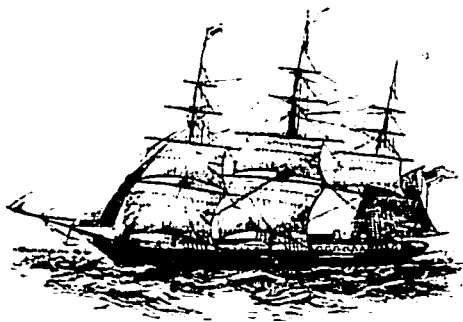


# CONSIGNMENTS

TO  
EL DORADO

A Record of the Voyage of the Sutton by  
Thomas Whaley

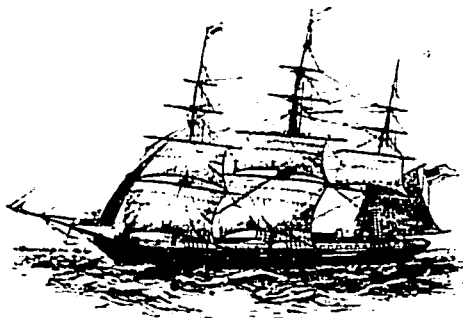


Compiled and edited from the original manuscript,  
with journal and letters of 1848-49, together with  
notes and original illustrations, by June Allen Reading,  
Whaley House Museum, San Diego, California  
16 pages of illustrations

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\$10.00

## CONSIGNMENTS TO EL DORADO

*A Record of the Voyage of the Sutton*  
by THOMAS WHALEY

Compiled and edited by  
JUNE ALLEN READING

With the discovery of gold in 1848, California became a magnet for adventurous, fortune-seeking men throughout the nation. One who was drawn to the Promised Land was twenty-four-year-old Thomas Whaley, member of a prominent New York City family and a businessman of versatile talents—not only merchant, but also architect, artist, gambler, explorer, and civic leader. This book contains the journal and letters written by Whaley on his 15,000-mile, 240-day voyage to California on the *Sutton*.

Here readers get a firsthand, personal account of the customs and concerns of the day. Whaley shares with them the adventures, thrills, everyday events, pastimes, animosities, tragedies and living conditions that marked his less than serene trip on the sailing vessel. He describes the personalities of his fellow passengers, violent storms with mountainous waves, flying fish, a shark that was caught, almost unbearable tropical heat, felt all the more because of cramped quarters, quarrels between the captain and his mate, a drowning, a suicide, and the landing on deck of an albatross. From these and other observations emerge his own distinctive character:

FEB. 12 "The heat is oppressive . . . the fact is there are too many passengers, more than there is accommodations for . . . I awake in the morning in a fever with my linen saturated with perspiration . . . pent up seven or eight hours in a small apartment no larger than six by four feet and this too shared with another."

*(continued on back flap)*

Consignments to El Dorado

(continued from front flap)

FEB. 27 *Rio De Janeiro* "... Last night at 10½ Mr. Theophilus Valentine one of the forward passengers blew out his brains."

MAR. 21 "... Rough seas ... Ship uneasy ... Cry all hands on deck ... Sternboat gave way to four passengers in the Sea, quarter boat lowered, picked up one, two climbed up ... Schoonmaker drowned."

MAY 14 *Valparaiso* "... After dinner took a stroll. Midshipman's alley terrible row, police ... stabbing and cutting ... Retired to hotel, impossible to get room."

JULY 15th "We are still upon the bosom of the mighty deep ... little prospect of reaching 'Eldorado' ... believe the *Old Sutton* is like the *Flying Dutchman*, doomed eternally to wander the seas over."

In California Whaley was one of the elect who struck it rich, not in the gold fields but in the mercantile business he established to serve the early settlers. He soon made San Diego his permanent home, married and built what was for many years the most elegant home in Southern California. Today it is the Whaley Museum, a focal point for historical-minded tourists who visit the area.

In *Consignments to Eldorado* readers will enjoy a lively, vividly written piece of Americana and obtain a colorful view of life aboard a sailing vessel more than a century ago.

From the thousands of papers in the Whaley House collection, June Allen Reading prepared the text and illustrations that make up this volume. She also has written the illuminating Introduction which traces the history of the Whaley family, gives a panoramic view of early New York and sets the stage for Whaley's writing.

AN EXPOSITION-LOCHINVAR BOOK  
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WHALEY

# Consignments to El Dorado

Exposition  
Lochinvar



JUNE ALLEN READING

CONSIGNMENTS TO  
EL DORADO  
*A Record of the Voyage of the Sutton*

by

Thomas Whaley

COMPILED AND EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPT, WITH JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF 1848-49,  
TOGETHER WITH NOTES AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

By JUNE ALLEN READING  
WHALEY HOUSE MUSEUM  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

*An Exposition-Lochinvar Book*

EXPOSITION PRESS



NEW YORK

DEDICATED TO  
Mrs. MARGARET REYNOLDS GERLACH

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## PREFACE

Thomas Whaley was a man of many talents—explorer, gambler, artist, architect, merchant, civic leader, and rather handsome, in a quiet sort of way. More outstanding than any of this, by far, was the manner in which he recorded some important events.

His period was long ago in the Victorian era but is right before your eyes as he describes what he sees and hears on a trip to California in the year 1849. For no matter where he went, or what he did, Tom somehow found time to "write, if it be but a line a day."

We pick up our hero in the port of New York, where he climbs aboard a creaky, wooden sailing ship bound for a long and eventful voyage to California. We tramp the deck and cheer with him as the *Sutton*, a lofty pyramid of canvases, sweeps grandly by a wallowing brig, leaving her far astern, while en route to Rio de Janeiro. There we row ashore to walk the town, buy "Segars" and fresh fruit, and exchange sly glances with the pretty señoritas. We attend the theatre, and a fine celebration honoring the inauguration of President Zachary Taylor. As we travel toward Valparaiso, we ride out a treacherous storm, and speak and visit ships, constantly picking up facts on some pirates, high prices and a variety of interesting people. Besides, all along the way we get an unusually clear picture of our traveler through his observations of a colorful, turbulent time—one we know as the gold rush.

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To each individual and organization, my deepest thanks.

Consignments to El Dorado

"Write, if it be but a line a day."

CORNWALL

## Introduction: New York Heritage

Focus your attention on the small cotton packet being towed out from Burling Slip by the sidewheeler *Hercules* this snowy, blustery New Year's Day, January 1, 1849. Here is a ship called the *Sutton*, up for the gold coast, slowly making her way past the variety of vessels in New York's crowded harbor. She slips silently into the East River, first pausing by the fashionable resort of Battery Park, where gathering crowds shout, cheer and wave tearful goodbyes. Then, moving on through the Narrows and out around Sandy Hook, she pauses, waiting for the wind to bring her to life. Suddenly, as she creaks and moves like some giant bird preparing to soar, her sails billow out, the house flag flutters up and out from the mainmast, and she glides away on her course. She will be facing perhaps her greatest test on this 15,000-mile voyage. Her destination? A place with a strange-sounding name, San Francisco. Who among the human menagerie aboard her, consisting of passengers, the roisterous crew, now scurrying about last-minute chores to the rhythm of "Sally Brown," and her hard-driving Captain James Wardle, now shouting orders, knows if the *Sutton* will survive the hazardous passage westward? The Captain, a man of mercurial disposition, bravely faces the challenge with such determination that he will try to set a sailing record. He is capable of forcing his crew to the limit, even with belaying pin and handspike if need be.

If the old canvas-back survives the man-killing hardships of the Cape Horn rollers, those mountainous waves that can sweep a whole watch away, it will indeed be a miracle! But the variety of life aboard the vessel now darting excitedly about, pointing at the sea birds swooping into the spray, or staring up at the towering pyramids of canvas that heel and sway in the wind, are caught up in the dreamlike spell of the ship and the mystery



of the sea. Still, this voyage halfway around the world is not to be taken lightly. What will this journey spell for them?

The eyewitness to this frantic shipboard activity is among the passengers. He stands somewhat apart, yet watching with interest and committing to memory the scene for a future entry in his journal. Then, turning, both hands gripping the rail, his hazel eyes fasten steadily, longingly, on the fast-fading strip of narrow island called Manhattan. It may be some time before he will gaze upon this, the land of his birth, his family or friends again. Yet this young man, together with his fellow passengers, will take part in the story of the rounding out of the United States on this trip, one that centers on the rich domain of California.

Probably because he is a merchant, Thomas Whaley realizes more than the others the importance of this voyage. He goes, not for gold, but with valuable consignments stowed in the ship's hold. His job? To satisfy the demands of New York shippers and arrive at his destination with all possible speed. A promised partnership in the firm dangles over him as an elusive prize, so, casting aside the elements of risk and danger, he prepares to endure whatever comes his way. If the gamble is successful, he will reap a handsome reward. Now the race is on, and the voyage will determine how quickly the much needed supplies can be brought to the San Francisco markets.

It is too late for our merchant to wonder if he has been foolhardy in choosing the wild and virtually isolated area of the Far West to make his mark. His spirit of daring and adventure could never be contented with a life of comparative ease, even as a merchant prince of New York, not even with his own countinghouse on packet row in South Street.

The wheel of fortune was turning, and the young man would place his foot upon it and ride as the world revolved to its apex. The vision would become reality for him as he recorded his experiences of this voyage. In doing so he would clothe the dry bones of history with flesh and spirit, bringing to life his times, a great and spectacular era that saw the rise of the clipper ships. The reality would exist as he scratched out with his quill, "We are off now, and no mistake."

Manhattan Island, which he gazed upon so fondly that wintery day, 1849, presented a vastly different appearance than it does today. The narrow island now groans under what is probably the greatest concentration of structures and people ever to gather on a portion of the earth's surface. Yet as early as 1807 the inhabitants of the cramped community knew the meaning of congestion, long before subways and automobiles became part of the local scene. The population was concentrated in the end of the island, between the Battery and Canal Street, right at the water's edge. There was only one way the populace could move; that was uptown. Uptown then was a lonely twelve-mile stretch of wilderness, dotted sparsely here and there with farms and country estates. Even then New York was rapidly rising, expanding in population, commerce and wealth, fast becoming the largest city in the country. It was a development scarcely equaled before or since by any other city. During the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, merchant mariners had accomplished an almost impossible task. Against rather fantastic odds they had built a fleet of ships that enabled America to achieve victory during those wars. Our swift American frigates and privateers had outsailed and out-manuevered England's clumsy merchantmen and fighting ships, enabling the United States to gain the title of mistress of the seas. The commercial wealth had founded banks, built churches, factories and ships. It was an era when shipbuilding was the great industry, and shipbuilders were men of prominence in the community, drawing the most skilled in their craft to the United States, and particularly to New York. Shipping, accordingly, was stimulated by the aftereffects of these two wars, which resulted in the establishment of the Liverpool packets and the Black Ball Line, as well as packet lines which operated between New York, London and Havre. New York's harbor, together with her fine system of inland waterways, had opened to her merchants a doorway through which they were able to gain and retain pre-eminence in both foreign and domestic trade.

By 1848 the port of New York extended around the city for a distance of six miles. The foreign shipping trade, as well as the ships of the largest class engaged in the coastwise trade,

was almost all accommodated at the quays on the East River, where the wharves were built of wood. Those to the north, in the neighborhood of Peck Slip, were used by smaller ships, chiefly schooners and sloops engaged in trade with New England. Between the wharves and the buildings facing the waterfront was a broad thoroughfare, which made almost a circuit of the town. Next came the private shipyards, with boats, barges, sloops, schooners and steamers in all stages of construction. Below these, the port of New York exhibited its most imposing aspect, the city side of the East River being covered as far as the eye could reach with a forest of masts as dense and tangled in appearance as a cedar swamp, while numerous vessels of all sizes and rigs were also to be seen moored to the wharves of Brooklyn. This broad and deep fairway between the two lines of vessels was alive with every species of floating craft. Following the line of the quays, one soon came to the slip at the foot of Clinton Street, where the Atlantic steamships *Great Western* and *Great Britain* were anchored. Massive piles of warehouses lined the riverfront. The broad quays were covered with produce of every clime, and barrels, sacks, boxes, hampers, bales and hogsheds were piled in continuous ridges along the street. As one approached the Battery, the activity and animation of the scene increased almost beyond description with a deafening and incessant noise.

Thomas Whaley's earliest recollections had been of the sea, ships and merchandise. In his day the East River waterfront was called Water Street and it was here that his people had located in business. The family, consisting of grandfather, great-uncles, father and mother, maintained shops here, as well as in Catherine and Mott streets. It is difficult to visualize such streets once lined on both sides with reputable stores, offices and residences. Yet if Thomas were able to view the city of his birth today, he would be shocked to see the neat two- and three-storied buildings gone and replaced by the skyscrapers of steel and concrete soaring into the sky. He would see a city that has all but managed to blot out its past, except perhaps for one little section that is fighting for its existence, called Greenwich. There, in Greenwich Village, along its crooked streets he might

find still some of the elements of Old New York. Whaley would recognize this section as the site of the homes of the first generation of American rulers. Greenwich, despite its many changes, for a long time retained the appearance of an early American town, with its beautiful, simple and practical small houses. In his day the area was cleaner than other parts of the city, being free of yellow fever and cholera.

New York in this period was a city basically dedicated to mercantile individualism, and the commercial houses and merchants reigned supreme. The aristocracy, which controlled the business interests, found roots in the old Knickerbocker families, descendants of the original Netherlands settlers, the English, who took part in the American Revolution as Whigs, or those who achieved recognition and became prominent as signers of the Declaration of Independence and members of the Continental Congress, as well as framers of the Constitution.

This group which controlled the cultural and political world of that time were, as a class, solid, substantial, unpretentious and of quality. There were the merchant princes, whose offices and ships held the commercial heartbeat of the continent in their palm, located in South Street. The small tradesmen and craftsmen were established in Pearl and Broad streets; wholesale grocers and tea merchants were to be found in Front Street, while tanners and carriers "kept" in an area known as the "Swamp." Wall Street, no longer a residential area, had become the financial district.

To better understand the stimulus for that drive which took our aspiring merchant on the hazardous journey around Cape Horn, some comment on Thomas Whaley's background becomes necessary. It was this force that took him from the relative security of an already established position in New York City to speculate, yes, gamble, on a business in the unknown and totally new world of California in 1849. Such a world was bound to be filled with sights and people that would seem to be entirely foreign to this forceful and determined youth, who at the time of his exodus was twenty-four years old.

Whenever this hazel-eyed youth put his quill to paper, recording events as he saw them, he was well aware of the

passing scene and that history was being made in his time. As he addresses his reader, a future audience, it becomes obvious he is writing not just to inform his mother, Rachel Whaley, and members of his family of his whereabouts for constant communication, but also for his children and their children to read the story of his experience. He seemed well aware of the importance of the event he was rapidly being involved in, an event of such impact that it affected all the nations of the world. One cannot help wondering if he sensed that his journal would become significant to people of a later time, also embarked upon an adventure in the twentieth century.

Since his people before him had been seafarers and traders, ocean travel was not a particularly new experience for him. He had, upon his graduation from Washington Institute in New York City, taken passage on a Havre packet, the *Mademsel*, to Europe with his tutor, Emile Mallet, to complete his education. This pattern of migratory adventuring, a family characteristic, had begun even prior to the founding of New Amsterdam. An ancestor, named Kip, a member of a group of wealthy Dutchmen, belonging to the "Company of Foreign Countries," in 1609 engaged the services of Hendrick Hudson and his ship the *Half Moon*. The westward exploration resulted in the founding of New Amsterdam in the New World. Hendrick Hendrickson Kippe, a Dutchman of French origin, attained immortality when the celebrated Washington Irving memorialized the landing party of explorers and settlers to the mainland. On this occasion, said Kip distinguished himself by firing his musketoon into the air, thereby routing the Indians on shore and bringing recognition to the family name. The area was to be designated from that time on as Kip's Bay. The family coat-of-arms was emblazoned on stained-glass windows of the first church erected in New Amsterdam and was also carved in stone over the door of the Kip's Bay House. The house was said to have been built in 1655 by his son Jacob, of bricks imported from Holland and carried with him aboard his vessel on a return voyage from Holland to New Amsterdam. Jacob Kip was granted the first city lot east of the little fort erected at the Battery. He became a member of Governor Stuyvesant's Council of Nine Men,

September 25, 1647, and in this capacity he assisted the Governor. All the early Dutch settlers, like the Kips, who became the grantees of the first large estates, were given manorial rights, which entitled them to all the privileges and social distinctions of the old country. It was from these classes that the first twenty names of New York composed its aristocracy, and to which the rights of Great Burgher accrued. These rights included the holding of public office, and exemption from attainder and confiscation of goods.

Of these twenty names, there were no fewer than three members of the Kip family listed, as well as five families with whom marriage alliances were formed. This was sufficient to enable the Kips to obtain several tracts of land interspersed with the estates of such well-known families as the Van Rensselaers, Beekmans, De Lancys, Van Courlandts, Livingstons and Lawrences.

The handsome brick house at Kip's Bay, invested with so many rich associations connected with the Revolutionary War, was located at 35th Street and 2nd Avenue. It stood for over 212 years and was conceded to be the oldest house in Manhattan. It existed in Thomas Whaley's earliest recollections as a large double house, with three windows on one side of the door, two on the other side and a large wing. On the right hand of the hall was the dining room, which extended from the front to the rear of the building. From the rear, two windows looked out over the bay and two overlooked the countryside. In the front yard remained two ancient, gnarled oak trees, while at the back of the house was the famous pear tree. It was said to have been planted by one of the ladies of the family in 1700, and despite its great age, still bore delicious fruit. The garden was noted for its roses. Here General Washington was presented with the *Rosa gallica*, which was first introduced into this country when it was planted in this garden. Many were the occasions when the youthful Thomas thrilled to the tales of the family patriarch, retelling the deeds of derring-do when General Washington used Kip's house as his headquarters; when General Howe crossed from Long Island in September of 1776, he debarked at the hard rocky point nearby and engaged the Con-

tinentials in a skirmish. Generals Kriphausen and Percy were sheltered by its pantile roof. The aged owner with his wife and daughter were allowed to remain, and there was always an officer of distinction quartered with them; and if a part of the family were in arms for Congress, as is alleged, it is certain that the others were active in behalf of the Crown. In 1780 a dinner party was held at Kip's Bay House honoring Sir Henry Clinton and the departure of Major John André, the agent of Benedict Arnold. Here plans were consummated to betray West Point into the hands of the British. The owners had overheard the words from Arnold's lips: "Plain John André will come back Sir John André." As General Greene said: "Treason of the blackest die was committed that night," but fate decreed otherwise, and thirteen days later the hero of the Continental Army swung from a traitor's gallows.

Another of the early Kips owned a "sheeps pasture" in New Amsterdam, which covered the present area of Wall Street: the block between it and Exchange Place, Hanover Square and Broad Street. He had been honored by having what was then Nassau Street named for him. He was a yacht captain engaged in river trade between New Amsterdam and the settlements now called Kingston and Albany.

In 1690 one of Hendrick's granddaughters married Albert Clock, captain of the sloop *Elizabeth*, under the command of General Leisler to act upon the French. Another grandson, Johannes, married Janetje, or Janet, Roosevelt, daughter of Nicholas, merchant of New York, who as early as 1720 was a part owner of the *Privateer*. Coming down through the years to the close of the Revolution, we find that branch of the Kip family whose sympathies adhered to the Crown having most of their vast estates and properties swept away by confiscation. The head of the family, a Leonard Kip, made an attempt to recover his property by retaining a lawyer, Alexander Hamilton, but the attempt failed. However, the Tory branches of the family did not lose their stature in the community, but gained back both economic and social stability through intermarriage with the wealthy and influential patriot families, such as that of the prominent Cornelius Jerolamen, who along with

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and Oronodates Mauran was heavily interested in the steamboat *Hercules*, the first vessel built for towing large ships in and out of New York harbor. Young Whaley's awareness of his family connections become evident as he notes in his first shipboard letter to his mother, as well as in his first journal entry, the fact that his ship *Sutton* is being towed by the *Hercules* toward Sandy Hook. No doubt he thrilled with pride as he watched this leave-taking operation, for his uncle's vessel was instrumental in helping him set off for his destination. His maternal ancestry included many famous names like the Ingrahams, of Greenvale Poughkeepsie, the Fishes, of seafaring and banking fame, and the Loves and Griswolds, who not only built and managed their own fleet of ships but sailed them in both the coastal and China trade. That year of 1849 would mark the departure of a Griswold ship, the *Tarolinta*, or *Italian Rose*, and moving along with the *Sutton*, she would be one of the early arrivals in California.

When *Lives of the English Regicides* was published in 1798, the author Rev. Mark Nobles, of Kent County, England, noted, "The Whaleys are a most ancient family," for the name continued through more than eight hundred years of English history and appeared prominently in every section of the country. In Lancaster, York, Leicester and Nottingham, large estates were held by persons of this name, all of whom were active in local and national governments. The decisive battle fought at Hastings and which continued from morning to sunset on October 14 of 1066 was led by the Norman standard-bearer, Wyamarus Whaley. The Conqueror, William, as a grateful memorial to his victory, built within two years an abbey on the battlefield and called it the Abbey of Bataille. Landed estates and other rewards were bestowed upon his men for distinguished service. Among the soldiers listed in the Domesday Book and the Rolls of Battle Abbey was the standard-bearer, Wyamarus, who received the lordship of Whaley in the wapentake of Blackburn, in the county of Lancaster. In the following generations, the nine sons of this name married daughters of Norman landholders, elevated to the peerage under William's reign. It was through

Wyamarus's brother, Stephen, that the alliance with the prominent Cromwell family was achieved; also through Stephen's lineage the Christian name of Thomas began, and was carried on through succeeding generations. Richard, grandson of Stephen, married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell. She was an aunt to Oliver Cromwell. This Whaley-Cromwell marriage produced five children; of these, at least three became distinguished in English history. The eldest, Thomas, became a member of Parliament; Elizabeth, next, married William Tiffin, a prominent merchant of London; Edward married Mary Middleton and would be remembered the longest by the English people.

Edward Whaley, born in 1615, was undoubtedly the best-known of this family. He was brought up to merchandise in the city of London, but when the conflict between Charles I and Parliament began, he took up arms in defense of the liberty of the subject. His rise from the lowest commissioned office in the army was rapid, and he distinguished himself in many battles and sieges. At the battle of Naseby, in 1645, the King commanded in person the royal troops; Fairfax, the parliamentary army, with Cromwell leading the right wing. In this conflict Edward Whaley displayed such valor and skill in routing superior numbers of the enemy's forces that Parliament voted him a "Colonel of the Horse," the thanks of the House and the sum of 100 pounds. In the next two years of the Civil War, no regiment was more busy than Colonel Whaley's. From July of 1645 to March of 1646 he was in the field with his troops. When Charles I surrendered himself to the Scots, May 5, 1646, the King's army had struck its last blow. The Scots delivered the King to the commissioners of the English Parliament, January 30, 1647. The Independents offered terms of reconciliation. The Commons passed a vote inclining to an accommodation with the King, but he madly refused to concede anything. The officers of the army, including Colonel Edward Whaley, saw that the question lay between their lives and his life. In August of 1647 the King was taken to Hampton Court and placed under the charge of Whaley. Oliver Cromwell feared violence to the King's person, as did the ruler himself, expecting a death like

that of his predecessors, Edward II and Richard II. Under these circumstances Oliver wrote the following letter:

For My Beloved Cousin, Col Whaley,

At Hamden Court,  
Putney, Nov., 1647

My Dear Cousin Whaley:

There are rumors abroad of some intended attempt of his Majesty's person. Therefore, I pray, have a care of your guards. If such a thing should be done it would be accounted a most horrid act.

Yours,

Oliver Cromwell

Royalists immediately charged Colonel Whaley with severity to the King, but Charles openly cleared him of the charges.

The greatest question of the war was now laid upon Cromwell. Hoping to mediate between the throne and Parliament and so recognize the state with safeguards against undue assumption of power, he found his austere warriors had become rulers of the nation. They mediated a fearful revenge on their captive King. They began to clamor for his head. He had to yield to their demands. Cromwell protested he wanted no part in such a design, and could not advise Parliament to strike such a blow. He well knew the deed would move the grief and horror of not only the Royalists but a majority of those who stood by the Parliament. Wisely he foresaw that the loyalty of every Cavalier, at the moment of execution, would be transferred to Charles II. Charles I was a captive, while Charles II was at liberty and could excite the nation in his favor. Cromwell protested until the refractory temper of the soldiers caused him to desist. The vital question of his government must be answered. A forcible resistance to save a prince whom no engagement could bind would be in vain. A part in the camp began to clamor for the head of the traitor, and a mutiny broke out which all the vigor and resolution of Cromwell could scarcely quell. It was as Macaulay said: "With many struggles and misgivings, and probably not without many prayers, the decision was made." Charles I was left to his fate. The House

of Lords rejected the proposition to bring the King to trial, and the reluctant Commons was made willing by the rule of the Army. By the Act of Commons, a court was created for the express purpose of trying the King. On January 20, 1649, the court opened in Westminster Hall. Colonel Edward Whaley was one of the judges appointed by Parliament to constitute the court for the trial of King Charles I, and did service with his regiment at the execution. Despite the fact that many thousands of citizens witnessed the act, the sight of the helpless King evoked a feeling of revulsion in the country at large; from that day began a reaction in favor of monarchy. It took all of Cromwell's vigor and ability to silence those districts in rebellion. Ireland was subjugated as never before. It was during the occupation of Ireland by the English that Colonel Edward Whaley's brother Henry received the appointment of Judge Advocate General and settled in the north country at Coleraine, Londonderry County. Edward Whaley, upon the reconstruction of the government under Cromwell, received charge of the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Warwick and Leicester, and the title of Major-General, being afterwards appointed Commissary-General of Scotland. When Cromwell died in 1658, his son, Richard, became successor, but lacked the military prestige of his father, for he had never borne arms or served in the army. Jealousies and ambition among the soldiers who had fought for their country inflamed with partisan resentment. A hot contest rose between Parliament and the army, and the affairs of the government reached a crisis. Richard Cromwell, unable to meet the demands of the hour and hold the reins of government, resigned.

Now men with a price on their heads, the regicides, Major-General Whaley and his son-in-law, Colonel William Coffe, fled the vengeance of King Charles II, reaching Boston in the summer of 1660, where they were kindly received by Governor Endicott. Four years later the King issued warrants for their arrest and sent commissioners after them. They fled, at length reaching Hadley, Massachusetts, where they remained in concealment some fifteen or twenty years. Here they found sympathetic friends in Rev. Mr. Williams and Richard Montague.

Both regicides were once concealed in the Montague home when search was made for them by emissaries of Charles II. Colonel Coffe remained at Hadley and died there in 1679 at 74 years. Whaley's fate seems to have been obscured, and records indicate he changed his name to Middleton to avoid detection. Yet at South Point, Maryland, there is a clump of trees south of a home belonging to a family named Robins, and these trees mark the site of the grave of Edward Whaley. Local tradition indicates that Whaley moved to Sinepuxent Neck, assuming the name Middleton, and did not resume his true name until the accession of William and Mary in 1688 made it safe to do so. Records have been cited to show that Whaley was a co-patentee of Genezir, Maryland, in 1684. There is also a house in the village of Snow Hill, founded in 1686, called the Whaley House, where he may have lived, during the pastorate of Rev. Samuel Davis.

It was from the north of Ireland in Londonderry County that Henry Whaley's grandson, James, came in 1722 to settle at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Dr. Alexander Whaley, of Verona, New York, had the big family Bible telling of the Scotch-Irish background of the family, whose name was emphatically English, of Norman origin. The civil wars had caused their migration from England, through Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America, seeking surcease from the strife of war and continual upset.

