

ples on private rights, trifles with responsibility, and cuts the conscience adrift from its moorings. Men are thrown into this eddy of excess, and then act like rudderless ships in a tempest-tost sea. Years will elapse before the moral sentiments which have been unhinged by military violence can be restored. Even California, where revolutions come and go like the shadows of passing clouds, will long show the traces of the one which has now passed over her. Its lightning has shivered the tree before the fruit was ripe, and blasted a thousand buds that might have bloomed into fragrant beauty.

MONDAY, FEB. 8. Much to the relief of the citizens, Com. Shubrick has given orders that the volunteers on service here shall be paid off and discharged. They are principally sea-beachers and mountaineers, and some of them are very good men; but others seem to have no idea of the proprietorship of property. They help themselves to it as canvas-back ducks the grass that grows in the Potomac, or migratory birds the berries which bloom in the forests through which they wander. They hardly left fowls enough here on which to keep Christmas. Could dismembered hens lay eggs, they would have more chickens in their stomachs than they ever had dollars in their pockets.

CHAPTER XII.

RETURN OF T. O. LARKIN.—THE TALL PARTNER IN THE CALIFORNIAN.—MEXICAN OFFICERS.—THE CYANE.—WAR MEMENTOES.—DRAMA OF ADAM AND EVE.—CARNIVAL.—BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.—A CALIFORNIA CAPTAIN.—APPLICATION FOR A DIVORCE.—ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBUS.

TUESDAY, FEB. 9. The U. S. ship Cyane, S. F. Dupont commander, is just in from San Diego. She was dispatched to bring up General Kearny and suit, and our consul, T. O. Larkin, Esq. The arrival of the Independence was not known at San Diego when the Cyane sailed. The return of Mr. Larkin was warmly greeted by our citizens. Even the old Californians left their corridors to welcome him back. He was captured by those engaged in the outbreak some three months since, and has been closely guarded as a prisoner of war. Still, in the irregularities of the campaign, and the easy fidelity of those who kept watch, he has had many opportunities of effecting his escape, but declined them all. He was on the eve, at one time, of being taken to Mexico, and got ready for the long and wearisome journey; but some of his captors relented, and he was allowed to remain at the town of the Angels, when the success of the American arms relieved him. He experienced during his captivity many acts of kindness. Even the ladies, who in California are always on the side of those who suffer, sent him many gifts, which contributed essen-

tially to his comfort. But he is once more with his family, and long may it be before he takes another such trip as his last.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10. My tall partner in the Californian is back at last from his three months' trip to San Francisco. I excused his long absence, and cheerfully endured all the toil of getting out the paper, with only the assistance of a type-setting sailor, under the vague impression that he was hunting up a wife. But he has come back as single as he came into the world. Whether his solitude is a thing of choice or necessity I have not inquired. A man's celibacy is a misfortune, with which it seems wicked to trifle. It is too selfish for pity and too serious for mirth. But let my partner go; he will get a wife in due time; indeed he has had one already; and that is about the number which nature provides. Some, it is true, take a second, and a few totter on to a third, seemingly that they may have company when they totter into the grave. Go down to your narrow house alone in the majesty of an unshaken faith, and trust to meet the partner of your youth in heaven. She waits there to beckon you to the hills of light. Meet her not with a harem of spirits at your side, but singly, as on earth,

When first beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The love she long had veiled from view,
Her soft, uplifted eyes betrayed,
As fell their broad, bright glance on you.

