

TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849 THROUGH MEXICO.



California with its mines of gold, and how soonest to get there was the ruling excitement of the hour, in the fall of 1848. The "gold fever" was at its height. Many desired to go gold-hunting that could not for want of money, and many that had the wherewithal could not abandon families, homes, and business with any degree of self-ap-

proval. So in many instances the matter was compromised, and he who could spare the cash (and sometimes he that could not) entered into agreement with the impecunious but enterprising adventurer who desired to go, to furnish him the means, the proceeds to be shared between them on his return. Had the gold-hunters kept faith with their bankers and shared all they obtained, it would have been another case of fisherman and gate-keeper. The fisherman, it will be remembered, was denied admittance to the castle with a splendid fish, of which he knew the lord of the castle was fond, until he agreed to give half he received to the obstinate gate-keeper. Once admitted, he refused to dispose of it to the master except for one hundred lashes. He was compelled to explain, and received one-half lightly laid on, while the gate-keeper received the other half laid on with vigor. Could the pioneer have given to his stay-at-home partner one-half of the hardships, dangers, diseases, shipwrecks, extreme hunger, and dire distresses he endured he would doubtless have been willing to share the gold also.

But these arrangements enabled thousands of energetic and fearless men to start on the pilgrimage for gold in many ways. One of these, which I am about to narrate, was the formation of a company of two hundred adventurous spirits fitted out in New-York. The plan was to go by sea to Vera Cruz, Mexico, thence overland to the Pacific coast at San Blas or Mazatlan, and in the absence of ves-

sels at these ports to continue the journey of two thousand miles by land through Mexico, Lower and Upper California to the mines. A part of the company embarked from San Blas, a part from Mazatlan, and a part made the entire journey overland from Vera Cruz.

This company, mostly composed of picked young men, was organized under the comprehensive title of the "Manhattan-California Overland Association," and numbered about two hundred members. We were full of a sanguine spirit of adventure and eager to dig our fortunes from the mines in the shortest possible time. We were fitted out with very wide-brimmed soft hats, boots of rubber or leather reaching above the knee, woolen and rubber blankets, red flannel shirts, a liberal supply of tin pans for washing out the gold, shovels, picks, spades, crowbars, camp-kettles, frying-pans, tin plates, tin cups, daguerreotypes, locks of hair, Spanish books, a few patent gold-washers, musical instruments, etc., the most of which assortment was early scattered along the Mexican trails or in the chaparral, or perhaps sold to the natives for a few small coins. To these were added rifles, carbines, shot-guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, to which we clung closely all the way. We chartered the bark *Mara*, Captain Parks, in ballast, of some two hundred tons, fitted her hold with a flooring and two tiers of double bunks all around her sides, placed a cook-stove amidship in the hold with the pipe projecting from the open hatchway, provisioned her at our own expense with vari-



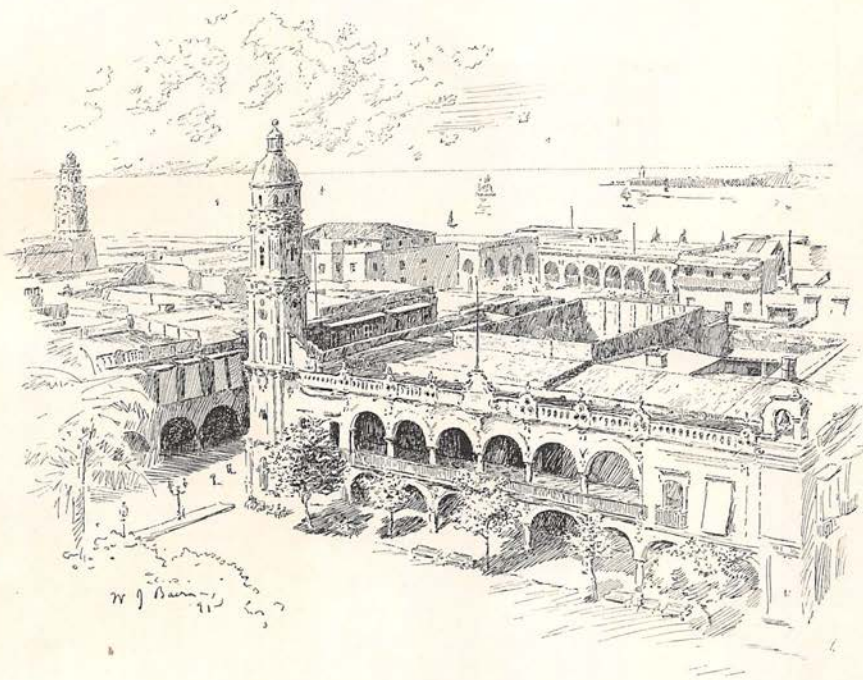
"OH, SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME."

ous sea-stores of the common sort, beans and pork, salt beef, hams, mackerel, sea-bread, coffee, and a supply of water, and were ready for the voyage.

