

out the State; every year has seen it observed by the Native Sons, who have increased in fifteen years to 8000 members.

The New England Society of California Pioneers visited San Francisco last May, and the old men looked vainly for landmarks that they could identify in a city which has sprawled over miles of sand dunes and has neared the Golden Gate. San Francisco's growth in these forty years is typical of the enormous progress of California. Changed is the old order of mining life, gone forever the supremacy of the pioneer gold hunter with pan and rocker; but in his place is the scientific mining engineer, using machinery that is the wonder of the world; the wheat-grower, whose steam plow

turns a mile-long furrow and whose harvest hands camp at night in the vast fields over which they move; the fruit-grower, who has made the level valleys and even the steep foothills smile with fruitage of orange, lemon, fig, grape, and apricot; and, best of all, the tiller of small farm and orchard, who is proving that in this Italy of the far West may be seen the ideal country life, with work out-of-doors which refined women may share in without risk of coarsening their hands or their natures. California to-day, with its thoroughly American people, of tireless energy and equally great self-control, is the best monument to the wisdom of the pioneers who laid the foundations of its statehood.

George Hamlin Fitch.

CALIFORNIANA.

Light on the Seizure of California.

WITHIN the last few years much has been done by local historians, notably by Mr. H. H. Bancroft's collaborators, to clear up the mysteries that used to obscure the story of the seizure of California by our naval forces in 1846. The present note intends to offer one additional scrap of information bearing upon the matter. By way of introduction I shall venture to summarize, in unoriginal fashion, the now well-ascertained facts concerning the naval capture of California, leaving aside wholly any detailed discussion of evidence until I come to my one additional piece of evidence itself.

The Polk Cabinet, as is well known, planned the Mexican war for some time before it broke out. They devoted, of course, much attention to the best way of obtaining possession of the Mexican "Department of Upper California," a province which was not only very sparsely inhabited, but which also had a very loose connection with the mother country, and a very imperfect sense of loyalty to the central government, so that its seizure, whenever hostilities should break out, seemed to be no very difficult matter. In the Sacramento Valley were already a few hundred American settlers. Our recently appointed consul at Monterey, Thomas O. Larkin, a shrewd Yankee trader, who had done business on the coast for a number of years, was in intimate personal relations with several prominent public men among the Californians. He wrote frequently and voluminously to the State Department, trying to convince his official chiefs that the Californians were distracted by their own petty provincial political quarrels, that they had little feeling for the central Mexican government but jealousy or dread; and that, with some care, the land could be won away from Mexico, on the breaking out of the war, by the consent of the Californians themselves, and without bloodshed. In consequence of these representations the Cabinet instructed Commodore Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron, to hold himself in readiness for the first news of hostilities, and then, without delay, to proceed to California, to seize Monterey and San Francisco, and to invite the Californians to change their allegiance.

Beyond the actual seizure of the defenseless ports, which his overwhelming force might be expected to accomplish without any collision of arms, he was instructed to show no violence, and to do everything in his power to conciliate the inhabitants, and to "encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality." "It is rumored," said Secretary Bancroft in one later communication, "that the province of California is well disposed to accede to friendly relations. . . . You will take such measures as will best promote the attachment of the people of California to the United States."

Meanwhile, with the same purpose in mind, the Government sent to Larkin, in October, 1845, a secret despatch, which was committed to memory by a special agent, Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, and so carried by him across Mexico for oral delivery. A written duplicate of this despatch was sent around the Horn on one of the naval vessels bound for the Pacific. Both Gillespie's oral version of his secret instructions, as taken down from dictation at Monterey, and the duplicate afterwards received by Larkin, are now extant, and agree down to one or two very slight verbal differences. The despatch instructed Larkin and Gillespie to cooperate in an intrigue intended to win over the Californians, who, even in case the outbreak of the war should be delayed, were to be induced, if possible, to declare their independence of Mexico, and were to be assured of the support of our Government in any such action.

It is perfectly sure that the instructions of the Government in no wise contemplated or authorized any revolt of the American settlers in the Sacramento Valley against the Californians, or any employment of force beyond the already mentioned seizure of the wholly defenseless ports by Sloat upon the receipt of news of actual war. As is well known, however, Captain Frémont's exploring party was at the time of Gillespie's arrival still within the territory of California. Frémont had come during the winter, and had requested permission of the authorities at Monterey to rest his party "on the frontier of the department." A controversy which had grown up out of this request, and which had been in large measure provoked by mem-

bers of Frémont's party, had led Castro, as Prefect of Northern California, to order Frémont out of the department altogether. After considerable waiting and defiance Frémont had begun to obey the order, going northward through the Sacramento Valley. Gillespie arrived at Monterey on April 17, 1846, and after delivering his instructions to Larkin proceeded to follow up Frémont, in order to acquaint him with the Government plans, and to deliver to him private letters from the Benton family. Gillespie actually overtook Frémont in the Klamath region. This act of Gillespie's was indeed part of his official mission, but there can be no doubt that the only instructions which he had to convey to Frémont were the ones already made known to Larkin, namely, to coöperate in a peaceful intrigue for the purpose of inducing the Californians to leave the Mexican allegiance, and be ready for our formal seizure of the territory.

Frémont, however, who had his own personal interests to consider, and who had already quarreled with Castro, now unfortunately decided upon a course of action directly contrary to the instructions, trusting apparently to the nearness of the Mexican war itself to shield him against all the consequences of his disobedience. His trust was well placed; for he has ever since been popularly regarded as the chief servant of his country in the winning of California. He even induced Gillespie to coöperate with him. What they did was to return southward into the Sacramento Valley and stir up the American settlers to the well-known "Bear Flag" revolt, a movement which was brought about through flagrant misrepresentations of the purposes and hostile preparations of the Californian leaders, and which was a wholly unprovoked assault upon a peaceable people. That it led immediately to but little bloodshed was due to the fortunate fact that, before it had gone far, Sloat appeared at Monterey with news of the outbreak of war and seized the ports. Meanwhile it is certain that the whole Bear Flag affair was a distinct hindrance to the successful seizure of California, and to the later pacification of the province; and that the chief mover in this affair, in all his hostile acts up to July 7, when Sloat raised the American flag, is to be credited only with having wrought mischief, endangered American interests, and disobeyed his instructions.

Sloat, meanwhile, who had been waiting at Mazatlan for news of the outbreak of war on the Rio Grande, went through a series of experiences which have since led to numerous legends. Near him, on the Mexican coast, was the English flag-ship *Collingwood*, with Admiral Seymour on board. An understanding grew up among the American officers, either at that time or later, that Seymour was waiting, like Sloat, for news of hostilities on the Rio Grande, and that he no doubt had instructions "to take California under English protection," as the thing is usually stated, as soon as war should break out. When Seymour appeared in Monterey Bay, some two weeks later than the date of Sloat's arrival, and when after one week's stay, and after the interchange of the customary courtesies, the English flag-ship sailed away again, the tradition gained ground that there had been a "race," and that, in case Seymour had come in first, the territory of California would have passed into English possession. For this whole tradition no reasonable and truthful evidence has ever been ad-

vanced, except the actual presence of Seymour on the coast as described. Numberless are the mutually inconsistent and wholly worthless tales that have been told about incidents before, during, and after the "race." Many of these tales are ordinary family legends, narrated by relatives of this or that officer concerned. A decidedly careful examination of several of them has convinced me, as it would convince any impartial person, of their insignificance. They are usually in the most obvious conflict with known dates and with known events.

The facts themselves, so far as they are known, are as follows (compare the account written by one of H. H. Bancroft's ablest collaborators, Mr. Henry L. Oak, in Bancroft's "California," Vol. XVII. of the "History of the Pacific States," p. 205 *seq.*): Sloat heard of hostilities on the Rio Grande as early as May 17. But the commodore showed himself throughout this whole affair a timid and irresolute man, so far as concerned the fulfilment of his very explicit instructions; for he waited in entire inactivity until May 31, when he heard further news, this time of General Taylor's battles of the 8th and 9th. He then decided that this must mean that "outbreak of war" which his instructions contemplated. He accordingly wrote to Secretary Bancroft, "I have received such intelligence as I think will justify my acting upon your order — and shall sail immediately to see what can be done." Hereupon, however, Sloat actually did nothing, and remained where he was until June 5, when the news came of the capture of Matamoras. Even such startling evidence of the reality of the war only led Sloat to write on June 6 to Bancroft, "I have upon mature reflection come to the conclusion that your instructions will not justify my taking possession of California, or any hostile measures against Mexico." And, to cap the climax of this irresolution, the log of Sloat's ship, the *Savannah*, contains as the entry of the next day, "June 7.—News received of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American squadron; at 2 P. M. got under way for Monterey."

Nor was Sloat's mind much relieved when, on July 2, he reached Monterey. Here, of course, he learned how the Bear Flag had thrown everything into confusion in the north. Both Larkin, who was perplexed by Frémont's disregard of known instructions, and Sloat, who was now looking to Larkin's instructions for new light, were for some days in doubt as to what was to be done. At length, July 7, Sloat made his decision, landed his forces, and took possession of the port. The seizure of San Francisco Bay and the occupation of several points in the interior immediately followed. Commodore Stockton, arriving July 15, relieved Sloat at the latter's request, and after an interview with Frémont, who reached Monterey with the "Bears" on July 19, the new naval commander decided to seize the southern towns and harbors as well, and to proceed, in as imperious and hostile a spirit as possible, to the entire subjugation of the country. The result of this new policy of official hostility to the very inhabitants whom all the American officers had been instructed to "conciliate" was the arousing of such bitterness that in the following winter a revolt occurred in the south, much unnecessary blood was spilled, and the seeds of permanent hatred between the Californians and their conquerors

were sown. But of the events later than July this note need not further treat.

We have now seen how speedily Sloat did his share of the "racing" with Seymour. It remains to examine Seymour's share in the same international contest. In favor of the supposed English scheme for the seizure of California in 1846 there is, as I have said above, no known evidence whatever, except the actual presence of Seymour on the coast. I say this after long and diligent search for such evidence, and I venture to defy any one to produce any other but legendary testimony for this favorite element in all the legends of the conquest of California. Seymour was probably on the Mexican coast to watch our fleet with special reference to the Oregon complications, whose settlement was not made known in these remote regions until a time later than this. The stories have placed the *Collingwood*, during the time of waiting for the "race," sometimes at San Blas, sometimes at Mazatlan, where she lay "alongside" Sloat's *Savannah*. Anxious to get what information I could about the *Collingwood*'s actual movements, I sometime since asked Mr. Clements R. Markham, the well-known traveler and historian, to give me further advice. He courteously took considerable trouble to aid me. Why he could do so with particular success will appear from the following letter, which, with his inclosure, I now print as my additional piece of evidence. It has before been referred to by me in an article in the "Nation," but has not before been quoted in full.

21 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S. W.
LONDON, 20 MAY, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ROYCE: I have just finished reading your "California." . . . I was particularly interested in the pages devoted to a discussion of Admiral Seymour's proceedings at Monterey, because, as I think I told you, I was then serving as a very young midshipman on board the *Collingwood*. I believed your conclusions to be correct; but, to make certain, I referred the matter to the present Admiral Lord Alcester, who was then Lieutenant Beauchamp Seymour, and flag-lieutenant to his uncle on board the *Collingwood*. I inclose a copy of what he has written to me on the subject, and which he says you are at liberty to make any use of you see fit.

Ever yours, very truly,
CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

[Inclosure.]

FROM ADMIRAL LORD ALCESTER TO MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM.

19 MAY, 1887.

Mr. Royce . . . is perfectly correct in his surmises. There is not one word of truth in the statement to which he alludes, for I know for certain that Sir George Seymour never had orders to hoist the English flag in California, or to assume the protectorate of that dependency of Mexico in 1846, or at any other time. Neither was there a race between him and Commodore Sloat as to who would reach Monterey first. If we had wanted to precede the *Savannah* there we should not have begun by going in an opposite direction for several days. For I see by my journal that we left Mazatlan (where the *Savannah* was) on the 24th of May, 1846, arrived at San Blas, which is to the southward, on the 27th, did not leave San Blas until June 13, and arrived at Monterey on July 16. Sir George Seymour treated me with confidence on public matters, and I was completely *au fait* of all questions with which he had to deal, and of the orders he received.

We went to California to protect English commerce and interests, having heard of the proceedings of the party which hoisted the so-called "Bear Flag." As to what Sir George Seymour is suggested to have said to American naval officers as a harmless jest after dinner, it is simply impossible. Fancy him, of all men in the world, a *preux chevalier* of the old school, and who was

sobriety itself, taking American officers into his confidence and telling them what he never would have told to his own captains even.

As for what the foregoing letter proves, it must be remembered that when the *Collingwood* left Mazatlan to sail south, on May 24, news of the first hostilities had been in Sloat's hands for one week, and that when Seymour left San Blas, June 13, Sloat was already six days out of Mazatlan. It is impossible that Seymour should not have been advised of the hostilities on the Rio Grande before so late a date. Lord Alcester uses terms in his, not in our sense, when he calls the news that decided Seymour to go north news of the "Bear Flag" party. This news must have referred to the earlier quarrel of Frémont and Castro, which, of course, an English observer would not easily distinguish from the American settlers' revolt that followed.

I need hardly say in closing how much I feel indebted to Mr. Markham for this piece of information, which would have saved us many false reminiscences if it had been known to our own histories thirty or more years ago.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Josiah Royce.

The California Boundary Question in 1849.

UNDERSTANDING me to have been personally connected with the organization of the State government of California, THE CENTURY has honored me by asking whether I could furnish any fresh matter "from the inside" relating to that important event.

My connection with it was simply as a delegate from San Francisco to the Constitutional Convention held at Monterey in July, 1849, under a proclamation issued by Brigadier-General Riley, U. S. A., the acting governor of California. Most of the important debates were in committee of the whole, in which I usually presided as chairman, and, in that capacity, I had the honor of putting the question on the clause prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude" in the new State, and of announcing a unanimous vote in its favor. Some of the delegates were from Southern States; but Dr. William M. Gwin, from Mississippi, under whose guidance they evidently acted, and who had openly proclaimed his intention of being elected a United States senator from the new State, was too shrewd a politician to risk, by a pro-slavery vote of himself or of his friends, a defeat in his senatorial campaign. A decided majority of the people on whose votes he depended had come from Northern States, and would presumably oppose the admission of slavery.

I regret to state that, owing to the constant pressure of professional business in San Francisco from 1848 to 1853, I had no time or opportunity to inform myself as to any of those "inside" facts and influences that go to make up *l'histoire inédite* of every important political event; but I recollect distinctly one incident which, though in some degree personal to myself, may be thought to be not devoid of interest.

It was in the last days of the Convention. Every clause of the constitution had been fully debated and agreed to in committee of the whole and reported to the Convention, where the entire constitution had been read twice and finally adopted on the third reading.

But a terrible blunder had been committed. California, as part of the territory of Mexico, extended to

the Rocky Mountains, and the last article of the constitution had made the Rocky Mountains, instead of the Sierra Nevada, the eastern boundary of the new State. This extravagant claim had not been started until a short time before the close of the debates, it being apparently taken for granted that the State would claim only to the Sierra Nevada. Before the final vote on the Rocky Mountains boundary line, the article had met with vigorous opposition on the part of some of the wiser heads in the Convention, but it had passed, nevertheless, by a decided majority. I was afterwards informed that this boundary line had been adopted at the instigation of the clique of members from the Southern States, with the view to a subsequent division of California by an east-and-west line into two large States, each having its share of the Pacific coast; and further, to the future organization of the southern of these two States as a slave State—an event that would be quite certain, inasmuch as most of the settlers in that part of California had come, and would continue to come, from the South or Southwest. Thus the new free State would be offset by a new slave State.

But the deed was done, and it was apparently irrevocable. The final vote on the boundary article had been taken and it had become a part of the constitution. No member that had voted with the majority had moved for a reconsideration, and no one of the minority had thought of changing his vote in order to enable him to move for such reconsideration. What was to be done?

For a considerable time I had been subject to periodical attacks of nervous sick headache caused by malarial exposure during the Mexican war. For three days I had been ill in bed with one of these attacks, which was of uncommon violence, when, to my surprise, I was visited by two members of the Convention, with a message that I must go there without a moment's delay, as another and decisive vote was about to be taken on the boundary question. I protested in vain my inability to do any speaking, or even to rise from my bed. They insisting, I swallowed a formidable dose of laudanum, and in a few minutes its quieting effect enabled me to rise and dress and accompany them to the Convention. On the way I was informed that the friends of the other boundary line had hit upon an ingenious device by which the battle might still be won, and which was this: the Rocky Mountains boundary article, it was true, had had its final passage on the third reading, *but the vote to engross it had yet to be taken*. In other words, substantially, the convention had not yet voted to *authenticate* the article as a part of the constitution, without which vote it would have no practical operation. It is true that when a bill has been passed on a third reading the vote to engross usually follows, of course, as a mere matter of form. But the ground was taken that it is not necessarily so, and in the present case there was some hope that were the motion to engross opposed, the sober second thought of some of the more intelligent members that had voted for the article would impel them to come to the rescue and help to defeat it. The Convention on our arrival was in the midst of a very excited debate, but I was soon able to obtain the floor. As to what I said I have not the slightest recollection, except that I dwelt earnestly on the improbability of the admission of a new free State covering such an immense

territory as the Rocky Mountains boundary would give us, in view of the fierce and persistent opposition it would encounter from the Southern members in Congress. I was afterwards warmly complimented for my speech; but I have never taken any credit to myself for it, well knowing that whatever there may have been effective in it was due to the influence of the narcotic I had taken.

To conclude: the motion to engross was defeated, and Article XII. as it now stands, making the Sierra Nevada substantially the eastern boundary of the State, was afterwards introduced and adopted.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE read carefully, and with great interest, the article by Mr. G. H. Fitch entitled "How California came into the Union," and can vouch for its general accuracy. Of most of the facts stated I had personal knowledge. But in justice to the "Legislative Assembly of San Francisco" (*quorum pars fui*) let me add a few words.

It is true, as stated, that General Riley issued a proclamation declaring it to have "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

Under Mexican law, the pueblo of San Francisco extended from San Francisco to San Jose, a distance of fifty miles, more or less, and its governing body was the "ayuntamiento." In the spring of 1849 there were two distinct ayuntamientos, each claiming to be the rightful one. The result of this state of things was, of course, virtual anarchy. There seemed to be no near prospect of any action by Congress to give us a legitimate government. Under these circumstances the people of that district, not recognizing any *civil* authority as residing in General Riley, deemed themselves entitled to frame some sort of a government for the protection in the mean time of their lives and property. They accordingly established a provisional one, consisting of a legislative assembly (in which I had the honor to preside as speaker), three magistrates, a treasurer, and a sheriff. The leading and most able member of the assembly was Judge (afterwards Governor) Peter H. Burnett, one of the purest of men, as well as a sound lawyer. The instant General Riley's proclamation was received, calling for a convention for the formation of a State constitution, the assembly issued an address to the people of California recommending them to obey it, and then, by its unanimous vote, the provisional government was dissolved.

On these facts I leave it for your readers to decide whether the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Francis J. Lippitt.

The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY OF DISCOVERY.

IN an article written in Mariposa, California, for "Hutchings' California Magazine," at an early day, when the events to which the paper related were fresh in memory, I stated that the Yosemite Valley was discovered in March, 1851. I did not fix the day of the month, but remembered that the discovery occurred during a long-continued rain and snow storm at about

the time of the vernal equinox. That statement was verified in writing at the time by James M. Roan and George H. Crenshaw, two comrades who with the writer were the first white men to enter the valley, and who were then members of the California legislature. The few members of the Mariposa Battalion who were on the first expedition to the mountains and the valley were not likely to forget the snow-storms encountered, nor the very deep snow through which they passed. Major Savage, our commander, had waited at our camp in the foothills, knowing that rain below indicated snow in the mountains, and that by marching in and through the storm we would be most likely to surprise and capture the hostile Indians. We made a night march to the south fork of the Merced River, and at the summit of the Chow-chilla Mountain pass found the snow at least four feet deep, but as we descended through the dense forest to the stream the snow lessened to a few inches in depth. At daylight the storm had ceased, but it was renewed at intervals for several days in succession. Fortunately we had provided barley for our animals, and they did not suffer for lack of forage.