James Whaley's family received their instructions in the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Church, and their faith was deeply rooted. For them the Church of our Pilgrim Fathers lacked the charm and satisfaction found in their own, and they did not remain in Plymouth long. During this time Rev. James Hillhouse, of Freehall, came from the same county in Ireland and settled as a pastor of a church in the town of New London, Connecticut, then called the North Parish. In 1786 it became the town of Montville. Mr. Hillhouse was an able preacher, having been educated at the University of Glasgow. The family attraction to him as a fellow countryman of a like faith was such that the eldest and youngest sons of the family moved, and found residence in the town of New London.

Alexander Whaley, Jr., the youngest son, moved to Newtown, Long Island, and married Abigail Leverich. Abigail's people had resided there from 1633, when the first of the family, a Rev. William Leverich, a graduate of Cambridge, was engaged as minister in the Colonies. He brought his sons, Eleazer and Caleb, to Newtown, worked to impart religious truth to the Indians and spent the rest of his life serving the communities of both Newtown and Huntington, being along with his children one of the original founders and members of the Presbyterian Church. He acquired land in various sections of the town and enjoyed the esteem of his neighbors. The godly William Leverich's influence and spirit on his family and his grandchildren, as well as on those who married into it, was profound indeed. The area came under the influence of the strong, outspoken and revolutionary spirit, and Newtown was a stronghold of Presbyterian faith and Whig sympathizers.

At the time of the Revolution, Alexander and Abigail Whaley were living with and amongst her people, where Alexander engaged in his trade of gunsmith. The Whigs' uniform adhesion to the cause of liberty drew upon them, as a class, the particular virulence of the British and their mercenaries. When one of Alexander Whaley's brothers-in-law, David Van Cott, shot a British officer engaged in reconnoitering the American lines on Fort Putnam, the town was subjected to all the inconveniences and evils of an armed occupation. Troops were billeted upon the inhabitants, and families were subjected to the arbitrary authority of British officials and to the depredations and insults of the soldiery who were quartered on them. The woodlands, brushwood and fencing were rapidly appropriated to camp uses, teams were impressed into the King's service, and in many ways the people were made to feel the power of their conquerors. Thefts of garden vegetables and poultry were common, and were never punished unless the offenders were caught in the act; indeed, it was generally understood between the officers and men that punishment was meted out, not for theft but for being discovered in it. Many of the leading Whig inhabitants were imprisoned or in exile, their property seized by the enemy to be ravaged at their will. This revolutionary spirit smoldering

in the hearts of the Newtown Whigs was not a creature of the day, but one whose "principles and feelings" could be traced back to the founding of the colonies two hundred years. People like Alexander Whaley and his father and grandfather before him had been subjected to restrictions upon their manufactures and to duties on refined sugar, indigo, glass, paints, writing paper, parchment, tea and coffee. All these commodities were imported from England. It was most natural that these same men would pledge themselves not to import or consume tea or any other articles from the British possessions until the repeal of the revenue acts. Whaley, his brothers and his in-laws were all loyal and energetic in behalf of the American cause. They represented their community in the First Provincial Congress at New York, in 1775 and 1776, as well as at the convention of the state in 1776 and 1777. Alexander was always foremost in all county and local action which was calculated to advance the interests of his country. Sometime after the close of the Revolution, he moved to a property he inherited from his father, Alexander senior, on which he built his blacksmith and gun shop. He also purchased a neighboring portion of the loyalist Abraham Rappalye's forfeited estates, March 21, 1785, at Bushwick Cross Roads. The building which he occupied was erected by himself on what is now the south side of Flushing Avenue, in Brooklyn, his liberty pole rising from a little knoll some twenty feet west of the house.

In addition to the blacksmith and gun shop in Long Island, Alexander, together with his brothers, David, John and Thomas, started various shops in New York City. Alexander located at 18 Catherine Street; and during this time he acted in the capacity of customhouse officer at 62 Forsythe Street.

Alexander died in 1833, leaving the heritage of a staunch supporter of American freedom as one of the famous "liberty-boys," participating in the Golden Hill incident of 1770 in New York, also as a "Mohawk" in the Boston Tea Party. Among his most cherished possessions was a silver dollar presented him by General Washington, in lieu of a medal, for carrying a message through enemy lines during the battle of White Plains. The action, as recorded in an early history of Brooklyn, indicates

that Whaley's efforts helped save the American command from being cut off when British forces occupied the city of New York. For a twenty-year period or more the family enterprises carried on at 137-39 Chatham Street, 19 Fayette Street, 259 Water Street, 14 Mott Street, 16 Catherine Street, 94 Roosevelt Street, 319 Bowery and 46-48 Mott Street.

When Alexander's son, Thomas, married Rachel Pye in 1814, the alliance blended at least three generations of skills, businessmen and inventive genius of the respective families.

Rachel's father, Thomas Pye, was a silversmith and goldsmith from Tipton, Staffordshire, England, who came to the United States in 1793, locating first in the countryside at Brooklyn. With him came his motherless children, including Rachel, then a baby in arms. Her growing years were spent in the countryside amongst the various Pye relations—Kips, Jerolamens, Lowes and Mills.

When Thomas Whaley, Sr., established a locksmith shop at No. 10 3rd Street, in New York City, the senior Pye noted with pleasure the businesslike manner in which the new establishment was run, and with an observing eye to the quality of the locks produced, encouraged a partnership. Thus they would be able to expand the operation. The versatility of the Pye products ranged from hinges, doorplates and locks to exquisitely wrought silver and gold work. Thomas Whaley, Sr., lost no time but enjoyed his first opportunity to experiment with ideas he had long entertained for locking devices. The blending of manufacturing and business interests resulted in several contracts for locks and keys. Whaley's devoted attention to improving designs for these mechanisms enabled the firm in 1831 to reach the pinnacle of success in their field. That year the American Institute of Design in New York bestowed on them the coveted first award, consisting of a bronze medal and prize money, for their excellence of design and workmanship in locks and keys. With competition being keen as it was between manufacturers in that period, it is evident the Whaley-Pye products were outstanding. Whaley also continued his business interests in the gun shop, acting as a silent partner, yet handling sales and contacts. Soon he ventured into a third field, the manufacture

of engineer's and surveyors' equipment, at 126 William Street. Exhibiting all the energy and activity his son would manifest at a later date, he plunged deeply into the production of precision instruments. The buyers of the various lines ranged all along the eastern seaboard and into the southern states; there was also a contract with the United States Government Arsenal at Harpers Ferry. The nature of the business was such that Whaley frequently accompanied the products to their destination. It was on such a trip to St. Augustine, Florida, in 1832, that he contracted a severe fever and expired. His unexpected demise threw the burden of the business operation and raising of his children onto Rachel Whaley's shoulders.

Thomas and Rachel's family consisted of ten children, four of whom survived: three boys, John, Henry and Thomas, and one girl, Rachel Harriet.

That Thomas Whaley, who is the subject of our story, survived his birth without mishap was remarkable. New York in 1823 presented the appearance of a city besieged. It was the third epidemic of yellow fever, returning to the city with a fresh virulence and holding the inhabitants of the island locked in a deathlike grip. On October 5, as Rachel Whaley gave birth to her seventh child, his weak cries could scarcely be heard above the sounds from the street below. It was an unmistakable rumble of carts, hacks, wagons and horsemen over the cobblestones—a curious, solemn and continuous procession of humanity, moving effects, merchandise and boxes, pouring into Chatham Street in the direction of Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city on the post road to Boston. The fever grew worse by the hour, and through the night the sounds grew louder. At night the steady movement of death carts filled the street, collecting the tribute of the grave as well as still-living victims, pleading for help. The dead were collected like cordwood to be buried on the outskirts of town, the hopeless cases left unattended, to await death by an open grave. While church bells intoned mournfully, bulletins were posted continuously reporting the mounting death toll in the congested lower parts of the city. Business people, like old Mr. Taylor, who dealt in soap



and candles in Maiden Lane, who refused to close their shops went quickly to their graves. Finally, all business was suspended. As soon as Rachel was able to travel, Thomas and she gathered up a few belongings and the children and fled to the countryside of Brooklyn, hoping the clean fresh air would protect them all from the pestilence.

The years between 1823 and 1840, while Thomas junior grew, were marked by many changes. Despite outbreaks of disease, like Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever, the increase of the people into the community was fantastic, some 40,000 in five years' time. By 1824 the city fathers had established 5th Avenue, a straight road that was laid out from Washington Square. Gas-lights began to make their appearance, and the community was becoming known for its parades. Greenwich, which had formerly been considered a hamlet outside the city, was fast becoming a part of it. Broadway, which had grown up from a country lane established by the early settlers, was, according to the *New York Mirror*, "the most spacious and elegant street" and could "boast of some superb houses of painted brick." The streets were generally well paved and the sidewalks flagged.

During Thomas Whaley's growing years the pleasantest residential streets lay west of Broadway, from the Battery to Washington Square. Broadway from the Battery to 10th Street, a distance of about two miles, contained the principal retail shops. In 1831 Gramercy Park was established, Samuel Ruggles having given the land which it contained to the owners of lots bordering it.

The year 1835 also saw a disastrous fire that laid waste more than 600 buildings in the streets east of Broadway and south of Wall Street. The intense cold prevented the use of the fire engines and the only way the flames could be checked was by blowing up the buildings in the path of the conflagration. A visitor from Philadelphia remarked at the time that it was dangerous for a growing city to build four- and five-story buildings, and New York's catastrophe served as a timely warning to other sizable communities. The fire, supposedly caused by the explosion of a gas pipe, resulted in a \$17 million loss to the community, and it destroyed almost all the old Dutch city that

had survived the fires of 1776-77. In 1837 the city suffered a depression, prices rose to an all-time high, and there was increased poverty due to the fact that over 5,750 persons had migrated to the community. Riots and mob violence reared. Election frauds became common.

By 1837 there were five theatres, among these the Battery's Castle Garden. Niblo's Garden at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street was one of the most fashionable places during the summer. There were about 150 churches, 15 public schools and several private institutions of learning throughout the city.

Three thousand buildings were in the course of construction and the commerce of the city was greater than ever. Thirteen hundred sailing vessels entered the port annually. In this period 16 packets made regular trips between New York and Liverpool, 4 were involved in trade with Havre, 7 made trips to Savannah, and 10 traveled to Charleston, to say nothing of countless sailing vessels that made regular voyages to all intermediate points of importance along the coast.

Despite its rapid development New York was still open to criticism for the manner in which the streets were cleaned, but she had improved. Scavengers were employed to do the work, but their number was not sufficient to keep the streets thoroughly clean. The fire department boasted of employing 1,600 men, but the lack of water was a serious obstacle to its efficiency. Public cisterns were built at various places; as early as 1829 there were 40. However, rather than build more cisterns, the City Corporation built one large reservoir in 13th Street, near the Bowery, and supplied it with water from a deep well. From the reservoir, over nine miles of pipe were laid in the principal streets.

In the 1840's, with the population exceeding 400,000, sober-minded citizens could not be blinded by the evidence of an obvious material prosperity, which pointed up the fact that the city faced many serious problems that required solving if progress was to continue unchecked.

Despite catastrophes and problems, never had the commercial enterprise been greater. As an indication, duties paid the Port of New York were in the amount of 10 million, and 500 new mercantile businesses were established.

The sudden and untimely death of Thomas Whaley, Sr., in 1832 left his 39-year-old widow, Rachel, and her four remaining children in very comfortable circumstances. At the time the will was probated in 1833, the executors, Rachel, her brother, John Pye, and Adam Blackledge, a family friend, were more than agreeably surprised to find that the deceased had acquired some valuable property, not only in the city of New York but in Brooklyn and Williamsburg as well, most of which was unencumbered. The estate included the family home; the place of business and manufacture, consisting of a sizable lot and two brick buildings at 46-48 Mott Street; the household effects; a horse and carriage; the tools, implements and machinery requisite for said business; and the stock in trade. These were a house and lot at 3 Mott Street, then yielding rental income; a lot and slaughterhouse in 4th Street, near 2nd Avenue, yielding income; a lot on Albion Place, near the Bowery, unimproved; 4 lots on the Bloomingdale Road (now Broadway), on the corner of 61st Street, with a small building thereon, which also yielded income; and 4 lots on 61st Street near 7th Avenue, unimproved. There was a large amount of land on Oxford Street and Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, also property on Deane and Bergen streets, as well as the family burial plots at Williamsburg and Greenwood cemeteries.

The will specified that Rachel was to be given the use of the real and personal property, to enable her while single to conduct the business, supporting herself and the children, and to enable her to bring them up respectably during their minority. In the event of her remarriage the property was to be divided among her children, John and Henry, the two older boys, were to receive an undivided half-interest in the tools of the trade and stock, plus a cash settlement when reaching maturity. Thomas, the youngest boy, was to receive a liberal education, if he chose to take it, and a cash settlement sufficient to establish himself in business, comparable to the cost of the education, plus a cash settlement when he reached maturity. Rachel Harriet, the baby of the family, could have her choice of an education or a piano, plus the cash settlement when she became of age or married. The father requested the executors to ex-

ercise reasonable judgment in carrying out the terms of his will, and made ample provisions for them to dispose of the property and invest the proceeds in stocks or bonds, allowing the proceeds to accumulate until such time as the final division of the estate occurred. Either at the death of his widow or in the event she remarried, it was requested that the final settlement be made in conformity with the statute directing the division of estates to the heirs-at-law. Rachel, realizing the holdings of her late husband exceeded over \$200,000 at that early date, chose to handle the rental properties and business herself. In addition to the above holdings, she acquired a good-sized property at 27th Street and Madison Avenue. By the time the session with the lawyer was over, she also had determined to retain control of her husband's estate as long as possible. Meantime, the younger children, Rachel Harriet and Thomas junior, were sent to boarding schools in Colchester, Connecticut, while Henry and John chose to apprentice in their father's shop, at her suggestion. Rachel wanted to keep her children with her as long as possible, under the circumstances, and in doing so, would exercise controls upon them, keeping them dependent upon her for some time to come. She could rely on Thomas junior to carry on the financial aspects, for she was giving him advantages—every opportunity to receive a liberal education;<sup>1</sup> John and Henry would handle the manufacturing and the sale of the products, while Harriet would be her companion in her old age. What Rachel didn't reckon with at that early date was that the children, at least one, might entertain vastly different ideas.

Rachel's decision to enroll her youngest son at Washington Institute brought him into contact with the rising generation of the most wealthy and respected families of New York and the United States, the future merchants. No doubt the youth's aspirations were intensified by the position of the merchant princes of New York. Griswold tells us, "The Merchants of New York were the leaders of the city, commercially, financially, politically and socially. Then, the word merchant did not mean green grocer, or haberdasher, as it does today, but described a man with a large capital who was an exporter of domestic and importer of goods, who owned his own ships, and usually their

cargo as well." At the Institute, Thomas mingled with the young men who would someday become the heads of the various shipping and commercial interests that controlled the finances of the city as well as in the country.

Washington Institute<sup>2</sup> was situated on a charming elevation in 13th Street, on the site of Peter Stuyvesant's boverie, or farm, near the large reservoir erected by the City Corporation. Nearby, on 3rd Avenue, still standing, was the famous pear tree planted by Stuyvesant on his farm in 1647. The institute was a privately endowed college, offering individual instruction for its students in clean and wholesome surroundings, as well as a remarkable view of the Hudson River. Its spacious piazza, in the rear, overlooked the water, then crowded with sails of every description, from light pleasure boats skimming its surface to stately packets. Here Whaley moved intimately within the charmed circle of the ruling merchant class. His interest in shipping was greatly stimulated by his close friend and classmate, Anson Greene Phelps Sutton, scion of a member of the famous "Cotton Triangle," Captain George Sutton, a partner of the "Copper King," Anson Greene Phelps. Captain Sutton headed the New York agency of the business owned by Phelps, Peck, Morgan and Mauran, which operated a scheduled line of coastal packets on the New York-Charleston run. As a guest at the Sutton home, at 59th Street near the East River,<sup>3</sup> Thomas met and visited with Anson's older brothers, George and Henry, whose talk centered on merchants and shipping. They, too, planned to succeed to the New York agency of the Charleston Ship Line, which their father, Captain Sutton, headed. Like him, they hoped to acquire an interest in vessels owned by the company; later they would finance the building of their own ships, which would be placed in line service. Whaley listened, enthralled by the casual discussion regarding the famous persons engaged in this operation.

Captain George's career, and his rise to his present position, was no less inspiring. Moving from the position of packet master of a ship called the *Corsair*, in 1817, for the Established Line owned by Timothy Street, he had first acquired an interest in the *Empress* with Anson Greene Phelps, and then, absorbing Street's operation, began the original New York-Charleston Ship

Line. He had been a part of the business from its inception. It was a pioneer service that used full-rigged ships and inaugurated a weekly sailing schedule—the first to provide a real packet service. By 1825 Sutton had advanced from the quarterdeck of the ship to heading the New York agency, at 88 South Street.

This was a period when 400 pounds of cotton, bound or compressed into a round or square shape, stood as a symbol representing the most important item in American commerce. Captain Sutton and his partners, all of whom were not only prominent merchants but extremely wealthy, realized that cotton and its shipment offered a most lucrative field they could quietly control. Carefully, with little fanfare, the men made their plans, forming the Cotton Triangle. Instead of letting the southern growers ship their raw cotton crop directly to Europe for the manufacture of textiles, they would buy the crop from the southern planters, before it was grown, if need be, and then bring it to New York. From there it would be loaded on their packets and be delivered to the European ports. These enterprising Yankees had know-how. As he learned how the cotton crop was handled and freighted, Thomas became fascinated with the adventures and history of these men.

First was Anson Greene Phelps, who started life in Simsbury, Connecticut, as an orphan, was apprenticed to an older brother to learn the saddlery business, and later graduated to the sale of tinware and japanned goods, traveling the Connecticut countryside. Next he moved into Hartford, where he met and acquired a partner, Elisha Peck. In 1812 they moved into New York, began the importing of copper, iron, brass and other metals, and rose to prominence in the business. Anson entered into the Ship Line Co., and in the early days acted as a promoter for this pioneer line, as the shipment of cotton to Europe enabled him to pay for his imported metals. About this time William Whitlock, Jr., joined the firm. He was already an extensive shipowner, as his father was before him. Moreover, he was a commissioner and packet operator who owned all the ships in his own line. Whitlock operated as an independent, heading his own firm, and owned his business building and property at

46 South Street. He was quick, however, to recognize the advantages of this Ship Line Co. operation, and having had the experience of buying cotton on commission in Savannah, with Seguire and Co., was thoroughly acquainted with the operation of the cotton market. Captain George often remarked that Whitlock was a "loner" in business, having been soured on partnerships when a young man. Whitlock, he compared to John Jacob Astor, Stephen Whitney and Moses Taylor, all of whom operated very quietly. Sometimes, though, these men would enter into partnership in a reliable firm that indicated a promising operation. Still another partner, Oran dates Mauran, owned, in connection with Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Staten Island ferry, and had a large interest in the *Bolivar* and *Hercules*, two sidewheeler tugs built for towing vessels in and out of New York harbor. Mauran was an organizing member of the exclusive Union Club and owned considerable real estate, including the first Italian opera house in New York City, whose establishment he had financed. Last, but by no means least, was a Morgan, one of the three Morgans prominent in New York business circles at that time. Charles Morgan was from Killingsworth, Connecticut, and like the generations of Morgans before him, was a large landholder, shipowner and operator in the West Indies trade, with a record going back to 1655. He was destined to become known much later as the father of America's coast-wise shipping and would eventually build the greatest steamship empire in the United States. He would also start the first steamer, the *David Brown*, between New York and Charleston. Credit him with the creation of the Southern Transportation empire, establishment of the Morgan Ironworks and organization of the Louisiana & Texas Steamship & Railroad Co.; yet he would be remembered by the old New Yorkers as the only man to beat Cornelius Vanderbilt at his own game and become a multimillionaire. As an individual owner, Morgan would have the largest fleet of ships; for service in Gulf and New York waters he built and owned over 40 seagoing craft of large size, and during his lifetime built and managed over 150 vessels, aside from tenders and service craft.

Charles Morgan's coming to the city was occasioned by the

lifting of the embargo, in 1809, and he immediately became associated with Phelps and Peck. His specialty was ship's chandlery, and at the age of 24 he headed his own company at 37 Peck Slip. Thomas Whaley heard that he had built the first Morgan ship. This was a fascinating story to the young man, particularly how these self-made men had pooled their finances, acquiring the cotton crop before it was grown to keep out competitors, organizing to establish the cotton market and shipping firms in the South to move the valuable cargo up north in the coastal packets. Fast delivery of this cotton meant more money for the owners, and this gave rise to the design of sturdier ships with extra cargo space.

The company ships were generally built with deep U-shaped bottoms, heavily sparred so that they could carry a great press of sail and sturdy enough to survive the winter weather of the westward passage. Anson Phelps went to the extra expense of copper-sheathing the hulls of his vessels so they would better endure the punishment of the North Atlantic seas. When it came to building a sturdy ship, Charles Morgan knew the firm could do no better than to look toward Killingsworth, Conn. because for centuries three shipyards in the center of the village had launched many a fine vessel. Quietly, yet persuasive in his manner, Morgan had no doubt influenced the building of the sturdy line ships, and his choice of master builder was Daniel Buell. One of Buell's creations was the *John W. Carter*, a 217-ton vessel that had an outstanding career in the coastal packet service until she was sold to Eastport, Maine, in 1845. Like Morgan, Captain Sutton knew that the new venture the Established Line had started would herald the many packet and coastal steamship lines that would follow theirs. It was with some pride that Captain Sutton's own vessel, named for him, and launched 1832, was put into service that year. The *Sutton*<sup>4</sup> was a larger ship, but built along the same lines as the *Carter*. Like her, and other Connecticut-built vessels, the *Sutton* would pile up quite a record for her owners before being sold in 1848 to Thomas Wardle, for a voyage to California.

Upon graduation the students, including Whaley, Anson Sutton, George Wardle and William P. Thompson, traveled on the Continent and absorbed Old World culture. Whaley and

his friends maintained contact with each other, and through letters of introduction from the family, friends and his instructors at Washington Institute, like William Porter, Whaley met and visited with the agents of European branches and offices of American shipping firms. Delightful as his sojourn was, he was particular to keep abreast of the progress of affairs at home and the Mexican War, and inquiries were addressed to his mother as to the annexation of Texas. He became, briefly, a correspondent of foreign news for Colonel James Webb, owner and editor of the *Courier & Enquirer* in New York City. He did so well at his reporting job that his mother Rachel despaired of his ever returning home. Finally, due to the illness of his uncle John Pyc, a senior member of the Locksmith firm, he was forced to abandon his European travels and return to New York, to help run the family business. Uncle John Pyc did not survive his illness; moreover, Whaley found the family estate complicated by legal litigation. Thomas decided the opportunity to establish his own business in the city would not be forthcoming in the next year or two; thus he took the offer of his friend Anson Sutton and entered the firm of the New York-Charleston Ship Lines agency, with offices at 88 South Street. Tom settled down to a seemingly routine business, not realizing that coming events would suddenly cause him to be uprooted from his former way of life, taking him from the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the metropolis, New York City, on a long sea voyage into a strange, exciting territory called El Dorado. Nor did he realize at that time that the ship that would transport him to his new destination and life would be Captain Sutton's. For Thomas Whaley, the wheel of fortune was starting slowly to turn. Soon now, it would begin to spin around "Consignments to El Dorado."

For twenty-five years the strong, courageous spirit of the burly old seadog, Captain George Sutton, dominated the scene of the offices at 88 South Street; then suddenly, by February 1848 his stentorian tones were silenced. The bluff and hearty old gentleman had taken a great liking to Tom Whaley and had encouraged the lad in his apprenticeship to commerce. The

youth felt the loss of his presence keenly; even as he worked, Tom recalled, a great sadness welled up inside him, so he could not "refrain from shedding tears, childish tho' it may be" at the colorful figure's passing.

The unexpected turn of events left a key position to be filled. The New York agency demanded vigorous and experienced leadership. In the next few weeks Tom began to notice the arrival of the partners. First, coming over from the London office, was William R. Wadsworth, close associate of Sutton's and trusted friend. Whaley, quite certain a reorganization was imminent, was pleased to see this man. He hoped Wadsworth would be appointed to head the agency.

After a long series of meetings, during which time all facets of the joint enterprise were studied, Thomas Wardle was selected to head the position at 88 South Street, while at the other end of this operation Richard H. Tucker, it was decided, would take over the Charleston office.

Thomas Wardle, in his new position, lost no time in promoting his idea for an expansion of the lines. He urged the partners to enlarge the company's trading operations beyond their present North Atlantic and coastal limits. He felt the time had come to start trading on the West Coast. For some time, longer than they realized, there had been a trickle of ships doing a good business in California. Wardle knew this flow of shipping would increase. The hour was at hand for their firm to take a lead. His own son, George, had already been out to San Francisco, sized up prospects and even purchased land. Wardle now wanted the firm to outfit a company ship for trading purposes and send it out. He reasoned if their speculation went well, a second vessel could be dispatched, perhaps a third. A discussion ensued that involved repairs to some of the older vessels and adding new ships to the lines, and while the partners hedged over financial matters and wavered at a decision, nothing was done.

In the hot, humid summer months that followed, Tom Whaley found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on his work at the shipping office, where a continual turmoil prevailed. The great varieties of cargo and bills of lading were

not as fascinating as in former times, because Tom's mind was centered on a rather intimate matter which absorbed him completely. And this was no trifling matter, his first love.

He had taken a great fancy to the little French girl Mlle. Anna Eloise De Launay when first they met, and by late August that same year her mother, Madame Victoria, allowed them to meet unchaperoned in the family parlor. Anna was still a child to Tom, however. She was attending the fashionable Miss Greene's academy on 5th Avenue. Like Madame Victoria and sister Amelia, she aspired to the position of tutor in English and music. Even under Mother De Launay's strict and protective care and watchful eyes, Tom had fallen hopelessly in love.

By November, Thomas Wardle decided to try his idea of the proposed trading venture alone. He began by buying the *Sutton*, Captain George's favorite ship, and was having her outfitted for the California voyage. Moreover, his sons, James, as master, and George, acting as supercargo, were to go with her. The Wardles' contemplated early sailing date for the *Sutton* was delayed, first by the report of severe storms and second by the announcement of the gold discovery in California. Suddenly there was a demand for ships to carry what appeared to be an army of gold-seekers westward. Wardle senior, hesitant now about risking a full cargo on what appeared to be a hazardous voyage, decided to defray any possible loss. He advertised for passengers.

Thomas Whaley became more involved with the new Wardle venture as sailing time drew near, checking cargo and accounts and buying insurance. George Wardle, his former classmate at Washington Institute, felt Tom should come with them to California. In the past George had hinted that Tom had a good future with the firm. Whaley doubted this, believing it quite unlikely Mr. Wardle would favor him over his sons with a partnership. It was seldom done.

When the passenger list began to grow, he noted William Wadsworth's name and that several merchants were going, certainly more than the gold-seekers. Whaley did a lot of thinking about his prospects of starting a business in California. Suddenly then, one wintry morning when the Jersey shore

and Staten Island were wrapped in a mantle of white, the matter came abruptly to a head. Tom remembered it well. George Wardle opened the front door to the dimly lit South Street office, strode briskly past the battery of clerks penning bills of lading, to Whaley's desk at the back of the room. Tom, bent over his accounts, looked up suddenly, stared unbelievably at George's offer, then turned around to see Mr. Wardle nod as if in agreement. A partnership in the firm! In what seemed to be a dream, Tom felt George guiding his arms into the sleeves of his coat, hurrying him out, past the snow-encrusted wooden-planked wharves to the lawyer's office for a contract. Returning later, Whaley walked along staring at the paper, oblivious to the shouts, jostling, noise and confusion. In his hand was the physical evidence that would alter the course of his life, perhaps forever. Now he knew it with finality: he would go to California with George.

