

THE CALIFORNIAN MOVEMENT. (AFTER A DRAWING IN "PUNCH.")



THE MAN WHO COULD NOT WAIT FOR THE STEAMER.  
(FROM "PUNCH.")

## CAPE HORN AND COÖPERATIVE MINING IN '49.

California, inspired perhaps as much by an intense yearning for adventure as by dreams of wealth. To New Englanders, remote from the new El Dorado and to a large extent a maritime people, an ocean voyage presented itself as the most practicable route.

Naturally enough, the formation of coöperative associations suggested itself as the most practicable method of proceeding. The first move in this direction was made by Mr. Timothy Rix, a Boston merchant. Although then past middle life, Mr. Rix was full of energy and ambition, and under his leadership was organized "The Boston and California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company," the fortunes of which this narrative is to chronicle. A prospectus was issued, and applications for membership were invited. The shares were placed at three hundred dollars each, and the whole number of members was limited to one hundred and fifty. The first public notice calling attention to the organization brought hundreds of applications for membership. The roll was soon filled, and from the overflow new organizations were started, and in due course followed the example of the parent company. Captain Henry Smith, who had sailed for many years as commander of the vessels of Frederick Tudor, the old Boston merchant who originated the ice trade with the West Indies and southern ports, was chosen to act in the double capacity of president of the company and commander of a ship, Mr. Rix taking the vice-presidency and the writer being chosen as secretary.<sup>1</sup> The company was composed of men representing every calling in mechanical and professional life. There were

THE late summer months of 1848 were marked by exciting rumors of the discovery of gold in California. The first reports, coming as they did through Mormon channels, were received with suspicion. There was a general concurrence of opinion that the story had been set afloat for the purpose of Mormon proselytism — in the hope that out of the army of westward-bound pilgrims which such rumors would put in motion a legion of new recruits to the Mormon faith might be induced to halt by the way and cast in their temporal and spiritual fortunes with these "latter-day saints" in the infant colony by the margin of the Great Salt Lake. But in September, this suspicion in the public mind was effectually dispelled by the receipt in Washington of official despatches from Thomas O. Larkin, — who, under Mexican dominion, had been American consul at Monterey, and who was still acting as the confidential agent of the government, — Mr. Larkin's despatches confirming the reports of the discovery of gold.

In the New England States the "gold fever" soon became epidemic. Among the young men there was a burning desire to set out for

<sup>1</sup> The Board of Directors who were to have the practical management of the affairs of the company were Enoch Jacobs, of Chicopee, Mass.; William A. Egery, of Boston; James L. Bates, of Weymouth,

Mass.; John E. Dix, of Boston; Abiel Carter, of Concord, N. H.; Edward P. Abbe, of Boston; Lucius Flagg, of Boston; I. C. Whipple, of Concord, N. H.

graduates of New England universities, and young men whose future was yet undefined by any calling or profession. Of the whole number of the 150 members who composed the expedition, 120 had not passed their thirtieth year, 85 were twenty-five or under, 33 were twenty-one or under, while 12 were not yet "out of their teens."

The ship finally selected and purchased for



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.

*Thomas O. Larkin*

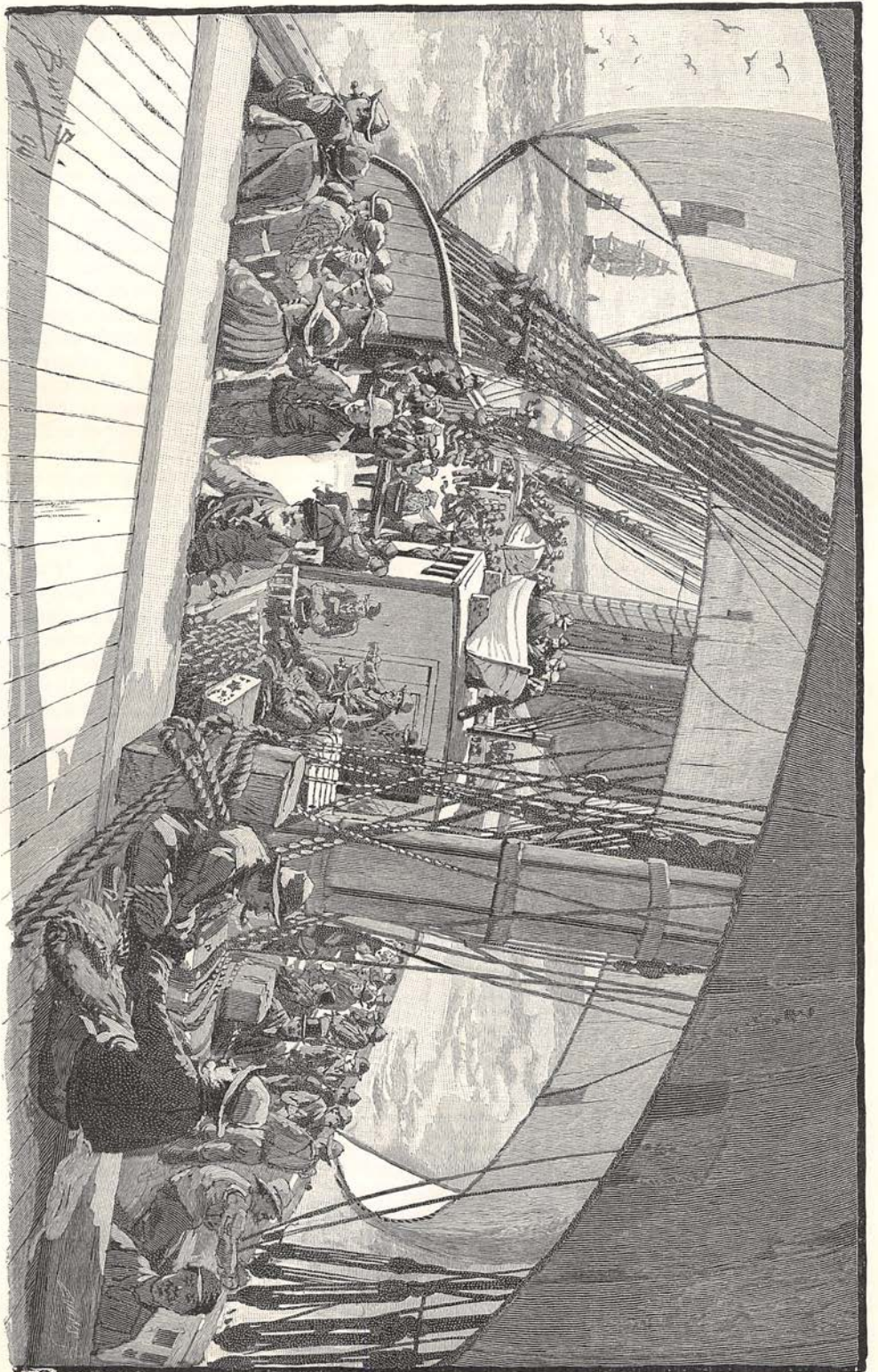
the voyage was the *Edward Everett*, one of the "Medford built" craft for which Boston had long been celebrated. She was a full-rigged ship of about 800 tons burden. She had been built for the European trade, was comparatively new, and ranked as one of the finest ships hailing from Boston. She was spacious between decks and otherwise well adapted for the purpose.