THURSDAY, FEB. 11. Two of the officers of Gen. Castro sent through me to-day to Com. Shubrick, applications for permission to return to Mexico. They are very poor, having received no pay since our flag was raised. There are many more in the same situation. They are entitled to our sympathy. They have tried, it is true, to retake the country; but they are not to blame for that: who would not have done the same, situated as they have been? We may call their courage sheer rashness; but even that has higher claims to respect than pusillanimity. They fought for their places, it is true, but I do not see why there is not quite as much honor in a man's fighting for bread with which to feed his children, as for a feather with which to plume his ambition. Very few in these days fight from pure patriotism. Some hope of profit or preferment lights their path and lures them on. There has been, I apprehend, quite as much love of country in the Californian as the American, in the storm of battle which has swept over this land.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12. The Cyane sailed to-day for San Francisco, where she will be allowed a short repose. And truly she merits this indulgence; she has been, under her indefatigable commander, for six months incessantly on duty, and has performed some exploits that will figure in history. All our ships on this coast have been extremely active, and their crews more active still. Wherever they have let go

their anchors, it has been for service on shore. They have furled their sails only to unfurl their flags, and have relinquished the rope only to handle the carbine. Not a man of them has been missed in the hour of peril; not a murmur has escaped their lips in privation and fatigue. They have done the duty of soldiers as well as sailors. They have conquered California.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13. The great scarcity of provisions here, and the difficulty experienced in subsisting our forces, has induced Com. Shubrick to issue a circular, throwing the ports open for six months to all necessary articles of food. This step is characterized by sound policy as well as humanity. It will have the effect of lowering the exorbitant prices which we are now paying for these articles, and go far to secure the good will of the citizens. Every measure which relieves the present exigency, will be fully appreciated. The scarcity is the result, in some measure, of the war; in this we have a responsibility, and the least we can do is to relieve, so far as it lies in our power, the calamity which it has entailed.

SUNDAY, FEB. 14. The bones which bleach on the battle-field, and the groans which load the reluctant winds, are not the saddest memorials of war. They lie deeper; they are confined in decayed virtue, and in the convulsions of outraged humanity. They convert the heart of a nation into a charnel-house,

where the gloomy twilight only serves to betray the corruption which festers within. Flowers may bloom over it, and garlands be woven of their fragrant leaves, but within is death. We shudder at a recollection of the Deluge, and still gaze with wonder and fear at its ghastly memorials: *that* catastrophe, however, swept the earth but once, and then departed; but war has for ages trampled over it in blood, followed by the shrieks of fatherless children, and the wail of ruined nations.

Where'er the blood-stained monster trod
Fell deep and wide the curse of God:

MONDAY, FEB. 15. We have had the drama of Adam and Eve as a phase in the amusements, which have been crowded into the last days of the carnival. It was got up by one of our most respectable citizens, who for the purpose converted his ample saloon into a mimic opera-house. The actors were his own children, and those near akin. They sustained their parts well except the one who impersonated Satan; he was of too mild and frank a nature to represent such a daring, subtle character. It was as if the lark were to close his eyes to the touch of day, or the moon to invest herself with thunder. But Eve was beautiful, and full of nature as an unweaned child. She rose at once into full bloom, like the Aphrodite of Phidias from the sparkling wave. Every sound and sight struck on her wondering sense, as that of a being just waked to life. Her untaught

motions melted into flowing lines, soft and graceful as those of a bird circling among flowers.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too her dusky hair:
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

The features of Adam betrayed his affinity to Eve. It was a brother's pride hovering over a sister's loveliness. This imparted the highest moral charm to the association. No unhallowed thought cast an ambiguous shadow on the purity of their bliss. It was dashed by the evil one while yet untouched by sorrow. When all was lost, Adam sustained himself in his irreparable calamity with majestic resignation. In a moment of forgetfulness he cast the blame on his companion, but her silent tears instantly subdued him, and he clasped her to his heart. There is no affection so deep as that which springs from sympathy in sorrow. Tears fell here and there among the spectators, as the exiled pair left forever their own sweet Eden. The birds became silent as if they had sung only for the ear of Eve; the flowers would not lift themselves from the light pressure of her departing footstep; and the streamlet trembled in its flow, as if afraid it might lose the image, which her disappearing form had cast upon its crystal mirror.