We provided no cook, as we were all earnest on the score of economy and self-denial, and our outlay thus far for the voyage to Vera Cruz was but twenty dollars each. We presented a remarkable appearance as we boarded the bark

of the most emphatic oaths, which he freely bestowed upon us.

Among our number, gathered on the vessel's deck at the wharf, was one young man of striking physique, very tall, wearing a broad sombrero and boots reaching to his hips and already fitted with spurs for the Mexican mustang he expected to ride, and with buckskin gauntlets reaching to his elbows, and two



THE CATHEDRAL AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

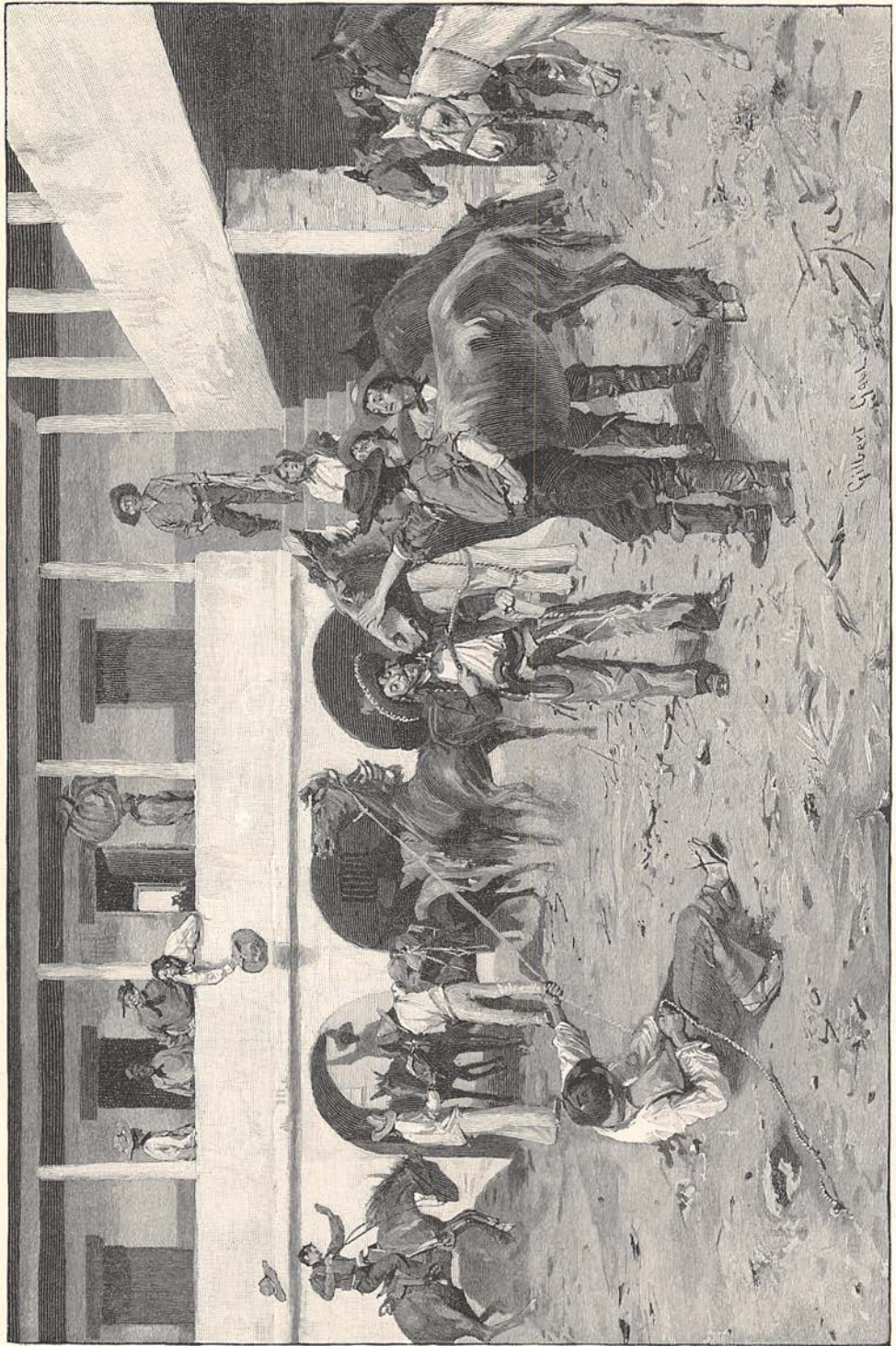
at the foot of Burling Slip on the last day of January, 1849, every man in full California costume, his armament in his belt—boots and buckskin gauntleted gloves, a roll of blankets strapped *à la militaire* on his shoulders, a carbine or rifle slung upon his back, and frying-pans, coffee-pots, camp-kettles, and assorted tinware in his hands. The bark had a poop-deck on her quarter in which were a few small rooms for which lots were drawn, and I was fortunate in drawing one, which freed me from the confinement of the packed and darkened bunks of the vessel's hold, with its foul atmosphere of bilge-water and heated humanity.