The organization of this unique expedition, and its approaching departure, was for the time being the chief topic of the day. Mr. Everett, with wise forethought and liberality, presented to the company a well-selected library of historical, biographical, and scientific works, accompanying the gift with a communication expressing the great interest which he in common with the public at large felt in the success of the company and in the part which those who composed it would take in the social and political organization of the new State which they doubtless would help to found. The Sunday before the ship sailed the members of the company

attended the Ashburton Place church by special invitation to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Kirk, on the part that this first expedition from New England was expected to perform in the cause of civilization and religion on the Pacific coast. In all circles the prospective departure of the "*Edward Everett Expedition*," as it had now come to be known, was an event of rare interest and was the current topic of discussion and speculation. The *Edward Everett* swung loose from her moorings at the wharf on the evening of January 11, 1849, and dropped down the harbor to an anchorage near Fort Independence, preparatory to putting to sea on the morning tide. The harbor was filled with floating ice, and the wind swept across our decks with arctic severity.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th the ship was under way and standing out to sea before a fresh and bitterly cold northwester. I pass over the unpleasant first days of the earlier part of the voyage, when the wild wintry weather covered decks and rigging with frozen spray, and two-thirds of the ship's company were prostrated from sea-sickness. The balmy atmosphere of the Gulf Stream and a smoother sea soon brought about a happier condition of affairs. The company was organized into messes, and order took the place of the chaos that had unavoidably prevailed for the first few days. Plans were devised for social organization and recreation. The publication of a weekly newspaper, under the title of "*The Barometer, or Gold Hunter's Log*," was begun and faithfully kept up throughout the voyage. Press and types were wanting, but it was read from manuscript every Saturday to the assembled ship's company, and furnished one of the most prolific sources of amusement of the whole voyage.

The 1st of February found us drifting through the weed-matted surface of the "Sargasso Sea," with hardly wind enough to keep the ship's sails from slatting against her spars. The run off the coast, across the Gulf Stream, and through the Atlantic down to the latitude of the Madeiras, had been a lively one. The wind had been fresh and fair enough to satisfy even the skipper himself. From 33° north latitude, down to and through "the Sargasso Sea," it was like a doldrum drift, and welcome was the change when in about 21° north the ship began to feel the influence of the northeast trades. Straight on her course, the wind on her port quarter, with everything set to her main sky-sail, she bowled along day after day until we were within two degrees of the equator. "Running down the trades" was indeed the very poetry of sea-going. It brought men and boys alike on deck, put them fairly on their "sea legs," and made sailors of them in good or bad



FAIR WEATHER.

weather for the remainder of the voyage. On the 13th of February the *Edward Everett* lay,

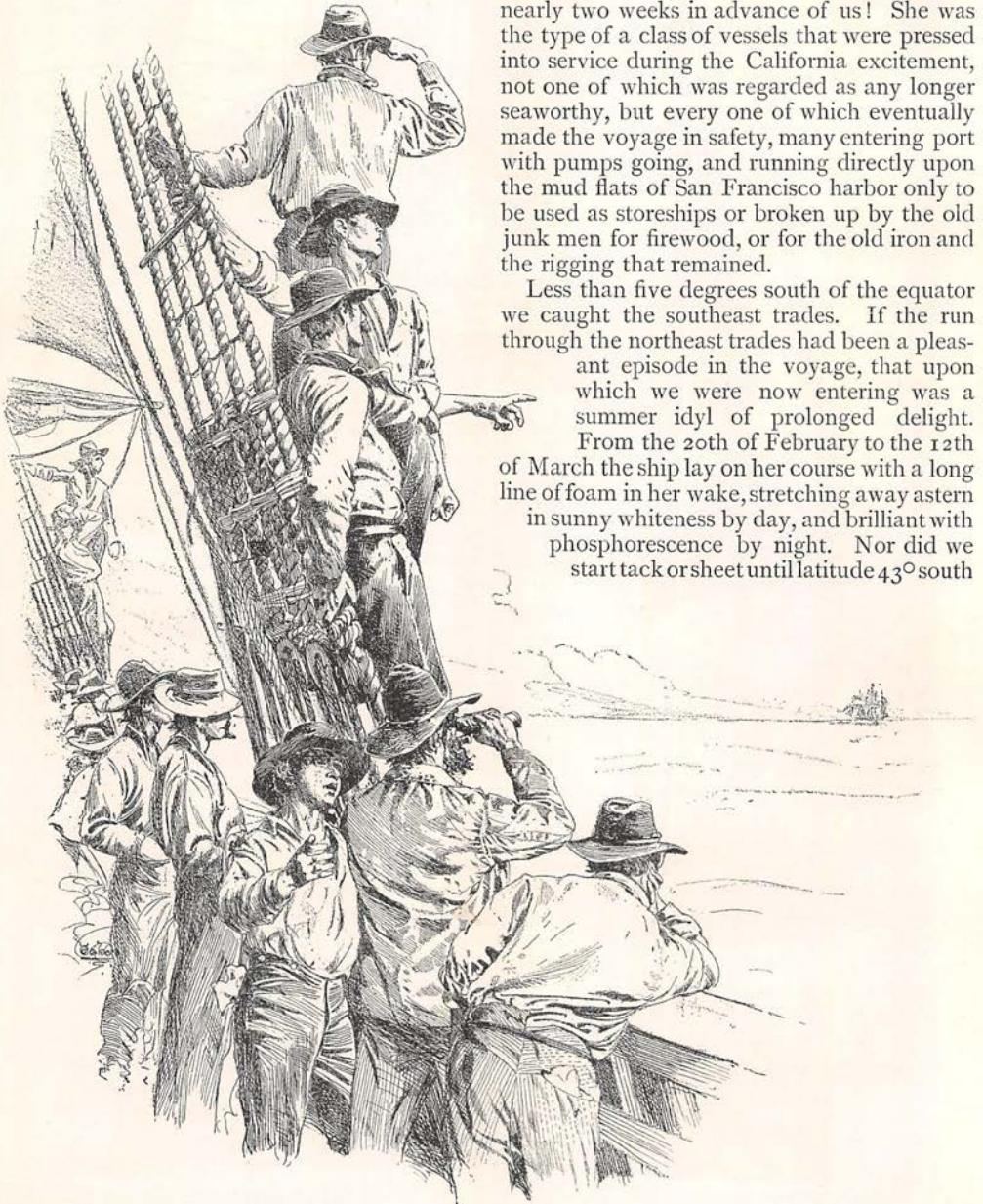
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean—