Upon arriving at his lodging that evening, Tom divested himself of coat and hat, and hurriedly placed himself at the desk, and drawing forth a quire of foolscap and some quills, began the difficult, delicate task of notifying his mother, Rachel, of his impending voyage. The harder the task, the greater the challenge, but he rose to it. To get ready in time, he must contact suppliers, people he knew, like Uncle Henry Kip; William P. Thompson; Hunter, Biddle & Tappan; and Morgan, Walker & Smith. Best not to upset Mother, who was vacationing in Washington City with his sister Harriet. Mother would want to return to New York and use all her guile to keep him from going away. Then there was the young lady, Anna. Rachel did not know her or that Tom was in love. He'd write about it later.

As the fireplace logs burned to glowing embers floating upward and the room grew chill, the young man, hunched over his writing, his eyes strained by the fading, sputtering candlelight nearby, struggled to accomplish his task as his pen scratched ceaselessly over the sheets. . . .

## NOTES

1. Up until 1860, only one out of six persons in the United States was fortunate enough to obtain a higher education.
2. A privately endowed institution, established by George Hall about 1821-23, named by Lafayette in honor of his friend George Washington. In Whaley's time, Rev. Joseph D. Wickham, together with John Lutz, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, had charge. Classes were small, and tutors, often imported from Europe, lived with the young men, sometimes traveled with them, and supervised their every activity. The school catered to heirs of wealthy and respected families, and merchants' sons. The liberal education, based on the Edinburgh system, fitted future merchants to step into the important positions of running shipping agencies, etc. It was located on 13th Street, near the East River; on the west may be seen (in photograph) the City Corporation's reservoir, from which water was piped to the principal streets.
3. The home of the Sutton family was at 59th Street, near the East River. Here Whaley visited. The site was once a part of a farm owned by Thomas Pearsall. A small part of the same farm was once owned by "Boss" Tweed of Tammany Hall fame, who bought it from the heirs of Pearsall. It was originally part of Avenue A. In 1875 it passed to Effingham Sutton, for whom it was finally named. In that same year he built a home at what later became No. 1 Sutton Place, at the N.E. corner of 57th Street, the high East River section (or bank) fashionable in the Mauve Decade for country homes. The home was opposite Welfare Island in the East River, at 58th Street and River View Terrace. A grandson of Effingham Sutton built the first co-op apartment house there.  
At one time here lived Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Miss Anne Morgan and Kermit Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt. There are 18 homes located on the property and a 22,000-foot garden in the center, which is protected by a covenant preserving its character.
4. Tons 346.76; length 106 ft., 2 in.; breadth 26 ft., 9 in.; depth 13 ft., 6 in. A square-stem ship; man-bust figurehead. Built in Killingsworth, Conn., this year (1832) by Daniel Buell, master builder, for George Sutton, Anson G. Phelps, Elisha Peck and Charles Morgan, all of New York, who together with Hezekiah Allen, William Jessup and Charles Jessup, all of Fairfield, Conn., were the owners. Master: Michael Berry. In Sutton's New York-Charleston packet line from 1832 to 1848. Sold in 1848 to

### *Introduction: New York Heritage*

45

Thomas Wardle, for a voyage to California. Mr. Wardle's sons, James, who was captain, and George, acting as supercargo, went on the 1848 voyage; also another partner, William Wadsworth, a senior member of the firm. (He, in Whaley's journal, is the person who conducts the Sunday services aboard ship, and is of a religious turn of mind. Whaley thinks highly of him.)

The Sutton had a long record of service in the New York-Charleston's Established Line. See illustration of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in which appears the notice of the Sutton. Throughout the first third of the 19th century, the use of copper sheathing was so exceptional that the fact that a ship was coppered was advertised as a special inducement to shippers and prospective passengers.

Letters Written  
Prior to  
the Voyage





Dec. 1, 1848

Mrs. Thomas Whaley,  
Care of John T. Whaley, Esq.  
Harpers Ferry  
Va.—

Dear Mother:

I am pleased to hear that you are all well and enjoying yourselves. Why not, then remain where you are? I am of John's opinion,<sup>1</sup> that you should not return here [New York], before the inauguration takes place, though there are many reasons for your returning sooner, but then, you must decide. Harriet,<sup>2</sup> you say has grown fat. I am glad to hear it. But does she talk any more than she did? She must endeavor to make herself more interesting in her manner, now that she has grown so fascinating. I have some few numbers of Hogarth's for her, and Albions.

I see Anson [Sutton]<sup>3</sup> most every day, and William Thompson occasionally. Poor Ansl!<sup>4</sup> I indeed pity him. He has always been a true friend to me, and shall never want as long as I have a sixpence to divide with him.

*Mr. Wardle's is fitting out a vessel for California which will sail about the 15th inst. I am well acquainted with the Captain and with Mr. Wardle's son, who is going out as Supercargo. Mr. Wardle and Mr. Smith, William Harsell's son-in-law,<sup>5</sup> advise me to go. The latter says that if he were not a married man, he would give up business tomorrow, and start off. I shall make some effort to go, if I make up my mind, I intend coming down to see you and bid you all goodbye.*

Dec. 2nd

It is uncertain now about my going into business, indeed I have given all hope of doing so so, as I see there is no prospect of making arrangements. . . . the situation is precisely the same

one we were in six years ago, when Uncle John Pye<sup>7</sup> died. We have not moved toward demanding settlement of the accounts from his executors. . . . It should exceed \$15,000. I have taken considerable interest in the affair and studied it for days, together, and written quires of foolscap as you well know, while neither John nor Henry<sup>8</sup> have shown very little else than indifference. I blame them not so much for this. They are away from home and have not sufficiently examined into things to convince them of the great importance which the Subject merits. My suit may go on for years, perhaps never be settled, or if so, when we are grown old & no longer able of applying the money we hope to gain.

You speak of my going to Washington to work in the telegraph office. Well, I have no objection to do so, but in leaving New York I would like to be convinced of the certainty of getting established. I would like to enter an engineer corps. The appointment is a difficult one to obtain, but I feel I am calculated for an engineer. I would be more independent than in a counting room.

David Thompson,<sup>9</sup> Dr. T's father died last Thursday morning, and was buried Saturday, aged 66 years. Sunday December 3rd, 1848. This morning I visited Dr. Tynge's new Church on the 2nd Avenue. It is a magnificent building, and was consecrated Sunday before last, Monday December 4th. I wonder if ever I shall finish this letter, which has already exceeded ordinary length, and begins to assume the appearance of a petition to Congress. Apropos, this honorable body convenes today. You should be there to listen to the lengthy speeches which will doubtless be made. The subjects for discussion being of a profound nature. Having remained so long from home, you must not think of returning before retracing your steps to Washington and give Harriet an opportunity of beholding our greatest men, and hearing them speechify. Unless you do this, you will very much astonish your friends, and lose the seemingly great object of your visit.

De Witt Clinton has returned from Mexico. I met him one day last summer coming up from Coney Island.

I am glad to hear John intends visiting New York in the Spring with Elizabeth.<sup>10</sup> Then I should have the pleasure of seeing him soon, even if I should not go on this winter.

Write to me in your next,  
My remembrances to all,  
Yours Affectionately,  
Tho. Whaley

P.S. The report is that the Astor House was burned down this morning. *The Cholera* is at an ebb, 7 to 9 having died.

Newark, New Jersey  
December 20th, 1848

Mr. Thomas Whaley  
c/o Thomas Wardle  
88 South Street

Mr. T. Whaley:

I received your letter at six o'clock, all right. I will be down with the things, consisting of one wagon, 4 barrows & two small boxes with the Steamboat on Saturday morning. Will be at the office about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10, or at eleven o'clock at most—I forgot to mention to you that I had seen Mr. Armstrong, who is one of the Graefenberg Company,<sup>11</sup> and told him the circumstances of your going, and that you was every way qualified, and he said he would like to see you; that if you would attend to it perseveringly, he would like to send with you. There is two Armstrongs, the old man and his son. It was the old man I saw, but either of them will answer. I am not acquainted with either of the rest, you will find one of them in about 9 o'clock to 10—I will try to see them again in the morning. The letter of recommendation, I think, better be sealed up, and when you go there, if they are not in, leave the letter if they are expected, will call again, and you may ascertain where you can see them—

Yours in haste,  
H. I. Kip<sup>12</sup>

Harpers Ferry, Va.  
Dec. 22, 1848

Mr. Thomas Whaley  
c/o Mr. Thos. Wardle  
88 South-Street  
New York

Dear Thomas:

In my trouble, I neglected to ask you what I should do about that assessed property you purchased, as I think the time expires pretty soon, likewise, I hope you have received your tax bill. You must have had very unpleasant weather to travel in [i.e., back to N.Y.]. I hope you will pay some attention to your health. Mr. Heiss's<sup>13</sup> sent on by Telegraphic for *Fremont's reports & maps on the 20th inst.*, he appears to feel quite interested for your welfare; as he may go likewise. If you prosper, for my part I cannot think of it, but with deep regret, though I put my hand to paper to facilitate in a degree, your departure. Mind, I mailed you a letter to 88 South St. on the 20th. So, do not forget your likeness<sup>14</sup> on my account. Tell Anse [Anson Sutton] he must call to see us if he travels this way, or when we return to New York. Mr. Heiss has invited us to ride up to Winchester, 30 miles, on Christmas Day. I am at a stand what to do, as we cannot return the same day, and I do not wish to subject myself to remarks. He wishes that you could have remained here, that you might have accompanied us, then all would have been right. *Do not neglect to write*, ere you go, and one by the pilot,<sup>15</sup> if you have time. I hope Thompson's<sup>16</sup> will make up his mind to go. Tell him to call and bid us goodbye, before he departs. Sis sent you one of her curls and a braid of my hair.<sup>17</sup> I pray that you may give them personally to us again. Oh my, I almost despair that it will be the case again. At all events, the die is cast for weal or woe, and we all do as well as we can without you, hoping you may profit thereby.

I know I have more to write, but my mind is so confused, I am at a loss to consider, as all appears to me as in a dream. If I was in N.Y. I would be better satisfied, as I would have an opportunity to assist you in preparing for your voyage.

Once more and perhaps, for the last time, I commend you to the protection of Almighty God, who will hear my continued prayer for her absent son, and hoping you keep in mind my many admonitions, though you be apt to disregard them, at the time, reflections will attend us all. I do beseech you to heed what I write, and not forget me and us all, is the request of your Affectionate Mother, Rachel Whaley.<sup>18</sup>

P.S. Take your *life preserver and braces*, goodbye and farewell.

New York COMMERCIAL ADVERTISESEN

December 23, 1848

FOR SAN FRANCISCO, direct.—To sail Tuesday 26th inst.—The fast sailing coppered and copper fastened ship SUTTON. J. H. Wardle, master. having been unavoidably detained by the storm, will take what freight may offer, and sail as above.

For balance of freight or passage, having superior state room accommodations for first and second cabin and steerage passengers. Apply to THOMAS WARDLE, 88 South St.

cor. Burling ship, up stairs  
N.B.—A gentleman who has done business in San Francisco, goes out in the ship as supercargo, and will take charge of any goods committed to his care for disposal.

Mr. L. Barre,  
Monterey, California  
Per

Mr. Thomas Whaley

New York,  
December 24th, 1848

Mr. L. Barre

Sir,

The bearer, Mr. Thos. Whaley is a young friend of ours of a highly respectable family in New York. He is a Stranger in California "Any attention shown him from you that is in your power will confer a favour on our family."

Very Respectfully,  
E. A. Devereaux<sup>19</sup>  
359 Fourth

Newark, December 28th, 1848

Mr. Thos. Whaley  
 c/o Thos. Wardle  
 88 South St., New York

Mr. Thos. Whaley, Dear Nephew:

I set down to write to you, and I confess it is with great emotion, when I consider the length of your voyage, the danger of the Sea, and the Society in which you are a going, and your own state, without the grace of God to Support you. But you have been brought up in a gospel land, and I don't know that I can say anything to induce you to seek a preparation of heart to serve God, while you are in this world, so that you may Praise him forever in the next. That the Bible is an inspired Book, I Suppose you do not doubt it, when you reflect how many things wherofore told long before they came to pass, and the more familiar you become with your Bible, the more you will appreciate it, and you must not leave this land of Bibles, without taking one with you, for it will tell you if you read it, that all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord, and many other such positive promises. But, remember, they are only to them that Love the Lord, and he tells us that if we love him, we will keep his commandments: I would like to say much more on this subject, but have many more things to say. I hope you will read this letter often, while on your voyage, and it may be that when you are going roun the Horn, as it is called, that you will have reason to think of the Scripture that says, "Call upon me in time of trouble and I will deliver you", but when we Call upon the Lord, we must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that call upon him. Thus endeth the first Page of my letter.

2nd Page

If you are favoured to arrive safe upon the Shore of the Cold region, I have no doubt but there will be specklators to buy what you have to sell, as soon as you land. But I would not sell untill I saw or found out the most I could get, and that should be done immediately, and not lose a reasonable opportunity to sell, because goods of every kind will be landing

weekly, and no doubt will be reduced in price. By inquiry and investigation, you will find out what is most wanting to suit the market, and when you remit to me the proceeds of what I send with you. Send me word of what you want. I can send you anything you want on the same terms as you take the wagon & barrows, but you must send me a list of the prices each article brings there, so that I may make a calculation by Counting the Cost to see if they will pay to send. Further, I think if you Could engage any Carts, or wagons, or barrows at a Safe price, and have some assurance that the buyers would take them, if delivered according to Contract at a given time, because I think they will be of less value in one year from now, on account of money being sent in to that Country. A Common Mewl or horse Cart, for Carting common dirt or stone, is worth here on bord the ship about 35 Dollars, a Common two horse, or mewl wagon, for the same purpose, about 80 to 85 dollars. If they have boes or Cover, it will be about ten Dollars more, an ox cart, about 50 dollars. If you send for any, you must send, the highth of the wheels you want, the width of tires, width of truck, width, length and highth of the Boddly &c. You cannot be too particular in giving a full discription of anything you want, and wether it had better be a Cheap article, or of the best kind. Also, I want you to send me word, what is the lowest rate of wages for a Carpenter, Blacksmith and wagon maker, and the Cost of timber, the quality &c, the price of Bords, on brick or stone, in fact, I want to know the propriety of establishing a small business there, and the health of the Country, the morals of the people &c. I intend to get a map of that Country, so that when you write about any particular place I shall know something about it. There is a ["Ship-by-the-name-of" deleted] Bark Griffin, to be maned and crewed from Newark and loaded, and will sail about the 1st of February, '49. A number of my acquaintances is going with her, and I may send something by her to you. You will get there about one month ahead of her, and you must look out for her arrival, and enquire of the Captain for anything from H. I. Kip to the care of T. Whaley. There is a vessel belonging to J. H. Stephens, to sail in a day or two from Newark. I shal send nothing by her, with the goods

I ship upon the first of February '49, I will send you a letter, and then will apprise you when I intend to send more, and how. If the business will pay, I intend to send all I can, and as to your faithfulness, I have no reason to doubt, Thus endeth the 3rd page.

I would advise you to associate yourself in company with someone you can confide in, and have a mutual understanding of each others business, so that if either of you are taken away, the other can see to his business. I will now give you an invoice of my goods and Close, hoping that God may bless and prosper you.

Henry I Kip

One iron Axel Spring wagon delivered on bord the Ship	\$ 110.00
four wheelbarrows at 650 cents	26.00
One good Clock, running on brass	5.00
24 pocket handkerchiefs at 8 cents	1.92
4 iron wrenches at 20 cents	0.80
A lot of jews harps	0.25
16 papers of tobacco	0.25
two large locks	2.25
four pipes	
one Coffee mill	\$ 146.47
	.53
	<hr/>
	\$ 147.00

Newark, Dec. 26, 1848

I will send a few of my cards and I want you to give them to any person you may see there that intends to send orders for my things, in my line, and tell them they can be supplied at the Shortest notice, and reasonable terms, by sending to me; and as to workmanship and materials, I cannot be beat. The boes for the top you will find, are all numbered, with a Chisel on the boe, and on the top of the boddy, on the edge of the bord, the wheels, nuts, braces, and all are marked so that if the wagon is taken apart next page

5th page

You will have no difficulty in getting it together all right, when you get there. You will find the Cover, the wippletrees and neck yoke, all in the box, and belong with the wagon, and you can use one of the wrenches to put it together, and after you have sold the wagon, then tell the buyer he had better buy a wrench wich he will want, but Does not belong with the wagon; you had better put it all together, and put on the wippletrees, the boes and the Cover, and tie it down before you offer it for sale, you will find strings on the Cover and rings on the boddy to tie it fast, and the Back end must run over a post & the boe a little, the most wich it will doo if you put it on right, the name of the Ship I referred to in my letter. I cannot learn, but may get it to you before you start, and the cords have been forgotten, but may send them. The Vessel I referred to will have on bord a number of Carts & waggons, some of wich I am making myself for Wm Picket, of Newark, his son 15 years old is expected to Sail with them, and you might form an advantageous (6th page) acquaintance with him; it is probable I may give him Charge of the goods & letter I will send to you at that time, and to dispose of them in case you cannot be found, but I expect you will not remain far from the landing as there may be goods sent to you frequently, and you may also have an opportunity of Buying & Selling to advantage by being at the head of the market, but do not expose yourself to an unhealthy Climate more than you can help. I have numbered my barrows, and if you want any more you can send me word wich size and shape suits the best, No. 1 or 2 loose sides, or No. 1 or 2 fast sides.

H. I. Kip, Shop 39 Broad St.  
Newark, N. J.

New York Dec. 26th, 1848

Mr. Thomas Whaley

Dr. Sir

Upon your arrival in California would you confer a favor by advising us what kind of goods would likely pay well and would be the least risk to ship for that market—What the prospect of

*Consignments to El Dorado*

business on the Coast for a good vessel of 160 tons well calculated for such business—What a vessel would sell for 163 tons copper and in good order—And such particulars of the Country as may suggest—We should be pleased to hear from you immediately upon your arrival out, and as often afterwards as you may think proper to favor us.

We remain,  
Truly your Friends,  
Thompson & Hunter<sup>20</sup>  
23 South Street

New York, December 27, 1848

Mr. Thomas Whaley  
c/o Thos. Wardle  
88 South Street, N. Y.

Mr. Thomas Whaley

Dear Sir:

I now come to address you in full relation to arrangements and prospects which await acting upon till you may see fit to determine, after having remained in California sufficiently long to speak decidedly, say till the 1st of September, 1849, upon which date you will please write in full, and should you speak favourably, about the middle of November, Messers Thompson and Hunter will proceed to board the *Brig Frances*; or in some other vessel with the description of goods you may advise. I will proceed in her direct to California, the vessel and cargo to be consigned to us—and share in the profits, one-half above the terms agreed upon with the consignees—I do not hesitate in saying that through my friends I shall be able to influence consignments to any amount we may require, (in case we enter into Co-partnership), and description most favourable for *Sale*, that part of Cargo which we may not receive in consignment from strangers will be purchased by my friends, and should the first adventure prove favourable, will be continued to the extent we may be willing to receive. Vessels of this nature would work for the benefit of all, and Messers Thompson and Hunter of this city are known, through them, we would feel

*Letters Written Prior to the Voyage*

assured of having friends who would exert their utmost for our interests in this part of the World, knowing at the same time that an increase of business with us would be for their benefit. All their shipments would be addressed to us, all Captains of their acquaintance would receive letters to us, and all business transactions here would be done to the best advantage—So, that in all regards this part of the World, we could be perfectly satisfied that everything would be done, perhaps more favourably, than if we were here to advise. I am acquainted with many of the Captains in this port; Some of whom are very good friends who would let no opportunity slip that might benefit us. The terms I would propose are that you should continue in your present arrangement until I am in California with the vessel, then you enter co-partnership with me, sharing one-half the profits, should your share of the capital, at the time, exceed that which I should have hopes of equaling, I would make arrangements accordingly. A partnership, if you think it would be to the advantage of both, (that is, if you are not confident it would be a profitable undertaking for me to set out, which two or three months residence then would inform you, without much hesitation) Please write accordingly. An arrangement of this kind, I think, would be of more profit than being bonded to an old firm—where you would be much controlled, and who in many points, would control you to their advantage, thinking more of their interests, than of yours. Should these terms be acceptable to you, if you can manage to get the control of a piece of land for a number of years it would be well worth trying for, or if you should have friends enough to buy a lot, I would advise you to invest the same, as it would be sure to pay in a very short time. A parcel of ground in the bay, where a wharf could be built for a vessel to discharge in the vicinity of a good anchorage, would, I am sure save much expense in unloading, receiving and landing cargo with many other conveniences. During the winter months at the Cape, I think but few vessels will pass, consequently at some seasons of the year, shipping will be more expensive than others, and I think storage will be often necessary; it would also be to advantage to purchase hides and tallow and so forth, as return freight.

particularly when such can be obtained for barter, both of which sell well here for cash. As long as the gold continues to be found, people will go after it, and consequently the inhabitants will increase, most of them, young, without means, will pay high for the necessities of life. A great many will settle in California, and some of the more extensive firms in this city, finding business will not pay very large profit, may cease to continue shipping. At any rate, a house then watching this opportunity cannot fail to make money, and build up a business that will pay better than remaining in this city. I think in advantages, this superior, having everything offered us we can wish, the only question is, Will it pay? I think the affirmative is sure. I shall write you so as you may hear from me when you arrive, and please write immediately upon your arrival and often till the first of September, when I shall look for a conclusion letter. If you have time before you leave, perhaps you had better write your mother of this arrangement, and her views, the answer of which, you can receive when you arrive there. Should you enter into this arrangement and make profitable sale of the goods consigned to you, you might order further consignments through my brother's vessels or we might take up a larger vessel than the *Frances*, Thompson and Hunter having the advantage of having vessels in their control, and selecting the fastest sailors, could freight one immediately and send her to sea before most vessels could commence loading. This is a superior advantage to which small vessels always have, directing your consignees to ship the goods, which you may specify in the vessel which Thompson and Hunter may load, notifying them that said vessel is to be consigned to your direction with dispatch, and informing them also, who the shippers are to be, and they will call and find out the bulk of goods to be shipped and act accordingly.

I would advise you to not make public with the persons who have consigned goods to you personally. Keep them to yourself, as much as you can, at the same time, profit by all the shippers you know of. They may not be wanted, but it is best to make sure of all you can, for all parties. My post you will receive in

California. Hoping you may have a pleasant passage, and profitable excursion, I remain,

Yours truly,  
your friend,

William P. Thompson

## NOTES

1. John was Whaley's oldest brother, b. Jan. 27, 1816. He was then living at Harper's Ferry, Va. The mother and daughter had gone down to visit and to meet John's new wife, Elizabeth Dove. John handled the locksmith business.
2. Harriet was Whaley's sister, b. June 11, 1825. She was the baby of the family, hence Tom exhibits an older brother's concern in his inquiries about her growing up.
3. Whaley's classmate at Washington Institute.
4. Captain Sutton, the father, had just died; there was complication over the estate.
5. This was Thomas Wardle, successor to Captain Sutton, who took over the operation of the New York agency at 88 South St. and who purchased Captain Sutton's ship.
6. William Harsell was the Whaley family lawyer.
7. The senior member of the Whaley locksmith firm and brother to Rachel Whaley, Thomas's mother.
8. Henry was Whaley's second brother, younger than John, b. Aug. 4, 1820. He worked with John and also lived at Harpers Ferry.
9. A member of the Thompson family, who started the Black Ball Line.
10. This was John's wife. Whaley had never met her. A widow with two young children, she had very recently married John upon the death of his first wife, Martha Herbert.
11. Belden E. Porter, *New York, Past, Present and Future*:

The plans and operation of this Company have received the unsolicited encomiums of distinguished persons in every section of the Country, and of all classes and professions. A Graefenberg Depot in any town, village, or hamlet, is esteemed a great public blessing. The agencies are sought with avidity, and the demand for the Medicines is without a precedent in any Country.

The Medicines consist of a SERIES, forming a full assortment the names of which are given below.

*Consignments to El Dorado*

**PHYSICIANS**

Will find in the series a *Materia Medica* of inapproachable excellence; and if used in their daily practice, they will be found of far greater value than any other preparations extant. They are very portable and of moderate price; and the practitioner will find them the very medicines he needs.

**FAMILIES**

Should never be without them, for by their use a vast amount of sickness will be prevented. Special attention is requested under this head, to the Children's *PANACEA*: which as a *Vermifuge* and general medicine for children is unrivalled.

**PLANTERS**

Will find them pre-eminently adapted to their wants. Consisting of a series, instead of a single article, they are specially worthy of the attention of the planters.

**MERCHANTS**

And other Vendors of Medicines, will find them altogether the most salable article of the kind ever offered to the public, thus rendering an agency very valuable.

**THE WESTERN WORLD**

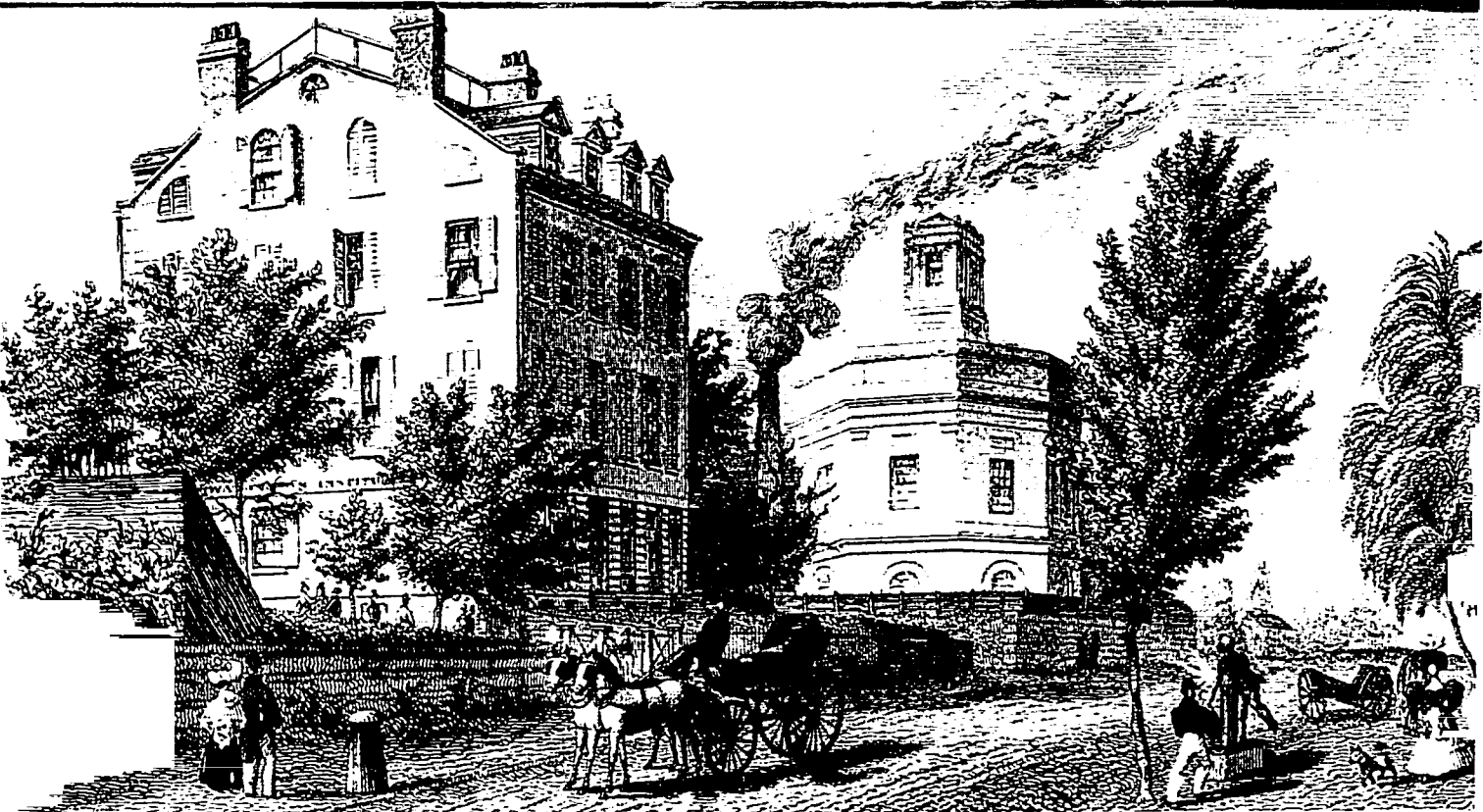
A Monthly Paper, containing a concise summary of the **NEWS OF THE DAY**, both at home and abroad; and a great variety of **MISCELLANEOUS MATTER**: useful and interesting to all classes of the community, in city and country, is furnished gratuitously to every patron of the Company. The purchase of a single article of the Company's Medicines constitutes the purchaser a patron, entitling him to a year's subscription.

