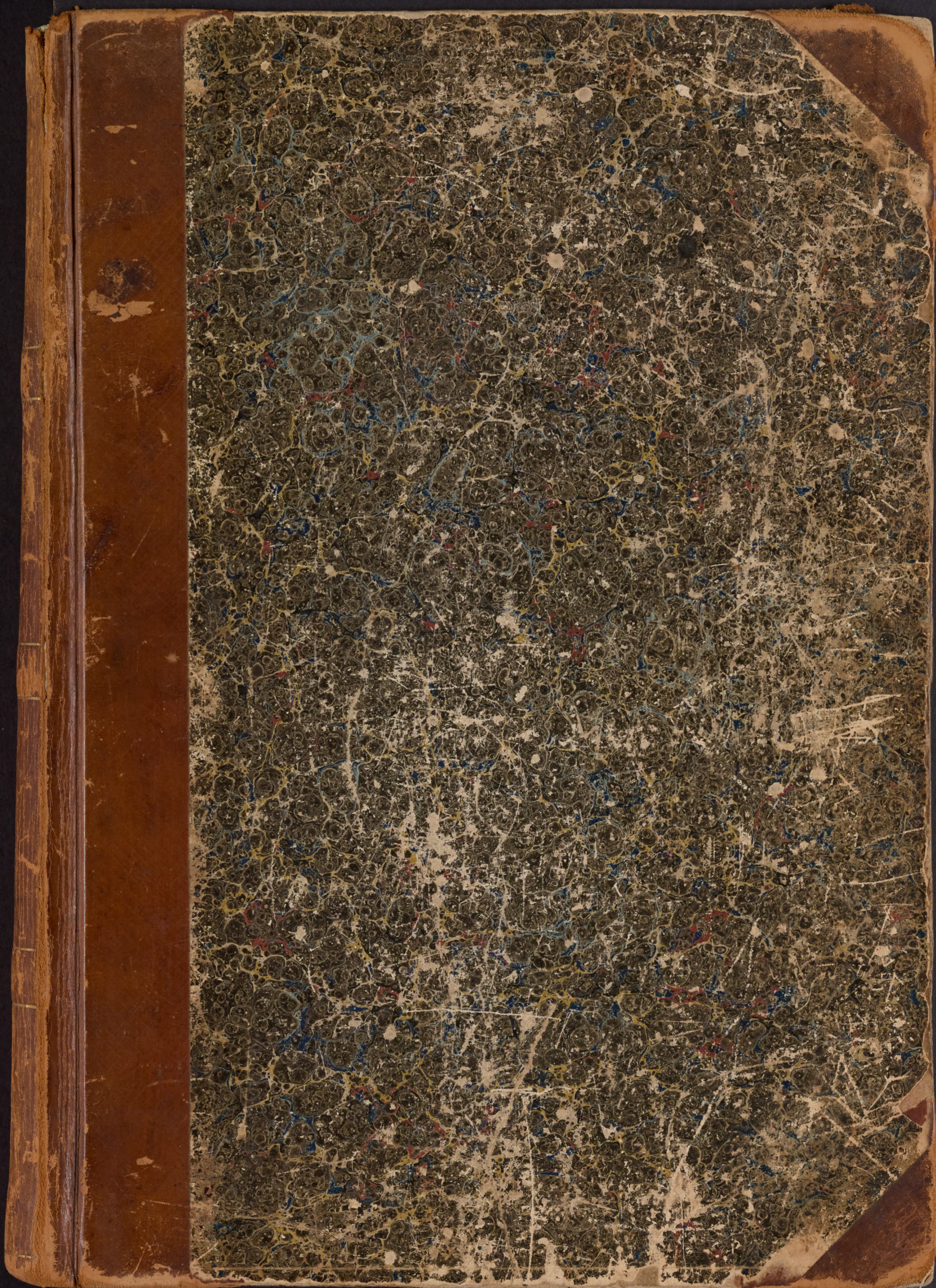




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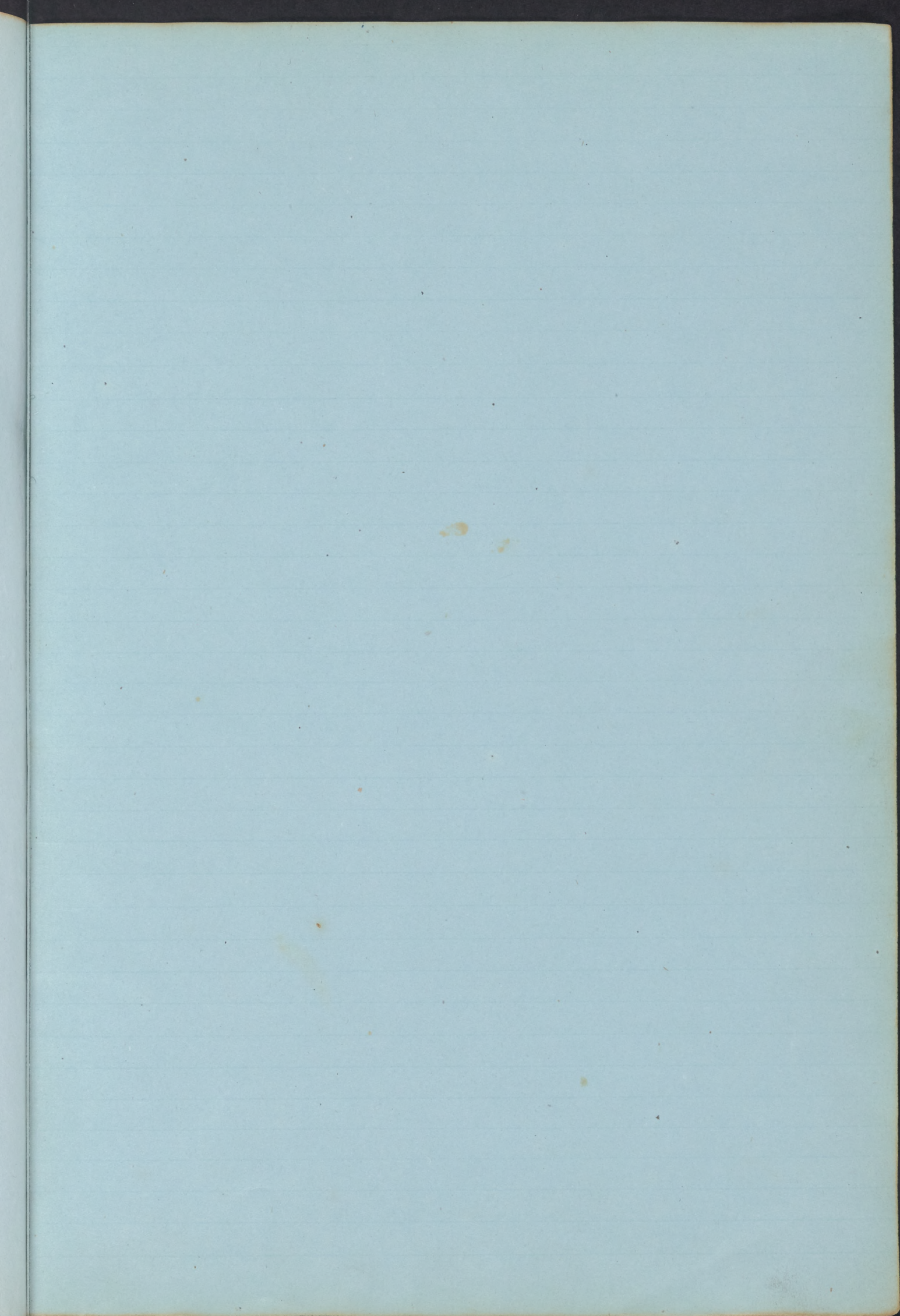
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10/6

E. A. Ingalls
Lynn Mass



1
Tuesday Oct 30th 1849.

At one o'clock P.M. the Good Ship Henry Ware Capt. N. Nason set sail from Boston for the "Gold Region," in California. Our Officers were Edward Nason, 1st Mate, Mr. Peabody, 2^d, Mr. Seymour, 3^d with 14 men before the mast including the Carpenter Cook and Steward. Our Passengers numbered 23, our own particular company of Sir Wm. F.B. Mower, C.A. Ingalls, C. & A. Hawkes, Chas. Smith, M. Newcomb and, Hanson Burrell.

Our Anchor was weighed to the tune of "One Hundred Years ago" sung by Horace in a stentorian voice and in a few minutes "we were upon the water." We left the Harbor with a fine westerly breeze all hands in good spirits as the old pilot left us it seemed as if the connecting link which bound us to Yankee Land was severed and that we were "alone upon the water." As night closed around and our "native land" receded from our view the words of Byron came uppermost "I can't say but it is an awkward sight to see one's land receding from his view." As darkness came on sea sickness came also and ere eight bells were struck I was stowed away in my berth the most miserable of beings.

Wednesday Oct 31st

The next morning although "sick as a dog"

I turned out and took a look around the horizon nothing was to be seen but the "blue above and the blue beneath" of this day I have nothing to say as I was sick, sicker sicker all day however I managed to keep on deck all day trying to tough it out and as darkness settled upon the water "turned in".

Thursday Nov 1st

This day saw a sail early in the morning but some 13 or 20 miles distant - She was evidently bound for our "father-land".

Friday Nov 2nd

"When matters are at worst they sometimes mend" and so with us, so far as the sickness was concerned; most of the passengers rallied and laughed and joked at each other. Still we were a doleful looking set of fellows, pale and shivering we sat about decks "loafing" all manner of food and heartily wishing that our sea sickness was over, still there was not a murmur escaped from anybody's lips, no talk about wishing ourselves at home or selling out. Everybody seemed to have taken for his motto "Never say die", and the third mate in the afternoon complimented us by saying that he believed "we were all whitemen" everyone of us. In the afternoon saw another sail but too far off to speak with. About dark we were struck with a squall and while we were in the height of it I slept for the night.

Saturday Nov 3rd

Up and at it early - and began to feel as though we could eat - and we did some. nothing of interest to day, at night we had a severe storm, that is we lumbermen thought so but the old sea dogs shrugged their shoulders and said it was nothing. However they found

The ship under double reefed topsails and during the first part of the night I could hear the clear ringing voice of the mate high above the tempest and I seemed to feel easy and sleep as soundly the last part of the night as if at home."

N.B. this storm should have set down for Friday

Sunday Nov 4th

This was our first Sunday at sea and it was spent in as many different ways as there were different tastes and dispositions: it was a beautiful day and a fine breeze following after us, nearly every one felt cheerful and happy. Sea sickness was forgotten or only spoken of in connection with the past - we lay about the decks reading, smoking and telling stories talking over our boyish sports and frolics reminiscing what our friends were doing or saying at home and all looking forward to the time when we should return with a pocket of rocks to send in good Old Yankee Land.

We are now 900 miles from Boston having had a fair wind all the way from Boston light and are as happy as Lords.

Monday Nov 5th

Still pleasant and a good breeze after us. Nothing of interest occurred with the exception of a visit from a Grampus which aroused all hands for the time. Still after the excitement was over everybody settled back into the old track of listlessness and stupidity. There is nothing to relieve the dull monotony of our existence and one day is a fair sample of the whole. Eating drinking and sleeping are almost the sole employments.

Tuesday Nov 6th

It is now one week since we left Boston we are now in Lat 32° North Long 41° West so that it will be seen that we have made a good weeks work yet every one is in fine spirit and the tick of

ending our cruise in 4 months is often heard —
A weeks column will probably make them change
their time

Our Gout-Billy,

As it is my intention to ~~give~~ sketches of the
distinguishing personages about the ship perhaps
it will be as well to commence with Billy.

As to his birth or parentage I can say nothing,
suffice it to say that he is here all present and
the put of the whole crew and passengers.

To tell all his tricks and pranks for the past
week would take a chapter such as butting the pig
stealing the corn from the hens, opening the medicine chest
etc and so we pass at once to his general character.

To plague and grieve the carpenter and Steward
is his delight — the carpenter he attacks out of mere
sport and to impose upon his good nature for he
never under the severest provocations chastises or
abuses Billy not he — But for the Steward, Billy has
conceived a terrible hatred — and it is as hungry for the
part of Monsieur as for his — and they never let any
opportunity pass by of having revenge one upon the
other — The Steward a little dried up French
man, when empty handed, will kick and bully
poor Billy till he is obliged to beat a retreat —
But too to Monsieur when his hands are full, if
Billy can catch him with a tureen of soup or a pot
of coffee he is sure to deal a very caustic bitterness
than his wrong, which will finally conquer is now
uncertain, this far Billy seems to have the best of it
time will alone determine.

Wednesday Thursday & Friday 7th 8th - 9th

Nothing of interest has transpired for the past
three days — One fine sunrise and two beautiful
sunsets — but a sunrise at sea is a different thing
from one on shore — you miss the song of birds
and the bustle and activity always found on shore
everything here is the same day in and day out

But a Sunset at Sea: how shall I describe it?
 No language of mine can do it justice in the words
 of another. The sun goes down but broad and red,

One moment on the ocean wave,
 Resteth his front of fire, to shed
 A glory round his ocean grave.
 and again. A red sunset far and gorgeous hung,
 A banner from the wall of heaven,
 A wave of living glory flung,
 Along the shadowy west of even.

But poor as poetry fail to express the scene and
 to feel the full force of it it must be seen.

This day Friday closed with an exhibition by
 a grand school of porpoise under our bow, rolling
 tumbling, and frolicking, ~~as~~ monsters of the deep
 only know how.

Saturday Nov 10th

Lat 34° 04' North Long 31° West

Nothing of importance to day, and here it will
 be as well perhaps to explain some of the nauti-
 cal terms and first as to the bells; at noon
 8 bells are struck, at 1/2 past 12, 1 Bell, and so
 on each half hour, untill four, when 8 bells are
 struck again, then at 1/2 past four 1 Bell, is struck
 and so on untill 8 again. The watches are 2
 the Starboard and Larboard - The Starboard
 watch is the captain's, and aboard our ship is
 stood by the 2nd mate. The Larboard or 1st mate's
 watch is stood by the 3rd mate so that the captain
 and 1st mate go and come at pleasure.