Captain Parks enlisted but a small crew, depending on volunteers, but he was wisely provided with his own cook and caboose. His cook had a remarkable personality: a light copper-colored negro over six feet in height, exceedingly slim, gaunt and gray, wrinkled and crippled, with but one eye, three fingers on one hand and none on the other, and with a vocabulary in English which consisted entirely

revolvers and a bowie-knife in his broad belt. He was very conspicuous as he mounted the vessel's shrouds, crept through the "lubber-hole" and posed in the main-top, and then clambered down again to the deck. "All aboard!" was cried, "and all ashore that 's going," was the usual paradoxical warning. Many friends were on the wharf to say good-by and wish us pleasant things; kisses were being exchanged, while a jovial group on the quarter-deck was vociferously singing:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm bound for California with my tin pan on my knee,

when a pretty, fair-haired girl, her rosy cheeks wet with tears, put up her lips that our booted hero might impart his farewell kiss. His heart was tender if his boots were large, and, just as we were casting loose from the wharf, he sprang upon the deck, threw his baggage ashore, and followed it with agility, renouncing for love all his golden visions of California.



Gilbert Sargent

THE COURTYARD OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

Down the bay we sped, with the tug-boat alongside and the chorus of "Susannah" ringing over the waters, to which was added the refrain :

But the happy time is over ;
I 've only grief and pain,
For I shall never, never see
Susannah dear again,

which was concluded with three ringing cheers and a hurrah for California as the tug left us on the broad Atlantic. A gale speedily sprang up, and all night long our lightly ballasted bark rolled hither and thither upon the heaving seas, and many penitential landmen, under the influence of their first seasickness, wished they had never left their homes, and were freely urged by the more jolly ones to wade ashore.

By the next morning's light was revealed a dejected and motley group of seasick humanity taking its first sea lessons on old Neptune's dominions. And now came a culmination of our miseries. We had pork, beans, coffee, and hardtack, but where was the cook? How were two hundred men with stomachs now in a state of entire vacuum to be fed with hot coffee and cooked rations? In times of emergency the Yankee always calls a public meeting, and so a mass meeting was convened; and, after speeches had been made, it was decided to accept the proposal of two of our number, who for a valuable consideration volunteered to cook for the two hundred till we should reach Vera Cruz. Thenceforth, after a period of fasting, we had one lunch a day, when the sea was not too rough, till our voyage was ended, on the 24th day of February.

The writer must leave it to the imagination of the reader to divine what the 200, confined on that small vessel for twenty-four days, did in the way of mischief. Once only on the voyage did the boisterous spirits on board require discipline. This the good, but sorely tried, Captain Parks administered by ordering the bark "laid to." This was effective, as every one was in haste to reach California before the gold should all be "dug out," and dreaded delay.

We arrived off the coast of Mexico just as the evening sun was descending amid the golden clouds over the mountain peaks, flanked by dark and somber masses, the snow-crowned Orizaba, or star mountain, set high in the blue heavens, flashing as with a coronal of diamonds. Two snow-white birds of flowing plumage came off from the yet distant land, and with an easy and graceful movement of their wings circled around our mastheads, and then flew straight landward again. They were the mariners' pilot-birds of the tropics come to guide us ashore. It was Sunday morning

when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and while the clanging of some scores of musical Spanish bells from the cathedral towers filled the air, the officers were entertained by an encounter between two of our pugnacious gold-hunters, who struck vigorously from the shoulder. We received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship. Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott. Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf-boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons, and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee-made pack-saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended—that of enriching the contractors. The only pack-saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some eighty pounds, on top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some two hundred pounds.

As Vera Cruz is in a section of sand, cactus, and lizards, surrounded by a large tract of chaparral, messengers were sent to the nearest ranches and haciendas to announce that an arrival of "Los Yankees" was in want of horses, mules, and "burros." We were constrained to remain for the night in the yellow-fever-producing city among its so-called "greasers" (as our soldiers had termed them). This we passed in a caravansary, the first floor of which was packed with two hundred head of pack-mules and "burros." We spread our blankets on the boards of the second floor, disturbing large colonies of fleas who held pre-emption rights, and who resisted our encroachment by furious onslaughts on every part of our bodies. There were openings in the wall of our room but no windows, and from below, the whole night through, there was one continual braying and uproar from the two hundred hungry mules. Nothing could parallel this first night in Mexico but a page of Dante's "Inferno."

As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the ignorant masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded

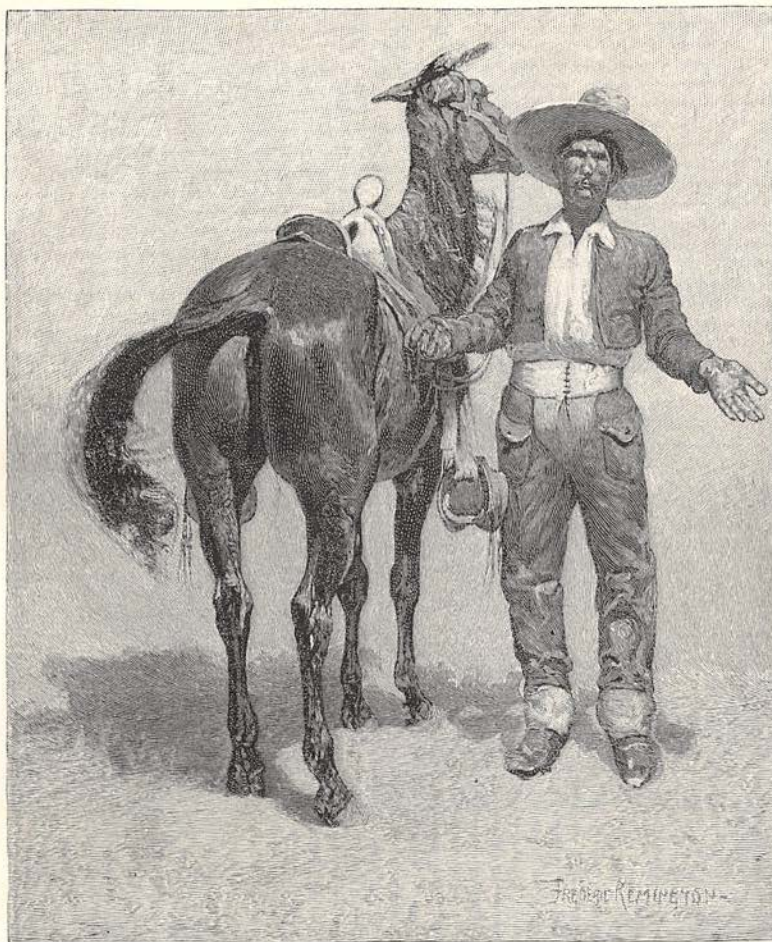
their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army, and to pass over battle-fields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact, the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way. Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals, and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life. Impressed by these tales (which found fulfilment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.

On Monday Mexican horse-traders presented themselves, in comparison with whom the sharpest Yankee horse-jockey sunk into utter insignificance. They drove in before them, with a "whoop la" and a Comanche yell, caravans of horses and mules that included not only the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind, but also some of the most vicious and worthless brutes that were ever collected together—galled and chafed, sore-backed, buckers, jumpers, and balky. Yet with wonderful skill the owners of these gothic animals covered up and disguised their defects and their vicious tricks, so that in most cases the deception and trickery were not discovered till the vendors were well on their way to their ranches again. From twenty-five to forty dollars, or *pesos*, each was paid by anxious buyers for animals which the owners would have been glad to sell for one-quarter the money. We found that these mustangs could with equal facility throw the rider over their heads, or kick him off to the rear, or shoot him upward, or lie down abruptly, or take out a liberal piece of his flesh, and yet under the manipulation of the ranch owner they had been as docile and gentle as could be desired.

However, our passports having been viséd and each man mounted, and some several times dismounted, by Monday night we reached as best we could a general rendezvous or camping-place at Santa Fé, a group of huts some ten miles from Vera Cruz, and passed our first night on our blankets with the ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter tent. On the vessel we had organized into four divisions, each with a captain at its head, known as the New Jersey, Island City, Enterprise, and Pacific. The originator of the en-

terprise, who had professed to be a veteran Mexican traveler and who was to act as generalissimo of the whole, had failed to report on board the *Mara*, so a mass meeting was convened at Santa Fé, and with very brief speech-making the writer was chosen to take command of the expedition. On calling the roll it was found that one member had been left in Vera Cruz, having been thrown skyward from his horse and somewhat injured. Wishing to abandon none, I called for a volunteer and started back to the city (ten miles through deep sand lined with a growth of chaparral) to escort our comrade out to camp. The volunteer was a Mr. Pierce, who had been a member of a company of cavalry at home and had brought with him his long cavalry sword, which he secured in a dangling position from the horn of his saddle. His steed was not used to such an appendage, and soon the rider was rolling in the sand in one direction and the horse in another. As the way was beset with guerrillas, I gave my horse a free rein and spur; and with a ready revolver in one hand rode into the city and safely brought my comrade out to the camp.

At this first camp we divided into "messes," bought and distributed a Mexican beef, and cooked our first meals. We made our first start for a day's march on the morning of the 28th day of February. The first camp-fires, the cooking, the saddling-up, the loading of baggage and equipments on the vicious, kicking, biting mustangs and donkeys, and the final mount and start were altogether beyond description. Besides the rider, they had to carry two blankets, his mining tools, coffee-pot, camp-kettle, and frying-pan laid on or hanging from his saddle, and his bag of tin cups, spoons, and tin plates, and his gun, rifle, or carbine slung on his back, and a variety of other articles supposed to be essential. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza joined to Falstaff's regiment would not have presented half so motley a group. The rattle of tinware and the orders and the shouting in an unknown tongue excited the wild and half-broken mustangs to madness. I soon had to organize a rear-guard under Captain Pierce to pick up stragglers, help reload broken cargoes, and lift stubborn and refractory mules to their feet. It was also necessary constantly to halt the column, knowing well that a man who should be left out of sight in the rear would be speedily gobbled up by the watchful robbers trailing after us. Along the day's route, as all the way across the whole of Mexico, we found wooden crosses, indicating that a murder had been committed there. This first day's ride of ten miles brought us to a stream known as Murderer's Den. Here, before starting from camp in the morning, a detail



A MEXICAN HORSE-TRADER.

of organization was made, and by adopting a rigid military discipline, and discarding worthless incumbrances in the way of mining tools, gold-washers, etc., I was able to train my troop so that when the trail was not very rough or mountainous over twenty Mexican leagues a day was made between camps. As we left the low-lying, malarious sea-coast, our road and climate both improved, and on the first Saturday we camped for rest over Sunday in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Jalapa, a city of fruits and flowers, of which the Mexican proverb says: "See Jalapa and die."