fairly upon the equator. Some three miles away to the northwestward was another ship, which by her rig was unmistakably an American craft. Yet so flat was the calm that her signals hung idly against the halyards. A boat was lowered, and a party of us started for an

equatorial visit to the stranger. She proved to be the *Aurora* from Nantucket, an old whaler, worm-eaten and dilapidated in her upper works, sorely afflicted with dry-rot, and looking as though she would not last to reach Cape Horn, much less to round that formidable point and complete her voyage. Compared to the *Edward Everett* she was a crazy old tub indeed. Months afterward, when our anchor was let go in the harbor of San Francisco, we found ourselves within hailing distance of this same old "blubber-hunter," which had made the port nearly two weeks in advance of us! She was the type of a class of vessels that were pressed into service during the California excitement, not one of which was regarded as any longer seaworthy, but every one of which eventually made the voyage in safety, many entering port with pumps going, and running directly upon the mud flats of San Francisco harbor only to be used as storeships or broken up by the old junk men for firewood, or for the old iron and the rigging that remained.

Less than five degrees south of the equator we caught the southeast trades. If the run through the northeast trades had been a pleasant episode in the voyage, that upon which we were now entering was a summer idyl of prolonged delight.

From the 20th of February to the 12th of March the ship lay on her course with a long line of foam in her wake, stretching away astern in sunny whiteness by day, and brilliant with phosphorescence by night. Nor did we start tack or sheet until latitude  $43^{\circ}$  south



SIGHTING AN OLD WHALER.



REEFING THE TOPSAIL. (REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1882.)

was reached, and the "trades" had spent their force. The transition from these halcyon days to the stormy period which followed was abrupt and unexpected. On the 13th the wind suddenly shifted to the southwest, and in an hour the ship was close-hauled on the wind under a reefed fore-topsail, fore-course and main-topsail, spanker, and jib. A rising gale was brewing. "The glass" was falling rapidly, but still, with watchful eye to windward and a somewhat anx-

ious expression upon his weatherbeaten face, our "skipper" held the ship steady in her course. Still the gale continued to freshen. The ship was tearing through the water with her lee rail half submerged, when suddenly the wind came down upon us with the force of a tornado, while the ship yet carried canvas enough to insure her being knocked down upon her beam-ends unless suddenly released from the pressure under which she was strug-

gling. And that sudden relief came with the quickness of thought. Her foresail burst like the explosion of a piece of heavy artillery and went away to leeward in shreds. It was now "let go" and "clew up" all along the line and, with everything cast loose and threshing furiously in the blast, the good ship righted and came up into the wind preparatory to being made ready for the battle with the elements upon which she was entering. A moment later upon the roof of the cook's galley was on fire; the flames and sparks from the wood-work around the smoke-pipe threatened a conflagration,



CAPE HORN. (FROM THE "CAROLINA," APRIL 9, 1849.)

which was averted by the courage and coolness on the part of a few who bestowed buckets of salt water judiciously upon the flames above—and into the soup below.

We were now in our first real gale. Soon the ship was lying head to the sea under a close-reefed main-topsail, with just enough of her spanker hauled out from the brails to keep her well balanced. The tempest was howling weirdly through her rigging, while the fast-rising sea, breaking against her weather bow, beat time in thundering unison to the blasts that were lashing its surface into a chaos of flying foam. To look to windward meant to be half blinded by the driving scud that cut like needles into the face. Fifty feet away from the ship's rail to the leeward the atmosphere was impenetrable. Fast gathering night was adding its dismal quota of horrors to the scene. But not only did the noble ship at once attest her seagoing qualities by her superb behavior, but captain, officers, and crew alike by their masterly work won the confidence of the ship's company. Three days later the ship was plowing her way southward again with a fair wind and a smooth sea.

Entering the stormy latitudes of the southern seas, we were welcomed by the cape pigeon and the strong-winged, mild-eyed albatross. Their numbers steadily increased as the ship worked her way to the southward. There is nothing that so relieves the monotony of a sea voyage through these waters as the at-

tendant presence of these beautiful birds. From the upper Patagonian coast on the Atlantic to the same latitude on the Pacific, they are the sailor's inseparable companions in sunshine and in storm. The eye of the albatross has a gentle, human expression, and he who has once sailed over these troubled waters will not be at a loss to understand the lesson of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

As we drew near the cape the ship was stripped of her "top-hamper." Her upper yards and spars were sent down, and with top-gallant yards yet crossed she was made ready for the rough-and-tumble work to be looked for "off the Horn." On the 29th of March, with the rugged and inhospitable coast of "Tierra del Fuego" lying in full view to the southwest,—the first "landfall" made since leaving Boston harbor,—we entered the Straits of Le Maire. Grim and forbidding the outline of Staten Land loomed out of the haze on our port beam as the ship drove forward with a free wind, fairly in mid-channel and pointing directly on her course as night shut down upon us.

At midday on the 30th, when in the latitude of Cape Horn and some seventy-five miles to the eastward of the dreaded locality, the wind suddenly hauled to the southwest and came out with hurricane fury. The long, heavy swell from the Pacific swept down upon us with irresistible force, and all hands were soon brought to a stern realization that the battle of "doubling Cape Horn" had fairly opened. At noon next day the ship had been blown a hundred miles to the eastward before the gale and the heavy seas that accompanied it. Nor did the next day's work show a gain of half a dozen miles of the ground thus lost. It was a contest between a good ship and good seamanship on the one side, and the terrific storms and yet more terrific seas that beset this bleak and inhospitable region.

Perhaps no merchant ship had ever left port better officered and better manned than this. Her commander was an old-time mariner, and a navigator who could read his way along the trackless deep with unerring accuracy. "Bowditch's Navigator" was his Bible. He fairly reveled in lunar observations and exulted over the necessities of storm and cloudy stress by day that forced him to exhibit his skill at double altitudes of the fixed stars by night. And when for a succession of days and nights no gleam from sun, moon, or stars had been visible to light the way along our course, his "dead reckoning" was never at fault, nor was the position of the ship ever marked wrong upon the chart. One could lie down to sleep at night in the serene confidence that wherever "the



IN A HEAVY SEA. (REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1882.)

old man" had dotted the location of the ship at each recurring midday there she must be.