The services of the day are these, 1st washing
 down decks, this usually takes untill 8 bells in the
 morning; At 2 Bells the watch below get their
 breakfast so as to be ready to relieve the other
 watch at 8. Aboard our ship ^{the men} stand watch and
 watch - that is one watch is below while the other
 is upon deck. To change the watch so that
 one watch ~~will~~ not have eight hours, ^{but} every

6
night what are called Dog watches are set
The afternoon watch from 4 to 8 is divided so as
to give 2 hours to each watch below - by this means
the Starboard watch get 8 hours out one night
and the Larboard watch the next.

Sunday Nov 11th

Pleasant and wind favorable. Saw in the morn-
ing an American whaler but too far distant to
speak her.

Monday Nov 12th

This day blew almost a gale. Saw two barges
and a ship all too far off to speak with. Last
evening had an opportunity to see the topsails
reefed. To a landsman this is an exciting scene
to see the whole ship's crew 2nd and 3rd rate tug-
ing out on the yard, shouting and pulling is
to say the least a grand sight; then comes the
hoisting up, on this occasion we idlers took hold
and the main topsail went up lively. Horace
again favored us with his old Boston Harbor
song of "A hundred years ago" all hands joining
in the chorus. In the evening the wind
blew and the rain poured down in torrents
and continued until Tuesday morning.

Tuesday Nov 13th Lat 30.40 North
Long

This morning the sun rose clear - the wind
light and to the S.W. Saw three or four dolphins
following in the wake of the ship and caught
one - I was much disappointed in their appear-
ance while dying - I had read and been told
of the many beautiful colors they turned when
dying &c. But I must confess that it takes a
fancypoetical mind than mine to discover it
At any rate this one turned no more colors
than a blackbird ^{would} under similar circumstances.

7 This afternoon about 1 o'clock saw a bark
probably bound for "Merrie England" about
1/2 past two we were struck by a squall which
however lasted but a few minutes, but it mudd
some stir while it lasted.

Wednesday, Nov 14

This morning at 6 o'clock it blew a
severe gale from the S.W. and continued all day
the ship was put under close reefed fore and main
topsail and whole foresail - at night the gale abate
d.

Lat 29° 15' N Long 28° West Thursday, Nov 15

Clear and pleasant. Saw a ship steering north
nothing of importance happened.

Friday, Nov 16

Still pleasant wind light and from the South West
Saw this morning a topsail schooner and a barge
the schooner came within 2 miles of us and the bark
within 4 or 5. hoisted our colors & the schooner and
barge doing the same - the schooner showed the flag
of Old England, the barge the Belgian.

Saturday, Nov 17

This morning early saw a ship steering
west in such a manner as to cross our bows
at some time - this she did about sundown.
She was an English ship probably bound for
some South American port. She went within
1/2 mile of us and with all ^{light} sail.

Sunday, Nov 18

Our third Sunday at sea, the weather fine
and pleasant. I had thought that at sea
one could hardly distinguish it from a week day.
But in this I was ^{very} disappointed. To be sure ~~there~~
here we miss the sound of the church going bells,
and in fact bells of all kinds. Still there is
a quiet that reigns here that makes a Sunday
seem like a most holy day than any other.

8
The sailors have nothing to do in pleasant weather but wash the ship - they however take this day to wash and mend their clothes overhaul their chests &c. &c. their leisure hours they spend in reading writing &c.

Monday & Tuesday Nov 19th & 20

This day Tuesday at 10 o'clock we were 3 weeks out from Boston, Lat 26° 25' North Long 28 West - we are now in the latitude of the trade winds but the wind for the last 3 or 4 days instead of blowing from the north east has varied from East to South. They will however probably turn into the trades.

Wednesday Nov 21st

We are now in the trades - the weather warm and pleasant. the nights beautiful - an 8 knot breeze constantly blowing from East to North East - more at night than in the day. The moon which is now a week or ten days old casts a mellow light over the expanse of waters, the light fleecy clouds know as the trade clouds constantly in sight, the stars shining forth so mild and beautiful all go to make up a picture which must be seen to be felt.

Thursday Nov 22

For the past day or two we have noticed large numbers of flying fish - they are to be seen at almost any moment, sometimes rising from the water in flocks - a hundred or more in a flock. This morning one was found upon the deck, that had come on board the night before - he was about 8 or 10 inches long - in form somewhat like a mackerel. Our course is now S by E.

Lat 11° 34' North Long 26. Friday Nov 23

Weather clear and pleasant and as warm as June in New England Nothing of note occurred to day.

Saturday Nov 24th

This morning saw a Brig ^{off} 3 miles and were in sight of her all day - hoisted our colors in return she hoisted Spanish colors.

About noon we had quite a squall accompanied by rain, however it did not last long nor was it very severe. Every Saturday morning a meeting is held in the Cabin and "Society's" wives and friends are remembered, every one is happy and cheerful and all looking forward to the time when they shall again visit the loved and far away.

Sunday Nov 25th

Nothing occurred today to break the monotony of our existence, with the exception of two or three squalls, common in these latitudes. The Spanish ^{Brig} is in sight about 3 miles to the windward on our weather bow.

Monday Nov 26th 1847

This was a big day or a day big with events - the Brig was still in sight and to windward about 10 o'clock we had a squall accompanied with rain - when the squall cleared up we saw the Brig at the windward about a mile off. In the afternoon the breeze sprang up and we left him astern and on our weather quarter. About 4 o'clock he hoisted ship and stood on the other ^{way} about a half an hour - he then wore ship again and stood along, steering the same course that we were for a short time, when he hoisted Spanish colors and stood down for us. This was a signal that he wanted to speak with us. We hove too and waited for him to come up this took him about ~~a~~ half an hour and during that time ~~there~~ were various conjectures formed as to what he signaled; as he had been sailing in sight of us for 3 days, we knew that he could

outside in want of wood, water, or provisions or he would have spoken us long ere this.

The most rational conjectures were these, either that he had had a mutiny on board and had succeeded in quelling it, and now wished for assistance, or that he had lost a man overboard. However we were not long kept in suspense for he came down under our ^{bow} and passed under our lee. All hands were on the 'qui vive' to hear what he had to say. His first words were "Buenos Noches" or Good Night. As the captain did not understand Spanish our third mate Mr. Seymour was called to answer his hail, this he did asking him what he wanted.

Then from the Spanish Brig came the following words uttered in the most mournful tone that I ever heard "Resar, Resar por tu morto," he then informed us that he had lost a man overboard and had come down to request our prayers. He also inquired how many Catholics there were on board and on being answered several he seemed much pleased. He was from Old Spain bound for some port, which sounded like Casim or some such name. He had on board several passengers some 3 or 4 of them ladies, who as they left us waved their white handkerchiefs and gave us "muchas gracias" and "Adios" until they were out of hearing. as it was dark before ^{we spoke} us we had no chance to judge of their beauty, it was ^{so} dark that we could hardly distinguish them from the men but by their white handkerchiefs.

To a Protestant it may seem strange that he should take the trouble to run 3 or 4 miles out of his way to request our prayers. But our third mate Mr. Seymour who has lived 3 or 4 years in Chili and along the South American coast informs me that a Catholic considers it

* "Pray pray for the dead."

a fearful thing to die at sea - and that a Sea Captain who would think no more of a man's life than a dog's or a horse's, will at sea if a man is sick a little take him from the fore-castle and hurl every attention shown him until he recovers. I believe that they think that the man must remain in "purgatory" until a man or men take him out from it. At any rate Dyson in his Don Juan says "When over Catholics the ocean rolls, They must wait several weeks, before a man takes off one peck of purgatorial coals"

Be that as it may our friend seemed very thankful when assured that his dear friend should have our prayers, and more especially when he was told that there were several Catholics ~~on~~ board when the plain truth was there was not a man who even professed to believe in that faith. I asked our third mate what he wanted to tell them that there were several of his Catholics for, "O damn it says he it didn't hurt us any and made them feel a good deal better" and I suppose it did.

Whether the man was a passenger or sailor we did not find out as the two Spanish words that stand for passenger and sailor both have the same termination and we were some ways from him when he answered the question.

At any rate it served to relieve the monolog and gave us something to talk about.

Tuesday 28th

This morning the Brig still in sight but 7 or 8 miles off - clear nearly all day with occasional squalls common in these latitudes.

Wednesday 28th

On coming on deck this morning I found that our friend the Spanish Brig was nowhere to be seen, it seemed almost like losing sight

of home to lose sight of her - she had been
our company keeper for the last 5 days and it
looked really lonesome to not have her in sight.
However as a sort of recompense there were two
sail in sight, one a barge and the other a schoo-
ner, but at a great distance from us.

Great preparations were this day made for
the approaching Thanksgiving. Chickens were
slaughtered, mince pies were made and things
looked decidedly Yankeeish. In the evening
the crew was pushed freely around in the house
and then all hands adjourned to the top gallant
forecastle where fiddling, dancing and singing
made the evening pass off rapidly. All the talk was of friends at home - conjecturing
what they were doing & thus past the evening
before Thanksgiving.

Thursday, Nov 29th 1849.

As this was Thanksgiving both in Massachu-
setts and Maine it was kept as a holiday by all
hands. Our Officers and crew with but three
exceptions were from Maine and all the passengers
from Massachusetts or Maine. Anyhow all hands
were Yankees, New Englanders with the exception
of the Steward, Carpenter and cook. So that we
knew how to make the most of the day, still
instead of a sleighride in a cool bracing air and
a dance in the evening we were contented with
finding a place in the shade to cool off. Instead
of great coats, mittens and fur caps, we were
dressed in shirt, pants and Panama hats and hot
at that, as we were now almost under the equa-
tor 3° North. Still we done all we could to
keep the good old Yankee custom up, and eat our
chickens, and pudding, drank our "Tom and Jerry" with
as much gusto as we would have done at home
so much for Thanksgiving.

Friday Nov 30 Lat $43^{\circ}36'N$ Long 24° ^{West}

Today we are one month out from Boston. Thus far we have had a quick and pleasant passage, but how long we may be becalmed before we cross "the line" is none the wiser can tell; for three days past we have had no wind to speak of but rain in any quantity, and to day as before "Ocean humbers like an unseasoned child". This may well be called a "Sisters Hell" for it is just and hard all the time and no prospect of getting ahead; Although as they say "the more day the more dollars" still Jack doesn't relish being "humbugged" round in this manner.

First 'tis a dead calm - no steering way on the ship, the man at the wheel, now squinting listlessly over it, now looking around to see in what direction the wind is coming from, soon a black cloud is seen ahead, it comes nearer and nearer a little wind and plenty of rain in it, the wind right ahead, then it is "brace the yards there," "Aye Aye sir" and away goes the vessel for 10 or 15 minutes then all calm again, when the wind next comes it will be dead aft, then comes the order "to square the yards again" and so on all the time day and night and no head way made either.

Then in the fore-castle everyone has some yarn to tell about his being becalmed at certain times and places &c. every one feels peevish and fretful and nothing goes right - a gale is preferable to this; still we have one consolation, there are three other vessels all in sight, becalmed, and the old adage that "misery loves company" is as true in our case as in any other; A breeze may spring up tomorrow and we may lay here a month time will determine.

14
West

Saturday Dec 1st Lat 30° 28' North Long 24° 30'

On going on deck this morning I found a stiff breeze blowing from the S.E. that had sprung up about 3 o'clock. Nine vessels were also in sight among which was the Spanish Brig but they were all some miles off.

Sunday Dec 2^d

Early in the morning a quick looking craft was seen standing directly for us, as it was blowing a good breeze it was not long before we passed each other. She was a felucca under full sail and passed within a quarter of a mile to windward showing Spanish colors on return we displayed "the flag that is worn by the state." She was 60 or 70 tons burden and was steering for the coast of Africa perhaps she was a slave. The Spanish Brig was in sight in the morning but by two o'clock we had run her out of sight.

Monday Dec 3^d

We this ^{day} crossed the equator in Long 27° West thirty four days from Boston.

Thursday Dec 13th Lat 20° South

For the past 10 days nothing worthy of note has transpired - the weather has been fine and warm the thermometer ranging from 70 to 90 degrees above zero. For the three days past we have had almost a dead calm with any quantity of rain - three or four sail have been seen during the week but not near enough to speak with. Reading, writing, playing at different games, telling stories &c fill up our time. A little incident told by our official mute struck me as rather interesting and was to me at least new. It was this. The sailor who in the Constitution frigate commanded by old Capt Jack Percival a man was seized up in order to receive a flogging, upon stripping him to their

surprise they found upon his back scratched in with Indian ink and vermilion, an eagle, the tips of his wings extending from shoulder to shoulder with this inscription in his back "Strike and then boast." This saved Jack a flogging for Old Perceval standing by instead of flogging him ordered him put in irons.

Friday Dec 14th

Clear and pleasant, in the morning discovered an Esquimaut brig steering the same course that we were but some 5 or 6 miles astern but as the breeze freshened we began to leave her and by 4 o'clock she was out of sight.

In the evening a bird flew on board and was caught - no one on board could name him he had a long bill web feet and was about the size of a spiglon.

Saturday Dec 15th Lat 22° 28' South.

Clear and pleasant with a light breeze. The evenings are beautiful. Orion and the Bull directly overhead the Magellian clouds in sight and the new moon throwing a silver light over all. In the daytime shoals of porpoises are seen playing around the ship and now and then a whale showing his huge carcass above the surface of the water. A few Boobies and Storming petrels or Nothor Carey's chickens are generally in sight, and to day we were favored with a look at an Albatross. Even the sight of a bird is enough to arouse all hands and thus for a time to relieve the monotony.

Sunday 16th.

The day opened with a steady wind from the N West and continued blowing until midnight blowing in the afternoon and evening quite stiff, the ship under double reefed

topails, whole fore and mainmast.