We captured one Indian village on the left bank of the south fork, and crossing over to the right bank assembled on a river table now known as Bishop's Camp, named for Sergeant Samuel A. Bishop, of San Jose, California. This table has a southern exposure that does not allow the snow to remain long, but at that time, while in camp, the snow covered the ground to a depth of three or four inches.

By advice of Pon-wat-chee, chief of the village captured, Indian runners were despatched to bring into headquarters the Indians in hiding; but no response was made by the Yosemite. Upon a special envoy being sent, Ten-ei-ya, their chief, came alone, and stood in dignified silence before one of the guard until ordered into camp. Ten-ei-ya was immediately recognized and was kindly cared for, and after he had been well supplied with food Major Savage informed him of the orders of the Indian Commission, under which we were acting. The old sachem was very suspicious, but finally agreed to conduct an expedition into his beloved valley.

Only a few men were required for this service, though all volunteered, notwithstanding it had been represented that horses might not be able to pass along the rocky trail. Finally a foot race was ordered to determine the fleetness, and consequent fitness, of those most anxious to go; some, in their anxiety to win the race, ran barefoot in the snow.

Led by Ten-ei-ya and Major Savage, the expedition started next morning on a trail of lowest altitude, but we were compelled to pass through snow from three to five feet deep in places, and in a few instances, where the snow had drifted, even of greater depth. Only small detachments were finally taken by the commanders of Companies B and C, Boling's and Dill's, as the trip was looked upon as likely to be only an exploration of some mysterious cañon. The importance of recording the date of the discovery of the Yosemite did not impress itself upon my mind at the time, for I became completely absorbed in the sublimity of my surroundings. It seemed to me that I had entered God's holiest temple, where were assembled all that was most divine in material creation. For days afterward I could only think of the magnificence, beauty, and grace of the

waterfalls, and of the mountain scenery; and an almost total lack of appreciation of the event on the part of Major Savage caused me to think him utterly void of sentiment.

Such experiences were not likely to have been soon forgotten, and hence my surprise when I saw in print the statement that the Yosemite Valley was first entered by the Mariposa Battalion on May 5 or 6, 1851, when the rainy season would have been past. This statement is said to have been officially made by our adjutant, and, if so, must refer to the date of our second entrance, as our adjutant was not with us on our first entrance, or discovery. I have never seen the report referred to, but will suggest that if made by our adjutant there should have been no doubt left as to whether it was the 5th or 6th of May when he first saw the Yosemite, for an adjutant's report, like a ship's log, should be accurate. I do not wish to call in question the motives of our officers, but our little squad who first entered the valley should have the credit of the discovery, let it be what it may.

The cliff now known as El Capitan had been seen by the writer from Mount Bullion as early as 1849, but nothing could be learned concerning it. After the discovery we were most positively assured by Ten-ei-ya and by other Yosemitees that we were the very first white men who had ever entered this valley, and that it could not have been entered without their knowledge. Subsequent observations of Indian methods of placing sentinels and wafting signals by smoke confirmed the old chief's statements. Owing to a slight fall of snow during the second night of our encampment in the valley, we left in the morning, fearful of being cut off from our base of supplies.

After a campaign against the Chow-chillas, on the San Joaquin, of about six weeks duration, we returned to the Yosemite under command of Captain John Boling, with a part of Captain William Dill's Company C added to our own. Upon this occasion, about the 5th of May, 1851, we made the valley our headquarters until after the recapture of Ten-ei-ya's band at Lake Ten-ei-ya on or about June 5, 1851. After his surrender in March Ten-ei-ya had escaped. Upon our return to the Fresno I accompanied Captain Boling on his way with despatches to Colonel Frémont and the Indian Commission, who in the mean time had finished their work in the San Joaquin Valley and had gone to Los Angeles. Colonel McKee of the Commission asked the writer concerning the heights of cliffs and waterfalls, and when I gave the most moderate estimates my judgment would allow, his pitying look for my lack of judgment warned me not to invite the world's scorn. I had estimated the altitudes far below the reality.

The lapse of time intervening before the public would believe in the unique character of the Yosemite discouraged effort to inform the literary world, and the data preserved were for the most part withheld from publication.

Angivine Reynolds, of the Mariposa "Gazette," published in the county in which the Yosemite Valley is situated, once wrote me, asking concerning its discovery, saying, "Can you give me the date?" I of course could not. Hoping to obtain something definite, I wrote to S. M. Cunningham, then guardian of the Big Tree Grove, who had in early days been a business asso-

ciate of Major Savage, and his reply only serves to show the errors into which the old pioneers had been led. Mr. Cunningham said, "Boling's and Kukendall's company's first trip to Yosemite Valley, according to Mr. M. B. Lewis's adjutant's report, was early in April, 1851." The fact is, Kukendall's company was never in the Yosemite, but was on duty on King's River and in the Kah-we-ah, or Four Creeks country. I had, previous to this correspondence, been induced to take up the subject of the discovery by seeing numerous errors concerning it, and had written to Adjutant-General L. H. Foot of California for any records in his possession. The reply of General Foot was, "The records of this office, both written and printed, are so incomplete that I am not aware, from consulting them, that the organization to which you allude [the Mariposa Battalion] had existence." This reply decided me to record the events which led to the discovery of the valley, and my book, "The Discovery of the Yosemite," is the result.

In his valuable work, "In the Heart of the Sierras," Mr. J. M. Hutchings, after giving me full credit in the preface, says, "I have been able to supply the missing links needed for the completion of the historical chain of events so much desired and so unavailingly sought after by Dr. Bunnell concerning some of the valley's earlier history." Mr. Hutchings then introduces some valuable documents obtained from the journals of the California legislature, and quotes from Elliot's "History of Fresno County," with the idea of being accurate in his historical work. On page 56, referring to our first entrance into the valley, he says, "This was on May 5 or 6, 1851, although Dr. Bunnell incorrectly gives the latter part of March as the date."

An old California pioneer, as Mr. Hutchings is, should have remembered that the rainy season is over by May 5 or 6, and that with the exception of mountain storms no severe or long-continued ones occur so late. Our waiting on account of the rain at our camp in the foothills below Mariposa could scarcely have occurred in May, or have been forgotten by any of the expedition. Our major was talented, but unlettered,

and was dependent on his adjutant for all written communications, and these were frequently made long after the events to which they related. At the date of the discovery of the Yosemite our adjutant was not with us. As we were broken into scouting squads, an adjutant would have been no more useful in hunting Indians than would have been a drum-major, and consequently he was left at headquarters. Viewing the valley under snow and through a clouded sky, disappointed in his search for Indians, the only one found being an old squaw, our major seemingly had no appreciation of the Yosemite. Adjutant Lewis was a most genial, kind-hearted gentleman, but I never knew of any duties he performed in the field. The character of Major Savage's reports may be judged by his official estimate of the number of Indians engaged in hostilities (23,000).

Mr. Hutchings says, "The Mariposa Battalion was mustered out of service July 1, 1851." I have, however, an official statement from the War Department, Washington, D. C., that it was mustered out of service on July 25, 1851.

On page 272 the Mariposa Indian war is represented as the war of 1851-52. The first attack upon James D. Savage was made in May, 1850, his men were killed at the Fresno, in December of that year, and hostilities ceased with the capture of Ten-ei-ya and his band in June, 1851. Lieutenant Treadwell Moore, U. S. A., caught and executed five Yosemite murderers in 1852, but no war followed.

Comrade Starkey, of our old battalion, was murdered in 1853. His murderers were pursued by Under-sheriff James M. Roan, also a comrade, and when overtaken three of them were killed, and the others put to flight. Mr. Moore was compelled to notice the criticisms of the press, and in doing so, in 1854, became the first to draw attention to the wonderful character of the Yosemite scenery.

In 1855 Mr. Hutchings first visited it, and since that date has done more to bring the valley into public and appreciative notice than any other man.

HOMER, MINNESOTA.

Lafayette H. Bunnell.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Amateur Management of the Yosemite Scenery.

THE articles by Mr. John Muir in the present and preceding numbers of THE CENTURY on the Yosemite Valley and the proposed National Park will have failed of their natural effect if, in addition to exciting the wonder of the reader at the unique beauty of waterfall and cliff effectively portrayed in Mr. Muir's picturesque descriptions, they do not also stimulate the pride of Californians to an active interest in the better discharge of the trust assumed by the State in its acceptance of the Yosemite grant.

Mr. Muir shows abundantly how desirable it is to reserve for public use, under national supervision, contiguous lands, only less rich in natural wonders than the Yosemite. The reservation is not only desirable for its intrinsic value, but also because incidentally it will attract attention to the valley itself, and especially to the dangers to which it is exposed from the lack of

skill and knowledge in the commission which should be its most intelligent guardian. On this point Mr. Muir, who in California is recognized as the best authority on matters relating to the Sierra, adds his testimony to that of many other unprejudiced observers and lovers of the valley. He says:

Ax and plow, hogs and horses, have long been and are still busy in Yosemite's gardens and groves. All that is accessible and destructible is being rapidly destroyed—more rapidly than in any other Yosemite in the Sierra, though this is the only one that is under the special protection of the Government. And by far the greater part of this destruction of the fineness of wildness is of a kind that can claim no right relationship with that which necessarily follows use.¹

One might multiply testimony as to the injury already done to the floor of the valley were not the later boards²

¹ See p. 667 of the present number of this magazine; also "Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley," THE CENTURY for January, 1890.

Wild grapes also abounded. The next day we killed thirteen deer and antelopes, jerked the meat and got ready to go on, all except the captain's mess of seven or eight, who decided to stay there and lay in meat enough to last them into California! We were really almost down to tidewater, but did not know it. Some thought it was five hundred miles yet to California. But all thought we had to cross at least that range of mountains in sight to the west before entering the promised land, and how many more beyond no one could tell. Nearly all thought it best to press on lest the snows might overtake us in the mountains before us, as they had already nearly done on the mountains behind us (the Sierra Nevada). It was now about the first of November. Our party set forth bearing northwest, aiming for a seeming gap north of a high mountain in the chain to the west of us. That mountain we found to be Mount Diablo. At night the Indians attacked the captain's camp and stole all their animals, which were the best in the company, and the next day the men had to overtake us with just what they could carry in their hands.

The next day, judging by the timber we saw, we concluded there was a river to the west. So two men went ahead to see if they could

find a trail or a crossing. The timberseen proved to be along what is now known as the San Joaquin River. We sent two men on ahead to spy out the country. At night one of them returned, saying they had come across an Indian on horseback without a saddle who wore a cloth jacket but no other clothing. From what they could understand the Indian knew Dr. Marsh and had offered to guide them to his place. He plainly said "Marsh," and of course we supposed it was the Dr. Marsh before referred to who had written the letter to a friend in Jackson County, Missouri, and so it proved. One man went with the Indian to Marsh's ranch and the other came back to tell us what he had done, with the suggestion that we should go on and cross the river (San Joaquin) at the place to which the trail was leading. In that way we found ourselves two days later at Dr. Marsh's ranch, and there we learned that we were really in California and our journey at an end. After six months we had now arrived at the first settlement in California, November 4, 1841.

The account of our reception, and of my own experiences in California in the pastoral period before the gold discovery, I must reserve for another paper.

John Bidwell.

CALIFORNIANA.

Grizzly and Pioneer.

A GREAT many persons have told stories about grizzlies and about pioneers. But there is an aspect in which the grizzly and the pioneer may be said to represent the beginnings of a chapter of national folklore, or the first halting steps towards the development of a noble myth.

I remember that an old silver-freighter who walked all day long for many successive weeks across the Nevada desert, beside his high ore-wagon, once said to me: "I had a curious notion lately. I thought that, perhaps, when the American frontiersman had been dead a hundred thousand years, the stories that would be written and believed about him would be like those of the demigods." My old silver-freighter was well educated, and knew his mythology better than I did. He had full faith, too, in the permanence of the myth-making spirit. "Some fellow, I don't know who," he said, "has got to stand right out to represent all this pioneering that hundreds of us have been doing for generations. It may be a fellow with buckskins and a Kentucky rifle, or it may be a fellow with a slouch hat and a mule-whip. We can't any of us tell yet awhile." Ten years later the railroad reached the camp; he bought a small California farm and settled down, as miners, prospectors, stage-drivers, and frontiersmen of every class are doing all the time.

I have often meditated upon the idea which the old teamster of the desert had evolved, in his crude way,

feeling, far better than he could express it, the influence of the fast-passing epoch. As I consider the subject, two things, the grizzly and the California pioneer, seem on the way to take such form as to outlast railroads and cities. In a lesser sense they already belong together in literature, but perhaps they are slowly and surely assuming places side by side, or at least in the same group, in a new myth of the American continent. In the course of time—in five centuries, or twenty centuries—it may be that two giant shadows of the past, the Argonaut and his grizzly, will loom up over the Sierras, as Hercules and his Nemean lion in the legends of the Greeks.

No man is ever able to say of those things which lie within the present reality: "This is to perish; that is to broaden and grow, striking roots into universal nature until all men bear witness to its immortality." Nevertheless, when the last grizzly has perished, when the old race of miners is as far lost in traditions as the first Cornishman who picked up stream-tin, or the first iron-smelters of the Andreaswald who fought the Saxon invaders, when the great Californian valleys and all the shining slopes of the long, parallel mountain ranges beside the Pacific are clothed with continuous gardens and orchards, and mighty and populous cities grow from the villages of to-day, there ought to be a background of sublime fable to inspire poet, artist, and sculptor.

It is the first step towards a myth that always proves the most difficult. Already, the world over, men have come to know the old cañon-keeper and forest-dweller

as "the grizzly," not the grizzly bear. He has become differentiated, and is on the way to still further separation from other bears, and other creatures of the high order that furnish noble subjects for art. Sometime, I am sure, an American Thorwaldsen will know how to hew a Sierra grizzly out of some gray cliff of Rock-lin granite, and there it will remain while the world endures, supreme as the Lion of Lucerne. Some day an American Barye will create in bronze a massive grizzly, lord of the land of pines and sequoias, calm and terrible as a Numidian lion. Perhaps in the day of battle, a thousand years hence, in some wild Sierra pass, the free men of the mountains, changing the course of history, and broadening the California myth to a world myth, will make the American Grizzly for all time such a name as the Lion of England, or the ancient Winged Bull of Assyria.

The Pacific Coast, a land larger in extent, more varied in soil, climate, and resources, than that western third of Europe from Gibraltar to the Arctic Circle, has already adopted the grizzly in its common speech. Where the oriental sage said of the wise man that he walked forth "alone, like the rhinoceros," the similar comparison known to the man of the land between Arizona and Alaska has been a comparison with the grizzly. A man is said to be "as strong as a grizzly," or as dreadful when aroused, or as much of a boss, or "a regular grizzly of a fellow." It is not a light phrase; it goes deep down to the roots of the matter; it is the last word said.

By a thousand camp-fires since the first trappers met grizzlies in the Rockies men have told stories of the mighty creature, and when the last grizzly is gone from the cañons the body of literature that will continue to grow up about him may some day be like the marvelous dragon literature that has sprung from the bones of the pterodactyl. The grizzly in his best estate has not only no equal for strength and dignity in the "three Americas," but he rivals the lion and tiger. Civilization is claiming his haunts so rapidly that two or three generations will see him as extinct as the saber-toothed tiger or the great cave-bear of Europe. This early perishing may give the grizzly another advantage in his progress towards a permanent place in art and literature.

Again, the grizzly stories that frontiersmen tell have all the unconscious dignity of their subject; they rise at times to the height of an epic of the Sierras, and they possess a singular vitality. One must gather them up from explorers like Lewis and Clarke, Kit Carson and St. Vrain, from placer-miners' stories of '49, from Spanish-Californian missions and stock-ranches, and from the lonely American preëmptors' cabins in the Siskiyou. One must cast aside the mere "newspaper yarns" invented by men who never saw a grizzly. Then one discovers this fundamental fact—that the grizzly has somehow impressed himself irrevocably upon the imagination of the man of the Pacific Coast, and this in a way that the black and brown bears have never yet done to any people. In the delightful German tales Bruin is a good-natured, stupid fellow, whom one cannot but like even while smiling over his adventures. The bear in the negro folk-lore of the

South assumes much the same place. But the grizzly stands apart, so different in his very nature, and so impressive in every aspect, that another long step towards the creation of a noble and satisfactory myth appears to have been taken by the pioneers, the true myth-builders and makers of literature in their log-cabins, by their winter fires. How long a step has thus been gained we shall know better when the grizzly is gone from the Sierras. Perhaps the folk-lore of the American Indians will help the development of the myth, but it seems to me that it will be on Aryan lines.

What figure may fitly stand beside the grizzly, as the grizzly will look to men a thousand years hence, when mighty bulks of rough-hewn stone set forth his majestic strength in every American city, and we leave dragons, gryphons, and phenixes to the countries where they belong? The grizzly is American to the backbone, and his qualities are appreciated wherever he is known. His companion is to be found, if anywhere, in the first American pioneer of the Rockies and Sierras, the Gold Seeker, brave, rugged, and honest as the grizzly himself. My old silver-freighter had a glimpse of the truth. "Some fellow has got to stand up and represent the whole crowd." The fact of the growing grizzly legend helps one's imagination to seize upon the more complex fact of the growing pioneer legend, which, like the other, needs only time for its fulfilment.

The Argonaut—let us call him that because he seems to like it best—has even fewer years remaining than the grizzly. Name him as you will,— prospector, placer-miner, frontiersman of the Pacific Coast, son of four generations of pioneers; call him Californian or Arizonian, whichever you choose,— there he stands at the end of the road; and though he spreads out his grasp to Alaska and Mexico, the continent is crossed, and he is disappearing, as priest and *vaquero* disappeared before him.

Strange indeed is the law of the growth of the myth-spirit, which works continually among men, but only at long intervals to full achievement. The goddess of myths either seizes upon the first of a type to lift it to the stars, or else she waits until the last of the race of heroes goes forth, Sigurd-like, to his death, before she pours her cup of immortality on his name and line. Men hear of Volsung because of his son's son who rode the Glittering Heath. The goddess may not choose among the founders of the Atlantic colonies with their heroic histories. Perhaps she will not even take the buckskin-clad Boones and Crocketts, though over them her spirit still hangs uncertain. If it may not be trapper nor hunter, voyageur, guide, nor pioneer of the Atlantic slope, or the Mississippi Valley, what is more likely than that the imagination of the race will sometime, when the last pioneer is dead, crystallize the story of the whole westward march into some Sierran Titan leaning upon his mighty pick, as Thor upon his Mjölmir? The hills will be empty of gold; the waters will have reclaimed the deserts; new conditions of life may have come to pass over all the lands from Maine to California. But every child will hear the stories of old-world dragons and new-world grizzlies; of old-world giants and new-world pioneers.

stopping the oxen. The watchful mother guided the whole party, seeing that none strayed too far after flowers, or loitered too long talking with the others. Sometimes we heard the howl of coyotes, and the noise of other wild animals in the dim dawn, and then none of the children were allowed to leave the carreta.

A great dark mountain rose behind the hot spring, and the broad, beautiful valley, unfenced, and dotted with browsing herds, sloped down to the bay as we climbed the cañon to where columns of white steam rose among the oaks, and the precious waters, which were strong with sulphur, were seen flowing over the crusted basin, and falling down a worn rock channel to the brook. Now on these mountain slopes for miles are the vineyards of Josiah Stanford, the brother of Senator Leland Stanford, and the valley below is filled with towns and orchards.

