



TUNIS AUGUSTUS MACDONOUGH CRAVEN

From a miniature in the collection of the late Ellin Craven Learned

Photo courtesy Navy Recruiting Bureau

# Naval Conquest in the Pacific

*The Journal of Lieutenant Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven,  
U.S.N., During a Cruise to the Pacific in the  
Sloop of War Dale, 1846-49*

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## INTRODUCTION

ON THE 14th of June 1846 the United States sloop of war *Dale* was rolling her way southward through the Atlantic, a little more than a week out of New York. In his cabin a young officer opened a small, leather-bound blank book, purchased before sailing from a bookseller in Pearl Street, and wrote on the flyleaf, "Journal & Observations of Events during a Cruise in the U. S. Ship Dale of 16 Guns." Turning over two pages he wrote the date at the top of the blank sheet, and began his narrative. The young man was Lieutenant Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven, at the time in his thirty-third year, and the journal was addressed to his wife, left behind him at Bound Brook, New Jersey. It was a journal of a very personal nature, not intended for official use but as a record of the reflections and feelings of the writer, as well as of his activities. For over three years Lieutenant Craven continued this account, not writing daily but at such times as he had leisure and when he had ideas or information which he wished to place in definite form. In the original blank book he wrote 142 pages, and having filled it, Craven turned to a larger book, in which he wrote through sixty-one more before the end of the cruise. These volumes were presented to his wife upon his return, supplementing the forty-two letters which he had found it possible to despatch to her during his absence.

When the *Dale* sailed from New York on June 6, 1846, she was not bound on an ordinary cruise to the Caribbean or the coast of Africa, but was destined for war service with the distant Pacific Squadron. Relations between Mexico and the United States, which had been strained for more than a decade, had reached the breaking point in the spring of 1846, hostilities beginning on the Texas border on April 25, and President Polk sending his war message to Congress on May 11. The plan of campaign of the United States not only involved attacks upon Mexico from the Rio Grande and the Gulf, but also the conquest of Alta California and the blockade of Mexico's Pacific shore line. Commodore John Drake Sloat, in command of the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy, had orders to proceed against the settlements along the California coast as soon as he learned of a declaration of war. With hostilities in the Pacific planned, the *Dale* was sent from New York less than

a month after war had formally begun, to reinforce the ships already in the Pacific. When he began his journal, therefore, Lieutenant Craven could look forward not only to a winter passage around Cape Horn, but also to years of absence from his wife and family, and to war service on a distant and inhospitable coastline.

Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on January 11, 1813, the youngest son of Tunis Craven and Hannah (Tingey) Craven. His family heritage was closely linked with the sea and the Navy, since his father was a naval storekeeper, at the time stationed at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and his mother was the daughter of Commodore Thomas Tingey. With the transfer of Tunis Craven to the New York Navy Yard, the family moved to Brooklyn, and Tunis Augustus received his early education at the grammar school of Columbia College in New York. In his seventeenth year, on February 2, 1829, he was appointed acting midshipman in the United States Navy. Craven was warranted as midshipman on November 18, 1831, his first ships being the *Boston* and the *St. Louis*, both new 18-gun sloops of war. After his promotion in 1835 to the rank of passed midshipman, a rank similar to that later designated as ensign, Craven was first employed in connection with the Coast Survey, duty which lasted almost continuously until 1843. During these years, the young officer developed his aptitude for scientific work and came to be one of the leading surveyors and hydrographers of the Navy. Promoted to lieutenant in September 1841, Craven was ordered to the receiving ship at New York in 1843, and in 1846 he joined the *Dale*. Upon the completion of the cruise to the Pacific in 1849, he returned to the Coast Survey for another tour of duty lasting from 1849 to 1859, with the exception of a year at the Naval Observatory in 1850. During most of these years, he was in command of the steamer *Corwin*, but in 1857-58 he went in the *Varina* in charge of an expedition to the Isthmus of Darien. The purpose of the party was to survey a route for a proposed ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, making use of the Atrato and Turnado rivers. Although the findings of the expedition were negative, its work was carefully and ably done, reflecting credit on its commander. Ordered to the steamer *Mohawk* in 1859 as commanding officer, Craven was responsible for the capture of two slave ships as well as for gallant feats of life-saving at sea.

With the opening of the Civil War, the last and most active phase of Craven's life began. He was placed in command of the steamer *Crusader* in 1861 and had a large part in holding Key West for the Union in the first months of the war. In 1861 also came his promotion to the rank of commander, and transfer to the steamer *Tuscarora* on special service. He was ordered to England, there to operate under the orders of the United States Minister, Charles Francis Adams. While the *Tuscarora* lay in Southampton, the Confederate commerce destroyer *Nashville* put into port, but upon her

departure, Craven was unable to follow her closely enough to effect a capture. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, the *Tuscarora* succeeded in watching the Confederate cruiser *Sumter* so closely that her officers and crew abandoned her at Gibraltar. Craven brought his ship back to the United States in 1863 and was appointed to the command of the new monitor *Tecumseh*, then building at Jersey City. When the ironclad was commissioned, she first joined Acting Rear Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee's squadron in the James River, before proceeding to the Gulf of Mexico to serve under Rear Admiral David Glasgow Farragut at Mobile Bay. The *Tecumseh* arrived at Mobile on the evening before Farragut's attack upon the Confederate forces there, and on the morning of August 5, 1864, she led the column of monitors up the channel past Fort Morgan, firing the first shot in the action. Mines had been thickly sown in the channel by the Confederates, and the *Tecumseh* struck one of these. The ship heeled over and went down almost instantly, only fifteen of her crew of 116 men being saved. Commander Craven was in the conning tower, atop the turret, from which the only exit was up an iron ladder to an opening at the top. At the foot of the ladder, the commander met the pilot, and seeing that there would probably be time for only one to escape, he stepped back saying, "After you, pilot." The pilot was among the rescued. Craven went down with his ship, giving his life for the country which he had served so faithfully, and furnishing his Navy with one of its most brilliant traditions of gallantry in the face of death.<sup>1</sup>

The sentiments expressed in his journal furnish ample evidence of Craven's strong attachment for his family. In 1838 he married Mary Carter, of Long Island, who died after five years, leaving him three children. Before his marriage to Miss Carter, he had met Marie Louise Stevenson of Baltimore, and had been deeply impressed by her beauty and character but felt that duty required him to marry his betrothed of that time. After the death of his first wife, Craven again met Miss Stevenson, and married her in 1844. Three more children were born to him of his second marriage.

The journal which Lieutenant Craven kept in the *Dale* was a very personal document and he made no effort to keep back his inmost feelings and ideas. His reflections upon the regions which he visited and the institutions which he observed assume importance as they mirror the beliefs, sometimes mistaken, held by a cultivated, intelligent, and well-educated citizen of the United States in the middle nineteenth century. The fact that Craven quite failed to apprehend the essentials of the history of the region in which he was operating and the character of its life—the mission system of California for example—reflects not upon the intelligence of Craven as an individual but upon current knowledge in the United States of his day. Lieutenant Craven was a man of deep and sincere religious feeling, and a strong Episcopalian. He shared with many of his countrymen a prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. That he criticized the Church unmercifully, that

he made no effort to understand it or its noble work in Hispanic America indicates that he shared the feelings of many of the people of the United States at the time.

Craven was a spirited officer and jealous of the reputation and performance of the naval service. He was often impatient with the officers who commanded him and he expressed his criticisms without restraint in the journal, using it as a sort of safety valve. The comments upon the conduct of the commanding officers in the naval war with Mexico may not have been deserved, but the fact that they existed in the mind of a young man of Craven's stamp, albeit not expressed in public, is of importance in understanding the Navy and its administration in his day.

As evidenced by the journal, Lieutenant Craven was a man of no mean literary ability. While attached to the receiving ship at New York in 1845 and 1846, he was chief editor of the *United States Nautical Magazine*, one of the first periodicals to be devoted to the interests of the Navy and merchant marine. Included in the journal are to be found letters which he wrote to New York newspapers describing affairs in California after the war. In addition to the journal of his cruise in the *Dale*, Craven kept a careful account of the Atrato expedition in an informal diary.

Through the eyes of Lieutenant Craven it is possible to obtain a clear view of naval activity in the Pacific during and after the Mexican War. He was an able, brave, devoted young officer. Although often homesick, sometimes disgusted with institutions which he observed ashore and did not understand, occasionally impatient with his superior officers and critical of their actions, he saw and recorded with accuracy and clarity many things which are of significance to the historian and of interest to the casual reader of a later period.

## I

### *New York, Rio de Janeiro, 1846*

At Sea, June 14th, 1846. Shall I go back my dearest Louise?<sup>2</sup> Shall I recall the sad evening of May 25th? On that fatal eve came the "orders" that were to tear me from all that is near and dear to my heart. I knew not how to conceal the grief that so bitterly oppressed my heart. I know not whether I did succeed in keeping from you, all I felt; but I know this, hard as the effort was, for it required all my fortitude, I strove to be cheerful, that I might thus lighten in part your grief. Heroically did you my dear wife perform your duties in this sad trial. Shall I say how you were exalted? No, you were already at the *very pinnacle*, it were impossible to place you higher in my estimation and affection, regarding you as I do, a princess of women.

Our trip to New York the next day, for the purpose of joining my ship, and then *one more day at home*; to which I bade adieu on the 28th a *long long* adieu. How were my cares and anxieties, the oppression of heart, re-

lieved by your dear company in Brooklyn during the few days that remained while our ship was preparing for sea, and then that heart rending parting of June 3. But I cannot speak of it, bitter as it was, there was sweetness mingled, yes a joy to know how mutually dear to each other, at that most bitter moment, a joy to me to know you were mine. We parted; you returned to your home.

Our ship<sup>3</sup> full of bustle, noise, & excitement was towed to the Lower Bay, and here we anchored; the Captain<sup>4</sup> kindly offered to let me go to the city that evening, as he intended remaining one day, but I thought how wretchedly I should feel if I returned & found you had gone, and again, how sad to repeat that parting, if you were still in B[rooklyn] so I declined his offer. . . .

On the 6th [June 1846] at daylight in the morning we sailed from New York for the Pacific Ocean. I was very glad to sail, it was too trying to be there almost within sight of my home and be unable to come to you. By breakfast time we had discharged our pilot with our last letters of adieu. Our native land was fast receding from our sight, soon became as a faint blue cloud on the horizon, and then disappeared.

What are the charms of sea-life, where the exciting pleasure which causes "the exulting sense the pulse's maddening play"? Such things exist only in the minds of poets, who have made a pleasure trip on a mill pond, for myself I have never been able to discover the *delights* of the sea. True indeed, that on board of a man of war, where one comes down to the *realities* of old ocean, there is very little room for poetic feeling, and with us indeed, there has been so much want of comfort added to the painful feeling that each day was widening the distance from our homes. Our first week out has been attended with most disagreeable weather chilling head winds and rain, but now the prospect lightens somewhat and we are cheered with some rays of sunshine, but our little ship is under water the whole time, and I see small chance for comfort.

I am quite alive however to the beauty, the magnificent grandeur of the ocean and its wonders, these things are well worth seeing, but where one devotes his life to "going down to the sea in ships" I am somewhat like old Weller, on marriage, "'tis hardly worth while to go so far to learn so little." The sea is sublime though.

Whether in the fury of the Storm, or in gentle undulations of the calm, for it is never at rest, one cannot look out upon the deep without sensations of awe & wonder. My mid-watch<sup>5</sup> the other night, was closed amid one of the most glorious displays of Nature's charms I ever beheld. Never have I seen the day ushered in with such majestic beauty. A few fleecy clouds skirted the Eastern horizon, the heavens overhead were perfectly clear, & most brilliantly studded with stars; day had not yet dawned when I was startled by a sudden flash of light in the East, which had the appearance of

a fire, but in a few moments the gloriously beautiful planet Jupiter, leaped forth in all his splendor. Then followed the new moon with her golden horns, and then came Aldebarran [*sic*] as if to herald in the morn, for day, "beautiful day" now sent up its streams of faint light from the Eastern skies, and before it the lesser lights of night retired. The two bright stars named, with the moon in company, rode triumphantly, and seemed to vie with each other in brilliant beauty.

On the deep oh Lord, thy works are seen, in the same glorious majesty, as the [y] came from thy hands; here rolls the troubled sea, as it was poured forth at the Creation. Thou holdest it in thy palm as a drop; at thy command the waters are lashed in foaming rage: by thy word they are "stilled."

Truly wonderful are thy works oh God, who hast created nought in vain. Thou art Supreme, yet beholdest the presumption of man, who boasts of *his supremacy!* Thou chastiseth not his impious insolence. To Thee alone belondest *mercy* & loving kindness.

Our Captain I rejoice to find is a pious man, & we have a service on Sunday, but it is not like the service offered by those who meet on shore to praise their God.

Tuesday June 23. We have the trade-winds now, having taken them in Latitude about 28°, much too soon, for we have not yet got far enough to the Eastward, and are consequently very uncomfortable with our close hauled ship striving against a heavy sea.