TUESDAY, FEB. 16. It is past midnight, and I have just come from the house of T. O. Larkin, Esq.,

where I left the youth, the beauty, the wisdom, and worth of Monterey. There are more happy hearts there than I have met with in any other assemblage since I came to California. This is the sunshine that has followed the war-cloud. This being the last night of the carnival, every one has broken his last eggshells. But few of them contained cologne or lavender; nearly all were filled with golden tinsel. Ladies and gentlemen too are covered with the sparkling shower, and the lights of the chandeliers are thrown back in millions of mimic rays. Two of the young ladies, remarkable for their sprightliness and beauty, broke their eggs on the head of our commodore, and got kissed by way of retaliation. They blushed, but still enjoyed their triumph. I did not venture the *lex talionés* in this form, but I had eggs, and came off pretty even in the battle. The hens will now have a little peace, and be allowed to hatch their chickens. The origin of this egg-breaking custom I have not been able to learn. It seems lost in the twilight of antiquity. I must leave it to those walking mummies, who love to grope among the catacombs of perished nations: should they discover it, their shouts will almost shake down the Egyptian pyramids.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17. A convict on our public works managed to escape to-day, carrying off his ball and chain. Well, if he only will stop stealing, he may run to earth's utmost verge. I always like to see a fellow get out of trouble, and sometimes half forget

his crimes in his misfortunes. This is not right, perhaps, in one situated as I am; but I cannot help it; it is as much beyond my will as the pulses which throb in my veins.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19. The volunteers, who accompanied Col. Fremont to the south, are beginning to return to their homes on the Sacramento. Several of them have stopped here on their way up, and report every thing tranquil below. They murmur in deep undertones over their failure to reach the Pueblo before the forces under Com. Stockton, and ascribe their disappointment to a want of confidence in their courage and skill. I know not how this may be; but, certainly, many and most of them could have had but very little experience in California modes of warfare. They may have been as brave as Cæsar, and their very daring have contributed to their defeat. The secret of success here, where lances are used, lies in a commander's keeping his troops compact; but this is almost a moral impossibility where men are well mounted and as full of enthusiasm as a Cape Horn cloud of storms; without the severest discipline, they will dash ahead, and take consequences however fatal. It was this error which cost Capt. Burrows and his brave companions their lives.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20. We have had a fresh stir to-day, in the arrival of Lieut. Watson, of the navy, with dispatches for Com. Shubrick and Gen. Kearny, and

with private letters to many of the officers. I have one dated quite into November, and from my own hearth and home. I rushed into the middle of it, then to each end, to ascertain that all were well; and felt there was still one spot of earth covered with golden light.

Mr. Watson sailed from New York, November twelfth, in the brig *Sylvan*, landed at Chagres, and reached Panama on the twenty-seventh of the same month; was detained there waiting for a conveyance till December the twenty-fifth, when he took passage in an English steamer for Callao, fell in with the U. S. storeship *Erie*, at Payta, on January third, went on board of her, and arrived at San Francisco in thirty-nine days. But for the detention in Panama, he would have reached here from New York in sixty-seven days. But even this passage may be still further abridged by a line of steamers. The day is not distant when a trip to California will be regarded rather as a diversion than a serious undertaking. It will be quite worth the while to come out here merely to enjoy this climate for a few months. It is unrivalled, perhaps, in the world.

SUNDAY, FEB. 21. The American Tract Society has sent me out, by the *Lexington*, a large box of their publications. Nothing could be more timely. I have not seen a tract circulating in California. Emigrants are arriving, settling here and there, without bringing even their Bibles with them. The same is

true of the United States troops. All these are to be supplied from home, and by those two great institutions which are now throwing the light of life over continents and isles. It remains for the Missionary Society to do its duty, and dispatch to this shore the self-denying heralds of the Cross.