We watched the women unload the linen and carry it to the upper spring of the group, where the water was best. Then they loosened the horses, and let them pasture on the wild oats, while the women put home-made soap on the clothes, dipped them in the spring, and rubbed them on the smooth rocks until they were white as snow. Then they were spread out to dry on the tops of the low bushes growing on the warm, windless, southern slopes of the mountain. There was sometimes a great deal of linen to be washed, for it was the pride of every Spanish family to own much linen, and the mother and daughters almost always wore white. I have heard strangers speak of the wonderful way in which Spanish ladies of the upper classes in California always appeared in snow-white dresses, and certainly to do so was

one of the chief anxieties of every household. Where there were no warm springs the servants of the family repaired to the nearest *arroyo*, or creek, and stood knee-deep in it, dipping and rubbing the linen, and enjoying the sport. In the rainy season the soiled linen sometimes accumulated for several weeks before the weather permitted the house mistress to have a wash-day. Then, when at last it came, it seemed as if half the village, with dozens of babies and youngsters, wanted to go along too and make a spring picnic.

The group of hot sulphur-springs, so useful on wash-days, was a famed resort for sick people, who drank the water, and also buried themselves up to the neck in the soft mud of the slope below the spring, where the waste waters ran. Their friends brought them in litters and scooped out a hole for them, then put boughs overhead to shelter them from the hot sun, and placed food and fresh water within reach, leaving them sometimes thus from sunrise to sunset. The Paso Robles and Gilroy Springs were among the most famous on the coast in those days, and after the annual *rodeos* people often went there to camp and to use the waters. But many writers have told about the medicinal virtues of the various California springs, and I need not enlarge upon the subject. To me, at least, one of the dearest of my childish memories is the family expedition from the great thick-walled adobe, under the olive and fig trees of the Mission, to the *Agua Caliente* in early dawn, and the late return at twilight, when the younger children were all asleep in the slow carreta, and the Indians were singing hymns as they drove the linen-laden horses down the dusky ravines.

Guadalupe Vallejo.

CALIFORNIANA.

Trading with the Americans.

IN the autumn of 1840 my father lived near what is now called Pinole Point, in Contra Costa County, California. I was then about twelve years old, and I remember the time because it was then that we saw the first American vessel that traded along the shores of San Pablo Bay. One afternoon a horseman from the Peraltas, where Oakland now stands, came to our ranch, and told my father that a great ship, a ship "with two sticks in the center," was about to sail from Yerba Buena into San Pablo and Suisun, to buy hides and tallow.

The next morning my father gave orders, and my brothers, with the peons, went on horseback into the mountains and smaller valleys to round up all the best cattle. They drove them to the beach, killed them there, and salted the hides. They tried out the tallow in some iron kettles that my father had bought from one of the Vallejos, but as we did not have any bar-

rels, we followed the common plan in those days. We cast the tallow in round pits about the size of a cheese, dug in the black adobe and plastered smooth with clay. Before the melted tallow was poured into the pit an oaken staff was thrust down in the center, so that by the two ends of it the heavy cake could be carried more easily. By working very hard we had a large number of hides and many pounds of tallow ready on the beach when the ship appeared far out in the bay and cast anchor near another point two or three miles away. The captain soon came to our landing with a small boat and two sailors, one of whom was a Frenchman who knew Spanish very well, and who acted as interpreter. The captain looked over the hides, and then asked my father to get into the boat and go to the vessel. Mother was much afraid to let him go, as we all thought the Americans were not to be trusted unless we knew them well. We feared they would carry my father off and keep him a prisoner. Father said, however, that it was all right: he went

and put on his best clothes, gay with silver braid, and we all cried, and kissed him good-by, while mother clung about his neck and said we might never see him again. Then the captain told her: "If you are afraid, I will have the sailors take him to the vessel, while I stay here until he comes back. He ought to see all the goods I have, or he will not know what to buy." After a little my mother let him go with the captain, and we stood on the beach to see them off. Mother then came back, and had us all kneel down and pray for father's safe return. Then we felt safe.

He came back the next day, bringing four boat-loads of cloth, axes, shoes, fish-lines, and many new things. There were two grindstones and some cheap jewelry. My brother had traded some deerskins for a gun and four tooth-brushes, the first ones I had ever seen. I remember that we children rubbed them on our teeth till the blood came, and then concluded that after all we liked best the bits of pounded willow root that we had used for brushes before. After the captain had carried all the hides and tallow to his ship he came back, very much pleased with his bargain, and gave my father, as a present, a little keg of what he called Boston rum. We put it away for sick people.

After the ship sailed my mother and sisters began to cut out new dresses, which the Indian women sewed. On one of mine mother put some big brass buttons about an inch across, with eagles on them. How proud I was! I used to rub them hard every day to make them shine, using the tooth-brush and some of the pounded egg-shell that my sisters and all the Spanish ladies kept in a box to put on their faces on great occasions. Then our neighbors, who were ten or fifteen miles away, came to see all the things we had bought. One of the Moragas heard that we had the grindstones, and sent and bought them with two fine horses.

Soon after this I went to school, in an adobe, near where the town of San Pablo now stands. A Spanish gentleman was the teacher, and he told us many new things, for which we remember him with great respect. But when he said the earth was round we all laughed out loud, and were much ashamed. That was the first day, and when he wrote down my name he told me that I was certainly "La Cantinera, the daughter of the regiment." Afterward I found out it was because of my brass buttons. One girl offered me a beautiful black colt she owned for six of the buttons, but I continued for a long time to think more of those buttons than of anything else I possessed.

MARTINEZ.

Prudencia Higuera.

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Bunnell, in the September CENTURY, writes an interesting account of his discovery of the Yosemite, March 5, 1851. I am sorry to despoil him of the honor of being the first

discoverer, but a truthful regard for history makes it my duty to fix an earlier date.

During the month of January, 1851, I was making a tour of observation along the western slope of the Sierra of California in company with Professor Forrest Shepard of New Haven, Conn., and Professor Nooney, formerly of Western Reserve College, Ohio. Between the 12th and 15th of January we halted at the trading post established by Coulter, who was then and there doing a prosperous business in selling supplies to the gold miners in the vicinity. The locality, I believe, is now known as Coulterville, and is about twenty-five miles west of the Yosemite Cañon. We stopped there overnight, and during our stay heard from some of the men assembled in Coulter's store the following incidents, of which they said they had been witnesses or participants.

There had been some friction and disturbance in the relations of Indians and whites, but the open and general hostility which gave occasion for the subsequent movements of the "Mariposa Battalion" had not commenced at the time of our visit. The first serious quarrel occurred a few days before, when six Indians came to a trading tent in the Coulter camp and a drunken ruffian from Texas, without any reasonable cause, stabbed to the heart the chief of their party. The other five Indians with their bows and arrows at once shot the Texan, and having killed him retreated to the forest. Two nights later a pack of sixteen mules were stolen from Coulter's corral and driven off into the mountains by Indians.

Great excitement prevailed, and a company of about one hundred men from the camp and vicinity armed themselves and started on the trail. They followed the tracks into the great cañon and surprised the Indians, who had already converted the mules into jerked meat and had hung it up to dry. They had the satisfaction of slaughtering a large number of the Indians, with their squaws and papooses. They noticed especially the grandeur that surrounded the battlefield. They had returned from the expedition just before our arrival. In narrating their story they gave no name to the cañon, but gave us a description such as could apply to no place on earth other than the Yosemite. I made no record of the names of these discoverers, for what with the big trees, big lumps of gold, and other wonders that were seen and heard of daily, a big rift in the mountains would not be thought exceptional or extraordinary.

If Mr. Coulter or any of his associates are still living they can probably give the names, besides adding other valuable information.

I fix the date of the fight at the Yosemite, and thus of the discovery by the company of men who went from Coulter's January 10, 1851, as proximate, if not exact, both from memory and from corroborative records.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Julius H. Pratt.



"Yes, Jonathan Rogers," stammered Mr. Beech, grasping his hand with an agitated heartiness; "they expected you all along; yes, Jonathan."

The smart of an honest pity lent a curious awkwardness to Mr. Beech's attitude, as he stood divided between hospitality and apprehension.

The stranger shrank slightly from the cold wind, and shivered again, as if with a deeper chill.

"I want to see the old folks; I want my mother!" he stammered brusquely, with an eagerness that struggled pitifully with shame.

There was a silence, which I interrupted.

"You can see the old folks," I announced, planting myself before him. "I saw them just now, in the front room. They've lain down and covered up their faces to go bye-byes, but Mrs. Beech says they've gone to heaven," I ended, debatingly.

Mrs. Beech, with a smothered cry, hid her face in her apron, and rocked her body back and forth. The sailor started, and made an uncertain step. Mr. Beech caught him, and drew him within, and Sally and I followed him with our eyes as the keeper opened the door of the silent room for him and closed it after him.

Esther Bernon Carpenter.

CALIFORNIANA.

A California Lion and a Pirate.

[THE lady Maria Antonia Pico, who afterwards became the mother of General Manuel Castro and Don Juan B. Castro, was born in Monterey, in 1802. She told to her children and grandchildren the following story of the arrival of the privateer Bouchard, who frightened all the Spanish settlers in 1818. The story is given here exactly as taken by me from the lips of an old Spanish woman in Castroville, who had often heard it related by Mrs. Castro, the mother of the general.—CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.]

It was about the middle of November, 1818, and I was sixteen years of age. A vessel brought the report to Monterey that a whole fleet of pirates were coming. Every one, in great fright, commenced to move and hide the most valuable things. Carts were used to carry them to the ranches. My father was not at home, but my mother and I packed many articles in rawhide bags, to send them twelve miles inland to the *cañada prieta*, or black ravine. My brother, sister, and myself went with the carts; mother was to come next day, with a servant. Night came on before we fairly started, and it began to rain, for it was late in the year, and the first frosts were in the deeper cañons. As we went on the rain grew worse; the oxen wanted to turn about because of the rain in their faces, but we three children pushed on to carry out our mother's orders. About midnight we reached a large, broken oak tree where our mother had told us to camp. We let the oxen loose to graze, and crawled under the cart, wet to the skin.

My little sister was afraid of bears in the chaparral. I tried to comfort her, but she would not listen; she was sure we would be eaten up, and at last her persistence frightened my little brother till he cried out. In an hour or so they went to sleep beside me, but I lay awake and wished that my father and the men-servants had been at home. They were all in the hills, gathering up the cattle. Though I had been over the road many times, it had never before seemed at all dangerous. While I was thinking of these things a wild, strange noise was heard approaching, and one of our oxen, running through the thicket, fell over the

tongue of the cart, rose, ran a little way off, and again fell, with a scream. I knew that something must have attacked the animals; I believed it was a big bear. We heard the other ox rushing into a gulch, and we all three sat up and said our prayers to the saints, to be delivered from *El Feroz*, which was the name the hunters had given to a very large and dangerous grizzly that was known to roam about this cañon of the broken oak. I did not remember it until we had camped there, or indeed until the oxen made such an uproar, but now I was very sure it was nothing but *El Feroz*.

The morning was dawning when this happened, and in a few minutes I could see a hundred feet down the cañon. An indistinct form began to be revealed here, and I hushed the children to watch and listen. There, as we soon saw, was a large California lion, or puma, pulling the meat from one of our oxen. Then I hoped that mother, and José, the peon, might soon come along the trail. José, who carried a gun, and was a brave man, would kill the wild animal, but we could see no one to help us. I whispered to the others to lie still, because we had no place to hide in, nor was it any use to try to climb a tree, for the California lion will climb like a cat. So we saw the lion finish his meal on our ox. It grew very light, near sunrise, before he took any notice of us, where we sat under the ox-cart. As soon as he saw us he walked up very close, with a curious, wondering expression on his face, and went all about the cart, looking us over, and making a purring sound. We sat close and had our arms about one another, but we did not say a word. He then came up so close that I felt his breath on me, and finally he put his nose against my ankle. I had no stockings on, only home-made shoes, and his nose felt very strange, and made me expect to be eaten up at once. But I thought it best to lie still, and not cry out. After what seemed a long time, the lion went back and lay down by the dead ox, about a hundred feet distant, keeping his eyes on us most of the time. He sometimes walked around the ox; then he went off a little way to a spring; then he came back and walked around the cart. At last he lay down again by the ox, shut his eyes, and seemed

asleep. The sun was now high, and we were very hungry and thirsty, but when we moved a little to rest our limbs the lion opened his eyes and looked very bad.

We lay there under the cart all the morning, and until about the middle of the afternoon, and the lion lay under the shade of a tree, watched us, ate some more beef, and went to the spring as often as he chose. Then about three o'clock mother and José, the peon, came down from the coast way, and when they were on the ridge they could look into the cañon and see the whole situation at a glance—the lion, the dead ox, the cart, and the three of us huddled together under it. José ran forward and fired two shots, wounding the lion, but he got away in the rocks.

Since one of our oxen was dead, and the other had escaped, we hid our goods as best we could in the bushes. Then mother told me, as we made a camp, that she had forgotten a family book, with writing of her father's in it. It was on a shelf in the house, and she wanted to ride back to obtain it. I told her that I was not afraid to go; so, after we had our meal, I mounted her horse, and galloped off for Monterey. After a little time I heard a cannon shot, then another, and then a great many. I thought that now the pirates had come, and would perhaps land, and burn the town and our house; so I rode faster. At last I reached the *lomita* near the Plaza de Doña Brigida, and there were boats and men on the beach. Some of the houses were on fire, and that seemed dreadful. I turned a little and rode across the ridge, and down a cañon to our own house, which was about a mile from the beach, and I ran in and found the old book where mother said, and wrapped it in a piece of calfskin to tie behind the saddle. But when I went out of the door I saw my horse running off, frightened at the noise of the firing.

It was very hard to know what to do. There was no other horse at the house—all had been turned loose. I ran over a little hill to the next ranch house, but all the people had gone. Then the firing stopped, and pretty soon I heard a band of music, and the next minute a man dashed by on horseback and shouted to me that Ignacio Vallejo was a prisoner and that all the people had fled. I determined to catch a horse somehow, but just as I was planning how it might be done two men came out of the bushes and spoke to me. They were armed strangers, and very wild, so I fell on my knees and prayed them to do me no harm. One of them asked me my name, and why I was there; so I told him and showed the book, but I did not reveal the course to our other ranch. He laughed and said I was a good girl, and he sent his man to catch my horse. Then he dismounted while I still knelt there by the doorway of the deserted *adobe*, hardly believing my own eyes, and he came up to me and kissed me on the forehead and called me *Señorita*, which frightened me very much. Then the man came up with my horse, and I looked at the leader of the two, and asked what he was going to do with me?

He looked at me and swore a great oath. "My girl," he said, "you are more brave than some of your people were on the beach when we landed. You shall go back." He put me on my horse, and kissed my hand, and said, "Ride fast; there are others of Bou-chard's men who would not treat you so well." I thanked him briefly, and he added as he let go the bridle that his name was Pedro Condré, and that he already

had two wives on board his ship, or he would have taken me there. This last saying made me ride in great terror and with frightful speed down the gulches and up the hills. When I reached mother's camp I was crying, and so terribly excited that I could not say anything but "Hasten, hasten!" We left all our things hidden in the bushes, and went on to the Salinas. We met many families of fugitives. For nearly two weeks we lived in huts near the river, but early in December the frightened people began to move back to Monterey.

The padres had the floors and walls of all the houses sprinkled with holy water before any one would live there again. At Christmas time the good padre called me out before the congregation and gave me a gold cross because of what he called my courage with the lion and with the pirate. It does not seem to me that I was very brave, for I only took things as they happened, but I was very much pleased with the cross and the words of praise.

[After the narrative of the late

Maria Antonia Castro.]

A Carnival Ball at Monterey in 1829.¹

THE first carnival ball that I ever attended took place near Monterey about 1829, when I was *Señorita* Brigida Cañes. I do not remember my age at the time, but I think I was about eighteen. I was invited by a friend in Monterey to visit her, as she had arranged to give a carnival ball, as was the custom of the country. I left my home with the usual attendants at about eleven o'clock the day before, for our ranch was many miles distant. We met numbers of persons going to the party, all on horseback, and full of gaiety and youthfulness such as only a race that lives outdoors in such a climate as California, and without cares or troubles, can show. The pranks of the gentlemen were so numerous and so amusing that it makes me laugh now to think of them. Every one could ride perfectly, and could pick up a leaf or a flower from the ground as he galloped past. Good riding was expected as a matter of course. On this occasion they all had red, black, and green paint (for the most part colored earths, powdered), and *cascarones* (egg-shells filled with finely cut gold and silver paper), and vials of different colored liquids, all harmless. It was the great sport to ride against each other, each endeavoring to stain his opponent's face while himself escaping. As we neared Monterey the carnival spirit grew wilder, and the ladies' dresses and faces suffered, but we all took it in good part.

On our arrival at the ranch near Monterey where the festivities took place we found every one already dancing. The assembled guests, rushing to us, lifted us from our horses and led us in, smearing our faces with more paint and breaking *cascarones* on our heads with much laughter, while we defended ourselves in the same manner. It was my first experience of so wild a scene, and the red, green, and black paint on my face made me uglier than a Yuma Indian. But as long as others were in as bad a case, I could not complain.

A few minutes later a Mexican colonel came in and was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve ladies,

¹ See "The Cascarone Ball," by Mary Hallock Foote, in *THE CENTURY* for August, 1879 (Old Series).—EDITOR.

and in a moment his face, cravat, and vest looked like a rainbow. There was a severe struggle between his politeness and his dignity; but he remembered the old adage, yielded to the inevitable, allowed himself to be carried by the whimsical current, and played his part in the grotesque farce. I also had a little courage, and I went up and cracked a cascarone on the young officer's head, but he was so busy rubbing the paint from his face that my faint-hearted attack passed unnoticed.

Next came the old alcalde of Monterey, a very stiff and dignified man. The first one to attempt to meddle with him was the governor's secretary, who was so awkward that he hurt the alcalde's face, and they retired to the courtyard of the ranch-house. This frightened the hostess, who feared a quarrel, and she went out at once. Of course their warm words stopped immediately and they came in together, but the old alcalde kept his face and dignity unchanged the rest of the night and no one lifted a cascarone against him.

The next arrival was a beautiful lady, almost a stranger to us all, but known in Monterey as "La Española," because she had recently come from Spain. She came to me, and in a very sweet voice asked me to uncork a cologne bottle that she carried in her hands, which I in my simplicity did. Then every one laughed as she sprinkled me from head to foot with the contents. She came in an elegant ball dress, but in a moment the roses and lilies of her beautiful face and neck were hidden under red, black, and green paint laid on heavily. She broke many cascarones, and she also had two bottles, one of cologne for the ladies, and one of scented ammonia for the gentlemen who were most conspicuous in the assault. At last she made her prayer, "*por el amor de Dios*," and every one ceased, with gracious bows and smiles, leaving her to put on her dancing slippers.

All this was in the afternoon. Then we washed our hands and faces and sat down to a banquet in the old adobe. After that came more dancing. The annual carnival ball was a great feature of the social life of the times, and often lasted all night. The wild revel of the earlier part of the ball was succeeded by the most courtly behavior.

Brigida Briones.

A Spanish Girl's Journey from Monterey to Los Angeles.