Sunday June 28th. Divine Service every Sunday performed by the Captain who reads the prayers in a Solemn & impressive manner. What a life this is, such a pitching, rolling, tossing, & reeling about, we poor fellows have had to undergo for the past week. Our little ship has been struggling in contention with the seas, and about as uncomfortable as she can well be, our prospects however are brighter today, for the wind becomes more favorable and we may yet make a fair passage.

Saturday July 4th. *Dismal weather*, rain, rain. Several days of incessant rain, with light & baffling winds, we make but little progress and are having a most uncomfortable time. We today made an attempt at celebrating the day with as much ceremony as circumstances would allow. Our dinner—soup Julienne—fresh salmon—beefsteak pie—boiled ham, fresh lobster salad, with dessert of dried fruits & nuts, champagne & good madeira wherewith to drink to "absent friends".

July 12th. Sunday fine weather; for four or five days we had to contend with a fresh South Westerly wind, a most unusual circumstance, but it has at last veered round to the East of South, & we are bounding along at a fine rate, with strong hope of making our port soon, all sadly tired of *sea*, as who is not? All sensible men I trow. I have been reading the "*Crescent & Cross*".<sup>6</sup> Warburton is a clever & sensible traveler, how I envy such men, their talents and opportunities, nothing can be more attractive in the romance of

life than the faculty of making oneself "*at home*" whether among the Courts of Europe or the Arabs of the Desert, and the gift of language, the being able to address ourselves to any whom we meet, 'tis that that gives the charm to our travels; the being able to learn so much of the character, of the people among whom we may chance to be thrown, is not this the greatest enjoyment within the wayfarers reach. So stop ye travelers in the splendid steam packets, rest ye awhile, cease from the enjoyments of your *few days* at sea, and look in upon us. The picture of the "Oriental Steamer" is too charming, what luxury they enjoy who go to sea in a fine English Steam packet. Why it is no more than a pleasure trip, but with us how changed the scene would appear. There is no comfort on board of a man-of-war.

Thursday July 23. In the first watch last night—my watch—I at half past ten discovered the Light on Cape Frio and in an hour afterwards was able through the darkness of the night to distinguish the dim outline of the bold promontory. At daylight this morning we found ourselves close in with the headlands off the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and fanning along with the very light winds we entered the harbor and anchored in the afternoon. What a delightful change it is at all times, after a tempestuous voyage to find oneself comfortably at anchor, where strange & new faces greet you on all sides, where old friends, former shipmates are to be met, & where last, *not least*, fresh provisions and delicious fruits are to be had, & exercise on shore. None know these pleasures but those whose lot it is to pass their life on the ocean's pathless waste. Old Ocean thou art grand and sublimely beautiful, but man was not made for thee. A queer creature is the Son of Ocean, but wedded to the Sea, as he may be, he is always happy when he gets into his port. The pleasures of the land, the comforts to be had on terra firma, are infinitely beyond the attractions of the foaming deep.

The harbour of Rio de Janeiro is certainly one of the finest in the world. It is capacious enough for accomodating all of the navies of the world, all may lie here at anchor in security, and there is sufficient depth for the largest vessels to enter at any time, day or night without hazard. You seem to be at anchor in an extensive lake encircled with lofty mountains whose broken sides covered with perpetual verdure give a beautifully picturesque appearance on the whole. The city of Rio is about two miles and a half from the sea, situated at the foot of a range of high hills which rise abruptly in the rear of it; the style of building is similar to that of Lisbon, the houses being mostly of stone either whitewashed or stuccoed, two stories high, and occasionally three, covered with red tiles. The streets like those of Lisbon are narrow and paved with blocks of granite, having side walks scarce wide enough for two persons to pass. They are in general pretty clean in the better parts of the town. The style of building so peculiar to the towns of Spain and Portugal is to my eye very agreeable, though not pretty nor ornamental, there is an appearance of such comfort and airiness about them as is adapted



to the climate; the windows of the upper stories are all provided with graceful balconies, but without the jalousies [*sic*] so common in the south of Europe. On the whole I think it a fine city. The population is about 250,000; the largest and most flourishing town of South America as it may well be, for situated as it is directly in the great highway between India, the Pacific and Europe & America, it affords a most convenient port of refreshment to vessels of every nation. The harbor is always filled with shipping and the Commercial advantages of the place are very great. The varied productions of Brazil are such as to give her the resources of a great nation and under a liberal and well conducted form of Government this country must one day take a high stand in the scale of nations. But the Empire must struggle long before it finally shakes off the yoke of monarchy & the bigotry of the Romish church, which, combined, prevent the rise of all. The government at present, is that of a limited monarchy; the Emperor [Pedro II] is a young man of about 21 years old, vested with little authority beyond that possessed by the President of the United States. All laws are enacted by a legislative chamber, without whom nothing can be done, and whose sanction is necessary for all public expenditures. The salary allowed to the young Emperor is about \$400,000 which is said to be insufficient for the maintenance of his kingly household, and he is obliged annually to draw upon his private estates to supply the deficiencies.

July 25th. A small party of us today took horses, and made an excursion to the celebrated peak of the Corcovado. On leaving the city we followed for some miles, the course of the aquaduct, which is a fine work constructed in 1740, and brings the supply of water to the city from a distance of about seven miles. Never in my life, have I beheld such a magnificent country, as was this day exhibited to my view. Our road was a circuitous one, gradually winding its way, up toward the summit of the ridge. The pathway is narrow, in some places being only sufficient for one horse to pass, and sometimes so steep, that the ascent was laborious to our animals, the descent perilous, to any but horses accustomed to mountain roads. The way was sometimes through forests of the magnificent tropical trees, whose rich verdure is beautiful; shrubbery of every variety forms the undergrowth; the great yellow jasmine is seen climbing to the tops of the highest trees, & fills the air with its delicious perfume; the giant aloe, is seen in the hedgerows; while a numberless variety of lovely flowers of every hue, seem to make one great and magnificent bouquet. Now we are going through a forest whose dense growth, & lofty tops completely shut out the sunshine, and give a chilling dampness to the air; now we come to a cleared space, of more level ground, where the hand of civilization has reared a pretty country seat, and planted groves of golden oranges; a coffee plantation is beneath us, and hedges of the delicate acacia with its yellow flowers, form a barrier against intrusion. Now we have emerged from the thicket, and from the mountain side have

such a view, such a magnificent view, of the most lovely country in the world. Look into that cultivated valley which seems to be beneath our feet; the distance gives to everything a miniature appearance; . . . and all is beautiful; that limpid stream which dashes down the rocks, and rushing through the valley, lends its fertilizing moisture, and causes an emerald greenness to the vegetation on its banks. Now our horses are on the brink of a precipice, where a false step would plunge us over the crags hundreds of feet, but they never miss their foot hold, and we gallop on without a thought of danger, and soon have a fine glimpse of the beautiful bay, with its fleets at anchor; vessels coming and going, and ever busy man, like a pigmy engaged in his toil; we see him at work but he seems no bigger than an ant crawling on the earth, and that great town lying there is the mole hill, from which these busy ants issue to their labour. Let us go on. The sides of the ridge, are everywhere encircled by lesser conduits, which convey the smallest and most insignificant rivulet to the main trunk of the aquaduct, not a drop of water is allowed to run to waste. We have reached a terrace on which is a large reservoir for feeding the aquaduct, and here too stands a pavilion, seemingly for the accommodation of pleasure parties, for there was a merry pic-nic party holding possession as we passed by. A miserable stable is at hand for the horses, and we gave ours in charge of a half dozen noisy negroes, who seemed delighted with the prospect of reaping a harvest of coppers from the "officers". The remainder of the ascent was to be made on foot, and a toilsome walk we had, climbing up the steep sides of the hill, which becomes very abrupt as we approach the summit. The peak was finally reached however, and a most gloriously beautiful prospect, now lay at our feet on all sides, ocean, mountains, valleys, the splendid bay, the town, the luxuriant tropical verdure, which covers the hill sides; all, all were more grandly magnificent, than I can describe. We gazed on the beautiful scene, lost in admiration and wonder, at each turn finding some new object to attract our attention, and excite our feelings of delightful surprise. My sensations were those which are but expressed. "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" "Oh, Lord God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done", and this is all given to man, all these great works are for him, here he is placed in a Paradise. The Peak of the Corcovado is about 2500 feet in height, its summit is of granite, and toward the East it appears so precipitous that one might leap to the valley below without breaking his fall, a light iron railing has been thrown around the summit, for the safety of the pilgrims to the rock erected by the Creator as if for the purpose of enabling man to view his great & beautiful designs. We could not tire of looking on the scene around and beneath us, but the day was on the wane, and our time was limited; hunger too admonished us that it was late, for poor humanity will get hungry, place him where you will. So at a "dog trot" we descended to the place where our horses were *stabled*, and mounting started at a rapid

pace down the mountain side. The boisterous negroes gave a tremendous shout as we left them and we heard them for some time quarreling about the "spoils" to be divided. We rode on as rapidly as the roughness of the road would permit, indeed wherever it was practicable, we raced, for we were in fine spirits, all highly exhilarated by the charming scenes through which we had passed. In good time we reached the town, and at 5 sat down to a delicious little dinner, which our host of the Hotel d'Europe placed before us . . . We dined sumptuously; we smoked; and having rested sufficiently sauntered about the streets of Rio by night. Some of the shops are quite stylish and many of them lighted up at night, have a pretty appearance. There are no novelties displayed, except the feather flowers; which are really beautiful & well worth seeing. The largest establishment had extensive ranges, exhibiting every variety of flower imaginable. Some of them, made from the wings of the beetle are very rich, and have a most brilliant appearance at night. The feather flowers are most delicate, and exceed in beauty and their close imitation of nature, the best French flowers, and exceed *them in price too*.

The City of Rio de Janeiro, has no fine buildings; there are a number of Churches, Convents & Monasteries, but none of them are imposing structures; the Palace is extensive, but in exterior is quite plain. The Empress is daily expecting an addition to her Royal responsibilities, and the guns of the batteries & shipping are loaded & ready primed to announce the fact.

On Wednesday the 22d [sic] at about 8 o'clock in the evening, a brilliant and beautiful rocket, shot up from the signal tower above the town; it was quickly followed by a splendid display of fireworks, and then pealed forth the thunder of artillery from every fort and ship in the harbour; the bells chimed merrily and the bay was fairly illuminated by the discharge of the cannon. The accouchement had taken place. A young princess was born to this world of trouble. At daylight in the following morning the Brazilian men-of-war again fired their feux-de-joie, and the rejoicings were continued throughout the day. Thus commences the life of the Princess "Julia"<sup>7</sup> [sic]. These same guns which are now booming o'er the waters their noisy token of rejoicing, may at some future time, be howling the discord of civil war, on her account, these same bells may soon be sounding the alarm note, and again, the guns & bells may together sound her funeral knell. Truly life is a vain shadow.

## II

### *Cape Horn, Valparaiso, Callao, Lima, 1846*

At sea August 10th. What a change has within these ten days been wrought in our circumstances. We who a week since were enjoying summer weather, are now wrapped up in winter clothing, and striving to keep out Jack Frost, perhaps the venerable gentleman goes by some other cogno-

men, in these Southern regions, but as I only know him by the familiar name taught me in youth, it must needs be, that the icy personage, rest content with his nom de guerre. Certain it is, that his visit to us is most unwelcome, and that is not the worst of it, for he will stay on board for some days, and pinch us worse. Approaching Cape Horn, winter with its dreary storms is upon us, already have we been contending with the furious Antarctic blasts.

A most laughable scene occurred in our mess on the last night of our stay at Rio. I had nearly omitted it, but a good joke will not be out of place here, and it is a matter of regret to me, that I cannot dress the story in such way, as might do it justice; in the hands of Marryatt [*sic*] it would be thought a picture of fancy, but it is a true story though you may scarce credit it. A gay young widower of our mess fell in love with a fair maid of Brooklyn before we sailed. On the passage out, he has come to the determination to prosecute his suit, & on his return promises to invite us to *his wedding*; meanwhile he "sends presents." An opportunity offers itself at Rio, and he purchased some of the most beautiful of Mme. Finot's feather flowers. A *bridal wreath* was selected by some of us and the assortment being ready he must needs prepare a letter. Several pages were soon filled with the outpourings of his heart; his effusions being interspersed with liberal quotations from *Byron & other* authors of celebrity; the letter ready, it was submitted to the inspection of the mess, for criticism & correction, and there sate the critics, one reading aloud, the others commenting upon this passage, altering that, & expunging a third. He was then set to work at the *fair copy*, which he transcribed and sent to its address. I enjoyed the scene more than I can express; the serio-comic manner of the lover, his singularity of ideas, and eccentricity of expression, are such as entertain us vastly.

The weather is chilly, raw, biting, cold and uncomfortable, miserable. Oh, what a dog's life is this of the sea. What an unnatural, entirely artificial and quite unreasonable life. Our dear friends at home are now suffering with the Summer's heat while *we* are biting our fingers with the cold off Cape Horn in its last winter month, & that is not all; the wind is ahead, and has been so for the last three days. How long it may continue to oppose our passage to the Pacific, is a matter of anxious inquiry in our minds.