The average circulation of this paper is at least 100,000 each month, which will be largely increased each successive number. Its patrons are in every State of the Union, and throughout the British Provinces, East and West Indies, South America, &c. &c.

The following comprise the series of Graefenberg Medicines. Graefenberg Vegetable Pills, Graefenberg Health Bitters, Entirely Vegetable, **THE CHILDREN'S PANACEA**. This medicine should be in every family throughout the world. **THE GRAEFENBERG Fever and Ague Pills**, Graefenberg Sarsaparilla Compound, The Green Mountain Ointment, The Dysentery Syrup, Consumptive's Balm.

E. Barton, Secretary

The above advertisement describes the patent medicines. In later correspondence Tom Whaley tells his mother of his desire to obtain the agency for the Graefenberg Co. on the West Coast.



Washington Institute, one of the schools Thomas Whaley attended, and the City Reservoir. A rare print from *Peabody's Views of New York and Its Environs* by Theodore S. Fay, 1831. (Courtesy: Library of Congress Collections, Washington, D. C.)





WILLIAM B. HOOPER  
 of the Part of NEW YORK, and Agent for  
 Messrs. *Wm. B. Hooper & Co.*  
 Agents, San Francisco

*Per Bill of Lading*  
*of the ship*  
*San Francisco*

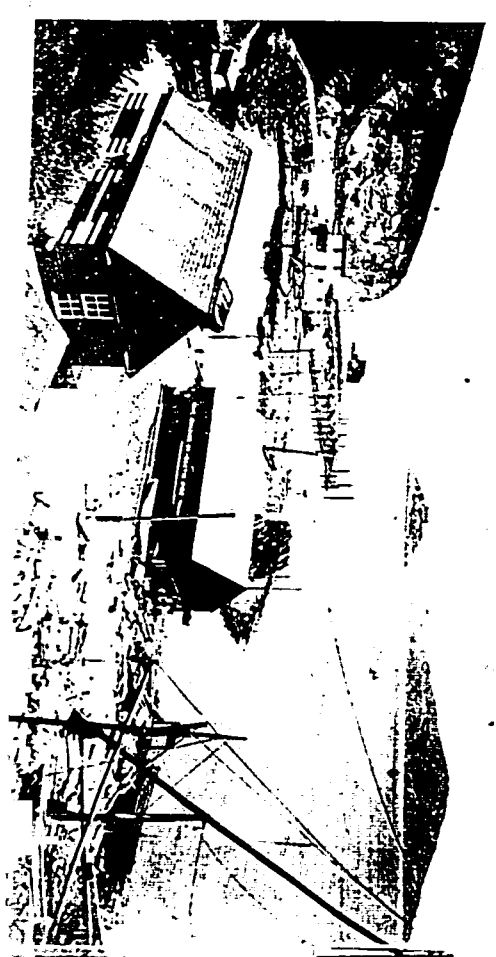
*Per Bill of Lading*  
*of the ship*  
*San Francisco*  
 being in good order and well-conditioned, marked and numbered as in the margin, and to  
 be delivered in the like good order and condition, (danger of the sea excepted) unto  
 Messrs. *Wm. B. Hooper & Co.* or to their assigns,  
 as or they paying freight for the said box

*As authorized by the ship*  
 owners and agents respectively. In witness whereof, the said master, hereafter to  
 be named, has hereunto set his hand and seal, and the said bill of lading, after signed to  
 the effect to stand void.

Done at NEW YORK, the *23* day of *Dec* 18*49*  
 (date unknown)  
*Thos. Whaley*

Bill of Lading for the ship *Sutton* which carried supplies that  
 were consigned to Thomas Whaley's store in San Francisco. (Con-  
 tains: Whaley House Museum.)

View of Clark's Landing, San Francisco Bay, where the *Sutton*  
 arrived July 22, 1849. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of Cali-  
 fornia Pioneers, San Francisco, California.)



Daguerrotype of Thomas Whaley taken just prior to  
 his California voyage in 1849. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers  
 Collection.)

Supplied by WILLIAM B. MURPHY, 1111 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
The Port of NEW YORK, and bound for San Francisco

*Don Ross of San Francisco*

*Mr. J. Ross  
San Francisco  
Don Ross*

being in good order and well-conditional, marked and numbered as in the margin, and to be returned to the good order and condition (except of the gear excepted) into the hands of the consignee or his assigns, as per bill of lading.

*at certificate by Wm. D. P.*

Primes and average accustomed. In witness whereof, I, the said master, have signed in the presence of the mates and crew, one of which being accustomed.

at the place to and sold.

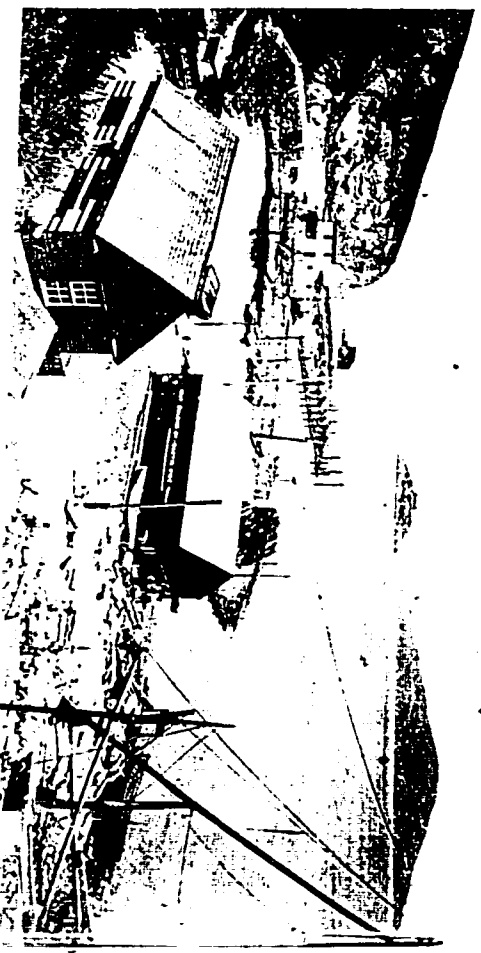
Dated this 23 day of Dec 1849

(Quality unknown)

*Wm. D. P.*

Bill of Lading for the ship *Sutton* which carried supplies that were consigned to Thomas Whaley's store in San Francisco. (Courtesy: Whaley House Museum.)

View of Clark's Landing, San Francisco Bay, where the *Sutton* arrived July 22, 1849. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco, California.)



Daguerreotype of Thomas Whaley taken just prior to his California voyage in 1849. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)



1849 View of San Francisco Bay and port, looking northwest from Rincon Hill, showing approximately 200 vessels in port from Europe and the United States. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco, California.)

Bronxside, 1849, issued to the American ships in the Port of Rio de Janeiro to notify Americans of the celebration on land at the Hotel Faroux in honor of the inauguration of Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. A rare document. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)

Commodore

Commodore

The numerous vessels of American  
 citizens are now assembled at the de Janeiro and the day  
 is approaching when they will pass the other side of the bay  
 they will take the Atlantic Ocean and the United States  
 the United States to which the happiness of her returning  
 countrymen have opened their eyes, it is proposed to hold  
 the ceremony with a festive entertainment which will not  
 speak an outrage of sentiment, that will be more  
 appropriate to the patriotic sentiments which will be  
 felt on this day, and without expense to party has been  
 known to show that spirit which in the future will be  
 in our mind as a national day.

W. G. B. Hall U.S.S.  
 E. Johnson Esq  
 East Chaddick 2522 S  
 Frank Smith Esq.  
 Herman de St. Alby Esq  
 George Bennett Esq  
 Henry C. Eastwick Esq  
 Geo. S. Harkness Esq  
 S. J. Jones Esq  
 Charles Thomas Esq

Commodore  
 of  
 the  
 American  
 fleet

1849 View of San Francisco Bay and port, looking northwest from Rincon Hill, showing approximately 200 vessels in port from Europe and the United States. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco, California.)

Broadside, 1849, issued to the American ships in the Port of Rio de Janeiro to notify Americans of the celebration on land at the Hotel Favour in honor of the inauguration of Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. A rare document. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)

Circular

Gentlemen,

With an unusual number of American Officers are now embarked at Rio de Janeiro and the day is approaching when the gallant Gen. Zachary Taylor will take the distinguished position of President of the United States to which the wishes of his countrymen have pointed him. His progress & address the occasion will afford the opportunity which will not only afford an exchange of sentiments, that will never meet amongst the patriotic associations connected with our beloved country, and without expense to party may as well be now, as to the people with whom we temporarily reside. We are, but one in patriotism.

W. J. Stewart Lt. U.S.A.  
 G. Johnson Esq.  
 Capt. Madril Lt. U.S.N.  
 Frank Smith Esq.  
 Herman de Seely Esq.  
 Snytle Sumner Esq.  
 Henry C. Burdick Esq.  
 Geo. J. Marale Esq.  
 S. J. Jones Esq.  
 Charles Haines Esq.

Committee  
 of  
 Arrangements.



Journal and Letters  
Written Aboard Ship



December 28, 1848

This is an eventful day in the career of my life. I leave my friends, and country to go to seek my fortune in a far distant land towards which cities and towns seem emigrating. What is this cause of universal excitement which is turning the hearts and heads of the people? Simply this:—Vast gold mines have been discovered in California (a newly acquired possession of the United States), and to this country thousands are going impelled with the same desire which induced the inhabitants of Old Spain to quit its shores for a newly discovered Continent.



Passengers on Board the *Ship Sutton*, Captain James H. Wardle,  
 First Class—Bound from New York to San Francisco, Jan'y. 1, 1849

John F. H. Forbes	29 years	Normandy, France,	Merchant
Archibald B. Boyd	23	Ireland,	Merchant
Wm. R. Wadsworth	42	New York City,	Merchant
George D. Puffer	22½	New York City,	Merchant
Albert Mosely	36	Connecticut,	Gold digger
John Cannet	24	New Hampshire,	Merchant
John Chatterere	20	New York,	Merchant
Henry Stroeln	30	Germany,	Merchant
Thomas B. Clough	30	Massachusetts,	Merchant
Thomas Whaley	24	New York City,	Merchant
Albert Küner	29	Germany,	Jeweler
Charles W. Krämer	24	Germany,	Merchant
Edward Rheinbeck	44	Germany,	Merchant
David Aman	29	Germany,	Merchant
Elijah Johnson	37	New York City,	Gold digger
Thomas B. Grant	21	New York City,	Gold digger
James Turner	28	New York City,	Ship Builder
Charles Brooks	27	New York City,	Ship Builder
Samuel Dayton	18	New York City,	Merchant
Augustus C. Taylor	38	Vermont,	Stove Mfg.
Charles S. Palmer	24	New York City,	Merchant
Charles H. Strybing	28	Germany,	Cabinet Maker



68 *Consignments to El Dorado*

Bela Brown 47% Vermont, Merchant  
 David H. Brown 16 New York City, Clerk  
 George S. Wardle 21 New York City, Merchant  
 Charles S. Skiddy 34 New York City, Mariner  
 Mrs. Caroline  
 Whitwell 32 England, Mate's wife

Second Cabin Passengers on Board Ship Sutton

George H. Franklin 25 years Providence, R. I., Merchant  
 Silas S. Franklin 37 Providence, R. I., Merchant  
 Wm. C. Dunham 28 New Jersey, Merchant  
 John Pierson 33 New Jersey, Carpenter  
 John Carl 21 Germany, Tailor  
 Theophilus Valentine 35 Switzerland, Suicide at Rio

Amos Roberts 25 Maine, de Janeiro  
 Wm. Andersen 20 New York, Merchant  
 Carlos T. Rosselle 28 New York, Merchant  
 Angele Schoonmaker 21 New York, Book binder  
 Lost overboard,  
 March 21, 1849

Samuel G. Shilden 29 New York, Builder  
 Joseph Scott 22 Connecticut, Merchant  
 Richard Bennett 24 Connecticut, Chair Maker  
 Moses E. Halsey 25 New York, Merchant  
 Wm. G. Hunt 35 Halifax, Hair Dresser  
 John C. Walker 34 Dist. of Columbia, Hair Dresser  
 D. K. Baker 24 New York, Chair Maker  
 Charles H. Gunter 22 Bremen, Gold Digger  
 George D. Atkinson 29 New York, Gold Digger  
 John J. Brietz 40 Switzerland, Gold Digger  
 Charles Andrews 24 Connecticut, Farmer  
 Arthur E. Oakley 20 New York, Merchant  
 Alfred H. Senberry 22 New York, Saw Maker  
 Wm. L. Teed 23 New Jersey, Chair Maker  
 Walter L. Thicke 23 New York, Chair Maker  
 Wm. A. Hare 26 New York, Chair Maker  
 Edward P. Barret 24 England, Chair Maker  
 Wm. W.—Laurk 30 Ireland, Coppersmith  
 Tanner

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship* 69

New York, January 1, 1849

Mrs. Rachel Whaley,  
 c/o Mr. John T. Whaley  
 Harpers Ferry, Va.  
 Dear Mother:

My wish is granted. This is New Year's Day.—I bid you, my friends and country a long, long farewell. God Speed me on to the distant land towards which my future hopes are centered, and grant a fair realization of my wishes. At noon we set sail, and probably ere this reaches you, I shall be some hundreds of miles from home, ploughing the mighty main. Regret not my absence, shed no tears, but pray constantly for my safe return. A Mother's prayer will be heard. He, who has protected me So long, will surely bring me back to your arms again. I shall never forget that fond embrace, and those tears which bedewed your furrowed cheeks, upon parting with you. I shall endeavour not to let your good counsels be wholly lost, but try to profit by them as much as possible. The circumstances under which I am going, are indeed, very favourable, and should I not succeed, the cause can only be attributed to myself. I am now going out independant of the Wardle's. I thought to have been one of the firm. So I was promised, and had every reason to expect to be, but owing to some misunderstanding, as to my participation of the profits, I no longer have the least hope. The arrangement was a fair one between Mr. Wardle's son and myself, perfectly understood by both parties. He consulted his father, the next day he returned me an answer that his father was quite willing, and I had the papers immediately drawn up. Upon presenting this to Mr. W. for examination, he said, "Why this is not the thing. I understood my son to say you were willing to take up with one-tenth the profits upon the goods you influenced upon consignment." I assured him that the understanding was I should receive the one-tenth part the profits of the business done by the house, and called his son to prove that it was so. He said it was. Mr. W. was not willing to submit to a condition of this kind, said I might come in, and receive one-half the profits upon my own consignments, or I might take my goods on my own account and he would permit me to dispose of them in his store.

This last proposition, I accepted. You may sometime see Mr. W., but do not say one word to him about this misunderstanding. You might do me a great deal of injury. . . . I have my eyes open. By being in their store, I can ascertain what things are most saleable. I will write to this effect to Mr. Thompson, he will cause a vessel to be loaded immediately with goods, and will proceed direct to California to establish himself in business with me. All his friends are very desirous for an arrangement of this kind, which will, in the end, prove more advantageous to me, than any proposal which Wardle is ever likely to make me. We will see if things do not turn out for the best.—I have left my likeness, a couple of pieces for Harriet's Album, and the key of the stand drawer with Mr. Wardle.

*January 1, 1849—½ past 12.* We are off now, and no mistake. Being towed towards the Hook by the Steamboat *Hercules*.<sup>1</sup> The day's fine, the wind is fair. I wish you all a Happy New Year. I called upon Mrs. Clark, this morning, they are all well. I hoped to have borrowed \$200.00 from Mr. Harsell,<sup>2</sup> as it was, I succeeded in borrowing \$19.00 from Mr. Thompson, with this I bought boots, shirts, medicines, powder and shot, etc., also had my daguerrotype taken. I have given Thompson an order for the money, he's only to present it in case he is in want of money, before I can give it to him. I have taken locks to the amount of \$600. dolls. I told John about this and consulted with Mr. Wardle, he says he has no doubt but what they will pay a large profit. You will find a memorandum in the drawer. You'd better get the locks insured, also \$50.00 on 6% bbls. beef, \$100.00 on 20 boxes of preserved oysters, pickles etc., also \$250.00 on my clothing etc., I have more than this amount. I think \$1,000.00 insurance will cover everything. It will cost 2%, being \$25.00. You had better insure, in case anything should happen to me and the vessel, you will not regret having done so. The three bills of lading, you will find with Mr. Wardle. Insure in the Mercantile or Atlantic, these are in Mr. W's office.—There are many little things I should like to have. I was not able to see Cragin. I have left the order with Mr. Wardle's son to make some arrangement with him, and take the amount out in Signs. Tell

Henry this—I met John Devoe at the vessel this morning, he came down to see a young man of his acquaintance off. I moved my things this morning. You might call upon Mrs. Lannay,<sup>3</sup> my landlady, you will find her a very pleasant lady. She will, no doubt, give you a correct account of all my actions, and tell you more about me, than I could write upon twenty sheets of papers. I may as well inform you, that I have a particular regard for her youngest daughter, Miss Anna,<sup>4</sup> indeed, I love her, and intend marrying her, if ever I return from California a rich man. She is a pleasant and amiable young lady, of a very affectionate disposition, and as gentle and innocent as a lamb. You would no doubt love her as a daughter-in-law, and Harriet as a sister-in-law. She is only 16 or 17 years of age, of a very lively and winning character. At present she attends Miss Green's School, on the 5th Avenue. If she has only an opportunity of obtaining an excellent education, she, no doubt, will make a very smart and perhaps talented woman, having a mind and memory calculated. You know very well my views as regards marrying—I have always said I would either wait till I am able to support a wife, or Can get one who is able to support me. It is a very poor rule that will not work both ways. I had rather wait till I am able to support a wife, I believe that I shall soon be able. My prospects are bright. I have no engagement, no promise, I never would, particularly, when about leaving a girl for a number of years. If, when I return, she be still of the same mind, and I am single, we will think the matter over. I may perhaps send for her, I think if I do this, I shall be more likely to marry her, than if I were to leave it till my return. There is one thing I must confess. I am not as much enamored with her family, as I am with her. If she were an orphan, had no friend, I would pledge her my word and honour to marry her upon my return. As things are, I leave all to future circumstances. I wish you not to mention one word of what I write to anyone. You are the only one who knows it, except her family, and they have no promise or engagement from me, Even Anna herself, will say there is no engagement.

Yours affectionately,  
Thomas Whaley

I believe I have nothing more to say, having written frequently of late. You can send anything you wish by the *Soulti Carolina*. She sails the 15th. My love to you, one and all, and God grant we may meet again—Yours affectionately,

Thomas Whaley\*

*Jan. 2*—This day we had a very rough time of it. The water was continually coming in from the rudder casing, causing many things in the cabin to get wet. After this many of pass [passengers] Sea Sick. In the morning Saw 2 Ves [vessels] both laying to. Sea running high, could not speak them. Wind WNW

*Jan. 3*—This day pretty much as yesterday. In the night, while laying to, Split main top Sail. This day, E. Johnson commenced giving his mix to the Sea Sick pass, from which he received the title of Doctor. Wind the same.

*Jan. 4*—Very rough, laying to all day. Saw vessel upon our weather quarter, at a great distance. Wadsworth and Palmer still very sick. Rest tolerably well.

*Jan. 5*—All well except Wadsworth and Palmer. Fine morning, rainy afternoon. Stove would not draw. Cabin very wet.

*Jan. 6*—Rain all day. Cabin very uncomfortable. Puffer's birthday. He got cheated out of his plum pudding. Wadsworth the only one on the sick list. Two sails in sight.

*Jan. 7*—Sunday first pleasant day. In morning Mr. W. gave us a lecture. Wind W

*Jan. 8*—Fine day. Had egg punch in the evening to celebrate the Battle of New Orleans. Some of the passengers got a little tight. Wind the same

*Jan. 9*—The first whale made his appearance today. Pork and beans for dinner, which we considered a great treat. How long we shall think so, time will prove. Wind W

*Jan. 10*—Pleasant day. Wind SE

*Jan. 11*—Passed a quiet night, being the first. Since leaving

\*This final letter written by the young merchant to his mother, handed to the Captain of the *Hercules*, to be delivered to the New York Post Office, signalized the beginning of a long voyage in a spectacular chapter of American history.—J. A. R.

home. Very pleasant all day upon deck, the Sun having power enough to dispense with overcoats. Wind SE

*Jan. 12*—Wind blowing almost a gale, rained most all the day, keeping the passengers below. Wind S.E.

*Jan. 13*—Rather cool. Flying fish around the ship in great numbers. Wind S.E.

*Jan. 14*—Sunday pleasant in the morning. Mr. W. read the service. In the afternoon, I read a Sermon which I thought was dry. One of Wesley's [Wesley's].

*Jan. 15*—Pleasant. Made a kite and fastened it to a block and bottle.

*Jan. 16*—Spoke Ship *Greecian* from Canton, bound to London. Put letters aboard.<sup>s</sup>

At sea, aboard ship *Sutton*,  
Lat. 31.16, Long. 37.00  
January 16, 1849

Dear Mother:

The day is fine and calm, the pleasantest we have had since our departure from New York on January 1st, half past twelve. A ship has hove in sight, we are bearing down to speak her, and as she is bearing toward [us], may probably be bound for some port in the United States. I sit down to inform you all that I can. I was in hopes to have spent New Year's with my friends, as it was I made but two calls on my way from Mrs. Ogdens, where I had been to stow away my things; one upon Mrs. Clark, the other on Mrs. Brown. I was glad to have called upon Mrs. C. Perhaps I saved my reputation in doing so. An advertisement in one of the papers stated that a young man by the name of Thomas W. had been guilty of forging a check upon his mother, and as a description of the person answered mine very much, she had some reason to suppose it was me. I requested her to save the piece and hand it to you, which she promised to do. Let me speak of other things. I sent several letters by the pilot and among them, one to you. The steamboat left us several miles this side of Sandy Hook. We set sail immediately. The weather has been pleasant since we left New York. The sea very rough. All passengers seasick, and over it in

three or four days. The wind very favorable until within two days. We are now over two thousand miles from home about in the middle of the Atlantic. Soon we hope to get into the trade winds and make the Cape de Verd [Verde] Islands upon the coast of Africa, from thence we shall steer toward Cape St. Roque [Roque], the most easterly point of South America. God speed us on our way, and grant us a fair wind. There are 26 cabin passengers, a jolly set of fellows. We have plenty of fun and frolic, being under no restraint whatever. The mate's wife is the only woman on board [Mrs. Whitewell]. She is confined to her stateroom most of the time. The weather is so mild in this latitude I go with only my pants, shirt and slippers. Every night we sing and smoke, besides joke and revert to scenes at home. You may tell Mrs. Van Diken that I preached a sermon, the first that has been delivered on board. I got into the quarter boat and made this for a pulpit. The sermon was not one of those which Mrs. Van D. gave me, but one of Wesley's. I do not wish you to think I am the regular pastor. By no means, Mr. Wadsworth is, he read the morning service, but being too weak, he requested me to deliver the sermon. I may be called upon again, if so, I shall select one of Mrs. Van D's. I think of you all very often. As yet I have felt no particular desire to see any of my friends. But before I reach California I expect I shall desire to see you all very much. Sooner or later I shall see you, this I feel confident of, but the time may be a long while to come. The vessel is nearing us fast and my letter must be ready to place in the packet, to be directed to the care of Mr. Wardle. Remember me to all dear and enquiring friends and believe me,

Your affectionate son,  
Thomas Whaley

P.S. I shall write to you again the first opportunity. The ship is thought to be an Englishman, bound to London or Cuba.

*Journal*

Jan. 17—For variety's Sake, a lottery by G. W. [George Wardle].

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship*

Jan. 18—Calm day. Lowered the quarter boats and had a very pleasant row upon the broad Atlantic. Just before night Saw two vessels about two points off our weather bow.

Jan. 19—One of our passengers, the Dr., was excited owing to the strength of some fourth proof brandy. Dull times these, when a person must have something to keep up his Spirits.

Jan. 20—The same person in the Same situation again today. I cannot blame him much for it is very dull.

Jan. 21—Rough weather; Spray continually coming over the quarter deck. Puffer got ducked twice. Great numbers of different kinds of birds flying around.

Jan. 22—Card playing the order of the day in the cabin.

Jan. 23—Saw a whale Spout near the Ship. Some of the passengers in the mizzen-top. A Pleasant day.

Jan. 24—Day was dull, but we had a fine dinner to make up for it.

Jan. 25—A Pleasant day. One of the crew, (Hewey) fell overboard from the main rigging, caught himself, but injured his back.

Jan. 26—George S. Wardle sold one of his lots to Puffer for \$50. in San Francisco. I have the promise of one which he is about selling to Halsey, in case H. refuses to take it. Pleasant day.

Jan. 28—Sunday. It being a beautiful day Mr. Wadsworth conducted the Service upon deck, in which most of the passengers joined. For dinner, fresh meat and "plum duff."

Jan. 29—Before breakfast Clough and Johnson had a row upon the quarter deck, the former told the latter he lied. They closed in, were separated by the Capt. & passengers. A large flying fish flew aboard. Pleasant day.

Jan. 30—All hands went to work this morning with Scrapers and Swabs and cleaned up the cabins. In the afternoon we organized a Court for the Settlement of difficulties that might arise during the remainder of our voyage. Very pleasant day, remarkably so. REGULATIONS GOVERNING "COURT" PROCEDURE FOR REDRESS OF WRONGS ABOARD SHIP [fragmentary]

Jan. 31—He may think proper during the Sitting of the

Court. The Prisoners will have the right to plead their own causes or employ counsel. A majority of the Jurors is necessary for the conviction of a prisoner. In the case of a tie, the Judge Advocate is to decide the guilt or innocence of the Prisoner by casting a vote.

The decisions of this Court are to be final from which there can be no appeal. The fines and penalties are to be by the Judge Advocate.

In the event of either of the Officers or Jurors of the Court being guilty of any misdemeanors they may be impeached & Suspended from exercising their functions; and [ple] sons are to be elected to supply their places during their trial. Any Officer or Juror may be suspended from Office, upon sufficient cause being shown, by one third majority of the passengers. The Court is to meet Monday evening of each week or oftener if the District Attorney finds it necessary for the transaction of business of very pressing moment.

Signed and approved this Thirty first day of January, in the Year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and forty nine, by the following Cabin Passengers:

Wm. R. Wadsworth, C. S. Palmer, Albert Mosely, Bela Brown, A. C. Taylor, Archibald B. Boyd, John F. H. Forbes, Geo. S. Wardle.

*Jan. 31*—A very quiet and fine day. This evening we had a dance upon the quarter deck by moonlight.

*Feb. 1*—Another quiet day. Amused ourselves in the evening. Singing upon the quarter deck.

*Feb. 2*—The Captain and mate had a quarrel today, and the mate was ordered off the quarter deck. Passed a very pleasant evening laying upon an old Sail talking over matters and things with Puffer. Pleasant day.