EARLY in the winter of 1829 my father, who had long expected an appointment under the governor, received a letter from Los Angeles saying that his papers were in the hands of the authorities there, and would only be delivered in person. He decided to take my mother and myself with him and go overland, without waiting for the yearly vessel from Yerba Buena which would soon be due at Monterey, where we were staying. It was nearly Christmas when we began the journey. Word was sent ahead by a man on horseback to some of the smaller ranches at which we meant to stop, so that we were expected. A young American who had reached the coast with letters from the city of Mexico heard of our plans, and came to my father to ask if he might travel with us to Los Angeles, which was easily arranged. He did not know a word of Spanish, and I have often laughed at some of his experiences on the road, owing to his ignorance of our ways and speech. At one house the señora gave him some fruit, whereupon he handed her two reals, which she let

fall on the floor in surprise, while the old don, her husband, fell upon his knees and said in Spanish, "Give us no money, no money at all; everything is free in a gentleman's house!" A young lady who was present exclaimed in great scorn, "*Los Ingleses pagar por todos!*" ("The English pay for everything.") I afterward told the American what they had said, and explained the matter as well as I could, but he thought it a foolish thing that no one, not even servants, would take money for services. We several times met grown people, and heads of families, who had never heard any language except Spanish, and who did not know, in fact, that any other language existed. They were really afraid of our American, and once I was asked if there were any other people like him.

Our route took us up the Salinas Valley and over the mountains to the coastal valleys and the Missions. At San Miguel we found everything prepared for a jubilee over the prosperous year. The men walked about and fired off their carbines and home-made fireworks, while the padres' servant swung a burning oaken brand in the air, and lighted a few rockets. Inside the church the Indian choir was singing. We saw it all, until about ten o'clock that night; then the alcalde of the village came with fresh horses, and we went on, as it was very pleasant traveling.

The young American picked up some words in Spanish; he could say "*Gracias*," "*Si, señor*," and a few other phrases. One day we passed a very ugly Indian woman, and he asked me how to ask her how old she was. Out of mischief I whispered, "*Yo te amor*," which he said at once, and she, poor creature, immediately rose from her seat on the ground and replied, "*Gracias, Señor, pero soy indio*" ("but I am an Indian"), which gave us sport till long after. The next day our companion gave me a lesson in English by way of revenge. It was the day before Christmas, and we had reached San Buenaventura. It was a holiday for every one. After mass all the men and boys assembled on horseback in front of the church, with the padre and the alcalde at their head. They rode about in circles like a circus, fired guns, beat drums, and shouted. I thought it was very fine, and by signs I asked my American friend how he liked it, and he answered, "Dam-fools!" with such energy that I supposed they were words of praise. Indeed, I used the bad words as very proper English for a year or two, until I learned better, when I was of course much mortified.

When near Los Angeles we had the nearest approach to an adventure of our whole journey. We spent the night at a ranch-house. As I was the young lady of the party, the hostess gave up her own private room to me. At the end of it was an alcove with a window, and in front of the window stood a shrine, with wax figures of the holy Virgin and the child Christ. Before them were vases, and fresh wild-flowers from the hills—the golden poppies, the first blue "baby eyes," and the white "star-flowers," that bloom at Christmas time.

To judge from appearances the only shrine to which our host was devoted was the cockpit, for the courtyard of the adobe was fairly lined with rows of the "blooded birds" so popular at that time with many wealthy rancheros, each one tied to a stake by his leg, and being trained for the battlefield. The young American, who, like many other foreigners, took up with our bad customs more easily than with our good ones, was

greatly delighted when he saw the rows of fighting cocks in the yard. He offered to buy one, but the owner thought them too precious to sell. At last, by signs, he wagered a dollar on the homeliest of the lot. The host, accepting the wager, released his favorite. Instead of fighting, the two birds went through the window into the room I had occupied, and that with such force that there was a crash, and a mixture of feathers, wax saints, and flowers on the floor. Our host turned pale, and rushed in to disentangle his pets, while the American jumped up and down on a porch, shouting, "*Bueno! bueno!*" The birds were now fighting in earnest, but the host separated them, gave them to a servant, mounted the saddled horse which always stood ready, day or night, and, with a faint "*Adios*" to me, disappeared. He knew what he was about, as events proved, for the rage of his wife when she saw the broken shrine was something terrible. The moment she came on the scene she cried out, "Where is he?" and going into the inner courtyard she began to release the game-cocks, which hastened to hide in the nearest shelter. The next morning, when we took our departure, the master of the house had not yet returned, and the mistress was endeavoring to restore the shrine.

Amalia Sibrian.

A Glimpse of Domestic Life in 1827.

THE ladies of Monterey in 1827 were rarely seen in the street, except very early in the morning on their way to church. We used to go there attended by our servants, who carried small mats for us to kneel upon, as there were no seats. A tasteful little rug was considered an indispensable part of our belongings, and every young lady embroidered her own. The church floors were cold, hard, and damp, and even the poorer classes managed to use mats of some kind, usually of tulle woven by the Indians.

The dress worn in the mornings at church was not very becoming; the *reboso* and the petticoat being black, always of cheap stuff, and made up in much the same way. All classes wore the same; the *padres* told us that we must never forget that all ranks of men and women were equal in the presence of the Creator, and so at the morning service it was the custom to wear no finery whatever. One mass was celebrated before sunrise, for those whose duties compelled them to be at work early; later masses took place every hour of the morning. Every woman in Monterey went daily to church, but the men were content to go once a week.

For home wear and for company we had many expensive dresses, some of silk, or of velvet, others of laces, often of our own making, which were much liked. In some families were imported laces that were very old and valuable. The rivalry between beauties of high rank was as great as it could be in any country, and much of it turned upon attire, so that those who had small means often underwent many privations in order to equal the splendor of the rich.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs for a generation in Mexico and in all the provinces, and the great difficulty of obtaining teachers, most of the girls of the time had scanty educations. Some of my playmates could speak English well, and quite a number knew

something of French. One of the gallants of the time said that "dancing, music, religion, and amiability" were the orthodox occupations of the ladies of Alta California. Visitors from other countries have said many charming things about the manners, good health, and comeliness of these ladies, but it is hardly right for any of us to praise ourselves. The ladies of the province were born and educated here; here they lived and died, in complete ignorance of the world outside. We were in many ways like grown-up children.

Our servants were faithful, agreeable, and easy to manage. They often slept on mats on the earthen floor, or, in the summer time, in the courtyards. When they waited on us at meals we often let them hold conversations with us, and laugh without restraint. As we used to say, a good servant knew when to be silent and when to put in his *cuchara* (or spoon).

Brigida Briones.

A Letter from General Sutter.

THE following letter from General Sutter to Governor Alvarado has been furnished us for publication by the kindness of the family of the latter. It gives a glimpse of the relation of the two men in 1841. The "body of American farmers" referred to were evidently the party whose experiences General Bidwell has narrated in the November CENTURY, the "young man" being "Jimmy" John.

A su Excelencia Señor Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, Gobernador Constitucional de las dos Californias, en Monterey.

EXCELLENT SIR! Allow me to write you this time in English, because I like not to make mistakes in an expression.

I have the honour to send you with this an Act, of a comitted Crime on this place; please give me your Orders what I have to do with the Delinquent which is kept as a Prisoner here.

Delinquent Henry Bee was put in Irons, but his friends bound themselves for 1000 Dollars Security, when I would take the irons from him, in which their Wishes I consented.

John Wilson, Black Jack, is well known as at life he was a bad Character, which may be something in Bee's favour.

Waiting for your Orders, I shall keep the Delinquent in Prison.

The Trapping party from the Columbia River will be here in about 8 Days, under Command of Mr. Ermtinger, I am also waiting for one of my friends a German Gentleman with the same party, I believe he travels for his pleasure.

A strong body of American farmers are coming here; a young Man of the party got lost from the party since 10 Days, nearly starved to death and on foot, he don't know which Direction the party took, I believe the will come about the Direction of the Pueblo.

I was also informed that an other Company is coming stronger than this under Mr. Fanum [Farnum].

Some very curious Rapports came to me, which made me first a little afraid, but after two hours I get over the fit.

I remain, Excellent Sir!
Very Respectfully

Your
Most Obedient Servant,
J. A. SUTTER.

NUOVA HELVETIA, November 4 de 1841.

P. S.— In a short time I will have a Secretary who is able to write Spanish.

CALIFORNIANA.

Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery.

[MARSHALL'S NARRATIVE.]

I WAS one of the "forty-niners," and worked for two years in the mines near Coloma. There I became well acquainted with Marshall, the discoverer of gold, about whom we Argonauts had so often conversed on our long and weary journey across the plains.

Coloma, the site of "Sutter's Mill," was then but a small mining village, whose straggling houses and canvas tents were scattered promiscuously along both banks of the Rio de los Americanos. At that time it was the center of numerous mining camps, and was famous for its drinking saloons and gambling booths, where miners from all the neighboring camps were accustomed to gather on Sunday to hear the news, lay in supplies for the coming week, and try their luck at monte. The cañon through which the river flowed here widened out on both sides, leaving a space of level ground on which the town was built; from this the ascent to the level land above was comparatively easy. All the rivers of California that have their rise in the Sierra Nevada run through wild cañons, from one to three thousand feet in depth. The faces of these cañons are so abrupt and steep that in a few places only can the sure-footed pack-mule zigzag its way up and down their dizzy heights. Here, at Coloma, the sides of the cañons lose their perpendicular and rugged character, and slope gently upward. For this reason long trains of pack-animals, with an occasional "prairie schooner," were daily seen descending and fording the river at the mill on their way from Sacramento to the mines still farther north.

One day, while I was taking a pencil sketch of the mill and its surroundings, Marshall came along and seated himself beside me; and there, sitting on the high bank with our feet dangling over the race, he pointed out the very spot where his eye had caught the glimmer of that first bit of gold. He was very communicative, but somewhat soured, and spoke rather freely of the heartlessness of the Government at Washington because it had not protected him in his rights as a settler. He claimed the same amount of land, six hundred and forty acres, that the first settlers had obtained in Oregon, where he had lived before he drifted southward into California. He had made nothing from his discovery, and now all this land surrounding his mill, which was his by right of settlement, was gathered up and taken from him little by little, "without leave or license." He had nothing left but the fame, which, as he naively remarked, was "neither victuals nor clothes to any one."

I fully sympathized with him in his tribulations, and finally obtained what I so much desired, a full statement of the causes which impelled him to come so far from Sutter's Fort, together with all the incidents pertaining to his great discovery. This narrative, which I penciled down at the time, I believe was the first he ever gave to any one. And it is written just as it fell from his lips, without correction or addition of any kind.

FREEPORT, PA.

VOL. XLI.—71.

Charles B. Gillespie.

"IN May, 1847, with my rifle, blanket, and a few crackers to eat with the venison (for the deer then were awful plenty), I ascended the American River, according to Mr. Sutter's wish, as he wanted to find a good site for a saw-mill, where we could have plenty of timber, and where wagons would be able to ascend and descend the river hills. Many fellows had been out before me, but they could not find any place to suit; so when I left I told Mr. Sutter I would go along the river to its very head and find the place, if such a place existed anywhere upon the river or any of its forks. I traveled along the river the whole way. Many places would suit very well for the erection of the mill, with plenty of timber everywhere, but then nothing but a mule could climb the hills; and when I would find a spot where the hills were not steep, there was no timber to be had; and so it was until I had been out several days and reached this place, which, after first sight, looked like the exact spot we were hunting.

"I passed a couple of days examining the hills, and found a place where wagons could ascend and descend with all ease. On my return to the fort I went out through the country examining the cañons and gulches, and picking out the easiest places for crossing them with loaded wagons.

"You may be sure Mr. Sutter was pleased when I reported my success. We entered into partnership; I was to build the mill, and he was to find provisions, teams, tools, and to pay a portion of the men's wages. I believe I was at that time the only millwright in the whole country. In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions, and accompanied by six men I left the fort, and after a good deal of difficulty reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp on yon little rise of ground right above the town.

"Our first business was to put up log houses, as we intended remaining here all winter. This was done in less than no time, for my men were great with the ax. We then cut timber, and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundation of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the forebay and then I left for the fort, giving orders to Mr. Weimar to have a ditch cut through the bar in the rear of the mill, and after quitting work in the evening to raise the gate and let the water run all night, as it would assist us very much in deepening and widening the tail-race.

"I returned in a few days, and found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the ditch. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible; and in the morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I would walk down, and, shutting off the water, look along the race and see what was to be done, so

that I might tell Mr. Weimar, who had charge of the Indians, at what particular point to set them to work for the day. As I was the only millwright present, all of my time was employed upon the framework and machinery.

"One morning in January,—it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning,—as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color: all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had ever seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it! This question could soon be determined. Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and did not break: it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

"When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited, and had they not thought that the gold only existed in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone. However, to satisfy them, I told them that as soon as we had the mill finished we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces—our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold.

"In about a week's time after the discovery I had to take another trip to the fort; and, to gain what information I could respecting the real value of the metal, took all that we had collected with me and showed it to Mr. Sutter, who at once declared it was gold, but thought with me that it was greatly mixed with some other metal. It puzzled us a good deal to hit upon the means of telling the exact quantity of gold contained in the alloy; however, we at last stumbled on an old American cyclopedia, where we saw the specific gravity of all the metals, and rules given to find the quantity of each in a given bulk. After hunting over the whole fort and borrowing from some of the men, we got three dollars and a half in silver, and with a small pair of scales we soon ciphered it out that there was no silver nor copper in the gold, but that it was entirely pure.

"This fact being ascertained, we thought it our best policy to keep it as quiet as possible till we should have finished our mill. But there was a great number of disbanded Mormon soldiers in and about the fort, and when they came to hear of it, why it just spread like

wildfire, and soon the whole country was in a bustle. I had scarcely arrived at the mill again till several persons appeared with pans, shovels, and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we would not permit. As fast as one party disappeared another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them. I sent them all off in different directions, telling them about such and such places, where I was certain there was plenty of gold if they would only take the trouble of looking for it. At that time I never imagined that the gold was so abundant. I told them to go to such and such places, because it appeared that they would dig nowhere but in such places as I pointed out, and I believe such was their confidence in me that they would have dug on the very top of yon mountain if I had told them to do so.

"The second place where gold was discovered was in a gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the South Fork of the American River a little above the junction of the Middle and South forks. The diggings at Hangtown [now Placerville] were discovered next by myself, for we all went out for a while as soon as our job was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and thus in a very short time we discovered that the whole country was but one bed of gold. So there, stranger, is the entire history of the gold discovery in California—a discovery that has not as yet been of much benefit to me."

Confirming the Gold Discovery.

SOMETIME in March, 1848, vague rumors of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill found their way to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at that time a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. The writer of this was editing and printing with his own hands a small weekly paper in the town, the first that had been started there, and when the reports of gold on the Rio de los Americanos began to multiply he deemed it to be in the line of his duty to go and investigate the wonder.

It was a seven days' journey by sloop or "launch," as the Sacramento River carrier of that day was called, from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort, and the party, consisting of the editor and two friends, reached the "embarcadero" of Sutter's Fort,—that is to say, the river landing,—where Sacramento now stands, in the early part of April. One of Sutter's Indians apprized the captain of our coming, and, as was his invariable custom on the arrival of strangers, he caused saddled horses in charge of vaqueros to be sent to convey the new-comers to the fort. Its proprietor met us at the entrance, hat in hand, and gave us his usual whole-hearted welcome. He was then a man of about forty-six years of age, gray and venerable in appearance, but erect, and of ruddy countenance, his mild, blue eye lighted with benevolence, and his simple, guileless nature manifesting itself in every act and expression. After seeing us made comfortable, he set before us a hearty meal of the beef and frijoles of the country, and we announced that we had come to see the gold-mine which it was reported he and Marshall had opened on the American River.

He not only readily assented, but offered to provide horses, provisions, and attendants for our journey, and also to go with us in person to the spot. It may have been that he had not the faith of his partner Marshall in the extent and permanency of the newly discovered "diggings," but those who knew Sutter well will see in the incident the overflowing kindness of heart and the unselfish generosity that characterized his whole life.

At sunrise the next morning we took the road to the lumber camp, distant a good day's ride from the fort. Captain Sutter's two Indian body-servants preceded us with extra saddle-horses and a pack-animal carrying provisions and camp equipage. Our party, consisting of the captain, mounted on a favorite riding-mule, and my two friends and myself, on native horses, followed at a good gait, though at this period of his life Captain Sutter was not an overbold rider, and in fording streams and crossing marshy places was careful almost to timidity. I remember well his appearance under his broad-brimmed hat, and carrying under his arm his gold-headed cane. At one point on the road, where it led through a stony bog, his mule made a misstep, and I heard her rider expostulate in a low tone: "God bless me, Katy! Now den, child! De oder foot. So!"

We reached the fork of the American, on which the saw-mill was being erected, early in the afternoon. During our ride we had not seen a human being, and had passed but one house. The camp of the millwright and lumbermen was in a beautiful grove of pines on the side of a long hill sloping to the river. This "long hill of Coloma" became memorable not many months afterward, when freight wagons and stages came into use, for its wearisomeness, occasionally relieved by a runaway among the half-trained bronco teams. The mill, now so famous in history, was at the foot of this hill, on the edge of the stony bar that stretched out to the river. The race, in which the first gold was found, ran along the bank just above the level of the bar, but both bar and race were flooded now from the sudden and unusual rise in the river; work was stopped at the mill, and the lumbermen were idle in the camp.

Riding up to the camp, Captain Sutter saluted the men with his characteristic politeness and cordiality, and introduced our party to Marshall. "These gentlemen have come to see der gole-mines, Mr. Marshall," he said; and then, seeing the vexed and disappointed look that came into the latter's face, he added that we were his friends, and showed by his open manner that so far as we were concerned, at least, there need be no secrecy about the gold. But Marshall would not be propitiated, and gave us only gruff and evasive replies to our inquiries about the locality where it was to be found.

"You 'll find it anywhere you 're a mind to dig for it down there," said he, half extending his arm in the direction of the river. Some months later this

proved to be literally true, but it was very misleading to our unpractised party at that time, and we searched diligently until near sundown in most impracticable places. Only one of us was rewarded by the "color": Major P. B. Reading washed out a few grains with an Indian basket and thought himself very poorly paid for his labor.

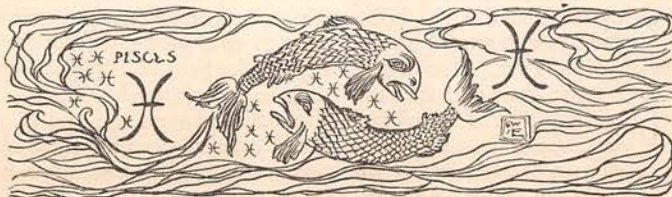
After supper we gathered about the camp-fire, and the Indians of the neighborhood, having heard of Captain Sutter's arrival, came, as was their custom, to see him, dropping in by twos and threes until we had nearly all the principal men of the Coloma bands before us. Then an old chief arose and began to harangue the captain, warning him against looking for the gold, which he declared was very "bad medicine." He said his ancestors had known all about it; that it existed all through the mountains, but that it belonged to a demon, who devoured all who searched for it. This demon inhabited a lake in the mountains the shores of which were lined with gold. All our dusky friends agreed with the speaker that it was a very awful thing to meddle with the gold. We afterward came to the conclusion that the early Mission fathers had learned of the existence of gold, and, wishing to keep the knowledge secret and prevent its value becoming known among their Indian catechumens, had invented this fable of the demon to work upon their superstitious fears. But the old chief was a true prophet as to the disastrous effects of the newly discovered gold on the fortunes of poor Sutter and of the simple-minded and hospitable Spanish rancheros who then dwelt at ease on the land.

We returned to the fort the next day. On our way through the foothills we had another illustration of Captain Sutter's unbounded generosity. Crossing the beautiful little valley through which Weber Creek flowed, one of our party expressed his admiration of the spot in such warm terms that our host offered to present a deed of the land to him. From the fort we returned to San Francisco, and in the columns of the "California Star" of the following Saturday appeared the first veritable announcement of the discovery of gold, coupled with half a column of serious advice to farmers, mechanics, and all who were plying their trade successfully to stick to their calling and let the gold-mines severely alone. This was the first investigation of the gold-mines in California, and the first visit by Captain Sutter to the scene of the discovery which laid open the wonders of that region to the world.

