the Boston press as having been murdered by the Indians, on the Southern route to Oregon, from the States—informed me that the ore would yield 90 per cent., and that it was his intention to erect, as soon as practicable, six large smelting furnaces.

"The Colonnade Theater, at this place, has closed for the season: it was well attended, however, from the time the Thespians made their debut till they made their exit. The 'Golden Farmer,' the 'Omnibus,' and a Russian comedy called 'Feodora' (translated from the German of Kotzebue, by Mr. F. Linz, of Sonoma), were their last attractions.

"The military company under command of Capt. J. E. Brackett, are to-day exchanging posts with

Company H., under command of Captain Frisbie, both of the New York Volunteers. Company C. has been stationed with us more than a year, and much praise is due its members, not only for the military and soldier-like manner in which they have acquitted themselves as a corps, but for their gentlemanly and orderly deportment individually and collectively. We regret to part with them, and can not let them go without expressing a hope that when peace shall have been declared, the regiment disbanded, and their country no longer needs their services, they may have fallen sufficiently in love with our healthy climate and our beautiful valley to come back and settle."

The *Journal of Commerce* publishes a spirited letter from California, dated Monterey, Aug. 29. We copy a few curious particulars:

"At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a day, and the least active one or two. They make the most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale faces want to do with it; they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimbleful of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint $18 or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda powders, or a plug of tobacco.

"As to the quantity which the diggers get, take a few facts as evidence. I know seven men who work-

ed seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted—on Feather river: they employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two day, 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact—so stick a pin there. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days $1500 each; so stick another pin there. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash bowl, two pounds and a half of gold in fifteen minutes; so stick another pin there! Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill."

The following is from the *Washington Union:*

"We stated in yesterday's paper that Lieutenant Loeser had not arrived with the specimens of gold which had been forwarded to the Secretary of war by Colonel Mason, the commanding officer in California.

"Understanding last evening that the lieutenant had arrived in this city, and had deposited in the War Office the precious specimens he had brought with him, we called to see them, and to free our mind of all hesitation as to the genuineness of the metal. We had seen doubts expressed in some of our exchange papers; and we readily admit that the accounts so nearly approached the miraculous that we were relieved by the evidence of our own senses on the subject. The specimens have all the appearance of the native gold we had seen from the mines of North Carolina and

Virginia; and we are informed that the Secretary would send the small chest, called a caddy, containing about $3000 worth of gold, in lumps and scales, to the mint, to be melted into coin and bars, and most of it to be subsequently fashioned into medals, commemorative of the heroism and valor of our officers. Several of the other specimens he will retain for the present in the War Office as found in California, in the form of lumps, scales, and sand; the last named being of a different hue, from bright yellow to black, without much appearance of gold.

"However skeptical any man may have been, we defy him to doubt, that if the quantity of such specimens as these be as great as has been represented, the value of the gold in California must be greater than has been hitherto discovered in the old or new continent; and great as may be the emigration to this new El Dorado, the frugal and industrious will be amply repaid for their enterprise and toil. They need only a state or territorial government for their protection.

"We have seen it stated, in letters and in the newspapers, that what was found in California and brought to the United States was mica; but it seems to us impossible, from the appearance and density and weight of the metal which we saw last night in the War Office, that there can be any delusion or mistake. The specimens have come to Washington as they were extracted from the materials of the 'placer.' The heaviest piece that is brought by Lieutenant Loeser weighs a little more than two ounces; but the varied contents of the casket (as described in Col. Mason's schedule) will be sent off to-day, by special messenger, to the mint at Philadelphia for assay, and early next

week we hope to have the pleasure of laying the result before our readers."*

[EXTRACT.]

"HEAD QUARTERS, 10TH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
"Monterey, California, Sept. 12, 1848.

". . . . The reports from the Gold Mines continue full as flattering as ever; but much sickness has resulted from the great exposure and heat of the summer, causing many citizens to return to the cool climate of the sea coast. . . . . "Your obedient servant,

"R. B. MASON,
"Col. 1st Dragoons, Gov. California."

[EXTRACT.]

"FLAG-SHIP OHIO, La Paz, July 28, 1848.

"SIR—The inclosed letter from Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., our Navy Agent at Monterey, will give you but a moderate idea of the gold mania in Upper California. The effects already produced upon the minds of the good people of Upper California, by the discovery of this new El Dorado, are quite alarming, as all kinds of work, and every other occupation—even the ripe grain in the fields—is abandoned for the gold harvest on the river Sacramento.

"Desertion from the army and navy in Upper California prevails to an alarming degree; and you will observe that Mr. Larkin expresses some fears as to the probable effect upon the crews of our ships which may visit the ports of Monterey and San Francisco. I have

* This assay has since been made, and the result officially announced. The gold of California is declared to be from 5 to 8 per cent. purer than American standard gold coin.

no fear of not being able to suppress desertion within ordinary bounds; but, to accomplish that end, some severe examples may be necessary. Prevention is always better than cure—I shall, therefore, by much cruising, afford as little opportunity as possible for deserting.

"Before the gold fever came on, there were said to be about 200 deserters in the 'Redwood Cuttings' of Upper California from the squadron. Com. Shubrick tried to recall them to their allegiance by a Proclamation anterior to his expedition against Guayamas and Mazatlan in November last, but without much success.

"The accompanying Proclamation was issued before I heard of the gold mania. I have no hopes now of reclaiming any deserters who have got into the gold region.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES,

"Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval Forces, Pacific Ocean.

"Hon. JOHN Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

A very intelligent officer of the navy, who has been recently over the entire gold region of California, for the purpose of examining the matter thoroughly, stated, recently, that by the month of March we shall be receiving from California three millions per month in gold. This officer himself has a considerable quantity of the gold, which has reached New Orleans, and other large amounts he knows to be on the way. The Mazatlan correspondent of Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, writes that $100,000 worth of gold has been received there, which has been assayed, and proved to be 22 to 23½ carats fine, which is as near as may be

pure gold, too pure for coining or mechanical purposes. This fact sets at rest the doubts about the genuineness of the metal. Under the circumstances, the establishment of the Pacific mail line of steamships, in connection with the line hence to Chagres, is a most fortunate happening, as it gives a regular and rapid communication with the States, by which gold can be sent home in thirty days, and merchandise received in return. But for this connection the communication with the States would only have taken place by the tedious, uncertain, and unsafe routes of Cape Horn, or the Plains to St. Louis. The gold will now come across the Isthmus of Panama, and by steam thence to New York.

We find the following very well written account of the gold region in the New Orleans Crescent City:—

"MONTEREY, California, Aug. 26, 1848.

"At last, my dear brother, I can tell you of something wonderful in this hitherto uninteresting service. I listened, an unbeliever, to all the gold diggers' stories of those who have been dropping in from the 'placer,' these last three or four months, until the Governor and Sherman returned; and even then, when the colonel brought home handfuls of the pure metal, which had been given to him as specimens, and remarked to me, 'Yes, it is all true, and the most remarkable part of it is that it is not exaggerated,' I could not, or rather did not want to believe, that an El Dorado had at last been found; and as Captain Smith, of the Dragoons, had just arrived from Los Angeles, to pay us a visit at my invitation, and to look at this upper country, I asked the colonel to let me go with him to the mines, that we

too might see. We left this on the 21st, and as the plains and mountains are rather dry and uninteresting now, we got over them as soon as convenient, passing, every few miles, carts, wagons, and families, foot and horsemen, all bound to the 'placer.' We found the farm-houses and villages almost deserted; and at the cabins where we stopped for meals, we heard only of the gold! The women would, after a little talk, go to their chests and bring out their bags, to show what fine large pieces the men had got for them. At San Jose, or the Pueblo, as they call it here, we found most of the houses shut up, and their owners gone too—one or two carts in the streets, and these were being got ready for the journey up.

"I was agreeably surprised to find San Francisco a pretty little Yankee looking town, though we had to wade through two or three miles of sand-hills, against a stiff nor'wester, just before reaching it. They have made the best of a bad site, on the side of a pretty steep hill, and hemmed in by high sand-hills. They have stuck a board house under the lee of every sand bank or clump of bushes, and you can not buy a sand-hill there now for any money. They boast quite a good looking hotel, and talk of the mint, bank, market-house, and navy-yard, that will be, with quite a serious look, rather amusing to a stranger who has not seen the 'placer;' but if he happens in at some of the half dozen stores strung along the water-side, and sees some of the rough-looking countrymen, who may have just arrived from the mines—(how very polite the store-keepers are to them now!)—the fellow takes out his buckskin purse, a foot long, and shakes half a dozen pounds or so of gold into the scales, to pay for his

truck, with as much coolness as if it were sand. What's the news from the mines?' says one—'any sickness there yet?' 'No, not much; they have all nearly gone up to the dry diggings, and 'tis healthier up thar.' 'Is it pretty rich up there?' 'Oh, yes!' You wonder why the fellow came away; so, to find out if he was unlucky, you ask, 'About how much did you get out?' 'About two or three thousand dollars!' 'And how long were you digging?' 'About twelve days in all, but I didn't dig steady; I was on the river two or three days examining.' 'Why did you come away?' 'Oh, I came down to buy goods, and I am going back to trade.' You next wonder why all you saw at dinner that day, didn't go right off to the mines; but they were merchants and merchants' clerks, and the merchants have averaged sales of two or three thousand dollars daily, making about three hundred per cent. on cost; and the merchants' clerks get at least $300 per month. Why, the negro cook at the hotel gets $200 per month, and is going to leave next month for the mines! After seeing and hearing all this, one begins to think the place must grow.

"There were about eight or ten vessels in port when I was there, all empty but two whalers. They had made prompt and profitable sales, but they all grumble because the governor will not take the gold for duties at more than $10 the ounce, and there is no money in the market. The acting collector, a young officer who is full of business, for he is the quarter-master, tells you that he has forty thousand dollars already paid in gold, and he does not know where the money is to come from to redeem it! After looking around thus, and listening to some of the stories of gold or trade, we

could hear of no launch going up that day, and so adjourned to dinner, where we sat down with some twenty well-dressed and happy-looking civilians: and before dinner was over, every man had one or more bottles of champagne before him. They were all getting rich, and could afford it; but it took three days of my pay. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' cried out half a dozen, as one tall dry-looking genius, straightened about seven feet of his humanity, 'a toast, a toast from the judge!' 'Do you know the judge!' said one to me; 'he is a trump, ain't he?' Of course, I knew him, and answered, 'Isn't he?' 'Gentlemen,' said the judge, 'I'm going to give a sentiment; can't make a speech, never could, but even Dr. Leatherbelly here,' and he slapped another seven-footer on the shoulder, who swallowed a large mouthful and the nick-name with rather a wry face, 'even Dr. Leatherbelly, with all his preaching, must acknowledge the truth of my sentiment—that we are all here to make money!' A general roar acknowledged the tall chap a good judge of other men's intentions.

"We rode to the presidio, or remains of the old fort and barracks; but so bleak are the winds, and so exposed to their fury are the old adobe walls, that only two sides of the presidio square remain standing, and they were in a miserable condition when the company of volunteers took up their quarters there. They are now roofed and ceiled inside. The fort shows the remains of a low-walled demi-lune, on what might be rendered an almost inaccessible little promontory. Not a gun is there now, and nothing done yet in the way of fortifying the bay; and I am afraid that now the gold at the 'placer' will attract all labor from public

and other work in its vicinity for some years to come, except they pay in proportion. The volunteers had as much work as suited them, in putting their quarters in order; and those who did not desert, deserve great credit for remaining at their post at all, with such discomfort and bad pay. But they did not intend waiting more than a month longer for the peace.

