

American flag. This prompt interference of Capt. Fauntleroy and Maj. Snyder will do more to win the confidence of the Californians than forty orations delivered in the most liquid Spanish that ever rolled from a Castilian tongue. There is something in action which the most simple can appreciate, and which the most crafty cannot gainsay.



SUNDAY, AUG. 9. I officiated to-day on board the Savannah. The weather was pleasant, and several gentlemen from the shore attended. There was no service in the Roman Catholic Church, owing to the absence of one of the priests and the infirmities of the other. But when there is service, only a few of the people attend. It is sometimes, however, forced upon them in the shape of penance. When a friend of mine here was married, it was necessary that he should confess. The penance imposed on him for his previous negligences and transgressions was, that he should attend church seven Sabbaths.

CHAPTER II.

FECONDITY OF THE CALIFORNIANS.—FIRST INTELLIGENCE OF THE WAR.—
WILD INDIANS ON BOARD SHIP.—THE CHIEF.—FIRST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN CALIFORNIA.—RAISING THE MATERIALS.—THE RIVAL SUITORS.—
—FLIGHT OF GEN. CASTRO.—A CALIFORNIAN ON HORSEBACK.

MONDAY, AUG. 10. The fecundity of the Californians is remarkable, and must be attributed in no small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table, with their mother at their head. There is a lady of some note in Monterey, who is the mother of twenty-two living children. The youngest is at the breast, and must soon, it is said, relinquish his place to a new-comer, who will, in all probability, be allowed only the same brevity of bliss.

There is a lady in the department below who has twenty-eight children, all living, in fine health, and who may share the "envied kiss" with others yet to come. What a family—what a wife—what a mother! I have more respect for the shadow of that woman than for the living presence of the mincing being who raises a whole village if she has one child, and then puts it to death with sugar-plums. A woman with one child is like a hen with one chicken; there is an eternal scratch about nothing.

TUESDAY, AUG. 11. A deserter from Gen. Castro's camp presented himself at my office to-day and gave himself up to the American authorities. He represents the general as in rather a forlorn condition. His troops, it appears, are daily deserting him. His present force is estimated at less than six hundred. He is anxious to fly into Mexico, but is unable to raise a sufficient number of volunteers. The expectation here is, that he will surrender to Com. Stockton.

The British brig-of-war *Spy* anchored in the harbor of Monterey this evening. She is from San Blas, with dispatches for Admiral Seymour. Her officers are perfectly silent as to news from the United States and Mexico. She leaves in a few hours for the Collingwood at the Sandwich Islands. She has, undoubtedly, news of moment, but will not reveal it.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12. The U. S. ship *Warren*, under Commander Hull, arrived this afternoon in thirty days from Mazatlan, bringing the eventful intelligence that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico. The mysterious silence of the officers of the *Spy* is now explained. But their secrecy has availed them for only twenty-four hours.

The war news produced a profound sensation here. The whole population were instantly thrown into groups in the corridors and at the corners of the streets. The hum of voices continued late into the night. It was an extinguisher on the hopes of those

who had looked to Mexico for aid, or who had clung to the expectation that the American government would repudiate our possession of California, and order the squadron withdrawn. They now relinquish all idea of a return to their old political connection, and appear resigned to their fate, which seems inevitable. These disappointed families compose but a part of the population; another portion has become thoroughly wearied with revolutions, and are prepared to countenance almost any government that promises stability.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13. The *Warren* sailed this morning for San Pedro, to convey the war intelligence to Com. Stockton. It will throw a new aspect upon his operations in California. Expediency gives place to moral necessity. We have now a double motive for exertion—national honor, which looks at home, and an enlarged philanthropy, which looks here. It is of but little moment what the ultimate action of our government may be in reference to California. It cannot change her destiny. She is severed forever from Mexico. Should our government attempt to throw her back on that country, she will not stay thrown back. The rebound will carry her further off than ever. She is on a wave which will not ebb till this generation have mouldered in their graves.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14. Sixty of a tribe of wild Indians, who live in the mountains, about two hundred miles

distant, made a descent a few days since upon a farm within thirty miles of Monterey, and carried off a hundred horses. Twenty of the tribe, with the chief, remained behind to secure further booty. Intelligence of this having reached Capt. Mervin, he dispatched a mounted force, apprehended them in their ambush, and brought them to Monterey, and delivered them over to our court for trial.

They were as wild a looking set of fellows as ever entered a civil tribunal. The chief was over seven feet high, with an enormous blanket wrapped round him and thrown over the shoulder like a Spanish cloak, which set forth his towering form to the best advantage. His long black hair streamed in darkness down to his waist. His features strikingly resembled those of Gen. Jackson. His forehead was high, his eye full of fire, and his mouth betrayed great decision. His step was firm; his age must have been about fifty. He entered the court with a civil but undaunted air. When asked why he permitted the men of his tribe to steal horses, he replied that the men who took the horses were not properly members of his tribe, that they had recently attached themselves to him, and now, that he had found them horse-thieves, he should cut them. I could get at no satisfactory evidence that he, or the twenty with him, had actively assisted those who took off the horses. I delivered them over to Capt. Mervin, who commanded the military occupation of the town.