The first officer of the ship was Mr. William V. Wells. He was a young man of rare physical perfection, a great-grandson of the revolutionary patriot Samuel Adams, and was worthy of his illustrious ancestry. His voyage in the *Edward Everett* closed his maritime career. Entering the profession of journalism in San Francisco, he became in after years one of the most popular writers for the daily press in that city. He enriched the literature of the present day by his "Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams" and his "Adventures in Honduras." Gentle and refined by nature, he was none the less a true sailor when in command on a ship's deck. Above the roar of the sea and the blast of the tempest, in the wildest night off Cape Horn, his voice rang out loud and clear without the aid of a trumpet, giving his orders with precision and coolness in a tone that was never misunderstood or disobeyed.

The second and third officers of the ship, Mr. Briard and Mr. Pike, were "old sea-dogs" of the truest type. In the fore-castle there were few who had not long before been graduated in their calling as "mates" and "second mates," and were seeking this method of working their passage to "the land of gold."

Not a day nor an hour passed for weeks when the ship was not struggling under short and

close-reefed canvas. Half the time her decks were swept by tremendous seas, and not a true or reliable observation was to be had from the day of her passage through the Straits of Le Maire until the cape had been fairly rounded and the ship's head pointed northward.

On the 21st of April, having battled our way around the cape and up to 51° south latitude on the Pacific side, the wind came out from the southward and we "squared away" for Valparaiso. The ship had not lost an inch of canvas or a spar nor parted a rope in her long struggle. With everything set aloft and aloft, and studding-sails boomed out to port and starboard, she sailed as she had never sailed before on this voyage; nor was sail shortened until, on the 29th of April, she ran into calm weather off Valparaiso harbor.

But two ships of the California fleet had arrived at Valparaiso before us. These were the Baltimore-built clippers,—famous in their day for speed,—the *Gray Eagle* and the *Grayhound*. The ship *Montreal* from Boston arrived a few hours later with 93 passengers. The barks *Victory*, 90 days from New York with 30 passengers, and the *Josephine*, 108 days from New York, arrived later in the day; the ship *Orpheus*, 90 days from New York with 105 passengers, and the brig *David Henshaw*, from New York with 7 passengers, reaching port on the following day. With 500 Americans thus turned loose upon the streets and hills of this old Spanish

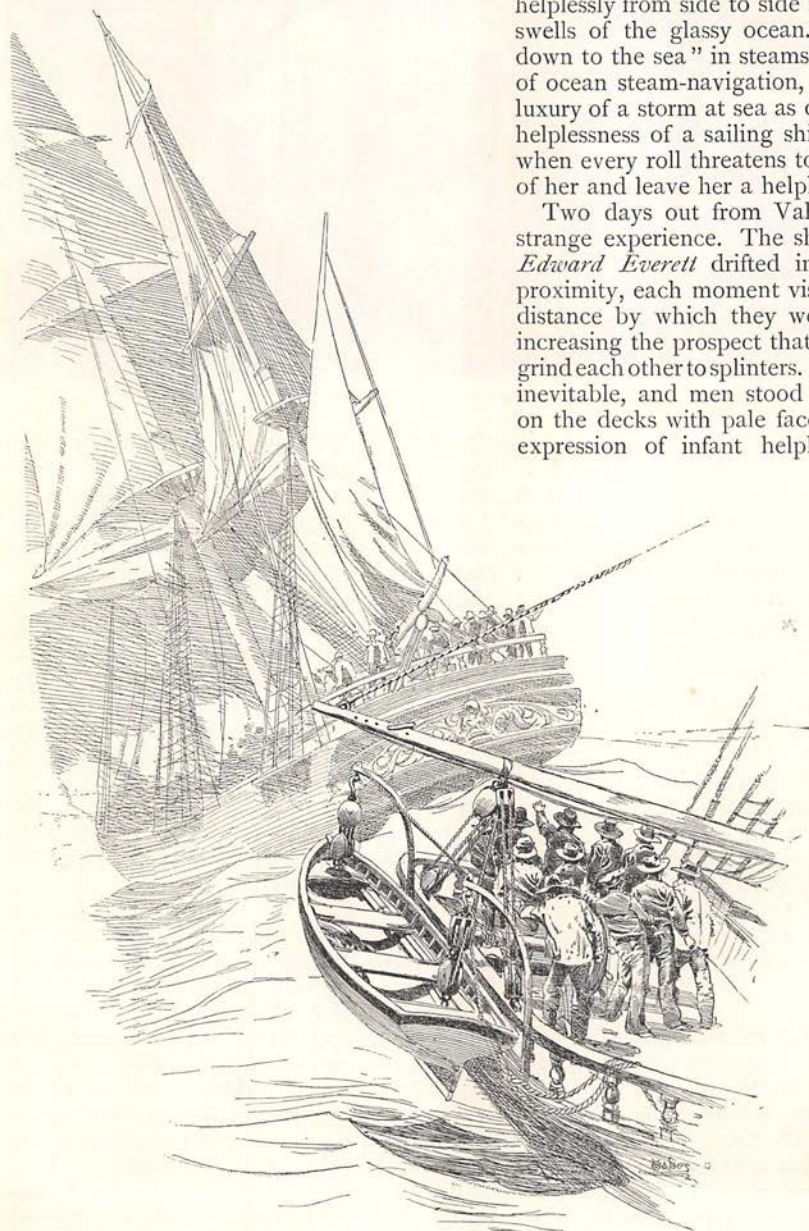
city after more than three months at sea, there was doubtless more bustle and animation in Valparaiso than had ever been witnessed before. It was a visit full of novelty and interest to this small army of gold hunters. "Knowing that we were going to a land where Spanish was spoken," writes a member of the *Edward Everett* company, "we all studied 'Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak Spanish'; and for several days before our arrival at Valparaiso no other language was spoken on board the ship. We were much sur-

prised on going ashore that the people did not understand their own language." However, means of communication were established, sufficient to enable us to supply our wants and to minister to our pleasure.

On the 4th of May all but two of the fleet were again under way, if a drift seaward with not air enough to prevent a ship's canvas from hanging idly against her masts can be so called. And drift, drift, drift it was, for days and days, the coast of Chili lying along in full view to the northward and eastward, and the ship rolling helplessly from side to side in the long, heavy swells of the glassy ocean. "They that go down to the sea" in steamships, in these days of ocean steam-navigation, do not realize the luxury of a storm at sea as compared with the helplessness of a sailing ship in a dead calm, when every roll threatens to jerk the spars out of her and leave her a helpless wreck.