16

Tuesday & Wednesday Dec 18 & 19

It is now 30 days since we left Boston and during the whole time we have ~~not~~ ^{no} ~~any~~ vessel with the exception of the Spanish Brig nor have we seen one inch of land since we lost sight of Cape Cod.

Thursday Dec 20 Lat $30^{\circ} 1'$ South, Long $40^{\circ} 8'$ ^{West}

Saw to day a barge standing in an easterly direction. Kept off 3 or 4 points in order to speak him but from some cause or other he knew to himself the captain of the barge kept off also. He hoisted Yankee colors and his barge and signals - we hoisted ours likewise, we were unable to make out his signals, and in a few hours he was out of sight. It would have been a gratification to us to have spoken him and been reported as all well to our friends at home; probably the captain of the barge was one of those mean sucking Devils who are always surmising that everything that wishes to speak them is in want of something, and that it might be a few coppers out of his pocket to stop. If all the ^{all} wishes come to pass that were wished upon him by the passengers of the Henry Ware it will be a good spell before he puts foot on Yankee Land, for "curses not loud but deep" were sent after him until he was out of sight.

Friday Dec 21

The day opened with a good breeze from the NEast. About 3 o'clock PM saw a Brig on the wind standing for us, as she neared we hoisted our colors and put our masts on our quarters also the figures 4138 to show him

our longitude. As he measured us he hoisted his colors, but to what nation he belonged no one on board could tell, nor was there any color upon the chart that corresponded to it. It was green, white and red the stripes running perpendicular, in the white stripe was what appeared to be a cross, and crown, but we were unable to tell for a certainty, it resembled the Mexican flag more than any other. She was a beautiful sight as she stood down for us with all sail set bowing and prancing like a gay steed that knows his rider. She was a full rigged brig, but had nothing upon her above topgallant sails but yet she looked noble to us, how much more noble must we have looked to them with our standing sails ^{set} aloft and aloft, royals and main skysail all set to the breeze. Our captain hailed him with what Brig is that? where are you bound for? He answered that he was bound to Liverpool, but we could not distinguish his name, we requested him to report the Henry Ware from Boston all well he belonged probably to some South American republic. As there was a fine breeze blowing he quickly pursued us and in an hour or two was out of sight.

Saturday Dec 22^d

Clear and pleasant wind. Light noticed for the first time the Albatross, this is a large bird, white on the body, part of the wings black those seen would probably measure some 6 or 7 feet from one tip of the wing to the other. Delano in his voyages mentions seeing some in the vicinity of the Falkland islands that measured 14 feet from tip to tip; they are very graceful in their motions, and move through the air without any seeming exertion.

We have also noticed within a day or two shoals of porpoises rolling and tumbling about the ship

18
but have as yet been unable to catch any.

Tuesday Dec 23rd 1849.

To day Christmas opened with a stiff breeze from the North, ship under full sail, the wind increased in violence and by 10 o'clock the ship was under double reefed topsails, foretopmast stay sail, & foresail. Saw about two o'clock an American ship standing upon the same course ahead and to leeward passed her at 4 o'clock and by 6 she was out of sight astern. At dark the wind still continued blowing the sea running high, still there was no rain and the moon and stars shone out brightly, the wind howling through the rigging the white caps flying all together making a scene wild, sublime and beautiful.

During the day and evening "home kindred and friends" were talked about by every one, the thought that it was a holiday stirring up the thoughts and feelings of all, and although alone and isolated from all the rest of the world, the thought that at home on this day the best wishes were probably being made for our future success and happiness seemed to be gratifying to all.

On our part the wish was freely poured to the loved and far away and good nature and harmony prevailed the whole ship's company, thus began and ended Christmas on board the Henry Ware.

Wednesday Dec 25th

The wind continued to increase gradually until evening when there came a squall and for a few hours it blew what we landmen thought and called a gale - the ship was put under close reefed topsails, the sea all around white with foam - as this happened in the latitude of the Rio de la Plata I suppose that it will pass for a tempest.

Thursday Dec 27

On coming on deck in the morning found that the wind had abated considerably still the sea was running high the ship rolling and tumbling about considerably - in the afternoon it died away calm - great numbers of seabirds followed after the ship, Petrels Boobies and Albatross - numbers of them were shot by the passengers, but of course they got none of them as they all fell astern.

Friday Dec 28

Was aroused this morning by the cry of "all hands. Ahoy" reef topsails, this was about 2 o'clock A.M. I went on deck and there witnessed a scene which for beauty sublimity and grandeur could hardly be excelled. It was blowing great guns, the ship dashing and plunging along like a mad steed, the sailors upon the maintopmast yard looking like so many spirits who had dropped down from the clouds, the moon shining brightly down on all, low in the west, in the east the Southern cross shining and twinkling, not a cloud in sight to obscure or mar the picture, and all the other stars shining with a brilliancy peculiar to the Southern heavens. I remained on deck till four gazing upon the scene, almost "mutilated and drunk with sublimity." To complete the picture about 3 o'clock the faint light seen to the leeward proclaimed that it was "shown in the east," but I will ^{not} attempt to describe ~~any~~ further, such a scene must be seen to be appreciated.

The forenoon was rainy and stormy the wind whistling and howling through the rigging the seabirds, screaming and wheeling aloft as if exulting at the tempest, in the afternoon the storm abated, the sun shone out brightly giving us a beautiful sunset, the wind almost a

dead calm; As evening threw her mantle over the scene a brisk breeze sprang up from the SE and sent our bark gaily over the waters: The moon now nearly at the full shone brightly, the southern cross in full view, the constellation of Orion overhead, in company with other stars now plainly visible at home, the Magellan clouds in the SE two white and a black always there fixed and immovable; ~~on such a night~~
 "Oh how the Spirit mounteth up.

At such a scene and hour as this

"When earth takes back the bitter cup,

That mingles poison with our bliss."

The southern cross although it has been described a thousand times, I will take the liberty to describe: It is composed of five stars placed so as to form a cross, one of the first magnitude two of the second one of the third and one of the fourth magnitude, it presents a beautiful appearance and is a ~~very~~ brilliant and striking constellation, yet I think not so much so as Orion.

But enough Friday Dec 28th is a day that I shall long remember with pleasure:

Long 51st W. Lat 40th South

Saturday Dec 29th

Another beautiful day and evening, nothing else of note happened.

Sunday Dec 30th

The morning cloudy a fresh breeze blowing from the north-west which increased in violence until 12 o'clock when two reefs were put in the topsails, but by 8 o'clock the weather had moderated and the rising moon dispelling the clouds gave promise of a pleasant night.

Although it has been said that there is "no Sunday off soundings" still with us the adage proves false at least, and I doubt if the same men if at home would observe it so strictly as they do here; to be sure there were

much opportunity to do otherwise.

Monday Dec 31st 1849.

This to us was a day of incidents and wonders, the day was clear and pleasant with scarcely a breath of air to ruffle the bosom of the Ocean, which seemed to "slumber like an unwearied child."

About 10 o'clock, 2 or 3 sunfish were seen a short distance from the ship, the captain ordered a boat to be got out, with the hopes of catching one of them, as this was the first time that the boat had been got out since we left Boston it caused no little stir and bustle among the passengers, the boat was launched and the 2 mule and one man armed with a harpoon went in pursuit, but as some 10 minutes had elapsed since they began getting out the boat, the sunfish had very quietly retired.

Soon after the boat was got in, a spar or plank was discovered a short distance from the ship covered with seaweed and barnacles, this was the subject of a vast deal of conjecture and speculation and made the time till dinner pass away swiftly.

In the afternoon a whale was discovered some mile or two astern and coming towards us, several guns were got ^{out} and loaded with ball, slugs and pistol bullets, as the huge monster came rolling on towards us lazily, each one prepared to give him a warm reception, he came too, within a gun shot of us astern, and rolled up his side when three guns were discharged at him instantaneously.

Whether offended or not at this uncivil treatment I know not, certain it is that he did not show himself again.

Later in the afternoon several Albatross came round, hooks were baited and Rifles and shot guns loaded for the purpose of killing or capturing one of the noble birds; in this we were

unsuccessful, one only was wounded and he made good his escape. To a person where these little incidents may appear trifling, but to us they are everything, for of such trifles is our life made up at present, anything tending to relieve the monotony being hailed with pleasure.

In the evening the passengers held a route meeting in the house, to witness the departure of the old year and the birth of the new, as the time approached the fun grew fast and furious and I doubt if many jollier parties could have been found ashore on the night of Dec 31st 1849 and the morning of Jan 1st 1850 than were found on board the Henry Ware.

Tuesday Jan 1st 1850 Lat 40°30' South Long 32°23' West

New Year day opened clear and pleasant, thoughts and talk of home and friends occupied the time until between 2 and 3 o'clock when an altercation which ended in blows happened between the 2nd mate and one of the crew, caused talk and discussion until bedtime.

Wednesday Jan 2nd

Nothing of importance happened to day, preparations however were made for Capt Horn by sending down the fore and main royal yards.

Saturday Jan 3rd

The past three days have been uncommonly dull, so far as incidents or excitement were concerned. No sail has been seen to break the monotony since Sunday, and every one has seemed to settle into a sort of listlessness and inactivity. The wind for the past week has blown hard every night and died away to a calm every day making the time to pass away heavily and every one hoping and wishing for a fair wind.

Tuesday Jan 8th 1850.

Today is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, which was duly honored, the wind from the North West blowing a good breeze.

Wednesday Jan 9th

Lat 48.38' Long 60.35'

Was aroused this morning at 10 o'clock by "Brig Ahoy, what brig is that?" Rushed on deck and found a full rigged brig within hailing distance to windward, and on the same course with ourselves. It was blowing a smacking breeze and we were going through the water at the rate of 8 or 10 knots.

The rushing of the water prevented our hearing distinctly all that he said; compared our longitude with his, but could not understand distinctly what he said, the next morning he was 3 or 4 miles ahead of us, as during the night we had shortened sail more than he had, he was also a short distance to windward, about 10 o'clock we had gained upon him 2 or 3 miles, he then hoisted his colors and kept away for us. It proved to be the Russian brig *Genixilla* from Portok bound to Valparaiso, he had been out 3 1/2 months, compared our longitudes by marking it upon a piece of board in large figures, he did the same, as there was considerable difference in their longitudes, the two captains held quite a confab upon the subject, he informed our captain that he had passed an American schooner the day previous and that his longitude was the same as his. We requested him to report the Henry Ware when he arrived at Valparaiso.

He spoke English fluently, as well as if it was his mother tongue, this I am told all Russian captains are required to do, before they are allowed to go master of a vessel bound to foreign ports.

As the wind was light it was some five minutes before we passed him, during which time the

Sailors on board the Brig sawing their suits and drunk
or made signs to that effect, wishing us a good pas-
sage to California; they evidently ~~knew~~ knew our business
in going there as they made signs as if dipping
and then walking along as if with a good back
load of the "rot of all evil". We returned their signs
and they seemed highly pleased, if one could judge
by their smiling faces.

It is a great relief after being tossed about for
weeks without seeing one spot of green earth or
listening to ^{the} sound of any voices but those of your
companions, to hear and see others, and feel that
you are not all alone in the world, at least I
thought so, and as we slowly left them all eyes were
fixed upon them until their forms were lost to sight.

After writing the above I was called to
the deck by the cry of porpoises porpoises...
Upon coming, I saw one fine one baying in his
gore and soon after had the satisfaction of
seeing two more in the same predicament.
They were caught from the bow by a harpoon,
one of them was very large weighing about 200
lbs. Their liver and lungs were black and taste-
less like a hog's, so much so that if they were
placed before a person and called hogs they would
not discover the difference; the meat is very good
but rather dry.

Thursday Jan 10th

This morning about 4 o'clock the cry of "Land
Aho!" was heard, this was Jason Island one of the
Falklands, at 10 o'clock when we tacked ship
they were to be seen distinctly but some 30 or 40
miles off, this was the first land that we had
seen since we left Boston. Several two days and
all hands were anxious to catch a glimpse of
them, but their pleasure was not long for
by 12 o'clock we were out of sight of them.

In the afternoon about 4 o'clock saw a small clipper built Schooner standing on the other tack, about 4 or 3 miles from us. She was about 60 or 70 tons apparently and I had no hesitation in calling her the Woodside of Lynn. It was blowing a smacking breeze and the little thing hopped and danced over the waves like a Mother Carey's chicken in a storm. The wind was about S by W and she was making a South by W course I should judge.

Friday Jan 11th

For the past day or two the weather has admonished us that we were in the vicinity of "the Horn". Great coats, thick boots and mittens have all come into use, for although the thermometer is yet up to 43 or 30 still coming from under the burning sun of the equator to even this degree of cold is a great change, this with the sudden squalls of wind and rain makes it quite uncomfortable and every one is wishing himself "around Cape Horn", but just now the channel looks rather dubious, for the wind which has been dead ahead for the last 36 hours as yet shows no sign of shifting still as every thing must have an end, I suppose this wind will.

Sunday Jan 13th

Fair wind Ho! To day about 12 o'clock the wind which for the past 3 days had been ahead came round fair after a calm of 3 or 4 hours duration. There were five ships in sight when the wind sprang up, viz: 2 ships 1 Barque 1 full rigged Brig and one hermaphrodite brig, the nearest ship to us hoisted Yankee colors this morning which we returned. The day has been warm and pleasant as has every Sunday since we left Boston and what may seem more singular is that thus far we have had a fair wind every Sunday.

Monday Jan 14th 1850
 Lat 51° 21' South Long 63° 34' West

Nothing of note occurred to day, the wind still continues fair.

Tuesday Jan 15th

This morning about 10 o'clock the cry of Land Ho! was heard, at first it appeared like a cloud upon the horizon but as the mist cleared up and we drew nearer it assumed more and more the appearance of land until at length the snow capped mountains of Terra del Fuogo were plainly visible, we continued to run in for the land until near sundown when the wind fell to a dead calm, and the ship lay motionless upon the water.