E. C. Kemble.

Erratum.

ON page 791 of the September CENTURY, in Mr. Fitch's article "How California came into the Union," an instance of heterophemy occurs in the substitution of September 29 for October 29, the date of the first formal celebration of the admission of California.



and he deposited it in his bullet pouch; but subsequently finding it in his way in approaching a band of buffaloes, he thoughtlessly threw it away. The following year, when at Santa Fé, he was emptying his pouch, and among its contents several bright particles which had become detached from the rock attracted the attention of the Mexicans. These were carefully gathered up, and after examination proved to be virgin gold. The old trapper on his return sought for the source of the treasure, but was unable to find it.

John Hawken, an adventurous and daring trapper with whom I became intimately acquainted, told me that seven years before he was trapping with a companion upon Salt River, about one hundred and twenty miles above its mouth, which empties into the Gila after its confluence with the San Francisco,

below the Pino village. While there they fell in with a party of Apaches, with one of whom they traded for a parcel of yellow metal which he called *oro*, and which he told them he obtained at a place half a day's travel from where they were and where he said there was *mucho*; but he did not specify further, for the other Indians threatened to kill him if he revealed the locality or made any further disclosures. This being the first native gold Hawken had seen, he was not sure of its identity; but on the opinion of his companion, who had seen it before, they took it with them to Taos, and it proved to be nine dollars in value of pure gold.

We heard here very extravagant accounts of the gold brought from California by those returning from there; some, as they said, having come back with mule loads of the dust.

Micajah McGehee.

CALIFORNIANA.

Montgomery and Frémont: New Documents on the Bear Flag Affair.

THERE have lately been put into my hands by the editor of *THE CENTURY* certain original documents of decided importance for the history of the seizure of California. I have been asked to examine these and to summarize a portion of their contents, a thing which I the more readily do because they serve to set in a clearer light than heretofore the honorable conduct of an officer whose part in the seizure of California was a difficult and delicate one, and who himself did his duty so well and so modestly that he has in the past altogether escaped the celebrity that has fallen to the lot of other persons surely not more deserving. This officer, Commander (afterward Rear-Admiral) John B. Montgomery, was in 1846 in command of the United States ship *Portsmouth*. His ship visited California in 1845; returned in October to the southern Mexican coast; was at Mazatlan October 16, 1845, and at Guaymas December 2; and returned again to California, under Sloat's orders, in the spring of 1846. The purpose of her coming was to inquire into the alarming reports that had gone southward concerning the quarrel of March between Frémont and Castro. She reached Monterey towards the end of April, later passing on to San Francisco; and she lay in the harbor of San Francisco until after the raising of the American flag at that port on July 9, a date two days later than the seizure of Monterey. Montgomery's stay at San Francisco thus covered the entire time of the Bear Flag episode. From him Captain Frémont obtained, through Lieutenant Gillespie, supplies to enable him "to continue his explorations" and to accomplish his other peaceful duties during that now famous affair. To him, in fact, Captain Frémont also wrote, as he himself declares in his letter to Senator Benton of July 25, 1846 (see Frémont's "Memoirs," p. 546), "describing to him fully my position and intentions, in order that he might not unwittingly commit himself in

affording me other than such assistance as his instructions would authorize him naturally to offer an officer charged with an important public duty; or, in fine, to any citizen of the United States." To Montgomery also General Vallejo appealed by messenger after the Bear Flag men had made the general their prisoner. From Montgomery Castro demanded an account of what the Bear Flag meant, and of what part the United States Government had therein; and meanwhile the Bear Flag men themselves were begging him for counsel and encouragement; and every officer on board the *Portsmouth* was longing for the coming of Sloat and for the end of this tedious attitude of neutrality. In this trying position Montgomery kept his head, and did his duty with a firmness that the documents before me put in a very clear light. These documents are, (1) extracts from Montgomery's private diary, (2) copies of the official correspondence of the commander, with letters to and from Larkin, Frémont, Castro, Gillespie, and others. Of these letters some have previously been known, through the papers of Consul Larkin, and otherwise. Several are also printed in Frémont's "Memoirs," although the aforesaid letter of Captain Frémont to Montgomery, "describing to him fully my position and intentions," has been, as I believe, heretofore unknown, and furnishes the most characteristic and interesting addition to our previous knowledge that is contained among these papers.

There is space here for only a very brief account of the substance of the extracts from Montgomery's diary. The earlier extracts concern the visit to California in 1845. At Monterey, Montgomery interviewed Consul Larkin, and "learned from him that American interests were perfectly secure, and little probability of their being interrupted in any way unless by a war with Mexico." There was indeed some talk between the two concerning the supposed English designs upon California, and Larkin told Montgomery of a reported subsidy that was to be paid by England to Mexico for

the support of the new troops that were to be sent to California. These rumors, to be sure, have long been known to students of this period of California history. It is interesting to find that both Larkin and Montgomery at the moment believed them; although there is indeed little evidence for their truth, and although Montgomery learned of no very authoritative source for them. In October, Montgomery, then at Acapulco, notes the failure of the Mexican plan to send troops to California, a failure which he attributes to "the supineness of the Government and want of funds." It is certain that whatever the English intrigues of those days may have been with regard to California, one in vain looks for evidence of any decisive movement of any sort resulting from them. On April 23, 1846, Montgomery, then just arrived at Monterey, received information from Larkin "that the commercial and other interests of the United States continued safe, having experienced no interruption or annoyance since our visit in October last." As the quarrel of March between Frémont and Castro was now a matter of very recent history, and as Montgomery had come especially to find out about it, one reads this statement with some surprise, but finds the explanation in words which follow a little later, in the same entry of the diary, after a brief statement of the nature of the March quarrel itself: "It is here well understood that no real attack upon the camp of Captain Frémont was contemplated by General Castro when he directed this movement, but that it was done with the view only of furnishing materials for forming a high-sounding, flaming despatch to the central government of Mexico." "Mr. Larkin informed me," continues Montgomery, "that the unsettled condition of California seems to point to a necessity, and naturally produces in the public mind an expectation, of a speedy political change of some kind; and that the feeling is rife that California is soon to be governed by England or the United States, predilections being divided." The diary adds that, in Larkin's opinion, the native and Mexican population of the country would find a "change under either" England or the United States "acceptable," and that if the war with Mexico should come to pass there would be no great trouble in securing the prize for our own flag. On April 29 Montgomery is "informed by the consul that General Castro is troubled with suspicions of collusion between Captain Frémont and myself, and supposes that I have sent for him to return to Monterey." On May 4 Lieutenants Bartlett and Wilson, having returned from an excursion into the interior, tell Montgomery of their pleasant reception, and say that both American residents in the vicinity of San José, and "many of the most intelligent Mexicans and Californians," "express openly their desire" for the coming of our flag, and "fearlessly speak of it" as an event "which is near at hand." Montgomery himself adds the expression of his belief in the growing chances of an easy occupation of the land. His own social relations with Castro continued good during all this time. May 9 he attended a large picnic given by Castro himself, and May 15 Castro was a guest at a ball given on shore by the wardroom officers of the *Portsmouth*. Castro's military preparations, which still continued, are correctly interpreted by Montgomery as having in the main relation to the feud between

the Commandante General and Governor Pio Pico. Rumors of Frémont's expected return continued.

We now come, however, to more exciting events. June 7 finds Montgomery in San Francisco Bay. Gillespie has just arrived, on his return from the north, bringing a requisition from Captain Frémont for supplies. Frémont himself has come back to the Sacramento Valley. His party is "nearly destitute," as appears from the letter written by Gillespie, and copied in the "Correspondence" which accompanies the diary. Gillespie's mission to the bay, and his success in getting supplies for Frémont from Montgomery, have always been known matters of our history. It is also known, from a letter summarized in my "California" (p. 106), that Gillespie represented to non-official residents at the bay that the purpose of Frémont in asking for supplies was solely to equip his party for setting out at once on his return overland. It has, however, never before been absolutely sure that Montgomery received no hint from Gillespie of Frémont's real intentions in asking for this aid. H. H. Bancroft, in Vol. V. of his "California," p. 127, can only say: "I know of no reason to suppose that Montgomery was informed by Gillespie of the revolutionary project on foot." The present papers, both diary and correspondence, put it beyond doubt that Montgomery had *no* notion of the coming outbreak. He honored in perfectly good faith the topographical engineers' requisition for necessary supplies for his scientific expedition, and on June 11 despatched the ship's launch with the desired stores. On the way up the river, on the very first day of the launch's journey, Gillespie heard of the capture of Arce's horses by the settlers, an act with which, as is known, the Bear Flag affair was begun. A hastily penciled note from him (here copied) gave the first information to Montgomery of what was afoot; but Gillespie had no intention of revealing as yet Frémont's connection with the undertaking. In the postscript to his note Gillespie writes: "I am of the opinion that the settlers have obtained decided proof of Castro's intention to have their crops burned to warrant the course they have pursued. The bearer hereof says he heard a messenger to Captain Sutter state that they had acted under advice from Captain Frémont. If such is the fact, which I very much doubt, there is positive cause for hostility on the part of the settlers." In his diary Montgomery now gives, between the 15th and the 18th of June, an interesting account of his earliest relations with the Sonoma insurgents and with their opponents. These four days were very full of news and excitement. Montgomery fully believed the settlers to be acting upon their own responsibility. His private sympathies were altogether with them. They were his countrymen, newcomers in a distant land, exposed to hardship, and now, as he thought, threatened with oppression. He believed, naturally enough, the reports which were freely circulated as to Castro's designs against them, although he knew too much to regard Castro as a very formidable foe to anybody. But meanwhile he valued the honor of his flag, and he knew the duties of a neutral. He could sympathize with the insurgents; but he could not give them aid. With an indignation which must seem to us quite pathetic, he defended Frémont, as a fellow-officer under the flag, from the fierce accusations of Castro, who wrote from Santa Clara on June 17 demanding from

the commander an explanation of Frémont's conduct. Castro pointed out that the captain of the surveying expedition, "without the formalities established among civilized nations," had invaded the country and seized Sonoma. Montgomery replied (June 18), in a tone of absolute assurance, that Frémont's expedition was solely scientific in its aims, and that it was "in no manner whatever, either by authority of the United States Government or otherwise, connected with the political movement of residents of the country at Sonoma." For Castro to assert that such a connection existed was, so Montgomery retorted, "to impugn the integrity of the United States Government." It was his turn, he suggested, to demand explanations when his flag was by implication thus dishonored. But alas for Montgomery's sincere and genuine indignation on behalf of his brother officer! Ten days later, June 28, the diary mentions a second visit of Gillespie, bringing the news that Frémont had openly joined the Bears, and was in pursuit of Torre in the San Rafael region. "This course of Captain Frémont," says Montgomery in his private diary, "renders my position as a neutral peculiarly delicate and difficult. Having avowed not only my own but Captain Frémont's entire neutrality and non-interference in the existing difficulties in the country, it can scarcely be supposed, under the circumstances, that I shall be regarded as having spoken in good faith and sincerity." In fact, as one sees, Montgomery learned that under certain circumstances one may expose his country's honor to only the more reproach by chivalrously offering his own honor in defense of his brethren in the service.

The mission of Lieutenant Misroon, whom Montgomery despatched to Sonoma as neutral and mediator, occupies considerable place in these records; as do also other well-known public incidents of those days. But there remain still two important topics upon which these documents give significant testimony. With the mention of these I must close.

First: It has always been doubtful, I believe, when the first news of the actual hostilities on the Rio Grande reached Frémont. What we have known heretofore is that Sloat at Mazatlan was informed of the beginning of active hostilities by a message that reached him May 17, and that a letter, which he at once wrote to Larkin, reached Monterey by the *Cyane* on June 19, nearly a week after the seizure of Sonoma. Up to this time Frémont himself had avoided an open union with the Bears. He had taken charge of Vallejo and the other prisoners first taken. But he had remained quiet. Yet, on the 21st, he was already making preparations to leave Sutter's Fort with his party, and on the 25th he reached Sonoma. It is, of course, interesting to learn whether the openness of Frémont's hostile proceedings from this time forth could have been due to any fresh assurance that actual war was under way on the Atlantic coast. Professor William Carey Jones, in an article recently written in defense of Frémont's conduct during the early part of the seizure of California,¹ has endeavored to make probable an earlier date for Frémont's knowledge of the hostilities on the Rio Grande than had generally been supposed likely. The present documents do not bear out his view. It appears

that, on June 20, both Larkin himself and Captain Mervine, of the *Cyane*, wrote to Montgomery from Monterey. Their two letters, written the day after the *Cyane's* arrival, together inform Montgomery that Sloat is on his way northward, and, without directly mentioning the outbreak of hostilities, speak of "important news," that "cannot be revealed," but of whose nature Montgomery shall before long be "apprised." This guarded tone was very tormenting to Montgomery, whose neutral position was daily growing more intolerable. As late as June 26 he still believed Frémont to be as neutral in conduct as himself, and so on the latter day he wrote to Frémont, transmitting the contents of Larkin's letter, as being the whole of his news. This letter, with other despatches, was sent to Frémont at Sutter's Fort under care of Lieutenant Bartlett. When Bartlett reached the fort Frémont was already with the Bears. The letter, therefore, went on to Sonoma, and was acknowledged by Frémont as late as July 5 as something new, and, as regards the facts about Sloat, very interesting. When one adds that Montgomery, writing on July 2 to Mervine, and begging for more information, says emphatically, "We have been completely cut off from all information from below [*i. e.*, from Mexico] since the 1st of April last" [*i. e.*, since Montgomery's own departure from the south], one sees the great improbability that before July 1 any one north of Monterey knew more than the little that Larkin and Mervine chose to reveal to Montgomery, and to one or two other of Larkin's confidants. And this little did *not* include information of the actual hostilities.

The second and final matter of which I spoke above is contained in the text of Frémont's letter to Montgomery, written upon the reception of the supplies brought by the launch. The letter is dated "New Helvetia," June 16, and, taken in connection with all the circumstances of the moment, it forms one of the most interesting confessions that Frémont ever chose to make of his position at the moment of his entrance upon hostilities. It will be remembered that, according to Frémont's own statement to Benton, this letter was to "describe fully" his own "position and intentions"; that it was written especially for the guidance of Montgomery, who had just shown the greatest willingness to aid the leader of the scientific exploration by every means in his power; that it was prepared after the settlers had begun, under Frémont's advice, their movement for independence; and finally, that it was written but a very few days before Frémont started to join the Bears at Sonoma. The moment was a critical one. Frémont has since asserted that he acted upon special instructions. In his "Memoirs" (p. 520) he speaks of this very time as the one when he decided "that it was," as he says, "for me rather to govern events than to be governed by them." Under these circumstances, to write to Montgomery as follows is to furnish the best possible comment upon one's own conduct. The sentence italicized in the following copy of this letter has in Montgomery's record but one word italicized, *viz.*: the word *active* in the phrase "such active and precautionary measures." I print it thus here in order that it may be set side by side in the curious reader's mind with other and later accounts that General Frémont has given

¹ See "Proceedings of the California Historical Association," Vol. I, p. 1. Professor Jones's somewhat original interpretation of the relations between Montgomery and Frémont is almost entirely set aside by these new documents.

of his instructions. Otherwise the letter appears unchanged.

NEW HELVETIA, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1846.

SIR: I had the gratification to receive on the 6th your letter of the 3d inst.; and the farther gratification to receive yesterday by the hands of Lieutenant Hunter your favor of the 10th conveying to me assurances of your disposition to do anything within the scope of your instructions to facilitate the public service in which I am engaged. In acknowledging the receipt of the stores with which you have supplied us, I beg you to receive the earnest thanks of myself and party for the prompt and active kindness, which we are all in a condition fully to appreciate. My time to-day has been so constantly engrossed that I could make no opportunity to write, and as it is now nearly midnight you will permit me to refer you to Lieutenant Hunter for an account of the condition of the country, which will doubtless have much interest for you. The people here have made some movements with the view of establishing a settled and stable government, which may give security to their persons and property. This evening I was interrupted in a note to yourself by the arrival of General Vallejo and other officers, who had been taken prisoners and insisted upon surrendering to me. The people and authorities of the country persist in connecting with me every movement of the foreigners, and I am hourly in expectation of the approach of General Castro. My position has consequently become a difficult one. The unexpected hostility which has been exercised towards us on the part of the military authorities of California has entirely deranged the plan of our survey and frustrated my intention of examining the Colorado of the Gulf of California, which was one of the principal objects of this expedition. The suffering to which my party would be unavoidably exposed at this advanced period of the year, by deprivation of water during intervals of three and four days, renders any movement in that direction impracticable.

It is therefore my present intention to abandon the farther prosecution of our exploration and proceed immediately across the mountainous country to the eastward in the direction of the head-waters of the Arkansas River, and thence to the frontier of Missouri, where I expect to arrive early in September. In order to recruit my animals and arrange my equipage for a long journey, I shall necessarily be compelled to remain here until about the 1st of July. In the mean time should anything be attempted against me, I cannot, consistently with my own feelings and respect for the national character of the duty in which I am engaged, permit a repetition of the recent insults we have received from General Castro. If, therefore, any hostile movements are made in this direction, I will most assuredly meet or anticipate them; and with such intentions I am regulating my conduct to the people here. *The nature of my instructions and the peaceful nature of our operations do not contemplate any active hostility on my part even in the event of war between the two countries; and therefore, although I am resolved to take such active and precautionary measures as I shall judge necessary for our safety, I am not authorized to ask from you any other than such assistance as, without incurring yourself unusual responsibility, you would feel at liberty to afford me.* Such an emergency could not have been anticipated in any instructions; but, between Indians on the one hand and a hostile people on the other, I trust that our government will not severely censure any efforts to which we may be driven in defense of our lives and character.

In this condition of things I can only then urgently request that you will remain with the *Portsmouth* in the Bay of San Francisco, where your presence will operate strongly to check proceedings against us; and I would feel much more security in my position should you judge it advisable to keep open a communication with me by means of your boats. In this way you would receive the earliest information, and you might possibly spare us the aid of one of your surgeons, in case of accident here. Repeating my thanks for the assistance you have rendered us, and regretting my inability to visit you on board the *Portsmouth*, I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedt. servant,

(Signed)

J. C. FRÉMONT,

Bt. Capt. Topl. Engineers, U. S. Army.

CAPT. JNO. B. MONTGOMERY,
U. S. Ship *Portsmouth*,
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The italicized sentence excludes the possibility that Frémont's instructions had the warlike nature which he has since attributed to them. In those days his only intent was to pretend that he was in danger from Castro.

These papers also contain the record of Montgomery's admirable conduct of the later blockade of Mazatlan, an affair which yet further tried his skill and his excellent discretion. The whole series of documents is a very instructive one, and I should be glad to see them all in print.

Josiah Royce.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Three Gold Dust Stories.

I.

HOW CALIFORNIA GOLD WAS SENT TO BOSTON IN 1841.

IN 1834 I was compelled, like Dana, by an affection of the eyes, to leave my class in Harvard College, which I had just entered, among whose members were James Russell Lowell, W. W. Story, the late General Devens, and others, and, after a few years of unavailing treatment, was ordered as a last resort to a tropical climate. In 1838, just after my class was graduated, I embarked from my native city of Boston for a voyage of six months round the Horn to the Hawaiian Islands, then but little known, where I lived for twenty years.

The foreign trade of Honolulu at that time consisted of cargoes from China, the regular fall ship from Boston, occasional vessels from Oregon, Australia, Mexican and South American ports, and in furnishing supplies to the large fleet of whale-ships which came to the islands to refit. The California vessels, many of which belonged to Honolulu firms, brought hides, tallow, horses, and lumber, which were exchanged for general merchandise.