"On the third day the town had lost its novelty, for it was cold and no fire to be had. We began to criticise the cooking—want of ladies—the bleak wind and the sand—the whole-soul eagerness with which every man, woman, and child in this place appeared to pursue gold. We were glad when the launch-owner could not find another bale to send up in his boat. So we were off, the tide making, and the wind blowing a gale almost, after we got round the point; and in a few hours our little craft, with the *ci-devant* Mormon leader as owner and master, some half-dozen runaway sailors, and a grogshop-keeper or two as fellow-passengers, had entered the narrows at the head of the bay; and evening found us in the mouth of the river —marshes and musquitos on either side—where we waited till day, and then found a broad, pretty, and quiet stream, up which we sailed some sixty miles, to Sutter's landing, passing a few bound up. This is the only long navigable and important river in this western acquisition of Uncle Sam's. Steamers will in a year be running many leagues above the mouth of Feather river, which is some distance above Sutter's. We found here half-a-dozen launches, a few wagons, and a motley set of vagabonds (whites, Indians, negroes, Kanakas, Chinese, and Chilenos). We walked with the late Mormon, now a thriving merchant, over a dusty

three miles to Sutter's Fort, which stands out from the bank of the river, on the open plain, and on ground so low that it is almost an island during the winter floods. The captain, a Swiss gentleman of the old school, we found surrounded by his decently clad Indians. We call them his, because he had fed, raised, and clothed them, and treats them so well, that none can seduce them from his service. He received us with great politeness, and, as he had not horses himself, put us in the way of getting them from Mr. Sinclair, his nearest and best neighbor—one of the few disinterested gentlemen we met in the mining regions. By sunset, our horses were ready, and we were off, for a night's ride to the lower, or Mormon diggings—so called from the Mormons, who discovered it. But it was cold, and we could not see the road—so we stopped and took some sleep, and the next morning rode down the hill to the bank of the American Fork, which here makes a rapid between two rocky hills, and has deposited an island of an acre or so of sand and gravel among some rocks, which obstructed the way. It was like a camp meeting—plenty of booths and brush shanties lined the river bank; and, upon riding over the rough stones and gravel bank of the island—which we did with difficulty, for it was full of newly-dug pits and piles of stone—to reach the creek, now quite low and retired to the main channel, we saw, for the first time, the gold washers at work.

"There were ranged along the edges of the stream at least a dozen washer machines, which are just like baby cradles, made of wood, only open at the foot, and with rounded or cylindrical bottoms, and a few brackets tacked across the bottom at intervals of a foot or

so. They are set in or at the edge of the water on rockers, with a slope down stream; one man brings the earth or gravel, which is cleaned of the big stones, and throws it on the head or top of the cradle, which is formed of bars or a coarse sieve of sheet iron or copper, and another man stands at the head of the cradle in the water, which he dips up and dashes on the gravel or dirt as it is left on the grate—the earth, by this party, was taken from within a foot of the surface—while a third rocks the cradle, thus keeping a stream of water passing through it, in continual rolling from side to side, and very muddy, with the clayey and earthy matter washed out. The heavy sand and heavier gold, all catches or lodges above the brackets. After the party has washed its morning's work of three or four hours, several pounds of this black iron, or magnetic sand, mingled with gold, are scraped from above the two or three upper brackets, most of the sand is then washed out by the hand in a tin pan, by holding the pan inclined just below the surface of the water, stirring the whole up, and pouring the water as it mingles with the sand, out at the lower edge of the basin; keeping one side below the stream all the while, to let in clean water, and take out more sand. The weight of the gold keeps it all the while at the lowest point of the basin, and it seems hard to wash or shake it out.

"We looked on in wonder and astonishment for an hour, to see by what a simple process men were all around us getting rich. Why, we learned it on sight. The men told us they had been working since early that morning—it was about 9 o'clock—they then scraped the results of their wash, in sand and gold,

from the bottom of their cradle, in a few minutes washed the balance of the sand out, and one of them held up the pan and 'guessed' there were seven or eight ounces in it, or nearly two ounces for each man. They told us they gave two ounces for their machine, to a man, who, like many others, was not satisfied with the lower diggings, but had gone higher up, to the dry diggings, or prospecting. We then passed down stream to some other parties, and watched them rock their cradles awhile. They worked all alike, with about the same luck, occasionally finding a pocket or crevice in the rock, as they call it, where the gold and sand are dug out in handsful, in about equal proportions, but these they said were scarce. We next went up over the stony surface of the island, to see how the golden deposit lay. Here and there a few were picking in the gravel, say a few feet below the surface, throwing out by hand the big stones, and shoveling the lesser gravel into buckets, which were carried off to the cradle. The bed of gravel had been made by a spread or widening in the river bottom, and some large rocks and boulders had caught the sand and gravel brought down to this quieter water by the winter torrents from above. It was from four to ten feet before the diggers struck the granite rock that formed the river's bed, and on this was found the richest earth.

"In the middle or highest part of the bank, they would have to dig ten or eleven feet to reach the bottom and two or three, or may be more feet, would be surface gravel with little or nothing in it, after which the gold strata would be poor till they had got deep, and not yield more than two ounces per day per man; and

then, they said, a man might count on a hundred dollars a day at the bottom of his pit or hole.

"This is a larger deposit than common, and has been dug full of pits and banks, but at the time of our visit not more than three hundred persons were left at this island. Every one had left for the upper mines. We had satisfied our curiosity here, and wanted to reach the mill, or first discovery, that day. The road led us through a hilly country—hills getting higher, oaks scarcer, more slate and soapstone, with dry ravines and occasional pine groves. We found, as heretofore, every few miles where there was a spring or patch of grass, camp fires and wagons, families of Mormons, or of the roving race that have wended westward for the last generation, at length turned east again, and perfectly contented with their luck at last.—With some of them I had spent the evening chatting over their gains, prospects, etc., in the newly established city on the shores of the Salt Lake, which will afford them a quiet roof and rest from their wandering. I here met on several occasions, men who had gold enough. We found the mill as 'tis called, quite a settlement—some eight stores, in log, board, or bush shanties, and several hundred persons digging and washing along the banks. A piece of ten acres, or so, has been penned off for Capt. Sutter, whose enterprising efforts to civilize this wilderness, led to the discovery. He was having a race opened for a saw-mill among the hills, and his workmen found the gold, washed, and sent it down to him. It was too peculiar not to be soon recognized.

"They tried to keep the matter secret, but too many knew it, and in three months from that time that wil-

derness of hills—among which none but Sutter's men and Indians ever ventured alone for fear of the wild Indians—was now fast being settled; and the grisly bears, wolves and jackals, listened in astonishment to the frying pans hissing, babies crying, cow bells tinkling, and boys kicking up a shindy among the wagons, —and there was no place then left for them to go to. The climate high up the hills, though exceedingly warm in summer, is tolerably healthy, and on the river banks and grassy glades now and then to be met with, towns are locating, log cabins already building, and Uncle Sam's land sales anticipated before we have even a right by treaty to territory acknowledged to belong to another government.

"We left the saw-mill, and found by going up it, that the hill above it was a pretty high one, and following the windings of the road round the hills which were fast rising into mountains, we rode about noon into a ravine between two pretty high hills, which in winter holds quite a torrent. Parties of men were scattered along this canada like ants. It being late and very hot, but few were working. We passed on to another canada beyond, were the Californians had principally congregated, and it being Sunday, were lounging or gambling, and the Indians, their laborers, ditto—dressed *a la Adam*—and a miserable, brutish race they are, hardly know the use of fire to prepare their food, many of them living upon grass, seeds, and acorns—in the slightest little brush dens, which it could be supposed would shelter a piece of mortality, and clothing themselves against the winter's snows and summer's heat which are here severe, with nothing. The water in this gully was dried up, with the exception of a few

pools and holes. I asked one of the Californians to let us satisfy our curiosity by washing a little of his earth which lay at the edge of a small pond or pool, and which he had brought from the gully a little higher up, where it was found quite rich. He of course, assented, and led us the way to his cradle. He brought the earth in an Indian basket, holding a little less than a peck, and as he threw the earth on the cradle top I dashed on the water, and Capt. S. rocked the cradle. We worked away with spirit, attracting several spectators, who laughed at our undignified position—but 'twas our first essay in making money by our own labor, and I entered into it with zeal and great interest at the result. After about fifteen minutes' dashing water, during which I got a good soaking below, and splashed all in my vicinity, I got tired, and cried hold off. Our friend, the Californian, as eager to see the result as ourselves, himself scraped out the black sand and gold, and several gathered around him to see how much there was. He was kind enough to show us the gold when he had cleaned it, and the guesses as to its quantity varied from half to two ounces. There was probably more than an ounce of pure gold taken from the earth, as it had been hauled from the hill side, in less than half an hour; and in a second visit which I had occasion to make, and in which I learned more of the difficulties and profits of gold hunting, I was satisfied that in many, perhaps hundreds, of canadas like this, several miles long, the earth is rich to excess, and will give many years' work to from twenty to fifty thousand hands, who can each reckon upon two ounces of pure gold per day while washing. To fasten this conviction upon any one in this country

is not difficult now—it was some months since—but gold has fallen from sixteen dollars the ounce to eight; and several at the mines were selling, from necessity, for six dollars the ounce.

"I rode from one end to the other of the main valley, in the dry diggings, and questioned almost every man there, and they all, without a single exception, were then making from two ounces to two hundred dollars per day, when they chose to work. Many had shanties with trinkets, blankets, and calicoes for the Indians, and comforts and necessaries for the whites. I think at least two thousand whites, including Californians, were on the dry diggings of the American Fork, and one thousand on the river, in different parts, washing. There can not be less than two thousand on the Yuva, the north fork of the American, and on Feather river; on all of which the washings bring the finest gold, and in great abundance, at almost every deposit in the bed of the river; and it is a fact, which only the daily ocular proof I had convinced me of, that for many miles of wild and dreary space, watered by nearly all the eastern tributaries of the Sacramento, a traveler can get off his horse in the bed of any mountain stream, where the hills on either side are of gravelly red clay, and the slate creeps out in the bed of the gully, and there, in an hour's washing, he is sure to get some gold, sometimes a vial, sometimes two, three, or ten dollars' worth. But the gold is scattered in all the hills of clay and slaty formation, and the geological features of the country, I am told by those most intimate with them, are nearly the same from Dyes' place, latitude 40°, to the Montcumenes, about latitude 37°, and from the commencement of the hills, thirty miles from the river,

to the big or main range of the Snowy Mountains, about eight miles further east. Gold has been found abundant enough to attract the laziest skeptic in a large part of this district; and without any enthusiasm, which, by the way, has not formed part of my system since I came round Cape Horn to gain glory fighting Mexicans, I think the Californias—for gold is found in both—under the enterprising, gold-loving Yankees, will export from six to ten millions of gold annually in less than ten years.

"It was estimated by the most intelligent, that over two hundred thousand dollars had been taken out when I was there, three months after it was made public, and by the small, vagrant, and vagabond population of California. Three-fourths of the men I saw working in the dry diggings were either runaway sailors or soldiers, or men who had left home suddenly, and might be called a drinking, fighting, but not a working population. I will not repeat any of the hundred stories I heard of men who had found many pounds in a day, and others getting into rich spots and killing their horses, rather than risk being followed back, and bringing out arobas of gold, &c.; but on my second trip up the mines, I was riding down the main dry digging, and a teamster, who had stopped his team, and stood looking with whip in hand, at a chap busy picking at a niche or pocket in the rock, called out to me 'Just come here, captain, and look at this man picking out the gold!' I turned my horse to the spot, and, sure enough, he was picking out of the crevice in the slate, across which the water had pitched in winter to a bed some few feet below, the gold and earth in lumps, and had his left hand full, when I saw him. I mean, he

was picking it out of an open hole in the rock, as fast as you can pick the kernels out of a lot of well cracked shell-barks. I have since seen the teamster in town; he is back here after his family, and for supplies, and he tells me that in less than half an hour the man got between five and six ounces of pure gold; they told me also that this was no very extraordinary picking.

"I am cut short in my description by a fair wind and the unexpected departure of Lieut. Loeser, an old, well-tried chum of mine, with dispatches. I have not time to copy these hasty sketches. I intended to complete an account of our trip, that toward the last, gave me an idea of the wild and rich plains of the Sacramento —when I saw the grisly bears within a few miles of a well traveled road, and hundreds of elk and antelopes, which, wild as they are, have not had time to get out of the way of the tide of gold hunters rolling over the plains.

"I expect to have a strange time of it here. Forts without soldiers—ordnance without men enough to guard them—towns without men—a country without government, laws, or legislators—and, what's more, no one disposed to stop to make them; and a sort of colonial territory of the United States, without even a communication with the home government for nearly two years, or with the navy for many months. The officers of the army here could have seized the large amount of funds in their hands, levied heavily on the country, and been living comfortably in New York for the last year, and not a soul at Washington, be the wiser or worse for it. Indeed such is the ease with which power can go unchecked and unpunished in this region, that it will be hard for the officers of govern-

ment to resist temptation; for a salary here is certain poverty and debt, unless one makes up by the big hauls. The merest negro can make more than our present Governor, Colonel Mason, receives in toto."

At this moment, as we conclude our synopsis of these extraordinary facts, the mails of this very day bring us, from the seat of government, still more astounding accounts respecting the gold regions of California. We have no time to analyze or arrange these documents, and simply give them in the order in which they are received—believing that our readers will thus be best enabled to come to a correct conclusion.