How often have I looked on the Jack Tar with mingled feelings of wonder & pity. Wonder that a rational man should make an amphibian animal of himself, and expose himself to dangers and hardships, that shorten his life one third; pity that the life of the noble seaman should be so hard, his comforts so few. By a computation of mine, I judge that the Tar does not on an average, spend *one twelfth* of his time on shore, the rest of his life is passed in close imprisonment within the wooden walls of his ship, seemingly with no ties, he appears to care for little beyond the present moment, and with a happy unconsciousness of the tranquil enjoyments of life, he seems content with & quite proud of his condition. Aye he looks with contempt upon the

“poor landsman” who is compelled to drudge away his life *on shore*; truly in the seaman’s case, “ignorance is bliss”.

August 11. Tonight we had a “print of butter” on our supper table, really a very respectable print, though not “fresh” from the dairy, it was very good indeed. Truly there are some good things to be had off Cape Horn in the winter; butter hard enough to print, & water icy cold. Why our butter has been like oil, and the water not *quite lukewarm*, but near enough for anyone. I cannot write legibly in such weather & must tumble in to my berth. . . .

August 18th, 19th, 20th. Oh, what *bitter, bitter* weather; a tremendous gale has raged these three days, with its wintry accompaniments of snow and hail, and biting frost. The sudden change from the tropical sun to these icy regions, has had a most painful effect upon us; my limbs are swollen and slightly frosted, my hands are really immense, and though the sensation is disagreeable I have not experienced much inconvenience from it, though some of my messmates complain a great deal. How little can our dear friends at home realize our situation at this moment; they are shrinking before the summer’s sun, and covet the shade and cooling airs, while we unfortunates, are enveloped in wintry clothing, and shivering, with the winds from the pole; these regions are with justice called the Court of Aeolus, for here he seems to hold his revels.

Saturday August 22d. “Land ho!” is the cry from aloft and at the sound, usually one of cheering import, all crowd on deck, not to see our expected port, not to see some green spot in the ocean, but to gaze upon a desert, frozen, desolate island. “*Staten Land*” with its snow clad hills and rock bound shores is in the distance; a pretty background to the picture of inhospitality and desolation which surrounds us.

Sunday August 23d. “Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” We had a most narrow and providential escape this morning, in my watch. The latter part of yesterday, we were becalmed; but in the evening a light air sprung up, which wafted us along pleasantly through the night. At 4 A. M. I took the deck; from the course we were steering I felt some apprehension about being *too near* the land seen yesterday, and in my anxiety enjoined additional vigilance on our “look-outs”. My own eyes are so defective that I am obliged to see through the eyes of others. A *treacherous current* was rapidly setting us on to danger, while we were all enjoying the rest of security; day was just dawning when the “look-out” reported, “*Land on the lee bow, close aboard*” a startling cry enough when one is in the dark and gropes about without knowing whether he may run into new dangers. With no more time for reflection than a sailor may take for himself, I put the ship’s head right “*about*”, at the same time summoning our worthy Captain on deck. As you may suppose, he came in an instant, en robe de nuit almost, for he had only thrown on his overcoat. “Where’s the land?” said he. “I don’t know sir. I have not looked at it.”

"*Haul, men, haul*, away with those braces". "I am getting her round sir, I did not stop to see the land." "Ah here it is" said he "how strange, how can we have come in here." The ship safe, I looked for the land and through the dim twilight could well discern its gloomy shores, rendered more distinct by their snowy covering. What an escape! One hour more of night and darkness, & what a fearful doom would have been ours. What a dreadful fate we were preserved from, by a kind Providence who watches over all our ways, and guards us when we sleep & dream of security. The bleak desolate & snow covered sides of the Island, wore a more dreary aspect, when we thought of our escape; an uninhabited, unfrequented island whose rocky cliffs frown defiance on the waters, and seem the very picture of frigid inhospitality, is presented to our view by the rising sun, and all must have felt grateful to Him who saved us from its barren shore.

Sept 3d. A fine fair wind wafted us beyond the cold and dangers of Cape Horn, and we have for several days been approaching our port with hearts made each day lighter by the increase of comfort experienced in the more moderate weather. Last night I saw one of the rare phenomena, a Lunar Rainbow, the first I have ever seen, it was very brilliant and formed a perfect arch, its duration however was very brief, like all other beauties it soon faded from view, and was lost.

Sept 5th. My little Gussie's birth-day!<sup>s</sup> God help him; my heart almost sickens with despair when I think of home, and the long exile which must be passed ere my return to wife & children so dear to me.

Sept 9th. Valparaiso. We arrived here yesterday and the comfort, the real pleasure of reaching a port after a tedious and boisterous sea voyage is only appreciated by those who have experienced the privations and hardships of a sea life. For a day or two before our arrival, we had more moderate and pleasant weather, and began to enjoy ourselves after all the storms & frosts were left behind. My frosted hands are becoming more comfortable though still as red as beets, and still rather tender. Yes! though the port be ten thousand miles from home; though it be Valparaiso; the satisfaction of reaching an anchorage, seeing new faces, rambling on Terra firma, and last though by no means least, in the scale of comforts, fresh provisions, milk butter & good bread. The appearance of Valparaiso, though somewhat picturesque, is not altogether agreeable to the eye. The City is built at the foot of some lofty hills which abruptly rear their craggy peaks on every side of the bay, no luxuriant forests cover their nakedness, none of the beautiful verdure of Brazil is seen here, a scanty growth of cacti is the only object which relieves the roughness of the surrounding scenery. Here and there on the sides of the hills, where there is a sufficient level spot, neat villas are seen, and their pretty gardens seem quite inviting; but we have no time for looking into all of these comfortable retreats. Our stay is to be short, and we must take but a hurried glance over the place. The snow capped tops of the Andes are seen

in the distance proudly raising themselves toward the heavens, and the inland scenery must be magnificent and I hope some of these days to be enabled to view it for myself. The population of the city is somewhere about ten thousand; and the climate is said to be the finest in the world. The natives seem to be most commonly tinged with Indian blood for very few, are seen who are purely Spanish in appearance and these only of the upper classes.

We sailed from Valparaiso on the 10th and had a passage of fourteen days to Callao, during which we had a continuation of charmingly comfortable weather. On the passage, I had for the first time in my life a *good view* of a whale, though I have frequently seen them "spout" in the distance. Such sights are but unsatisfactory. On this occasion however, one of these huge monsters was quietly playing about our ship for more than an hour, sometimes, throwing himself half out of the waters, at others plunging into the depths of the ocean he would disappear for ten minutes, and then gently rising would "blow" directly alongside of us.

Sept 22d. Callao. At anchor in Callao harbour. The country in this vicinity is of very singular formation, an extensive plain borders on the sea, having a most gentle inclination toward the shores; the distant view is bordered by the mountain ranges. Lima, the once proud "city of the Kings" stands on this plain at about six miles distance and is fully in sight from the bay, presenting quite an imposing appearance with its spires and towers rising above the verdant plain. The town of Callao stands on the bay side and being on a sandy tongue of land is about as miserable a town as can be met with, filled with wretchedness and filth. The houses mostly of one story, are built of bamboo and plastered over, as this affords a cheap and substantial style of building in a country where the constant earth quake shocks, would shake down the more solid architecture in use at home.

On the 24th I visited Lima. It was a holiday, the festival of Saint Mercedes the Patroness of the Army and the turn out on the occasion was quite imposing, and was doubly interesting to us as "all of Lima" was in the streets, and we thus had an opportunity of seeing the novel and varied costumes & customs of the gay Peruvians. Let me first speak of our ride in the stage; a stage in Peru, with such a motley set of companions de voyage, for it is a gala day and Callao seemed to be pouring all of its population toward the Capital. Men women & children crowded into the stage until its insides, which proclaimed to the world "Seats for fourteen", could hold no more than the *eighteen* who were thrust in on top of each other but all were merry, and the confusion of tongues was as that of Babel, the road was dusty & almost suffocating, for *it never rains here*, and for the most part lay through a well cultivated country. The most remarkable production I observed in the gardens, was the orange tree, which attains a size beyond any I have before seen, many of them being some forty feet in height. As we

approached the city our elevation enabled us to look back towards the sea, and the prospect was beautiful.

The streets of the city were filled with troops, and the populace all in their best array. At 11 o'clock the Cathedral bells began to sound, the procession formed at the palace, and marched to the church which was already so crowded it was impossible for us to get in. At 12 the religious services were over and the procession with its reinforcement of *churchmen* in the shape of priests, padres, incense bearers, banners and images, swept through the square, with the martial music of a fine band filling the air with its delicious sounds. Women, with baskets of beautiful flowers tastefully arranged, walked at intervals in the crowded train, the smoke of incense ascended and perfumed the atmosphere, and there too were the *images*, the idols of Papal Superstition. First of all was the image of Saint Mercedes, in a dress gorgeously spangled with emeralds & brilliant diamonds, a crown of pure gold decorated the head of this *idol*, in her left hand she carried a pair of golden shackles & in her right a bouquet or rather, wreath of beautiful flowers, as if to offer us on the one hand the shackles of sin & on the other the flower strewn paths of virtue. This "*Saint*" was mounted on a throne, borne on the shoulders of eight stout negroes whose black legs stuck out beneath the finery of her ladyship in rather a ludicrous manner. And this is Romanism! Alas for the intellect, the heart, the honesty of man, who thus corrupted, strives by pomp & show & image worship to appear before *the world* as religious. This cortege swept on, and left me absorbed in reflection as to what should be the end of this idolatry, which has so widely spread over the world. The streets were crowded with people of every description, the squalid Indian of Peru in his tawdry finery, with his ugly & misshapen wife, and the proud, graceful, descendants of the Spaniard, were alike to be seen, as well as all of the various castes from every part of the country grouped together without regard to rank or appearance. The costume worn, by the ladies of Lima, in the streets is one of the most remarkable things to be seen here. A skirt of silk closely gathered from the waist to the hips falls in graceful folds to their feet, (formerly it was gathered all the way to the ankles,) this is the *Saya*. Their "upper works" are clothed in a silken hood generally black, which is gathered about the waist and is drawn up over the head and shoulders concealing all but one eye, which peers out & strives to do all the talking of two common eyes, assisted by a smiling mouth, and this hood or shawl more properly is called the *manta*. What could have given rise to so strange a dress I know not, unless the early inhabitants of this place had cause to watch their gentle ones and guard them from the rude gaze of man; but certain it is, that Lima is one of the most licentious places in the world, so the women may be assisted in their intrigue, by a dress which enables them to walk the streets incognita. In former days Lima was proudly termed "the city of the Kings" but the dreadful earth quake



of 1746 reduced it to a heap of ruins and from the desolation, which then swept over it has never recovered. The houses in the principal parts of the city are of two low stories, and are built of unburnt brick, the external appearance being simply that of a Spanish town with narrow streets, paved with small round pebbles very hard to walk on.

In the morning we went into the Cathedral which is a rather imposing building with two fine aisles, but there is always so much of tawdriness in the coloring & gilding of these Spanish Churches that the designs of the best architects are in a measure destroyed [by the] flimsy finery which is meant for decoration. In the aisles are the sundry niches or Chapels dedicated to the various Saintly persons worshipped in this Holy place. I had the curiosity to read some of the Spanish notices which are posted on the gateways (for they all have an iron gateway) of these chapels. In one of them was a female figure badly carved of wood, and dressed in gaudy colors, and on the gateway was a notice to the effect that "His Excellency the Arch Bishop of Lima, hereby granted and [sic] indulgence of eighty days to any one who would contribute candles sufficient to supply this chapel for one month, for the Sake of Santa Rosa." Santa Rosa is the patron saint of the City of Lima, and a boy, one of the attendants, came with his silver box to beg for a shilling for Santa Rosa. I told him to get out of my way or I would kick him, but he could not be shaken off, changing his tone most piteously, but without effect on me. My disgust for the revolting practices of these Romanists knows no bounds, and I came very near telling a priest who came to beg for Santa Rosa to go to the D——. Out of the main building I went into a side chapel where they were chanting a funeral service over some unfortunate body, who had died, in ignorance. In the midst of their chant one of the priests would turn around & say sharply to a negro attendant "Why don't you ring the bell louder." Then chant he would go, while the negro would run out & ring his little bell, & coming in, would again be sent off in the same manner. I could not restrain my laughter & walked out. In this Cathedral repose the remains of Pizarro the bold adventurer who first planted the standard of Spain among the Incas. . . .

The population of Lima is estimated at about 60,000, the city is surrounded by a low wall, built in the last century against sudden attacks from the Indians; through the centre of such streets as run from E[ast] to W[est] there runs a canal or drain of about three feet in width, into which all the refuse & filth of the city is thrown. The atmosphere is mild & the climate considered generally very salubrious, the heat of the summer being less than one would expect to find so near the Equator; the average range of the thermometer in summer does not exceed 82° in the shade. This may in some degree be attributable to the manner in which the city is built, that is with the streets running from N.E. to S.W. and from N.W. to S.E. thus they are shaded at all hours nearly.