In 1841 the firm of Peirce & Brewer, with which I was afterwards connected, received from Thomas O. Larkin, the well-known merchant and United States Consul at Monterey, then the capital of the province, a remittance of what he averred to be gold dust, weighing, if I remember rightly, about one hundred ounces, which he wished us to send by first opportunity to Boston, to be sold for his account. He had bought it of an Indian, who told him that Indians often found small quantities of this placer or flake gold, which they were required by the Mexican officers to deliver to them, as belonging to the Government. They were especially forbidden to dispose of it to any of the few foreigners living on the coast.

The export of gold and silver was prohibited, the small amount in the country being insufficient for its uses. Cargoes of goods were always bartered for hides, which passed at two dollars each, at which rate they were cheerfully exchanged for Yankee notions which cost from fifty to seventy-five cents in Boston.

All vessels, before obtaining a permit to trade along the coast, had to go to a Mexican port of entry, enter the cargo, and pay the heavy duties imposed. To evade the payment of these duties, which were almost prohibitory, many a shrewd game was resorted to by these keen traders. One of these was to send a vessel to Honolulu, or elsewhere, for a full cargo of merchandise, while her consort would go with her own cargo to the coast, enter, pay whatever duties could not be

evaded, and proceed with the necessary permit to barter the cargo for hides, skins, tallow, etc. Having disposed of his goods, the captain would then sail for some uninhabited island or obscure port, where he would meet by previous appointment the vessel from Honolulu with a fresh invoice of merchandise, exchange cargoes with her, and resume his trading on the coast with new goods under the original permit, the consort returning meanwhile to her port to exchange her hides, etc., for a fresh cargo of merchandise. This profitable game would be kept up as long as the custom-house authorities could be hoodwinked, or until the license expired by limitation.

The commission house of C. Brewer & Co., of which I became a partner in 1843, was one of the leading firms in Honolulu. The shipment of gold dust, of which I have spoken, made to their predecessors Peirce & Brewer in 1841, was the first gold dust ever seen at Honolulu, and of course excited much curiosity and interest. Many doubts were expressed as to its genuineness, no one having sufficient knowledge of chemistry to test its value. None of us dreamed of the wonderful treasures of which this small parcel was the precursor, or of the furor which seven years later was almost to depopulate Honolulu. The first opportunity which offered for the transshipment of this gold dust to Boston was by the whale-ship *Braganza*, Captain Waterman, which arrived at Honolulu January 27, 1842, and sailed for New Bedford February 22, with a full cargo. To Captain Waterman we intrusted the precious parcel, addressed to the senior partner, Henry A. Peirce, then living in Boston. For a year and a half the Honolulu firm were without tidings of its fate, and they almost abandoned the hope of again hearing from it.

In those days our main dependence for letters or news from the United States was *via* Cape Horn. Occasional opportunities would offer for an overland mail *via* Mexico, but the fall ship, which left Boston yearly in October, brought us our annual supply of letters, papers, etc., from "home." These, albeit not over-fresh after a five or six months' passage, were as eagerly welcomed as are now the latest telegraphic despatches seven days from Boston to Honolulu. My senior partner, also a Boston boy, in order to have the satisfaction of reading "the respectable daily" every morning, was accustomed, with rare self-control, to place the year's file of the "Daily Advertiser" beside his easy chair, with the oldest date at the top, and religiously to read one paper daily, just a year old. Placing the paper on the other side of his chair when perused, he thus not only had the satisfaction of a daily paper of the right month and day of the month, but could tell from the condition of the two piles how soon to expect the next fall ship.

The safe arrival of the *Braganza* at New Bedford was duly reported to us by the fall ship which arrived at Honolulu in the spring of 1843, but no tidings of the gold dust sent by her reached our firm. Late overland mails also failed to bring news of the shipment. The *Braganza* had sailed from New Bedford on another voyage, and no inquiries could be made of her captain.

In the spring of 1843 the quiet routine of Hawaiian life was rudely broken by a startling event. Lord George Paulet, a hot-headed young nobleman, com-

manding H. B. M. frigate *Carysfort*, misled by false representations of the acting British consul and his clique, and dazzled by visions of fame and promotion to be gained by adding another station for the "British drum-beat," took possession of the group in the name of her Majesty Victoria, pulled down the Hawaiian flag, which in its design symbolized the protection of the three great naval powers, and hoisted St. George's Cross in its stead. His lordship at once placed an embargo on the vessels in port, to prevent the harassed sovereign Kamehameha III. from sending an envoy with his complaints to England; seized the king's favorite yacht, the *Hooikaika* (Swift-runner), renamed her H. B. M. tender *Albert*, manned her with officers and crew from the *Carysfort*, and despatched her to San Blas with the late acting consul Simpson as bearer of despatches to London.

Having accepted the king's appointment as envoy to bear his protest to Queen Victoria, and his demand for the restoration of his sovereignty, of which he had unjustly been deprived, I succeeded, by a simple ruse, in smuggling myself on board the *Albert*, and thus reaching San Blas in company with Simpson, at Lord George's expense, though without his knowledge. My adventures on that mission have already been related (see "Harper's Monthly," September, 1883).

Rapidly crossing Mexico, I embarked at Vera Cruz for New Orleans, *en route* for London *via* Washington, where I had despatches to deliver for Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, from the American consul at Honolulu.

I arrived at New Orleans May 22, 1843, and went to the St. Charles, that ancient and well-known hostelry, then admirably kept by the late Charles R. Mudge, since well known as one of Boston's merchant princes, and the late Daniel C. Waterman, who afterward was a respected merchant at Honolulu. Among the thoughts that occupied my mind as I again set foot in my native land after several years' absence, that of learning the fate of the gold dust shipment in New Orleans did not find place. But here I was to learn the solution of the mystery. As I registered my name and address at the St. Charles, Mr. Waterman inquired with much interest whether I knew the firm of Peirce & Brewer, and on learning that I was connected with the firm, thus explained the delay in the delivery of the parcel sent by the *Braganza*, whose captain was his cousin. Being in New Bedford when the *Braganza* arrived from Honolulu, and about to stop a day in Boston on his return to New Orleans, he took the package with him, promising to deliver it to Mr. Peirce, the resident partner. Arriving at the Tremont House after business hours, he marked the parcel with his own name, "to be called for," and handed it to the clerk, who placed it in the safe. The next day Mr. Waterman, without a thought of the commission he had promised to execute, attended to his business in the city and left for New Orleans. Having occasion to visit Boston some months later, he was greatly chagrined to find the parcel which he had forgotten still in the hotel safe, and lost no time in delivering it, to the agreeable surprise of Mr. Peirce, who, being unable to trace it, had given it up for lost, at least until the *Braganza* should again return from a three or four years' voyage.

This little invoice of gold dust was, so far as I know, the first California gold sent to the United States for

sale. Small specimens had occasionally been sent home by visitors as curiosities, and Dana, in his "Two Years before the Mast," speaks of some having been obtained while he was there. There may have been earlier shipments, but I have no knowledge of them. And if the parcel sent by Brewer & Co. of Honolulu, the simple story of which I have here written, was not the first, it was one of the first drops of that golden stream which since 1848 has been steadily flowing, for good or for evil, from that wonderful country.

II.—THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOLD IN AUSTRALIA (1848-49).

WHEN in the autumn of 1848, at the close of a visit to my native State, I was about to embark from Boston on a wedding tour of five months *via* Cape Horn to my adopted home in the Hawaiian Islands, there came to the East the first faint rumors of the gold discoveries in California. They were received with much incredulity, and, as I was known to have been in California, I was beset with inquiries. From the experience which I have already related, I had no hesitation in declaring my conviction that gold was to be found there, but I was hardly prepared to indorse the marvellous tales that were told of its abundance.

We sailed from Boston October 16, 1848, and anchored in the harbor of Honolulu March 12, 1849. A wonderful change had taken place during my absence of eighteen months. The gold fever had broken out at the islands, and the wild rush to California had almost depopulated the place. The *dolce far niente* character of the group was gone forever, and a feverish, bustling, hurry-scurry sort of life had taken its place. More than half the white population, and many of the natives, had gone to the coast, in whatever craft they could secure a passage. Condemned hulks, which the old salts declared were but floating coffins, had been hurriedly patched up and speedily filled with freight and passengers for the new land of promise. Everything was changed. Prices of both native and foreign articles were enormously high. Wages had doubled and trebled, and employees of any kind were scarce even at these enhanced rates.

My partners had closed up our retail establishment, packed the goods into boxes, chartered the bark *Mary* at fabulous rates, loaded her with our retail stock, two small shanties in frame, and such freight as offered, and sent her to San Francisco with G. B. Post to open a mercantile establishment there. Post, for whom Post street in San Francisco was afterward named, leased a water lot on the beach from Sam Brannan, the Mormon leader, who a few years before had touched at Honolulu in the *Brooklyn*, with a ship-load of converts from the Eastern States bound for San Francisco. I heard Brannan preach in Honolulu in the Seamen's Chapel, which good Father Damon, of blessed memory, had unwittingly opened to him. Brannan and his converts established themselves in California before the gold discoveries, and he purchased land in the embryo city at nominal prices, which, rising rapidly in value, brought him enormous wealth, and at the same time quenched his enthusiasm for the spread of the true faith. Putting together his two shanties, one for a store, the other for a sleeping-room, Post put up the sign "G. B. Post & Co." (afterward S. H. Williams & Co.), which he had brought over, and went to work. The store was on

the site of the Bank of California, now six blocks from the water, but then so near that the goods from the lighters were tossed into the doorway.

In addition to this important venture in San Francisco my partners had purchased a schooner, named her the *Plymouth*, and despatched her to Sydney, Australia, with an invoice of California gold dust, sugar, etc., to purchase a cargo of clothing, blankets, provisions, etc., which were in great demand in California. The latest advices from San Francisco reported a great scarcity and fabulous prices of all these articles, and my partners were sanguine of reaping large profits from the venture. For obvious reasons, it was vital to the success of our enterprise that strict secrecy should be maintained by every one on board as to the object of the voyage, and as to the news from California, until the return cargo should be purchased. Our little craft must have a chance for a fair start of the big ships which would be sure to follow close on her heels as soon as the gold discoveries, of which the Australians were as yet serenely ignorant, should be revealed. We little thought then that so short a time would elapse before Hargraves's discovery of the Australian gold fields would cause a counter-excitement, and that not only the hordes of Australians who would flock to California on learning the news brought by the *Plymouth* would come surging back, but that thousands of restless and disappointed California miners would join in the rush for the new gold fields of Australia.

The *Plymouth*, whose commander bore the very appropriate name of Gould, sailed from Honolulu November 9, 1848, and after an uneventful voyage quietly dropped anchor in the harbor of Sydney December 20.

How well the secret was at first kept may be seen from the shipping intelligence of the Sydney "Morning Herald" of December 23, 1848, which I quote:

Arrived, December 20, the schooner *Plymouth*, from Sandwich Islands, November 9.

Report: *The Plymouth brings no news.* Her cargo consists only of twenty tuns molasses and five tons sugar. The "Shipping Gazette" reports in addition to the above, one keg *gold dust*. Agents: Montefiore, Graham, & Co.

No news, indeed!

The strange reticence of Captain Gould and his men aroused the suspicions of all Sydney, and the excitement about the "Plymouth mystery" hourly increased. The banks declined to take the gold dust at any price, and Gould, who felt that he was looked upon as a bucaneer, began to despair of a sale.

At last, when almost discouraged at the failure of his efforts to dispose of his precious freight, which was "hawked about the streets of Sydney," Gould found customers for it among the jewelers of the place, who, after satisfactory tests, took it off his tired hands at a price which, though much below its real value, netted a fair profit over its cost in Honolulu. Relieved of this anxiety, Gould bent all his energies to the purchase and loading of the return cargo, feeling that every hour of delay was fraught with danger of a disastrous revelation of the secret which had hitherto been so well kept.

Meanwhile every effort was made to solve the riddle of Gould's character and the source of the gold dust, and officers and crew were subjected to a strict

surveillance. When only about half the cargo was on board, but fortunately not till after most of it had been purchased, one of the crew, who had been plied with liquor, divulged the secret. The city was at once in a ferment. The walls were covered with placards announcing "The *Plymouth* secret unveiled! Gold discovered in California! Great rush for the mines! Fabulous prices paid for goods!" etc. Six large ships were at once laid on "For San Francisco and the gold mines!" and full freights and passengers were speedily engaged. Spies watched the lading of the *Plymouth*, and similar goods were bought at greatly enhanced prices over what Gould had paid. I quote from a recent letter of the veteran pioneer in Australian gold discoveries, Edward Hammond Hargraves, of Sydney, New South Wales:

On the arrival of the *Plymouth* I was at my cattle station on the Manning River. There was not much excitement for some days after her arrival, until the gold was offered for sale, and I may say *hawked about*—and, I believe, sold for £2 per oz. . . . Placards and posters covered the walls of Sydney announcing the discovery of gold in California, and ships, very many, were laid on for San Francisco. The rush to California was something to be remembered. . . . I had brought seventy fat bullocks *via* Maitland, and failed to get £1 per head for them. A friend of mine, now in life, brought a large herd from the Namoi and sold them for 12s. 6d. each—bullocks of eight and nine hundredweight, and superior cattle to mine. Boiling down for the *fat* then became the order of the day. It took all the proceeds to pay the stockmen's wages, £20 per annum. I looked about to see what was the next best thing to do, and sold all my cattle on the station to a neighbor (Mr. Searle) for 5s. per head, and gave the yard and huts into the bargain, and took passage for San Francisco in the bark *Elizabeth Archer*, Captain Cobb, and arrived (*via* Pitcairn's Island) in September, 1849. Mined at Wood's Creek, Southern Mines, and returned to San Francisco in February, 1850. Wrote to my friends in New South Wales, expressing my belief that I had been in a gold field there. (This letter is now extant.) I was simply laughed at. However, I was fully convinced in my own mind; and reasoning from analogy, and having faith in the uniformity of nature, I returned to New South Wales in the bark *Maria*, Captain Devlin, on the 20th of January, 1851, and made the discovery (*vide* pamphlet) on the 12th day of February, 1851, and up to 1886 three hundred and thirty-three millions of gold has been mined in these colonies (Australasia). I came to Sydney in 1832, and am now (April, 1889) in my seventy-third year.

Hargraves claimed a reward of £20,000 from the colony for his discovery. His claim was allowed, but the colony was divided before the amount was paid. He received from the parent colony of New South Wales its one-half the promised reward, but the new colony of Victoria has paid but about one-fourth of the £10,000 which was her share, and the claim of Mr. Hargraves for the balance bids fair to have as long a life as the French spoliation claims have had with us.

The *Plymouth* left Sydney on the 8th of January with a cargo of pork, oilmen's stores, ironmongery, wine, one ton biscuit, hams, and brandy. As Gould's orders were to touch at Honolulu on his way to San Francisco, and half a dozen large ships were rapidly loading for the latter port, there was no time to be lost. Crowding all sail, he reached Honolulu in safety and reported to us his exciting news. A hurried council was held, and after much discussion it was decided to divide the risk and sell half the cargo in Honolulu at auction, letting the rest take its chances in San Francisco. As all the reports which had come from

the coast were of continued scarcity and enormous prices, and as the Honolulu market had been exhausted of the goods which the *Plymouth* brought, the sale resulted in a very handsome profit. Well would it have been for us if we had sold the whole cargo at Honolulu. A large proportion of the goods sold there was sent over in the schooner as freight by the purchasers, who had reason to rue their investment, and on the *Plymouth's* arrival at San Francisco she found the market glutted. Cargoes of the goods which the schooner brought had come in from Valparaiso, Lima, and other ports. Some of the Sydney vessels which had gone direct had arrived, and there was no demand for the goods which had cost so much effort, and from the sale of which we had hoped to reap fabulous profits. The wisdom of the partners who had urged the sale of the whole cargo at Honolulu was fully vindicated.

In those early days of the gold excitement goods that were in demand brought almost any price that the conscience of the merchant would allow him to ask; when the market was supplied, the same class of goods could hardly be given away. Nobody had the capital or the room to spare for the purchase of goods that were not in immediate demand. Storage rates were so high that the value of the goods would soon be consumed. Many a shipper to San Francisco in those days found a heavy storage bill to pay in addition to the total loss of the shipment. At one time, when tobacco was so scarce at the mines that the weed was worth almost literally its weight in gold, a young friend of mine came to Honolulu from the coast, quietly bought up all the tobacco in the island market, and started back to San Francisco, sanguine of making a fortune. His crazy craft sprung a leak when a few days out, and had to return to port for repairs. The delay was fatal. When he finally reached San Francisco he saw the pilot's cheek distended with a huge quid, and his heart sank; streams of tobacco juice were running from the mouths of the stevedores, who contemptuously unloaded the superfluous weed. The warehouses were full of tobacco, and large stocks of it were still on board vessels in the harbor, not worth unloading. The shopkeepers who had promised him large profits if he only would replenish their stock now informed him, between intervals of expectoration, that they had more on hand than they knew what to do with. A cloud of tobacco smoke seemed to hang over the city like a pall. The venture resulted in total loss. When I visited San Francisco some weeks later I actually crossed the miry streets on some of these very boxes of tobacco, which the authorities had found the cheapest substitute for stepping-stones.

Only the fate of poor Gould remains to be told. After disposing of the schooner and her cargo, he started from San Francisco with thirty-five thousand dollars of the proceeds in gold dust for Boston. Two days after leaving Aspinwall he died of cholera, the only one of five hundred passengers who was taken with that dread disease.

III.—THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOLD IN WALL STREET (1849).

The following incident was related to me by Mr. G. D. Gilman, for many years a merchant at the Hawaiian Islands, and now a well-known citizen of Boston, and a member of the General Court of Massachusetts.

With the news of the discovery of gold in California in 1848 United States Army officers stationed there sent specimens home to their friends and to the War Department as curiosities. But, to the best of Mr. Gilman's knowledge, the first California gold exhibited and sold in Wall street was taken there by himself on the first day of March, 1849. Mr. Gilman was the first passenger to reach New York from San Francisco after the discovery, and brought with him a quantity of the ore, finding it a more profitable remittance than the coin which he had brought from Honolulu, and for which the miners gladly exchanged their dust at a liberal discount. Mr. Gilman tells the following story of his first day in New York.

"I reached New York very early in the morning, and, being an entire stranger, accepted the friendly offices of the purser of the steamer, who took me to the Clinton Hotel, then kept by Simeon Leland, afterward of the Metropolitan Hotel.

"After breakfast Mr. Leland kindly took me in charge, to assist me in procuring a costume more befitting an appearance in New York than my California outfit. Among the places visited in this tour of reconstruction was Lovejoy's hair-dressing rooms, at the corner of Beekman street and Park Row. Here, as everywhere, the talk was of the wonderful news from California.

"While still under the hands of the barber, and sleepily listening to his freely given views upon the exciting topic of the day, I saw Mr. Leland approaching me, accompanied by a fine-looking, frank, open-faced man, who advanced buttoning on his collar, with his gingham necktie hanging over his arm, as if he had no time to lose. Mr. Leland introduced him to me by a name which at first had no significance for me, though its fame had already reached the islands of the sea as that of the great Moral Showman. Said he courteously :

"I hear that you are just from California, the first passenger to arrive from the land of gold. That is very interesting. You can tell us all about it. May I ask if you have had any conversation with any one on the subject since your arrival?' I replied that I had only just landed, and had had no opportunity to talk about the matter. 'Ah, very good, very good!' said he. 'Then please *don't*, let me beg of you, till you have seen me again. Mr. Leland has kindly promised to call with you at my office. If you will write "California" on your card, the doorkeeper will admit you at once.' He bowed and took his leave.

"Engrossed by my own interesting concerns, I did not think to ask any questions of Mr. Leland about my interrogator, and learned nothing more of him till we found ourselves at the door of Barnum's Museum. We were conducted to the private office of the redoubtable proprietor, who, politely seating us, proceeded at once to business.