The following are letters dated at Monterey and San Francisco, November 17th, 18th, and 20th, less than three months since:

"Our 'placer,' or gold region, now extends over 300 or 400 miles of country, embracing all the creeks and branches on the east side of the river Sacramento, and one side of the San Joaquin. In my travels I have, when resting under a tree and grazing my horse, seen a few pieces of pure gold picked up from the crevices of the rocks or slate where we were stopping. On one occasion, nooning or refreshing on the side of a stream entirely unknown to diggers or 'prospectors,' or rather, if known, not attended to, one of my companions, in rolling in the sand, said, 'Give me a tin pan; why should we not be cooking in gold sands?' He took a pan, filled it with sand, washed it out, and produced in five minutes, $2 or $3 worth of gold, merely saying, as he threw both pan and gold on the sand, 'I thought so.'

"Perhaps it is fair that your readers should learn that however plenty the Sacramento Valley may afford

gold, the obtaining of it has its disadvantages. From the 1st of July to the 1st of October, more or less, one half of the people will have fever and ague, or intermittent fever, which takes them from the first day of digging until they have been one hundred miles from the 'placer' fifteen or twenty days. In the winter, it is too cold to work in the water; but from next April to the following July, one million of dollars of pure gold, or more, per month, will be produced from this gold region, without digging more than three feet deep. Some work in the sand by washing from the surface in a wooden bowl, or tin pan; some gouge it out from the rocks or slate; the more lazy ones roll about and pick up the large pieces, leaving the small gold for the next emigration.

"As you keep the run of the money market in other places than Wall-street, you must make your calculation what effect California will have on your stock and hoards of gold in the United States or elsewhere. At present, the United States receives but a small part of our 'placer.' All my correspondence to you has been light and triflingly written, but every letter, every line, facts; and now my letters contain facts that must put fiction to the blush. You may believe me, when I say that for some time to come, California will export yearly, nearly or quite a half million of ounces of gold, twenty-two to twenty-four carats fine; some pieces of that will weigh sixteen pounds, very many one pound. Many men who began last June to dig gold with a capital of $50, can now show $5000 to $15,000. I saw a man to-day, making purchases of dry goods, &c., for his family, lay on the counter a bag made of raw hide, well sewed up, containing one hundred ounces.

I observed, that is a good way to pack gold dust. He very innocently replied—'*All* the bags I brought down are that way; I like the size!' Five such bags in New York would bring near $10,000. This man left his family last August. Three months' digging and washing, producing four or five bags of 100 ounces each, is better than being mate of a vessel at $40 per month, as the man formerly was. His companion, a Mexican, who camped and worked with him, *only* had two or three cowhide bags of gold.

"In this tough, but true, golden tale, you must not imagine that all men are equally successful. There are some who have done better; even to $4000 in a month; many $1000 during the summer; and others, who refused to join a company of gold washers who had a cheap-made machine, and receive one ounce per day, that returned to the settlements with not a vest pocket full of gold. Some left with only sufficient to purchase a horse and saddle, and pay the physician six ounces of gold for one ounce of quinine, calomel and jalap in proportion. An ounce of gold for advice given, six ounces a visit, brings the fever and ague to be rather an expensive companion. A well man has his proportionate heavy expenses, also, to reduce his piles or bags of gold. Dry beef in the settlements at 4 cents per lb., at the 'placer,' $1 to $2 per lb.; salt beef and pork, $50 to $100 per bbl.; flour, $30 to $75 per barrel; coffee, sugar, and rice, 50 cents to $1 per lb. As washing is fifty cents to a dollar a garment, many prefer throwing away their used up clothes to paying the washerwoman; that is, if they intend returning to the settlements soon, where they can purchase more. As to shaving, I have never seen a man at the 'placer'

who had time to perform that operation. They do not work on Sundays, only brush up the tent, blow out the emery or fine black sand from the week's work. Horses that can travel only one day, and from that to a week, are from $100 to $300. Freight-charge by launch owners for three days' run, $5 per barrel. Wagoners charge $50 to $100 per load, twenty to fifty miles, on good road. Corn, barley, peas, and beans $10 a bushel. Common pistols, any price; powder and lead very dear.

"I know a physician who, in San Francisco, purchased a common made gold washer at $20 or $30, made of 70 or 80 feet of boards. At a great expense he boated it up to the first landing on the Sacramento, and there met a wagoner bound to one of the diggings, with an empty wagon, distant about fifty miles. The wagoner would not take up the machine under $100. The doctor had to consent, and bided his time. June passed over rich in gold; all on that creek did wonders, when the wagoner fell sick, called on his friend the doctor, whose tent was in sight; the doctor came, but would not administer the first dose under the old sum of $100, which was agreed to, under a proviso that the following doses should be furnished more moderate. When a man's time is worth $100 a day to use a spade and tin pan, neither doctors or wagoners can think much of a pound of gold, and you may suppose merchants, traders, and peddlers are not slow to make their fortunes in these golden times.

"In San Francisco there is more merchandise sold now monthly, than before in a year. Vessels after vessels arrive, land their cargoes, dispose of them, and bag up the dust and lay up the vessel, as the crew are

soon among the missing. The cleanest clear out is where the captain followed the crew. There are many vessels in San Francisco that can not weigh anchor, even with the assistance of three or four neighboring vessels. Supercargoes must land cargo on arriving, or have no crew to do it for them. Some vessels continue to go to sea with small crews, at $50 per month for green hands. Old hands are too wise for them, and prefer digging an ounce or two a day, and drinking hock and champaigne at half an ounce a bottle, and eating bad sea bread at $1 per pound. I have seen a captain of a vessel, who by his old contract in the port from whence he sailed, was getting $60 per month, paying his cook $75, and offering $100 per month for a steward, his former crew, even to his mates, having gone a 'prospecting.'

"Uncle Sam's ships suffer a little the same way, although they offer from $200 to $500 for the apprehension of a deserter. The Ohio, however, laid in the port of Monterey about a month, and lost only twenty or thirty men.

"Col. Stevenson's regiment is disbanded; ninety-nine out of a hundred of whom have also gone 'prospecting,' including the Colonel, who arrived in Monterey last month from his last post, and was met by his men at the edge of the town to escort and cheer him into town. The captains, &c., have bought up country carts and oxen, turned drivers, and gone to the 'placer.' Our worthy Governor, Colonel of 1st Dragoons, &c., having plenty of carts, wagons, horses, and mules, with a few regulars left, has also gone, but under better advantages, for the second or third time, to see the 'placer' and the country, and have justice done to his

countrymen or himself. Commodore Jones, lately arrived in Monterey, supposed it to be the capital, headquarters, &c., but found not even the Governor left! Where headquarters are, may be uncertain—whether in Monterey, Sutter's Fort, or in a four mule wagon traveling over the gold region. Now, whether headquarters are freighted with munitions of war, &c., or whether the cargo consists of blankets, shirts, &c., to clothe the suffering Indians, for the paltry consideration of gold, no one cares or knows. But the principle should be, that if privates can or will be off making their thousands, those who are better able should not go goldless.

"In these days all should have a chance."

"U. S. ship Dale, at anchor off SAN JOSEPH,
"LOWER CALIFORNIA, NOV. 17, 1848.

"I have been waiting to write to you for some months (but the state of the country hitherto has prevented me from so doing until this moment) for the purpose of giving you the news relative to the state of affairs on this side of the continent.

"The Southampton and Lexington sailed in company with us for San Francisco—the latter is ordered to sail soon for home, and touches at the above named place for gold. On the 13th November we arrived here to wood and water, after receiving which we sail for Mazatlan, and thence to San Blas and the Sandwich Islands, expecting to be in San Francisco by Feb. 1, where we shall meet with the commodore and receive further orders. We anticipate a pleasant cruise.

"Our stay at Monterey was short, but I remained there sufficiently long to get all the news. Upper

California is, at the present time, in an extraordinary state of excitement, and every body is making a fortune 'hand over fist,' as we sailors say. The recent discovery of a gold mine, which is already ascertained to be several hundred miles in extent, inexhaustible, and the ore easily obtained at a trifling expense to the diggers, has induced nearly all the inhabitants of Monterey to leave their homes to reap the golden harvest. The rancheros have left their farms, and unless supplies are sent into the country there must be a famine. More than five thousand persons are said to be engaged digging at this time, and they daily receive large accessions of numbers. Every thing in the shape of goods and provisions commands the highest prices at the mines, payable in gold—which has been sold at the mines for five dollars per ounce, Troy weight, and in some cases for even less. At San Francisco and Monterey it sells for from ten to twelve dollars in trade. A vessel sailed a short time before our arrival at Monterey for Mazatlan, with twelve hundred pounds of this gold, which I found upon our arrival sold for over sixteen dollars per ounce, avoirdupois weight. The gentleman who owns this gold came out to this country in January, 1847, in one of the store ships chartered in Boston to bring out provisions for the squadron; he brought out with him between four and five thousand dollars' worth of goods, which he bought at auction for a venture. He located in San Francisco, and in August of the same year, he told me that with the goods he brought out and his purchase of two lots, he was worth thirty thousand dollars. Lots bought originally for fifteen dollars are now worth five or six thousand dollars; all of this took place before the discovery of

the mines. This gold has been assayed and found to be twenty-three and a half carats fine—pure virgin gold. The largest piece found weighs twenty-five pounds, in one solid block; the next weighs seven pounds, and so on, down to fine black sand.

"Before I left Monterey, I saw Mr. ——, who came out to this country in the —— store-ship as purser's steward. He, with four others, went to the mines in April last, and in seventeen days, he says, the five dug out twenty thousand dollars' worth, when he was taken sick, and the co-partnership dissolved. He had fifteen thousand dollars' worth with him, and does not intend to dig any more, but to trade in goods.

"Clerks get eight dollars per day at the mines, which are distant not one hundred miles from Monterey. I will give you the prices of different articles: blankets have been sold for eighty to one hundred dollars each; shoes one dollar per number; large tin pans, three ounces of gold; sailors' sheath knives, six to eight dollars; revolvers six to eight ounces of gold; and I saw a man who paid six hundred dollars for a barrel of flour. Liquors are very scarce and command the highest prices. Shovels have sold for twenty dollars, and picks for the same. I was offered six ounces of gold for my old cloak, which cost twenty-five dollars, and has suffered six years of hard wear. All articles of clothing sell well, and there are none in market.

"A cargo of China goods realized $200,000 in one week at San Francisco.

"Some of our officers bought this gold at six, eight, and ten dollars per ounce, and on our arrival at Mazatlan on the 20th of November, sold it for sixteen dollars per ounce.

"We sail in a few days for San Blas, on our way to the islands."

"MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, October 20th, 1848.

"The Pacific squadron has arrived at this place from Lower California, coming in from day to day, from the 4th until the 18th inst. The ships now here are the Ohio, Dale, Warren, Lexington, and Southampton. The St. Mary is expected hourly, from the United States.

"On the 23d of August last, just after a strong southeast gale, the frigate Congress got under way from her anchorage in the bay of La Paz, for home. The excitement among her officers and crew, on this occasion was very great; for she had been kept on the station without the shadow of necessity, upward of three months after she was fairly entitled, from the length of her cruise, to return to the United States. On her departure, the Congress saluted the flag and cheered ship, after which her band struck up 'Home, sweet Home!' and sad hearts were left behind. During the cheering, about three hundred hats were thrown overboard from the frigate, which act, being translated, signifies, 'we leave you our old hats, commodore, catch us again if you can!' Most of the men comprising her crew were kept in service long after their terms of enlistment had expired. Authority for so doing was derived from an act of Congress, but it is absurd to suppose that it was ever intended by our national legislators that commanders-in-chief of squadrons should unnecessarily detain seamen in the navy after their time, during peace. So doing must frequently lead to immense difficulties, and who can blame men for being discontented when a solemn compact entered into with

them, by government, is grossly violated. If matters are thus conducted abroad, it will soon be found impossible to obtain seamen for our navy, at home.

"At La Paz, on the 25th of August, claims of the compromised, to the amount of five thousand dollars, were paid by order of Commodore Jones. During that, and for several succeeding evenings, *Monté Banks* were open all over the place. Shuffling of cards might be seen, and the jingling of money heard, even in courts and gardens, and, in one or two instances, in the very streets. Claims have also been paid at San José.

"On the 29th of the same month the troops and emigrants embarked, the former on board the Ohio, and the latter on board the Lexington, and La Paz was delivered up at 2, P.M., on the 31st, when the Ohio saluted the Mexican flag with twenty-one guns. This was returned by the Mexicans, with two old carronades up to sixteen guns; but at this juncture, a man's arm being blown off, they ceased saluting. The squadron sailed from La Paz on the 1st of September.