MONDAY, FEB. 22. This is the birth-day of Washington. The Independence and Lexington are brilliantly dressed; the flags of all nations stream over them in a gorgeous arch. A salute of twenty-eight guns from the Independence has expressed the homage of each state to the occasion. Even here, and among the native population, Washington is known, and his virtues are revered. People speak of him as a being exempted from the weaknesses of our nature—as one commissioned of Heaven for a great and glorious purpose, and endowed with the amazing powers requisite for its accomplishment. It is the character of Washington that will never die. His achievements will long survive on the page of history, but his character is embalmed in the human heart. It is not a man's deeds that of themselves render him immortal. There must be some high consecrating motive. He who reared the most gigantic of the pyramids has perished. He sought an eternal remembrance in his monument, and not in any virtues which it was to perpetuate. The monument remains, but where is its builder?

“Gone, glimmering through the twilight of the past.” •

TUESDAY, FEB. 23. We are eagerly looking for the arrival of store-ships from the United States. Our squadron is without provisions, except fresh grub from the shore. Our ships, as far as sea-service is concerned, are of about as much use as so many nautical pictures. They look stately and brave, as they ride at anchor in our bay; but let them go to sea, and they would carry famine with them. It is a strange policy that keeps a squadron on this coast in such a disabled condition. One would suppose the Department had concluded men could live at sea on moonshine.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24. A Californian woman complained to me, several months since, of very ill-treatment from her husband. He was thoroughly indolent, cross, and abusive. She had him and the children to feed and clothe, while he did nothing but lounge about, find fault, and abuse her. She asked for a divorce; but I told her she must be satisfied, for the present, with a separation. So I called him before me, and ordered him to gather up his traps, and leave the house for six months. He grumbled a little, but obeyed the order.

To-day, the woman returned, and said she would try to live with her husband again; that he often now walked past the house, and looked very lonely and dejected; that she felt sorry for him, and, if I was willing, she would try him again. I told her, with all my heart; that this was good Christian conduct in her, and much better than a divorce. She seemed

gratified with this warm commendation ; so did her husband with the permission to return. How the restoration will turn out, remains to be seen. But how forgiving is the heart of woman ! Where she has once loved, the affection never dies. Neglect may chill it, but it will bud again, as plants, over which the snows of winter have been spread.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25. A courier arrived to-day from los Angeles. Every thing continues quiet there. The Californians had entirely dispersed, and retired to their ranchos, with the exception of those few who had gone upon a forlorn hope to Sonora. They will never be able to raise a force there sufficient to make any impression here. Mexico has enough to do in her own borders, without an attempt to retake California.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26. A captain of artillery in the Californian army, said to me a few days since, that his military career was now over, that he had a numerous family to maintain, and he thought of engaging in making adobes, if I would sell him a small patch of ground for that purpose, belonging to the municipality ; but stated that he had no money, and was not a little puzzled to know how he was to pay for it, unless I would suggest some method by which he could work it out with his boys and team. I told him I was drawing stone for a prison ; that he could engage in this, and should be allowed the highest

cash price. To-day I found him, with his boys, at the quarry, lifting the stone into his cart. To show him that I connected no idea of degradation with the work, I turned to and assisted in heaving in one of the hugest in the pile. He wanted to know if the people in the United States generally worked. I told him all, except a few loafers and dandies, who were regarded as a public nuisance. He said he was glad to hear it ; for he must now work himself, and it would be an easier lot with others to share it with him. I assured him he would have company enough, as the emigration poured in over the mountains. I must say, I have more respect for this working captain of artillery, than for forty of his rank clinging to the shreds of office, and shrinking from honest labor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27. The weather continues bright and beautiful. The air is soft, the sky clear, the trees are in bud, and the fields are medallioned with flowers. A bouquet of these floral offerings was sent me to-day by a California lady, with a little note in liquid Castilian, that I would accept them as emblems of those hopes, which were timidly expanding into life for California. Long may those hopes remain, and long the gentle being who has sent these tokens live to walk in their light. She is one, over whom adversity has swept ; but she breaks from its gloomy veil, bright as a star from the shadow of the departed cloud.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28. It is Lent; and the family that live the next door to mine, are at their evening prayers. They were merry as a marriage-bell during carnival, and now they are in sackcloth and ashes. Religion has a wide vibration to reach these extremes of mirth and melancholy. But life itself is made up of vicissitudes; wealth disappears in poverty; smiles dissolve in tears; and the light of our mortal being goes out in the night of the grave. But there is a higher life that is never overcast—a spirit-home, where sorrow and change come not. Thither let the weary lift the eye of faith, and forget the cares which environ their pilgrimage here.