Two days out from Valparaiso we had a strange experience. The ships *Montreal* and *Edward Everett* drifted into uncomfortable proximity, each moment visibly lessening the distance by which they were separated and increasing the prospect that the vessels would grind each other to splinters. A collision seemed inevitable, and men stood facing each other on the decks with pale faces and a common expression of infant helplessness. And all

the while the sea was glassy, the sky placid, and the atmosphere beaming with serenity. As they approached to within half a ship's length, the *Everett*, as though impelled by a mysterious power, seemed to forge ahead slowly, while the bow of the *Montreal* swung as slowly to starboard, until, with her jib-boom fairly over our port quarter and for a moment foul with our spanker gaff, she swung clear and the two ships drifted apart and out of danger to either. It was a hair-breadth escape.



A PERIL OF THE PACIFIC.



Crossing the equator on the 5th of June, we continued to drift lazily northward, until we took the northeast trades about 14° north latitude and were soon hastening towards the end of the voyage.

Preparations were now commenced for active work on our arrival. The ship's cargo, in addition to the company's stores, consisted mainly of lumber, flour, and the engine and boiler for a small steamer, which, with wise forethought, had been planned before leaving Boston to be built by the company and run upon the Sacramento River. Lumber was hoisted on deck, the frame of the boat was got out and fitted together, several barges were built, and tents were made. For the remainder of the run we had an animated company. The engine and boiler of the little steamer were hoisted on deck, set up, and connected. Steam was gotten up and the engine run for some hours and put in perfect order. While this operation was going on the clipper ship *Architect* was signaled, bound to San Francisco, where she arrived on the first of July and reported that she had passed the *Edward Everett* making her way to port under steam!—a report which was gravely published in the next day's issue of the "*Alta California*," the only newspaper then published in California.

As we approached the coast the fourth of July was at hand.

It was celebrated with noisy displays of patriotism and appropriate ceremonies. The orator of the day, Mr. Louis R. Lull, delivered an address, and a poem written on the occasion by Rev. Joseph A. Benton was read by him.

It was afternoon of the 6th of July when we entered the Golden Gate. The hills about the bay were dressed in the arid garb of the dry midsummer. Until Telegraph Hill was rounded no habitation or sign of civilization was visible save the dilapidated earthworks at Fort Point and the few crumbling adobe buildings that then constituted "the Presidio," or old Mexican military post. Alcatraz Island, now covered with fortifications and barracks and crowned with a lighthouse at its summit, was then naked and white with the guano of the



A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

myriads of cormorants, gulls, and pelicans that nested and hatched their broods upon it. The hills of Contra Costa and the plains at their feet were rank with wild oats, and were the pasture ground of herds of cattle. Here and there across the broad and beautiful bay the white-washed walls of an adobe ranch house were visible. Rounding Telegraph Hill, however, there was a change of scene. As the harbor of San Francisco opened up before us a whole fleet of vessels of every class and description were seen at anchor. Clearly some kind of talisman was drawing hither the commerce of the world, although on shore, as viewed from the ship's deck, one saw but a few adobe buildings, relics of Mexican methods and habits, some small wooden structures here and there,



GUANO ISLANDS, FROM THE STEAMER "COLUMBUS."

and tents large and small dotting the hillsides and beach.

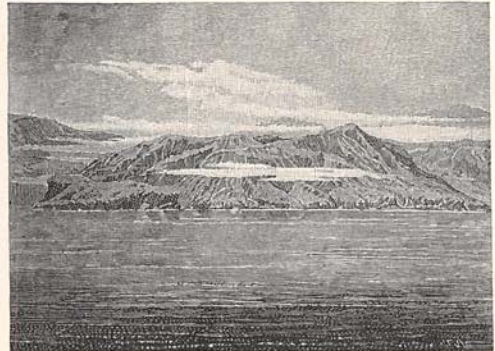
Landing on the rocks at Clark's Point, a spur of Telegraph Hill (for no wharf then existed), we skirted along the cove round into the center of the town, then fairly embraced within the space now covered by the few blocks bordering upon the Plaza or Portsmouth Square. A locality more replete with bustle and excitement than this then was never existed. Gambling and gamblers were in full possession of the field. Tents were crowded with people surrounding the tables where the Mexican game of "monte," and other so-called banking games were in full blast. These were the first and most conspicuous features of the scene. The mercantile establishments were thronged with men fitting out for "the diggings." Activity prevailed everywhere, occasioned mainly by the innumerable expeditions and squads of men about to depart for the mining region. For aside from the gambling fraternity, and the comparatively few older and wiser heads who saw a safer and more profitable field of operations in the opportunities which existed for trade and speculation in San Francisco, the heart of the multitude was set upon gold-digging, the "making of a pile,"—in the parlance of the day,—and a quick return to the old home again. Indeed, it may be



ISLAND JUAN FERNANDEZ.

safely estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the "Forty Niners" who had then arrived, and were still arriving, in California were animated by this sentiment. For at that time the country, with its arid and uninviting aspect, presented few or no attractions for permanent residence. Much less did it then exhibit any of the evidences of the resources of soil and climate which the subsequent forty years of American energy and enterprise have developed.

If the gold fever had become epidemic along the Atlantic border and throughout the west, here it was raging with an all-consuming, burning fury, attacking all alike, and making eventually hapless victims of many. Our own ship's company were no exception to the rule. The sailors left the ship an hour after her anchors were down, and only the community of interest which bound us together prevented a stampede of everybody. Some days elapsed before a plan of proceeding could be agreed upon. Our spare lumber, of which we had



THE NORTH POINT OF ISLAND SANTA MARGARITA.

brought a goodly quantity, was readily sold for three hundred dollars per thousand feet, and payment received in gold dust. A considerable surplus of saleratus, which by chance happened to be among the ship's stores, found an immediate sale at eight dollars per pound. Other commodities were disposed of at similar rates of profit, so that already, in addition to the ship and her remaining stores, boats, barges, steamer, and camp equipments, with rugged health and strength prevailing among the members of the company, the treasury was well stocked with ready funds, and the company was prepared to commence operations.