"The Lexington proceeded directly to this place, but the Southampton and Warren stopped at San José, and in a few days, the Ohio also appeared off the latter place. Here troops were taken on board the Ohio, emigrants on board the Warren and Southampton, the Mexican flag was saluted (returned this time with the full number of guns), and, on the 6th, the three ships departed.

"The commodore expressed the opinion that in consequence of the heavy surf at San José, the safety of the public ships would be endangered by taking on board the artillery, ammunition, and other army stores

at that place. He therefore determined to leave them, to be sent for at some future day. On hearing this, several of his officers volunteered to get these off in safety, or forfeit their commissions. But he would not listen to them. So there they now are at the mercy of our late enemy.

"The New York volunteers have been mustered out of service, and many of them are at the 'placer.'

"Here, at San Francisco, and in fact, throughout all Upper California, *gold, gold, gold,* is the cry. Fortunes are being made, squandered, and recuperated. Every body is going to the 'placer,' is there, or has been there. Even the governor could not resist making another visit to that region, and he has now removed his head-quarters thither. Desertions from the fort and the ships, of course, occur frequently, and the master of a merchantman now in port offers *one hundred dollars a month* for seamen to carry his ship to Callao, but has been unable to ship any even at that price. Between twenty and thirty ships are lying at San Francisco, without the slightest prospect of obtaining crews.

"Commodore Jones, with a numerous suite, was to have taken his departure for the mines yesterday.—The object of his visit it is impossible to imagine. However, in consequence of the numerous desertions in the squadron, he sent a party, but remained here himself. A circular letter from the commander-in-chief to the Pacific squadron, was but recently read on the quarter-decks of all the vessels, in which he speaks of the 'placer,' as a ridiculous 'golden dream,' &c. But, immediately on arriving in Monterey, and ascertaining that, in Alta California, there is a gold deposit of about four hundred square miles, the edge of which can be

reached in three or four days' travel, and that even the governor of the newly acquired territory was *amongst*, if not *among*, the *diggers*, he prepared for a journey to the land of *dreams*. It must be admitted that in this case, precept was much better than example.

"But you can form no conception of the state of affairs here. I do believe, in my soul, every body has run mad—stark, staring mad. Officers of the army have so far forgotten their dignity, as to commence a system of speculation. Upon the road to the 'placer,' wagons with the brand U. S. upon them, may be seen, traveling at a brisk rate, and surrounded by parties of gentlemen in high spirits, mounted on fine horses or strong mules, some of which are also branded as above, all taking a northward course. In these wagons are —*visible*—saddle-bags, and pots, kettles, and other camp equipage; but if one could have a close examination, he would find, nicely stowed away underneath all these, goods for barter. What I tell you is the truth, and you need not be surprised at all this, for, as I before said, every body is mad. Talk of *March hares*—nonsense!—the similitude must be changed to *Yankees in California.*

"Navy officers, with the exception of the chosen band spoken of above, are obliged to look on at all this from their floating prisons, and no ship will leave the coast until the return of this party from the arduous service upon which they are now engaged. Meanwhile men are deserting, and officers threatened with courts-martial, for allowing what it is utterly impossible to prevent: viz.—poor sailors and marines to be as much excited and carried away as the two chief functionaries out here, and most of their subordinates. It

can hardly be expected that a man will work for ten or twelve dollars a month, when a certain fortune is almost within his grasp! More particularly, when he is brought up face to face with temptation; a temptation which those of superior minds to himself, he sees, pretend not to resist. If, then, this visit should be a protracted one—that is, if the exigencies of the public service should require the suite to remain long in the land of *dreams*, where they dig gold as they do potatoes at home, the Pacific squadron will, in all probability, remain on this coast longer than the commodore himself anticipated.

"If I write harshly, I write truly. What I say of classes or individuals, they deserve. Let them, when away from here, and free from the excitement under which they are now laboring, calmly and dispassionately reflect upon what they did in California, let them searchingly examine their consciences, and they will be astonished at the numerous littlenesses of which they will stand charged by their own inward convictions. 'But conscience doth *not* make cowards of them *now;*' and they *will* have GOLD! But enough of this—perhaps I shall be mad myself in a day or two.

"The Lexington (store-ship) will leave here in a few days for San Francisco, to take in *gold* (only think of that!) whence she will proceed to the Sandwich Islands, and from there to the United States *via* Valparaiso and Rio de Janeiro. What is the destination of the rest of the squadron the *land-lubbers* have not learned, but I heard a rumor that another ship would sail for home on the 1st of January, taking the route of the Lexington. I have also understood that the commodore hopes to obtain permission to return home in the Ohio, by

way of the East Indies. This is all provided crews be left for the ships."

The following *official accounts* are published in the government organ:

*Extract of a letter from Thomas O. Larkin, Esq. late Consul, and now Navy Agent of the United States, to the Secretary of State, dated at Monterey, November* 16, 1848, *and received in this city on Friday evening last.*

"The digging and washing for gold continues to increase on the Sacramento 'placer,' so far as regards the number of persons engaged in the business, and the size and quantity of the metal daily obtained.

"I have had in my hands several pieces of gold, about twenty-three carats fine, weighing from one to two pounds, and have it from good authority that pieces have been found weighing sixteen pounds. Indeed, I have heard of one specimen that weighed twenty-five pounds. There are many men at the 'placer,' who in June last had not one hundred dollars, now in possession of from five to twenty thousand dollars, which they made by digging gold and trading with the Indians. Several, I believe, have made more.

"A common calico shirt, or even a silver dollar, has been taken by an Indian for gold, without regard to size; and a half to one ounce of gold—say $8 to $16—is now considered the price of a shirt, while from three to ten ounces is the price of a blanket. $100 a day, for several days in succession was and is considered a fair remuneration for the labor of a gold-digger, though few work over a month at a time, as the fatigue is very great. From July to October one half of the gold-

hunters have been afflicted either with the ague and fever or the intermittent fever, and twenty days absece from the 'placer' during those months is necessary to escape the diseases. There have not, however, been many fatal cases.

"The gold is now sold, from the smallest imaginary piece in size to pieces of one pound weight, at $16 per Troy ounce for all the purposes of commerce; but those who are under the necessity of raising coin to pay duties to the government, are obliged to accept from $10 to $11 per ounce. All the coin in California is likely to be locked up in the Custom House, as the last Tariff of our Congress is in force here in regard to the receipt of money.

"Could you know the value of the California 'placer' as I know it, you would think you had been instrumental in obtaining a most splendid purchase for our country, to put no other construction on the late Treaty.

"The 'placer' is known to be two or three hundred miles long; and as discoveries are constantly being made, it may prove 1000 miles in length—in fact, it is, not counting the intermediate miles yet unexplored.—From five to ten millions of gold must be our export this and next year. How many more years this state of things will continue, I can not say."

## NAVY DEPARTMENT.

*Extract from letter No. 34, October 25, 1848, from Commodore Jones to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy.*

"Nothing, sir, can exceed the deplorable state of things in all Upper California at this time, growing out of the maddening effects of the gold mania. I am sorry

to say that even in this squadron some of the officers are a little tainted, and have manifested restlessness under moderate restrictions imperiously demanded by the exigencies of the times, as you will perceive by the inclosed paper, addressed to three of the lieutenants. I am, however, happy to say that I have not been disappointed in the good effect of the means employed to prevent desertion, and to maintain order in the squadron, as but one desertion has taken place since the *rush of eight* from this ship on the evening of the 18th instant; and that the views and opinions of the few officers who were skeptical as to the *right* and efficiency of the means employed to prevent offenses and to punish crime, have undergone a most favorable change, whereby I shall be enabled to keep on this coast until the whirlwind of anarchy and confusion confounded is superseded by the establishment of some legal government, potent enough to enforce law and to protect life and property, which at this time is in great jeopardy every where outside our bulwarks."

[No. 35.] "FLAG SHIP OHIO,
"BAY OF MONTEREY, NOV. 1.

"SIR—By Lieutenant Lanman, who left here on the 26th ult., in the ship *Izaak Walton*, for the coast of Peru, where he expected to intercept the Panama steamers, I forwarded several communications acquainting you with my movements up to that date, which I hope you will receive early, and that they may prove satisfactory.

"The inclosed extract from my last letter (No. 34) will convey the unpleasant tidings of the utter prostration of all law and order in our California possessions,

brought about by the extraordinary developments of gold in this vicinity.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES.

"Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval forces, P. O

"Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

[No. 36.] "FLAG SHIP OHIO,

"BAY OF MONTEREY, Nov. 2, 1848.

"SIR: In my letter, No. 24, from La Paz, I recommended the retention on this coast of all cruising ships of the Pacific squadron, and pointed out how they could be kept in repair and manned without returning round Cape Horn to the Atlantic States. When that recommendation was made, I had no conception of the state of things in Upper California. For the present, and I fear for years to come, it will be impossible for the United States to maintain any naval or military establishment in California; as at present, no hope of reward nor fear of punishment is sufficient to make binding any contract between man and man in California.

"To send troops out here would be needless, for they would immediately desert. To show what chance there is for apprehending deserters, I inclose an advertisement which has been widely circulated for a fortnight, but without bringing in a single deserter. Among the deserters from the squadron are some of the best petty officers and seamen, having but few months to serve, and *large* balances due them, amounting in the aggregate to *over ten thousand dollars.*

"There is a great deficiency of coin in the country, and especially in the mines; the traders, by taking advantage of the pressing necessity of the digger, not unfrequently compelling him to sell his ounce of good

gold for a silver dollar; and it has been bought, under like circumstances, for fifty cents per ounce, of Indians. To this state of dependence laboring miners are now subjected, and must be until coin is more abundant. Disease, congestive and intermittent fever, is making great havoc among the diggers, as they are almost destitute of food and raiment, and for the most part, without houses of any kind to protect them from the inclement season now at hand.

"The commerce of this coast may be said to be entirely cut off by desertion. No sooner does a merchant ship arrive in any of the ports of California, than all hands leave her; in some instances, captain, cook, and all. At this moment there are a number of merchant ships thus abandoned at San Francisco; and such will be the fate of all that subsequently arrive.

"The master of the ship 'Izaak Walton,' that brought stores for the squadron to this port, offered, without success, $50 per month to Callao, and thence $20 per month home, to *disbanded volunteers*, not seamen. We were obliged at last to supply him with four men whose terms of service were drawing to a close.* This state of things is not confined to California alone. Oregon is fast depopulating; her inhabitants pour into the gold diggings, and foreign residents and runaway sailors from the Sandwich Islands are arriving by every vessel that approaches this coast.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES,

"Commander-in Chief Pacific Squadron.

"Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

* "Our ships are all short of their compliments; the Ohio 145 short. We can spare no more to our merchantmen."

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"MONTEREY (Cal.), Oct. 23, 1848.

"GENERAL—I arrived here on the 18th inst. from San Diego, and have paid the four companies of the 1st New York regiment in full, and they have all started for the gold mines. The three companies composing the command of Lieut.-col. Burton are now here, and will be mustered out to-day or to-morrow, and paid by Major Hill immediately, as the residents are extremely anxious to get rid of them; they have the place in their power. Nearly all the men of company 'F,' 3d artillery, have deserted.

"We have the Ohio, Warren, Dale, Lexington, and Southampton in port; but they *can not land a man*, as they desert as soon as they set foot on shore. The only thing the ships could do in case of an outbreak would be to fire upon the town. The volunteers at Santa Barbara, Los Angelos, &c., behaved very well—no murmuring or difficulties of any kind with them; they complained that they were not allowed traveling allowance.

"The funds from Mazatlan have at last reached here; the amount is $130,000. It arrived very opportunely, as we have expended nearly all we had. The amount is a great deal more than will be required, as there are at present but two companies in California—one of 1st dragoons, the other of 3d artillery; the latter reduced to a mere skeleton by desertion, and the former in a fair way to share the same fate. I should suppose $20,000 would be sufficient to pay the present force (provided the companies are filled up) for a year. Treasury notes are good for nothing now; bills on the United States could not be negotiated on any terms.

Gold dust can be purchased for eight or ten dollars the ounce, and it is said to be worth $18 in the United States; consequently, all remittances are made in it.

"Colonel Mason, and most of the army officers, are at Fort Sutter. Commodore Jones thinks it would be very imprudent to bring the public funds on shore, except in such sums as may be required for immediate use. He does not like to leave a ship here, on account of the difficulty of keeping the men.