The United States troops were formed into a hollow

square, and they were marched into the centre where they expected to be shot, and still not a muscle shook, and the features of each were as set as if chiselled from marble. What must have been their unbetrayed surprise, when Capt. Mervin told them they were acquitted by the tribunal! He then told the chief he should recognize him as king of the tribe—that he must not permit any of his men to commit the slightest depredations on the citizens, that he should hold him responsible for the conduct of his tribe, and that he must come and report himself and the condition of his tribe every two moons. To all this the chief fully assented.

They were then taken on board the frigate, where the crew had been mustered for the occasion. Here they were told how many ships, men, and guns we had at our command; so much to inspire them with awe: and now for their good will. The whole party were rigged out with fresh blankets, and red handkerchiefs for each, which they use as a turban. The chief was attired in a uniform of one of our tallest and stoutest officers: navy buttons, epauletts, sword, cap with a gold band, boots, and spurs; and a silver chain was put about his neck, to which a medal was attached, recognizing him as the high chief of the tribe. He looked every inch a chief. The band struck up Hail Columbia, and they departed, vowing eternal allegiance to the Americans. The sailors were delighted with these savages, and half envied them their wild life.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15. To-day the first newspaper ever published in California made its appearance. The honor, if such it be, of writing its Prospectus, fell to me. It is to be issued on every Saturday, and is published by Semple and Colton. Little did I think when relinquishing the editorship of the North American in Philadelphia, that my next feat in this line would be off here in California. My partner is an emigrant from Kentucky, who stands six feet eight in his stockings. He is in a buckskin dress, a fox-skin cap; is true with his rifle, ready with his pen, and quick at the type-case.

He created the materials of our office out of the chaos of a small concern, which had been used by a Roman Catholic monk in printing a few sectarian tracts. The press was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed in the balls; there were no rules, no leads, and the types were rusty and all in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. A sheet or two of tin were procured, and these, with a jack-knife, were cut into rules and leads. Luckily we found, with the press, the greater part of a keg of ink; and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found, except what is used to envelop the tobacco of the cigar smoked here by the natives. A coaster had a small supply of this on board, which we procured. It is in sheets a little larger than the common-sized foolscap. And this is the size of our first paper, which we have christened the Californian.

Though small in dimensions, our first number is as full of news as a black-walnut is of meat. We have received by couriers, during the week, intelligence from all the important military posts through the territory. Very little of this has transpired; it reaches the public for the first time through our sheet. We have, also, the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, with an abstract of the debate in the senate. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse. One-half of the paper is in English, the other in Spanish. The subscription for a year is five dollars; the price of a single sheet is twelve and a half cents; and is considered cheap at that.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16. A brilliant day, and no sounds to disturb its tranquillity save the moan of the pine-grove as the wind sighs through it, and the thunder of the breaking waves on the beach. We had divine service on board the Savannah,—a much more grateful occupation to me than the investigation of crimes in the Alcaldean court.

Till the Americans took possession of Monterey, the Sabbath was devoted to amusement. The Indians gave themselves up to liquor, the Mexicans and Californians to dancing. Whether the bottle or the fiddle had the most votaries it would be difficult to say.

But both had so many, that very few were left for the church. Some, however, attended mass before they dressed for the ball-room. But their worship and their waltz came so close together, that a serious thought had only time to dodge out of the way.

MONDAY, AUG. 17. A complaint was lodged in my court this morning, involving the perplexities of a love-matter. The complainant is a Californian mother, who has a daughter rather remarkable for her personal attractions. She has two rival suitors, both anxious to marry her, and each, of course, extremely jealous of the attentions of the other, and anxious to outdo him in the fervency and force of his own assiduities. The family are consequently annoyed, and desire the court to interfere in some way for their repose. I issued an order that neither of the rival suitors should enter the house of the complainant, unless invited by her, till the girl had made up her mind which she would marry; for it appeared she was very much perplexed, being equally pleased with both: and now, I suppose, roses and all the other silent tokens of affection will pass plenty as protestations before.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

TUESDAY, AUG. 18. The ado made to reach the hand of the undecided girl shows how very rare such specimens of beauty are in these parts. She has nothing to recommend her as a sober, industrious,

frugal housekeeper. She knows how to dance, to play on the guitar and sing, and that is all. She would be as much lost in the kitchen as a dolphin on dry land. She would do to dress flowers in the balcony of a millionaire, but as the wife of a Californian, her children would go without a stocking, and her husband without a shirt. Her two suitors own, probably, the apparel which they have on and the gay horses which they ride, but neither of them has a real in his pocket. Yet they are quite ready to be married: just as if the honey-moon had a horn of plenty instead of a little urn of soft light, which gushes for a few brief nights, and then leaves its devotee like one of the foolish virgins, whose lamp had gone out!