I left Lima on the morning of the 25th mounted on a tolerably good horse, and arrived at Callao without accident, finding the saddle a much more agreeable mode of conveyance than the heavy and crowded omnibus.

Sept 27th. Sailed from Callao at 7 P. M.

### III

#### *Païta, Mazatlan, San José del Cabo, Monterey, 1846*

Sept 30th. Arrived Payta [sic]. As wretched a town as the eye of man may rest upon. Here we wait for news from the United States, by the steamer from Panama which may be expected on the 2d of October.<sup>9</sup> The small town of Payta, (which is the sea port of Para) is built at the head of a capacious roadstead; and has a neighboring country which affords the most perfect picture of desolation that the world can produce; not a blade of grass, nor a stunted shrub is seen. On all sides as far as the eye can reach, nothing is visible, but a sandy & barren plain, broken here and there by ravines, caused by some convulsion of nature, for "*it never rains at Payta*" and the fissures in the sides of the hills are therefore not caused by refreshing showers. No, the earth is parched by a continued and unsparing drought which forbids everything like vegetation. The water used by the inhabitants is brought from the distance of nine miles, and a regular trade is carried on in the commodity by negroes, with the patient ass, laden with small breakers of water. The roads of Payta are much resorted to by Whaling vessels, as fresh provisions & vegetables are quite cheap here, though brought from a distance.

On the morning of the 3rd of October the English Steamer arrived from Panama, bringing news from home as late as August 8th. We of course expected no letters from our beloved friends, but the mere sight of newspapers afforded us much gratification and the account of sayings & doings in one's own country must to the absent always prove a source of pleasure.

We learn that the war with Mexico still continues and that extensive plans are proposed against those insignificant and powerless people. We learn too that California has fallen into our hands, and is already taken possession of by our squadron, but oh for a line from my dear wife, a single word of love and assurance of health, the mere repetition of the words "all's well" would give me greater pleasure than all the political news in the world. On the afternoon of the 3d we left Payta with a fine breeze for the Coast of Mexico.

Oct 9th. *Death*, has come among us, & most suddenly has taken away one of our crew. While at breakfast one of the men came hastily for the Dr. saying, "The old cook has a fit." The worthy Surgeon hastened out, and almost immediately returned, saying "He is dead." Poor old Clark!<sup>10</sup> A most respectable colored man, who had spent his life in the service, and was universally a favorite, because of his unvarying good humor and cheerfulness, always seeming contented and happy. I had had the morning watch & when he came to the mast at half past seven to report "the tea water ready"

I returned his pleasant laugh, and thought how cheerful he always was. He was then quite well; in one short hour he was numbered with the dead, after an illness of not more than *three minutes*. Death in whatever shape, seems always terrible to the seriously inclined mind; but Death so sudden, Death "in the midst of life", is fearful; and yet how slight the impression made on "passers by." A man falls among us, is dead, buried, and forgotten, the busy world goes on, the thoughtless crowd unheedful of the warning, still follow their various pursuits, as carelessly as if they had no part in the world to come, nothing to hope for, nothing to fear. "Oh Lord so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." A burial at sea is always solemn and imposing, the little community on ship board are as if they had lost one of their family; the messmates of the deceased perform the last offices over the body which is sewed up in canvass with one or two shot<sup>11</sup> at feet to make it sink; the Boatswain calls "all hands bury the dead" and when the officers and crew are assembled at the gangway the body, covered with a flag is brought on a board, and there amid the silence of the ocean the prayers are read and the body committed to the deep; the plunge is heard, the waters close over, the ship passes on, none but the eye of the Almighty can point out the spot where, embosomed in the oceans wave rests the body of the deceased. This seems like eternity. Seamen seem habitually indifferent about death, they have no ties; and lead a life of hardship and exposure to toil & danger. So accustomed do they become to the sight of Death in all his horrors that they are sadly careless of the future; they are more like children than men of mature years. They are as thoughtless, as gay, as cheerful, their comrade dies and is committed to the deep; and the fiddle is as usual, heard on the forecastle when the shades of evening fall; the dance, the song, the sounds of mirth & jollity are uninterrupted.

Oct 22d. Nothing of interest has occurred during the past two weeks, which have been only remarkable for calms and light airs, but today we had another death on board, one of our seamen who has been for several weeks struggling against an attack of dysentery, has at last sunk under the disease, and gone to his final account.<sup>12</sup> The poor fellow was one of our best men, he had been more provident than seamen are in general, and had saved a small amount of money which is deposited in a New York Savings Bank. With a feeling of gratitude toward our excellent Surgeon, who had given him most unremitting attention during his tedious illness, he made a will, in which he declared the Dr. his heir, leaving him all that he possessed. He was Swede, had been for years a wanderer, and for a long time in our Naval Service, said he had no relatives in the world. What a world this is, and what a frail mortal is man, "vain man," he passeth away and is straitway forgotten by those who were most closely connected with him. Sailors are proverbially, a thoughtless set of beings, and more difficult of receiving serious impressions than perhaps any other class of men in the world; gay reckless

and daring they live only for the present & have no idea of a future, yet they are kind, warm hearted and true to the friends of the moment, for whom they are capable of undergoing any sacrifice.

October 26th. For many, very many days, we have been suffering with the intense tropical heat, which has been rendered more than usually uncomfortable by the continued calms or light airs of the region through which we are passing. For ten days past we have scarcely moved one hundred miles, having scarce air enough to blow out a candle, and now we are on a short allowance of water. Oh ye "who live at home at ease" how little do ye know of the suffering and privations of those whose lot is cast on the oceans wave. Think of a poor fellow, or a set of poor fellows, penned up in the wooden walls of a ship in the midst of the ocean, deprived of most of the comforts of life, mostly under a vertical sun & without air enough to breathe, or water enough to allay the parching thirst—and such water as it is. Why the lukewarm brook would afford a more agreeable drink. To be sure, our water is neither putrid nor slimy, but it's warm, and not enough of it. Oh for a pull at a stream of ice water, oh for a mountain of ice.

However there is little use in repining, at the petty grievances of life. So long as we are spared in health and friends, we have no right to complain. I would willingly be on a short allowance of water all my life, could I be at home with my sweet wife and children; but we cant have all of our desires gratified, and perhaps 'tis as well, for short sighted man knows not what is for his good. I pray that all at home may be "well", that all may be in health, peace & prosperity, and then indeed my wishes will be granted.

October 30th. Still becalmed, still suffering with heat, still crying for water. The vicissitudes of climate, the sudden changes of season, the toils, the suffering, the exposure undergone by the mariner may justly be thought enough to break down a constitution of iron, and so indeed it is. Sailors are dissipated when on shore, for the delightful pleasure felt by those who have just returned from a long sea voyage, the comforts now placed within the reach of those who have been so long subjected to privation are greater than the weak mind of man is able to resist, and as the famished man will surfeit himself when food is placed before him, so will the Seaman, wholly give himself up to the persuit of pleasure when on shore, and I do not wonder at it. A man without ties of home or kindred must be made of sterner stuff than belongs to me, if able to resist the charms of dissipation, when thrown on shore and amid scenes of debauchery & vice. Sin is alluring, and who can withstand its attractions unless restrained by strength of principle and resolution to do good, which graces are received from Above only? So with the poor sailor; his sufferings at sea, are *never* trifling no, not when his time is most easy; and so he thinks it but right that he should "frolic" when on shore, these combined evils, shorten poor Jack's life most sadly, and it is consequently a rare thing to see a seaman over fifty years of age. Some few

"steady fellows" may be met with who have survived that age, but how many fall before the prime of life is reached, alas how many.

Scarce six months have passed since I joined this ship; hardly five months have elapsed since we sailed from home, & yet we have passed through *all of the seasons of the year*, and are now in our second summer's heat. We left New York when the sun of June was high, we crossed the Equator when it was winter there (although warm enough for us,) at Rio Spring was approaching, off Cape Horn the blasts of winter were right rudely Sounded in our ears, Spring had come when we reached Callao, and Summer too before we again crossed the Equator, and we now have the autumn of the northern tropic. You must not associate with all of these changes the bleak hills & leafless forests of our own winter. Verdis perpetually reigns in all of the places we have visited, and desolate winter's snows have only been seen by us off Cape Horn with its ice clad hills, but nevertheless the winter to the people low within the tropics makes itself manifest in the chilling days of one place, the frequent rains of another, and as we insensibly adapt ourselves to the climates we are in, we necessarily feel the "cold" of such places, though the weather be what we call fine summers weather at home. These changes of climate, are sadly trying to the poor voyager, but Heaven has so far been merciful in preserving our health and strength, and I pray that it may be continued to us, that a speedy & happy reunion with our families be in store for us. . . .

Nov. 8th. Last night we were again mercifully preserved from a great danger. For several days past, having been favored with light winds & pleasant weather, we have made some progress toward our port and have just entered the mouth of the Gulf of California. We were running in for the land last night, with a light wind, and all unconscious of dangers near, the friendly moon cast her pale silvery light over the bosom of the deep, and enabled our "lookouts" to see a *rock* lying directly *ahead* and *very near* us, the course was altered, and thus were we again saved from wreck by Him who watches while we sleep. May he continue to watch over and preserve us through all dangers & troubles & may he conduct us in safety to our homes & friends.

Saturday Nov 14th. This afternoon we "looked in" upon Mazatlan. Our ship anchored at about three miles from the town which presents quite a pretty appearance from the water, but as sundry hostile demonstrations were made by the "magnanimous Mexicans" we of course held no communication with the shores. Our object in touching here was for the purpose of obtaining news of the squadron and we hoped to have found some of our vessels here, but in this were disappointed; there were no men-of-war here except three Englishmen; to one of which I was despatched in a boat. We could plainly see from the ship that there was a considerable "excitement" on shore on the occasion of our appearing off the harbour, and as I had to pull within range of gunshot in approaching the British vessels, I expected

every moment to see an iron messenger sent after my boat from the town, but nothing occurred to give excitement to the trip, no incident to note, no adventure yet to relate. I returned to the ship without any interruption and, without news of our squadron, so we sailed immediately for the westward.

Monday Nov 16th. This afternoon, we came to anchor off the Bay of San Josephs,<sup>13</sup> a small village of Lower California about 20 miles to the N[orth-war]d & E[astwar]d of Cape St. Lucas. Before the ship anchored, I was sent in an armed boat to effect a landing, ascertain what was the disposition of the inhabitants, and endeavor to procure supplies of fresh provisions & *water*, for we were getting so low in this last article that today we commenced our allowance of *two quarts per man* so you may imagine the desire felt by all, to get an increased supply of this most essential article. As I approached the beach, I saw the people gathering from all directions, and forming a small squad, at the only place where I saw any chance of landing, through the surf, which was running very high. Without knowing what might be the feeling of this part of the Mexican people, toward us, I thought that some trouble was in store, but as I could see with my glass, that they were not in much greater force than my own party, we counted fifteen fully armed, I pulled on, & ran through the surf, jumped out, waded on shore, & was glad to find that we should be able to procure all the necessary supplies without bloodshed. I found on the beach an American gentleman, one of the resident Americans who had been expelled from Mazatlan, on the commencement of the war. He assured me that the Californians were all *friends* of ours, and that the people of San José were his personal friends. He had brought his horses to the beach & I mounted one of them caparisoned in the most gay Mexican housings, & off we rode for the village which was about two miles distant. Our worthy purser Mr. Buchanan,<sup>14</sup> was in company and I left him there to make his arrangements for supplies of all kinds; having only remained myself for a few moments to say "how do you do" to an American lady, and kiss her pretty little daughter. Home and its dear ones were thus forcibly presented to my mind, but I staid [tried] not to think of my exile, and soon found myself on my way off to the ship. We gained here the first news of our vessels, the *Cyane*<sup>15</sup> had visited this place only three days before us, and had gone on a cruise again; and we hear with infinite satisfaction, that some of our officers out here have had opportunities of distinguishing themselves in sundry gallant "cutting out" affairs; but for the "*Dale*," I fear there is nothing of the kind in store, 'tis hard, "to come so far to learn nothing."

Friday Nov 20th. Sailed from San Josephs for the Westward, and the California Coast.

Thursday Dec 3d. This day completes the sixth month since leaving wife & home. Six weary months! and yet how many more must be told ere I may hope to be again united with them all. We count the day, weeks, & months,

rejoicing in any event which may serve to make the time pass more rapidly away. . . . .

Sunday Dec 6th. Six months from the United States. Six months at sea; one hundred & eighty three days, all of which except twenty have been spent on the deep; that is a long while to be spent on the waste of waters, and what a distance has it placed us from home, *17,000 miles have we sailed*, during those tedious months of absence, and we have at least a half month longer to be at sea ere we may expect to touch a port where we may rest awhile. What changes may have occurred during this half year, and how tediously must pass the time ere we can have news from home. With us on board, little has transpired worthy of note, two out of our number have gone to rest, their bodies have been committed to the mysterious deep, and now our Captain's health seems rapidly on the decline. He has been for several months an invalid, but of late his disease has apparently gained upon him, and I see little hope of his recovery, but hope indeed that he may be enabled to reach home before the final summons comes. He seems to be a true good man, and one who has gained the kind feelings of all on board; though I shall regret to part with him, I am impatient to see him on his way home to his family.