As the sun disappeared behind the mountains before us lay a scene that a poet or painter would have gazed upon with rapture; to us who had for twenty seven days seen the sea go down upon the waste of waters it was delightful, and the exclamations of beautiful, splendid, burst from all lips.

The coast was to be seen for miles stretching along, looking barren and dreary but to us who had been so long gazing upon the water, lovely.

To the east about three miles distant, lay a large and lofty ship becalmed like ourselves probably like ourselves bound for the modern El dorado, we remained upon the deck until darkness shut everything from our view and then retired hoping to gain a better view of the land on the morrow. Lat 53° 55' South.

Wednesday Jan 16th 1850

At 4 o'clock A.M. the wind which had remained calm all night sprang up from the North East, and we began to move slowly in towards the land, for the purpose of passing through the Straits de Maire, the ship mentioned yesterday was to be seen about 3 miles to windward

and near the shore and some 8 or 10 miles ahead was a barge, both bound through the straits, they passed Cape San Diego at 10 o'clock, but as we went further to leeward we did ^{not} go through until 1 o'clock.

The Straits de Maire are formed by Terra del Fuego on one side and Staten Land on the other and are in the narrowest part about 15 miles wide; upon the Terra del Fuego side we could discover some signs of vegetation, and a few stunted trees, the mountains from 2 to 3000 feet in height their tops covered with perpetual snow; upon Staten Land we could discover no marks of vegetation but everything appeared barren and desolate, high bluffs craggy and steep hung over the sea, in the background were lofty mountains ^{and} although in the middle of summer their tops covered with snow.

The highest mountain is upon the Terra del Fuego side (the Sarmiento) 5000 feet high. so much for the land.

As the ocean opened to the southward a full view was given us, far as the eye could reach, the ship and barge mentioned, were out of sight; ahead of us were to be seen a ship, brig, and schooner, and astern and to windward 1 Barge and two other vessels too far off to make out what they were. completed the fleet that passed through the straits the 16th of Jan 1850 making in all nine vessels.

The day was clear and pleasant, the wind fair and blowing an 8 knot breeze, every vessel had all sail set, many of them studding sails.

The Henry Ware outsailed the whole, and about 1 o'clock came up with the brig, which proved to be the Argyle of Baltimore, from Rio Janeiro, bound to Callao port of Lima, he left Rio the 21st of December. He informed us that the schooner ahead was the Harriet Lawrence of Boston, and that the ship was the Fulmouth or Hornmouth (we could not under-

* The Ship was the Fulmar of Baltimore.

stand which) and ^{that} they were both bound for San Francisco California.

We passed the schooner about half an hour afterwards but he kept off, so as to be out of hailing distance until we passed him, and then hunched up in our coats again; he was evidently ~~was~~ nettled at being beat, as he would not have kept out of our way.

This was the schooner that was advertised in the Boston papers as the "clippers" Sch Harriett Lawrence through to San Francisco in 4 months; she sailed the 23 of Oct and had been out 86 days, one week longer than the *Henry Ware*, the ship we passed about 10 o'clock at night, the wind in the meantime had been increasing gradually so that when we passed her we were under single reefed topsails, and the ship dead before the wind at that.

As we passed the Harriett Lawrence we all collected upon the topgallant forecastle and waving our handkerchiefs so as to attract ~~their~~ attention, we gave them nine hearty cheers which I should have thought could have been heard a mile, but as the wind was blowing a stiff breeze they did not hear a word, at any rate they made no signs of recognition; thus passed the 15th of Jan 1850.

Thursday Jan 16th 1850.

The wind still keeping fair and blowing stiffly I suppose that we can now call ourselves "round Cape Horn."

The weather is rainy and uncomfortable, and we were unable to get an observation to determine our longitude, but at 12 o'clock the sun coming out for a few minutes we were enabled to get our latitude which was $38^{\circ}05'$ South; for the last 24 hours we have averaged 7 knots, or upwards of 200 miles.

In the afternoon an Albatross was caught by one of the passengers with a hook and line, they

are a large web-footed bird, with large and melancholy looking eyes; the one caught measured 10 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and 4 feet around the breast. One of his feet would cover over a water-pail. His bill was 7 inches in length, so much for the cabbages.

Friday Jan 18th Lat 38°35' Long 10.

The wind still continues fair blowing about an E. S. E. breeze, the sea long and regular. The ship dashing along with studding sails set, course in the morning N. E. by W, then altered to West by South then to West, then to West by North, saw to day two large ships one about 2 miles to leeward, a whaler and the other some 12 or 15 miles astern, both of them on the same course as ourselves.

The weather here now is about the same as an Oct in New England the thermometer ranging from 40 to 50 degrees above zero, this is midsummer here and the ^{day} are about 17 hours long, from sun to sun, it is dark about 4 1/2 o'clock P.M. and daylight again at 4 in the morning;

Saturday Jan 19th Lat 35°15' South Long 16°

Another beautiful day, the wind still fair and steady. The old whaler mentioned yesterday still ahead sometimes as near as a mile and then again 3 or 4 off. He is evidently a little better sailer than the Henry Ware. There are also 3 other vessels in sight, 3 ahead and two astern, all of which we gain on gradually, two of them are barges one is a schooner (supposed to be the Harriet Lanchel) one brig, and the other one is too far off to make out surely.

Within three or four days, all hands have been in the best of spirits and the talk has been of California and of ending our passage in 4 or 4 1/2 months, old papers have been got and the California it is said with as much experience as if the steamer from Liverpool had just arrived in Boston with the latest news. S. O. Perkins

letter was read last evening about and although doubtless every one had read it before, still we all listened as attentively as if it were a new revelation.

It is astonishing what a change of fair wind makes in everyone's feelings - no growling or grumbling now, each one seems to try to be as cheerful and accommodating as possible, but a head wind or a calm, sets everything wrong, and at such times the "barometer of the human mind" falls as rapidly, as the barometer of the weather does at the near approach of the hurricane, such is poor human nature.

Sunday Jan 20th 1830 Lat 32° 24' South Long 77°

This was perhaps as pleasant a Sunday as we have had since leaving Boston, and where all have been pleasant this is of course saying a good deal.

The air was cool and bracing, the breeze fair and steady before us in all its grandeur lay the mighty Pacific, the ocean, which we read and talk of in our schoolboy days but which seems too far distant to be ever visited by any but bold and adventurous spirits.

Before us and about two miles upon our weather bow was the whaler mentioned yesterday dashing along with his studding sails and main royal set, still farther ahead was a barge looking like a speck upon the water, far off upon our weather quarters was a sail just discernable as she in our wake and about 4 or 8 miles was another barge covered with studding sails, making "the water like a thing of life," thus opened the morning of Jan 20th. About 10 o'clock the whaler from some cause or other best known to himself sent down his main royal yard, and furled his most gallant sail; this of course gave us the advantage over him and we began to gain on him gradually, on looking astern it was evident to all that the barge in our wake was fast overshadowing us, and would soon be up with us, all eyes were directed towards him as he came steadily on. "His white sails showing to the billows motion." He was indeed a beautiful sight

his long low black hull covered with canvas, made him appear like some huge bird of the ocean.

As he came dashing the spray before him, his bows one moment sinking low in the waves and then rising gracefully, dripping with water like some mermaid or merman of the olden time.

About 11 O'clock he came up with us under our lee quarter and to the surprise of all hailed us with "good morning Capt. Nelson."

Our first mate Mr. Edward Nelson was standing upon the quarter-deck with a speaking trumpet in his ^{hand}, ready to answer his hail, and as he was Capt. of the Henry Ware on her last voyage, I suppose he thought him Capt. now.

Our mate returned his hail, and enquired his name. He says "don't you know the Abbot Lord?" "Yes says our mate but I don't ^{know} you," "don't you remember Joyce?" "Yes says our mate; It was Capt. Joyce formerly capt. of the Abbot Lord a vessel of which our mate had formerly been capt. of."

The vessel that he now commanded was the "Walter of Providence Rhode Island, bound for San Francisco she was full of passengers, upwards of an hundred on board including one lady, (probably the captain's wife.)

This was the first woman that we had seen since leaving Boston and she created no little sensation among our passengers.

As the sea was very smooth the two vessels came very near each other and Capt. Joyce and our mate had considerable conversation together.

He informed us that he had been out 73 days having left Providence Nov 1st (two days after we did) and had stopped at Rio Janeiro 3 days making in all 80 days since he left Providence.

We asked him if the Argonaut of Boston was at Rio when he left; he said that she was not, nor was there any other American vessel there except the sch. Harriet Lawrence; he said he should put in at Funchal.

in Chili and we requested him to report us there, after wishing each other a pleasant passage the *Walter* kept on her way. "Wall collected in the waist and as she passed us gave them three cheers, which they returned, we then gave them one back this being the nautical way of doing business.

"While this was taking place both vessels had got so near the whaler that we could read his name with a glass; It was the ship *Armata* of New London, the old whaler no doubt heard our cry and its meaning knew" for ~~the~~^{in a} few minutes he ran up the stars and stripes at his peak, we followed suit and so did the barge and there upon the wide Pacific was the star spangled banner displayed from the peak of three of as noble vessels as you would find in any port at one time. It was a sight that an American might well be proud of and it sent a thrill through every heart.

I regret that there was no one on board to take a sketch of the scene, for it was a beautiful sight, we were not over a quarter of a mile from the barge and the whaler was between us, so that we were very near together. The barge passed the ship and went on her way, we pursued the whaler, but out of hailing distance, soon after he made sail and pursued under our stern to windward and followed after the barge, but he was of no account there, and gave up the chase in two or three hours, went down across our bows and at sundown was a mile or so to leeward of us.

These are the only two vessels, that have been able to beat us since we left Boston.

Monday Jun 21st Lat 36°33' South Long 78° West

The ^{day} was warm and pleasant resembling in April in New England. Sent up the fore and main royal yards and top gallant studding sail booms. The weather still in sight nothing of importance happened to day.

Tuesday & Wednesday Jan 22 & 23

Tuesday saw a ship and a small schooner standing upon the same course with ourselves but so far distant that we lost sight of them during the night, nothing occurred Wednesday to break the monotony, not even a solitary sail.

Thursday Friday & Saturday Jan 24, 25, 26

Nothing worthy of note happened upon the above named days. Thursday saw a brig standing the same course with ourselves.

Friday caught 13 Albatrosses, the largest of which measured 40 feet 3 inches from tip to tip of the wing the smallest measured 17 feet 10 inches, but I have described ^{these} heretofore.

Saturday saw a barge steering the same course as we were but to the leeward.

Sunday Jan 27th

Another pleasant Sunday with a fair wind. Saw in the morning 3 or 4 miles astern a barge which we had passed during the night, she was falling astern rapidly and before 12 o'clock was out of sight.

Monday Jan 28th Lat 37° 14' South

The wind still continues fair and blowing fresh. By, within the last 48 hours, we have made upwards of six degrees of latitude, nothing of importance has happened.

Monday Feb 11th Lat 10° 32' South Long 75° West

For the past fortnight nothing has occurred to break the monotony of our lives; not even the sight of a solitary sail ~~has~~ gladden our eyes or lighten our hearts, but the same, day in and day out - the boundless Pacific around us, the blue heavens over us, the trade winds light and fickle, this with the usual routine of eating drinking and sleeping make up our existence.

Within the past week an unusual degree of activity

has procured all hands. Boats have been repaired 34
sails mended, and other things to be used in bunting
up the Golden Sacramento.

The Shoemaker, Carpenter, Tailor and Watchmaker
have all been called into requisition, so as to leave
nothing to do when we arrive in California, but
proceed at once to the search for gold.

Tuesday Feb 17 1850

Early this morning we crossed the line in Long
105° West, in 112 days from Boston.

Yesterday saw a sail ahead - a large ship some 15
or 20 miles off.

Friday Feb 22 1850 Lat 3° 21' North Long. 107° 40'

To day was the birth day of the immortal Wash-
ington, and although far from our native land, alone upon
the wide Pacific, still it was determined by the passengers
that they should not pass by unnoticed, but should be
celebrated with becoming spirit.

This day was beautiful the wind in the morning blowing
from the southeast a gentle breeze just enough to make
the ship move through the water, at sunrise the Amer-
ican flag was hoisted saluted by a volley of small arms
guns piloted - this was continued at noon and sundown.

In the afternoon the passengers held a meeting in the
cabin, and a demijohn of Brandy, presented by Gen
Bates of Boston was uncorked and the members of
Washington drank standing and in silence.

After this song and sentiment was listened to
and a night merry meeting was held, the following
song was sung upon the occasion to the tune of Old Lang Syne.

To Gen Bates.

Shall the good old Gen'ral be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shall the good old Gen'ral be forgot,
And the days of old Lang Syne.

Chorus.

Chorus

And the days of old Lang Syne, my boys,
 And the days of old Lang Syne,
 Will take a cup of kindness yet
 For the days of old Lang Syne.

2°

We oft have drank with General Butts,
 From morning sun till dine?
 And though the seas between us roll,
 Will not forget Lang Syne.

Chorus, And the days

3°

Although we're in a stormy sea
 And out of Ale and Wine?
 Yet still with such a jolly crew,
 Were bound to have a time.

Chorus &c

4

For sure we not a demijohn,
 Of brandy good and fresh,
 A present from the General,
 To celebrate Long Syne.

Chorus &c

5°

Long may he live to cheer the hearts,
 Of the jovial free and bold,
 And may we find him at the "Shades";
 When we return with Gold.

Before the meeting was over the wind sprang
 up from the Northeast an 8 or 9 Knot breeze, and
 was looked upon by all as a good omen, there of
 course were the Northeast trades and all are now
 looking forward to end their voyage in 3 weeks longer.
 And passed the 22 of February on board the Henry
 Ware.

+ "Shades" The name of the house kept by the Gen.

Friday March 8th Lat 27° 46' N. Long 129° 36' W.

Nothing of importance has happened for the past fortnight. The weather has been dull and cloudy, the wind for the last ten days, blowing between North and North East, so that we are now some 7° west of San Francisco.