Before starting again on Monday morning many exchanges for better animals took place, and a better outfit generally was provided, and a more cheerful spirit prevailed. Here our horses and riding mules were shod, a necessary preliminary to crossing the mountain ranges. If the mule was not too refractory, this was managed by tying one of his hind legs to his tail, well up from the ground, but if he was intractable he was left but two feet to stand

upon, the opposite forefoot being tied close under the body.

On the plaza of Jalapa the hostile feeling against the Yankees had its first outbreak. A great crowd gathered about the red-shirted horsemen as we rode into the plaza on Sunday, and a rush was made by the mob to dismount us and drive us from our saddles. But a vigorous charge promptly made against the mob with threatening revolvers drove them back and gave safe escape to the hard-pressed horsemen. Through the villages of the country parts we were received by the *señoras* and *señoritas* with kindness, but by the males with frowns and threats, and with the significant gesture of a finger drawn across the throat. In no place were we safe from attack except in groups which commanded safety and respect. To them in their ignorance we were still Yankees and *soldados*. One night, a little way beyond Jalapa, our entrance into one of their walled towns caused great excitement; a general alarm was rung on the cathedral bells,



A SAMPLE STEED.

messengers rode out in haste to alarm the surrounding haciendas, and natives flocked into the town, two or three mounted on the back of each mule, armed with *escopettes*. But we remained close inside the strong gates of our hacienda, and, the excitement subsiding, we were allowed to leave without an attack early the next day. Camp was aroused usually at three o'clock in the morning; fires were kindled, pots of coffee were boiled, and, when possible, eggs (*wavos*) also. Then came a march in military order of about twenty miles, when halt was ordered for dinner, provided water and corn were to be had for the horses. Supplies of whatever could be purchased were foraged for along the route, bananas and sweet potatoes being the staple; occasionally pork could be had, and in the larger places very poor beef, cut into long strips and sold always by the yard. This tough beef was eaten by the Mexicans cut first in small pieces and then stewed in a quantity of red peppers resembling stewed tomatoes (called *carne de Chili*). If our halt was made at a hacienda, the universal national dish of "tortillas" and "frijoles" was to be obtained, served with coffee, at three cents a meal. But our hungry and robust riders could dispose of many meals at a sitting, and

when camping and with a sufficient supply of yards of meat to satisfy their hungry stomachs, the quantity they fed themselves from their frying-pans was not only an astonishment but almost a horror to the natives, who crowded our camp to see the show. Upon one occasion, after a hard day's ride of over forty miles along a route where supplies were not to be had, we camped by a clear stream, where but a few native huts of poles and branches sheltered the population. Two priests, with a large, mule-drawn carriage, were just in advance of us, and in receiving the monthly tithes for the church had carried away all the wealth of the place, and there was but one answer, to our calls for food, "*Nada, Señor, nada. No hai tortillas. No hai frijoles.*" Lieutenant Gray, a stray soldier, who had been left adrift in Mexico, volunteered to bring me some supper from among the villagers. In utter fatigue, I threw myself upon the ground in one of the huts, and was soon in a deep slumber. At about eleven o'clock Gray returned and awakened me. The hut was crowded full of men and women gazing at me with great interest, but they were careful to keep at a safe distance from me. Gray explained his stratagem thus: He had told them the *capitan* was a great warrior, and had

eaten the prisoners he took in battle; that I was very hungry and would also eat corn and hay, but liked eggs and onions better. He brought eggs, onions, and salt, leaving outside a supply of corn and hay for me to eat, an operation which the ignorant but curious natives had come to witness. So far as the boiled eggs and onions were concerned, being my first meal of the day, I was glad to be able to gratify them.

In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket line, but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these *ladrones* make an open demon-

and in platoons at double quick charged towards the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range, their leader gave the word "*Vamos*," and away they galloped down the ravine helter-skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at this time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battle-field, and looked with wonder upon the fortified height that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Colonel Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they



A WAYSIDE CROSS.

stration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp-kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations. The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: "*Ladrones! ladrones!*" and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well-mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of an *arroyo* or dry stream. To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipage and cooking-utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted a part of my troop,

clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battle-field, where Santa Anna made his most stubborn fight, we kindled our camp-fires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the shade of the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they

had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three and with

very sides; they seemed almost to cling to us for safety. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found welcome shelter in the hacienda Buena Vista near the mountain summit, a spot made historic afterward as a place of refuge for the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

We found the whole mountain-summit infested with guerrillas. We were on the highway of travel and not far from the City of Mexico, and in this section these lawless bands were accustomed to make the boldest and most suc-



SHOEING A MULE.

uncovered heads in honor both of our dead and our living heroes.