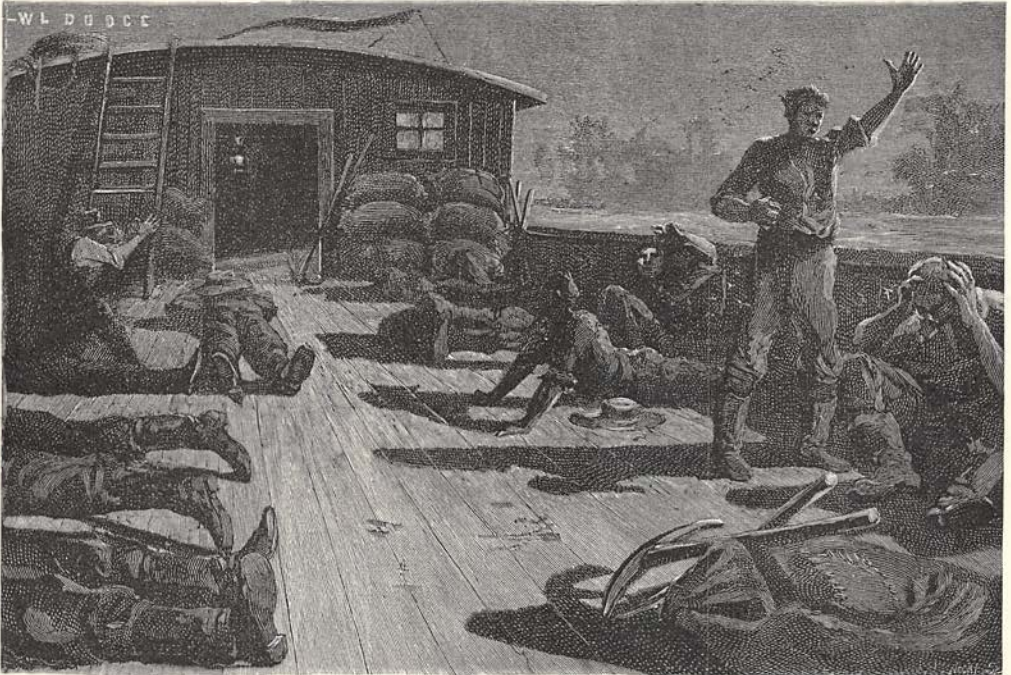
It was finally decided that the headquarters of the company should be located at Benicia, on the straits of Carquinez, some thirty-five miles from San Francisco, and on the 10th of July the ship got under way for that point, in charge of Captain Harrison, the bay pilot

of that day. Before nightfall she was safely moored alongside the marsh, in front of the point at which the city of Benicia at that time was *expected* to rise and rival San Francisco in wealth and importance.

Preparations were immediately made for the transportation of the main body of the company up the Sacramento, *en route* to the mining region, while a sufficient number—and among them the best mechanics of the company—were to be left behind to set up and launch the steamer. The next day the expedition started up the river. It consisted of four barges and two surf boats, all deeply laden with men and stores. The little flotilla sailed

upon the right bank of the stream. The memory of that night will be vivid in the mind of the last survivor of those who shared its miseries, though he live to round out a century of existence. The atmosphere was dense with the most voracious breed of mosquitoes. It was a night of purgatorial penance, and deep was the rejoicing when morning dawned and we were again afloat.

The waters of the Sacramento were then clear and uncontaminated by the mining debris that subsequently made it a muddy and shallow stream. Its banks were fringed with trees, shrubs, and climbing plants fairly tropical in their luxuriance. Every bend in the silent



NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

away up the straits into Suisun Bay. The true channel through this bay was at that time not marked by buoys or beacons by which it could be followed. Mud banks existed in all directions, and these were soon successful in locating. Half the time the boats were aground, and half filled with water from the spray of the sea that broke over them as they were lifted and thumped upon the soft mud shoals. The passage across this troublesome sheet of water was at length safely effected, however, and the little fleet entered a broad estuary that opened out before it, only to find, an hour or two later, that we were ascending the San Joaquin instead of the Sacramento River. Beating our way back we at last reached the entrance to the Sacramento, and encamped for the night

river brought a new revelation of solitude—beautiful effects of foliage and placid waters, with the distant Sierras dimly outlined in the hazy atmosphere. There was no sign of human habitation until, as we rounded a bend in the river, the tents and shanties of Sacramento came into view.

The city of Sacramento was at this time but little more than a busy, thriving camp, along the river and on the line of what is now Front street. Back of this was a light growth of timber which shut off the view of the country beyond. Heaps of merchandise were scattered along the river bank. Teams of every description and pack trains were constantly loading and departing for the mines. Places where business was being carried on in tents and rough struc-

tures alternated with gambling resorts open day and night. Excitement prevailed everywhere and was written in the expression of every face. The people of these days—as indeed for years afterward—lived at the rate of ten years in one. Proper food was scarce. In a land now so well known to be the most productive in fruits and vegetables of any part of the world, not a fruit tree existed or a garden patch was cultivated outside of the mission grounds scattered widely apart over the country along the coast. A wagon-load of potatoes and onions arriving from the Mission of San José, while we were yet encamped at Sacramento, was speedily disposed of at a dollar a pound. Many months elapsed before we again indulged in these luxuries.

The next movement was to be towards the mines. In what direction we should move, was the momentous question. It was finally decided that the Mokelumne River should be our point of destination; and on the afternoon of the 17th of July, about one hundred and twenty in number, with three teams loaded with stores and camp equipage and drawn by oxen, we took up our line of march. Our road led out through the thin line of timber in the direction of Sut-

hope, we started on our march carrying no water. Before ten o'clock every man in the party began to experience the effects of the heat and the pangs of thirst. The heat grew more and more oppressive. We learned afterward that the mercury at Sacramento was at  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade. The sharp, hot gravel crunched under our footsteps, the atmosphere shimmered with heat in all directions. By eleven o'clock the burning plain met the horizon on all sides, with not a sign of life or vegetation, or an indication of water in any direction. Men and animals were panting like dogs just in from the chase. Still there was no time to halt. Relief could only be had by pushing forward. The pace was necessarily a slow one. The oxen wearily dragged their heavy loads, while the men kept within easy reach of the wagons, not knowing who might be first to fall from heat and exhaustion. Soon after noon, the line of timber that skirts the Cosumnes appeared on the northeastern horizon. Underneath it was an equally long line of open sky, so that the trees seemed literally to be growing in the air. It was the deceitful mirage that had brought them thus prematurely into view, and many weary miles yet remained to be traversed

before they were reached. But the sight inspired new hope and effort and we plodded on. Men now began to give out, and these were lifted upon the wagons. The older and stronger men of the party were first to succumb; "the boys" still held out. At length, late in the afternoon we drew near the river. As the head of the straggling column reached its banks there was a rush for the stream; many threw themselves headlong into the shallow waters, while all drank their fill. The poor fellows on the wagons were lifted tenderly down and taken to the water. Two or three of the number had fallen behind the wagons and were not yet in. Volunteers carrying water started back and

found them prostrate a mile away, in a state of complete collapse. Water revived them, and by the aid of their stronger companions they struggled into camp. But not until long after night had fallen was the camp fire lighted and our supper eaten.