"The gold fever rages as bad as ever, and the quantity collected has not diminished, but increased. Provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life, are at most exorbitant prices. Living was always expensive in this country, but now it passes all reason—board $4 per day, washing $5 to $6 per dozen. Merchants' clerks are receiving from $1800 to $3000 per annum salary! What the government will do for civil officers, I do not know. Salaries will have to correspond with the times. The pay of governors, judges, &c., as allowed in the United States, will hardly compare with that paid to salesmen and shop clerks here.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM RICH, A. P. U. A.

"Gen. N. TOWSON, Paymaster Gen. U. S. A.

"Washington, D. C."

We have thus collated and arranged the most reliable and authentic intelligence respecting the location and character of the Gold Regions of California, together with descriptions of the method of digging the gold, and such other particulars as we hope will prove of interest to the public. We might prolong these accounts to any extent, as almost every day brings new

and more glowing accounts from the new *El Dorado* of the western world. What we have given, however, will suffice to place our readers in possession of all necessary information on the subject.

As to the effects of this immense addition to the amount of gold and circulating medium in the world, upon the prices of commodities and the general condition of trade and business, it is yet much too early to make any reliable or definite calculations. As, however, much discussion has been had on this subject, it may be well to re-state some general principles that apply to it. Money, of itself, is a mere atom compared with the whole mass of property, as only the annual national production from the gross national productive capital, and the annual exchanges of property, require the uses of circulating specie. The annual production and sales are not one-tenth of the capital or mass of property. A dollar of currency, it is supposed, conveniently manages the transfer of about thirty-five dollars worth of what is annually produced and sold. The money of a country, therefore, bears a very slight proportion to the whole mass of property (of which it is much less than a hundreth part); a fact but little understood by those who fear that the quantity of the precious metals is inadequate to be relied on as the standard by which to compare the value and effect the exchange of other commodities. This proportion between the measure, (if it may be so called), and what it measures, is always very nearly preserved; and consequently, when an addition is made to the amount of money, it affects, in nearly the same proportion, the exchangeable value of the great mass of products. Thus, if the whole productive capital of the nation were equal to one hundred

millions of dollars, and the annual produce of that capital, and the annual exchanges, amounted to 7 per cent. or $7,000,000, (assumed, not as being accurate, but to state the position), to manage the transfer of this conveniently, would require in the shape of circulating specie, distributed over the nation, say $200,000, and so in proportion for a larger amount. Should this sum, however ($200,000), be doubled, it would, on the rule laid down, double the exchangeable value of the whole property ($100,000,000), provided the annual crop and sales remained at 7 per cent. on the whole. It is not at all likely, however, that all the gold obtained in California will be added to the currency of the world; but much of it will go into use in the arts, and thus not much affect the value of other commodities. It must also be borne in mind, that the ease with which it is produced there, will induce others less favorably situated to withdraw from its production elsewhere; and much of what will be produced in California will be required to make up this loss. It was clearly shown that the efforts of the most important commercial countries to substitute a paper currency for that of gold and silver, so diminished the production of the latter, that in 1836 the "poorest of the agricultural establishments, and the very worst of the manufacturing, in Peru and Mexico, were more profitable than the very best of the mining." The discovery of gold in California will have an effect similar in kind, but less in degree, on the other mining establishments in the world, and drive some of those engaged in them, into other pursuits, that will afford a better recompense for their labors. These are principles necessary to be borne in mind considering the question to be discussed.

Much light is thrown on the question by what occurred of a like character after the discovery of America.

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|---|---|
| The stock of money current in Europe at the time of the discovery of America was - - | $170,000,000 |
| There was produced in 112 years, after allowing for wear and for what went into the arts and Asia to - - - - - - - - | $480,000,000 |
| Leaving in the year 1600 - - - - | $650,000,000 |

In 112 years the quantity of coin in Europe had therefore nearly quadrupled, the effect of which, according to Jacob, was to advance prices in Europe about four hundred and seventy per cent.

The coined money of Europe in 1700 amounted to about $1,485,000,000.

The advance in prices during this period did not exceed forty per cent. and did not keep even pace with the augmentation of the precious metals, because the industry of the world had become so much stimulated by the previous addition to the quantity of money, that the mass of commodities, and consequently of annual sales, became greatly increased, so as to require more money to circulate them.

In the year 1810, the stock of coined money in Europe, after deducting what had been used in the arts and been sent to Asia, amounted to $2,000,000,000.

But although prices advanced within the 110 years thirty per cent. it is difficult to say how much of it was due to the increase in the quantity of coin, how much to the increased power given to its circulation by improvements in commerce, and how much to the quantity of paper money and bills, which within that period of time formed part of the currency. From 1810 to

the present time the quantity of coin in Europe is supposed to have diminished.

Another important element is now to be taken into view.

The activity with which commerce has been pursued, and its extension to the remote corners of the earth extend greatly the area which is to be influenced by additions to the coin. At the time of the discovery of America, the effects were in a great degree local, and prices were affected but slightly beyond the limits of Europe. On a small population, and over only a limited area, the relations between debtor and creditor were affected intensely, and so was all property. Those who had been supported on abundant annuities, became very poor; although the annuities were nominally unchanged. Those who held land on leases for long terms, at rents fixed before America was discovered, grew rich, and the lessor had to part with his lands; and it is a curious fact that so late as 1548, after the discovery of the rich mines of Potosi, it was unknown in Europe to the great mass what it was that produced such great changes in their affairs. Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached before King Edward VI. in 1548, attributed it to withdrawing land from cultivation, to be used for the pasturage of sheep, to forestallers, &c., and after stating the increased price of various commodities, he adds: "These things with others are so unreasonably enhanced, and I think verily, that if it thus continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pigge, a pound." In thirty years that price was reached, and by a distinguished writer of 1551, was attributed to the same cause which Bishop Latimer had mentioned. It was not until the events

were calmly surveyed by those who look back with abundant means at command, that the true cause became known.

The coin which was produced by the discovery of America, acted on one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, which was the quantity then in circulation. The present stock of coin of the whole world is estimated at twelve thousand millions of dollars; and if the whole quantity produced after the discovery of America up to 1810 were added (a period of upward of three hundred years), the increase would be but about one sixth on the present stock—an increase which would be counterbalanced by the additions likely to be made to the great mass of productions in the world, from the extension going on in its industry and population, by which a larger amount of coin than now used will be required.

It is a law about money, that it goes where it is of most value; that is to say, where prices are comparatively low—a law which in the present state of commerce, tends to equalize prices every where. That law is now operating in California, whither commerce proceeds, to buy gold dust at $10 per ounce. This illustrates the impossibility of having the gold from that region, act on the prices of only a single section elsewhere; and is some proof of the position that the question now being considered, is to be examined as to the influence the gold now discovered will have on the whole stock of precious metals, and not on that part of it merely, which we have in this country.

Although gold coin is not a legal tender for debts in several countries, yet the relative value of gold and silver in the principal trading places of the world is

nearly the same, that is to say, about fifteen to one, a proportion not likely to be affected much by events occurring in our newly acquired territories.

The immense quantity of the precious metals in the world, the extensive surface over which they are spread, their great durability, the various uses to which they are applied, and with increasing luxury are becoming applied, prevent the increase at California from operating to the extent which has been by many supposed, or to any great extent.

This matter needs to be examined carefully, however, with reference to the coinage. The quantity of gold obtained from the Ural Mountains (which divide Russia in Europe from Russia in Asia), has lately been immense, and it is supposed that the annual production from the whole Russian empire amounts to nearly forty thousand Russian pounds per annum. A single lump found on the 7th November, 1842, weighed eighty-seven Russian pounds. The Auriferous Zone, as it is called, extends with occasional interruptions, between the fiftieth and sixtieth degrees North latitude, over a line "which is one half longer than the greatest breadth of Africa." Whether the production of the gold is so much greater than that of silver, as to disturb the relative proportions between them, depends on facts not sufficiently within my knowledge.

In 1718, in pursuance of the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the value of the guinea was reduced a fraction, but it has been supposed that gold has been overvalued in their mint regulations. The sagacious men connected with our mint will undoubtedly keep this matter in view, and recommend such regulations of

the coinage, as will keep in circulation a proper proportion both of silver and gold.

To recur, however, to the question, what effect the discovery of gold in California will have on prices, it is to be remembered, in addition to the views above presented, that we have in operation in the United States, a system of public finance, which is constantly operating to prevent a sudden inflation of the paper currency, such as the new discovery of gold would have suggested under the old system, and that to its restraining influence we may probably be indebted for keeping prices free from any great and unwise change of a local character; and this prevented, the great diffusion of the metal likely to take place, and the small proportion which it will bear to the entire stock of coin, will produce no greater effect on prices, than does one of our rivers upon the tides of the ocean.

We will now present our readers with the best information and directions for going to California, and a synopsis of the various routes. First, of course, in order, as in importance, is the direct government mail route, *via* Chagres and across the Isthmus to Panama; thence to San Francisco, by the line of steamers already alluded to. The distance by this route from New York to San Francisco is about 5500 miles, and may be performed in from thirty to thirty-five days. The prices of passage are as follows:—

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|---|---|
| From New York to Chagres, by steamer . . . . | $150 |
| " Chagres to Panama, across the Isthmus . . . | 20 |
| " Panama to San Francisco, by steam . . . . | 250 |

In a second cabin the passage is about two-thirds the above rates; and in sailing vessels about one half. Passengers in the second cabin are furnished bedding,

but not wines and liquors, and will be allowed space for personal baggage, free, to the extent of 300 pounds weight. Freight on all amounts above this, as well as on goods and merchandize, $50 per ton, and 1 per cent. on specie. Packages ought not to be made over 150 pounds weight, for convenience of mule carriage.

The passage across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama is now made by water forty miles, in canoes, and twenty miles by mules, and occupies, on the average, two days. Chagres is a miserable, sickly mud village, inhabited altogether by negroes, Indians, and cross-breeds, and should be got away from as quickly as possible. It is generally practicable, and is by far the best way, to step on board a canoe from the ship, and not to touch at Chagres at all. Panama is a city of some six or eight thousand inhabitants, and tolerable board may be had for about four dollars a day. Many stories have been circulated as to the immense crowds of people waiting at Panama for passage to San Francisco; but our latest and most authentic accounts from there make no mention of such a state of things. The whole number of persons who have left, or are about to leave this country for California, has been ascertained to be less than four thousand. Of these, at least one thousand will go by other routes, and another thousand have already passed Panama, or are already at San Francisco. There are always two or three hundred sail of vessels in the Pacific; and we do not believe that any fears need be entertained of getting a speedy and reasonably cheap passage from either Panama, Mazatlan, Acapulco, or any other of the Pacific ports.

In a short time we shall see the commencement of

the railroad across the Isthmus, to connect the two oceans. The contract between the New-Granadian Government and the "Panama Railroad Company"—communicated to the Senate at Washington on the 19th December, and then ordered to be translated and printed—has been given to the public. The contracting parties are, the Government of New Granada, and our fellow-citizens, Messrs. Aspinwall, Stephens, and Chauncey—the former agreement with a French company having been forfeited by their non-fulfillment of the conditions. In the assignment to this new company some additional stipulations are introduced, and the privilege granted to the French company is restricted by the reduction of the term from ninety-nine to *forty-nine years*, and by Messrs. Aspinwall, Stephens, and Chauncey conceding to the Government of New Granada the right to purchase the road, for its own benefit, at the end of twenty years from its completion, for the sum of $5,000,000; at the end of thirty years for $4,000,000; and at the end of forty years for the sum of $2,000,000; at the end of forty-nine years the road becomes the property of the New Granadian Government, they paying any excess of value over 25,000,000 francs—the company, however, after this redemption of the privilege, *to remain in possession of the lands* which may be ceded to it, gratuitously and perpetually, in accordance with the provisions of the 12th article of the original (French) contract, by which the Republic grants to the company, "gratuitously and in perpetual possession, 100,000 *fanegadas* (something more than an acre) of vacant land in the provinces of Panama and Veraguas; which grant may be increased to 150,000, if such extent be found disposable in these

two provinces." The company shall have liberty to select their land, with the stipulation that wheresoever they may be selected on the line of the road or its vicinity, intervals shall be left in which the Government of the Republic may make concessions or sales of land for other establishments, such as it may choose to form on, or in the vicinity of the line of road. The hundred or hundred and fifty thousand fanegadas are to be used for encampments for workmen, fields for cultivation, for pasturage, or for obtaining timber, &c., and for any establishment to facilitate the operations of the company.