Dec 21st. Bay of San Francisco. Before saying anything of this place I must go back a little and speak of occurrences which passed since my last date. On the 12th we made the high land off Monterey, and ran in to that place the same morning, the wind blowing nearly a gale, but as we saw no men-of-war there we did not come to anchor. In standing off to the North & West from this place, the weather being very thick and the rain pouring down in torrents, we came very near running on to a low point of land forming the north point of the Bay, but fortunately it was seen in time for us to save the ship. We were obliged to haul by the wind which by this time increased to a gale and suddenly shifted to the S.W. blowing very heavy, our situation now was one of extreme peril, on neither tack could we clear the shore, night came on & we could not regain the port. The rain poured down in violent squalls and the wind at times, raged furiously, the lee shore was by our calculation not more than nine miles off. We could not carry much sail, and were obliged frequently to reduce what little we had, on account of the violence of the squalls, a tremendous swell set in from the S.W. and we felt that it was fast driving us toward the fatal shore; but the Almighty rendered us assistance and extricated us from the danger, where the hand of man was powerless. At 8 p. m. I took the deck for the first watch, it was pitchy dark, and the ship under a press of sail struggled against the storm—Man, I felt could do nothing here; but a Gracious God “Stilled the tempest.” Soon after I went on deck I found that the wind was moderating, though the sea ran so high, that we could make no way against it; my watch was one of much anxiety and care, but the wind gradually changed, and

during the mid watch we were enabled to haul off shore; and our ship was soon bounding off before a gale from the S.E.

*San Francisco Bay* On Monday the 14th we arrived at this place and were just congratulating ourselves on having made so long a voyage without accident, when in standing for the anchorage—we *ran ashore*. Here was work indeed, fortunately no rocks were under us, but a soft mud bottom. Our boats were got out but the exertions of our crew were not sufficient to relieve the ship; the boats of the squadron however soon reached us and after about two hours work the *Dale* floated once more and proceeded to the anchorage; we found here the frigate *Savannah*,<sup>16</sup> sloops *Cyane* & *Warren*<sup>17</sup> all heartily glad to see us, and all sick enough of this part of the world, but I must make the California question one of a separate *Chapter*.

#### IV

#### *San Francisco, Santa Clara, Sausalito, 1846*

In the month of July last,<sup>18</sup> a revolt took place in California, and a party under Capt Fremont calling themselves the Bear party (being mostly settlers in the neighborhood of Bear river) marched against the authorities of California; various outrages were committed by both parties the one desiring to overturn & the other to retain the legitimate power. At this time Com[mo]d[o]re Sloat<sup>19</sup> being here with the Squadron, supposing that the mass of the Californians were ripe for revolt, and ready to throw themselves into the arms of the United States, hoisted the American flag & proclaimed the whole of California to be under American jurisdiction & protection.<sup>20</sup> His movement was premature and ill judged. At this time he was relieved by Com[mo]d[o]re Stockton,<sup>21</sup> who within ten days of the first proclamation, by Sloat, issued *another* in his own name, desiring to have a share of the éclât.<sup>22</sup> Liberty was promised, and also protection to private property, the religion, and municipal regulations of the people were to be respected, and in short nothing was to be required of Californians but to become a part and parcel of the United States.

Much to the disgrace of our *authorities*, the promises held forth in the “proclamations” were outrageously violated. A party of volunteers, broke into the church at San Juan, robbed it of whatever was valuable and maltreated the priest. In another place women had been barbarously & brutally treated; horses & other private property was seized, as was said, for the use of the Government. A paper published in Monterey by Colton a Chaplain of the Navy (and by appointment Alcalde of Monterey) came out in violent terms against card playing, fandangoes & horse racing; heavy penalties were threatened against those *guilty* of the above “*crimes*” a heavy excise duty was also imposed by the said Alcalde.<sup>23</sup>

All of the above circumstances aroused the indignation of the people who



could not tamely see their rights thus invaded, & themselves stripped of their possessions. Previous to the organization of the Bear party, there existed two parties in the country, the stronger one was in favor of asking English protection the other desired American, and the "Bears" by making a first move hoped to anticipate & settle the matter. There also existed a small but very respectable party, consisting mostly of those in power, who desired no change; but all seemed in a state of tranquility under American domination, until the various acts spoken of above very justly aroused the indignation of both of the parties who were opposed to the "Bears" and their friends of the American Squadron. While all was thought to be quiet throughout the province a deep rooted & bitter feeling of hostility was fastening upon the minds of those who thought themselves outrageously wronged. An insurrectionary movement commenced at the South, and while Comdre Stockton was here making speeches and appointing "military commandants" over the *Conquered* provinces, he received intelligence that the garrison at Puebla [Los Angeles] was in danger and that the forces landed at San Pedro by Capt Mervine<sup>24</sup> to protect & hold that place, Puebla being evacuated, had been driven off. The spirit of resistance rapidly spread throughout Upper California; and small parties were everywhere in arms against the Americans. The military posts were threatened, and horses & cattle were driven into the interior, in order not only to cut off our supplies of fresh provisions, but deprive our men of means of pursuit, in a hilly country which can only be traversed on horseback. A formidable tribe of thieving Indians were also giving trouble & must be gained over to our side. Purser Fauntleroy<sup>25</sup> with 50 mounted men was dispatched on this business and after one or two skirmishes with them brought them to terms of alliance. Comdre Stockton in the *Congress*<sup>26</sup> departed with haste, for San Diego where troubles had also commenced. The *Savannah* returned to San Francisco, and *Mervine* becomes the "military Commandant of the Northern Department of California". What a title, let us see how he makes use of the authority reposed in him. Capt Mervine is an officer who has never enjoyed any degree of favor among officers who have sailed under him; and I know but little of his character except from hearsay. In my occasional interviews with him, officially, I should judge him to be a man little fitted for the office denoted by the high sounding titles affixed to his name; he seems hasty, & without much judgement, exceedingly suspicious and impetuous, and withal so much puffed with conceit & self importance, that he can hardly sit still in his chair, but assumes a most theatrical style, & reminds me constantly of an inferior actor playing *King* on the stage. Such airs & flourishes, as he practised off on my dull understanding, he "did amaze me."

The above brief summary will bring me to the time of our arrival here in the *Dale*. We found the little town of Yerba Buena, in possession of the Americans, garrisoned & fortified; a post was established at San José about

50 miles to the S. E. and another at Sonoma on the Sacramento. Capt Sutter's fort on the Sacramento had also been garrisoned. These garrisons are composed of seamen & naval officers; the one at San Jose being under Lt Robt Pinckney<sup>27</sup> with 60 men; that at Sonoma under Lt Maury.<sup>28</sup> Lt Bartlett<sup>29</sup> of the Navy had been appointed *Alcalde* of Yerba Buena & Commander Hull,<sup>30</sup> commanded the port. Such was the position of matters when we arrived. The *Alcalde* held his courts, unmolested & decided upon the most intricate & difficult questions of Spanish law; disputed land claims were settled by him and his decision was in all *matters final*. A naval officer may be at home on the Quarter Deck, he may understand his own profession, he may also understand so much of *international* law, as is required in the performance of his duties, but when he is transformed, and from the Deck of the ship, is suddenly transferred to the Court, to the *Bench*—as *presiding judge*, how ridiculous his position, what knows he of law to be *brief*. Lt Bartlett gave much offence by some of his legal decisions, and he also when seizing upon some property for “public use” refused to give such acknowledgements as might enable the owner to recover from the government, the price of the articles taken. A man from the country was arrested & thrown into prison because his name was Sanchez and a person named Sanchez, had rendered himself very conspicuous in his hostility to the Americans, so the unfortunate was imprisoned because he bore the same name, & “must be a relative of the other.” Having got thus far in the magistracy, the *Alcalde* one day ordered out his guards, for a foraging party, and rode some few miles from the town for a supply of cattle, taking with him money to purchase bullocks, but the unhappy wight did not carry with him that protection which his office gave him while in the growing village of Yerba Buena. He fell into the hands of the Sanchez family and the[y] measured out to him the same justice which he had been meting to them and their countrymen. He is closely detained as a prisoner, and they have refused to exchange him on any account.

Whilst affairs are in this state the squadron are [sic] sadly straitened for provisions, our supplies of stores are nearly exhausted, and of bread our stock is so short, that the men have been for some time on the daily allowance of but ten ounces. A contract had been made with a Frenchman at Santa Clara, to supply a small quantity of hard bread, some of which had been delivered; intelligence was received that the rest of this bread was ready and the senior officer assigned it to the *Dale*, as that ship was ordered to get ready for sea. Santa Clara is a small village about 50 miles from Yerba Buena, situated on a small river of the same name, which discharges itself into the South Eastern end of the Bay of San Francisco. I was detailed for the duty of bringing off this bread. On the night of Thursday the 17th of Dec. left the ship in the Launch of the Frigate *Savannah* with two Mid[shipme]n and a party of marines & seamen numbering thirty men, all well armed. It was

reported that a strong body of Californians were lurking in that neighborhood, and we apprehended that an attempt would be made to intercept the bread and cut off our party, so I left the ship with full expectation of an adventure, and some interesting anecdote to relate on my return. I determined at all events not to *be taken* alive, and to bring off the bread if possible. We left the ship at 7 o'clock in the evening and pulled down the Bay until 1 AM, when the tide making strong against us I anchored. In an open boat, crowded with men and various stores thrown in in the dark, sleep was out of the question, nor did I desire to sleep being too much occupied with busy thoughts, and anxious too to be ready with the earliest change of tide, so I wrapped myself in a boat cloak & laid down, to await patiently the coming of day and the flood tide. My worn out crew were soon asleep, and the tired Midshipmen, soon added their harmonizing snores to the rest of the party; I permitted them all to indulge in rest until the first peep of day. The grey light of morning had scarcely appeared, when I called "all hands" to ply again "the lab'ring oar." The tide was just turning, and as we still had a long distance to pull it was important to make the best use of our time. The day soon shone out beautifully and our cook managed with dexterity to give us a good breakfast, that is, a hot cup of coffee, cold meat & bread. After pulling about 45 miles from the ship, we enter the creek of Santa Clara, which is so very crooked, that, it is fifteen miles from the entrance to the landing tho' not more than one third of that distance across the low land through which this creek runs. These low lands are perfectly level, and are not overflowed by the tides although so nearly so, as to be quite wet. Their extent in breadth is at least six miles, being bounded on either side by high ranges of hills or rather mountains; and as far as the eye could reach to the Southward this flat plain seemed to extend itself. The creek is filled with water fowl of every description, I never in my life saw them so abundant or in such great variety, geese & ducks actually covered the water, and when they rose their noise was really startling, it was like that of an army shouting in battle, as they did in olden times; it was sometime before I became accustomed to it; the banks of the creek also were filled with curlew, plover & snipe in variety, while black birds in immense flocks were feeding in the plains, & reed birds in abundance hovered in the thick grass which fringes the edges of the creek. I had my gun with me, and could not resist the temptation of killing some game; but in my large boat swept on by the rapid current, it occasioned so much loss of time to pick up a duck, that I would not fire again, considering it too great an interference with my duty. At half past 11 AM I reached the landing, and making a kind of encampment on the bank of the stream, with muskets loaded, and stacked for instant use, we went to dinner. I had scarcely sate down to my roughly prepared feast, when my look outs called out, "a troop of horsemen coming down Sir," and sure enough, there they came at full gallop, and not more than a half mile

off; "to your arms men," "form," were the only orders; and in less time, than I have taken to say it, we were ready, and presented a very respectable front of thirty five well armed infantry. I with my double barrelled gun, loaded with ball, felt quite sure of bringing down two horsemen; and now had leisure to look at the approaching troop; they dashed on, until within about 80 yards. I was beginning to expect a charge of cavalry, and was confident of success from my superiority to them although mounted; in force they numbered about 12 men well mounted & armed with rifles, but at proper distance they halted, and their leader alone rode up to me. I now found them to be friends, not enemies; they were a party of volunteers, who were scouring the country on a scout, and happened accidentally to be in that neighborhood; so we sate down again to feast without fighting. Dinner over I despatched a messenger to Lt Pinckney, whose party lay nine miles off, to request him to send the bread, and then prepared to make my party comfortable for the night. I made a tent of one of the boat's sails to keep the arms dry, and stationed two sentrys for the night, to guard our camp, collected a large quantity of wood, for our camp fire, got our supper comfortably, & when 9 o'clock came, laid down & tried to sleep under a tarpaulin in the boat; but the cold was too piercing, and after fruitless attempts to get to sleep in spite of my freezing feet, I crept out and got by the camp fire; where most of my men were collected, to keep warm; and thus passed the night tediously enough. I listened to the yarns spun by the men, and patiently waited for day. The stillness of night, was broken only by the careless laugh of the seaman, the howling of the prairie wolf in search of his prey, or the tremendous noise of the geese as they rose disturbedly from their midnight roosts. Daylight at length came, & with it a warm & cheering sun, the chilling blasts of the night were soon forgotten, before a comfortable breakfast, & the prospect of a fine day. At about 2 P.M. the slow moving oxen came along, dragging a rude wagon with the bread, and driven by three or four noisy Indians; we made quick work of taking in the bread, and getting ready for our departure, and at 3 P.M. left the landing with a strong ebb tide on our return to the ship. I hoped to get out of the creek before night, but in this was disappointed; at 6 we grounded, and were soon left high and dry, the waters had all run out, or rather there seemed to be a kind of bank extending quite across this part of the creek, which was left entirely bare. After making arrangements for my men for the night, I lighted my pipe, & looked out for the tide; at 11 the boat floated again with the flood, and without loss of time I roused the men up, in order that we might make the best of our way out. This was not an easy matter, the night was very dark, we could see with difficulty, and frequently grounded on the flats. Long before daylight [we] got clear of the creek; it began to rain, the morning was very dark & our prospects gloomy, fifty miles from the ship, so much fog that we could not see the shores, and therefore did not know how to

take advantage of the favorable currents. I had a compass, fortunately and by its aid succeeded in making a tolerable course; it cleared up before noon and we had the satisfaction of discovering the shipping at anchor and by 1 o'clock got alongside of the *Savannah* after the shortest trip that had been made to the Santa Clara landing and without having seen an enemy.