We cooked our breakfast and broke camp at daylight the next morning and started again on our weary tramp. Some of the party had to be carried on the wagons. But although there were hills to climb and a long march to make on this day's journey, yet there were shade-trees in abundance, and springs here and there along the route, making it comparatively a holiday trip. By noon we were fairly within the "min-



THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, ABOVE SACRAMENTO.

ter's Fort, some two miles back from the Sacramento, near the left bank of the American River. Here we camped for the night preparatory to a long trip on the morrow. Up to this time the weather had been insufferably hot, though the nights were cold. We were not unaware, therefore, that a tiresome and oppressive tramp was before us, when on the following morning we broke camp and started on our journey. Our route was in a southeasterly direction straight out over a dry and arid plain, beyond which, some twenty-five miles away, was the Cosumnes River. We did not know that not a drop of water was to be had until the Cosumnes was reached, and, buoyant with



ARRIVAL OF THE "EDWARD EVERETT" AT SACRAMENTO.

ing region." Our route now lay along the line of what has since come to be known as "the mother lode" of California, and from which millions have since been extracted in the quartz-mining operations that have been and are still being prosecuted upon it. In all California, however, not a blow had yet been struck in quartz-mining, for the "placer diggings" were as yet virgin ground, and quartz operations were unthought of. Before leaving Boston, we had taken into our party a "professional" geologist, who passed with us over miles and miles of the "mother lode" without ever suspecting its existence, and was as helpless as the most inexperienced youngster of the party in the hunt for gold when "the diggings" were reached.

Our party reached the summit of the ridge that constitutes the northern descent to the Mokelumne River late in the afternoon. No teams had ever before gone down the trail to the river itself, the few gold-seekers who preceded us having carried their stores on "pack animals." A unique method of descent was adopted by us. The oxen were hitched to the rear of the wagons, headed up the hill; the tongues of the wagons were steered by two strong men; ropes were rigged out and manned on the upperside of the incline and also to assist in "lowering away" when all was ready. Thus with the cart literally before the oxen, and the rudder rigged out forward instead of astern, and with the strong cattle backing slowly down the

hill, the descent was finally accomplished, and camp was made that night by the side of the brawling river.

The next morning the digging for gold commenced in earnest. The first day's journey in the burning heat of the Sacramento valley had prostrated several of the company, however, and the hospital at once became a necessary adjunct to the as yet chaotic camp. The search among our stores soon revealed the fact that the medicine-chest had been left behind. Ludicrous as the fact may seem, a box which was supposed to contain the medicines proved to be the outer covering of a carboy of acid which had been provided by our geologist to test the loads of gold which it was confidently expected we should soon accumulate. Something had to be done to rectify the blunder immediately, for several of the men were now in the hospital tent. The writer was detailed to return alone to Sacramento and hasten forward the medicines—a trip successfully accomplished with the aid of a stout little mustang.

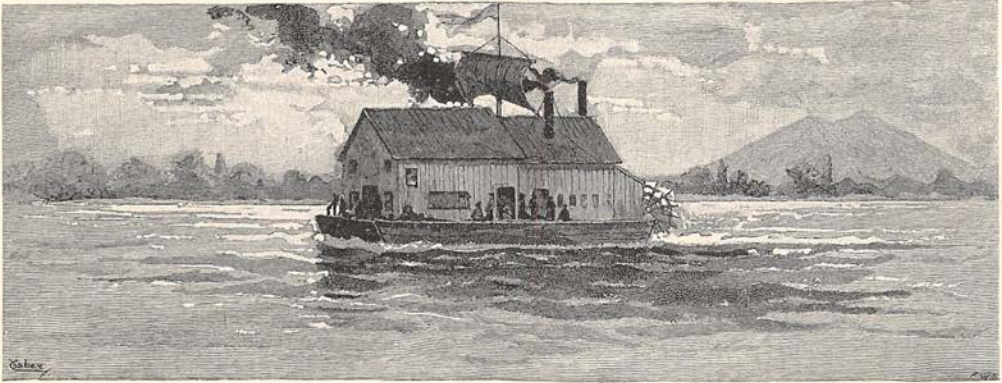
My presence as secretary of the company having now become necessary at the ship, still lying at Benicia, I returned two days later to Sacramento, and descending the river by a small boat, reached the *Edward Everett* a day later. Work on the small steamboat had progressed rapidly. The keel had been laid on the 13th of July, and all hands were pushing forward the construction. On the 12th of August she was successfully launched, and swung along-

side the ship. Her boiler and machinery were lowered into her, and soon put in place, and on the 15th a trial trip was successfully made, although it cannot be said that the speed was satisfactory. She was loaded, and, commanded by our first officer, William V. Wells, with Alfred N. Proctor as engineer and S. P. Barker as assistant, she started on her first voyage up the river on the 17th of August, 1849. The writer, in company with others, was a passenger on board. We reached Sacramento on

California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company ceased to exist.

Out of this whole ship's company not more than thirty remained in California. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, but fifteen are living there to-day. The others returned again to their Eastern homes, where their subsequent careers, with few exceptions, are unknown.

Some of the delusions of the time are curious. One ship's company, for example, came



STEAM GOLD DREDGER ASCENDING THE SACRAMENTO, 1849.

the early morning of the 19th. The steam whistle was sounded on approaching, and the whole camp was soon assembled upon the river bank to receive us and witness the unique sight of a steamboat on the Sacramento. Such a greeting has seldom been witnessed. The blasts of the whistle and the yelling of the multitude ushered in a day of jollification, in which whisky was the fuel that kept up steam on shore long after the fires had gone out under the boilers of the little *Pioneer*.

As a coöperative body, the rest of the story of the *Edward Everett* company is soon told. Two weeks on the Mokelumne resulted in the unanimous decision that coöperative gold digging was impracticable, and a resolution to disband was adopted. Mr. J. L. Bates, one of the directors of the company, was authorized to return to Benicia, sell the ship, and close up the affairs of the company, while singly and in squads the men scattered, some to hunt for and dig gold on their individual account, others returning to Sacramento and San Francisco soon after, satisfied that they had mistaken their calling.

The ship was sold for \$30,000; the little steamboat was purchased by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. for \$6000, and soon after was snagged on the Feather River, where it sank. A final dividend of \$160 was paid to each member of the company, and the Boston and

in the expectation of dredging gold from the bottom of the Sacramento River or its branches. They brought with them a large scow, to be propelled by a stern wheel operated by an engine in the usual manner. A house, or workshop, was built over the entire boat, within which was the dredging apparatus, and quarters for men who were to operate it, and where they were to divide the proceeds of their labor as the gold was dredged from the bottom of the river. The unique craft steamed up the river and made experiments, which so completely convinced her owners of the absurdity of the scheme that they quietly dismantled and disposed of her.