There is also an agreement that the company, if they so choose, may be assigned one-half of the amount of land in the territories of Bocas del Toro and Darien, under the conditions which the Executive power may establish; and if they shall not accept such conditions, the right is preserved, as before, in the continental part of the provinces of Panama and Veraguas.

When this railroad is once completed, it will doubtless render this Isthmus one of the most frequented thoroughfares in the world. That the railroad will be built, we have no doubt. The recent debates in the United States Senate on the petition of the undertakers of the enterprise, had nothing to do with the question as to whether they should be allowed to build it or not—that permission it is not in the power of the United States government to give, as the territory belongs to New Granada, from the government of which republic Messrs. Aspinwall and Co. have already obtained the grant. What they petitioned the United States government for, was a contract by which the transportation of the United States mails, government supplies,

&c., across the Isthmus, was to be granted to them exclusively for a term of years, at a certain price. Whether the United States government give them this contract or not, the railroad will be built.

The best surveys of the river Chagres all agree that it is navigable for steamboats of from 400 to 500 tons burden, up as far as where the river Trinidad joins it. The following is the report made by Mr. Wheelwright, the well known actuary of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, who explored this Isthmus in 1840, with a view to ascertain the best route for either a better road or a railroad:—

"I commenced by sounding the Chagres bar, where I found fourteen feet of water; but as the rains had set in, I ascertained that the river was swollen eighteen inches, reducing the usual depth to twelve and a half feet; from thence I proceeded up the river, sounding in from two and a half to three and a half fathoms, until I reached the junction of the Trinidad, where there were three to four fathoms, and the bank of the river so bold as to admit of vessels discharging with as much facility as at a wharf. A little above the junction the water shoaled to seven and eight feet. The fork of the two rivers is healthy, and the location favorable and secure for landing and depositing goods: passengers may reach Panama from this point in twenty-four hours, the water carriage to Gorgona being twenty-five miles; from thence mules are taken to Panama, a ride of from five to ten hours, varying according to the season; but a road could be made to transport passengers in about five or six hours from the steamers of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic, and loaded mules could traverse it in ten or twelve hours."

His idea was to construct a breakwater in the bay of Limon, on the Atlantic side, as is laid down in the map; then a canal from Limon to the river Chagres; thence up the river, the steamboats would go to the junction of the Trinidad, whence, as per his observations, the country to the Pacific Ocean is a plain level, and quite practicable for either a railroad or canal. The object of entering Limon Bay, instead of Chagres, on the Atlantic, is to avoid the unhealthy climate of the latter place. What route will be adopted by Messrs. Aspinwall and Company we know not; but as they have fully surveyed the ground, they will, no doubt, be well prepared to avail themselves of all the advantages of level country that they can find. As there is such a tide of emigration setting in across the Isthmus nowadays, no doubt the facilities for crossing at present are much greater then what they were a few months ago; and as it becomes known on the Pacific, no doubt many vessels will congregate at Panama, to take the adventurers on their journey to San Francisco. One word of advice, however, to all going that way—stay not in Chagres a minute longer than you can help; be moderate in all things; avoid unnecessary exposure to the tropical sun, and beware of the night air. Though Panama is as healthy as most tropical climates, still those just arrived from the north must take much care of themselves, if they wish to avoid fevers.

### *Practical Directions to Persons about to cross the Isthmus of Panama.*

1. Ascertain from the Consul of New Granada, in this city, whether a passport be necessary. About three years ago, the Granadian government issued a

circular to all its agents abroad, stating that such a document was indispensable to a foreigner wishing to land in the republic.

2. Upon your arrival at Chagres, take your baggage at once to the custom-house, where you will experience but little delay. Then hurry out of the village, which is pestilential. Hire your canoe, which, for expedition, ought to be of small size. This is called a "piragua," is about 25 feet long, and navigated by a steersman and two rowers. The cost of the boat-hire, and men to Cruces ought not to exceed $12, unless, indeed, an increased traffic may have had the effect of raising the prices.

3. Before leaving the vessel in which you arrive at Chagres, get the steward to provide for you a basket of provisions, sufficient for two or three days—such as cold fowls or other poultry, hard boiled eggs, fresh meat, bread, a little tea, sugar, salt, &c. Milk may be procured at the huts on the river. Take with you an "Etna," or machine for boiling water, a tin cup, a knife and fork—in fact bear in mind that you are to be wholly dependent upon your own resources.

4. Avoid spirituous liquors and salted meats. A few glasses of good wine, to those who have been in the habit of using it, can do no harm.

5. I would recommend every one to take from two to four grains of sulphate of quinine, the first thing in the morning, in a glass of wine, while on the river. Should you be detained in Panama, take a similar dose once or twice a week. This is the advice of the most eminent physicians in England.

6. Do not sleep out of your boat, unless you happen to reach a settlement at night: bear the heat; bear the

musquitoes; do any thing rather than expose yourself to the night air, which is the source of every illness in that country.

7. There are two places on the river Chagres, from whence a road leads to Panama. Gorgona is the first at which you will arrive. Cruces is about five miles higher up. Your boatmen will probably try to induce you to disembark at the former place; do not be persuaded to do so. It is further from Panama; the road is worse; the beasts are worse and dearer; make them take you to Cruces.

8. Take special care that your baggage be reduced into its smallest possible compass. A mule load consists of two trunks, one on each side of the animal, and you can put a bag or gun case between the two. The whole weight of the cargo must not exceed 230 lbs. Do not take large chests; they have to be placed crossways on the mule, cost double, and from the narrowness of the path stand a fair chance of being knocked to pieces against the rocky sides.

9. The riding mules will be hired to you with saddle and bridle, and the cargo beasts with their packs; so that you need not provide yourself with either. The proper price is $4 50 for the one, and $4 for the latter: resist giving more.

10. There is but one hotel in Panama; the accommodation it affords is wretched, and ruinously dear, the first charge being $4 a day; there are however many families who receive lodgers for $2 per diem, or even less; these you will find out by inquiry of any re-respectable foreign resident, of whom there are several. Do not attempt to camp out, or live under tents; they have no idea of the climate who suggest such a pro-

ceeding. Even during the months of January, February, and March, which are dry and comparatively pleasant, the attempt would amount to madness.

11. The Patriot doubloon is worth at least $19 in Panama; do not take less for it; the integral parts of the coin, of course, are valuable in the same proportion.

12. Bear in mind these general rules: Avoid the sun; keep within the house during the day; eschew fruits, even when ripe; oranges in moderation may be excepted. Do not touch the oysters; they are very tempting, but from an intermixture of copper, are almost certain to produce colic. Wear flannel next to the skin, by day and night. Be civil and courteous to the natives, and they will do any thing for you.

These suggestions are offered by one who has twice crossed the Isthmus of Panama. Their only object is the benefit of the hundreds who will probably undertake the passage before accurate information respecting the climate and the customs of the country can be made general. Should any person feel desirous of knowing whence they emanate, the editor is enabled to satisfy him.

Another route to California is from New York to Vera Cruz, and across to Mazatlan or Acapulco on the Pacific.

From Vera Cruz via Mexico the transit occupies about ten days, at a cost of $75. The portion of the journey between the city of Mexico and Acapulco is performed on horseback. From Acapulco, where the American mail steamers are to stop, excepting the first one, the passage is $125, and the distance about 2000 miles. The cost, therefore, by this route would

be $280, and the time occupied about forty days. If the passage from New York to Vera Cruz was made in a steamer, the time would be reduced to thirty or thirty-two days. Another route still, and one which presents some advantages, is to go from the city of Mexico to Mazatlan on the Pacific via Guadalaxara. The journey from the last-named place would be made on horseback, and the whole journey from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan performed in about twenty days, at a cost of about $125. When at Mazatlan the traveler is 2000 miles north of Panama. The cost of passage by the mail steamers from Mazatlan to San Francisco is $75. Mazatlan is a place of large business, and there are almost always vessels there by which passage can be obtained up the coast. The cost by this route to San Francisco would be $275, and the time occupied forty-five days. In companies of ten or twelve Americans there would be no danger of robbery in traveling either of the above-named routes.

Some parties are preparing to go to California via Austin, Texas, and others across the Plains from Independence to Santa Fé; but these routes are long and dangerous.

Persons going via Panama should take as little baggage as possible. By taking passage in the forward cabins of the steamers, and messing with the crew, the passage can be made by this route for about $200, and there is no cheaper or more expeditious way of getting to California. It is very doubtful if it be good policy to take out goods for sale, excepting for those who intend to establish themselves regularly in business. A temporary scarcity of goods had produced very high prices at the date of the last accounts

but before any adventurers from the United States could reach California, there would undoubtedly large shipments arrive from Valparaiso and other ports nearer at hand; and we know of cargoes on their way from various ports, enough to supply the territory, should the population have increased tenfold within six months.

The California and the Panama steamers of the 5th January and 15th February, from Panama, are full of passengers, and a large number of applications have been made for passage in the Oregon, to sail March 1. All these boats are on their way round Cape Horn.

The steamers Crescent City, Isthmus, and Orus, are advertised for Chagres, and are nearly all full.* The Orus is intended to navigate Chagres river. Besides, there are some forty-five or fifty vessels, of all sizes, up for Chagres or San Francisco direct.

The Houston Telegraph publishes the following account respecting still another route to California:—

"Several gentlemen arrived in town a few days since, on their way to California, by the route from Houston to Chihuahua, and thence to the Sacramento valley. One of these gentlemen traveled from Missouri to Chihuahua last year by the Santa Fé route; and from the information he obtained in the former city respecting the route through Texas, he is so firmly convinced that the latter route is preferable to that by Santa Fé, that he had concluded with his companions to proceed immediately by this route to the far-famed El Dorado of the Pacific. It appears from the statements of this gentleman, and the observations of Dr. Conolly, of Chihuahua, who accompanied the expedition from Chihuahua, through Texas to Red

* The Crescent City has since sailed with 505 passengers.

river, in 1840, and also by the report of Col. Hays, that there is a good wagon road from the Colorado, by the head of the San Saba to the Rio Grande, above the Presidio del Norte. The main wagon road from Santa Fé to Chihuahua by El Paso, crosses the Rio Grande forty miles below the latter town, and about one hundred miles above the Presidio del Norte. There is another road leading from El Paso to Chihuahua, which crosses the river opposite to El Paso, and unites with the lower road at Lake Patos. The distance from the Rio Grande, where the lower road crosses the river to Chihuahua, is about 300 miles. It appears from the report of Col. Hays, that the distance from the San Saba to the Rio Grande, where this road crosses the river, is about 200 miles. The distance from Houston to the San Saba is about 200 miles, and the road is practicable, at all seasons, for wagons.

"The California emigrant, therefore, by taking the route from Houston to Chihuahua, has a distance of but 700 or 750 miles to travel, on a good wagon road, to reach Chihuahua. While on the Santa Fé route, the distance from the nearest navigable point on the Missouri to Santa Fé, according to Dr. Greg, who traveled this route six times, is 770 miles. The distance from Santa Fé to Chihuahua is 440 miles, making the entire distance by land, from Independence, in Missouri, to Chihuahua, 1210 miles; full 400 miles further than the route from Houston to Chihuahua. There is also this advantage that the route from Houston possesses—it is entirely free from snow and ice one or two months before the Santa Fé trace is open; and emigrants by this route can find an abun-

dance of pasturage, while the Santa Fé road is buried one or two feet deep in snow. The road from Chihuahua to California also possesses this advantage—it is so far to the south that it can be traversed in winter, and it has been the thoroughfare of Mexican and Spanish caravans for half a century. The whole road has been explored, and all the stopping-places are as well known as those on the great road from Chihuahua to Mexico. Col. Washington, with his light artillery, and the baggage wagons, containing military stores, provisions, etc., for the large detachment of troops under his command, has taken this route in preference to any other that has yet been explored through Fremont's Basin, and across the Sierra Nevada. The route by Chagres is preferred by heavy capitalists and merchants, because they can reach their destination in a few weeks. The cost of transportation over the Isthmus of Panama, and the exorbitant charges on the Gulf steamboats and the Pacific packets are so immense, that few emigrants can afford to travel by the Panama or Chagres route. In view of these facts, we would recommend to all emigrants who are desirous to travel to California, not to wait until the Santa Fé route is open, but to imitate the enterprising emigrants who are about to start from this city, and commence their journey at once. The route is explored, and proved to be entirely practicable for wagons; and the gallant Col. Washington, by taking this route with an army of near 800 troops, has furnished positive evidence that it is the best that has been discovered by the exploring parties that have acted under the orders of the general government."