I found that the good ship *Dale*, had dropped down to the anchorage at *Sausalito*, to water & prepare for sea; so I had to go on, about seven miles farther, before finishing my expedition, and reached the ship in safety at about 4 P.M.

Christmas day '46—The anniversary of the Saviour's birth, a day of rejoicing among all Christians; a day always hailed at home, as the day of family gatherings, and rejoicings; the children, too, most eagerly await Christmas morn, full of anxious desire to see what good gifts have been placed by their bedside. What a happy day for them, what a happy day, for all, who can together group around the cheerful fire, and think of naught but the blessings of health, peace, & good will. They think too of the *absent*, they, at home, will talk of him who is far far away, and whose absence is the only thing to interrupt their general pleasure, they hope & pray that he is well & may soon return; but where is that absent one? how is he engaged? how goes the world with him? He is thousands of miles from home, nearly twice ten thousand miles of the two great oceans have been traversed by him and must again be passed ere home can be reached, 'twould take him six months now to make the voyage—where is he? At *Sausalito* Bay, an anchorage & watering place (not a place of fashionable summer resort, but a place to water ship) in a lonesome part of the great and beautiful Bay of San Francisco. There the good ship *Dale* is riding at her anchors; the wind blows a violent gale; the rain pours down in torrents; the absent one has the weary watch to keep, from 8 AM to 8 in the evening of Christmas day; but little thinks he of the furious blasts of the rude winds, little cares he for the deluging showers of cold rain; his heart is at home, with those more dear than self, and as he paces the deck under the partial shelter afforded by the awning, he indulges in a train of thought; visions of his happy home are before him, and many a prayer is uttered in behalf of those whom he has left, those whom he may not see for years. Christmas day, was kept by our mess as well as circumstances would permit, there was no merry making, no feasting, no punch drinking; but a very good dinner (for this part of the world) with our good Captain as our guest, and a glass of good wine to our absent friends, were the three good things of the day and we wondered how many more Christmas days were to be passed ere we should be restored to our friends.

V

*Monterey, 1847*

*Monterey*—New Years day—1847. We have commenced another year, and in a new place. The year '46 has gone, but cannot be forgotten, how happily did the past year open upon me, home, wife and children, were around me, all that a man could possibly desire, . . . were then enjoyed by me—the companionship of a most charming wife—the society of sweet children—these to me, with health & peaceful home, are the only delights of life; and thus passed the first part of the year, in the bosom of my family—but a change, a sad “change has come o'er the spirit of my dream” & I am an exile to a distant and dreary part of the world—and have not even heard of my home for nearly seven months, and almost despair when thinking of the remoteness of the time when I may expect a letter from home. . . .

I find my journal rapidly filling, but with [much] useful information collected by the wayside? Truth, but with an illy digested train of reflections which may scarcely interest her for whom these pages are intended—but there I fail of my mark—these to her be of the dearest, tenderest interest, my heart tells me where I may find sympathy in all of my feelings, and it is from her who is to me, more dear than language can express, more kind than can be imagined, more devoted than *woman's own self* to her then my scriblings will be valuable, and to her instruction—for her happiness is nearer & dearer to me than aught else in this vain world.

Monterey, Saturday, Jan'y 23. Yesterday at early morn we were cheered by the appearance of a “sail” standing into the Bay. Some variety was thus added to the dull monotony of this dullest of all dull places; but the stranger soon proved to be a small coasting Brig from San Francisco with a very acceptable supply of bread for us, an article that is getting so scarce in these parts, that flour is at 28 dollars per barrel and none to be bought even at that price. Our eyes were soon gladdened again by the approach of another “sail” which we ascertained to be a man-of-war. She fired a signal gun, and all eyes were strained all glasses in requisition in order to discover who the stranger might be. “She is a frigate” and we concluded it must be the *Congress*, the broad pennant was made out and thus we knew she had a Commodore on board. Some thought it might be the *Independence*<sup>31</sup> and various were the speculations on the subject, as the stranger slowly approached, the *Independence* it *really was* and our hearts beat high with thoughts of letters from *home*, dear home. None were so elated as myself, none so sure of letters *without number*. Slowly and magestically the proud ship came in, and when at length our boat returned, the excited fellows crowded around in eager impatience to seize the letters—but what was my anguish, my bitter disappointment! There was *none for me*—not a line of cheer. I know not how to express my deep sorrow—when finding nought but a bundle of newspapers

for my portion—no letter for me. I cannot I will not believe it—the sad reality was not forced in truth upon me, until I myself visited the ship to make more particular search. It was too true; by some mistake my letters had miscarried, and I turned in silence to my package of papers hoping there might be a letter in some of their folds, but there was none there—& the papers were not then readable—but in turning over an “Albion” my eye rested on some verses which were marked by a pen—my sweet wife had marked she had read them, that was enough to bring tears of joy to my already well filled eyes, and I thought the verses invaluable—they are transferred to my journal and my heart responds to their sweetness, but is too full to dwell on its disappointment. . . .

Jan 28. Last evening the *Lexington*<sup>32</sup> arrived from New York & Valparaiso, and brought us letters from home. What a pleasure it is to hear from home, to know that the dear friends left so far behind were all well even though it were *six months* since the letters were written. aye, nearly *seven months*—yet all were then well. . . .

#### *Upper California*

As yet I have said nothing of California, a country at present so full of interest to us all in the United States. *California*, was discovered in 1534 by an expedition sent by the famous Cortez. The vessels commanded by Grijalva only extended their observations as far as the Eastern shores of Lower California (at that time supposed to be an island) discovering the harbour of La Paz and making some other unimportant surveys returned to Mexico.<sup>33</sup> The Gulf of California was at this time called the Sea of Cortez also El mar Rojo, (the Red Sea) from the discolored appearance caused by the waters of the Colorado River which discharges into it on the North.

In 1602 a new expedition was fitted out, for exploring the Coast of California, by Vice Roy the Comte de Monte Rey. This squadron penetrated as far north as the harbour to that which was given the name of the Vice Roy, and returned to Mexico having met with many obstacles & much bad weather.<sup>34</sup>

In 1697 the first settlement was made by the Jesuit Mission of San Dionisio in Lower California, in 1720 La Paz and in 1730 the Mission of San José were established.<sup>35</sup> At about this time a most desolating hurricane is said to have swept over the land, destroying every thing in its way rooting up forests and laying barren the fruitful land. From the effects of this tempest Old or Lower California has never recovered.

The Indians according to the early discoverers were mild & friendly, but living in a state of most abject misery and barbarism, being far different from their neighbors, the civilized tribes of Mexico. Vessels of clay were found among them, but no other utensils. The men were found in a state of entire nudity, and the females not much better off. The pearl ornaments worn by

the Indians attracted the cupidity of the Spaniards, and many adventurers soon resorted to the Western shores of the Gulf in search of these valuable ornaments. The Indians were pressed into their service and employed as divers, being most cruelly & barbarously treated by the Whites, but little was done for many years in the advancement of civilization, until at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico in 1769 some of these persecuted men fled to California and there established the Mission of San Diego.<sup>86</sup> One year afterward the Mission of San Carlos was founded at Monte Rey and the course adopted by these fanatics, in the persuance of their ostensible object, the civilization of the Indians, can not fail to excite the astonishment and disgust of all who view Christianity in its proper light. The Jesuit priests were well received by the Indians and soon acquired over them that influence which superior minds invariably gain over those without intelligence. The lands became the property of the Mission, the Indians by an ingenious change of term, were the *slaves of the priest*, and the produce of their labour was for the priesthood. They procured from their Gov[ern]m[en]t. in Mexico the exclusive right to the soil. No settlers were allowed except by permission of the missionaries, through whom grants of land were with difficulty obtained, by minions of the priests only. The few soldiers who were sent by the authorities to serve as guards for the missions, were not permitted by the priests to marry, & thus were prevented being identified in interest with the land. By the severity of the priests, such a state of activity was aroused among the poor savages that the produce of the fertile soil was most extraordinary, and the cattle brought by them increased with such rapidity that the revenues of the Missions were beyond measure in value. All of this while a mock religion was enforced among these Indians, who were compelled, under penalty of being whipped & imprisoned, to attend the religious services of the church at the stated hours, *Converts* (?) were in attendance there too, with rods, to flog those who were inattentive during the prayers, so that the chanting of the priests was accompanied with the scourge of the overseer, and the cry of the tormented, and this state of affairs was permitted to exist until a very recent date. The Indians thus practised upon were called *converted Indians*, and parties of them were sometimes sent into the interior to bring in *captured "gentiles"*. These were forcibly brought to the missions, clothed in blankets, made to kneel, & when taught to repeat the names of the Trinity, in a language never before heard by them "Santissima Trinidad, Dios, Jesu Christo, Espiritu Santo", they were pronounced "holy" and baptized. Some would watch their opportunity and fly from their cruel persecutors, but were always pursued, brought back & loaded with chains until finding no escape they passively yielded to their fate—a slavery worse than death. Those exhibiting any reluctance to attend mass were imprisoned and thus brought to their senses.

The Indians of California were found in the most wretched condition of



savage life, wanting in every thing which makes man rational, tractable and useful; they are described as stupid, inconstant, impetuous, gluttonous, slothful and sensual, wandering in their habits & living in miserable huts. Their food consisted of seeds & herbs made into a gruel or sort of bread. The seed of the pine was an important article of food & is still much used, fish, game, strawberries & blackberries are also used, and a bulbous root called "Amole" in appearance like an onion, is eaten, and used too for soap. Marriage among them was a singularly observed ceremony, for here a man literally married "*the whole family*" as the mother & sisters of his wife most frequently became his concubines. The tribes in the Northern parts were in the habit of burning their dead, those at the South buried the bodies. Their religion was paganism in its worst forms, though no human sacrifices were made by them.

The country abounds in wild animals. The American Lion, ounce, buffalo, stag, roe, catamount, fox, bear, polecat, jackall, hare, rabbit, field rat, and the argali (an animal between the goat and sheep) are found here, as well as the otter & beaver, valuable for their furs and in great abundance. Vultures, Eagles, falcons & a great many other birds are found in the woods, and fish are abundant in the waters of the bays.

Since the revolution of Mexico the property of the missions has been in a great measure appropriated to public use, and the land has been distributed among the people . . . . The settlers who have at least  $\frac{3}{4}$  of Mexican blood are called "gente de razon" or (rational people) while all others are classed with the poor Indians as beasts; but the condition of the "*rationals*" is little better than barbarism, they are ignorant, vicious, slothful, & treacherous, without any stability of character or purpose, turbulent, & prone to disorder and revolution, barbarously cruel in their treatment of the Indians. An instance of this last mentioned trait of their character was exhibited a few months since by a military party who on an excursion to one of the Northern provinces visited an island occupied by a small portion of a neighboring tribe. The Mexicans were hospitably received and kindly treated by the Indians, & in return for this kindness the Mexicans on some trivial pretext atrociously slaughtered the whole of them to the number of nearly one hundred men women & children, all were inhumanly butchered<sup>87</sup> . . . and again since the outbreak here with the Americans, two of our countrymen who fell into their hands were most horridly mutilated and tortured 'till death released them from their ferocious captors.<sup>88</sup> Such are the men who have by a series of outrage and brutality been *governing* this fair portion of the Earth. It is devoutly to be hoped that in the hands of the Americans to whom the scepter has now passed, California may ere long rise to its proper place among the nations of the earth. Revolution and anarchy have been heretofore but daily occurrences in this land stained with crime and bloodshed. In 1836 during one of their insurrections against the government they called in the aid of some of the foreign residents who led by one [Isaac]

Graham cheerfully assisted Don Alvarado in overturning the legal authorities, but when placed in power the Don thought his Yankee satellites [*sic*] too "free and easy" and they were *proscribed*.<sup>39</sup> From that time there has been a struggle between the immigrants, who then began to feel their power, and the Mexican settlers, which has now terminated in the occupation of California by the Americans.