This was not more delusive, however, than the attempt to dig gold upon the coöperative principle. It was assumed that a hundred or more men could be called together indiscriminately from every vocation in life, many of whom had never performed a stroke of hard labor, and that all could work in harmony together, some performing more daily labor than others and producing more than others, and all standing on a basis of perfect equality in the division of the combined product. Such was the underlying principle upon which the organization of the *Edward Everett's* company was based. Its brief existence when the mining region was reached, and the system of coöperative labor was attempted to be carried

into effect, attests its absurdity. It served its purpose, perhaps, in bringing about a combination of capital and effort to secure an economical method of reaching California, but beyond that it was a detriment to every man who really desired to "try his luck," so to speak, at gold digging. For instead of leaving the whole field of the California gold region open to every one of the company, it concentrated into one chance the opportunities of all. It disgusted the large majority of the company with gold digging at the very outset, and sent them back to their ordinary vocations at home or in California. Not one of the company ever grew rich by gold digging. There was really but little to choose between the folly of attempting to dredge gold in 1849 from the mud of the Sacramento, and that of digging gold in the foothills of the Sierras by coöperative labor.

Through the years 1849 and 1850, the Cape Horn route from the Atlantic States to California maintained the supremacy over all others, but towards the close of 1850 the Panama route gained the ascendancy. From that time on the voyage "round the Horn" ceased to command any considerable share of travel, and was finally given over to the famous fleet of American clippers so renowned in their day as fast freight carriers to the Pacific coast. It is interesting to note the relative share of travel by sea which these routes commanded in these early days. The only record in existence from which information can be obtained is that which was kept by Mr. Edward S. King, harbor master of San Francisco during that period, the custom house records having been destroyed by the great fire of May 4, 1851. This valuable record is now the property of the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco, and from it the following compilation is made:

PASSENGER ARRIVALS BY SEA IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

<i>Via Cape Horn.</i>	<i>Via Panama.</i>	<i>From Pacific Ports.</i>
15,597	6489	9217

From the 1st of July to the 31st of December the record shows the arrival of male and female passengers. From this it appears that the number of female passengers during that period was as follows:

From Atlantic and European Ports } and via Panama }	309
From Australia.....	102
From Chili.....	72
From Mexico.....	70
From South Sea Islands.....	23
From Peru.....	15
From China.....	8
Total .....	599

In 1850 the arrivals were as follows:

<i>Via Cape Horn.</i>	<i>Via Panama.</i>	<i>From Pacific Ports.</i>
Males, 11,209	.. Males, 13,490	.. Males, .9823
Females, 561	.. Females, 319	.. Females, 1522
Total number of males.....		34,522
Total number of females.....		2402

Of the females the classification was as follows:

From American and European Ports } and Panama }	880
From Australia.....	895
From Mexico.....	451
From Chili.....	117
From South Sea Islands.....	41
From Peru.....	16
From China.....	2
Total .....	1522
Total .....	2402

No record exists from which the volume of overland travel to California during these years can be given. Its ratio can be best approximated perhaps by reference to the records of membership of the Society of California Pioneers. This organization is made up of those who arrived in California prior to January 1, 1850, and their male descendants. From this source the following compilation is made:

Members who arrived via Cape Horn.....	518
Members who arrived via Panama.....	213
Members who arrived overland.....	208
Members who arrived by other routes.....	77
Total .....	1016

It thus appears that more than half of these associated argonauts made the Cape Horn voyage. The list of "forty-niners" from which this tabulation is made embraces of course but a small portion of those who were eligible to membership had they not long since been gathered to their fathers, or been scattered to other parts of the world, or failed to avail themselves of their privilege.

It is a remarkable circumstance that out of a fleet of 760 vessels from American ports that sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco in 1849-50, not one was wrecked or sustained any serious disaster on the long and tempestuous voyage. Yet this great fleet was largely composed of old vessels that had long been regarded as unseaworthy, and in many instances had been condemned, but which had been patched up and pressed into service again to meet the exigencies of the occasion. Many and many a ship entered the Golden Gate with pumps which had been almost constantly manned to keep it afloat, and many and many instead of coming to and anchor were run directly upon the mud flats of Mission Bay, where they ended their sea-going days by being transformed into storehouses, hotels, or boarding-houses, finally to be broken up by the "old

junk" men. The *Niantic*, a large, full-rigged ship, that had seen service in every sea, was floated up to what is now the very heart of San Francisco, and there converted into a hotel. Over the gaping wound in her stout oaken side, where a doorway was cut for a public entrance, was inscribed the hospitable legend, "Rest for the weary and storage for trunks." The ship *Apollo* was converted into a saloon and lodging-house, while on the opposite side of the way was the hulk of the brig *Euphemia*, which had been purchased by the *ayuntamiento*, or city council, for a prison, and was the first place for the confinement of criminals which the city of San Francisco owned. Many a ship was deserted by owners, officers, and crew for the more attractive "diggings."

The wonder becomes still greater that this vast fleet of vessels—many of them worn and unseaworthy—made the Cape Horn voyage successfully, when it is remembered that most of them made the passage in mid-winter of that stormy region. The average number of days occupied in making the voyage by those which were off the cape in the summer months of that locality was 153, as against an average of 203 days for those which were there in the winter months. In some instances vessels "sighting" Staten Land, or even the cape itself, would be blown off eastward by the never-ceasing southwest gales, and after six weeks' battling with the storm would again find the same "landfall" to the windward, and actual progress round the bleak headland not yet begun. It was not an unusual experience

to lie close-hauled to the wind under a single storm staysail for week after week, the ship's rigging covered with icy sleet, her decks half the time covered with hail or buried in water, the sea breaking over her and washing everything away not securely bolted or lashed to her decks, the galley flooded with water so that little or no cooking could be done, and "old horse" and "hard tack" the only fare. Add to this the gloom of the long, dark winter nights, and the cheerlessness of the short winter days,—the sun breaking through the murky atmosphere low down in the north for an hour or two, perhaps, now and then,—hatches battened down, making life almost unendurable below decks, and discomfort and misery prevailing everywhere, the rolling and pitching of the ship rendering sleep next to impossible and actual rest unattainable, and this condition of things continuing in many instances for a period of two months before the work of "doubling the cape" was accomplished. The constant sense of danger that no man could fail to realize added misery to the situation yet more unpleasantly appreciable.

It is an interesting circumstance that every one of these vessels entered the harbor of San Francisco and found an anchorage without the aid of a pilot. It is none the less singular, perhaps, that not until after a pilot system was established was there a single wreck to record of vessels entering or attempting to enter the Golden Gate. Yet no more competent body of men than these pilots have ever pursued the calling in any part of the world.

*Willard B. Farwell.*



## GRAY ROCKS AND GRAYER SEA.

GRAY rocks, and grayer sea,  
And surf along the shore—  
And in my heart a name  
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills  
Endure the darkening year—  
And in my heart endure  
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail  
That tosses and is gone—  
And in my heart the kiss  
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,  
And surf along the shore—  
And in my heart the face  
That I shall see no more.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*