*Feb. 3*—Mr. Clough and Mr. Johnson friends again. Temperance meeting in the evening upon the quarter deck, Messrs Wadsworth, Taylor and Johnson addressed the meeting. About 15 of the passengers signed the "Pledge," among others, the Captain and his brother.

*Feb. 4*—Sunday Service on deck conducted by Mr. Wadsworth. This afternoon the two Cooks had a fight, one did bite

the other upon the cheek and took out a piece. Pleasant day. Caught a shark. Lat. 3 deg. 17 Long 24 deg. 56'

At Sea, On board Ship Sutton,  
February 5, 1849  
Lat. 3°17, Long. 24°38'

Dear Mother:

Eight bells have just struck, setting forth their merry peals upon the tranquil ocean. The joyful sound "Sail Ho!" was just heard and made to ring from stem to stem of the old Ship. I sprang into the main rigging and saw the vessel, about two miles distant upon the leeboard bow. We are now bearing down upon her with a very extremely light breeze. This day has been an adventurous one for us, full of interest. Until yesterday, during the last two weeks, we have been sailing steadily along, between a south and a southeasterly course, hoping to have made the Cape de Verde Islands, but they are now someways to the Northeast of us. We are now bound for St. Catherine's on the east coast of South America situate in Latitude 27.12 South. At this port we shall stop to take in water and repair a leak. We shall probably be detained there some three or four days. What a relief this will be to the monotony of a long sea voyage. The leak is nothing serious. We might go around the Horn in perfect safety, but then it is not the best to do so when we can conveniently stop at such a port. The Captain intends boarding us all ashore. It is a delightful place. You may expect to hear from me there. If we have any wind at all favorable, we shall reach the Island of St. Catherine in less than three weeks. Yesterday and today we have been becalmed. But this we must expect, so near under the equator. For tonight there is a little breeze. The word is, as I sit writing, "The ship is bearing down upon us", I hope so. I wish to inform you where we are. I well know the anxiety my absence causes you. I have now become thoroughly accustomed to the ship, and made up my mind to amuse myself in reading, writing, conversing, and so forth, till the first of June. It is five weeks today since we left Port, so that one-fifth of the time is already past, and that too, very pleasantly considering the rough weather,

seasickness and so forth, we had the first week. Today has been an exciting one and from the various incidents which have transpired, calculated to make everyone on board feel happy for some days to come. Our passengers are a gentlemanly set of fellows, and generally speaking, very amiable, so that everything passes very smoothly. This morning we caught a shark which has been fooling around since yesterday, until he swallowed the hook. We hoisted him over the side of the vessel and dissected him upon the main hatch. Before the life was out of his body, one had a tooth or an eye, another, his fins or the tip of his nose. One and all came in for a portion of his hide. His backbone is trailing in the wake of the ship, to be converted someday into a walking stick. In company with the shark were two pilot fishes which invariably seek security under their fins. The shark's body was covered with several small fishes, called suckers which stuck to the shark til he was hauled upon deck. They were secured and preserved for some time in a basin of water. The tail of the shark, the only part of this fish fit to eat, was served up for tea to the steerage passengers. This afternoon we lowered one of the quarter boats and took a row for several miles around the vessel, after which about twenty of us went in bathing. I will not say it was a pleasant one. I must here end a description of the day.

February 6, 1849 5:00 A.M.

I am scarcely yet awake. George Wardle just awoke me and whispered very gently in my ear that there was a Ship astern of us, and that the Captain intended to board her, and that I might go aboard. It was calm all last night and will probably continue so during the day. I wish you to remember me to Harriet, John and Henry. What a terrible time we had getting from Washington to Harpers Ferry. I often think of it. It was equal to anything I experienced in my travels through Switzerland. Henry must have had a hard time of it returning. I have written this letter in a hurry and therefore forget many things which you would like to know about. I will have a long letter to send you upon arriving in St. Catharines. This is my third letter. The first I sent by the pilot, and the second by a Canton Ship bound for London, January 11, about twelve or thirteen

days ago. I hope you have received them both. My health continues good, and I enjoy myself as much as mortal can expect to, under existing circumstances. I wish you to remember me to Anson, Bill Thompson and Dick Morgan Jr., and tell them and other of my intimate friends who write to me across the Isthmus about the middle of April, so that I may receive their letters sometime about the time I arrive at San Francisco. Direct to the care of George S. Wardle & Co., San Francisco, and write me (my name) in one corner "to remain until called for." I gave you a different address. I have since learned that there is no such house at present. I have had some conversation with George and Mr. Wadsworth, his partner, whereby I am to make some arrangement with them upon arriving in California. It may not be so advantageous as the one I was to have made in New York, but sufficiently so never to make me regret going to California. I shall do well, never fear. I am to mess with them. There will be a party of six, consisting of George, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Puffer, a respectable young man of Brooklyn. A young man by the name of Muir is coming out in the *Southern Carolina*, myself and one other. Mr. Wadsworth is a religious man, and one that I like very much, so that I shall look upon him as a friend to advise me under difficult circumstances. The passengers of the ship form an interesting community. There is a rule and order among us. We have a Court and Temperance Society, to the former I am a Clerk and to the latter Secretary. Two very honorable offices, you will say. I hope to be able to found a library in San Francisco and become its librarian. I think I shall be able to raise some two or three hundred volumes on board. Well, I must close wishing you to excuse this scrawl.

Heigh ho, I am scarcely awake yet,

Yours affectionately,

Tho Whaley

Tell Harriet to write to me.

*Feb. 5th, Monday Evening*

The Court met in conformity to the rules of its sittings and the District Attorney having announced there was no business to lay before the Court which he thought, and reasonably attributed to the temperance measures of the preceeding week.

The jury proceeded to pass certain rules to regulate their future conduct. The Judge Advocate is not to be considered a member of the Grand Jury when in Session. No person is to be allowed to attend the sittings of the Grand Jury. No person is allowed to attend the sitting of the Court, until it be declared open for business--All of which having received the unanimous Sanction of the Court and there being no other business to transact, the Court was declared adjourned. Elijah Johnson, John Cammet, George D. Puffer, Thomas B. Clough, Samuel Dayton, James Turner, Thomas B. Grant, Charles Brooks, H. Stroelin, D. H. Brown, C. H. Strybing, Thos. Whaley.

On Board Ship Sutton at sea  
Feb. 5, 1849

Lat. 3.05° North,

Long. 24.48

Dear Anna:

The joyful sound of "Sail Ho!" "Where Away?" "Over the Starboard bow," was heard early this morning, and made the old Sutton ring from Stern to Stern with delight, while the merry sound of ship-bells, sent forth gladsome notes over the tranquil waves, illumined by the golden rays of the Sun, rising from its midnight slumber. The next moment all was still as death, except for the occasional flapping of the sails. The eyes of all were instantly directed to a small spot upon the horizon, which gradually increased in size as we drew nearer. Presently conjectures were formed as to what nation the vessel belonged and where she could possibly be bound. Captain Wardle settled all enquiries for the time being by saying it was an American vessel going, probably, to Europe. Her painted ports seemed to confirm part of his belief. We ran the Stars and Stripes up to the peak. To the surprise of all, the Stranger displayed the Spanish flag. She could not then, have been at the distance of more than a mile--presenting a most beautiful appearance as she sank, and then rose again upon the billow. When we were sufficiently near, both vessels "hove to." We lowered a quarter boat into which the Captain, his brother, (the young gentleman who called upon me a morning or two before I left home) and my-

self with another passenger jumped in, and were rowed along-side of the Spaniard. The Captain hailed her in English. "Bark Ahoy!" But it was of no use. I next hailed her in French and received, in answer to my questions that she was the bark, *Maria*, 18 days from [Malaga], bound to Lima, with a cargo of fruit and wine. After these preliminaries, the Spanish Captain, having satisfied himself where we were from and so forth, he very politely invited us to come on board. To this we readily acceded, leaving the boat in charge of the men. I was obliged to act as interpreter for the whole party. You may conceive I was kept very busy. Having accepted a further invitation to breakfast, the Spanish Captain proposed that as we were both bound around the Horn, we should file away and he would follow on so as to lose no time. Captain Wardle gave the order to his ship when instantly the yards of both vessels were squared. I cannot detail to you all that I saw on board. Suffice it to say I was well pleased with everything particularly the entertainment consisting of meats, wines and dainties. What struck me most as characteristic of the nation to which the bark belonged, were the barrels of wine arranged along its sides in the same manner as casks of water are on board of American Ships. By law all Spanish vessels are obliged to furnish their men, each one, with a bottle of wine every day, between the fortieth degrees north and south of the Equator. Having examined everything, which we found cleanly, and in the most perfect order, Captain Wardle and I proposed at eleven o'clock, returning to the *Sutton* with the Spanish Captain and his mate, leaving Mr. Wardle and the passengers on board, as prisoners of war. What was our surprise to find upon getting into the boat, a barrel of wine, two boxes of raisins and one of macaroni, which the generous Spanish Captain had caused to be placed there unknown to us. We did all in our power to amuse our guests, to whom I acted as interpreter, more than twenty five persons. For the time being I felt myself a very important personage. We amused ourselves until dinner time, playing vingt-et-un. It was curious to remark the various means and experiences [expressions] the passengers resorted to, to make themselves understood to the two Spanish gentlemen, during the game, to which

they put a thousand questions. About 4 o'clock, it presenting the appearance of a Squall, our visitors were rowed to the *Maria*, and the hostages brought back. Our Captain did not forget to reciprocate the favour of the Spanish Captain. He caused cheese, mackerel, hams, pickles, oysters and hickory nuts to be placed in the boat upon its last trip, which the Spaniards no doubt relish as much as we do their wine &c.

*Feb. 6th*—The *Maria* is no longer in sight. We left her immediately upon parting with her Captain yesterday. The day has been perfectly calm! This morning we caught a large shark, which was hauled on board and dissected upon the main hatch. In less than twenty minutes he was completely dismembered. One claiming possession of an eye or tooth, and another of the head or tail. His fins are nailed to the mainmast. In the afternoon about 5 o'clock, we took a row around the vessel several times, after which it was stationed off at a distance of thirty or forty feet. Between this space, about twenty of the passengers indulged in the luxury of bathing. I cannot describe to you what my feelings were at the time. Thousands of miles from home, in the middle of the broad Atlantic, unsupported by anything, except the bottomless sea. It is the intention of our Captain to stop at the island of St. Catherine, for the purpose of taking in water and repairing a leak, which, in the hurry of leaving New York, was overlooked. It is nothing of a serious nature. We might go around the Horn in perfect safety, but then, it is not advisable when we can so easily run into port. I commenced this letter last evening. I shall add to it from time to time until an opportunity presents itself of sending it by some vessel bound to the United States. On the 16th January, in Lat. 31.16 and Long. 37.0, I sent you a few hurried lines by the English Ship, *Greelan*, 120 days from Canton, bound to London, which I hope you have received, as you must have felt considerable anxiety on my account. The weather for the first week, after leaving New York, was very tempestuous, a portion of our deck load being carried away. We were sailing much of the time, under double reefed topsails, and for more than 48 hours, obliged to lie to. The same wind which carried along with such force must have proved disastrous to the shipping upon the coast. The

Northern Star is no longer visible. While the Stars of the Northern Hemisphere are sinking beyond the horizon, those of the South are all presenting themselves to view. When we have reached the fourth or fifth degree south of the Equator, we shall be able to see the Magellan Islands and Southern Cross.

*Feb. 7th*—Pleasant day—Shudding Sails set. Lost kitten over-board. Lat. 1.38, Long. 24.35.

*Feb. 8th*—Nothing of importance. Lat. 41 N.

*Feb. 9th*—Went aboard the *Wallace*. Lat. 22° N. Long. 24.58 [letter continues]—Latitude 0 deg. 11 N., Long. 24 deg. 58 W.

The sea today is almost perfectly calm, nearly as smooth as a mirror, and so it has been for the week past. As a natural consequence, we have made little or no progress, there being at times Scarcely a breath of air stirring. We hope to reach the Equator, or the line, as it is called, sometime this afternoon. It was formerly the universal custom to christen all those who crossed the line for the first time. This manner of initiating landsmen, or lubbers, as they are familiarly called in Seamen's language, is very seldom resorted to now-a-days, having passed like so many time honoured customs, into oblivion. The intention of the passengers was to have given Old Neptune a worthy reception, but the week has been such an Eventful one, interesting from day to day, we have had very little time to make the necessary preparations for welcoming him. This, however, shall not prevent us from standing at the gangway to give him a loud hurrah as he rises from the midst of the sea, and shakes his hoary locks before stepping foot on the quarter deck. Doubtless he will demand the passports of those on board. Those who have not the necessary documents, he will, being a pretty generous kind of fellow in this enlightened age, agree to compromise the matter, either in the way of a Sing or a Speech. It would afford me infinite pleasure to recount important incidents of the week, had I an opportunity, but I must needs postpone them to some future time. A vessel in sight is now bearing down upon us. In the course of an hour or so, we may hope to hail her. I trust she may be bound to some port in the United States, that I may have an opportunity of communicating with you and my dear friends once more. How solicitous my mother



must feel for me. I doubt not she offered up many a prayer for the protection and safe return of her absent son, but none more frequent than those which emanate from your innocent lips! Pardon me, for thus openly expressing the conviction of my own heart. But I flatter myself you think of me sometimes, perhaps often. How frequently do my thoughts wander home and to you, dear Anna. Reclining in a hammock, waited to and fro, by the billows of the mighty deep, my eyes fixed upon the bright moon, wending its way through the ethereal vault of heaven, I console myself with the belief that you may be gazing upon the same object, sharing with me my griefs. This, you will say, is a mixture of romance and poetry. It may be so, but none the less true. Kindred hearts, you know, love to sympathize. I wonder if ever again we shall be permitted to mingle our happiness, Heaven trust we may. Your society has always afforded me pleasure, and now that I am deprived of it, I feel quite disconsolate. Can I forget you? No, Anna, never. You have made too vivid an impression upon me. Your graceful form ever presents itself to my mind. Indeed, the only really pleasant hours I pass, are those spent in thinking of you. Sometimes my imagination carries me so far as to fancy I hear your sweet voice, asking some innocent question as you were wont to do. I turn to reply, when suddenly, the vision vanishes, leaving me to the reality of the Same. These are no empty words, dear Anna, but each and every one of them is intended to convey the exact meaning which it expresses. They are the expressions of a sincere heart which beats only for you. One thing alone makes me feel very unhappy. It is the uncertainty regarding our fate. Sometimes I am wicked enough, I must confess it though it gives you pain, to wish I had never seen you, but this thought is always succeeded by some pleasing reminiscences, which recalls you and all your actions to my mind as vividly as ever. We may possibly never be bound by holy ties of matrimony, but then you will ever find me a true and sincere friend. More than this, I cannot consistently promise. You well know my present circumstances, and the sentiment by which I am actuated. I have defined all clearly to you. Would it not be downright folly for two beings situated as we are, forming an attachment for life, whereby

each one of us would be rendered miserable? The old proverb rather selfish of itself says, "It is easier to feed one mouth than two." I approve of the principal that a man ought to be able to maintain a wife before he marries one. What my future circumstances may be, I cannot tell. My prospects, it is true, are bright. I am embarked upon a long voyage to a remote part of our country where vast quantities of gold may be obtained, it is said, for the trouble of digging. I place some, but not full reliance in this report. What truth there is really in it, is yet to be seen. But I have not left home upon an uncertainty; time and distance must necessarily separate us for a long period. Years may elapse before I shall again have the pleasure of seeing my natal city and the companions of my youth. The very thought makes me weep. Perhaps I shall never again be permitted to return. I trust however, the time will not be prolonged beyond three years, which seems only a little while to look back upon, but an eternity to look forward to. Our attachment is of short and rapid growth. Whether it will withstand the shock of separation of three years, cannot be foretold. Surely, it ought to be equal to the profession of love, we mutually have made. Engagements are foolish contracts, particularly when the parties are bound to be separated for a long time. This, I told you upon parting, and put the question to you directly. You answered, "I'd rather there should be no engagement between us, either expressed, or understood." This is as it should be, and just as I wish it. First love is said to be most lasting. I'm inclined to believe so, but you are young, and have arrived at that particular age, when a girl's mind is very unsettled. That you love me now, dear Anna, and with all the sincerity of heart, that a creature is capable of loving, I doubt not. But, perhaps you may, in my absence, not that I think you capable of the least inconsistency, become acquainted with someone whom you may esteem more worthy of your affection. To this, I shall not object. You must not attribute this to my indifference. I say so, merely to caution you that I would not knowingly connect myself to a woman who loved another man better than she did me. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether I marry a fortune, provided I have a sufficiency of my own. I would sooner connect myself

to a poor girl, well educated and instructed in all that adorns woman, than a fashionable young lady of the present day. I hope your mother will keep you at Miss Green's, at least a year longer. During this time, you must study hard and endeavor to learn all you can. Acquaint yourself with every branch that should constitute part of the education of a young lady, both in literature and housekeeping, for I tell you, very much depends on how I find you improved in these things, when I return. I am mindful of the promise I made you, and will redeem it, as soon as it lies in my power. This much interest in you I will evince, even though I never give you a more convincing proof of an attachment. I would like to see you a well educated woman, and that you may become such, there is no doubt. You are naturally endowed with a good intellect, and possess a very retentive memory. You have only to encourage and foster the gifts which God has given you, and there is no question but that you will become all that I desire. I am demanding a great deal, I know, but not more than I believe you are capable of performing. What other motives than amiability which you certainly possess, and a refined education, do you suppose could induce me to marry a girl? Study then, study for me, whom you love and have promised, and there is little doubt but that you will in time realize the most ardent desire of your heart. I never revert to our parting except with pangs of regret. How could I possibly withstand your tears, without being moved to weep myself! My soul, surely must have become, for the moment, callous. It is true—I endeavored to prepare you for the separation, just as it took place, but then I had no idea it would be so, after taking leave of my mother in the manner in which I did. That is the first time I ever wept in my life from sympathy. I little thought that the fountain which had commenced to flow, would so soon be dried up. If ever I desired to shed tears, it was when I took leave of you, dear Anna. They were, however, unwillingly restrained, til after I left the house and felt the reality of seeing you, perhaps for the last time. My departure necessarily was a hurried one, and upon this account alone, am I excusable. I could not possibly have remained another moment with you. I arrived on board of the *Sutton* just as she was about leaving the

wharf, though she was, owing to the late arrival of Mr. Wardle, who was detained til half past twelve. You must not, therefore, attribute coldness or indifference to me. It would be cruel if you would, and only make me feel very unhappy.

*February 10th*—Again have I been disappointed in sending my letter. The vessel we saw yesterday was the English ship, *Wallace*, 90 days from Lima, bound to Liverpool with a cargo of twelve hundred tons of guano. It was about 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. We were nearly becalmed. In the afternoon we proposed to the Captain to take a row to see Johnny Bull, who was riding at a distance of three miles. Accordingly, a boat was lowered and manned entirely by passengers. The English Captain treated us very hospitably, and entertained us for more than an hour. We were a jolly set of boys returning to the *Sutton*. Our Captain has been induced, from what the Englishman told him, to go to San Salvador, instead of St. Catherine's. I wish he would determine to stop at Rio de Janeiro, the seat of the Brazilian empire. It is the only city upon the coast I particularly desire to see.

*February 22nd*—This is the last opportunity I shall have to write in this letter, except to add a few postscript lines. I wish you to read over attentively what I have written, and consider it well. I require nothing in answer, or the least reference to it, except what your own feelings may dictate. Write to me as soon after the receipt of this as is convenient, give me all the information you think will please me, and tell me of your griefs, hopes and fears. In a word, write me all your thoughts and tell me all your actions. They will all be interesting to me. Let me know how you are progressing in your studies, and how you pass your time. Do not allow the length of my letters prevent you from writing a few lines. I have as yet made no reference to your mother and sister. They must not be in the least offended. This letter is to them, as well as to you. The news for them, and the chicken fixings for you. I think of Amelia' often, and regret she is not here, that we might renew one of our old fashioned quarrels, by way of a change. She is a good natured girl and deserves a lover. I sometimes bestow a kiss upon her tress of hair, while I let a tear fall upon yours, which I have

placed inside of the locket, which tells of the giver's faith and truth in absence; and says, "Forget Me Not." Monsieur Henri Grouet, no doubt, begins to speak English, and therefore you can no longer make fun of him, as we sometimes used to do. I wish you to present my best regards to your cousins, Eloise and Mrs. Warner. Remember me kindly to your mother, Amelia and Peter,<sup>8</sup> and be assured of a continuance of my love and affection. Address your letters to the care of G. S. Wardle & Co. Send across the Isthmus.<sup>9</sup> I must now close. May God protect us and grant we shall meet again. Farewell, dear Anna, you will not probably hear from me again till after I arrive in California, except it be a few hasty lines sent by some homeward bound vessel. From your absent friend,  
T. Whaley

*Feb. 10th*—Pretty much as yesterday. Boat race. Lat. 10°N. Long. 24.52'

*Feb. 11th*—Sunday, crossed the Line. Good breeze from S.E. Lat. 0.92° S. Long. 25.53'

Aboard the Ship *Sutton*, at Sea,  
February 9, 1849

Dear Mother:

The vessel we spoke the sixth was the *Maria*, a Spanish ship bound from Malaga, only eighteen days out. We all supposed her to be American, or at least a vessel bound for a European Port. Therefore, many of the passengers had letters ready. One of the quarter boats was lowered into which the Captain, his brother and myself jumped and were rowed alongside. I had to act as interpreter, conversing in French. The Captain, who had invited us aboard, found we were going the same way, asked us to stay for dinner with style. We returned to the *Sutton* in company with the Spanish Captain in the afternoon, 4:00 o'clock. I acted as interpreter for all, and was very busy. The Spanish Captain gave us a compass, the old one having been carried away in a storm.

We have made little headway for some time. Today, however, we will cross the line. Neptune will come aboard, shaking his hoary locks with spray. A ship is bearing down. We shall

speck her in a few minutes. I hope to send this [letter] to some port in the United States. Took a row to the ship. It proved to be the *Wallace*, from Liverpool. A ship of 850 tons, 90 days out. I will place this letter aboard. The Captain of the *Wallace* is a very sociable fellow. It is 6:00 o'clock. We are now ready to return, and it has commenced raining. Our ship is yet three miles distant, a long and wet row.  
Yours truly,  
Thos. Whaley  
Lat. 1.10° Long. 25.38'

#### *Journal*

*Feb. 12*—Monday.—This morning I rose early, having spent a restless night. The heat is oppressive. There is scarcely a breath of Air stirring and this little, with difficulty, finds itself into the cabin. The fact is, there are too many passengers, more than there is accommodation for. Six persons being compelled to sleep where best they can. Four of them are Germans, they take up their quarters at the farther end of the Cabin, opposite my Stateroom. I awake in the morning in a fever and with my linen saturated with perspiration. My toilette is the work of but a few minutes. Then I seek to gain the deck.—How refreshing one finds the Sea air, after being pent up seven or eight hours into a small apartment not larger than six by four feet, and this too, shared with another. I think I shall appreciate the comforts and conveniences of a large room, if ever I get into one again. This is my third Sea voyage. From New York to Havre, I enjoyed myself.—So did I on my passage from Portsmouth home. I wish I could speak as favorably of this.—But then, perhaps there is no reason for complaining. The journey I am embarked upon is long. I cannot expect the same degree of comfort going around the Horn as to Europe. Since coming aboard I have been in the habit of remaining in my bunk till a few minutes before 8 o'clock, breakfast time. This morning I rose much earlier, was forced to do from the oppressive air confined in the cabin. I did not much relish the idea of waiting two hours for breakfast, creating an appetite which was impossible to satisfy upon dried herrings, salt hash, coffee, slops, butter melted into oil, and hard biscuit. Rising early is wholesome, and I must accustom myself to it. Our table generally is

placed inside of the locket, which tells of the giver's faith and truth in absence; and says, "Forget Me Not." Monsieur Henri Grouet, no doubt, begins to speak English, and therefore you can no longer make fun of him, as we sometimes used to do. I wish you to present my best regards to your cousins, Amelia and Mrs. Warner. Remember me kindly to your mother, Amelia and Peter, and be assured of a continuance of my love and affection. Address your letters to the care of G. S. Wardle & Co. Send across the Isthmus? I must now close. May God protect us and grant we shall meet again. Farewell, dear Anna, you will not probably hear from me again till after I arrive in California, except it be a few hasty lines sent by some homeward bound vessel. From your absent friend,  
T. Whaley

*Feb. 10th*—Pretty much as yesterday. Boat race. Lat. 10°N. Long. 24.52'

*Feb. 11th*—Sunday, crossed the Line. Good breeze from S.E. Lat. 0.22° S. Long. 25.53'

Aboard the Ship *Sutton*, at Sea,  
February 9, 1849

Dear Mother:

The vessel we spoke the sixth was the *Marta*, a Spanish ship bound from Malaga, only eighteen days out. We all supposed her to be American, or at least a vessel bound for a European Port. Therefore, many of the passengers had letters ready. One of the quarter boats was lowered into which the Captain, his brother and myself jumped and were rowed alongside. I had to act as interpreter, conversing in French. The Captain, who had invited us aboard, found we were going the same way, asked us to stay for dinner with style. We returned to the *Sutton* in company with the Spanish Captain in the afternoon, 4:00 o'clock. I acted as interpreter for all, and was very busy. The Spanish Captain gave us a compass, the old one having been carried away in a storm.

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well and abundantly supplied, but not with the luxuries which weigh down the tables of our packet ships.—All hands are preparing to get everything ready for entering the Port Bahia, or San Salvador, as it is more frequently called. The Captain is giving orders for the vessel to be put into good trim. The old Ship is to be painted inside and out, while the Sailors are at work setting up the main rigging. The passengers are writing letters, packing and unpacking their trunks, selecting clothing to go ashore. In the midst of all this confusion, a water Spout is discovered, and everyone leaving their occupations, rush to the lee side of the Ship to see the phenomenon, distant some three or four miles. We were too far off to observe it well. The horizon was clouded around with every indication of an approaching Storm. It presented the appearance of a Ship on fire, enveloped in a light cloud of mist or Smoke; above this rose a column, apparently connected with heaven, diverging as it rose and losing itself with the clouds. It lasted some five or ten minutes. Soon after, it commenced raining and blowing very hard. The old *Sutton* was flying before the wind with Sails and Studding Sails Set. The quantity was soon reduced. I was upon deck at the time, and busied myself in covering over the Sky Lights with pieces of Sail Cloth. The Sashes having been taken out for the purpose of cleaning. In doing this, I was drenched through and obliged to retreat and change my clothes. Some of the passengers succeeded in saving Several buckets of rain water, which was collected upon the awning.— A general washing of clothes was commenced by a few of them.—I chose, after the Shower was ended and the Sky Lights re-opened, to seat myself and commenced my journal. This is the first I have written for want of paper. How I came to forget such important things, I cannot conceive.—Having now commenced keeping a journal, I hope to attend to it regularly. What has transpired since we left New York up to the present time, George Wardle has promised to furnish me from his journal.— I shall attend to this after leaving San Salvador. Until then, I shall have enough to do in the way of writing letters to my friends, noting passing events and arranging my baggage. It is now 12 o'clock. The Steward is come to set the table, and I

must therefore move somewhere else. The Sun is Shining beautifully. A party is engaged at the after end of the cabin playing whist upon the head of a flour barrel. The little wine they drank this morning has got into their upper stories, and their noise prevents me from writing more. I am now going upon deck to get a little fresh air and remain until dinner is ready. I understand we are going to have apple pudding. This I shall enjoy, as we seldom get anything of this kind.—The Doctor is composing and singing *Ri-fol-de-lol-de-lay*. He is a jolly fellow, and creates Sport wherever he happens to be.—*Ri-fol-de-lol-de-lay*. The afternoon I spent in writing and scrubbing. In the evening, the Grand Jury held its Setting. The first cause before the Jury was the examination of witnesses in the case of Johnson et al vs. Wadsworth for impeachment, and for having put his nose in the tumbler of a fellow passenger, for the purpose of ascertaining Spiritous liquor, and also for general interference and meddling with the affairs of the passengers. The Jury, after deliberating Some time found a bill against him, upon two of the charges contained in the indictment. I was instructed as Clerk of the Court to give Mr. W. R. Wadsworth notice to attend court at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. So we all expect considerable sport. The night was beautiful, till after the midnight watch was called engaged in conversing with one another.