MONDAY, FEB. 29. Our harbor has been thrown into some commotion again by another of the great leviathans of the deep. The U. S. ship of the line Columbus, commanded by Capt. Wyman, and bearing the broad pennant of Com. Biddle, entered our bay in stately majesty this morning. She came in before a light breeze, under a vast cloud of canvas, and rounded to in splendid style, near the Independence. She is the largest ship that has ever been on this coast. Ladies and gentlemen watched from hill-top and balcony her approach. She is last from Callao; her crew have recovered from the effects of the East India climate, and her officers are all in excellent spirits. They preferred, of course, a more immediate return home, but evinced no want of alacrity in obeying the mandate that has brought

them here. I find among them my esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Newton, highly and justly respected in the service. We separated in Philadelphia to meet in California! After this we may expect to encounter each other at the North Pole!

TUESDAY, MARCH 3. The U. S. ship Warren, under Commander Hull, is in from San Francisco. She is now in the fourth year of her cruise, and has hardly copper enough on her to make a warming-pan. Some say she will tumble to pieces if an attempt is made to get her around Cape Horn. But she has weathered many stormy headlands, and would undoubtedly weather that. Still, she may be detained here as a harbor-ship; but wiser heads than mine will determine that question. Her crew ought to be permitted to return; it is cruel to keep men out as they have been. The sailor's lot is hard enough, indeed, when every suitable effort is made to relieve it. There are but few drops of real happiness in his cup of sorrow. He has his pastimes, it is true, but they partake more of insanity than sober gladness. He is cradled in adversity, reared in neglect, and dies in the midst of his days; and over his floating bier the ocean thunders its dirge.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4. The convict that escaped a short time since was overtaken by my constable ninety miles distant, and brought back to-day. He looked like one whose last desperate hope had been

baffled. I asked what he attempted to run away for. He said the devil put it into his head. I told him the poor old devil had enough to answer for without being charged with his offences, and doubled the time of his sentence, which was only for six months, and sent him back to the public works. He is rather a hardened character, but if he has got a good vein in him, I will try to find it. And in the mean time I shall set the prisoners quarrying stone for a school-house, and have already laid the foundations. The building is to be sixty feet by thirty—two stories, suitably proportioned, with a handsome portico. The labor of the convicts, the taxes on rum, and the banks of the gamblers, must put it up. Some think my project impracticable; we shall see.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEOPLE OF MONTEREY.—THE GUITAR AND RUNAWAY WIFE.—MOTHER ORDERED TO FLOG HER SON.—WORK OF THE PRISONERS.—CATCHING SAILORS.—COURT OF ADMIRALTY.—GAMBLERS CAUGHT AND FINED.—LIFTING LAND BOUNDARIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6. I have never been in a community that rivals Monterey in its spirit of hospitality and generous regard. Such is the welcome to the privileges of the private hearth, that a public hotel has never been able to maintain itself. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come without the slightest ceremony, make yourself entirely at home, and tarry as long as it suits your inclination, be it for a day or for a month. You create no flutter in the family, awaken no apologies, and are greeted every morning with the same bright smile. It is not a smile which flits over the countenance, and passes away like a flake of moonlight over a marble tablet. It is the steady sunshine of the soul within.

If a stranger, you are not expected to bring a formal letter of introduction. No one here thinks any the better of a man who carries the credentials of his character and standing in his pocket. A word or an allusion to recognized persons or places is sufficient. If you turn out to be different from what your first