"Well, sir, you know we all want to know the way to California nowadays. By what route did you come?'

"Across the Isthmus.'

"Ah, very good! Then you can tell us all about mule traveling. A very interesting route. Cuts the journey short. Some dangers, of course. Did you go out by the same route?'

"I went out around the Horn, sir.'

"Ah, that's good! Many of our people will want to go that way. Cheaper route. Of course you know about mining?'

"I have not been to the mines myself,' I replied.

"Oh! Ah! Well, you understand the process, no doubt, and know all about the life there. You've heard it talked about?'

"I replied that I had not heard much else talked about for the last six months.

"I thought so! I thought so! You're just the man we want, sir! Just the very man! Now here's my plan, sir. I've got a plan, sir, which cannot fail of success, and which will prove highly remunerative to both of us, sir. This city is wild with excitement, as you know; just crazy with the idea of gold in California. Thousands are seeking for information about how to get there, what to do, where to find the gold. Now for my plan. I've had a specimen lump of gold prepared, weighing twenty-five pounds. No sham, sir—*real gold*. You can depend upon it; I can bring you all the certificates you want to convince you of the fact.'

"But,' I interrupted, 'twenty-five pounds! I never heard of so large a piece being found.'

"Mr. Barnum seemed slightly taken aback at this, and asked what was the largest piece I had heard of. I replied, 'Seven ounces; but it had not reached San Francisco when I left.'

"Seven ounces!' exclaimed he. 'Why, that is too small. Every man who is going out expects to pick up rocks of it! Seven ounces! Well, well!'

"He looked confounded for a moment; then throwing back his shoulders as if to shake off his disappointment, he rallied to his well-arranged plan. 'Well, sir, I'll tell you what we can do. You prepare a short lecture on the subject, to be delivered in my lecture room,—not over fifteen minutes long, better ten,—and then be prepared to answer questions (they'll be sure to come thick and fast) about the different routes, the mining, wages, means and cost of living: just how to do it, you understand. We will have a small table on the stage, with my twenty-five-pound lump of gold on it. As you are talking you can handle it; just pass your hand over it now and then—and—and—I wouldn't have you tell a lie about it for anything, Mr. Gilman—but if—you see—they get the idea that that's the kind of lumps they *may* find, a fortune's made, and we'll share it.'

"My reply sprang involuntarily to my lips: 'But what a perfect humbug that would be!'

"With a bright, beaming smile the great showman patted me gently on the shoulder, and with a significant look said, 'My dear sir, the bigger the humbug, the better the people will like it.'

"With thanks I respectfully declined the tempting proposition. Mr. Barnum very courteously urged me to consider it, and hoped I would see my way clear in some way to give the people the information they so much desired. But I was too impatient to reach my home in Maine to do this. Under Mr. Leland's guidance I visited several of the banks and moneyed institutions in Wall street, where I exhibited my specimens of the gold, both coarse and fine."

But Mr. Gilman failed to improve his golden opportunity to make his own and the eminent showman's fortune.

J. F. B. Marshall.

and lost no time in making his application for the vast colonization grant based on the expressed condition that it was to keep out Americans, and it was immediately granted by Governor Pico. I took possession of the archives in August and later turned them over to General Kearney. This colonization grant I had already sent to the Government in Washington as proof of that concert of action of which Mr. Buchanan had been informed between England and Mexico.¹ It granted all the lands from the bay of San Francisco to the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles on the length of the San Joaquin River, the river and the Sierra Nevada being boundaries—13,500,000 acres. The colony was to number three thousand British families, one square league to be assigned to each family. When Admiral Seymour left, about ten days after his arrival, he took Father McNamara with him on the flag-ship *Collingwood*. The English admiral would not admit that California as yet belonged to the United States, and so instructed the English consuls in their different ports.

In closing this paper the following letter of George Bancroft, the historian, referring to errors in a "History of the Pacific States," by Hubert Howe Bancroft [no relation of George Bancroft], will prove of interest. The points noted are from a review of the "History" contained in the New York "Sun" of August 29, 1886, and the errors mentioned have been repeated by other equally unreliable historians.

¹ See Curtis's "Life of James Buchanan," Vol. I., chapters 21 and 22.

Among pointed examples of the "blunders" referred to by George Bancroft in this letter are these statements:

. . . There is conclusive evidence that Frémont did not act in pursuance of instructions secret or inferential from the United States Government, and the Pathfinder is accordingly set down as a mere filibuster. . . . The conquest of California was the outcome of accident and of fitful irreflective effort rather than any forecast of its superlative importance. . . .

NEWPORT, R. I., September 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. FRÉMONT: My letter of Friday last crossed your inclosure to me and answers it in advance. I return the California newspaper [New York "Sun" of 29 August], as enjoined by you.

Yours very truly,

GEO. BANCROFT.

I add all wishes for the happiness of Mrs. Frémont, and severe justice to those who do her wrong or wrong any one she loves. How can a man commit such blunders as are found in the New York "Sun" of Sunday, August 29? I thought the paper Mrs. Frémont sent me was a San Francisco paper; can it be our New York "Sun"? If so it is, I shall get a copy of it.

DEAR MRS. FRÉMONT. P. S.—As I close this letter yours of Saturday arrives. If any one contests anything stated by me to you, I am ready to be referred to as its voucher.

Your most truly, G. B.

NEWPORT, 6 September, 1886.

The foregoing article has been edited by Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont from the manuscript and notes of

John Charles Frémont.

CALIFORNIANA.

The Official Policy for the Acquisition of California.

IN the recent papers in THE CENTURY on the seizure of California frequent mention has been made of the instructions brought across Mexico by Archibald H. Gillespie, "Confidential Agent of the United States for California," and communicated by him to Larkin and to Frémont. Gillespie's own testimony before a congressional committee in 1848 was to the effect that, on meeting Frémont in the Tlamath region he showed him the duplicate of a despatch from Secretary Buchanan to Consul Larkin. He does not mention any special instructions to Frémont from Secretary Bancroft, or from any other member of the Administration. The Government's policy, as outlined in the despatch to Larkin, is in full accord with the tenor of all the despatches from Secretary Bancroft to Commodore Sloat, both in 1845 and in 1846. A personal examination of all the secret records of the Navy Department bearing upon the seizure of California has shown us nothing in conflict with the conciliatory tone of the despatch to Larkin. On the history of the Larkin despatch we refer to the article by Professor Royce in "Californiana" for September, 1890. On Frémont's own original view of the nature of his instructions, we refer to his letter to

Montgomery of June 16, 1846, as copied in "Californiana" in the March number, under the title "Montgomery and Frémont." In the present number we give *in extenso* General Frémont's own narrative of the events in controversy. Following is the full text of the despatch from Buchanan to Larkin.—EDITOR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1845.

THOMAS O. LARKIN, Esq.,

Consul of the United States at Monterey.

SIR: I feel much indebted to you for the information which you have communicated to the Department from time to time in relation to California. The future destiny of that country is a subject of anxious solicitude for the Government and people of the United States. The interests of our commerce and our whale fisheries on the Pacific Ocean demand that you should exert the greatest vigilance in discovering and defeating any attempt which may be made by foreign governments to acquire a control over that country. In the contest between Mexico and California we can take no part, unless the former should commence hostilities against the United States; but should California assert and maintain her independence, we shall render her all the kind offices in our power, as a sister Republic. This Government has no ambitious aspirations to gratify and no desire to extend our Federal system over more territory than we already possess, unless by the free and spontaneous wish of the independent people of adjoining territories. The exercise of compul-

sion or improper influence to accomplish such a result would be repugnant both to the policy and principles of this Government. But whilst these are the sentiments of the President, he could not view with indifference the transfer of California to Great Britain or any other European power. The system of colonization by foreign monarchies on the North American continent must and will be resisted by the United States. It could result in nothing but evil to the colonists under their dominion, who would naturally desire to secure for themselves the blessings of liberty by means of republican institutions, whilst it must prove highly prejudicial to the best interests of the United States. Nor would it in the end benefit such foreign monarchies. On the contrary, even Great Britain, by the acquisition of California, would sow the seeds of future war and disaster for herself, because there is no political truth more certain than that this fine province could not long be held in vassalage by any European power. The emigration to it of people from the United States would soon render this impossible. I am induced to make these remarks in consequence of the information communicated to this Department in your despatch of the 10th July last. From this it appears that Mr. Rea, the agent of the British Hudson Bay Company, furnished the Californians with arms and money in October and November last, to enable them to expel the Mexicans from the country; and you state that this policy has been reversed, and now no doubt exists there, but that the Mexican troops about to invade the province have been sent for this purpose at the instigation of the British Government; and that "it is rumored that two English houses in Mexico have become bound to the new general to accept his drafts for funds to pay his troops for eighteen months." Connected with these circumstances, the appearance of a British vice-consul and a French consul in California at the present crisis, without any apparent commercial business, is well calculated to produce the impression, that their respective governments entertain designs on that country which must necessarily be hostile to its interests. On all proper occasions you should not fail prudently to warn the government and people of California of the danger of such an interference to their peace and prosperity; to inspire them with a jealousy of European dominion, and to arouse in their bosoms that love of liberty and independence so natural to the American Continent. Whilst I repeat that this Government does not, under existing circumstances, intend to interfere between Mexico and California, it would vigorously interpose to prevent the latter from becoming a British or French colony. In this they might surely expect the aid of the Californians themselves. Whilst the President will make no effort and use no influence to induce California to become one of the free and independent States of this Union, yet if the people should desire to unite their destiny with ours they would be received as brethren, whenever this can be done without affording Mexico just cause of complaint. Their true policy for the present in regard to this question is to let events take their course, unless an attempt should be made to transfer them without their consent either to Great Britain or France. This they ought to resist by all the means in their power, as ruinous to their best interests and destructive of their freedom and independence. I am rejoiced to learn that "our countrymen continue to receive every assurance of safety and protection from the present government" of California and that they manifest so much confidence in you as consul of the United States. You may assure them of the cordial sympathy and friendship of the President, and that their conduct is appreciated by him as it deserves.

In addition to your consular functions, the President has thought proper to appoint you a confidential agent in California, and you may consider the present despatch as your authority for acting in this character. The confidence which he reposes in your patriotism and discretion is evinced by conferring upon you this delicate and important trust. You will take care not to awaken the jealousy of the French and English agents there by assuming any other than your consular character. Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie of the Marine Corps will immediately proceed to Monterey, and will probably reach you before this despatch. He is a gentleman in whom the President reposes entire confidence. He has seen these instructions and will cooperate as a confidential agent with you in carrying them into execution.

You will not fail by every safe opportunity to keep this

Department advised of the progress of events in California and the disposition of the authorities and people towards the United States and other governments.

We should also be pleased to learn what is the aggregate population of that province and the force it can bring into the field. What is the proportion of Mexican, American, British, and French citizens, and the feelings of each class towards the United States; the names and character of the principal persons in the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments of the Government, and of other distinguished and influential citizens. Its financial system and resources; the amount and nature of its commerce with foreign nations; its productions which might with advantage be imported into the United States, and the productions of the United States which might with advantage be received in exchange.

It would also be interesting to the Department to learn in what part of California the principal American settlements exist; the rate at which the settlers have been and still are increasing in number; from what portions of the Union they come, and by what routes they arrive in the country. These specifications are not intended to limit your inquiries. On the contrary, it is expected that you will collect and communicate to the Department all the information respecting California which may be useful or important to the United States.

I am, sir, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hardships of the Isthmus in '49.

LATE in the month of November, 1849, I reached San Francisco on my way back from the mines to the States. Two hundred sail of vessels were anchored in the bay, and many thousands of gold seekers who had returned from the fields, fortunate or desperate, were waiting to secure homeward passage.

I had taken the precaution to secure a berth on the old steamship *Unicorn*, commanded by Captain David D. Porter, U. S. N., and carrying the United States mail. In hunting up a quantity of perishable goods which had been sent to me by Wardle & Co.'s Express, I met their San Francisco agent, Mr. Wadleigh. My goods I found "stored away" in a vacant lot, exposed to wind and weather, and gone to utter wreck and ruin. Just at this time, by one of the compensations of fortune, Mr. Wadleigh found himself in a difficulty. The young man in whose care a valuable package of express matter—gold dust, etc.—was to be taken to New York became suddenly very ill. Without further knowledge of me than that I purposed to sail on the *Unicorn*, and had had goods consigned to his company, Mr. Wadleigh offered me liberal compensation if I would take charge of the gold and valuables and deliver them in New York. I undertook the commission, and the *Unicorn* sailed on December 1.

Twenty-eight days from San Francisco, we anchored off the city of Panama. Boats put off from the shore for us, and, while the cathedral's bells were ringing, for one dollar each we were carried ashore on the backs of strong porters. The valuable packages of which I had charge were also safely deposited on the sands. At that early period there were no transportation facilities for crossing the Isthmus of Panama except such as were supplied by native carriers, boatmen, and the owners of mules, who had begun to find in this business a new and profitable industry. Consequently we were met by a number of natives, some with "cargo" mules, and others with mules for riding; still others offered their own broad shoulders rigged with a sort of chair on which one could sit high above their heads, or upon which, with equal security, a trunk or a bale of merchandise could be freighted.

My express matter was securely packed in a strong box, and needed two men to handle it. Its value amounted to a considerable sum and was betrayed by the weight of the box. I could not carry the box myself, and I did not dare to take my eyes off it, as the natives, I knew, were neither honest nor trustworthy. I then and there realized for the first time the grave responsibility I had taken upon myself; for, if the native carriers should appropriate the package or a band of robbers should attack us and capture it, how could I return to New York with the explanation that it had been stolen? Who would believe me? If I were murdered, and never heard of again, would it not be reported that I was a defaulter?

For my breakfast I had only three crackers, which I had brought from the ship; and, having hired two dark-skinned natives at \$16 each, and two mules at \$5 each, one to carry my package and the other for me to ride, I set out, keeping all the while a sharp eye on my muleteers and the cargo mule.

The limited supply of clothing with which I had embarked on the *Unicorn*, the fragmentary remains of a wardrobe that had been six months in contact with dirt, mud, and water in gold digging and gold washing, had been gradually thrown into the Pacific Ocean as it became the home of the pestiferous insects from the cracks and crannies and joints of the old emigrant ship. As I started from Panama my attire was a pair of much worn stout leather slippers, the remnant of a dirty straw hat, a thin summer coat, and trousers much worn and much bepatched and so discolored that the original hue was lost, and a blue woolen blanket that had also seen hard service. This airy costume did very well for the alternate showers and sun of the Isthmus, but I found it rather inappropriate when I landed in New York in midwinter. I was, however, not alone in this experience.

The climate of the Isthmus proved very trying. The sun would seem to me to be putting forth its best efforts to bake my head and to blister my body, and not without some success, when a sudden change would come, and the rain—no, the rain cloud—would drop down upon me. A few minutes later the sun would again obtain the mastery, and the steam would arise from my heated and saturated clothing, only to be drenched by another deluge of rain.

The first part of the trail was over water, stones, and mud—mostly mud. The mule, stumbling along over the hidden stones, would first pitch me over on his head; then his hind feet sinking deeply in the mud would throw me back towards his tail. Not being pleased with my evolutions, every now and then the mule would suddenly lie down under me and plunge me knee-deep into the mud.

After having passed this first section, which was a trail through chaparral, we came to the old Spanish route, worn down to a depth of from eight to twelve feet into the very rocks, from having become a water-course in the rainy season. The attrition of the feet of the mules had formed holes in the rocks to the depth of a foot or more at regular stepping distances apart, and as a mule lifted each foot out of one of these holes and placed it carefully into the next his body would sway from side to side, knocking, thumping, and scraping the rider against the rocks that fenced him in on each side. Through all these athletic and gymnastic

exercises I never dared to take my eyes off my cargo mule and his drivers. In many places the passage was so narrow that two mules could not pass, and at the entrances to such defiles my drivers would halt, and, giving a yell like an Indian war-whoop, wait for an answering yell from any muleteer who had already entered the defile at the other end. If one had entered, they waited until he emerged. By nightfall I safely reached the few huts called Cruces, tired, wet, hungry, and bruised. Having paid my muleteers, and deposited my treasure inside a hut, I asked the *hombre* who acted as proprietor for a cup of coffee. "*No hai, Señor,*" he replied. There was nothing to be had to eat. My three crackers were all the food of that day.

It was hot, misty, and muggy, and the air failed to satisfy the lungs. I sat astride that package all night, trying to sleep, with my wet blanket around me for protection against the swarming insects. The next morning I made an early start for the river, still fasting, and hired a bongo or dugout, with a crew of three natives who agreed to pole me down the river to Chagres, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. Perched upon my treasure package I began my downward passage. The second day was not much of an improvement on the first. The sun and rain were no less busy. I could watch the treacherous boatmen better than I had been able to watch my muleteers; but I never lost consciousness during the long, wearisome trip, knowing that at any time they could upset the canoe, drown me, let the package of gold sink, and recover it at their leisure. Just before nightfall we landed upon a low bank where stood a small native hut of brushwood and leaves. Here the boatmen procured some rice, which they boiled in a pot, but they could not be persuaded or bribed to share any of it with me. They were hungry, as they had eaten nothing since we started, and the supply was very small. I was hungry—more than hungry; I was ravenous. Close by stood another little hut, and to it I went in eager pursuit of something to eat. I found there a small boy, who, for a dollar, offered to sell me two sections of a lizard, or iguana, which he had skinned. He also offered to lend me a tin cup in which to boil them. I was hungry enough to devour almost anything, but I had seen these disgusting looking creatures, a foot or more in length, running up and down the trees, and I declined the purchase. The boy then produced an egg—an egg of uncertain parentage, to be sure; but without a thought of the laws of evolution I bought it. I placed it in the boatmen's pot of boiling rice; but it must have been to them forbidden food, for they objected, and their outbreak was quieted only when I pointed to my revolver. All that dismal night was spent in slowly descending the river amidst the swamp vapors and the poisonous miasma of the lowlands. The noises made by the occupants of the muddy jungles that spread over the submerged land on each side were at times perfectly appalling, often seeming to proceed from the spreading branches directly over our heads; and insects both small and great kept up such an incessant clatter and rattle that nothing in the way of conversation was possible.

About nine o'clock the next morning we were landed in good order, or rather disorder, on the deck of a small river steamer brought from New York for communication between the shore at Chagres and the steamers

at anchor in the roadstead. I reached the steamer none too soon, for I was physically exhausted. Never before or since have my vitality and physical endurance been so tried. Having stored my express matter safely on this little steamer, I was at last at liberty to search for food.

Two or three little huts that I visited could furnish me nothing; but an enterprising Yankee was already erecting a "hotel" not far from the landing-place, and speedy application having been made there, I was told that at eleven o'clock the proprietor would be ready for his clamorous and hungry patrons. This hotel was built simply of boards, and was only one story high. It consisted at that time of but one unfinished room, about one hundred feet by twenty, used for a dining-room. The kitchen was an arrangement of stones, out of doors but near by. The building had been put up by five young carpenters who had been induced by the high wages offered to defer their trip to California, whither they were bound, until they had erected it. Four of them had been buried at Chagres; the fifth returned to New York sick with Chagres fever, and died as the steamer was entering the harbor.

I waited anxiously for that breakfast, and at eleven o'clock it was served. The hotel was closed till the bell rang, and then there was a rush and a jam to find places upon the rough board seats at the long pine table. The bill of fare was hard bread, boiled mackerel, and coffee without milk. I was one of the first at the table. The hunger that I had, after all the anxiety and exposure and sleeplessness of more than forty-eight hours, made this a breakfast that will never be forgotten. Never have I since enjoyed a "Pioneer" dinner at Delmonico's or Martinelli's with half the relish with which I enjoyed that boiled salt mackerel and that muddy coffee. One dollar was charged for the meal, and over a thousand persons partook of it. That night we spread our blankets on the deck of the small steamer, which was literally covered with tired humanity, but we were all roused out of our deep sleep by a wretch who flashed a lantern into our faces and demanded ten cents tribute from each for our lodgings. The air was blue with profanity, but the fee was paid, and then we gathered our tattered blankets about us and lay down again, too tired to dream. The next day the sick and debilitated arrived, some on stretchers, some on mules; others had been left to die in Panama, and now lie with many other gold hunters in the American burial-ground. The appearance presented by these invalids caused a number who had started for the gold mines to return home with us on the *Chesapeake*.