PROCEEDINGS IN ACCORDANCE WITH EXISTING REGULATIONS IN THE CASE OF JOHNSON, et al VS. WADSWORTH

BILL OF INDICTMENT

Complaint to the Hon. the Grand Jury of the Ship Sutton—Elijah Johnson, of the Ship Sutton, deeming himself injured, does complain, and believe his rights as a Passenger infringed by certain acts of W. R. Wadsworth, to wit:

1. An unlawful infringement and injudicious meddling with the affairs of other Passengers, and to the detriment of the whole—but more particularly to the complainant, causing, by such meddling, dissatisfaction, uneasiness and instilling unhappiness among the passengers.

2. Further, for uncalled for conduct in taking unwarrantable

Ibertes with a Fellow Passenger's tumbler while at dinner, giving those present to understand it contained that which a gentleman should not partake of.

3. Further, for harsh language among the Passengers, as to the public Pasting of delinquents at his pleasure.

The above complaint is respectfully submitted for trial, by your honorable body for the benefit of said Elijah Johnson, complainant.

Feb. 12th, 1849

Approved for a Notice & Trial

C. S. Palmer,

Dist. Atty.

Fifty Dollars

Thos. Whaley

The Ship Sutton, Feb. 2, 1849

Tuesday afternoon, 3:00 P.M.

Feb. 13, 1849

The Jurors being called, the indictment was read by the Clerk—Mr. Wadsworth pleaded his cause in person. First, the question as to the swearing of witnesses was discussed. It was agreed to receive their testimony as men of honor. Mr. W. demanded a non suit upon the ground that Johnson had no right to make a complaint against him, for what he had been guilty of to Gammet and others.

Feb. 13—Tuesday. Rose early this morning as I intend doing as long as we have such Hot weather. The day is fine, but we are becalmed. Sailors are engaged in painting the outside of the Ship, which they were prevented from finishing yesterday. Some few of the passengers with the Captain are engaged in making awnings and cushions for the quarter boats. I had Charles Palmer, the District Attorney, up early this morning, and before the breakfast bell rang, he made out the Summons which I signed and placed in the hands of the Sheriff with instructions to Serve it upon William R. Wadsworth, the presiding Judge of the Court, who stands impeached and is to be brought to trial. He is, at the moment preparing the necessary documents. Mr.

W. is generally esteemed on board; he exerts a beneficial influence over the passengers and, no doubt, but for his exertions there would have been a disturbance created on board long before this.—Some few of the passengers have misconstrued his actions, thinking that he is too meddling and over zealous in the cause of temperance, religion, morality, etc.—He, no doubt, will be able to withstand the charges made against him, and perhaps bring Doctor Johnson and his clique into disrepute. I think only a favourable result can be the consequence of today's proceedings.—The Shower prevented the Court from Sitting till four o'clock.—Mr. W. Moved a non-suit, upon the ground that the indictment was informal, inasmuch Mr. Johnson had no right to bring the prisoner to account for what he had done to a fellow passenger, other than himself. The Court was of the same opinion, notwithstanding which Mr. W. was willing to allow the trial to go on. Some few harsh words followed on the part of Mr. Johnson, declaring it impossible to bring the Judge or any member of the Court to trial, and that he should no longer consider himself amenable to the Court. The affair terminated quite differently from what I supposed. The passengers fore and aft were gathered upon the quarter deck, expecting to witness some interesting Scenes and to hear Eloquent Speeches. Party spirit ran high, many were in favor of the Doctor, but the majority, I believe supported Mr. Wadsworth. No one who knows the latter, can help appreciating the influence and goodness of this man. Johnson creates considerable merriment on board, but then he is the cause of most of the disturbances. In the evening, Some few of the passengers were Singing among other things, "Home Sweet Home." It recalled to my mind, happy reminiscences of the past.—I was reclining upon the sofa at the time, with my head on Charlie Palmer's lap. Soon it commenced raining and finally we were obliged to retreat to the cabin, where there were three or four parties engaged in playing whist. Puffer and I prepared ourselves, and went again upon deck to take a Shower bath. How nice, cool and refreshing it did feel. At ten I turned into my bunk to sleep dull care away till morning.

Ship Sutton Feb. 13, 1849 Lat. 2.17°  
 Long. 27.47'  
 To The Honorable Grand Jury  
 Gentlemen:

The evidence of the Subscriber given at your last session was not understood as he intends it should be, and he regrets extremely that he has not had an opportunity, before the close of the session to state more fully what he did mean, in order to prevent a misconstruction of the terms he then made use of, That, however, not being the case, his only alternative is, most respectfully, to state that he did not mean to say that he had been drunk while on board this Ship, and with all due deference to your honorable body, may, he does not think he did say so, tho' it is thus recorded by your Secretary, and furthermore, the Subscriber humbly prayeth that such record, not being the truth, may be expunged. Your obn't Servt, Thomas B. Clough

Approved,  
 C. S. Palmer,  
 Dist. Atty

Feb. 14—This day took the trades Lat. 3° 32' Long. 28° 29%. The decks were not yet washed this morning, when I rose. Some few of the passengers were upon deck, among others, Mr. Wadsworth, who indeed sleeps there, unless prevented by the rain, altogether. Their intention was directed to a Sail upon our leeboard quarter. She was going the same course. About 4:00 o'clock we lost sight of her. She may probably be the Spanish Bark, *Maria*, the vessel we boarded a few days ago, bound for Lima.—The Ship was Surrounded this morning by Schools of black fish. Some of them approached very near the vessel. Again today the Sails are flapping in the wind. The Equator, Seems to me, to be a broad belt encircling the globe, laying just below the Surface of the Sea, not Sufficiently deep to allow a Ship heavily laden to pass over it. This, however, is merely a Supposition on my part. Perhaps it would be more reasonable to attribute our Slow progress to the lightness of the wind. For the last week or ten days we have Scarcely moved, till in the afternoon, then we would have a Shower with a wind more or less

favourable, which would carry us along at the rate of four or five knots per hour during the night. Last night at one time we were going some nine or ten miles per hour. Our fresh provisions are all gone with the exception of a forlorn pig, which we intend to keep to celebrate our arrival at San Salvador. For the last two weeks we have had no other meats than salt beef and pork; the first good dinner I have made of the former was today, owing altogether to prejudice. I have heretofore considered the beef we have had Served from day to day at dinner, an inferior quality of corned beef, but when I was informed that it was *mess beef*, quite a different article from *corned beef*, I could relish it. Corned beef in warm latitudes will not keep for any length of time, therefore it is not to be taken to Sea on long voyages. With the beef and potatoes we had some very nice bread, current pudding and wine sauce. The members of the Temperance Society helped themselves pretty freely, I thought. Quite a misfortune happened to us the day before yesterday, which I forgot to record. The barrel of wine we obtained from the Spanish bark sprung a leak, whereby all of it was lost. The consequence has been we have not had wine for two days. There is, however, enough to make sauce with. I wonder that any of the temperance men partake of it in any form.—One of their number proposed as it was being taken aboard from the *Maria*, that it should be thrown into the Sea.—I regret very much the loss of the wine. The water is miserable and getting worse and worse every day. A little wine would improve it considerably. Some of the passengers are looking forward with hope for better days. They intend to lay in dainties of all kinds, upon arriving at San Salvador. The Captain says that he will not permit wines or liquors of any kind to be brought [from] ashore. I should like to see this carried into effect, as liquor has been the cause of more disputes than one, already aboard of this vessel. But, how he can consistently carry out his Views when he drinks himself, and brings wine on board of his Ship from a Spanish bark, is beyond my comprehension. I have been arranging my State room, and writing up my Journal this afternoon—I believe I will now commence writing letters, one to my Mother, one to my Sweetheart, and if I have time before we reach San Salvador,

to Anson and Bill Thompson. We got into the South East trades late this afternoon, and we are now Sailing along at the rate of Six or Seven knots. This is St. Valentine's Day, a great and glorious anniversary among the juveniles at home, but here, entirely overlooked.

*Feb. 15*—Very clear and fresh breeze from S.E. 5.12°, Long. 29.3'. Took in top gallant Sail for topmast. We have been sailing very Steadily along Since 5:00 o'clock yesterday, with Scarcely a perceptible motion So that a fine opportunity presents itself for writing etc. The weather upon the equator is not so oppressively warm as I supposed. The mornings are pleasant till 8:00 o'clock, but from this hour to 3:00 o'clock, it is quite warm. The Sun's rays are So powerful, an awning affords us little protection except when there is a little breeze stirring. The evenings are perfectly delightful. The least possible quantity of clothing is all that is necessary. This morning I was engaged in reading "The Conversion of St. Paul," a small book placed in my hands by Mr. Wadsworth, who desires to make a convert of me. After dinner, feeling somewhat debilitated from the effects of the heat, I turned into my bunk hoping to refresh myself with a little Sleep. But it was impossible. I lay there an hour or more Sweating in perspiration. I arose, took up a medicine book, and not wishing to go upon deck as long as it continued so warm, I sat down at the table beneath the Sky light and read the cautions to be used by persons going from one climate another. Till tea time, I was upon the poop deck, laughing and talking with George S. Wardle, Charles S. Palmer, Thomas B. Grant and Samuel Dayton.—In the evening, the Doctor, by way of variety, got up a theatrical entertainment, consisting of negro extravaganzas, extempore Speeches, Songs, dances etc., concluding the whole with a burlesque upon the Italian opera. He is a tall genius, and one of his kind. The Ship is nearly all painted from Stern to Stern, and from mast head to the water's edge. She begins to present a fine appearance, and will enter San Salvador in tolerably good trim, for a seventeen year old ship. It is now evening. I have been engaged the last half hour writing up my Journal. I am now going upon deck, leaving behind the parties engaged in playing whist and

enchure, to survey the different groups. Here are some discussing politics, there, are others talking about religion, while a third party is endeavoring to settle the question as to there being an abundance of gold in California.

*Feb. 16th*—Lat. 8° 20', Long. 30° 39'. This day early in the morning, one of the passengers hit his head. The day has been beautiful and we have been Sailing along gaily at the rate of seven or eight knots. I have to record an accident which happened to my friend, George Puffer. He slept on deck last night, as he has been in the habit of doing for some time past, on the weather side of the Ship. Towards morning, the vessel gave a Sudden lurch and sent him with so much violence against the binnacle, so as to cut his eye very Severely and Stun him for some time. He is fast recovering, but will present a rather hard looking subject when he goes ashore at San Salvador. A man must look out when he Sleeps upon the "pinks" all night and not be so ready to box the compass upon rising in the morning. The magnetic attraction is very great, I allow, but I do not see the inducement a man can have to come within its influence under So disadvantageous circumstances. I prophesied a week ago, that we would be fifty-one days going to San Salvador. I had no reason in Saying So, except that I was all that time in going from New York to Havre. It's a singular coincidence that while I was Standing at the wheel this forenoon, one of the Steerage passengers came aft and expressed his opinion we would not reach port until the end of the fifty-first day! We shall see how much truth there is in the prophecy. I have passed the day in overhauling my trunks. All my things are in first rate order. I made a Selection of clothing to go ashore. How strange and uncomfortable I shall feel to be dressed up again.

*Feb. 17th*—Saturday. Lat. 10° 24', Long. 32° 18'. Two Sails were in Sight this morning, a Brig and a Top Sail Schooner. The former we Saw during the greater portion of the day. The weather continues delightful, except that it is a little too warm. We have been keeping Steadily upon our course. The cabin was cleared today of all the extra baggage and for the first time Since we left New York, it presents a respectable appearance. I was engaged all the afternoon writing. In the evening there



was a general Spouting. First the Doctor gave us an exhibition of Keen, Hamblin, Forrest etc.<sup>11</sup> imitating the various characters very well. At half past Seven, Mr. Moseley organized the temperance meeting, at which there was pretty good attendance. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Moseley, Mr. Johnson & Mr. Wadsworth were severally called upon to express their Sentiments. The Society is in a flourishing condition, having at least twenty members. I have not joined, nor do I think I shall ever be induced to. I am fond of a milk punch, or a brandy smasher occasionally. There is very little danger of my getting into intemperate ways. It is now nearly two years since I came to the resolution, drink moderately, since which time I have conducted myself with propriety in this respect. I considered the temptations and inducements upon embarking to California I would be exposed to and strengthened my determination. The night was beautiful and I remained upon deck till after one o'clock, conversing with Mr. Wadsworth upon the subject of religion.

*Feb. 18th*—Lat. 11.26° Long. 34.43°. Sun Overhead. Spoke the *Anonyma*. Another sail was in sight early this morning. She neared us fast and while we were at breakfast, Mr. Clough put his head down the Skylight and Sung out, "Hurrah, Captain, She hoists the American Colours." Instantly we were all on deck to give three cheers to the first United States vessel we have seen since leaving port. All the Associations of home rushed to my mind and I felt like weeping. We soon displayed our flag. There were many conjectures as to what the little schooner, which was now rapidly nearing us, could be. Some said it must be the *Hackstaff*, others (thought) the *Anthur*. The Captain's opinion was that it was a Baltimore Clipper. Mr. Moseley, a real live yankee,<sup>12</sup> and a true representative of his Species, thought it might be a *private*, from the fact of her being a long, low, black looking Schooner with rakish masts. He had his crowbar already in case we were boarded. She proved, upon running under our Stern, to be the *Anonyma*,<sup>13</sup> 30 days from Boston bound to San Francisco. The Captain, a Stout looking fellow, with bushy whiskers, said if we would send our boat aboard, he could furnish us with papers. Accordingly, the quarter boat was lowered, into which I got with the Captain, his

brother and three or four of the passengers. The *Anonyma* was a *Boston pilot boat*,<sup>14</sup> and is owned by the Captain and one of his men. She is a fine craft, built a year ago, at the cost of \$6,000, and just such a vessel as would suit the height of my present ambition. She is manned by a Captain, mate, Steward and five Sailors who pay one hundred dollars each for their passage, and help to work the vessel. We were aboard of her till nearly 12 o'clock. She has spoken (to) two vessels, the revenue cutter, *Ewing*, and the brig, *David Henshaw*, both of New York, the latter 37 days out. They were seen last Sunday, and cannot be more than a day or two behind us. The New York papers contained news up to January 13, & Boston news up to Jan. 18. We were engaged all the afternoon in reading them. After dinner we joined in religious Service with Mr. Wadsworth, who, every Sunday acts the part of Dominie: We saw this morning, just before breakfast, a Water Spout just commencing to form, but without being able. I am becoming nervous. The heat and excitement of going aboard the *Anonyma*, came very near occasioning me to let fall a tumbler, before I could take it from my mouth to set it upon the table. On account of this, I have come to the resolution not to smoke any more Segars or make use of tobacco in any form while I am on board the *Sutton*. I have smoked very little, since I left New York, perhaps not averging more than one Segar a day. I know not what to attribute my nervousness, except to Smoking in a warm climate, where I am necessarily obliged to lead a very inactive life. I therefore renounce the pleasure, and am willing to forget it till I get on Shore. The Captain has again come to the conclusion to change his destination. The word now is We are going to Rio instead of San Salvador, on account as the Captain of the Schooner having informed our Captain that the faculties of obtaining water are much greater. I am very glad of this, and so are all the passengers. There is no port in South America that I would sooner go into than Rio de Janeiro. The Southern Cross and Magellan Clouds were distinctly visible in the evening. We commenced Seeing them a little South of the equator, about the Same distance we commenced losing the North Star, north of the Equator.

*Feb. 19th*—Very Pleasant. Schooner Still in Sight [*Anonyma*]. The Captain told us their light would be out of sight yesterday, before Sundown. Lat. 13.13° Long. 35.24'. The *Anonyma* was in Sight ahead of us this morning, a Speck upon the horizon. We have been gaining upon her all day, and shall probably overtake her sometime during the night. The day has been pleasant, and we have made considerable headway. I was engaged in writing up my journal and letters part of the morning. This afternoon, I passed in Snoozing and reading the Boston papers. All the news goes to confirm the reports concerning the abundance of gold in California. This is about all the news of interest they contain, excepting the announcement of the election of Louis Napoleon, as President of the French Republic, and the mulcting of Moses Y. Beach in the Sum of \$10,000 for libel. I forgot yesterday that we passed to the Southward of the Sun. The days will now begin to grow cooler. The Grand Jury held its Setting in the evening, the only business to attend to was in answer to the prayer of Mr. Clough, to have his testimony given last evening expunged, as it reads differently from the meaning he intended to convey. Between 9 & 10 we were dancing the Spanish dance and the cotillon upon deck. There arose a long discussion as to whether a pound of feathers weighed more than a pound of gold, and whether a man weighed more with his hat & boots on, than off. The questions were also settled that a horse weighed the same after drinking a pail of water as he did before, and that a fishes weight depends entirely upon being placed in water! I remained till nearly midnight upon deck, conversing with Geo. S. Wardle, Geo. D. Puffer, and Chas. Palmer.

*Feb. 20th*—Weather the same. Wind fresh. At daylight our old friend, the pilot boat was very near us, only 2 miles off. We gained on her considerably since yesterday. The race, this day, was quite even. This is enough to establish the reputation of the old Ship being a fast Sailer, having beaten one of the fastest Boston pilot boats. Towards evening Saw another Sail. Steering to the South, apparently bound for home. Lat. 15.43° Long. 36.20'. The *Anonyma* was Still in Sight and ahead of us during the morning. We gained a little upon her before three

o'clock, but we maintained the advantage but a short time. A Stern chase is a long one, but we have nobly sustained this one under considerable disadvantage. Another Sail was in sight today upon our Starboard quarter. I was again occupied in writing most of the day. The weather still continues pleasant. Songs and breakdowns in the evening.

*Feb. 21st*—This morning our friend Still in Sight at a much nearer distance than she has been since our speaking her. We have gained on her at least 1 mile since 8 last evening, which makes her very near. In the afternoon a Dutch bark hove in Sight. The little Schooner rounded too, under her Stern and Spoke her. She passed very near us, and as she did, we hauled down our flag and gave her three cheers. We did not speak her, supposed she was bound to Holland. Previous to her going by us, our old friend, being ahead, went up to her first. She looked as if she was about receiving her pilot in. As we are bound to Rio, the Ship is getting fixed up in good order. Passengers busy with letters, clothes etc. The day passed off pleasantly with one exception. George Franklin drunk, came aft and commenced quarreling with Mr. Wadsworth. Lat. 18.24° Long. 37.0'.

*Feb. 22, 1849* [Notes]—After 4 days hard racing, we left behind the Pilot Boat. At daylight, this morning it was 10 miles astern of us. This day being Washington's birthday, it was ushered in with the firing of guns, pistols &c. This day, Franklin gave us a renewal of yesterday, as far as he was concerned. Saw another sail in the evening. Lat. 20.24° Long. 38.0'.

*Feb. 22, 1849* [Journal]—I slept all night last night with Charley Palmer for the first time. Towards morning it rained some fifteen or twenty minutes. We covered ourselves with tarpaulins. This is the anniversary of the birthday of the immortal Washington, "He, who was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." A great and glorious day in the annals of our country. The day was appropriately commenced by hoisting the American ensign at the peak amidst the deafening sound of guns and pistols. Our last pig was slaughtered in honour of the occasion and served up for dinner. It was indeed "tall, very Tall" with "Apple Saus" and Johnny

cake for dessert, to say nothing about the wine and nuts, which came in regular rotation. We are now within two or three hundred miles of Rio and may hope to reach there sometime the 24th. Engaged in writing, most of the day, Dancing and walking the quarter deck after tea. An address in honour of the day.

*Feb. 23, 1849*—Good breeze and very pleasant, Sailing along finely. Nearing Rio fast. Expected to See land Sometime during the night. A Vessel in sight from aloft.

*Feb. 24, 1849*—Saturday.—Arose at Sunrise this morning. An English brig in sight. Several of the passengers, Puffer among the rest were at the mast head a little after midnight, watching for land. The cry will be a joyful one, when heard. It is now 55 days since we left New York and without Sight of Land. We expect every moment to See Cape Frio light-house. Sailed in company with an English brig all day, till evening. *Made Cape Frio 3:00 o'clock.* Very exciting day. Retired early.

*Feb. 25 [notes]*—On entering the harbor, on the left, the isla Razu, on which is a lighthouse, 3 leagues from the mouth of the harbour. Sugar Loaf [Mountain] in view, 1292 feet high. Entrance of harbour 1 mile, pass within hail of St. Cruz, then Lagen, and bring to within the range of Fort Vilganhow. Visited by health and port officer, after which allowed to go ashore, observing however, to pass the grand boats, a number of which are placed to prevent Smuggling. There are few landings with the exception of the Custom house, only for Small boats, the principal one facing Hotel Faroux, which with that of Hotel Europe, are the principal [ones] of the place.

*Sunday, Feb. 25, 1849*—Made Rio de Janeiro light, 12:00 o'clock last night. Rose just before Sunrise. All Hands on deck. Magnificent view. Nearly a calm. Ten Sails in sight. Approached the entrance to the harbour Slowly. Floating cocoanuts and oranges. Man-of-war hawks. Sea breeze Sprung up about noon. Morning Service read by Mr. Wadsworth and Sermon by myself.—At 4:00 o'clock passed Fort Santa Cruz—"Ship Ahoy! Where from? What do you want?" "New York, California, Water & Repairs"—The word was given and as we passed with pennant, ensign and Signal flying, till we came to anchor. The U.S. Ship,

*St. Louis* was the first to come along side to enquire if we had any letters for the Squadron. I had a few minutes Conversation with the midy in command, and learned that the *Fredertio*, on board of which vessel is Edward Renshaw, had left 17 days before. The *Perry* was in port & the *Ewing*, Captain Bartlett arrived two hours before us. The pilot boat, *Anonymous* arrived three hours after us. The health officer boarded us at 4. Enquired if we belonged to the Squadron, and why we had a broad pennant flying? Told us to haul it down and hoist the ensign at our foremast, and that then the custom house officer would visit us. After enquiring if there had been any Sickness or death aboard, and finding all things Satisfactory, he left us. Just then a boat, canoe build, passed by, rowed by three of the blackest congoes I ever saw. Presently the Custom House Officer examined the Ship's papers and finding all O.K., Said we might go ashore as soon as we pleased. One of the quarter boats were lowered, into which I crowded myself with the Captain, his brother and five or six of the passengers. After rowing Some three or four miles, we reached the landing in front of the Hotel Faroux. We dropped in there, bought a few Segars, only Six for fifty cents. After wandering through Some half dozen Streets, and Seeing more in half an hour than I could describe in four, we returned to the Landing, manned our boat, and passed the guard boats before eight o'clock. All on board were eager to hear from us what we had seen.

*February 27th*—Last night at 10½, Mr. Theophilus Valentine, one of the forward passengers, blew out his brains. Our Ship was guarded in consequence. Passengers on board held prisoners. After being 24 hours without fresh provisions, they were relieved by the appearance of a boat containing a justice of the peace, his clerk, a native & English Doctor with Consigee, & Captain, whose attempt to board previous [to this] was a failure.

*February 28th*—This morning the remains of our unfortunate passenger followed to the grave and interred in the English burial ground, enclosed in a coffin covered with cloth, decorated with brass religious ornaments, the custom of the country. Mr. William R. Wadsworth read the funeral Service. Visited the

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Churches with Charles S. Palmer and George S. Wardley, that of St. Francisco de Paulo contains some beautiful Specimens of Sculptor [sculpture], in the Shape of Tombs. The Churches are not without their lady traversing the Streets Soliciting alms with Sang Froid. Popery may be Seen in the full tide of Prosperity.

Rio de Janeiro March 1, 1849

The American Arrivals in February were as follows.

4th	<i>Lota</i>	Madeira	Ballast
5th	<i>Abby Baker</i>	Hamburg	Sundries
5th	<i>Smyrna</i>	Boston	Sundries
5th	<i>Sophia</i>	Dan I Richd	Flour
8th	<i>Ellen Brooks</i>	Patagonia	Guano
8th	<i>Potomac</i>	Cadiz	Salt
9th	<i>Rush</i>	Bangor	Lumber
17th	<i>Maine</i>	Gibraltar	Ballast
19th	<i>R. H. Douglas</i>	Richmond	Flour
20th	<i>Eloira</i>	Boston	Put In
20th	<i>Gallego</i>	Richmond	Flour
22nd	<i>Nancy</i>	Baltimore	Flour
22nd	<i>Erte</i>	Richmond	Flour
22nd	<i>Louisiana</i>	N. Orleans	Flour
23rd	<i>Poultney</i>	Baltimore	Flour
23rd	<i>L. Olney</i>	Bangor	Lumber & Spars
23rd	<i>Hannibal</i>	Whaling	Oil
25th	<i>Sutton</i>	New York	Put In
26th	<i>Eclipse</i>	Baltimore	Put In
26th	<i>Josephine</i>	New York	Put In
26th	<i>Anonyma</i>	Boston	Put In
27th	<i>C Colon</i>	New York	Put In

And the Clearances for the U. States were

1st	<i>Cleora</i>	N. Orleans	3500 Bags Coffee
1st	<i>Helen</i>	Baltimore	2500 Bags Coffee
5th	<i>Albers</i>	N. Orleans	7500 Bags Coffee
5th	<i>Marrison</i>	N. York	187 Logs Wood,
			10,400 Hides
9th	<i>St. James</i>	Phila.	60 Logs Wood,
			4,000 bags Coffee

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship* 105

13th	<i>Smyrna</i>	N. York	3,850 bags Coffee
15th	<i>Kepler</i>	N. Orleans	7,000 bags Coffee
15th	<i>Ardana</i>	Boston	Hides & 96 Logs Wood
20th	<i>Oricle</i>	Baltimore	2,868 Bags Coffee
22nd	<i>Annah</i>	N. York	900 Bags Coffee
			3,542 Hides &
			192 Logs Wood

Imports from the U States 15,648 Bbls Flour, 150 Pack<sup>s</sup> Domestics 139 do Tea, 263 m feet Lumber—17 Hlds Tobacco, 5,000 Wax & Sundries. Flour—the arrivals from 18th to 22nd ult<sup>e</sup> being large & contrary to all expectations made the market towards the latter end of the month quite nominal.—There was in the early part a better feeling & some sales were made in 16// for Haxall 16// 500 Gallego 15// Columbia Haxall & C Danse 14 to 14,500 Baltimore—13,500 & 14// Phil<sup>a</sup>. Total during the month about 11,000 Bbls—The stock in the first hand now—10500 Bbls Gallego—16,500 Haxall, 6,500 Baltimore.5,000 ODanse—Col & Col Mills 2,500 Country—2,200 Phil<sup>a</sup> & 2,400 N. Orleans—Total 45,600 Bbls & in 2 hand 25,000 Bbls equal to 5 mos supply. The Stocks at Rio Grande are equally heavy and prices nominal—Unless imports cease for 2 months or more, it is impossible—Bakers will not buy largely, even at lower prices so long as imports continue to be so heavy. When the consumption & Export of the port are known not to exceed 12 @ 15,000 Bbls per month how is it possible to sustain a perishable article with an import nearly double for several months in succession.—The Exports in the U States are easily ascertained & if it is found that they exceed 15,000 Bbls per month for several months on the average Shipments should cease for a time, especially when it is known that the Rio Grande & River Plata are largely supplied by direct Shipments, putting a stop to all export demands from this.—As we have before remarked, it would be better for Shippers to send their vessels only ballasted instead of loaded with Flour.—If the article were not perishable an excessive importation for a few months would not be so ruinous, as it would sooner or later cure itself & Speculators would be ready to buy.—Domestics have con-

tinned excessively dull since the Auction Sale in Jan. 7—Stocks are Still very heavy & prices nominal 250 ea for Blue Drills 180 Brown do 1.50 30 inch Shirtings & other articles in preparation. Sperm Candles are inquired for & would bring 850 or 880 reis—Lumber is Still very dull—2 Carriages are for Sale held at 45// & 50//—no offer above 40//—Sales Swedish Deals at 16//500—Rosin—Some retail sales have been made at 5//000 & Teas—the Continued arrivals Still depress the market, good fair gls Hyson have been sold at 1//300 at 1//500 fair, old at 1//200. Provisions—Beef & Pork are wanted & moderate lots would bring 32//000 at 36//—Lard is also getting scarce & fresh arrivals might bring 250 at 280 r's—Hams are also in demand, price according to quality.—Salt abundant—last Sales at 600 at 630 r's—Coffee—The arrivals have been to a fair extent but generally of poor quality. The demand for Europe has been brisk & large purchases would be made if the dealers would sell at more moderate prices, but having paid high rates to the planters they are not inclined to give way being also certain that the receipts will be very moderate & ordinary in quality.—The reports also of the growing Crop being very short are now beyond a doubt & will continue to exert an influence upon all others especially as the Crops of 1847 & 1848 have not netted to the Planters on the average over 2 cents per lb. after paying transportation & expenses here—To live they should get 50% more & with so great a falling off in 1849 as there will be, they expect and should obtain it. The Export in February was 159,989 Bags of which 34,099 Bags went to U States, as follows.