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19. Several of Gen. Castro's officers have just arrived in town, delivered themselves up, and been put upon parole. They state that the general's camp, near the Pueblo de los Angeles, broke up a few days since in the night; that the general and Gov. Pico had started for Sonora with fifty men and two hundred horses; that their flight was hastened by the approach of Com. Stockton, with the forces of the Congress, on the north, and Maj. Fremont, with his riflemen, on the south. The commodore had reached, it appears, within a few hours' march of his camp. The general had taken the precaution to send forward in advance a portion of his horses, to serve as fresh relays on his arrival. He expects to leave Col. Fremont on the right, and will be

obliged to cross an immense sandy plain, lying between the Pueblo and Red River, where his horses will be for two days without water or food. He is to cross Red River, a broad and rapid stream, on a raft, the construction of which will detain him a day; his horses will swim, for California horses are trained to rush over mountain-torrents. The only hope of his capture lies in his detention at the river, unless Col. Fremont, anticipating his flight, has thrown a force south to intercept him. Once across the river he is safe; nothing but a tornado, or a far-striking thunderbolt, can overtake a Californian on horseback.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20. An Indian was brought before me to-day, charged with having stolen a horse. He was on his way, it appears, to Monterey, and when within thirty miles, his own horse having given out, he turned him adrift, and lassoed one belonging to another man, which he rode in, and then set him at liberty as he had his own. The owner arrived soon after, recovered his horse, and had the Indian arrested, who confessed the whole affair, and only plead in excuse that his own horse had become too tired to go further. I sentenced the Indian to three months' labor on the public works. He seemed at first very much surprised at what he considered the severity of the sentence; but said he should work his time out faithfully, and give me no further trouble. As he was half-naked, I ordered him comfortable apparel, and then delivered him over to Capt. Mervin, to be

employed in excavating a trench around the newly-erected fort.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21. A Californian is most at home in his saddle; there he has some claims to originality, if not in character then in costume. His hat, with its conical crown and broad rim, throws back the sun's rays from its dark, glazed surface. It is fastened on by a band which passes under his chin, and rests on a red handkerchief, which turbans his head, from beneath which his black locks flow out upon the wind.

The collar of his linen rolls over that of his blue spencer, which is open under the chin, is fitted closely to his waist, and often ornamented with double rows of buttons and silk braid. His trowsers, which are fastened around his loins by a red sash, are open to the knee, to which his buckskin leggins ascend over his white cotton drawers. His buckskin shoes are armed with heavy spurs, which have a shaft some ten inches long, at the end of which is a roller, which bristles out into six points, three inches long, against which steel plates rattle with a quick, sharp sound.

His feet rest in stirrups of wood, carved from the solid oak, and which are extremely strong and heavy. His saddle rises high fore and aft, and is broadly skirted with leather, which is stamped into figures, through the interstices of which red and green silk flash out with gay effect. The reins of his bridle are thick and narrow, and the headstall is profusely orna-

mented with silver plate. His horse, with his long flowing mane, arching neck, broad chest, full flanks, and slender legs, is full of fire. He seldom trots, and will gallop all day without seeming to be weary. On his back is the Californian's home. Leave him this home, and you may have the rest of the world.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22. Our little paper, the Californian, made its appearance again to-day. Many subscribers have sent in their names since our last, and all have paid in advance. It is not larger than a sheet of foolscap; but this foolscap parallel stops, I hope, with the shape. Be this as it may, its appearance is looked for with as much interest as was the arrival of the mail by the New Yorkers and Bostonians in those days when a moon waxed and waned over its transit.

SUNDAY, AUG. 23. Officiated to-day on board the Savannah. There is no Protestant church here. Emigrants have generally become Roman Catholics. Policy, rather than persuasion or conviction, suggested it. Men who make no pretensions to religion, have nothing to give up in the shape of creeds or conscientious scruples. They are like driftwood, which runs into the eddy which is the strongest; or like migratory birds, which light where they can find the best picking and the softest repose. The woodpecker never taps an undecayed tree; and a worldling seldom embraces a thoroughly sound faith.

CHAPTER III.

A THIEF OBEYING ORDERS.—GAME.—NO PENITENTIARY SYSTEM.—THE CALIFORNIA CART ON A GALA-DAY.—THE RUNAWAY DAUGHTER.—FAITH OF THE INDIANS.—RETURN FROM THE WAR.—FIRST TRIAL BY JURY.—INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW ON THE HUNT.—WHALES IN THE BAY.—THE TWO GAMBLERS.—LADIES ON HORSEBACK.—MERRIMENT IN DEATH.—THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS MISTRESS.

MONDAY, AUG. 24. One of our officers, bound with dispatches to San Juan, fell in with an Indian to-day, on a horse, without saddle or bridle, save a lasso; and knowing from this circumstance that he had stolen the animal, ordered him to come to Monterey and deliver himself up to the alcalde, and then passed on. So on the Indian came with the horse, and presented himself at our office.

I asked him what he wanted; he told me the order he had received; but I could not at first comprehend its import, and inquired of him if he knew why the order had been given him. He replied, that it was in consequence of his having taken the horse of another man. I asked him if he had stolen the animal; he said yes, he had taken him, but had brought him in here and given himself up as ordered; that he could not escape, as the Americans were all over California. I told him stealing a horse was a crime, and sentenced him to three months' labor on the public works. He was half naked. I ordered him comfortable clothes,