To those who go to California by either of the land

routes, we would recommend the following caution, from the journal of Lieut. Morrison, of the New York Regiment of Volunteers:—"I hope that those who intend to emigrate by land here, will be careful that they are not overtaken by storms, or snows, or want of provisions, on their toilsome journey across the Rocky Mountains. I have seen those who started from the borders of the Missouri hale and stalwart men, hobble down into the plains of California crippled for life. I have seen brothers who, in the madness of hunger, have fought for the last bit of their father's dead body, having shared the rest at previous meals! having been encompassed by snow on the tops of those dreadful mountains. Maidens who left their homes rejoicing in the pride of youth and beauty, in joyous anticipation from this far-off land, by the horrors and sufferings of that fearful journey despoiled of their loveliness and bloom, withered into premature old age."

In regard to the agricultural character and capacities of California, we are inclined to think that the speculations of Mr. Foster, in a work recently published, are worthy of consideration: "Recent careful investigations have led us to entertain the belief that the great secret of agricultural success in both the Californias, will be found to be IRRIGATION; and that as this process becomes more and more known, under the investigative practice of the American race, the most astonishing results will be produced. We have only to cast our eyes upon the climate and agriculture of Egypt to become satisfied that rain is not the only agent for nourishing and fructifying the soil. It is true that we have not as yet sufficient data to speak with certainty of the

regular annual overflow of the Sacramento, the San Joachim, the Gila, and the Colorado. But all accounts agree in vaguely stating that there is every year something which resembles a general flood or deluge of those regions; and we scarcely entertain a doubt, that when these vast and important phenomena become subjected to regular scientific research, the most gratifying results will be educed. Besides these large rivers, and a multitude of smaller streams, with which the country is interlaced, there are annual rains, whose waters, in a few years, will unquestionably be collected in immense reservoirs among the hills and mountains, and let out at need to refresh the soil, and give juice and strength to plants, grains, fruits, and vegetables during the dry season. The traveler who visits California half a century hence, will doubtless find its surface thickly dotted with villages, farms, and vineyards, each provided with its reservoir of water, for the purpose of constant irrigation, and yielding in Eden-like abundance all the luscious and delicate products of the temperate and equatorial zones. Here, too, commerce will erect some of her most wealthy and magnificent marts; and the communication by railroad having been completed over the Isthmus, the whole trade of China, East India and the Spice Islands, arrested at San Francisco, San Diego, and Monterey and Panama, will be poured into the American cities on the Gulf and the Atlantic.

"One word as to the health of the Californias, and we have done. No one who has ever investigated the subject at all, requires to be told that the whole Pacific coast, west of the Rocky Mountains, is the healthiest part of the globe, and that climatic and

epidemic diseases are unknown there. But a few persons, who have been all their lives accustomed to connect the idea of yellow fever with every thing South, ought to be told that there never was a case of yellow fever, or fever and ague, or any similar disease, known west of the Rocky Mountains, and that the Californias are at least as healthy as New England, while that dreadful scourge, the consumption, is unknown in our new southern possessions.

"If modern and well-approved theories be correct, there is little doubt that civilization will carry to these regions some of her own diseases, which are punishments for the corruptions and crimes it is destined to bear forever about with it until it shall have become purified. With our magnificent cities, plantations, schools, colleges, manufactories, newspapers, and mechanics' shops, will doubtless go lawyers and licentiousness, prostitution and petty larceny, small-pox and the venereal, rheumatism and intemperance, and the whole horrid train of civilized vices and diseases. But we are an ardent and hopeful believer in the progressive destiny of humanity; and we trust that ere the new and gigantic empire about to spring up upon the golden slopes of the Pacific shall have become adolescent, intelligence and a virtuous social development will have so kept pace with its puberty, as to rescue it from many of the worst horrors of our decrepit state—or, at least, to impose them in a greatly modified and milder form."

The same writer, in another place, speaks as follows:—"The immense and unexplored wilderness of the southwest—abounding, as it would seem, not only in agricultural advantages, but possessed of incalcula-

ble and inexhaustible mineral wealth—will now, under the vigorous rule of the Anglo-American, find all its resources developed, and its surface inhabited by a powerful and enterprising race, instead of wasting away century after century beneath the feeble sway of the decrepit Mexican or the vagabond Indian. Already are swarms of adventurous Yankees turning their eyes in the direction of these new possessions, and already are the wild tracks and unknown passes of the Rocky Mountains and their contiguous wildernesses familiar to the every where penetrating foot of the hardy pioneer.

"The recent reports concerning the discovery of immense regions where gold—bright, glittering gold, the first, last and only friend of man in these slippery, selfish days—can be gathered in handfuls, and brought away in bags and baskets, with no more machinery and labor than shovel-work and a tin pan, must add immense force and activity to the already rapid emigration. A few years will scarcely have glided imperceptibly away, ere the valleys of California will be covered with smiling and luxurious farms, while its streams and harbors will be crowned with vigorous and thriving cities. Already in a remote spot in the valley of the Sacramento—sprung up, as if by magic, at the mere sound of that seductive syllable, *Gold*—last midsummer saw a busy, bustling village of four thousand people, where six months before, perhaps, the foot of civilized man had never trod.

"Such tales appear like the recital of dreams to the staid, easy-going, sober-paced inhabitants of the old world; but we, who have watched and participated in the well-nigh miraculous growth and progress of

other portions of our country, are not compelled to tax our credulity to believe these wonderful stories. We know well that our whole history, our rise and progress from wilderness to empire and greatness, is a miracle compared with the slow growth and painful development of other times and other nations. Placed by Providence on an immense continent, hitherto unknown of man, the Anglo-Saxon race has since performed but its inevitable destiny—its powers and ambition expanding in proportion to the greatness of the theater upon which it was called to act. Thus a little over half a century has witnessed here a series of the most extraordinary movements and problems in civilization that have ever been presented in the life of the world.

"Whether the glowing accounts respecting the newly discovered gold region in California, which have from time to time reached this country within the last few months, be true or not, one great and inestimable benefit, at least, will spring from the increased impetus thus given to southwestern emigration. The most fearful danger of all thickly-settled regions, in these days, is the probability of an excess of population over the means of procuring subsistence by labor. In Europe this danger is imminent and pressing, and is hourly overthrowing or threatening to destroy governments consolidated by centuries, and supposed to be impregnable to all assaults from their subjects. Powerful as is tradition, and implacable as is the mingled awe and fear for their sovereigns engendered in the breasts of slaves, yet there is one circumstance before which scepters become as straws, and thrones totter and fall as if built on quicksand. Hunger is the true governor

of kings, the conqueror of emperors, and the slayer of tyranny, throughout the world. In our own country, although we have no such hereditary nightmares as kings and aristocracies to struggle against, yet we have evils, and portentous ones, too, toward which the eyes and thoughts of sages, statesmen, and philosophers are becoming more and more anxiously directed. To the shrewdly-observing, it is evident enough that every thing here is powerfully, though, perhaps, not very rapidly, tending to a consolidated and omnipotent financial feudalism, beneath whose iron sway the sinews of labor would be bound irrevocably, and the heart of the great mass of laboring men paralyzed before the irresistible power of accumulated capital and landed proprietorship. Every successful speculation in Wall-street is a step—perhaps sometimes imperceptible, yet surely a step—toward monopolizing the capital of the country in the hands of a few financiers; and every time a small farmer or landed owner dares to set his hand and seal to a mortgage, he increases the constantly-increasing current of land monopoly, which, unless checked in time, will swallow up the independence and the very life of our hardy yeomanry.

"The present remedy for all this is emigration, which keeps labor scarce, and renders the possessor of a stout heart and a good pair of arms his own independent master, so long as health is spared him. The immense extent of uncultivated yet fertile wilderness which lies in a broad belt all round our western and southwestern frontier, constantly draws off the surplus of healthy, hardy American labor, and leaves only the foreigners and the sick and feeble to suffer

in our large cities. We therefore rejoice in every fresh stimulus given to emigration; trusting to the spread of intelligence, and education of the race, always rapidly progressing in these respects, to provide for and protect themselves against the dangers of the future.

"Whether the gold mines of California—for that there are gold mines there, no one can doubt, after perusing the evidences which we have laid before him—are destined to add much to the actual wealth of the world, or whether the cost of procuring and purifying it will absorb all the technical value of the yellow metal, does not, of course, belong to us to prophesy about. But of one thing every person who reads these pages may be certain—there is plenty of gold in California, and to be had, too, merely for the digging. A plow, a yoke of oxen, and a ready will, with a reasonable knowledge of the modern discoveries in agricultural chemistry, are sufficient to insure any young or middle-aged man who goes to California, a golden and peaceful competency for his old age, and a handsome legacy for his children. Wheat, corn, and every product which a fertile soil yields to the soliciting hand and care of man, are produced in abundance in the plains and valleys of California; and the crowds who, tempted by the glorious promises of gold-hunting, will go there, will at once establish a large and wealthy market for every thing the farmer can produce. With flour at fifty dollars per barrel, and every thing else eatable in proportion, we are not so sure that—even taking for granted all that has been said about the plenteousness of gold—raising grain and potatoes would not be quite as profitable a business as wash-

ing for gold. At all events both occupations will go hand in hand; and the more gold that is found, the more extensive will be the emigration, and the more ready and accessible the market for agricultural products.

"The new rush to the California gold mine will also afford a wider demand for the skill and industry of our mechanics, many of whom, in the Atlantic cities, are cooped up in noisome cellars and suffocating garrets, out of work half the year, and obliged to support a wife and children on less than enough to comfortably feed and clothe a single person. What will our desponding and sick-at-heart mechanics think when they shall learn, that any sort of a mechanic whose trade is useful there, commands readily ten and fifteen dollars a day; and that in an entire settlement, employing over four thousand persons, there were, but a little while ago, only two mechanics—a blacksmith and a carpenter? What a blessedness it would be to a score or two of our blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, builders, shoemakers, hatters, tailors, etc., etc., if they could be suddenly transported to the midst of this new El Dorado! It would indeed be a region of gold to them, for they could realize enough from their industry in a single year to set them up comfortably and respectably, and render the remainder of life's journey comparatively easy to themselves, their wives, and children.

Without, therefore, lending the sanction of our unqualified indorsement to the dazzling stories told of the abundance of the precious metal in our new possessions of California, we do recommend, confidently, that all able-bodied young men and mechanics, with

or without families, who find life a hopeless lapse of struggle in ill-requited toil in the eastern cities, should, if possible, emigrate to California. We know how easy it is to say, 'emigrate to California,' and how difficult is the task of a poor man either going or staying any where. Yet there are means whereby even the poor and the destitute become to a certain extent provided for, and the weak and helpless are enabled to make themselves strong. Yet, let fifty poor families, or a hundred young men, associate themselves together, bending all their united thoughts and energies, and combining all their resources, to the one absorbing purpose of going to California—what should prevent them? Such a company could charter a vessel, and engage a faithful and experienced officer, on their own account; put their gridirons and cradles, their tools and implements, and every thing useful that could be scraped together, on board, and start boldly for San Francisco. If they had not quite money enough to charter the ship, it would be easy to get some merchant or trader to take the balance, in the present demand for goods in California; or if that could not be done, there is many a gallant vessel at our wharves, whose masters or owners would themselves contribute to such a project, and trust luck and the honesty of grateful hearts for their pay. All that is wanting to set afloat and carry out successfully a dozen such expeditions as this, is a good deal of energy, perseverance, and forbearance.

"Meanwhile, companies are forming in all directions, under the leadership of shrewd and energetic men, and, as private speculations, deserve to be encouraged by all young men who have nerve and heart enough to break from the enfeebling conventionalities

of a corrupt and corrupting civilization, and carve out for themselves a name and a fortune. Several of these companies are already rapidly filling up in New York and the other Atlantic cities; and there is little doubt that one year will see ten or fifteen thousand hardy and adventurous Americans in the heart of California, ready to dig gold, hoe corn, fight the Indians, or teach school, as the emergencies of the case may require."

We have little more to add, except to state the present position and action of our government in respect to California. In the Senate, Mr. Breese, of Illinois, has introduced the following bill, which is now under discussion:—

SEC. 1.—Provides (as amended, or as proposed to be amended, by the committee) for the appointment of a surveyor-general, or registrar of lands, and a receiver of public moneys, who shall act conjointly as a board of commissioners, to adjudicate land claims within the territories of California and New Mexico. Provides also that the salary of each of these three officers shall be $3000 per annum, and that they shall locate their offices at the discretion of the President.

SEC. 2.—Provides for the appointment of a secretary to the board, at $2000 per annum.