	Last 6 mo. 1848	Jan'y 1849	Feb. — Total — 1848	Period
New York	95,633	14,792	8,733-119,158-143,599	Same
Baltimore	105,919	15,884	5,366-127,169-72,862	Same
N. Orleans	215,088	46,637	18,000-279,725-217,076	Same
Phil.	20,315	2,555	4,000-26,870-31,451	Same
Boston	23,105	—	23,105-18,898	Same
Charleston	8,484	—	8,484-31,386	Same
Mobile	2,950	—	2,950-12,100	Same
	471,494	79,868	36,099-587,461-527,332	

Hides—The Stocks are moderate—Sales of light & medium weights at 140 to 145 reis—Many parcels are held at 150 reis. in consequence of the accs from the South that they are very scarce & High, Exchange gradually advanced to 25% & 25% closing very firm at the latter rate by the last packet.—Specie Doubloons 31// at 31/400—Dollars 21 at 2//010.—Freights continue very Dull at 50c to U States for small Vessels.—Europe 30/ at 40/.—

Your obt Servants,  
Coleman Hutton & Co.

March 3<sup>d</sup>. The arrivals since the foregoing are Express from New York, Oxford from Boston both bound to California—"Canton"—"Boston," lumber &c.—"F. Partridge," Montevideo in ballast—No charges whatever in Markets for Imports or Exports.—

March 2, 1849.—Visited today an edifice on a hill commenced in 1567 for a Jesuit Convent, unfinished till within a year, now being fitted up for an observatory. The Cathedral facing Palace Square is said to have been 41 years building, has two Square domes, the last of which is being finished. Next to it is the Palace of the Emperor, formerly the residence of a wealthy merchant, facing the Shipping. Upon the edge of the water is a large fountain. There are many, Some very fine [ones] distributed throughout the city. The water is brought from the adjacent mountains by aqueduct. A food market forms one of the Sides of this Square. In Rua de Rireita, the principal Street, are the Customs house, reading room and the offices of the Consuls. Several Streets running parallel and at right angles with this lead to the public Square, in the center of which is a large fountain, where washing is carried on, the surrounding grass affording advantages for bleaching. The Square and one of the Streets leading to it, Rua de Saboa, is otherwise called Soapstone Street. The old decrepit Slaves of Rio are turned out like broken down nags to die, but those who can afford to purchase their freedom are allowed the same favors as the whites and are distinguished by wearing Shoes. The water from the fountains is carried upon the heads of the Slaves in ten gallon casks. In

the Same manner a whole Ship's cargo is conveyed. Their clothing, very little, Scarcely more than a cloth around the groin. The females are most generally dressed, their work being lighter, Such as tending market, children &c. The Streets cross at right angles, very narrow, not over clean and designated by the trades carried on in them. They are paved with large round Stones with a Sewer through the center and walks upon either Side. The Soldiery are most all black. They carry loaded arms and Short Side Swords. The discipline is very Severe. In case of any disturbance, the offenders are hurried off to the Calaboose without a parley, even for Striking a blow. Barracks for the Soldiery [are] dispersed over the city. The Arsenal is Situated upon the coast. Side carriage conveyance consists of heavy cabriolets drawn by two mules, upon one of which sits the Driver. A line of omnibusses that runs regularly through the city is owned by a Yankee. The Exchange offices and meet Shops are under the Supervision of the government. The currency consists of bills of one, and upward, called milrees, [milreis] equal to 50¢ U.S. money & dumps, copper coins equal to 2¢. The first day at Hotel d' Europe, we ordered a dinner for 8. Requesting our bill we were Surprised to find the footing to amount to 14,780. We were told they were milries and fractional parts. The amusements are very few. We attended the theatre this evening in hopes of seeing the Emperor, but were disappointed. In consequence of the death of his Aunt, the royal household was in mourning. The Museum Situated upon Washing Square is open only on Sundays, and deserves no great commendation, though the collection of minerals is very fine. The ladies here, as elsewhere, and in their public walks are generally without bonnets.

—CIRCULAR—

Gentlemen

As an unusual number of American Citizens are now assembled at Rio de Janeiro and the day is approaching when that gallant old Hon. Gen Zachary Taylor will take that distinguished position as President of the United States to which the suffrages of his admiring Countrymen have elevated him, It

is proposed to celebrate the occasion with a festive entertainment which will call forth an exchange of sentiment, that will renew and reinvigorate the patriotic associations connected with our beloved country, and without reference to the party lines when at home, show to the people with whom we transiently abide that we are but one in *nationality*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

W. A. Bartlett, U.S.N.

E. Johnson, Esq.

Lieut Chaddock, U.S.R.S.

Frank Smith, Esq.

Herman R. Le Roy, Esq.

Temple Emmet, Esq.

Henry C. Endicott, Esq.

Geo. S. Wardle, Esq.

S. W. Jones, Esq.

Charles Warner, Esq.

March 5, 1849—This evening, owing to the great number of Americans in port, a grand dinner was given to Celebrate the inauguration of Gen. Taylor. Invited guests: The American minister and Consul, Mr. Yates, Secy of the Legation, Leopolda da Camara, Lima Chief of the Mole Guards, Messers Perkins, Gardiner & Berkehead, American merchants, Captain Smith, President, Captain Bartlett & Col. Johnson, Vice-Presidents. Chas. S. Palmer, Sec'y. The scenery around Rio is one of the most picturesque and Sublime upon the globe, its high mountains of wooded foliage and its rich gardens with mansions, villas, Convents, form a rich Scene. The principal families, merchants and Emperor reside a way out of the city, upon the River, Around which grows all the rich fruits of this Southern clime, Such as pineapple, oranges & bananas here thrive in perfection. Rio Grande, on the other side of the bay, opposite the city is a beautiful Spot and worthy of a visit. In fact the whole country abounds in rich gardens of fruits and flowers, among which is the Botanical gardens Situated at Six miles from the city, which is like Eden itself. Its flowers and Shrubs render it attractive. The tea plant has been introduced by a Native of

China. The public garden is neatly laid out, and its flowers and Shady trees make it a frequent resort. At the foot of the garden, upon the Shore, is a fine esplanade, enlaid with porcelain. Upon a Sunday it is here all life and bustle. Music enlivening the Scene Sunday at Rio Grande made [it] a gala day. Stores [were] open, cock fights and other intellectual amusements were indulged in.

*March 6th, 1849*—Secured some Fruits & luxury for the voyage, for which we were obliged to obtain a permit from the Custom house and pay duty. The excess to which this government duty is sometimes carried is quite ludicrous. A resident keeping a horse and wishing to bring him to the city for the purpose of shoeing, was obliged to deposit a facsimile of the horse Shoe into the Custom House, which was given up with [the issuing of] a permit, when the owner wished to take him [the animal] away. You are strictly watched, and all infractions Strictly dealt with. The Portuguese Seem to look with envious eyes to any inroad upon their Rights. Sent letters home by the Brig *Fabius*.

*March 10, 1849*—*Fabius* sailed, *South Carolina* sailed. Rose early this morning expecting to go aboard the *Sutton* at 7. The Captain said there was no necessity [of going aboard], till the Ship came down from where She had been undergoing repairs, and anchored in the Bay. Attended to getting fruit on board. Went on board at 11:00 o'clock. By 6:00 o'clock back at the Stores.

*March 11, 1849, Sunday*—Laying off Harbour. Made an attempt to go to Sea. Row in the afternoon.

*March 12, 1849, Monday*—Just two weeks Since arriving. We made ready to Board, having been allowed \$1.50 per diem for expenses ashore, in order to facilitate repairs. Having waited all Sunday for a wind without effect, Monday morning we weighed anchor, and passing within hail of Fort Santa Cruz at 10:00 o'clock, we were once more on our way, glad to board as we were to go ashore.

*March 13, 1849 Tuesday*—Very Pleasant day, Sailing at the rate of ten knots.<sup>15</sup> Made up to 12:00 o'clock, 240 miles from Rio. On our course all day. Bananas going fast over the Stern,

gave away the oranges. Strung the peels, Squeezed the limes. Aired the bed. Retired early. Perhaps 15 days to Cape [Horn], 5 going around, and 30 to 35 to San Francisco.

*March 14th, Wednesday*—Reading N. Y. papers of 29th January. Wind slackened toward morning. At 10:00 o'clock not going more than 2 or 3 miles. 12:00 o'clock wind sprung up. Course S.E. At 3:00 o'clock the wind changed, course S by W $\frac{1}{2}$ W going 7 or 8 knots, towards evening going 10 or 11 knots. Cloudy part of the day, rained in the afternoon and evening. Engaged in reading Newspapers in morning. Writing in the afternoon. Settled account \$26.57. Broke two bottles of syrup.

*March 15, 1849 Thursday*—Most tempestuous night we have had. Rained hard, blew a gale. Ship was thrown up-beams ends before Sail could be taken in. When under double reefed topsails, Ship more Steady. Continued So during greater part of the day. In the afternoon, weather more moderate, the Sun Shone and we were all upon decks. I was driven from my berth last night, by the water coming in three or four places. Took a mattress and Laid down opposite Wadsworth's Stateroom door. The only vacant place I could find, the tables and Settees being occupied. When the Ship gave Such a Sudden heavy lurch as to throw her upon her beam's ends, I came very near getting my head smashed with Wadsworth's heavy trunks, that were sent to leeward. All the passengers were up in a moment, enquiring what was the matter. One asked the Captain if the Ship was going down. I laid perfectly Still and told them it was only a bit of a blow, a foretaste of what they would get off Cape Horn. I had but fairly got to sleep again, when I was awakened by the breaking of one of Wadsworth's bottles of Syrup. I raised up just in time. It ran all over my bed and drizzled from the ceiling upon Tom Grant, covering him from head to foot before he knew it. I moved my bed, and in the morning washed it off. I was asleep most all day, turned in and out. Signaled two Brazilian vessels, and Saw one other. Had a very good dinner, turkey, ham and hoe cake. Retired about 9:00 o'clock. A Severe Blow prophesied.

*March 16, 1849 Friday*—Five persons upon the Sick list today. The Captain with a toothache, and C. Palmer.

*March 17, 1849 Saturday*—Fair day, Sailing well in our course. Lots of birds. Shark took away Brown's Shirt.

*March 18, 1849 Sunday*—Wind fair all night Sailing 9 or 10 knots. Beautiful day. Sermon in the morning, Dr. Johnson arguing in the afternoon with Walk. Beware of bad Cooks.

*March 19, 1849 Monday*—Pleasant day. Sailing on our course.

*March 20, 1849 Tuesday*—Rainy day, beautiful rainbow at Sundown, all hands looking at it. The most perfect I ever Saw.

*March 21, 1849 Wednesday*—Rough weather, Ship uneasy, turned in my berth. Cry—"All hand on deck!" Albatross. Stern-boat gave way, 4 passengers in the Sea, quarter boat lowered, one picked up, two climbed up, Schoonmaker drowned. Puffer caught the first Albatross.—Sharks. Still catching them. Mate skinned one to stuff. I preserved a leg and a wing. There were four caught altogether. No card playing. Felt sad and retired early.

*March 22, 1849 Thursday*—Water in the stateroom. Got trunks out. Very rough weather. Sea high, blowing a gale. Obligated to lay to under Stay Sail, foretop Sail, Main topsail & Spencer. Abed most of all day. Took trunks out, leak in round house Stopped, replaced my trunks, heavy Seas, gunwhale under water.

*March 23, 1849 Friday*—Storm Still raging, laying to. Weather cold. Shipped Some heavy Seas, one at 8:00 o'clock last night & one at 11:00 o'clock resulted in knocking the panels out of the Steward's pantry doors. Reading in the evening. 5 Albatross caught. Storm has the appearance of subsiding toward evening. Cape hens, boobies, Cape pigeons & Chickens.

*March 24, 1849 Saturday*—Surprised to find this morning that the wind had died away. Quite calm. Heavy Swells, but no high Sea. Weather cold, overcoats comfortable. Pleasantest place is in the cabin. Wind sprung up before noon.

*March 31st, 1849*—Nothing interesting transpired this week. We are off the Faulkland Isle today. The wind high, and blowing hard from the N.W. Sea very high, laying to under closed reefed Main topsail & Spencer.

*April 1, 1849 Sunday*—Laying to all night. Blew very hard about three this morning. Heavy Squall, with hail. Seemed as

though the wind would take the mast out of the old Ship. She rode through all like a bird. Last half an hour Moderated toward morning. Wind from the North, course S.W., all Sail set. Heavy Swell. The vessel pitches considerably. Lost three chickens overboard last night intended for dinner. At 12:00 o'clock, just as Mr. Wadsworth was finishing his Sermon, a Sudden Squall Struck the Ship, took her all aback. We were Sailing under foresail, Spencer, Staysail & reefed topsails. It was nearly 20 miles before she righted, with the loss of the fore topsail. It was a dreadful time! The wind was blowing a gale and we were Scudding before it N. I have seen Cape Horn weather. Ship laying to, all afternoon. Plenty of rain, Very Cold, Barometer down to 28 3/10.

*April 2, 1849 Monday*—Storm Still continues, wind blowing a gale. Sea high. Laying to. In the afternoon, Shipped a heavy Sea forward, which made the old Ship reel. She rose gallantly, and Shook the Spray from her. The block that holds the tiller broke in the midst of the confusion. The man at the wheel cried that the rudder was washed away! At 10<sup>h</sup> at night we were Scudding before the wind. While at dinner, the Ship gave a Sudden roll and Sent the first piece of fresh meat we have had for Sometime, off the table. It fortunately fell in a clean place, So that no particular damage was done to our appetites. We dined off the fore topsail today, upon our knees. The Seats of the table had been taken away to make room for the Sail to be repaired. We commence to live well again. There was considerable murmuring from the passengers, because the Captain Stopped our allowance of butter. We now have butter, and other things in abundance, and all is quietness. Some Say that the reason for our having the Storm is because Mr. Wadsworth left Rio [de Janeiro], without paying Southworth for the Stage & Jackasses, and that "Boots" Seabury [left] without paying [the Hotel] Faroux for his dinners &c.

*April 3, 1849 Tuesday*—Morning clean and beautiful. Most all the Sea and wind has died away. There is enough of the latter to carry us S.W. about 7 or 8 miles an hour. All feel happy on account of the change. But the wind and sea are so changeable in this part of the world, we know not how long this State of



things will exist. Before 12:00 o'clock, it may be blowing a hurricane again. But now that Mr. Wadsworth Has made arrangements to pay for the Jackasses, upon arriving at San Francisco, we all believe that the weather will last till we round the Cape. We commenced making Sail, this morning about 3:00 o'clock. Sailing gently along all afternoon S.W. Several albatross taken. Some few of their feet were skinned and preserved, to make pouches of.

*April 4, 1849 Wednesday*—Commence blowing pretty hard at 12 last night. Lessened Sail. At 4:00 o'clock, the mate called the Captain to State that he supposed we were under the lee of an iceberg. The alarm, which created considerable commotion among the passengers, only caused our Captain, who must, indeed, be possessed of an honest conscience, to turn over and sleep the more soundly, till morning. The passengers dressed themselves and went upon deck to see the monster. Among the rest was Mr. Mosely, who, with true Yankee ingenuity, seized the candle in one hand, observed the State of the barometer, and the thermometer in the other. Thus equipped, he rushed upon deck, but was unable to discover anything in the shape of ice, owing to a sudden gust of Wind putting out the light. He satisfied himself, after holding the thermometer in his Hand, Some five minutes and observing that the mercury did not rise, that though we might be in the vicinity of an iceberg, we were not approaching it. A vessel in Sight this morning and another this evening, just before Sundown. They were too far off for us to discover what they were, or which way they were bound. Considerable Snow during the day. Weather quite cold. Confined to the Cabin most all day. Conversing in the morning and reading in my berth in the afternoon. Winds and courses variable. Sometimes Sailing along gently, then again, driven at a furious rate. At noon it was calm and the Sails flapping. Retired at 10. Some two hours later than usual.

*April 4, 1849*—Near Icebergs again, Yankee Mosely, Hail and Snow. Vessel in sight. Large white pigeons. Cooked them.

*April 5, 1849 Thursday*—Snow falling this morning till 9 o'clock. Sea calm and no wind till 11. Cleared off at 10. Sun shone beautifully, pleasant on deck. Puffer and one or two

others caught three large white pigeons upon the mizzen topsail yard, they were very tame and allowed themselves to be taken. The Steward made a pie of them for Mrs. Whitwell, the mate's wife. Considerable water leaked into my stateroom last night and wet my bed. Took it upon deck to dry. For a joke the boys raised it up to the mizzen-top while I was below, and raised the cry that it was overboard. I offered the Captain \$5.00 to lower the boat to recover it. (It was a feather bed, belonging to me). He was not let into the joke, called for his spy glass and went to the Stern to discover where the bed was. He was about to give the order to lower the boat, when Someone pointed to the mizzen-top where one corner of it was hanging over. While I was lamenting the loss of the bed, declaring that if it was overboard, it must have been thrown, as the wind could not have taken it. Somebody went into the top and showed it off. It came down with a rush, passed through the open Sky light into the Cabin. When I found that my bed was safe I lost my temper and commenced to blow. Told those concerned that unless they brought my bed up and placed it where I found it, I would never touch it again, and if they were gentlemen they would do so. A rope was lowered, the bed raised and placed where they found it. The joke was an excellent one, and well played, but I was not in the humor to enjoy it as I should and am willing now to do. It was in consequence of the trouble I had in getting the clumsy thing upon deck and the difficulty I had in placing it upon the roundhouse. While there were three to help me up with it, there were a half a dozen hauling it down. This, they tried 5 or 6 times until I finally showed how much they annoyed me and lost my patience, and for this it served me right in carrying the joke further than they otherwise would. The parties were Dr. Johnson who proposed it being hoisted into the top, and Geo. D. Puffer, Geo. S. Wardle and S. Dayton who carried the plan into execution. I laughed so much and so often at the joke during the day, that I retired with a headache in consequence. After the joke, Puffer, Dayton, Oakley and myself got into the Steward's Stateroom upon deck, called young Brown in there and (they), (I say they, because I do not smoke, having said I will not smoke another Segar on board the *Sutton*

during her passage to San Francisco), and so they filled the place with Smoke so as to Stifle him. He wished very much to go out, I told him to Smoke and finally induced him to. He became used to it, and stood it as well as any of us, for more than an hour. The passengers all felt like raising the Devil today. They rigged up a block and caught one another and hoisted them up, among the rest, Old Brown. About a half a dozen of us congregated in Charley Palmer's room at 6:00 o'clock, and there spent the evening till 10:00 o'clock.

*April 6, 1849 (Good Friday)*—Sailing SW by S from 12:00 o'clock last night till noon at 7 knots. Wind died away, gloomy & rainy morning. Afternoon pleasant. Wind sprung up again.

*April 7, 1849 Saturday*—Pretty much the same as yesterday.

*April 8, 1849 Sunday*—Snow upon deck this morning. Cold and disagreeable. Sailing along tolerably well. Sermon & prayer by Mr. Wadsworth. Turned into my berth at 3:00 o'clock to keep warm and read, but owing to the cabin being so gloomy, could not see. Fell asleep. Was awakened by the Captain to listen to one of Dr. Johnson's original Sermons, which he favors us with for our Sunday afternoon's diversion. George Wardle turned in with me. He related to me his adventures with Captain Gleston in California. The tea bell rang, but did not obey the Summons, considering the extra quantity of Johnny cake & applesauce we ate for dinner. Sufficient to support us till the next morning. At 7½ o'clock we got up. Went to [room] 248, (Charley Palmer's), where there were a number of the passengers singing Methodist Psalms, lead on by the Doctor, who was bawling hallelujah vociferously. Not being able to gain admittance, I sat down to read a few Chapters in the bible which Anna gave me. I have only read as far as Deuteronomy, having commenced the 16th of March. I must endeavor to redeem my pledge to her, and read it through before my arrival at San Francisco. If my room were lighter I should read much more than I do. We were sailing along well all day. At 8:00 o'clock, the ship pitched terribly. Obligated to shorten sail. Retired at 9:00 o'clock. Forgot to mention there was a sail seen ahead this afternoon and in sight till evening. 140 W SE, off the Horn.

*April 9, 1849 Monday*—The old ship did her best all night.

The sail we saw last night is now astern us. It is a bark with royals set. But it is of no use. She is losing ground fast. A sail ahead was seen upon rising. All hands upon deck at 10:00, looking at a cloud which resembles land very much. Sailed along at the rate of seven or eight knots till 6:00 o'clock. Made Cape Horn at 5:00 o'clock, distant 15 miles, highest point resembling a Sugar Loaf. Day gloomy. Succeeded in getting an observation. However. Left the bark we were in company with in the morning, far behind. She could not be seen in the haze. Retired at 9, sailing under closed reefs topsails.

*April 10, 1849 Tuesday*—Commenced blowing very hard about 10:00 o'clock last night. Grew to be a gale towards morning. Obligated to lie under reefed main topsail, staysail and Spencer. Blew much harder at 10:00 o'clock this morning. Drifting to the S & SE, rain and snow. Glimpse or two of the Sun at 2:00 o'clock. Weather moderated. Ship much easier. Thrown upon, or nearly upon our beams ends, last night so that the quarter boats touched water.

*April 11, 1849 Wednesday*—Obligated to lie to under main topsail stay sail and Spencer. Wind blew a hurricane making it impossible to stand upon deck. Sea threatening to carry everything before it, barometer 28½. Wind at night somewhat abated, but we were obliged to take meals anyway we could. We could not get at the water. Last night was the most violent storm yet; thought we must throw the deck load overboard.

*April 12, 1849 Thursday*—Commenced blowing at 4:00 o'clock, lasted 2 hours. Sun shone beautifully in the afternoon. Made sail in a short time, obliged to lie to at dusk.

*April 13, 1849 Friday*—Again, Cape Horn weather, sun shining interspersed with rain, hail & squalls. At 4:00 A.M., with the wind shifting, we made a leeboard tack. Soon obliged to lie to. At 6:00 P.M. made sail. A sail in sight, proved to be a ship. A snow storm separated us.

*April 14, 1849 Saturday*—The day has been more pleasant than for three weeks past. A good breeze, which increasing, obliged us to double reef. At 2:00 P.M., land hol unexpectedly surprised. It proved to be the Cape again, distant 20 miles, proving the most circuitous route we have taken.

*April 15, 1849 Sunday*—Woke with a good breeze. Became squally, Rain storm in the afternoon. The Ship in sight yesterday, and nearing us today, proved to be the *Capitol*, of Boston, we left at Rio de Janeiro. Soon after this, we exchanged Signals with the brig, *Newcastle*, of New York, which we also Saw yesterday. The Swells today were higher than we have yet seen them. Service as usual, with the best attended meeting yet. A fervent prayer was offered by Brother Wadsworth, for a wind to deliver us from this place, which Dr. Johnson considers no place at all. He says we are neither in the Atlantic, nor the Pacific, nor yet in the Southern Oceans, but that if the Captain will have the rent on the crotch of his breeches Sewn up and hung at the masthead, we may hope with a cup full of wind to be clear of Cape Horn before tomorrow, if not sooner. The cabin is the most comfortable part of the Ship, this Cold weather. Several are complaining of chill blains. I have taken warning and encased my feet in boots. Engaged most of the day reading the history of the progress of Christianity in the Sandwich Islands. A long talk with Puffer and George in Charley Palmer's room. Retired at 10:00 P.M.

*April 16, 1849 Monday*—Calm most last night. The *Capitol* and *Newcastle* were in Sight astern of us, besides another vessel, which we hope to overhaul Sometime during the day. A nice wind Sprung up at 8 o'clock, accompanied with rain & Snow, which lasted all day and night, after the rain and Snow ceased. Before 4 o'clock in the afternoon the vessels astern of us were out of sight, and the one ahead proved to be upon overhauling her, the *Mary Welder of Pittson*, a Brig, 105 days from Boston. We were scarcely within Speaking distance. We could hear, but with difficulty, what they said, but it must have been impossible for them to hear what we said, owing to their being to the windward of us. The Captain of the Brig Seemed determined to afford us some pleasure. He gave a sign to one of the passengers which crowded the deck to watch. Immediately, Someone commenced playing upon a fife. Among the airs we distinguished that of "Yankee Doodle", which we hailed with a tremendous Clapping of hands & Hurrahs. The Dutchmen's Slaggy Dog, from the wagging of his tail Seemed pleased to

recognize two of his Species, resting upon the taffrail with their paws. The most amusing of all was to See a man go upon the Martingale, and then dance to the sound of music. It was not his express intention in going there to give us an exhibition of his performance upon the tight rope. A harpoon was soon handed to him, as we were at that moment Surrounded by a great number of porpoises, plunging the water with lightning Speed, we Supposed his intention was to catch one of the funny tribe. In this design, however, he was frustrated by the plunging of the vessel into each and every succeeding billow, immersing him Several times and finally forcing him to retreat amidst his laughing companions and the roars from our Ship. The weather being Sorry, I retired below immediately after passing the Brig, which was Soon lost from Sight in the darkness of the night. I had a long conversation with Mr. Wadsworth & Charley Palmer in the room of the latter, Upon the Subject of religion. I wished them to convince me that a man was a free moral agent, this they could not do to my satisfaction. It was Something they could not do, except from the bible, which, in consistency to my arguing, I could not believe, however willing I was. I would wish this point was Settled in my mind, I could then believe in the Bible and be willing to follow its precepts. I retired at 10½ to reflect upon what I had been conversing.