Friday March 1st caught a bird of the Albatross species and fastened to his neck a brass plate with this inscription upon it "Ship Henry Ware March 1st 1850, 121 days from Boston to San Francisco"

After giving him as much pork as he could eat we sent him on his way rejoicing.

Monday March 11th Lat 33° North Long 125° West.

We are now within 3 days sail of San Francisco and a good breeze blowing after us. Every one is busy preparing to going ashore, guns pistols &c are cleaned for the last time clothes got out and brushed up repaired &c.

The Gym Delegation have been busy working upon their boats which were this day got up out of the hold, every one is rejoicing to think that our long voyage is so near its end.

In the last month the time has passed off heavily, not a sail has been seen to break the monotony and it has seem^d as if we were all alone upon the world.

A newspaper called the Gold Hunter has however appeared once a week for the past month and has served to keep up our spirits somewhat; still the want of news and excitement is felt by all; For 132 days have we passed upon the wide waste of waters, sighting land but twice the whole time, and then only in the distance, but now we seem to see the end of our passage, and forget all our weary days and nights passed on ship board.

Wednesday March 13th 1850

At daylight this morning the cry of Land! As was heard, land ahead and upon our weather bow was to be seen the dark and sterile looking shores of California. The day was clear and pleasant and we stood in with an 8 knot breeze. About one o'clock the pilot came on board, and we all gathered around

him anxious to hear the news; this although not so flattering as some of the sanguine were led to expect was still good; The yield at the gold mines is about ten dollars a day upon an average; Mechanics are getting in San Francisco from 6 to 12 dollars per day and found; As we entered the harbor a beautiful rainbow, was seen in the east, which to us seemed a bow of hope and promise; at four o'clock we dropped anchor off the town, having made the passage from Boston to San Francisco in 133 days.

The ship Argonaut that left the same day with us arrived the same day, a singular coincidence. As soon as the anchor was down, we launched over the boats belonging to the company and pulled lustily to the shore. First impressions of San Francisco.

My first impressions of San Francisco were anything but flattering; The mud in the streets was ankle deep and as we plodded our way to the port office, we could not help exclaiming, "What a country!!" At the port office we found no letters, and as it was almost dark we returned on board our vessel to pass the night.

San Francisco. Thursday March 14th.

This morning we were up early and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, we went ashore all hands of us to get a look at the Elephant; After rambling about all day we returned on board to relate to each other the incidents of the day; and here I am at a loss what to say or write, accounts are so contradictory that a person can tell scarcely nothing as to the true state of affairs; common day laborers get from 5 to 6 dollars a day and found; Mechanics such as blacksmiths carpenters &c get from 10 to 12 dollars a day; If a man can save his health they all agree in saying that he can do well, better than in the States.

Still at the present time there are hundreds of poor disconsolate men in San Francisco who would be glad to be at home if they were able to get there; However as the rainy season is over we hope by caution and prudence to be able to es-

cape sickness: I saw to-day several Lyons men the most of whom had been sick more or less.

All is bustle and confusion in the city: Hundreds have arrived from the States during this and the past week; this and parties fitting out to the mines makes a good deal of stir as might be expected.

One word as to the houses and general appearance of San Francisco. The city is built upon the side of a hill or hills and is laid out in squares; the houses are for the most part built of wood, some are very neat but the great majority are scaly affairs, tents are to be seen in almost every street and the city is surrounded with them giving it (as has often been said) the appearance of a beleaguered city.

San Francisco March 27 1860.

It is now a fortnight since I landed in San Francisco - The rainy season is now over and business begins to revive a little, still things are dull for San Francisco, hundreds are leaving for the mines, and every thing that leaves for the mines is crowded with passengers. The mud in the streets has dried up somewhat and the city assumes a more cheerful aspect.

Yesterday the Steamer arrived from Panama bringing 181 passengers 13 of whom were ladies.

In the streets of San Francisco are to be seen all nations and all languages of tongues are spoken here, Babel could not have excelled it in this particular.

Here are to be seen the shrewd and calculating Yankee the mercantile Frenchman the swarthy Italian mustering his Diablos as he is jostled in the street.

The Chinese and Malay with the other nations of the East with their black eyes and large broad faces.

The Dutchman here is fit home the same miserly money saving people, who as they view the extravagance of their less ardent neighbors exclaim "Nine Gt what a people."

The Scotsman the Irishman & all the nations of Europe are represented here, the Mexican the Chilean men from all parts of South America with a melting throng of Native Californians Indians & bringing up the rear.

San Francisco April 12th 1850

For the past fortnight but little of interest has transpired.

The rainy season is now over here, and business begins to revive. Vessels are arriving daily and hourly; within a week just 3000 persons have arrived, the most of these are from New England young and enterprising men full of life and health. The new comer can be easily distinguished as he walks the streets. He has a shrewd calculating air looks and stares at every one that he meets, thinking to recognise some old acquaintance from the States.

Last week as seven young men who came out in the Argonaut from Boston were going up the river in a small boat they were upset by a squall and all drowned.

In the house where I live are some 30 or 40 young men New Englanders, who seem to enjoy themselves richly, if one can judge by the laugh and story that is often heard.

April 24th 1850.

Having made up our minds to try our luck at the mines "Wednesday April 24" was the day set upon for our departure.

Our outfit for the party of four was a tent, two cradles, two pans for washing, picks, shovels, crowbars a camp kettle, fry pan, change of clothes each and our outfit was complete.

I was surprised to see into how small a compass a person could put those articles that he actually needed, our whole baggage would not weigh as much nor was it so bulky as a fashionable, would be if he were only going to leave home for a week and ours was intended to last a six months cruise.

Going on board the steamer El Dorado we found quite a collection of miners, traders &c. bound up the river.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon

we started, crossed the bay and entered the mouth of the river; the wind was blowing fresh and our progress was slow, however we found many objects to attract our attention and to make the time pass pleasantly. The mountains in the distance with silver looking clouds upon their sides, the numerous islands covered with birds, and the wild cattle seen upon the shores were all new and interesting.

About 11 o'clock P.M. we arrived at Benicia a small town about 30 miles from San Francisco, and passed New York during the night; the evening was glorious, the moon now nearly at its full shed its silvery light over rock and wood, and gave the whole a beautiful and picturesque appearance.

As bedtime approached each one selected that part of the boat that pleased him best and wrapping himself up in his blankets gave himself up to the embraces of Morpheus.

April 23rd 1830 Thursday.

Up at daybreak and witnessed one of the most beautiful scenes that it was ever my good fortune to behold; the moon was sinking in the west while in the east a faint streak of light told the coming of the new day, as the light of the moon faded before the rays of the sun, the birds by thousands began to enliven the air with their cheerful songs; the banks of the river was covered with trees, some of them growing to the height of fifty or sixty feet; for miles everything was wild and grand, "It seemed as if the foot of man for ages had not visited it."

We passed several vessels, Barges, Brig Schooners and small boats at anchor; as we proceeded up we saw occasionally, small farms or ranches, with a log house or tent upon them, where some enterprising Yankee had "settled down" to make his fortune raising vegetables for the markets of San Francisco and Sacramento.

The river at this time ^{was very high} in many places overflowing its banks.

In the forenoon we passed the village of Sutterville and saw in the distance the fort of the celebrated Capt Sutter. About 1 O'clock P.M. we reached Sacramento.

Sacramento is situated upon the river of the same name upon its left bank, and is quite a flourishing city. the great objection to it is its liability to overflow; this however could be remedied by making a levee as in New Orleans; the place I should judge contains some eight or ten thousand inhabitants.

While in Sacramento we met six Lynn Boys which added to our own party made ten, and sitting upon the bank of the river, we talked for more than an hour of home and friends.

At five O'clock the boat was ready and bidding adieu to our friends we proceeded upon our journey. About eight O'clock we arrived at Fremont a flourishing little town situated upon the right bank of the river.

This is one of the highest places upon the river and has nothing to fear from floods;

Upon the opposite bank is the town of Vernon somewhat larger than Fremont but very badly located on account of the water; the water at this time was as high as the windows of many of the houses.

We proceeded on this night as far as Nicolais, where we remained until morning.

Friday April 25 1856.

Nicolais is a small town or village of some 15 or 20 houses and is situated upon the left bank of the river upon a high and level plain stretching to the mountains.

It is called after a Dutchman by the name of Nicolais who settled here some five or six years since, and built an adobe house which is still standing. It is in the vicinity of the mines and bids fair to become a flourishing town.

Leaving Nicolais we proceeded up passing Plumas a small village of some dozen houses situated upon the left bank of the river.

About five miles above Plumas is the little town of

Elisa: here we stopped to ~~take~~^{leave} in freight and passengers; this is a town of some three or four hundred inhabitants, that has sprung up within a month or two and some prophecy that within a short time this is to be the place upon the river; this is also upon the left bank of the river.

In ~~a~~^{half} an hour after leaving Elisa we came to Yuba situated upon the right bank of the river.

Before describing Yuba I would mention the celebrated "Hock farm" of Capt Sutter, which we passed just before reaching Elisa—it is situated upon the right bank of the river, near an Indian settlement and contains a large amount of land—how much I could not learn, it is a beautiful spot, and is under good cultivation.

Capt Sutter pretends to own some 35 miles up and down the river by virtue of a grant from a Russian colony—his payments to the Russian are I am told paid annually in wheat; still his claim is contested by the Americans who have settled upon the land and is now being tried in the courts.

It is doubtful whether the American government will recognise his claim for so large an amount.

Many of the Indians were at work upon his farm others were lying about in the sun, some of them entirely naked—but to return to Yuba.

Yuba or Yubaville is some 20 miles from San Francisco upon the right bank of the Feather river just below the mouth of the Yuba; its friends predict for it a rapid increase but at present it seems doubtful.

It is situated upon the wrong side of the river as to go to most of the mines it would be necessary to cross the river; still this difficulty is obviated in a measure by the ferry that is established there.

Here also is a Post Office and some 30 or 40 wooden buildings.

Yuba has also an Indian Village of the Digger Indians as they are called.

They are called Diggers from the fact that they "Hock farm" is six miles in length and four wide.

subsist almost entirely upon roots which they dig out of the earth; they are the most miserable specimens of humanity that I ever saw and are hardly worthy the name of man. They live in holes dug into the sides of the hills and covered over with sticks and mud; a respectable dog if forced to live in such a place would think he was hard used; they boil their acorns and roots by putting hot stones into the water, thus they live in baskets made so close as to be water tight.

Most of the children are in a state of mutility, and the men and women are but little better off.

To sum all up, they are the most miserable and degraded beings upon God's footstool.

About five O'clock we crossed the ferry and in a few minutes arrived at Marysville.

Marysville is the largest town upon the river with the exception of Sacramento, and is I think bound to the place; but two months have elapsed since the first house was built and it now numbers some 2 or 3 thousand inhabitants; it is laid out in squares and has a fine plaza or public square near the levee.

It is the highest point up that a town can be built to be reached by steamboats, and is situated upon high land so as to be in no danger of being flooded by the rise of the river. ^{from} ~~from~~ this place teams ^{for} from all the Northern mines can be obtained.

After depositing our baggage under a tree we went for our supper, this we obtained by paying \$1.25 for such a supper as could be procured in the States for 25 cts.

After supper we looked around for a place to sleep in, and finding a wagon empty we crept into it and wrapping ourselves in our blankets we slept soundly until morning. I will here give the names of our company: viz: Stephen A Knight, F B Mower, E A Ingalls and Chas Smith.

Saturday April 27th 1850.

The first thing this morning was to find some conveyance for the mines, and also to decide on

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to what mines we should go to; we at last concluded upon the North ^{fork} River at Bullards Bar.

Four mules with two Muleteers were hired to carry our luggage to the place for \$5.00 per lb, a distance of 45 or 50 miles, - as it was then late it was thought best to wait till morning and take an early start.

Our teamsters or mule drivers invited us to spend the night at their camp which we did; it was about a mile from Marysville. under a large oak tree. after cooking our suppers we rolled ourselves in our blankets and with no other covering than the heavens slept soundly until morning.

Sunday April 28th 1850

Before taking leave of Marysville I would relate a little circumstance that I saw there.

Any one who has ever been to Marysville will recollect an old Adobe house standing upon the hill near the plaza and occupied by Indians.

The afternoon while I was loitering around, a young and rather good looking Squaw (that is if a Digger Indian can be called good looking) came out of the house and sitting down upon the ground began to arrange her hair, which was very long, while thus employed she was joined by a young Indian who appeared to be about 14 years of age. seating himself by her side he commenced overlooking her head and every loose that he found, ^{he} immediately swallowed.

Whether he done this to get rid of them, or for the pleasure of the thing I was unable to learn. but he certainly eat them and that too with evident gratification. But to return to our trip.

We were up early this morning and got our breakfast but did not get started from camp until 10 O'clock. A. M. two gentlemen joined us to travel their baggage being packed upon the same mules as ours. Their names were Bartlett and Quistler; they were from Mississippi; as were also our mule drivers Smith and Mower. Smith had been a teamster in

45th the Mexican war and was of course an old campaigner. The first day we traveled about 15 miles and encamped in a valley under the branches of a large tree and near a stream of running water. This we prospected for gold but found none; Late in the afternoon a party of New Yorkers came up and encamped with us, they were bound for the mines and were taking up provisions enough to last them some 2 or 3 months. There was some 10 or 12 of them and they had 2600 lbs of provisions &c. this was in an ox team, drawn by 6 yoke of oxen; during the night we could hear the Coyotes or prairie wolves howling in the distance but they did not venture into camp.

Monday April 29th 1850.

This morning took an early start and traveled some 12 miles and encamped at noon by the side of a beautiful stream, after resting three or four hours we proceeded on 5 or 6 miles farther to a fine valley of grass where we encamped for the night; the road during the day was very rough, steep hills to climb &c. At night the coyotes gave us another entertainment but did not venture within gunshot.

Tuesday April 30th 1850.