We were soon well up the Rio Frio mountains, and were received near the summit by a terrible war of the elements in the pine forest — thunder, lightning, rain, hail, snow, intense cold, and a howling hurricane. We were drenched through and through, and shook as with an ague, and our poor animals, used to the warm plains below, chilled with cold and in terror from fright, trembled in every limb and crouched helplessly upon the ground, dazed by the lightning and shocked by the thunder which seemed to discharge at our

successful raids either upon mounted travelers or upon the *diligencia*, which was periodically and helplessly plundered, often with the addition of wanton murder. I felt justified in taking possession of the hacienda; posted my own sentries, and picketed it for some distance outside, obliging its own proprietor and employees to come and go by my permission and only with the password. By Sunday morning, for the safety of my troop, I found it expedient to leave this stronghold (as I learned we were largely outnumbered) and make a hasty march to Mexico City, which we safely accomplished. Even under these circumstances it was a sub-

lime experience to ride down that mountain height—Mounts Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl both looking down upon us, the great valley and City of Mexico in full view below us, and a thunder shower with its dark nimbus clouds and forked lightning full in the sunshine under us. On the way down the mountain we saw three guerrillas hanging from a frame by the roadside by ropes passed under their arms.

We stopped for our lunch at noon, and were entertained by a company of Mexican rangers or lancers, handsomely uniformed and armed with a long spear with a red pennant and the indispensable lasso of raw-hide, and mounted on superior, hardy Mexican horses. They had captured, and, without the form of judge or jury, had riddled with bullets and afterward hanged the three robbers we had passed on the way-side. With their gay trappings of silver-ornamented riding outfit, their swarthy faces, black hair, fierce mustaches, and fiery eyes, the lancers were well calculated to affright the souls of fearful adversaries. Their favorite method of attack was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him. By their invitation I stood at a considerable distance from them to test their skill with the lasso. By the utmost agility I was utterly unable to escape its folds.

Across the valley of Mexico, picturesque with parallel rows of the century plant, which furnishes the national drink of *pulque*, we entered through open gates the ancient city of Montezuma, not long before conquered and evacuated by the small army of the United States. We found quarters in a comfortable hacienda, while the numerous *fondas* of the city furnished refreshment and pulque. Pulque is the lager beer of Mexico. It is everywhere transported on the backs of mules in skins of hogs stripped from them in some mysterious way by which legs and all are utilized for a great bottle.

On the following day the antipathy to Americans was shown on the public plaza near the great cathedral, during the passage of a religious procession of the Host preceded by the ringing of a bell. Every one within hearing indoors or on the street reverently knelt where he was, removed his hat, and made the sign of the cross. This was not regarded by the gold-hunters, who stood erect, curiously gazing at the scene. At once they were set upon by those nearest them, dragged to their knees, and their hats knocked off their heads. A mob quickly gathered. The men resisted with desperation, and had it not been for the



"LADRONE."

prompt interference of others, lives would undoubtedly have been lost and our travels would have ended inside prison walls. This made our longer stay in the city both uncomfortable and hazardous, and once again we mounted our now rested steeds for the trip to the Pacific.

Dissatisfied with my purpose to halt on Sundays for rest and to recruit the horses, some thirty of the company now detached themselves from my command. They were in haste to reach California before the gold was all "dug out," and considered such halting a waste of time. So they bade us good-by and started at a rapid gait in advance.

On this part of the journey we had an illustration of justice in an alcalde's court. Two of our men, who differed about the ownership of a mule, agreed to arbitrate before the alcalde of the village where they chanced to be. One claimant slipped a \$2.50 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and a speedy decision was rendered in his favor. After leaving the town a short distance the other claimant rode back, put a \$5 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and speedily came back with a decision written out in his favor and reversing the other.

After a long day's march we reached Celaya, a walled town of some six thousand inhabitants. The people were decidedly hostile, and the alcalde sent me a summons to appear before him, and commanded that I should make no attempt to leave the town before sunrise, and that I should at once send one-half my number to another town, some ten miles beyond, a town of about the same size as Celaya,

adding that he would also send a messenger with us to insure our safety, as otherwise we were sure to be attacked. I replied that I would not do so, that we asked no protection, but if attacked would take care of ourselves. He then gave an order to the proprietor of the hacienda to hold us prisoners inside the fortress (for a hacienda is also a fortress) until sunrise the next morning. At three o'clock I called up and mounted my men, and then awakened the keeper, and with a revolver placed at his head persuaded him to unlock the barricade, and we rode triumphantly out. The alcalde's plan was to divide the troop, and with the aid of the other town, where were some troops, to get satisfaction for incidents of the war.