I must not omit to mention some of the prevailing vices. The besetting sin is gambling which among the Indians in particular prevails to an alarming extent, and forbids all advancement. On Saturday night & Sunday the Indian will gamble away his week's earnings, & frequently they have become so absorbed in their game as to stake their clothing, beads, baubles, and then their wives & children; the better classes also are sorely addicted to this vice. The carnival or "Carnes tolendas" is celebrated for the two and a half weeks preceding Ash Wednesday, during which time they indulge in fandangoes & all kinds of frolic. Their favorite pastime however consists in "breaking eggs." For this purpose the eggs are blown, and the shell filled with ribbon and tinsel cut into most minute pieces. Cologne or other perfumed water is then poured in and the aperture in the shell is stopped with wax. Thus armed people of both sexes may be seen watching opportunities of breaking the egg over the head of the unwary—a scuffle sometimes ensues. The maid may be detected in her approach, and the young gallant has the privilege of disarming her if he can, and in this struggle he may *search* the damsel pretty thoroughly without giving offence. One of our Mid[shipme]n had a curious game of this kind, with a young lady, who finding herself reduced to extremity, unceremoniously thrust the egg in a place I *sha'nt mention* just now. Suffice it the gentleman was baffled & the lady & her sister laughed heartily at his defeat. These were, for aught that is known, virtuous ladies too. I also heard of an anecdote of a lady at whose house an officer was visiting one evening. Her brother was present, & he had been one of the officers present, when General Castro performed the cruel outrage on the two Americans spoken of above; our officer asked him some of the particulars, and in describing, the Mexican could not make himself be understood, but by throwing open his "Serape" (blanket) explained by signs that could not be mistaken that one part of the torture made the unhappy men eunuchs; his sister laughed at the *capital joke*. And yet these women are said to be chaste, and I doubt not they are so; their coarseness is attributable to want of education, & from association with the vicious and unprincipled men, who have always been the men of power in this country, for Mexico by some blind mistake in her policy has long been in the habit, of sending the worst & most troublesome, of her public servants, to California; convicts too, have been sent here from time to time; so that the society has been of the worst order. Chastity among the *unmarried* women is expected to be most rigidly observed, but with the married less reserve is thought necessary.

I could even tell of a spy who came into the town of Monterey while I was there; the commandant of the fort through a secret agent heard of him and his whereabouts, and proceeded to the house to search for him. It was early, but the ladies had *retired*; the officer asked to look in their chamber, assent was readily given; two ladies were in bed, one of them sate up & talked with the officer, "who is that between" said he to *the husband*. "It is Juanita" (little Joanna.) "Good night" said the officer, and the next day he was informed, that the spy was the *happily situated* individual, concealed in the bed between two ladies, both young and one of them beautiful. But enough of the society. There is a picture, which needs no further embellishment.

A very small portion of the soil of California is fit for agricultural purposes; it is estimated at not more than one tenth of the face of the country which is every where cut up by the mountain ridges, but the valleys are of surprising fertility the yield of grain being almost incredible, one hundred fold [being] the common return of the rude labor of the husbandman. A fine variety of wild oats abound in the uncultivated regions & on this and the perpetual grass of the mountains the wild horses & cattle thrive astonishingly well. In the neighborhood of San Diego the greatest variety of fruits are produced, and excellent wine is made there. To the South the country becomes more sandy and, but little attention is given to agricultural pursuits; small quantities of sugar cane may be found near the Cape St. Lucas and a rough sugar mill was in operation there when I visited that place.

## VI

### *Panamá, Taboga, 1847*

April 11th 1847.<sup>40</sup> What a length of time has elapsed since the last records of my Journal, but I have little to recount, nothing to interest you my fair friend, and the sketch of this short period will pass into your hand too, in the long letters recently despatched from Panama. We left Monterey on the 29th January for Panama via Santa Barbara, San Pedro & San Diego, three small ports on the Coast of Upper California, into each of which we peeped, & in none found anything of note, save at the last named place, where was the Frigate *Congress* lying at anchor, & from her com[man]d[e]r I learned many anecdotes of the Stockton Crusade that would only disgust you, and serve to turn the great Commander into ridicule & contempt. The Coast of California has a most uninviting aspect, rugged hills border the sea shores, whose sides present one uninterrupted picture of barrenness, no verdure relieves the eye, no beauteous forests adorn the mountain sides—here & there only may be seen a few straggling trees, & occasionally a patch of herbage, seems to say, "it is not quite a desert"—but in the valleys of the interior it is different, there I am told, vegetation is luxuriant and crowned with beauty.

A long & tedious passage had we to Panama which place we reached on the

15th March & found to our dismay that the letter bags had been forwarded about two weeks previously. What a grievous disappointment, but I have become accustomed to disappointments. Nothing transpired on our way down to relieve the monotony of our passage. Life at sea is not very irksome to those engaged in a round of constant duty, with minds occupied & with bodies fatigued when the time of rest comes with its irregularity.

My Little Robin's<sup>41</sup> Birthday passed and was kept by me with due observance in drinking his health.

Panama is a most wretched old Spanish town, well built indeed and formerly I doubt not a place of some note, but under the miserable Freedom!! of these South American despots, everything withers, and here the touch of Freedom's lance seems to cause a blighting disease; before which all of those arts, which are the ornament [of] civilized mankind, & raise men above the brutes, are suffered to perish.

In the constant strife for power here little regard is had to the good of the state. Individual aggrandisement, appears in S. America to be the only desirable object; and on its shrine are sacrificed virtue, patriotism, honor & fidelity.

Panama has of late acquired some little importance from its situation, and the communication by steam from the Pacific Ocean, through the old Atlantic, is carried on, through Panama, where the land carriage is very short, the distance from the city to the river Chagres being less than 20 miles—and the time occupied in this jaunt & the descent of the river being about 36 hours, so that in this short time one may be transported from the one ocean to the other—and yet we are so far from home.

The manners of the inhabitants are as those of all other Spanish places. Virtue is among the fair ones an unknown gem, chastity most shockingly perverted, an illustration of this fact may be seen in a marriage, which took place a day or two after our arrival—that of the American Consul. One of our officers, the day of the marriage congratulated him on his change of condition, "oh" said he with greatest coolness, "oh 'tis no change, I have lived with her for several years, & find that she suits me very well, is very chaste (?) and we have had two or three children, so I have married her" and so of another merchant there, a European; he was shortly to marry his "woman", and this is "the custom of the country" they always say in explanation of their irregularities.

A few days after our arrival, we dropped down to the island of Taboga, one of a small group about nine miles below Panama—a rich and beautiful isle covered with tropical verdure in all of its luxury and stately elegance. A small village is here containing about one thousand inhabitants living in a state of great simplicity & *filth*, in their bamboo huts some of which more comfortable than their meaner neighbors are plastered on the outside. The only remarkable matter that struck my eye here is a custom regarding the

skulls of persons cast on the beach—as in their intercourse with the main land the males are all boatmen, & most of them fishermen, navigating the bay in their frail canoes—the interest of the people seem to be closely identified with the sea. When the body of some drowned person is cast on the beach, the skull is preserved as a sacred relic, the property of the people, and is deposited in an appropriate niche on the outer wall of the little church, & sometimes an especial monument is erected, on the summit of which a skull is placed as the conspicuous ornament. On occasions of great storms those who have friends on the water, resort to these relics & offer up their prayers to San Antonio (the sailors patron) beseeching his help for the tempest tossed father, husband or brother, and promising if they return safely a whole pound of candles, to be burned at the shrine of the skull before which they pray. This is one of the vagaries of Romanism! The seaman too while tossed by storm, or detained by head winds offers his prayers to San Antonio, & is full of promises of penance & candles—but if San Antonio do not soon listen to his prayer, the unfortunate Saint straitway gets *cursed* at the most outrageous rate.

With a fine wind we left Taboga on the 29th March for the coast of California again, and in a few days after my sweet daughters Birth day comes round.

April 3d. My little Mary<sup>42</sup> eight years old today. God bless her—and all at home.

April 25th. What a life this is: of the sea; What an unnatural, artificial, sort of existence it is. Yet some one must go to sea, there must be ships and they must be manned, and thus one may in some degree reconcile himself to his lot, by the idea that a portion of mankind are destined to plough the ocean's trackless path, and Providence has selected each of us for this part of the worlds machinery. Our fate might have been otherwise, it might have been infinitely worse, and we are therefore bound, to yield thanks to Him who rules wisely the universe, and vouchsafes to guide & guard us through the trials of life's toilsome & troubled seas. . . .

April 29th. . . . Our ship like some patient & unwearied animal goes steadily on, now setting winds & waves at defiance, now dashing off gallantly before the favoring gale, and again, rol[1]ing & tossing in the sluggishness of the tedious calms—these long passages are—not agreeable. Month after month on the broad ocean, is by no means a pleasant pastime.

Sailors are curious beings, one can always find some interesting trait in Jack's character; or the recital of his yarns may be listened to with pleasure as affording amusing illustrations of the roving life of adventure & recklessness persued by the Son of ocean. I called an old Bluejacket the other day, and asked him what he knew about the boy "Haulaway." In some surprise he replied, "Me Sir, I know nothing about that boy." (Jack is very cautious sometimes if his suspicions are aroused.) "Yes" said I "you have given him

good advice occasionally, & I want to know what led to it." "Oh yes Sir, you see as I'm his *God father*, and his "*Guardeene*", bikase [*sic*] I picked him up in the streets of New York, a ragged fellow he had no crown to his hat; well, as I knowed his mother Sir, and she was dead, and his father was dead too, I took pity on the boy and tuk [*sic*] him to my boarding house Sir, and paid his board for a few days, then my money gav [*sic*] out sir, and I had to ship again, so I advised him to ship in the service too Sir; so I tuk [*sic*] him to the "Rondyvous" and the officer axed [*sic*] who was his *Guardyeene*; then I steps up & stands as Godfather to him sir, and told 'em I was him sir; bikase [*sic*] you see sir, if a minyor [*sic*] comes & ships without the consent of his parents and *Guardyees*, the Lawyers gets out a "*backy his corcus*" sir, and comes and takes him right out of the ship, and that's why I keeps an eye to the boy & try to make him behave himself bikase I'm his Godfather you see sir."

May 1st. Another month has passed away, weeks and months pass without change at sea, indeed scarce a note is made of time, save in counting the "days out" and calculating the probable time of reaching port. This last passage seems daily to become more tedious; my impatience and anxiety to hear from home is so great that the days seem to wear away but slowly, but each day brings us nearer to our port, and then, when we arrive I earnestly trust in finding a good store of letters, with cheering news I hope. . . . Would you believe that we are complaining of the chilliness of the air, with the thermometer at 75°? So indeed it is; the change to us is very great. We are so rapidly running into the cold northern Pacific, and approaching the dreary shores of California, that we are really complaining & have been obliged to put on our winters clothing though the temperature indicates that it is *summer*. Well, be it warm or be it cold I care not where I have to go so I can hear from home; 'tis in all my thoughts. . . .

May 13th. But little to say, except to record the disappointment, attending our still being at sea, still as far from our port as we were a week since though perhaps in a more favorable position, & ready for a change of wind when it comes, for it has been most perseveringly contrary for the last seven days, seeming to be constantly "in our teeth", but it will change by and bye, and we must get in & get our letters, & then— . . .

[May 22.] We are still at sea, eight long weeks at sea, but are at last near our port & may reasonably expect to get in tomorrow, and we are bounding along with the speed of a racer, before a gallant breeze. Tomorrow's sun may show us the barren cliffs of California, and strange that a land so far away from home & kindred, should be so gladly looked upon by us, but poor wanderers, this California will seem like our ocean home, our home on this side of the great continent. Here we may meet friends, learn all the news, but far better than that, may hear from home. Heaven grant that we may all have tidings that may gladden our anxious hearts.

Eight weeks at sea, what a time to be penned up in the wooden walls of a ship, with a plank between you and the dashing waters, whose gurgling is your lullaby as you turn in to your narrow bed at night. Yes the waters rush past your head with incessant ripple and the more noisily they go, the more agreeable their voice, which with increased speed, becomes quite *chatty*. In the wakeful hours of the night, the everlasting rush of waters tells you how fast the ship is moving; the tramp of the watch on deck, the howling of the wind, the rolling of the ship, straining & creaking in all of her timbers, tells you of bad weather, or if these are comparatively quiet, & the hoarse voice of the officer is less frequently heard, you know that gently she glides along—these sounds are our music, these the notes always listened to with attentive care. As for the time, does one get wearied & worn out with ennui? Wearied indeed, but as for *ennui*, I seldom in life have felt its baleful influence, as in tolerably good weather I can always find some employment to amuse me, & in gales, why I make the best of it & that's but poor business. Then what do you live on? Why for these fifty-six days, our daily fare has been varied with roast pork & chickens, save four poor turkies [*sic*] (which were slaughtered early as unfit for life at sea) no other food has graced our board. To be sure, an occasional side dish of salted pork, with its accompanying soup of hard white beans comes in to give variety to the *scene*, but chickens roasted, boiled, *fried* (old fowls!) fricasied, curried, stewed, or made in a pie, have answered for seven days in the week; sometimes a little roasted pig has jumped in to interrupt this rapid succession of poultry, & with his head made into mock turtle soup has given us quite a dinner. Vegetables? Why as for that, Madam, "the least that is said," you know the rest. 'Tis true we had some fine yams when we left Panama & they kept pretty well for four or five weeks; we had some small pumpkins too but these latter I never eat; a dish of rice is now our vegetable & *that* I *can't* eat; macaroni we have occasionally, but can't afford it every day, or 'twould soon be gone and I don't go for "a feast & a famine"; so I eat bread with my chicken in all its forms; bread with my pig, come as it may, and am thankful that we have good fresh bread every day, leavened bread, so if I were a Jew I suppose I ought *not* to eat *that* all the time. But a truce to my nonsense & let me to my shelf. . . .