SEC. 3.—Specifies the duties of the board, and says that their last session shall terminate on the 30th September, 1851, when the secretary shall forward the records of their labors to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 4.—Defines the manner in which land claimants under the Mexican as well as under the United States government, are to lay their cases before the board—specifies charges, and directs conflicting Spanish and

Mexican claims to be reported to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 5.—Commissioners empowered to call and examine witnesses, impose fines and imprisonments, and to have access to all necessary papers, for a full investigation of claims; the board to decide no cases exceeding one thousand acres; larger claims to be reported to the Treasury Department for the action of Congress; witnesses to have one dollar per day for attendance at the board, and one dollar for every twenty miles travel, to be paid by the party summoning them.

SEC. 6.—Specifies the forms in which the reports of the board are to be rendered in to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 7.—Free white male and female citizens, who shall cultivate for three years a tract of land, shall be entitled to a grant of 160 acres; no such grant to be made to persons possessing other lands in the territory, and no grants of this sort to be made of the mineral lands.

SEC. 8.—Provides for grants of 160 acres to free white males and females of the United States, settling in these territories before the year 1851; grants of land of 80 acres to children born in said territories, or resident there before 1851; free white males to cultivate their tract three years, to secure a patent; grants to be limited to citizens of the United States, and not to be made from the mineral lands.

SEC. 9 to 13.—Explain certain forms of law to be pursued by grantees in securing their lands to themselves or their heirs or legal representatives, and further define exceptions to be observed in the selection of the lands subject to donation.

SEC. 14.—Provides for the survey of the mineral lands of said territories, and the location of existing private claims.

SEC. 15 and 16.—Relate further to the surveys of the lands, rules to be observed in the work, and authorize the mineral region, after its survey, to be offered for sale in lots, in regular order, etc.

SEC. 17.—Provides for a geologist and assistants.

SEC. 18.—Provides for the subsistence of the employees under this act, in California.

SEC. 19.—Appropriates for the current year, and for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1850—

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| For compensation of surveyor-general, register, receiver, geologist and assistants, secretary, clerks, packers, laborers, &c. . . . . | $40,000 |
| For surveying public lands and private claims in California and New Mexico . . . . . | 40,000 |
| Contingent expenses . . . . . | 10,000 |
| Total . . . . . | $90,000 |

The views of Mr. Benton, from his great experience as a statesman, and the time and labor he has devoted to every thing connected with our Pacific territory, as they were expressed in his remarks upon the above bill, are well worth transcribing; and with a short synopsis of them we bring our sketch of affairs in California to a close:—

Mr. Benton spoke for three hours in opposition to the bill. His first objection was that the bill proposed one land system for California and New Mexico, two territories, the inhabited parts of which are widely separated from each other—the one having a string of settlements on the Rio Grande, the other a string of settlements on the Pacific, with vast ranges of mount-

ains, and a wilderness of a thousand miles lying between them, which can only be traversed by companies of men militarily, so as to be able to repel the savages liable to attack them at any moment. And yet the bill proposes but one land-office, to be established at San Francisco or Monterey, on the Pacific, thus reducing the people of New Mexico to hardships which it would be impossible for them to accomplish or to undertake. The people of New Mexico will thus certainly be cut off from all the benefits of the bill, if its provisions are to be called benefits. He had another objection to including New Mexico in this bill. The boundary line was not yet settled; and very properly the bill said nothing about it. When that question of boundary comes up it will be large enough for our exclusive attention. But where the boundary was undefined, the Secretary of the Treasury might define the boundary for us; for it would be his duty to make his instructions explicit. This is why I desire to instruct the committee to provide now for California alone, leaving New Mexico to come in at another time. There are no public lands in New Mexico. The country has been settled for 250 years, and all the available lands are occupied. Not so with California. There are public lands there to be disposed of. I shall now undertake to show that the *projet* of this bill is in violation of the laws of nations, in violation of the treaty with Mexico, and in violation of decisions of the Supreme Court, and that the scheme of the bill is unjust in itself, and would work out the confiscation of the whole landed property in New Mexico and California. Mr. Benton read the section of the bill providing for the board to adjudicate all the land claims

of every character in New Mexico and California; the decisions of the board limited to tracts of a thousand acres; larger amounts to be referred to the Secretary of the Treasury. This provision, he argued, was an impeachment of all the land titles in the new territories; and it proposed to decide a judicial business by acts of legislation. The landholders under the Spanish and Mexican governments would be outraged. It would be in violation of the treaty with Mexico, to subject them to this outrage; it would be contrary to the laws of nations and judicial decisions. Our commissioners would be foreigners to the people; our language is foreign to them; they would have to employ an American advocate for half their estates; and they would come off well if they retained half of the other half, in following the matter up three thousand miles to Congress, and waiting here ten, fifteen, or forty years, for decisions upon their titles which they have inherited for one or two hundred years in the family. It is not only a deraignment of title, but an arraignment of titles, and of that class of titles which all civilization has ever respected. New Mexico was settled 250 years ago—ten years before Virginia; and California only seventy years ago. What would the people of Virginia do if, conquered by a foreign country, the conquering power should demand that all of them should make good their titles to their property before its own court, and in a language foreign to them? Mr. Benton read the 8th and 9th articles of the treaty with Mexico, stipulating that the rights of property of the Mexicans, or foreigners, or the occupants upon the soil, on the acquisition of the new territories by the United States, shall be inviolably

and religiously respected; and contrasted these stipulations with the provisions of this bill, which assumes that all those rights of property are invalid, till confirmed by a board of our own choosing. He pleaded that neither in Europe nor in Asia had any such invasion of the rights of property been pursued by a conquering power; that great evils and dangers would follow such a practice: for an attempt of Napoleon to change the feudal tenure of the landed system in Egypt, for the benefit of the people, had produced one of the most terrible revolts (at Cairo) known to history. Passing at length from this branch of the bill, Mr. Benton came to the provisions for surveys, locations, and sales by lots, of the gold lands in California. These gold mines were washings from the mountains, and must sooner or later be exhausted; and the sooner the better. In New Mexico those 'placeras,' once very productive, were nearly used up. So of other countries. In Brazil, one hundred years ago, such was the productiveness of the gold washings, that ten millions sterling a year were sent to Europe. The particles of gold were found in the valleys and ravines, as in California. The slaves employed were allowed all that they found over a given sum, and hence many of these slaves bought their freedom, and bought other slaves, and became rich and opulent. All this has disappeared, and all that we know of it is from books written a hundred years ago. The gold crop is gone, as all other gold crops have disappeared. It is foolish, then, to give a fee simple to small lots of the gold lands. The gold crop must give out, and, in my opinion, the sooner the better. But if the gold holds out, these tracts of one, two, or three acres, or half acres, will be

too large; if it fails, as it must fail, they will be too small for any real benefit to the holder. Two acres of gold, if it is pretty thick, will make a man rich. All that he has to do is to gather his basketful in the day time, and hide it away at night. But the Mexicans, by experience, have adopted the right way. Instead of selling it in lots, they give permits to work in the gold lands; for when the washings are exhausted, if they penetrate into the bowels of the mountains, the gold diggers will require a thousand acres to carry on their operations, and thousands of men. Mr. Benton argued, that the employment of a geologist and assistants, like the coast survey, would end in the establishment of a permanent brigade upon the Treasury; and besides, that no such geologists were wanted. The only way to derive a revenue from the gold lands was from permits to the operators, and they will find out where the gold is to be had. He belonged to that school who believed that the working of gold mines demoralizes and debases the people. He was, therefore, compelled, in discussing this bill, to say, what he did not wish to say, for fear that it might extend this wild delirium of the gold fever. He then read from Dr. Wislizenus, of Missouri, who had been living in New Mexico a number of years, and was there on the march of Doniphan's expedition. The report of the doctor of his geological researches of that country, goes to show that, iron, copper, silver, and gold, are distributed throughout all the mountains and ravines of New Mexico; while reports of trappers go to show that the streams of the Great Basin, west of the Rocky Mountains, give evidences of gold; and that these, with the reports of Professor Dana, of the gold-bearing rocks of

the mountain chains along the Columbia river, all taken together, would make this gold region embrace a territory of a thousand miles from north to south, and of a thousand miles from New Mexico westward to the Pacific; double the length, along the Sierra Nevada, of the productive Ural Mountains in Russia and twice their height; for while the Ural Mountains are only four or five thousand feet high, the Sierra Nevada are from ten to twelve and fifteen thousand feet altitude from the sea. But, sir, I do not like the system of this bill. I am in favor of ravaging these mines, and of extirpating them; nay if I could, I would expel them. I would have the wild animals to scrach it out, that we might get rid of this gold the sooner, and that the habits and feelings of this gambling pursuit might be suppressed; that this gold fever—this destructive and ruinous delirium—might be done away; for in the way of productive industry nothing in these regions will be done, till this pestilence is extinguished. He thought the Executive Department had become infected with this pernicious fever, in recommending the sale of these gold lands in small driblets, as if the most enormous revenues were to follow the system. He was for giving encouragement to the diggers, whether from the United States, or China, or the Sandwich Islands. The gold digger does not eat his gold; he does not keep it; it goes to the industrious country, wherever it is, provided they keep small bank notes out of their circulation. (Ha! ha! ha!) He was in favor of ravaging these mines; and of giving permits to ravage them with no other gold regulations on the spot than such as were necessary to keep the diggers from knocking each other on

the head; and keep them out of each other's holes. (Ha! ha! ha!) He would just follow the natural current, and not attempt to stop it. It would exhaust itself by-and-by; and you can not make head against it. He was against any system by which the natural system would be robbed of its rights. He was against putting artificial capital against the capital of labor. He would encourage the diggers. He would establish no fee simples, to the exclusion of the worker. He would sell no lots to keep the poor worker out, and to let the man of capital in. He would give permits to the diggers, and let them ravage the mines as fast as they could. He was also opposed to the folly of the provisions of the bill, requiring oaths and securities of the surveyors and employees in the surveys of the gold lands, and of fixing penalties upon them if they desert their duty. This was but another mistake of a system founded upon a mistaken basis. It was all perfectly futile. The idea of providing securities and penalties to keep men in office was a new thing under the sun. And the mileage system to the surveyors and employees, reminded him of the importance which the House attaches to the mileage system—some persons indulging the idea that it was the key to the preservation of the Union. But suppose you allow these surveyors of the gold lands, who are to lay them out in lots for sale, an average of ten dollars a mile—do you think it will answer the purpose to keep them at their work? It may do where the gold lies thin, only two or three inches deep; but when it comes up to the ankle or the calf of the leg, do you think ten dollars or fifteen dollars a mile will keep the surveyors at their duty? No, sir. When the gold comes to be

leg deep, they will come to a halt. Do you think they could walk over it? All these oaths, all this swearing, and securities, and pains would fail of their object. If they come across a good place for gold, where it shines all over the sand, they will stop and pick it up, sir, just as a turkey-hen with her dozen of young ones when she comes to an ant-hill, commences scratching, and never stops scratching while there is an ant to be scratched up, and gobbled down. (Ha! ha! ha! all over the Senate and galleries).

Mr. Benton proposed to recommit the bill, with instructions to provide for a Land Office in California; for surveys of unappropriated lands; for grants or donations liberally to settlers; for permits, without boundaries, to diggers for gold; for a land recorder at the land office, just to see what the United States have got from Mexico, and not to disturb individual rights or private property; and to provide further, that the domestic Indians of California be protected in their rights of property and labor. Mr. Benton spoke in detail upon these several propositions, urging them as comprising the only feasible plan for California, leaving out New Mexico, entirely, for the present. He enlarged upon the unjust and impracticable provisions of the bill. He was in favor of liberal grants of land to the settlers in California. Forty years ago, in the legislature of Tennessee, he had advocated liberal grants to the settlers in that State; and now the children and grandchildren of these Tennessee settlers were appealing to him from California to remember them as he did their fathers and grandfathers. And he was in favor of liberal grants to them —of 640 acres to each head of a family; 640 to each

boy there over eighteen years; and smaller proportions to the younger children.

He moved that the bill be recommitted, with the instructions proposed.

The result of this discussion, will not be known until these pages have passed through the press. But even should the bill of Mr. Breese, or any other bill on the subject, pass the Senate, it is not at all likely that the House of Representatives will have time, during the present session, to legislate upon it; and there is little chance of any thing official being decided upon in respect to California, until the next session. Meanwhile, the tide of emigration will continue to swell; and in a short time the country will be inhabited by a population quite up to the trick of governing themselves.

THE END.