Our journeying led us, on Saturday night, to a small walled town not far from the large city of Guadalajara. It had abundant orange as well as banana groves, and a clear stream swept along part of the town. Three hundred miles, in part of rough mountainous travel, had been made during the week; and men and horses were alike worn and weary and glad of so enticing a place of rest. While sipping a cup of coffee in the fonda on Sunday morning I heard the report of a gun in our quarters and a messenger entered hurriedly to say that young W—— (from New Jersey) had shot himself dead. Our quarters were at once crowded by the excited natives, who desired to administer summary punishment on us for what they considered a murder. We held them off till nightfall. As best we could we extemporized a coffin from some rude boards, prepared his body for burial, and I read over him the burial service, and waiting till the town was silent, in midnight darkness, we silently stole out of the town and buried him in a secluded spot, placing at the head of his grave a rude wooden cross to preserve it from desecration.

We then made our escape in the early morning, and with sadness entered the great city of Guadalajara. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the morning. A regiment of soldiers were there on the way to chastise some rebellious Indians. The presence of the soldiers joined to the entrance of my company of one hundred and fifty red-shirted, travel-worn, armed troopers brought the excitement at once to a demonstration. We had just reached a hacienda when the cry of "Revolution!—revolution!" was raised. Soldiers discharged their muskets in the streets, women screamed, men hurriedly closed their places of business for fear of robbery and joined in the excitement. We shut and barricaded our fortress doors, fearing that this was to be the end of our California journey, while we were yet more than an hundred miles from the seashore. With the popu-

lation opposed to them, every one of that brave group of young men stood up to the issue; their faces paled a little, but weapons were coolly got ready for a fray out of which none expected to come alive. How the attack upon us was ever held in check I never learned, but a little after midnight we succeeded in getting away unmolested.

The remainder of our journey brought us to the commercial town of Tepic, whose trade was with the seaport of San Blas, and we found no further obstruction or enmity, as the intercourse and interests of commerce had made the people friendly to the American people. We arrived at San Blas in excellent health and condition, having lost but one of our number. In port we providentially found the brig *Cayuga*, Captain Savage, of some two hundred tons, belonging to the firm of Pacific traders, Howland & Aspinwall. Captain Savage, an Austrian, had sailed her down the coast in ballast, on the chance that some party of gold-hunters might cross Mexico and require a vessel to transport them to San Francisco. A contract was soon entered into similar to the one with Captain Parks, of the *Mara*. The hold of the *Cayuga* was floored, and double bunks were again provided with about three feet of space from floor to deck. In the absence of water-casks, red-wood or dug-out canoes filled with supplies of water were stowed below the floor. As before, we furnished our own sea-stores. They consisted of old whalers' sea-bread, condemned after one voyage of three years to the Arctic seas, well-filled with vermin, which, however, were rendered innocuous by being baked over in a well-heated oven; a supply of well-



A MEXICAN RANGER.

salted Mexican jerked beef as sold by the yard, sun-dried till it would have answered as well for harness-leather as for food, with coffee and sugar for luxuries. These provisions were placed in sacks and stowed under the flooring, where they were always accessible through an open hatch. Upon the outer deck, just back of the foremast, was laid a temporary flooring of brick without covering or protection from the weather or the sun, and this constituted our cooks' galley, each mess having its own cook. We paid Captain Savage \$80 each as

this small brig we had about one hundred and fifty men including our gold-diggers, besides the crew, the horse, and a dozen goats. We had no tables, but ate our hardtack and jerked beef and drank our tin mugs of coffee wherever and whenever we found it convenient.

On the eighty-fourth day from New York, anchor was weighed and we set sail for San Francisco. By this time all hardships were accepted as a matter of course, and each man made himself especially jolly over every new danger or deprivation that was encountered.



A MEXICAN DUEL.

passage money, while the sea-stores cost us \$30 each. About 120 of our company took part in this arrangement, thus paying the sum of \$9600 for the storage part of the brig and \$3600 more for our supplies and rations. As water was an important factor for so large a number at sea, in addition to the supply in canoes in the hold, a very large canoe was secured on the brig's deck and filled with water, but for economy of stowage a deck of rough boards covered it. In addition to our party Captain Savage had taken on board a full complement of cabin passengers in the little rooms on the after part of the brig. As these few aristocrats of the voyage had paid fabulous prices the captain had contracted to supply them with fresh provisions, and for this purpose a number of goats were taken on board, which were duly served on the cabin table. Added to these Captain Savage, as a perquisite, had embarked a Mexican saddle-horse on deck, so that on

But the old whalers' bread had to be well soaked before it could be eaten, and the writer as well as others lost teeth in the effort to masticate it. On account of the saltiness and toughness of the jerked beef, it was found necessary to attach it to ropes and tow it in the sea for forty-eight hours before any attempt could be made either to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet made tender Mexican jerked beef. Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course. The roll of the sea and the tacking of our ship so far emptied our canoes of water that all hands, except the horse and the goats, were put on short allowance. Our captain, who was an experienced navigator of those latitudes, and anxious to be rid of us as soon as possible, decided to take an indirect southwest course to fall in with the trade wind, and so sailing in a semi-circle to come into the Bay of San Fran-

cisco from the northwest. So we were promptly put on an allowance of something over a pint of water a day each, with which to make our coffee, dampen our whalers' bread, and gratify our thirst. Water of a red color and impregnated with the peculiar odor and taste of the canoes was served daily in this proportion to each mess. But there was no grumbling. Did we not already see the enticing glitter of the yellow gold in the mines of California?