(*To be continued*)

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Portions of the Craven Journal were published in the *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute* in 1888 (Vol. XIV, Nos. 1 and 2, whole Nos. 44 and 45), and it was there that the editor first encountered it. Since copies of that publication are rare, it seemed worth while to arrange for a reprinting of the Craven notes. Before this had gone far, however, it became apparent that the original manuscript was still in existence in the hands of Mrs. Ellin Craven Learned, daughter of the author of the journal. Mrs. Learned very generously presented the manuscript to the Office of Naval Records and Library of the United States Navy Department, and it was from that manuscript that the present edition has been made.

In editing, almost the entire original has been retained. Some passages of an entirely personal nature have been omitted, but enough examples of this have been retained to give evidence of Craven's habits of serious religious thought and of his strong attachment for his family. So far as possible, the spelling and punctuation of the original have been retained. In those instances in which Craven's intentions were not clear, or the punctuation used made reading particularly difficult, standard modern usage has been followed. These doubts have not, with one exception, affected words or meaning. The first eleven pages of the second manuscript volume had been badly mutilated along their outer edges, and it was necessary there to supply missing words and even phrases. This has been done as carefully as possible, and all interpolations have been enclosed in brackets.

The account of the *Dale's* voyage as written by Craven is supplemented by two other sources. Thomas Crosby Lancey, an enlisted man aboard the ship, kept an elaborate journal, in which he later inserted additional material such as official reports and documents which related to the activities of the Navy on the Pacific coast. The Lancey Journal is contained in three manuscript volumes, in the library of the University of California at Los Angeles. Using his notes as a foundation, Lancey in later years wrote a history of the war in California, which was published serially in the San Jose *Pioneer* in the years 1879-81 under the titles, "The Cruise of the Dale" and "The Bear Flag War." Lancey's viewpoint was much more objective than that of Craven, and his account was more an attempt at serious history, and a rather good attempt at that, than the very personal narrative which Craven penned for his wife.

Also aboard the *Dale* on her Pacific cruise was Gunner William H. Meyers whose lively drawings of the events during the Mexican War along the Pacific Coast have been published with a descriptive text by Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. (Ret.) in *Naval Sketches of the War in California* (New York: Random House, 1939). Although Meyers was not a witness of all the scenes which he sketched, his drawings of events described by Craven were almost certainly based upon personal knowledge, and this collection is therefore of importance in supplementing the Craven Journal.

Throughout the period of editing, until her death in January 1940, Mrs. Ellin Craven Learned was a source of enthusiasm and assistance. A gallant lady, worthy daughter of a distinguished officer, she gave unstintingly of her time and knowledge toward making the edition of Lieutenant Craven's Journal as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The gratitude of the editor is also due to the Office of Naval Records and Library in Washington, and to its able officer-in-charge, Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. (Ret.). It was only through the hearty cooperation of Captain Knox and his efficient staff that it was possible to transcribe and edit the journal in satisfactory form.

Miss Ada Clarke and Miss Jane Elderkin, secretarial assistants at Pomona College, were of material aid in preparing the manuscript for publication. My father, Ira Oscar Kemble, gave generously of his time in the task of proof reading.



## NOTES

1. Based upon the Journal, *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute*, Vol. XIV, No. 1 (1888), pp. 1-2, and Charles Oscar Paullin, "Craven, Tunis Augustus Macdonough," *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930), IV, 518-19.
2. Marie Louise Stevenson Craven (1817-1905), second wife of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven.
3. U.S.S. *Dale*, third class sloop of war, was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1839; tonnage 5,566, length 117 feet, beam 32 feet, depth of hold 15 feet, maximum draft 15 feet 6 inches; armament 16 32-pounders; complement 150 officers and men. It was in active service from 1840 to 1865; a practice ship for cadets, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, 1867-84; the receiving ship, Washington Navy Yard, 1886-94; used by Naval Militia and Coast Guard at Baltimore, 1895-1922; renamed the *Oriole* in 1904. The vessel was sold at Baltimore for \$213.30 in 1922. This and subsequent notes on naval vessels are based on manuscript materials in the Office of Naval Records and Library, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
4. William Wister McKean (1800-65), commander, U. S. Navy, in 1846.
5. Midnight to 4:00 A.M.
6. Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel* (New York, 1845).
7. Isabel, Princess Imperial of Brazil, born July 29, 1846.
8. Augustus Carter Craven (1840-63), son of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven and his first wife, Mary Carter Craven.
9. The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., a British concern which had operated steamers between the ports of Peru and Chile since 1840, extended its service north to Panama in 1846. At the Isthmus, connections were made with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., which brought mail from England and the United States by way of the West Indies. See Arthur C. Wardle, *Steam Conquers the Pacific; a Record of Maritime Achievement, 1840-1940* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1940).
10. Joseph C. Clark.
11. Author's note: "Cannon balls—ones are 32 lbs."
12. William Brown.
13. San José del Cabo.
14. McKean Buchanan ( -1871), purser U. S. Navy in 1846.
15. U.S.S. *Cyane*, second class sloop of war, was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1837, and replaced the ship of the same name, which was broken up at Philadelphia in 1836; tonnage 792, length 132 feet 3 inches, beam 35 feet 3 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 9 inches, maximum draft 16 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 4 8-inch, 16 32-pounders; complement 190 officers and men. It was in active service 1838-71, in ordinary at Mare Island Navy Yard, 1872-87, and was sold in 1887.
16. U.S.S. *Savannah*, frigate, was laid down at the New York Navy Yard in 1820 and was launched in 1842; tonnage 1,708, length (over all) 206 feet, beam (moulded) 45 feet, depth of hold 14 feet 4 inches, maximum draft 22 feet 8 inches; armament (1850) 8 8-inch, 42 32-pounders; complement 480 officers and men. It was in active service 1843-62, an instruction ship for junior officers at New York 1862-65, laid up and in ordinary at Annapolis, New York, and Norfolk 1866-83, with the exception of a European cruise with midshipmen in 1870, and was sold in 1883.
17. U.S.S. *Warren*, second class sloop of war, was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1825-26; tonnage, 697, length (between perpendiculars) 127 feet, beam 33 feet 9 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 2 medium 32-pounders, 18 carronades

32-pounders; complement 190 officers and men. It was in active service 1827-54, a store ship at San Francisco, Mare Island, and Panama 1854-63, and was sold at Panama in 1863.

18. The Bear Flag revolt was organized by a group of Anglo-Americans residing north of San Francisco Bay in June 1846. Sonoma was taken by the body on June 14, 1846. The United States flag was raised over Monterey by Commodore John Drake Sloat on July 7, 1846. Commodore Robert Field Stockton assumed command of the United States squadron at Monterey on July 29, 1846. The Pueblo de Los Angeles was occupied by the forces of the United States on August 13, and was evacuated by the force under Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie on September 29, 1846. After the unsuccessful attempt to recapture the place by Captain William Mervine on September 7-8, 1846, it remained in Mexican hands until recaptured by Stockton and General Stephen Watts Kearny on January 10, 1847.

19. John Drake Sloat (1781-1867), captain U. S. Navy, with courtesy title of commodore in 1846.

20. For Sloat's proclamation of July 7, 1846, see *Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the Second Session of the Thirtieth Congress*, 30th Cong., 2d sess., H. Ex. Doc. 1 (1848), pp. 1010-11; also this *Quarterly*, II (January 1924), 351-52.

21. Robert Field Stockton (1795-1866), captain, U. S. Navy, with courtesy title of commodore in 1846.

22. For Stockton's proclamation, see *Message from the President . . .*, 30th Cong., 2d sess., H. Ex. Doc. 1 (1848), pp. 1035-37; Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), V, 255-56; and this *Quarterly*, III (July 1924), 188-90.

23. Walter Colton (1797-1851), chaplain, U. S. Navy, in 1846. Colton, with Robert Baylor Semple, published the *Californian* at Monterey, 1846-47.

24. William Mervine (1791-1866), captain, U. S. Navy, 1846.

25. Daingerfield Fauntleroy ( -1853), purser, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

26. U.S.S. *Congress*, frigate, was laid down at the Portsmouth Navy Yard in 1839, launched in 1841; tonnage 1,750, length (between perpendiculars) 179 feet 9 inches, beam (moulded) 46 feet 6 inches, depth of hold 15 feet, maximum draft 22 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 8 8-inch, 42 32-pounders; complement 480 officers and men. It was in active service 1842-62, lost in action with C.S.S. *Virginia* (ex U.S.S. *Merrimac*) at Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862, raised, docked, and sold at auction to wreckers in 1865.

27. Robert L. Pinckney, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

28. William L. Maury, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

29. Washington A. Bartlett, lieutenant, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

30. Joseph B. Hull, commander, U. S. Navy, in 1846.

31. *Independence*, razeed frigate, was laid down as a 74 gun ship of the line at the Boston Navy Yard in 1813, launched in 1814, razeed to a 54 gun frigate in 1836; tonnage 2,805, length 188 feet, beam 50 feet, depth of hold 20 feet, draft 22 feet 8 inches; armament (as razeed) 8 8-inch, 48 32-pounders; complement 550 officers and men. It was in active service 1815-19 and 1837-57; a receiving ship at Mare Island and San Francisco, 1857-1912; sold in 1913, and burned in 1915.

32. *Lexington*, store ship, was built as a second class sloop of war at New York Navy Yard, launched in 1825; reduced to store ship after great repair 1840-43; tonnage 691, length 127 feet, beam 33 feet 9 inches, depth of hold 15 feet 6 inches, maximum draft 16 feet 6 inches; armament (1850) 4 long 9's; complement 45 officers and men. It was in active service 1826-40, 1843-55; sold in 1855.

33. An expedition commanded by Diego Becerra, with Hernando de Grijalva as second in command, was sent out by Cortés in 1533, the two ships sailing from Tehuantepec on the 29th or 30th of October. The ships were separated, and Grijalva returned to

Acapulco after the discovery of the islands later known as the Revilla Gigedo group. Becerra was murdered, and under the command of his pilot, Fortun Jiménez, the coast of Lower California was discovered, either late in 1533 or early in 1534. Cortés led an expedition to Lower California in 1535.

34. The voyage of 1602 to the coast of Upper California was commanded by Sebastián Vizcaíno. This region was first visited by an expedition in 1542 under the command of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo.

35. Settlements of a varyingly permanent character were attempted for purposes of pearl fishing in Lower California throughout much of the seventeenth century.

36. The Jesuits were expelled from all parts of New Spain in 1767. The Christianization and civilization of Upper California was undertaken by the Franciscans in 1769.

37. This may refer to the battle on an island called Moth which Bancroft believed to be in Clear Lake but which Salvador Vallejo, who commanded the expedition, placed off the coast south of Fort Bragg. Accompanied by Chief Solano, seventy cavalrymen, and two hundred Indians, Vallejo marched from their camp at Huichica on March 5, 1843, and campaigned for three weeks in the region of Clear Lake and the present Mendocino County. The fiercest of the several battles in which they engaged took place on the island, on March 12, and in it some 130 Indians were killed. George Tays, "Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo and Sonoma," in this *QUARTERLY*, XVII (June 1938), 149. See also Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 362-63, and William Heath Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1929), p. 236.

38. Thomas Cowie and a man named Fowler. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V, 160-61.

39. Juan Bautista Alvarado (1809-82) was governor of Alta California, 1836-42. In 1840, Graham and about a hundred foreigners in California were imprisoned, tried, and some forty were deported to San Blas. In Mexico, at the instance of British and American diplomatic officers, they were released, and many were returned to California at the expense of the Mexican Government. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 1-41; Robert Glass Cleland, *A History of California: the American Period* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1922), pp. 191-92.

40. The *Dale* anchored at Panama on March 16, 1847, and on March 19, Commander McKean left the ship, bound for the United States because of ill health. Command of the ship was taken by First Lieutenant Edward M. Yard.

41. Louis Stevenson Craven (1845-1888), son of Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven and Marie Louise Stevenson Craven.

42. Mary Augusta Craven (1839-1923), daughter of Tunis Augustus Craven and his first wife, Mary Carter Craven.