We reached the North River pier in New York on a Sunday morning, about the 14th of January, and the *Chesapeake* was at once placed in the dry-dock, as a storm off Cape Hatteras had so battered her that she could no longer be kept afloat. It was a cold morning, and the change from the tropics — we were still wearing slippers, thin clothing, and battered straw hats — caused us to wrap ourselves again in our well-worn blankets. A crowd soon collected on the wharf and received us gaily and cordially, greeting us with cheers as we landed, the small boys running after our carriages and shouting "Californians!" as they ran. Although

it was Sunday morning, clothing stores were readily opened for us to obtain more seasonable apparel, for were we not disbursing gold from California?

I lost no time in depositing the express matter safely at the office of Wardle & Co., and I rested well in the consciousness that the responsibility so thoughtlessly assumed was at last faithfully discharged.

HACKENSACK, N. J.

A. C. Ferris.

Spanish Jealousy of Vancouver.

IN 1793-94 Vancouver, with his two vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, was on the California coast partly on a voyage of discovery, partly, if I remember rightly, commissioned to establish a boundary in conjunction with Quadra, the Spanish commissioner. As mentioned in the published account of his voyage, he looked into San Diego and San Francisco. Borica, who was then governor, sent the subjoined letter to the fathers in charge of all the Missions, whether on the coast or inland, forbidding all intercourse with the explorer. The letter, which I believe has not before been published, illustrates the narrow jealousy of Spain in reference to her colonial possessions as recently as a hundred years ago.

[TRANSLATION.]

(Most private.)

MY DEAR SIR: Having been enjoined by repeated royal orders not to admit foreign vessels to any of the ports of America, I request and specially charge your reverences that, should any such arrive in the vicinity of your Mission, you abstain rigidly from any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the officers or crew thereof. Nor shall you furnish them with provisions, save in the exceptional case of a vessel compelled to make port there by most urgent necessity. Should such an instance occur, let the corporal of the guard extend to them such necessary assistance as hospitality exacts.

To Captains George Vancouver and Peter Ponget, who are in this port in command of the frigate *Discovery* and the brigantine *Chatham*, I have offered all they require for their voyage; hence should they touch at any of the ports of the Peninsula under pretense of replenishing their stores or water supply, their request should be denied.

I trust that your reverences, full of zeal for the public welfare, will in a matter of this importance act with becoming prudence and reserve, advising me of the receipt of the present communication.

May our Lord grant your reverences many years.

Your most approved servant kisses your reverences' hands.

DIEGO DE BORICA.

Rev. Frs. Missionaries of the Mission of San Antonio.

MONTEREY, NOV. 12, 1794.

The father in charge of the Mission of Soledad — fifty miles or so from tide-water — responded with the utmost gravity that "it would give him pleasure to comply with the governor's orders if Divine Providence should ever favor this inland Mission with a harbor!"

MENLO PARK, CAL.

John T. Doyle.

Note.

THE picture of the "Golden Gate" published in THE CENTURY for February, on page 524, was drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph made by Lieutenant Henry L. Harris and kindly furnished by him to the art editors of this magazine.

and teamsters. An ex-judge of oyer and terminer was driving an ox-team from Coloma to Sacramento. One man who had been a State senator and secretary of state in one of our western commonwealths was doing a profitable business at manufacturing "cradles," while an ex-governor of one of our southwestern States played the fiddle in a gambling saloon. These things were hardly remarked. Every one went to the Slope with

the determination to make money; and if the mines did not afford it, the next inquiry was what pursuit or business would the sooner accomplish the desired end. Thousands who had not the necessary stamina for the vicissitudes of a miner's life, nor yet the means of going into any of the various channels of trade, were for a time compelled to serve in capacities far beneath their deserts, until time and means should justify them in choosing for themselves.

Charles B. Gillespie.



"BROKE."

CALIFORNIANA.

ANECDOTES OF THE MINES.

BY HUBERT BURGESS.

One Way of Salting a Claim.

To "salt a claim" is to sprinkle gold dust about it in certain places in order to deceive those who may be seeking investment. In this way in the early days of California worthless claims were made to appear rich, and were often sold for large sums of money. In the course of time this practice became so common that purchasers were always on their guard, and it was necessary to exercise much ingenuity in order to deceive them. I know of one instance where solid earth was removed to the depth of six feet and, after coarse gold had been mixed with it, was replaced and covered with rubbish in such a way as to look firm and natural. Soon after, a party came along who wished to buy, and judging from appearances they selected the very place for prospecting which had been salted for them, deeming it less likely to have been tampered with than the rest of the claim. Of course they thought they had "struck it rich," but they realized only the salt. Sometimes claims were pronounced worthless before sufficient work had been done on them. When these were salted and sold to persevering miners they frequently netted large fortunes to those who had unwittingly purchased them.

In 1851 a party of American miners had been working a claim near Columbia, Tuolumne County, California, and not having even found the "color" they became discouraged; the more so as a company of Chinamen a short distance above them were doing very well. The Americans having expressed a willingness to sell, one day three Chinamen went to look at the claim. They talked it over among themselves and finally asked

the owners at what price they would sell. Of course the Americans made it out rich and put a high figure on it, though in fact they were resolved to sell out at any price, being sure that the ground was worthless. It was decided that the Chinamen should bring their picks and pans next day to prospect, and if they were satisfied they would buy at the figure agreed upon.

The miners, thinking it would probably be their last chance to sell, determined to salt the claim. It was a large piece of ground and the trouble was where to put the "salt." One of the men soon hit upon a very ingenious plan. He took his gun and went, as he said, to get a quail or two, but in reality to kill a snake. As there were a great many about the place, he soon killed a large gopher-snake, which resembles the rattlesnake in appearance but is perfectly harmless to man. Putting his game into a bag, he returned to camp.

On being asked by his companions what he had brought back for supper, he shook out the snake and explained his idea thus:

"Now, boys, when the Chinamen come to-morrow, they won't allow any of us to be too near, because they're afraid of 'salt.' Well, Jim, you walk along on top of the bank and have that dead snake in your pocket. Bill and me will stay talking to the Johns, I'll have my gun over my shoulder as if I was going for a rabbit, only you see I'll put 'salt' into the gun instead of shot. We'll find out where they're going to pan out next, and you be looking on, innocent like, with the snake ready to drop where I tell you. When them fellers start to walk there, just slide him down the bank, and when we all get there, I'll holler 'Hold on, boys!' and before they know what's up, I'll fire the 'salt' all around there and make believe I killed the snake. How'll that do?"

Next morning four Chinamen came prepared for work. They tried a few places, but of course did not get the "color." The Americans kept at a distance so that there could be no complaint.

"Well, John," said the schemer, "where you try next, over in that corner?"

The Chinamen were suspicious in a moment. They were familiar with salted claims and were well on their guard. "No likee dis corn'. Tlie him nudder corn'," pointing to the opposite one.

Jim, with his hands in his pockets, was above on the bank, many feet away, watching; when he saw them point in that direction, his partner gave a nod and he pitched the snake on the ground near the place. The leader exclaimed, "Hold on boys!" and fired before they could tell which way to look. Going up to the snake, he pushed the gun under it and carried it away hanging over the barrel. Jim walked off and Bill sat on a wheelbarrow on the opposite side from where they were at work. The Chinamen had no suspicion. They carried away several pans of dirt to wash in a stream near by, and when they returned Bill felt pretty sure they had struck some of the "salt," but the Chinamen said nothing except, "Claim no good. Melikin man talkee too muchee."

The Americans, knowing the game, refused to take less than the specified price, which the Chinamen finally paid and in two days the sellers were off to new diggings.

The strangest part of the story is that the claim turned out to be one of the richest in the district. The Chinamen made a great deal of money, sold out and went home.

"Hold on boys, till I make this shot."

IN 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was "No one."

Men made desperate by drink or losses at the gambling table, would race up and down the thoroughfares, in single file, as boys play the game of "follow my leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys, playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.

The gambling tents were large and contained not only gaming tables but billiard tables. At one of these I was once playing billiards with a man named H—. A few feet from us, raised upon a platform made for the purpose, were seated three Mexican musicians, playing guitars; for these places were always well supplied with instrumental music. The evening seldom passed without disputes, and pistols were quickly drawn to settle quarrels. Upon any outbreak men would rush from all parts of the room, struggling to get as near as possible to the scene of action, and often they paid the pen-

alty for their curiosity by being accidentally shot. While H— and I were engaged in our game, we could hear the monotonous appeal of the dealers, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. Red wins and black loses." Suddenly *bang, bang, bang* went the pistols in a distant part of the tent. The usual rush followed. *Bang, bang*, again, and this time the guitar dropped from the hands of one of the unoffending musicians, who fell forward to the ground with a bullet through his neck. His friends promptly undertook to carry him past us to the open air. Our table was so near the side of the tent that only one person at a time could go between it and the canvas. H— was standing in the way, just in the act of striking the ball with his cue, when one of the persons carrying the wounded man touched him with the request that he move to one side. He turned and saw the Mexican being supported by the legs and arms, the blood flowing from his neck; then with the coolest indifference he said, "Hold on, hold on, boys, till I make this shot," then, resuming his former position, he deliberately finished his shot.

These events occurred so constantly that residents of the place became callous, and although at the sound of the pistol crowds rushed forward, it was with no deeper feeling than curiosity.

Sometimes in the newer communities property as well as life was in danger. I remember that one night in West Point, Calaveras County, a party of roughs "cleaned out" the leading saloon because the proprietor would not furnish them free whisky.

A little later law and order began to assert their claims in the community. Several families from the East came in, and a protest was made against the sway of the gamblers. The result was that the card business did not pay so well; miners grew more careful of their money, and the professional "sports" left the place in great numbers. One of them as he packed up his chips remarked: "They're getting too partickler. If a feller pulls his pistol in self-defense and happens to blow the top of a miner's head off, they haul him up before a jury. The good old times are about over here, and the country's played out!"

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: My communication in the December number of THE CENTURY on "The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite" has brought to me several letters, including one from a writer from California who quotes a statement made by George Coulter, the founder of Coulterville, corroborating in detail the circumstances as narrated in my communication, *except in the one essential particular*. He is quoted as saying that the party I met at his store did not go so far into the mountains as the Yosemite, but made their attack upon the Indians in a cañon on the north fork of the Merced *below* the Yosemite. I accept his statement, as reported, and am pleased to withdraw all contention of the claim made by Doctor Bunnell that he was the original discoverer.

MONTCLAIR, March 27, 1891.

Julius H. Pratt.

Talleyrand.

THE paragraphs from the Memoirs which did not reach us in time to follow the passage given in the *JUNE CENTURY* simply threw out the idea that Maubreuil, who accused Talleyrand of the desire to bribe him to assassinate the fallen Emperor, in 1814, probably obtained his passports for a "secret mission" merely as one of the numerous emissaries sent out by the royalists to all points in France to proclaim the "legitimate" government. Talleyrand again denies the attempted accusation, and shows, moreover, how absurd and useless it would have been, as well as infamous.

An Incident of "General Miles's Indian Campaigns."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, after seeing the proofs of Major G. W. Baird's article in this number of *THE CENTURY*, wrote to the editor as follows :

Referring to the desperate fight with the Nez Percés in September, 1877 [see pages 363-364], in which Major G. W. Baird states that a staff officer went from me to give certain orders to Captain Hale and found that officer dead, Major Baird very modestly omits his own name, which should be inserted, as he was adjutant at that time, and in carrying the order he found Captain Hale and Lieutenant Biddle dead, and received two desperate wounds himself, one shattering his left arm and the other cutting the side of his head.

CALIFORNIANA.

Arrival of Overland Trains in California in '49."

WITH the fall of '49 came to California the vanguard of the immense immigration that braved the hardships of weather, Indian perils, cholera, fevers and starvation, in that long march across a continent in pursuit of gold. Not only men, but delicate women and children shut their eyes to every comfort and association of home, and faithfully shared these dangers and perils, or were buried in nameless graves on prairie, mountain, or desert.

In every subsequent year the State of California, with liberal appropriation and abundant supplies, sent out her citizens with open hand to welcome and aid the feeble and exhausted with every necessary assistance at the latter end of their long journey. But in 1849 there was no organized effort for systematic succor. The emigrants of that year were numbered by thousands, and circumstances made it impossible, except to a very limited extent, to meet and greet them even with words of good cheer. It was only through individual effort that aid could be extended them, and almost every individual was in some respects as hard pressed as they.

I can find only one instance upon the official records where Government protection was thrown around them, and that is in General Riley's report to the War Department, under date of August 30, 1849, in which he says, in reference to his need of soldiers in place of those who had deserted: "The detachment of dragoons on their march to the Department with the collector of this district and the *Arkansas emigrants*, have not yet arrived."

Among those who contributed individual effort in going out to meet the trains I can name only a few—first of all General Sutter; Sam Brannan of Sacramento, who was identified with the so-called "Mormon battalion"; Colonel Gillespie, formerly United States consul for Lower California, then a merchant in Sacramento; General Morehouse, Dr. Semple, and, I may safely say, the business men of Sacramento generally. There were others, but at this late day it is impossible to name them. Even the name of the comrade who accompanied the writer is forgotten.

Among those who came to Auburn in May, 1849, was Dr. Deal of Baltimore, a physician and a Methodist preacher. He was very enthusiastic in stating his purpose to become one of the "honest miners," and calling a gathering together with a long tin dinner-horn,

he expressed his intention to dig with them, and to institute divine worship the next Sunday, and he closed by making the hills echo with a cheery hymn. Monday morning's sunrise saw the doctor in the mines with tin pan, pick, and shovel. Eleven o'clock saw him with his shovel battered, his pick broken, his hands bruised and blistered, and his clothes muddy, placing his tools and tin horn in a wagon bound for Sutter's Fort. It was well he did, for together with another good Samaritan he leased a part of Sutter's Fort for a hospital, and when the forlorn bands of immigrants reached the Fort they found medical attention and care, which in many cases saved life or eased the passage to the grave.

The "Long Bar" mining claim on Bear Creek, where I was located, lay in the route of arriving immigrants, on the Sutter's Fort trail, a hundred miles from the fort. I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick, and discouraged travelers, with their bony and foot-sore cattle and teams. Men, women, and children, and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn-out cattle to the wolves—leaving even supplies of clothing, flour, and food—and in utter desperation and extremity had packed their own backs with flour and bacon; some had utilized the backs of surviving oxen for the same purpose; and a few of the immigrants had thus made the last 600 miles on foot, exhausted, foot-sore, and starving.

Such as we could we relieved from our simple camp stores of flour, bacon, and coffee. Our blankets were spread on the ground for our nightly rest, always after an evening bath in the cooling snow-waters of Bear Creek, and our sleep was sweet and sound. But there was no comfort or relief for those worn-out men, women, and children. The few of us in that lonely river bed in the mountains did what we could, and then urged them on to Sutter's Fort and Sacramento.

I remember well the arrival of a once stalwart man, reduced almost to a skeleton. His comrades had perished on the way with cholera, his cattle had given out, and, selecting what he could carry that was most essential, he had finished the journey on foot. Reaching the place where we were digging and washing out the gold, he threw himself upon the ground, and said:

"And now I've reached at last where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got 'the fever.' Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all there is left of me. I thought I would be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask for is rest—rest—rest. It seems to me as if I never could get rested again. I want to find home—*home*—and there is no home here."

He inquired how far it was to Sutter's Fort, and refusing proffered food or a look at the gold, he staggered feebly on again to look for "rest" and "home."

In September the swarm of immigrants became so continuous and their condition was so wretched, that I obtained one of their mules that seemed able to carry me, and giving up my business of gold-digging for a time started with a comrade up the Truckee River route to advise and encourage the new-comers. Here I witnessed many sorrowful scenes among sick and hungry women and children just ready to die, and dead and dying cattle. The cattle were usually reduced to skeletons. There was no grass, and they were fed solely by cutting down trees for them to browse on. But the cattle were too many for this supply of food along the trail. I once counted as many as thirty yoke hitched together to pull an almost empty wagon up a hillside, while to descend an incline it was necessary to chain a large tree to the back of the wagon, with all its limbs attached that they might impede the descent of the wagon, for the cattle were entirely too weak to offer the necessary resistance. One after another the wagons would follow, and thus slowly work their way up and down the mountain sides of the Sierra pass, while the women and children wearily plodded along in the deep, dry, and exceedingly dusty trail. Some fared better, but I apprehend few would ever care to pass twice through the hardships of the overland journey of '49.

As an instance of courage and suffering: A preacher, of the Methodist Church in Indiana, accompanied by his wife (a delicate little woman) and three children, started overland with ox teams. On the journey he was suddenly attacked with dysentery and had to lie helpless in the bottom of his wagon, vibrat-

ing between life and death. His brave little wife took his place, walked by the side of the team and guided them; but she lost her way, and for two weeks, with husband and children to care for, trudged along alone until by good fortune or a good Providence she found the trail again. I afterward made their acquaintance in Columbia, where he was pastor of the Methodist church. Wishing his church sealed inside, he took off his clerical coat, chopped wood, broke up limestone boulders, burned them into lime, and with his own hands plastered the interior of the church in good style.

At first we tried to give the new-comers employment on our mining claims, but in every case but one their strength was not equal to the labor of digging gold, and on they swept, all eager to reach a "settlement." Some in their enthusiasm had, at great sacrifice, dragged along strange, heavy, and wonderful patent devices to work out the gold. Often they had thrown away their flour and bacon, thus reducing themselves to starvation, to make room for their pet machine, which on trial was found utterly worthless, and was left to rust or rot in the mines.

Special relief parties were also sent up the trail with supplies of food, medicine, and other necessaries, as well as with fresh animals, and many immigrants were safely brought in, before the snows fell in the mountains, who otherwise might have perished in the storms of early fall.

A. C. Ferris.

A Fourth Survivor of the Gold Discovery Party.

REV. JAMES GILLILAN, of Nephi, Utah, informs us that in addition to the three survivors of the party at Sutter's Mill at the time of the discovery of gold in California—namely, Messrs. Bigler, Smith, and Wimmer, as stated by Mr. Hittell in our February number—there is a fourth survivor, Mr. Wilford Hudson (not "Willis" as printed on page 530 of that number). Mr. Hudson is living at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, and his description of the circumstances of the gold discovery, says our informant, "substantially accords with Mr. Hittell's account."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Ballad of Paper Fans.

LET others rave o'er Raphael,
And dim and ancient canvas scan;
Give me in this so tropic spell
The simple art of paper fan:
The long-legged stork of far Japan,
A-flying through its straggling trees,
Does all for me that painting can—
I bless the gentle Japanese.

Give me such dragons fierce and fell
As earth saw when its life began;
Sweet views of frog and lily-bell,
Of moon-faced maid, and slant-eyed man;
Of flow'ry boughs athwart the wan
Full-orbed moon; of azure seas;

And roseate landscapes on a plan
Peculiar to the Japanese.

Give me the hills that sink and swell,
Faint green and purple, pink and tan.
Joy would it ever be to dwell
Where streams that little bridges span,
Ignored, may flow 'twixt maid's sedan
And lover's whispered flatteries;
For happy hearts are dearer than
Perspective to the Japanese.

L'Envoi.

O Love, how lightly, sweetly ran
Life's sands for us in climes like these!
Long leagues would lose their power to ban
Were you and I but Japanese!

Annie Steger Winston.