The time of the journey of the main company was :

	Days.
From New York by bark <i>Mara</i> to Vera Cruz...	24
From Vera Cruz to embarkation on brig <i>Cayuga</i> ...	60
Voyage on the Pacific to San Francisco.....	30
Total.....	114

The thirty seceders who left us at Mexico City arrived at San Blas two weeks after our



A PULQUE CARRIER.

On one occasion, however, the water after having been served to a mess was pilfered from the bottles. It was suggested by Doctor Brinkerhoff (afterward the physician and surgeon of Walker's Nicaragua Expedition), that the mess should endure another day of thirst while he should place a prescription in their water-bottles. This was done with success, and the ensuing day, although it was very calm, several men (not members of the association) were terribly afflicted with an awful seasickness. The remedy proved effective, and great respect was paid thereafter to bottles of canoe water.

After thirty days on the *Cayuga*, we entered the Golden Gate on the 14th day of May, 1849, and I claim that we were the first organized body to reach that port both by sea and land, although at that date a hundred sail of vessels were at anchor in the harbor.

party, most of them too late to be included in the benefits of the *Cayuga* charter. Both men and horses had broken down on the seven-days-a-week system. They straggled into San Blas, and continued their journey by land to Mazatlan, 200 miles north. A few of those who arrived first secured places on our brig, while some of the main body, not having sufficient funds, joined those who journeyed overland to Mazatlan. Here they chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning her mostly with rice and water. After thirty days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but 200 miles farther north on a journey of some 2000 miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the

coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the gold mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards and crows were alike welcome, and any sunwarmed and stagnant pool of

water was considered most refreshing. The horrors of the siege of Paris were paralleled by the shifts to which the party were reduced, and in one section of country venomous rattlesnakes were killed and, after being skinned and prepared, were cut in sections for food and boiled. In this way they subsisted and survived, and, with a determination sustained only by the hope of the fortunes that awaited them in the gold mines, they pressed forward through the blazing heat. For months they endured this, with no beds but their ragged blankets. The writer met the first one to arrive in San Francisco in the month of November, ten months after the departure of the buoyant party on the deck of the *Mara*.

HACKENSACK, N. J.

A. C. Ferris.

ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL.



HORSES were tied to the small oak trees that fringed three sides of the playground. Young men stood around in groups and canvassed neighborhood affairs, not boisterously, but in modulated tones; for this was not a spelling-school. They had gathered to hear Elder Marston preach.

A party of youngsters at the door moved aside respectfully, giving way to Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress. She greeted them pleasantly and passed within, taking her place in the narrow seat, and waiting reverently; for what was school-room by day was sanctuary by night, and nothing common or trivial should profane it.

The house was rapidly filling. Men upon the left hand, women on the right, crowded the benches. They indulged a whispered comment on the presence of Charley Cook, a farmer, noted for his wild delight in all things sacrilegious. He had long been a terror to the weaker preachers, and his "gang" had caused the premature suspension of many a service. He stood in the neighborhood as an enemy incarnate of religion; yet he was honest in his dealing with men, given to industry and good rules of farming, and proud of his prosperity even when reminded that from of old his fellows had flourished "like a green bay tree."

Cook had often expressed a desire to meet Elder Marston, and all the love of order in the community trembled now that the "revivalist" stood face to face with this force of evil. For the preacher was himself a notable character. He had for years conducted revivals in the larger school-houses and rural churches,

and had drawn to his meetings great numbers of people who seldom went to service elsewhere. He was middle-aged, smooth-faced, vigorous; with a knowledge of the Bible that impressed his hearers, and with a fund of incident, analogy, anathema, a faculty for painting the graces and the horrors, the blessings and the cursings of his gospel, which stood him well instead of doctrine.

Elder Marston led in singing, and brought with him from the fields of other successes a score of songs whose swift motion and easy melody quite won his audience. He was his own chorister, and would even pause in the midst of a measure to correct this part or that, dropping deftly from air to bass, or rising with the clearer tenor till his finer ear was satisfied. These interruptions were not resented by the homely throng that filled the house, and each acquired melody was a fresher bond of union between them and him.

He had been warned of the presence of Cook, the disturber, and seemed to gather from the threatened opposition a strength to make his work the more effective. He announced his text, then, turning from the Bible, stepped forward and began without further preparation one of the swiftly moving songs which seemed to form his chief equipment. Beating time with palm to palm, turning this way and that as he directed the twining of graceful music around the standards of old, familiar lines, Elder Marston laid down his gage of battle to all foes whomsoever. Ending this song, he instantly started another in which his followers quickly joined, urged them to swifter time, lighting the fires of latent enthusiasm and fanning them with his own vigor and interest.