Up this morning and got another early start, traveled about 6 or 7 miles to a place called the mountain house and encamped for the day; after resting awhile and cooking our dinners, the rest of the party went out some three or four miles to prospect for gold in a ravine, leaving me to take care of camp.

In the afternoon two Indian boys came to see me and examined everything; more particularly the firearms. A Revolver they examined very closely but I was unable to learn their opinion upon it as they spoke neither Spanish or English.

About 4 o'clock the rest of the party returned from prospecting. They had found some gold but in so small a quantity as not to pay for working it. The place prospected is known as Dry Creek.

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After cooking our supper we again rolled ourselves in
our blankets and slept until daybreak.

Wednesday May 1!

At the earliest peep of day we arose and
hastily eating our breakfast were ready for a start
by sunrise.

It was a beautiful morning
not such as we have in New England in May but
as warm and pleasant as June.

The country continued to become more and
more mountainous as we approached our journey's
end, until at last to escape the climate we had one
to descend, that is called three miles from top to
bottom.

Before descending we paused to
look around us - the view from the top of the
mountain was grand and beautiful, on the one
hand could be seen the California ^{Sierra Nevada} mountains
their tops covered with snow - on the other the coast
range of mountains looking like a faint blue
streak along the sky - between these two ranges is
the valley of the Sacramento, one of the most
beautiful valleys in the world; at this season it is
adorned with flowers of every hue, many of them as
beautiful as those that are cultivated at home
on account of their beauty and scarcity.

As you leave the valley or plains you come to
the hills first; these are covered with a species of
dwarf oak - none of them being higher than 30
feet, and many of them not half that height.
As you begin to ascend the mountains the oaks
disappear and the pines take their places; these
rise to the height of 100 or 150 feet and are as straight
as arrows scarcely a limb upon them.

As we were descending the mountains we met an
Indian entirely naked, with his bow and arrow
in his hand; He saluted us with "How do you do
Gentlemen," and upon our inquiring how he found
game he replied "G-d-A-n Marge!", this was
probably all the English that he knew as upon
+ Oregon Hill.

our questioning him further. He only laughed and shook his head.

When about half way down the mountain we could see the bar and the miners at work upon it; we reached it about 11 O'clock having travelled about 18 miles this morning.

Upon arriving at the bar our first business was to pitch our tent and cook our dinner. This done we took a look around among the miners; there were upwards of an hundred at work at this place including 16 who were digging a canal ~~the~~ ^{to turn} the river into.

All the miners use the common cradle which has been so often described that a description will be unnecessary; the water was so high that the miners were unable to do much at present making upon an average six or seven dollars a day per man.

Three men at work here were taking out five ounces (80 dollars) per day upon an average, this was the best done upon the bar. Custom among the miners allows to each man 10 pieces or 30 feet upon the bank extending as far back as he may choose to work it.

This custom no one thinks of interfering with as each one sees at a glance that some real schust be established or else confusion and bloodshed would ensue.

There were two or three stores at this place where provisions, groceries, and liquors were sold.

Everything was high; Liquor 50 cts per glass or four dollars a bottle. Rice 1/2 lb each, Bread 15 cts a loaf. Pork 65 cts per lb. Flour 40 cts, and everything else in proportion. The food that miners principally live upon is pork and flour; the pork is fried and the flour made into "flippers" or "flapjacks", which are nothing more nor less than flour and water made into a paste and fried in the pork fat: no wonder that miners are sick, the great wonder is how any of them escape it; so much for mining.

Thursday May 2nd 1850.

Early this morning one of the party "Mower" came to me and asked what I thought of the prospect. I told him I thought that we had at last got a glimpse of the "unimial" and no mistake; he being of the same opinion we concluded to leave the next day for San Francisco and to that end made preparations by selling off our mining utensils &c; this completed we were ready for a move.

Friday May 3rd 1850.

As the sun made its appearance over the tops of the mountains we were ready for a start.

Our partners Smith and Knight had breakfast ready for us which after eating we took our leave and started on our journey. leaving everything behind but our bedding we took up our line of march; this we strapped upon our backs and began climbing the hill or mountain; this was a tedious job and took us some hour and a half to accomplish. for although a bundle weighing 25 lbs may seem light at the outset still when carried over mountain and dale it grows alarmingly heavy.

After travelling about 10 miles we set down to rest under a shady tree; soon after a party mounted upon mules came along who had just arrived from the "Trinity Mines;" these they pronounced us the greatest humbug out, they said they were 300 miles from Marysville and were worse than any diggers in California, hard to get at and no nothing there after you arrived. two of this party were from Lowell Mass.

We travelled on some 1.5 miles further to a ranch where we intended to encamp for the night but finding two teamsters bound for Marysville we put our bundles in with them and went on some eight miles further making about 33 miles for the day; about 8 O'clock we encamped for the night under the branches of a stately oak.

Saturday May 4th 1856.

After cooking our breakfast we proceeded on our journey towards Marysville; at noon we came to the "White Tent" so called and took dinner for this we paid \$1.50 for a dinner of beef steak and coffee. At night we arrived at Marysville that is my partner and myself and one teamster; the other team which had our bedding and coats did not arrive and we were left in our shirt sleeves to pass the night as we best might; fortunately we fell in with Frank Seymour formerly I must of the Henry Ware who loaned us a blanket and creeping into a covered wagon, congratulating ourselves upon our good luck we slept soundly till morning.

Sunday May 5th 1856.

About 10 O'clock A.M. our teamster arrived at Marysville bringing our blankets coats &c. It seemed that he was drunk the night before and thinking that his eyes were tired he stopped all night within 8 miles of Marysville.

At 11 O'clock A.M. we started for Sacramento in a small boat pulled by two Dutchmen whither we arrived at 8 O'clock P.M. a distance of 70 miles for this we paid 5 dollars each; slept this night in the Dutchmen's boat.

Monday May 6th 1856.

Took a stroll this morning over the city but as I have described it before I shall say nothing more at present; At 10 O'clock A.M. we left Sacramento for San Francisco in a small boat rowed by two old English tars; Nothing of interest occurred during the day with the exception of the discussions held between our boatmen; these were amusing to us if they were not very learned.

One of them, Old Jo as he was called was a real old sea brute, a regular growl - he would growl anyhow and at anything; his companion Clark seemed to know the old man's weak points

and was well suited when he could draw him^{30.}
into a controversy; this would bring down the
old man's indignation upon "the Lad" as he called
him, then they would both cool off, and the dis-
cussion would be broken off by some sail or some-
thing else attracting their attention; thus passed
the day until about 5 O'clock P.M. when we landed
upon the bank of the river near a dilapidated
loghouse, the residence of some wood cutter who
had ramosed some time previous.

After cooking our supper we took possession of the
loghouse; soon after we were joined by three
boats containing some 15 or 18 persons; these
with our boats crew of five, made quite a res-
pectable town for California. In the evening
Old Jo entertained the company with several
songs, all of them sentimental; among them the
"My Green" by Dickens and others of the like char-
acter; his selection of songs showed that although
Old Jo had been kicked and cuffed about the
world hither and thither still that his heart
was in the right spot. (Distance made to-
day 50 miles. Tuesday May 7th 1850.

At sunrise we were upon our way again
and proceeded rapidly for 2 or 3 hours; then the
wind began to blow up the river so that before
12 O'clock M. we were obliged to fasten to a tree
and wait for the wind to abate; while waiting
for the wind to abate we tried our luck at
fishing; Old Jo caught a couple of nice fish
resembling trout and weighing about 2 lbs each.
About 4 O'clock P.M. we moved down the river
about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile on a high piece of ground to
where the drift wood was plenty and cooked
our supper—the 2 fish were fried and were really
delicious.

After supper the wind having
died away a little we concluded to try and cross
Swiss Bay and reach New York of the Pacific.

31. Upon coming to the entrance of the bay we found it too rough to think of crossing and so went ashore for the night. It was as dark as Egypt and very rough for a river when we landed; Selecting the highest piece of ground in the vicinity we went on there built a rousing fire and rolling ourselves in our blankets, laid ourselves down thinking to enjoy a good night's rest, but alas for human hopes! During the night the flood tide set in and flooded the bank - I awoke and found it ankle deep where I was sleeping; Awaking my comrades who were sound asleep we hastily retreated aboard the boat our clothes and blankets well soaked; thus ended the day distance this day 50 miles.

Wednesday May 8th 1830.

This morning the wind was blowing as fresh as ever and we concluded to stop for the present.

About 12 O'clock as the wind abating we concluded to try and reach New York; this we did by sailing and rowing and arrived there about sundown.

"New York of the Pacific" so called contains some 12 or 15 buildings, 2 of which are hotels, three tents and 3 vessels - 2 barges and 3 ships; It is situated upon a plain at the mouth of the San Joaquin upon high ground so as to be in no danger from overflows.

It is pleasantly situated but the "day of its destiny" over; true the steamers from Stockton stop here and they have a Post Office in the place, but the empty buildings tell the story; The land is owned for the most part by Col. Stevenson.

The principal hotel is the "Kennebec House" and is kept by a man from "way down East". His wife and two daughters are here with him and make the place seem like home; I lodged here and had three meals for which I paid 3½ dollars.

Cheap enough for Californians; so much for New York of the Pacific.

Thursday May 9 1850.

The wind still continuing ahead we thought best to take passage in the steamer that would arrive from Stockton at 10 o'clock P.M.

Old Jo charged us 6 dollars each for our excursion with him, and bidding him Good Bye we went on board the steamer Capt Sutter; passing down the bay we soon arrived at Benecia which is 25 miles below New York and 30 above San Francisco. This is a small town of some 6 or 700 inhabitants and is situated upon a rising piece of ground upon the right bank of the river.

Some dozen merchant vessels lay here and a man of war. Government influence has made Benecia what it is, without it it could not live a month. Com Jones one of the largest land owners keeps a man of war at the place which is about as much needed there as it would be at Sacramento or Stockton. A great deal of talk has been made about Benecia being the place for a city &c, superior to San Francisco, but it is "no go," San Francisco with a population of from 20 to 30,000 inhabitants will never be run off the track by an up river town. Nearly opposite Benecia is the little town of Martinez containing some 7 or 8 houses.

After landing and taking in passengers we proceeded on our way down the bay; some 6 or 7 miles below Benecia on account of the sea, and wind, which the steamer was unable to make head against, she was run ashore upon a beach in Nappa Valley and all hands went on shore to prospect. The shore a short distance from the beach was covered with wild oats as high as a man's waist; flowers too of every hue were to be seen at this place in great abundance.

About sundown we pushed out, and proceeded for San Francisco whither we arrived about 11 o'clock P.M. Thus ended our first trip to the mines.

Great fire at San Francisco.

During our trip to the mines a destructive fire had occurred in San Francisco which destroyed some 250 buildings in the business part of the city: It commenced in the Plaza or Portsmouth square and extended to Montgomery St in one direction and from Clay to Washington St in the other, burning both sides of Washington St and 2 sides of the square. It commenced in the United States Hotel and is supposed to be the work of an incendiary; a reward of \$5000 is offered by the Mayor for his detection; Loss estimated at three millions of dollars: It happened Aug 4 1850 at 12 past four O'Clock A.M.

San Francisco June 12 1850.

Nothing worthy of note occurred in San Francisco until the morning of June 12, when the cry of fire was heard in the streets. This was at eight O'Clock A.M. and in less than four ^{hours} 1/2 of San Francisco was in ashes. The fire broke out in a Bakery in Sacramento St between Montgomery and Kearney and spread with frightful rapidity nor ceased until the whole business portion of San Francisco was consumed.

No one but an eye witness can have any idea of the rapid manner with which the flames spread, licking up as it were with their fiery tongues not only buildings but whole squares at a time. The buildings built for the most part of wood and lined with cotton cloth offer no hindrance to the flame, while the strong North West wind which at the time blew almost a gale made the work of destruction complete: Houses would stand the mass of flame but for an instant, totter at first then roll together like a scroll and fall a mass of blackened ruins: Explosions of gunpowder were heard upon every side with continual reports of pistols & muskets, that were left loaded in the houses, yet strange to tell no one was injured by them; how they escaped is more than I can tell for the streets were filled with people running hither and thither con-

veying their goods and chattels to places of security. San Francisco has often been likened to the confusion of Babel but when on fire it is "confusion worse confounded." All nations and all tongues throng the streets each bawling at the top of his lungs issuing orders that are not understood by one in five within sound of his voice and ~~at~~ ^{each, and all} work as if the fate of the city depended upon his individual exertion.

As there were no engines in the city at this time they were compelled to resort to first principles and use buckets to stop the progress of the devouring element. Houses were covered with blankets and these were kept wet as possible, and in some instances they were successful in stopping the flames. Men while at work upon the roofs of the buildings would cover their heads and faces with a wet blanket and by this means could stand the heat like Salamanders.

But I will not attempt to describe it farther for a San Francisco fire must be seen to be understood. The number of buildings burned was 300, estimated loss five millions of dollars.

San Francisco July 4th 1850.

The morning of the 4th of July the anniversary of our Country's Independence, was ushered in by the firing of cannon and the other usual signs of rejoicing. The shipping in the harbor displayed their colors, while from the numerous hotels, and flagstuffs in the city the "Stars and Stripes" were given to the breeze. Every nation in the civilized world seemed represented by the shipping in the harbor, and although the flag of our country was the most conspicuous, still a person who had not known the occasion of the rejoicing, might have supposed it to have been a grand gala day of nations. Each American seemed to feel that this was no common occasion, and to think with pride and satisfaction, that while his brethren of the Atlantic States were celebrating the day, ^{at home} that here upon the shores of the mighty

Pacific, he was assisting in building and raising up a State that in a short space of time would eclipse them all in opulence and strength.

In the morning a flagstaff presented by Oregon, was erected upon the plaza and amid the firing of cannon and the shouts of the multitude the stars and the stripes were unfolded to the breeze. But two years before and San Francisco was a mere trading post with some half dozen houses, and a military barracks; now it contains a population of 20 or 30 thousand and for wealth, commerce and business it is excelled by but few of the Atlantic cities. In the forenoon a procession was formed consisting of the military, firemen, Charitable Societies, and the citizens generally which after marching through the principal streets proceeded to the Plaza where an Oration was delivered appropriate to the occasion, after which they dispersed to enjoy themselves as they thought proper.

I attended a shooting match which came off at the half way house to the Presidio between an Australian and a son of Old Massachusetts. They shot with Rifles at 30 yards off hand, and the Yankee as a matter of course came off victorious. How could it be otherwise upon the glorious 4th.

In the evening illuminations and fireworks closed the rejoicings; thus passed the 4th of July 1850 in San Francisco.

San Francisco August 1850.

The August Steamer from Panama brought the sad intelligence of the death of Gen Taylor President of the United States; as soon as she arrived in the harbor and the news became known the flags of the shipping in the harbor and from the public buildings and flagstaffs on shore were hoisted at half mast, and minute guns ^{were} fired and other demonstrations of sorrow were made.

A few days after by order of the City government the citizens generally were called upon to unite in

Showing their respect for the illustrious dead by uniting with them in such ceremonies as might be deemed fitting for the occasion: Under their orders a procession was formed upon the plaza at 10 O'clock which far surpassed for exceeded anything ever before seen in California. A Military Company the City Guards of San Francisco done escort duty, after which followed the Firemen Brethren of the Masonic fraternity, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the "Old Californians" Citizens from the several states in the Union, Consuls from the different nations, ~~and~~ and officers of the United States; Army and Navy Officers &c and bringing up the rear some 30 Chinese (under the direction of Norman Arising their chief as he styles himself) all arrayed in their holiday suits, many of them richly attired in silks and furs, with their long cues reaching nearly to the ground and their pointed wooden shoes, making altogether a novel scene to American eyes: they seemed highly pleased at being permitted to take part in the ceremonies and throughout conducted themselves with the utmost decorum.

The procession after marching through the principal streets returned again to the plaza where a brief but eloquent eulogy was pronounced by O. Heydenfeldt Esq of Louisiana: The ceremonies through out were of the most solemn and impressive character and showed plainer than words the attachment of the people of California towards that government whose ruler had been taken away.

San Francisco Sept 14th 1830.

This morning the cry of fire was heard in our streets which was caused by the burning of a Hotel in Pacific St from which the flames soon spread with rapidity until it seemed as if the whole city would be swallowed up by them; but by the exertions of the firemen aided by the citizens they were subdued ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~space~~ ~~of~~ ~~two~~ ~~hours~~ ~~yet~~ ~~in~~ ~~that~~ ~~short~~ ~~time~~ ~~no~~ ~~less~~ ~~than~~ ~~300~~ ~~buildings~~ ~~+~~ Those Americans who had resided in California three years and upwards.

were consumed and property to the amount of three millions of dollars destroyed.

The District burnt is as large as that burnt over by the fire of June 17th, but the destruction of property is much less, as many of the buildings were small and occupied for dwelling houses. I shall ^{not} describe this fire as it did not differ materially in appearance from that of June 17th which I have described at some length.

San Francisco Sept 27 1850.

This evening I went to see a Spanish Bull Fight, and although they have been described a thousand times still I will attempt a description.

In company with a friend I went to the place where the affair was to come off, and paid for ^{my} ticket two dollars. The building was a large amphitheatre capable of seating 2 or 3000 persons; in the centre was an arena some 40 feet in diameter enclosed with a stout high wooden fence to prevent the Bull from escaping. The house was tolerably well filled and I noticed several of the first men in San Francisco Judges, - several ladies were also present mostly of Spanish extraction.

As the time for commencing was near, the music sounded and a herald came forward and delivered a short address in Spanish, which was full of bombast, and as near as I could understand was to the effect, that he and his brave companions would conquer and slay the Bulls or perish in the attempt; after a short pause the trumpet again sounded and the whole company marched in and around the circle making their obeisance to the audience - one was on horse back, the other on foot - another pause and the band struck up an national air. The entrance door was drawn up and the bull with one leap dashed into the ring - for a moment he hesitated as if in doubt as to whom he should pursue when

fixing his eyes upon one of the "hombres en foot" he made a plunge for him so furious, and well directed, that he was obliged to retreat outside of the ring which he did by leaping nimbly over the fence - this was the beginning of the flight which soon became general - the picadores on horseback pricked him with a long lance, the men on foot exasperated him by shaking red flags in his face, and by thrusting small darts into his neck, covered with paper whose rustling frightened and enraged him - at last to cap the climax darts were thrust into his neck to which were attached Indian crackers and other fire works of the like kind; these last insults seemed to put the finishing touch to his anger; he frothed at the mouth, he tore up the ground with his hoofs, he roused in rage, his eyes glared like balls of fire and his whole appearance was awful to behold. After provoking him for some half hour or so he was suffered to depart and another was led in to take his place the fourth and last bull who was a large noble looking one, was selected as the victim of sacrifice, he was taunted and exasperated until he was maddened with rage, when the Matador Ramon Gonzalez came forward to show his skill in killing; He had just arrived from the city of Mexico and this was his first appearance in San Francisco; he was a man of medium height of fine figure and appearance with an eye dark and piercing and as keen as an eagle's. In his right hand he held a short sharp sword in his left a small red flag, bowing to the audience, he advanced towards the bull fixing upon him his keen eyes as if he would kill him by them alone, a dead silence pervaded the whole assembly and the bull even seemed struck with astonishment that any one should dare to attack him single handed, and for an instant

He seemed to falter, but the sight of the red flag was too much for him to endure, and with a howl soon he dashed at the matador who avoided him by jumping nimbly aside; once or twice the thing was repeated, when the matador seized his keen blade above his ^{head} and buried it to the hilt in the neck of the bull - the spine was severed by the stroke and the brute reeling like a drunken man for an instant, fell heavily upon the ground dead; No second blow was needed, and the shouts and bravos of the multitude was proof positive that Gonzalez had fully sustained his reputation as one of the first Matadores of Mexico. Bowing gracefully to the audience, he sented himself upon the fallen bull, and was drawn out of the ring by two horses richly caparisoned amid the shouts of the Spectators and sound of music. A sort of afterpiece was afterwards given us, which I have never seen described or even mentioned by any one; whether it is something that was tacked on to the legitimate bull fight, to please "Los Gringos" as the Spaniards call us Yankees I am unable to say, certain I am that the most of the Yankees present seemed to enjoy it better than they did the real fight.

A Bull was brought in lassoed and his head hauled up to a ring bolt - in spite of his kicks, and struggles, a Spanish saddle was placed upon his back, and a man placed in the saddle, he was then turned loose and a most ludicrous appearance he made - he reared, he plunged he kicked, he jumped from side to side, to rid himself from his tormentor but all in vain, he might as well have tried to shake off his head as the hombre in the saddle; there he sat, bolt upright clapping his huge spurs into the brute's side and grinning to see him pursue his comers for the rest of the bull fighters were all in

the ring as they were in the first fights, and shook their flags and plunged their fists into him the same as if no rider was on him; after teasing and vexing him to their hearts content he was let out and the evening's performance was ended.

It is a brutal affair and I doubt whether any person could look on and see any other animal so tortured but a Bull is the best animal to feel sympathy for.

The 3rd day of October 1850

the good Steamer New Orleans, Capt Wood sailed from San Francisco for Panama with about 300 passengers, 30 only were cabin ^{passengers}, the remainder were stowage.

As I stood upon the deck as the Steamer pushed down the harbor I could but think what a change a few short months will make in one's feelings and prospects; Less than seven months before, I had set foot upon the Soil of California full of high hopes and anticipations, and now few of them had been realized; and my case was not a solitary exception; I will venture to say nine out of every ten were returning home "disgusted" with the country, to use a well known California phrase. But their trials, troubles, and sufferings, now seemed drawing to a close, and as we passed through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, I fancied that I could behold a smile of gratification upon each and every face; as for myself I said or could have said, "Farewell hated coast, farewell forever, adieu forever land of blighted hopes and ruined prospects; within thy borders more misery may be found than in any other spot of earth that the Sun shines upon; "for hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and here all hopes are deferred, and none realized.

Men of stout hearts and iron frames who left happy and comfortable homes in the "States" have come to this land to lay down their lives; others

still live but to suffer the pangs of hunger and disease, without one kind friend to soothe or alleviate their sufferings, or to close their eyes in death. few, few indeed realize what they anticipated, and some who were successful in their search for gold return to their homes broken down in health, and with the seeds of disease too firmly sown in their systems to be eradicated; at the present time more poor, disconsolate, heart broken men, are to be found in San Francisco than in the whole extent of our own happy New England; but this though an "once true tale," has been told so oft that I will not dwell upon it longer.

Nothing of note occurred until the morning of the tenth day when we entered the small secure and beautiful harbor of Acapulco Mexico; the harbor is entered by an extremely narrow passage and when once within its bosom you might imagine yourself moored in some fairy lake far away from the Ocean; the harbor is completely land locked, and the high hills around shelter it entirely from the winds let them blow from what quarter they may.

There is a small fort which commands the entrance of the harbor, but judging from its appearance and that of its garrison it would not make a very formidable resistance, but would surrender after a few broadsides. The town is situated upon the beach and consists of a few small houses and resembles a fishing village more than anything else.

An American Consul is stationed here who honored us with a visit during our stay, came on board and assisted in drinking a few bottles of wine with evident satisfaction to himself, and honor to his country.

Some three or four American vessels were in Acapulco whither they had come to repair damages sustained in a violent hurricane upon the coast a few weeks before; one of them was dismantled and came in under jerry masts, the others

were more or less injured in Spars, Sails, rigging, &c, and all of them in need of provisions—they were filled with American passengers from San Francisco to Panama, many of them without money, and the American Consul was soliciting aid for them of their more fortunate brethren; the Captain of the New Orleans gave them fifty dollars.

Many of them who had sufficient money struck across the country upon mules to the City of Mexico, thence to Vera Cruz, and from there to the States. Some of them had taken passage in the Steamer Sarah Sands which left Acapulco for Panama the evening before we arrived, and others took passage with us, rather than wait until the necessary repairs upon their vessels could be made.

We took in coal, water, and fresh provisions to last us to Panama and at 11 o'clock P.M. weighed anchor and steamed away to Panama.

We passed several sailing vessels bound for Panama and on the morning of the eighth day from Acapulco and the eighteenth from San Francisco the red brick colored city of Panama lay before us in all its glory; the morning was pleasant ~~clear~~ "breezy" and not a breath of air was stirring to ruffle the surface of the ocean; The beautiful Island of Tobago was in full view to our left, with its white houses contrasting finely with the rich tropical green of its vegetation; but to descend from poetry to reality.

Among our lady passengers from San Francisco was a Miss D— a married woman who was returning from California to New Orleans for her child of some six or seven years of age; She was returning alone without any protector and our Steward who was acquainted with her in California, asked me the morning of our arrival in Panama if I would see her across the Isthmus to Chagres and put her on board the steamer bound to New Orleans.

Of course I consented to so reasonable a request

the more readily as I knew that she was used to roughing it as the saying goes; had she been one of our fashionable, novel reading, boarding school misses, I am afraid that I should have been so selfish as to have refused the request, for the Isthmus is of all places the least calculated for a display of romance or sentiment; there must be no squeamishness or bawling here, upon any consideration whatever.

But I suppose that some of my female friends would like a description of my travelling companion - and to my task; She was no Venus that's certain, no golden ringlets or raven tresses adorned her head, no alabaster neck was provided for that head to rest upon, her cheeks were not "lilies dipped in wine" but bronzed by exposure for 18 months in the mines of California; her eyes had not those long silken lashes so much in favor among novelists, and poets, neither were they full of languor or dreaminess; but she had an eye whose expression for determination of purpose you would not find in a thousand, an eye black and piercing and lips that when compressed told plainlier than words that anything that she undertook would be carried through at all hazards. As I have told at some length what she was not, I will endeavor to tell what she was.

She was a woman rather above the medium height, well built, fully developed and capable of enduring more fatigue than an ordinary man; she was armed with one of Cotto's revolvers, and we to the Dago who should insult or molest her.

We landed the afternoon of the 23 of Oct and put up at an American Hotel located upon one of the corners of the Plaza.

Supper over I took a stroll about the city to see the sights; the town was full of our passengers some of whom were starting out that evening to travel a few miles, so as to be sure to get to Cruces the next day; all was bustle and confusion and in

and in a short time I returned to my hotel to try and get a little rest preparatory to starting next morning; but the strange noise in the street, the thoughts of the journey, the next day, and the cry of "Centinella alerta" (accompanied with a sound like beating upon a dozen tin kettles at once) every half hour from the military barracks opposite made it impossible to sleep, and at the first sign of daylight I arose and went forth into the street; the treasure brought down by the New Orleans, some 200,000 dollars was just going out of the Plaza packed upon the backs of mules and escorted by some half dozen Hombres armed with flint lock muskets and rusty sabres; these were government soldiers detailed from the fort to guard the treasure to Orizaba; they were pitiful looking fellows, and no doubt would have fled instantly if attacked by half their number of Yankees. It would be no trouble to rob any of the trains of the treasure, but the difficulty would be to get it out of the country; there are but three sea ports to carry it to viz: Panama, Chagres, and Porto Bello; so that the robbers would be in the predicament of the man who drew the elephant in a lottery with no place to put him.

The Plaza was full of mules, muleteers, passengers or bargaining for mules for the trip to Orizaba.

Just before sunrise I observed a Priest going towards the Cathedral smoking his pipe with the greatest sang froid imaginable; upon his arrival thither he quietly knocked the ashes from the pipe aforesaid, and hiding it under his robe, made his way into the Cathedral. I followed him, and found some 30 or 40 natives kneeling upon the cold stones engaged in their devotions - the candles were burning upon the altar and by the indistinct light the place had really a solemn appearance; The priest proceeded with the exercises in Latin with response

les from the monks in attendance; I walked up and down the aisles with my hat under my arm unmolested, and unquestioned: in the aisles were many marble slabs, and from the inscriptions upon them it seemed that many holy fathers, and devout sisters of the church lie buried beneath.

The Cathedral is upwards of two hundred years old, and has a truly venerable appearance.

At 6 o'clock the guard of soldiers at the barracks were relieved from duty by another lot from the fort; when drawn up in a line I could not refrain from laughing, and as to describing them it would be impossible; Tully's description of his regiment in the play of King Henry fourth would come nearer to it than anything that I can write; exclusive of the officers there was but two pairs of shoes in a company of 40; the rest were barefoot; this is not to be wondered at, as their pay is but 12½ cts per day out of which they must find food and clothing, at least so I was told.

Breakfast over I went out to find some mode of conveyance for the lady's baggage and my own to Orizaba; after innumerable disappointments, vexations, and sundry currajes, I at last agreed with an hombre to carry it to Orizaba for 23 dollars, to be paid in American ^{gold} thus the contract was made.

Mrs P and myself both concluded to walk rather than trust ourselves upon the back of a mule, and at 8 or 9 o'clock we took up our line of march for Orizaba; at the gates of the city (for Penamran is a walled city) we were besieged by a swarm of beggars asking alms in the name of the Virgin Mary and all the Saints in the calendar a more miserable and disgusting set of beings I never saw before and trust I shall never see again; cripples of all kinds and description, ^{women} who seemed mere skeletons, some of them with infants in their arms, and all of them clamorous for aid. We threw them a few dimes and hurried

on, glad to make our escape into the pure air of the country; for the first five or six miles the road was tolerable and at its sides were to be seen the huts or houses of the natives built in the rudest manner. Before them seated upon the ground were men and women laughing and chattering, and making remarks upon the *los Americanos* as they passed by; the women were bare headed, and bare footed, clothed in a chemise and petticoat only; the chemise very low in the neck and the petticoat just reaching below the knee; some of them were rather good looking and seemed right merry.

Some six or seven miles from Panama we met one of our passengers returning back to Panama for a surgeon, who informed us that his companion a Mr. Murke lay in a house a short way off severely wounded upon the head - that the night before he had been attacked, robbed of 9000 dollars and was nearly dead, at least so he thought; this intelligence made us pick up our ears a little for to be murdered or even robbed is not so agreeable; However there was no other way but to go on and reexamining our shooting irons and finding them all right we travelled onward. We stopped at the half way house so called, from being half way from Panama to Cruces and took dinner for which we paid 1.50 per head and a very mean dinner at that; our meal over we jogged along a mile or so and came to another half way house, kept by Americans also.

The road now began to make us think that what we had heard about crossing the Isthmus was no fable but real matter of fact - the road or more path for it is nothing better for the last ten miles to Cruces, was filled with smooth round stones, which it was almost impossible to travel over without falling, as they were covered with mud and water mixed to about the consistence of paste, the extreme caution necessary to prevent falling, made it slow and tedious work, and about half an hour to

67 Sundown. we stopped at a ranch kept by an American
Sailor with a Spanish Senora as assistant; here we conclu-
ded to stop over night, but as the accommodations were none
of the best, (and the Sailor assured us that a half mile
further on there was a good tent kept by Americans where
the accommodations were superior to his own), we concluded
weary as we were to push on and search it.

My shoes had worn off my feet and to travel barefoot
was really painful, but then the prospect of a good
place to rest within a half mile gave me courage and
we traveled briskly on.

Darkness began to settle upon the earth, and no tent
or other place of shelter was visible; this was a predicament
that we had not calculated upon and the prospect of
a night in the woods was anything but flattering;

at last it became so dark that it was very dangerous
to travel over the rocks and mudholes and the lady
and myself thought that the best and only way
to do, was to stop in the woods until morning or
until some travellers should come along for com-
pany; Picking out a place that seemed the

safest, and where we should stand the least chance
of being observed by robbers, we sat down upon the
branches of a small tree that had been blown down
by the wind. This served to keep us out of the

wind a little, but as the rainy season was not
quite over the place was anything but comfortable.
Occasionally it would rain a little by way of
variety and to make us realize that we were
in the open air, with nothing but the sky for a
great coat.

Getting wet ourselves was a small
affair to persons in our situation, but it was neces-
sary that our pistols should be kept dry if possible,
for perhaps the same robbers who robbed Marsh the
night previous might if they found us try the same
thing upon us; In a short time the woman overcome
by fatigue dropped asleep, but sleep had departed
from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids, and

and the howlings of the wild animals in the woods admonished me that this was no time or place for sleep. Moments seemed like hours and the slightest sound made me start and clutch my revolver and try to peer into the darkness, to see if possible my "premier jeu" if any there should chance to be.

Thoughts of home and friends faraway would sometimes almost make me forget my situation until the pattering of the rain from some passing shower would bring me back to think upon my condition. The woman slept soundly and this to me was some consolation for although misery loves company, somehow or other I preferred silence to conversation.

After watching two or three hours with nothing more alarming than the croaking of a dog barked or the falling of a leaf, I was startled by the sound of something approaching through the forest; there could be no fancy or imagination about this for I could hear the slow sure tread of some one coming directly towards me; my heart beat quick but I cocked my revolver determined on resistance if attacked by man or beast; The moon was faintly shining through the clouds enabling me to see a short distance around, and with eyes steadfastly fixed upon the spot whence the sound proceeded I awaited the result in silence.

I was not kept long in suspense for soon an old white horse came out from the thicket and went feeding quietly around; I was right glad to find it no enemy and quickly replaced my revolver under my jacket out of the dew.

At length I dropped asleep worn out by fatigue and excitement; how long I slept I know not, but on awaking I found myself chilled by the night air and thoughts of that awful and Panama fever came over me and made me feel like pushing on.

I awoke the woman and told her as the moon was now up, making it quite light

69. that perhaps we had better try and find some place of shelter; to this she assented and shaking the mists from our garments we proceeded cautiously on, keeping our eyes about us so as not to fall into an ambush, and be killed by robbers.

My feet were torn and bleeding, and after traveling a mile or so, and meeting with no trouble, I began to think and pay more attention to my feet than to the robbers, until startled by Mrs O. saying in quick and hurried whisper "Charley". I stopped short and turning, asked her what alarmed her. See you nothing ahead said she; I replied that I did not, but upon a closer look I saw as I thought two men standing directly in our path ready to dispute our passage; we were now in one of those long narrow defiles cut through the rocks just wide enough for a loaded mule to pass through; on each side of us the rock was nearly perpendicular and some twenty or thirty feet high so that to escape on either side was impossible; what to do I did not know and so I held a council of war; to go back my companion said would be no safer than to go forward for if they were robbers they probably had some of their gang stationed at that end of the defile to prevent our escape in that direction, so that the better way would be to take Col Crocketts advice and "go ahead", at the same time she remarked that if they were natives we were good for any five that ever lived upon the Isthmus, one for herself and three for one; however much I might be disposed to differ from her in opinion (and that I was, I am free to confess) I said nothing, but thinking that perhaps they were honest travellers like ourselves. I smiled them first in English and afterwards in Spanish, but getting no answer we cocked our pistols and walked on, when within a rod or so we halted and I smiled them as before but with no better success; go on said my companion and so we went to find our supposed robbers.

two mules standing close together in the path eyeing us closely, as they stood with their heads up, to our eyes thinking as we were of the robbery of the night previous, and by the indistinct light of the moon it ^{was} easy to fancy them brigands indeed; we were soon through the defile and breathed easier when out into the open country, for of all places in the world none could be better suited for robbery and murder than one of these same defiles; we soon came upon some half dozen muleteers wrapped in their blankets upon the ground and waking one of their number found that near by there was a couple of ranches where we might rest till morning.

Latitude and Longitude taken on board
Ship Henry Ware Feb 23 1850, 117 days from Boston
bound to San Francisco, California. Lat $7^{\circ}36'$ North
Long $110^{\circ}01'$ West.

Latitude.

89.48. Polar Distance.

72.22 Sun's Altitude.

17.26

9.50 Sun's Declination.

$7^{\circ}36'$ Latitude, North.

Rule for Latitude.

~~Subtract~~ the Sun's Altitude
from the Polar Distance, then
from this remainder if north of the
sun subtract, the sun's declination
and if south add, it and the remainder
is the Latitude.

Longitude.

Chronometer time. Sun's Altitude.

11-42-27. ——— 24-43.

11-42-57. ——— 24-37.

2/23-25-24 ——— 2/49-22.

11-42-42 ——— 24-41

3-23 Chron. Now

10 Added for Dip and Refraction.

11-46-05. Time at Greenwich (24-51 Sun's True Altitude.

4-25-38. Apparent time. 7-50 Latitude

7-20-27. ——— 77-43 Polar Distance.

60 ——— 2/132-24

4/440 — 27

66-12. Half Sum.

110° — 7' West Long.

24-51. Sun's Altitude subtracted.

41-21. Remainder.

Rule for Longitude.

Add together the correct
altitude of the sun's centre,
the latitude and polar Distance,
from the half sum subtract
the sun's altitude, and note
the remainder.

Then add together the
Log. Secant of the latitude

Secant of Latitude. 00407.

Co. Secant of Polar Distance. 00628.

Co. sine of Half Sum 9.60389.

Sine of the remainder 9.81998.

2/19.43622

Sine of — 9.71811 — is

4-12 P.M.

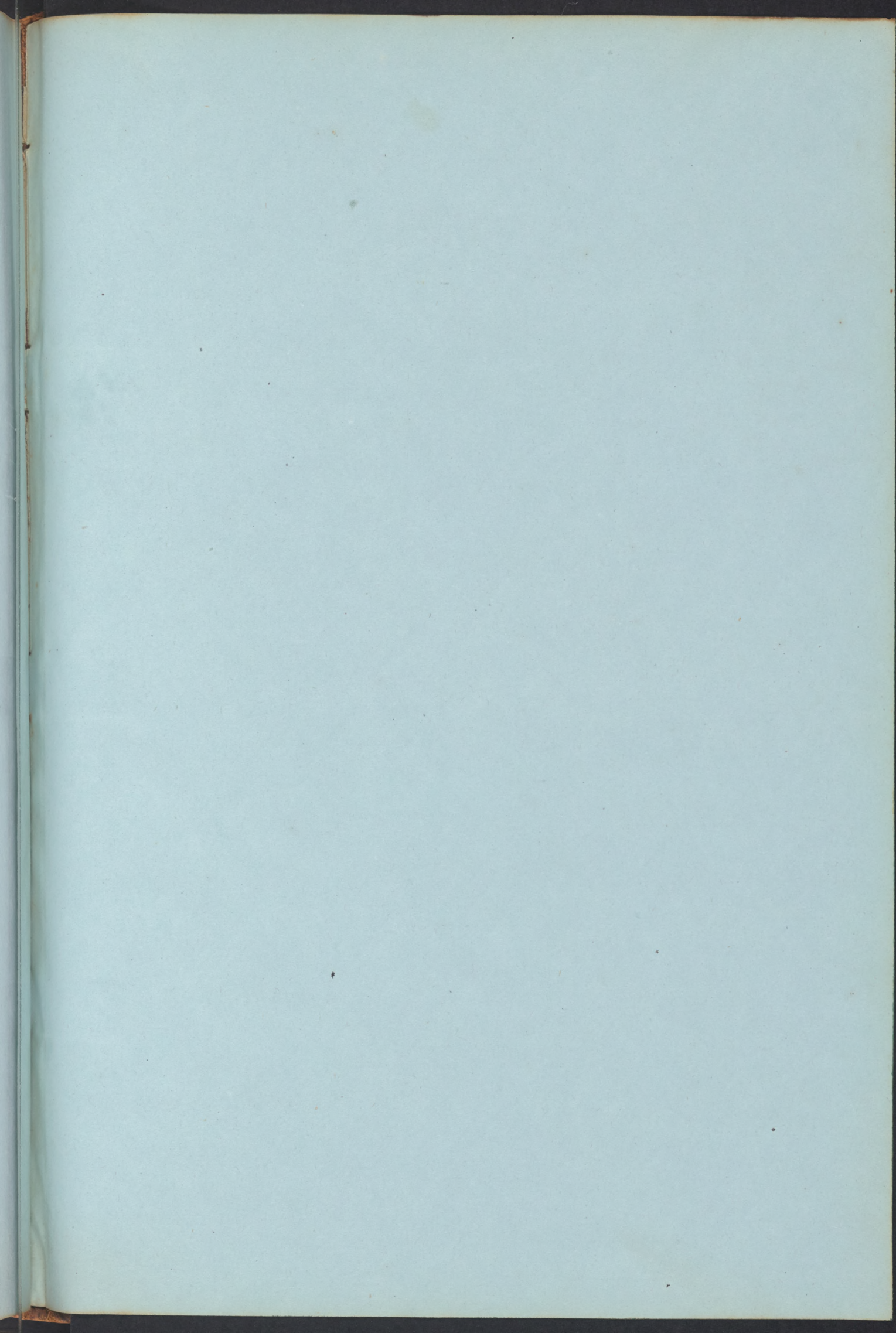
4-13 P.M.

13-38 Equation of time 13-38 Equation of time
4-25-38 time.

(this and all the other Logs. being found in Table 27th of Bowditch's Navigator) the Log. Secant of the Polar Distance (rejecting 10 in the index,) the Log. cosine of the ~~half~~ Sum, and the Log. sine of the remainder, half the sum of these four Logarithms, being sought for in the column of Log. Sine will correspond to the apparent time of the day in one of the four columns. To this apparent time we must apply the equation of time taken from the Nautical Almanac and we shall obtain the mean time of the observation.

Rule for the polar Distance.

If the latitude and declination be both north or both south, subtract the declination from 90. and you will have the polar Distance; but if one be north and the other south, add the declination to 90. and you will have the polar distance.



9130

17.26
4.50
7.76

87.48
72.22
15.26
9.50
7.36

87.48
17.26