*April 17, 1849 Tuesday*—We were going along finely, All night about 8 or 9 knots an hour. At 3½ it commenced blowing a little, when the Captain went upon deck and Shortened Sail. Some of the passengers awakened from their Sweet reveries, were alarmed at the vessels being, as they thought, upon her beams ends. My chum said it was a D...n Shame that she Should be allowed to Carry on So, preventing all hands from Sleeping comfortably in their berths. I was Surprised to hear any complaint. I do not think She was, ever more, than She has been a thousand times, Since we left New York. I had not the least difficulty in retaining a position in my berth though I was occasionally obliged to Shift to prevent the Water from dropping upon me. I succeeded finally in preventing it, by covering myself with a couple of coats which were pretty well Saturated

before morning. There was a Sail in Sight early this morning. Before 10:00 o'clock we overhauled it and as we were passing it we exchanged Signals and thought her to be the *Mentor* of Boston. Soon after, two more Sails hove in Sight, a Ship and a Brig. We were then going NW by N bearing with 2 points variation towards land. The order was given to tack Ship which deprived us of the pleasure of overhauling the Sails upon which we were fast gaining, the Same as we have done again and again. Since we left New York. The *Old Sition* is a Screamer and no mistake. She reminds me of a trotter upon the 3rd Avenue, hanging back till nearly the end of the Course, waiting for the Rhoy's to come up, and then Suddenly Starting off and beating them all before reaching Bradslaws or the Harlem Bridge House. Quite a flare up transpired upon the quarter deck this morning. It commenced in this wise: The 2nd Mate was damning Dr. Johnson, who of late, has made himself very officious both within the rights of the Captain and the officers, Speaking of one against the other and thus creating much ill feeling. The 2nd Mate, as I said, was damning the Doctor, just then the Captain came upon deck and told the 2nd Mate that he Should Damn no man on board his Ship, thus taking the part of the Doctor. The Mate coming forward, the Captain observed to him that there had been nothing but hot water since we left New York. The Mate justified the 2nd Mate, at which the Captain got into the devil of a passion, and was about to strike him, when his brother, George interfered, and said: "That man, pointing to the Doctor, has been the cause of all the trouble." The Doctor came forward to justify himself, but could obtain no Satisfaction from George as to the proof of his assertion, who looked upon him with contempt. The Doctor did not dare to damn him, but vented his rage with the most horrible oaths and imprecations against Mr. Wadsworth. There were enough ready to call the Doctor to account for thus insulting a man whom he knew would not resent it, had not the Captain told him to hold his tongue. The passengers generally are not sorry for what has transpired. The Doctor has obtained a great influence over the Captain and exerted it to Suit his own purposes. It is hoped that this Captain has discovered that the

Doctor is no friend of his, and put him on his guard for the future. There was a Sail in Sight just before dark. We were today in the same longitude as New York. We now rise and take our meals at the same time as our friends. The Captain has decided to put into Valparaiso believing that he can obtain water easier there than at Juan Fernandez, besides having an opportunity of hearing and communicating with the United States.

*April 18, 1849 Wednesday*—Cold and disagreeable day. Confined below. Indeed, the majority of the passengers have been very little upon deck for the last two or three weeks. We amuse ourselves in different ways, varying with our dispositions and feelings. I finished today the history of the Sandwich Isles and am now reading the *Curiosities of Egypt*. Reading is about my only amusement; much of my time is taken up in this way. I am never weary or at a loss. The time passes agreeably and imperceptibly, though I begin to think the voyage a long one, and wish we were safely landed in California and settled in our new homes. We may probably be 50 days or more yet. This time I intend to improve to advantage, by reading many books. I wish to review all the Studies I pursued at School. Soon we shall be again in pleasant weather and can enjoy ourselves upon deck. This morning, in a conversation with Charley Palmer, I had considered the argument we had together night before last, and having definitely settled the point in my mind, that about the Bible being an inspired book, I could no longer consistently believe man to be other than a free moral agent, though it still seems impossible to prove him so, except from the Scriptures. I have arrived at this conclusion from comparing the prophecies recorded in the New & Old Testaments with historical facts which I find to agree exactly. And since undeniable proof is presented to me that a portion of the Bible is true, I am willing to accept that portion and the rest which is so intimately connected with it. Charley Palmer was pleased with this decision, particularly so, as he has in part been instrumental in bringing about this change in my Sentiments. He concluded his remarks by Saying he felt happy this grand point was settled in my mind, inasmuch he counted me among his friends.

any of whom he would be sorry to know in error upon so momentous a Subject. He hoped I had laid the Foundation Stone upon which I might at any time rear a permanent Structure, &c. We have done well the last day or two. Our object is to reach 80 deg. before we commence Steering north. We were unable to get an observation today. It is Supposed we are very near the meridian. Squalls are becoming less frequent, the farther we get from the Cape. A Whale was seen from the quarter deck this morning.

*April 19, 1849 Thursday*—Blew pretty hard all day. Split an old main sail. Course S.W. by W. In the evening finished the *Curtosities of Egypt*.

*April 20, 1849 Friday*—Towards 12:00 o'clock last night, the Sea was So high and the wind blew So hard we were obliged to lie to. The gale had not abated in the least upon my retiring at 9:00 in the evening & it was So dreary upon deck that the passengers were confined to the cabin. I snoozed away the forenoon and from dinner time to going to bed was engaged in conversing and reading.

*April 21, 1849 Saturday*—The wind died away about midnight. This morning at 9:00 o'clock there was not a breath of wind and the Sea which has been tossing us about so roughly the last 24 hours is now almost perfectly smooth. It is astonishing how very soon Neptune can get up a Storm in these latitudes, and it is equally astonishing how Soon he can quell it. The deck of the Old Ship is once more even, and we can enjoy ourselves in the Sunshine of the morning. This State of things will not exist long however, probably before 12 o'clock the wind will blow as hard as ever. I only hope it will come from the right quarter. We are Still South of Cape Horn, and only 250 miles to the Westward of it.

*April 22, 1849 Sunday*—Sailing along at a tolerably good rate, W By S. Made considerable this day. While we were at prayers we passed very close to an English Bark, as to be able to read her name, *Kemmore*, Supposed to be a Sidney Packet bound to London. Very few of us Saw her until She was Some distance astern. Retired to my berth after dinner. Finished the Book of Deuteronomy. Slept till tea time. Awakened by George

Wardle. Refused to get up, had no appetite, because I had Eaten enough fresh pork and apple pie at dinner to last till morning. Rose at 7½, joined in the discussion which has been going on for two or three days as to the right a person has to take the life of a robber upon one's own premises. Retired at 9.

*April 23, 1849 Monday*—The old Ship did her best all last night and today. Course W by S.W. We were today in Long, 80 deg. 16, which is as far west as we wish to go. We Shall lead north as Soon as the Wind is favourable enough. The Ship's head has been under water most all day, pitching into the heavy Seas at a tremendous rate, going 7 or 8 knots an hour. Conversation with Wadsworth in the morning, who presented me with a track upon the 7th Commandment by Rev. Timothy Dwight. In the evening read Natural Philosophy & finished the book of Joshua. Towards night breeze increased, blew a hurricane.

*April 24, 1849 Tuesday*—Sun shining till 9. Steering W by W course, Cloudy morning. Violent hale, Storm most of the afternoon. Made icecream. Still 38 miles S of Cape Horn. Starlight night.

*April 25, 1849 Wednesday*—Rained violently last night. Weather moderated. Good breeze this morning. Tacked Ship at 8 bells.

*April 26, 1849 Thursday*—Severe Storm last night, moderated in disagreeable drizzling rain and thick fog. Wind from the North. The weather moderated, tacked Ship at Noon.

*April 27, 1849 Friday*—Violent Squall during the night. At 8:00 made Starboard tack. Slight breeze. Shower, beautiful rainbow, South of Isles. Whole circle visible ¾ above, and ¼ below the water. Weather moderate, like Spring. At Sundown going 7 knots, fine breeze lasted during the night.

*April 28, 1849 Saturday*—Tacked Ship 8 bells, Course S.W. Very Slight breeze. Very overcast, heavy Sea. Tacked again at 4, N. by E.

*April 29, 1849 Sunday*—At 8, tacked Ship N.W., Very slight breeze. Weather muggy. Sun shone in the afternoon. Methodist Sermon by Mr. Brown in the morning. Prayer meeting in the evening. General attendance of the Officers & crew. One of the

any of whom he would be sorry to know in error upon so momentous a Subject. He hoped I had laid the Foundation Stone upon which I might at any time rear a permanent Structure, &c, &c. We have done well the last day or two. Our object is to reach 80 deg. before we commence Steering north. We were unable to get an observation today. It is Supposed we are very near the meridian. Squalls are becoming less frequent, the farther we get from the Cape. A Whale was seen from the quarter deck this morning.

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*April 29, 1849 Sunday*—At 8, tacked Ship N.W., Very slight breeze. Weather muggy. Sun shone in the afternoon. Methodist Sermon by Mr. Brown in the morning. Prayer meeting in the evening. General attendance of the Officers & crew. One of the

Sailors, Jennings, offered a beautiful prayer. Singing conducted by Mr. Dunham. Prayer by Mr. Wadsworth & Brown &c.

*April 30, 1849 Monday*—Cold, muggy and disagreeable day. It was calm most all night. Passengers all complain of having spent a very restless night. We were, literally Speaking, rocked in the cradle of the mighty deep, but the Same effect was not produced upon us, as upon Children on Shore. It appeared that everything was roolling [rolling] with the vessel from side to side. The things in the Steward's pantry were loose. The molasses barrel broke its lashings carrying away the table and the things upon it, producing much confusion. Among other things, the Sonorous Sound of the tea bell was heard. The Cook and the Steward were busy arranging things from 4:00 o'clock. The bell was missing so that instead of being Summoned for rising in the usual manner, Hewey was obliged to go around and wake up the passengers. A good conundrum was given this morning at breakfast. Why cannot debts be collected from persons going to California? Do ye give up? Because they are all Minors [miners]. This day ends as it commenced, Cold, Muggy and disagreeable. The wind abated and we have made very little headway.

*May 1, 1849 Tuesday*—This day has been as unsettled with us as with our friends at home. We were pitching about all last night. The ship rolled tremendously. I was obliged to get up, take one of the Slats from under me and arrange it so as not to be thrown from my berth. I did not think of this till towards morning, So that I spent a restless night. The pleasantness of the day is all that has prevented the day from being dreary. The wind blew so hard as to Split our Stay Sail and oblige us to carry close reefed fore and main topsail & Spencer. The Sea was high, long & heavy swells, white capped. Part of the figure head carried away, passed astern of us. Going 3½ knots per hour in Lat. 50°20' Made 100 miles on our course during the last two days. We are today 120 days from New York! We anticipated being in San Francisco today. How disappointed we all are. Our friends little think we are just passed Cape Horn. We shall probably not reach Valparaiso much before the 15th of the month. There we Shall be detained Some ten or fifteen days for water,

provisions & repairs. We Sprung the bow Sprit the Sunday we were taken aback. This has to be repaired, besides caulking her Stern and deck. So, that We shall not leave Valparaiso much before the 1st of June and probably arrive at San Francisco Sometime the latter end of July. We are very short of provisions. This morning's meal consisted of coffee with brown sugar, cold Salt beef, Sliced, boiled rice, Soft bread & molasses. I partook only of a cup of coffee, bread and molasses. I am very fond of rice, but can't relish it except with butter & white Sugar. As for junk beef—I am Sick and tired of it. I always think of these lines, and (often) repeated by the mate at the table, which is enough to disgust anyone with eating meat.

*"Old Horses! old horses! what brought you here?"*

*"From Sacarap' to Portland pier  
I've carted stone this many a year:*

*Till, killed by blows and sore abuse,*

*The Sailors they do me despise:*

*They turn me over and damn my eyes;*

*Cut off my meat and pick my bones,*

*And pitch the rest to Davy Jones:"*

If I can Say nothing in favour of the breakfast, Surely I can say nothing in favour of the dinner, consisting of only 'old horse' pork and beans, and hard biscuits. There is very little variety in our dishes. One day we get pork and beans and the next beans and pork, with beef everyday and occasionally duff, over which the raisin box has only been Shaken. The matter in regard to this was discussed the other day, and it was unanimously decided that if there be a hole in the bottom of the box it should be enlarged. I began to Sympathize with poor Jack, and believe there is reason in everything except in his duff. For tea we had Soft tack and molasses. Confound our Steward! Why can't he keep the bung in the molasses barrel, and not expose it to this bad weather I verily believe we must have Shipped Some heavy Seas last night. The molasses, which was nice and thick yesterday, is now nearly as thin as water, but then it does not taste in the least Salt. Every time the ship lurches; the word is: "Hold on, All!" 'Tis well that we who are on the lee

Side are attentive in this particular; or else we should frequently be besmeared with molasses running from our plates. I was obliged to eat my bread with one hand and dip up the molasses with a Spoon with the other. Though I record all this minutely, I am perfectly contented and shall make no complaint. We have every reason to feel thankful our passage, though it has been a long and boisterous one, has been without sickness, and accident, I was going to say, but I recollect the death of poor Valentine at Rio and Schoonmaker off the River La Platta. I trust we may arrive safely at San Francisco.

We have much yet to encounter, but the most dangerous part of our passage is passed. The old *Sutton* is a finely moddled ship and has nobly ridden through many a Storm. But had I known the leaky condition she was in, the inconveniences to be put up with, and the Character of her Captain, I never would have set foot on board of her, especially after being forewarned by Anson that she would never round the Horn safely. I considered her in every way seaworthy and placed all confidence in her from the fact of Mr. Wardle being willing to allow his two sons to go in her, one as Captain, the other as Supercargo. Finished reading Judges and Ruth. In the Evening, Wind somewhat abated. Going 3 or 4 knots, N. by W. Stars shining. Weather growing moderate.

*May 2, 1849 Wednesday*—Nice, cool and refreshing morning. Sun Shining. We are Still Sailing upon our course. The weather is growing perceptibly warmer from day to day as we go North. Soon we shall rig our topmast and be Sailing under Sky Sails and Studding Sails. Day continued pleasant. Continued Steering N by E till 12 o'clock midnight. Lat. 48.49

*May 3, 1849 Thursday*—Delightful morning, but Still rather cool. We were going pretty well all night. Steering W. by N. on our present Course. Afternoon cloudy & rainy, wind died away.

*May 4, 1849 Friday*—Dull, foggy and muggy day. Calm all night and most all day.

*May 5, 1849 Saturday*—Almost a calm last night. The Ship rolled considerably. We are going this morning a knot, knot and a half, two knots. What little wind we have is fair. Studding

sails are being set. Wind Sprung up towards afternoon. Evening, practised music for tomorrow.

*May 6, 1849 Sunday*—We were going along gloriously all night with Studding Sails set at the rate of 7 or 8 knots. About 4:00 this morning, it commenced blowing a little fresher. Carried away and broke Studding Sail boom, obliged to take in the rest. This is without exception the most delightful Sailing day we have had since leaving Rio. The Sun Shines beautifully. The weather is warm and we are going before the wind seven or eight knots per hour with little or no motion. Today we are 55 days since we left Rio, being the same length of time we were going from New York to Rio. Though the passage has been tempestuous, yet none of us consider the passage so long as from New York. I suppose we have all become familiar with Sea Life. This morning, Mr. Dunham, one of the forward passengers, assisted by Mr. Brown in prayers, preached a Universalist Sermon from James 1.27 "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself from the world." It was well attended. In the afternoon read a portion of the book of Samuel, then a nap before tea. In the evening, a Methodist prayer meeting. Beautiful moonlight night. Should this wind last, we may hope to spend next Sunday in Valparaiso. Lat. 54°40'

*May 7, 1849 Monday*—The wind changed a little during the night but we are still going along at 6 or 7 knots upon our course, though close hauled. Last night, I slept very comfortably. The Ship went along almost without perceptible motion. I woke up once and imagined myself upon Shore. The Sun Shines, Cheering us on our way. Shower about breakfast time. We made at 12:00 o'clock, in the last 24 hours, 215 miles. I was occupied most of the day looking over and arranging my papers, and destroying those of no use. Lat. 41°37', about the same as New York, off the Southern Coast of Chili.

*May 8, 1849 Tuesday*—This is another glorious day, Similar in every respect as yesterday. The word this morning was that we were going to Stop at Juan Fernandez. We were Steering



north, which with the variation of two degrees made us bearing direct for it. At 2:00 o'clock the order was given to put the Ship before the wind. She is now 4:00 o'clock going N. by E., which with this variation, will take us into Valparaiso. The Captain is a queer fellow. He says one thing and does another. There is no believing what he says. All the passengers are in suspense to know whether to commence writing letters or not. It is the general impression that Valparaiso will be the Stopping port. I hope so. We shall then be within 30 days Communication with New York and San Francisco, so that we shall receive very late news from both these places, meet vessels bound for California, those that were at Rio, and have direct correspondence with our friends by the Steamers to Panama. The vessel needs some little repairs and our provisions are scarce. While I am writing, the Captain is Seating himself at the table with pen & ink. I presume his intention is to go to Valparaiso. All hands are busy this afternoon getting up Royals. Later on, the wind Carried away fore studding Sail. Wind blew pretty fresh. The Captain was about taking it in when Moseley told him that if he would leave it out in case it blew away, he (Moseley) would agree to cut two at Juan Fernandez. Tonight, a distinct lunar rainbow, a beautiful Slight. 3 of the hands are on the Sick list. Several of the passengers volunteered to Stand Watch.

On Board Ship Sutton,

May 8th, 1849

Mr. William P. Thompson, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

The voyage upon which I am embarked appears almost endless, but a fair wind is towards Valparaiso at which port we shall stop to water & provision &c., I avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of communicating with my friends, who must believe me in San Francisco by this time.

I wrote you last from Rio de Janeiro, per *Brig Fabius*, under date of March 7th, advising you that I had considered and thought favorably of the proposition of entering into co-partnership with you as contained in the letter placed into my hand previous to leaving New York. As I stated then, I will here repeat

my arrangements with George S. Wardle & Co., will be made so as to effect this any day you so desire. It is quite unnecessary for me to write all that letter contained, believing that you must have received it directed to the care of Thomas Wardle, and enclosing one to Miss A. E. de Launay. Our Captain's original intention was to water at Juan Fernandez but owing to the unusual length of the voyage, we have scarcely any provisions left except what constitutes the actual supplies of sea-faring life, such as salt fish, beef, pork, pilot bread and molasses. This together with the necessity of repairing some slight damage sustained during the heavy weather off Cape Horn, has induced him to alter his determination and put into Valparaiso, where we may perhaps be detained a week or more. But what signifies this delay? The voyage is a long one and a few days more or less will make no material difference. The news which we shall probably receive from New York and San Francisco will more than compensate for the loss of money both places, being within thirty days communication. Our latest dates from the former place are of the 29th of January. You may conceive the anxiety we feel to be appraised of what has transpired in the States. Since then, as well as to gain positive information in relation to the gold excitement in California. We are now heading N.E. direct for Valparaiso, where we may reasonably hope to be before the end of the week and should the wind continue as favourable as it has been for three days past, sailing at the rate of ten knots per hour, we shall come to anchor sometime Friday morning. But let me give you a short account of my voyage. Here begins then: We weighed anchor in the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro, March 12th. The morning was a lovely one, and as we passed beneath the forts, and the blue mountains sank in the distance, we thought of the many happy hours we had passed at the old Hotel Faroux. Our run to the River de la Plata was a fine one, performed in less than eight days. This led many to believe that we would be to our journey's end in fifty or sixty days. March 31st, we were off the Faulkland Isles. Here, in a severe squall, we were taken aback, and it was nearly half an hour before the wind again, Scudding away at the rate of ten knots. From the time of making the La Plata, till

the 25th of April, when we considered ourselves fairly around the Horn, it was a continual succession of gales. Double reefed topsails were all we dared to carry and occasionally we ran under bare poles. Many times we were near being thrown upon our beams ends, the lee gun whale being under water for hours together, but the *Sutton* has never Shipped any very heavy seas. She is a most beautiful and easy riding vessel. Every plunge She made, seemed her last, but She would rise, Shake her head and then be ready to meet the next wave. If She were not a strong built vessel She could never have passed through what She has with no loss whatever, excepting it be the occasional Splitting of a Sail. Our mate has made Seven voyages around the Horn, and he says none of them were to be compared to this last.

Pork and prunes I am sick and tired of, and shall never care to eat any more after leaving the vessel. I am glad we are putting into port that we may obtain some fresh meat and vegetables. I will write you from Valparaiso.

Yours truly,

Thos. Whaley

Pacific Ocean On Board Ship Sutton, May 8, 1849. Lat. 58°15', Long. 81.30' Letter press book—p.4

Dear Mother,

Another favourable opportunity offers to communicate with dear friends at home, and I avail myself of it with no small degree of pleasure, particularly as we have not had the good fortune of falling in with any homeward bound vessel since last putting to sea. We are now steering direct for Valparaiso, which port we may reasonably hope to reach before the end of the week, should the wind continue favourable as it has been for three days past. Sailing at the rate of 10 knots per hour we shall come to anchor in the Bay of Valparaiso, Sometime Friday morning. The original intention of Captain Wardle was to water at Juan Fernandez, but owing to the unusual length of the voyage we have scarcely any provisions left except what constitutes the actual Supplies of a Sea faring life, such as Salt fish, beef, pork, beans, molasses &c. You may conceive how eager

we are to be appraised of what has transpired in the States since then as well as to gain every information in relation to the gold excitement in California. A few hurried lines would suffice to relieve your mind of the anxiety my absence must occasion, but my intention is to present you a brief and, if possible, an interesting account of our voyage, since leaving Rio de Janeiro, notwithstanding the dryness of the material. I wrote you in full from Brig *Rabius*, under date of March 7, and enclosed the letter with others to Anson, Thompson, Roberts and Washington Smith, in one to Mr. Thomas Wardle, requesting him to mail all excepting the one to you, and this I wished him to retain until called for. I did this to avoid the possibility of its being lost, not knowing where you might be, at the time. Least it should have miscarried, I will remunerate what it contained of most importance. I wished you to tell Uncle Henry to send waggons suitable for Stages, and to obtain for me the agency of the Craetenbourg Co. I did not see the old gentleman at the time I called, and that, perhaps, may be the reason I did not get it. To induce Harsel to invest something in the California Speculation and to tell him to influence a consignment of guns, Swords, pistols &c. from Messers Blunt & Syms. To see George Tappen about sending locks, hinges &c. To send me the price of cast and wrought iron locks, the memorandum of locks you have, this you will find in the Stand drawer. To send all letters & papers across the Isthmus. To obtain for me Fremont's report, and atlas, a copybook of letters &c. This last you need not send me as you will perceive by this letter, of which I retain an exact copy without the least extra trouble. Upon arriving at San Francisco I intend writing to the gentlemen whose names I mentioned in my last and offer them whatever inducements exists to consign goods to me. I must not leave a stone unturned. I believe I may now make a fortune, gold or no gold in California, provided I conduct myself properly, and this I have resolved to do. Mr. Wedsworth is willing to lend me all the advice and assistance in his power, which, owing to the position he will have with Mr. Wardle will materially help me on. I am determined to become a merchant. I believe I shall make more in that capacity than any other.

But you wish me to commence the history of my voyage. Here then begins: Not quite two weeks sufficed to disgust us with the rascality of the inhabitants and the dirtiness of the streets of Rio to make us rejoice when the Captain announced that we were in readiness to sail. On Saturday, March 10th all hands were aboard and three cheers were given for the good old Ship *Sutton*, which to us had become a home. The *South Carolina* and the *Tarolinta's* went to sea, early that morning. We were in hopes to follow immediately, but it was impossible, owing to delays of one kind or another. This was a great disappointment to us as we wished to have as even a race as possible to San Francisco. We were at anchor in the bay not only that day, but all the next, distant about two miles from town. Some few of the passengers returned to take a parting look at some of the Beautiful Segar-girls or fair Senoras they had seen in their rambles, but the majority were content to remain aboard, observing the magnificent scenery of the harbour and the manoeuvring of the Shipping. Sunday was a delightful day. In the afternoon, a party of a dozen of us went on a rowing excursion. We landed upon a sandy beach, opposite the plantation of a rich planter. After indulging in the luxury of a Sun bath, which is absolutely necessary in such warm climates, some of our number proposed visiting the plantation. I led the party on, to be able to address the overseer either in French, English, or the spattering of Spanish & Portuguese which I had picked up. The overseer was seen at some distance apparently gathering his forces together with the intention of resisting any attack. When he approached sufficiently near, I accosted the old gentleman in the name of the party. Without returning the Salutation, he brandished his cane over his head and cried "Via, Via," which in plain English means "Go Away." I looked with surprise upon my companions. They, indeed, presented a most motley group. I will not say they looked quite as bad as tatterdemalions, though they had the appearance of anything but gentlemen. Believing that expostulation would be quite unnecessary, we bade the old fellow "Good Day," and retreated in the same peaceful order we had advanced, laughing at the idea of being taken in our Sea rig

for rowdies, from whom the planters are sometimes subjected to much inconvenience, particularly from the English Sailors. The old gentleman appeared to appreciate our orderly disposition in sending us fruit of various kinds of which we partook with much pleasure. Our next idea was to ascend a high hill which commanded a fine View of the Bay &c., after which we hurried to our boat and returned on board a little after 6:00 o'clock, just as the setting Sun was gilding with its parting rays the Sugar Loaf at the Entrance of the Harbour. Early next morning we weighed anchor to the cry of "Bully in the Alley." The men pulled cheerily with a will. The tide was running out at the time. Before we could get the head of the vessel around, she drifted Stern-on, first against the guard boat, causing no little consternation on board and then against a Russian Frigate, carrying away the end of the jib boom. With other slight damage we succeeded in getting out of the Harbour, giving the country gun, as we passed beneath the old Fort of St. Cruz. The day was lovely and the scene fairy-like. Both combined sufficient to inspire the poet or enlist the pencil of the artist. The enclosed rough sketch can give you but a faint idea of the original.<sup>10</sup> Before night fall, the Sugar Loaf and the distant mountains had sunk beyond the horizon, leaving a vivid impression upon memory's page. We retired late that night, sighing over reminiscences of Old Faroux, and the many hours we had passed exchanging sly glances with the beautiful Senoritas of a neighboring boarding school. Our dreams, of course, must have been pleasant ones. In less than a week we were off the Rio de La Plata, which is a remarkably quick run. This led most of us to believe that we would be to our journey's end in less than Sixty days, but alas for human calculation, fifty-seven days of that time have passed already, and we are not yet halfway. This is not the Old Ship's fault, for no vessel could sail better or faster, provided she has the wind from the right quarter. There is not a vessel we have met but what she has passed. I now come to a most melancholy period of our voyage. Several of the passengers were sitting in the stern boat, engaged in fishing for Cape Horn pigeons and albertrosses, the latter is a very large bird, measuring from 10 to 15 feet from

tip to tip, is taken by baiting a hook with a piece of pork and allowing it to be Swallowed. I was not indisposed, but had no particular desire to be engaged in such kind of Sport. I was reposing in my berth, when I was suddenly aroused by the cry of "A man overboard!" The Sound sent a thrill through my bosom and made me wonder who it could possibly be? Hurrying on deck I found a crowd collected near the Stern of the Ship with anything but fear depicted upon their countenances. I wondered what the meaning of all this was. I reached over the shoulders of my companions, and in the center of the group beheld an albertross, which they were measuring. Upon demanding why the cry of a man overboard had been raised, I was informed that one of the party, in his enthusiasm, did it upon welcoming the first "gony," as the bird is frequently called. This, was indeed, a strange reason! The bird evincing a desire to pick and snap at us more than we felt disposed to allow him, he was carried forward upon the main hatch, to be examined more particularly. I was one to follow on while the fishing for more "gonies" was going on. I remarked to a gentleman, Standing near me in a rather careless manner that I had heard the cry of a man overboard, and upon coming on deck found it to be only a "gony," inboard. I did not intend to treat the subject lightly, though I spoke punningly. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when one of the passengers, who had more presence of mind, ran forward crying to the mate, "Mr. Whitwell, there are half a dozen persons overboard!" Though we showed some little amazement, we at first treated the matter lightly, thinking it was a joke, but when the young man reiterated it, and showed plainly by his countenance that he was not jesting, we made one general rush for the afterpart of the vessel to convince ourselves of the fact. Lo and behold, there were four of our companions Struggling in the Seal The Stern boat, from the number in it had broken away from its rusty fastenings, and carrying with it, eight persons. Four of them saved themselves by holding fast and climbing up the boat, which remained supported by one end. At the time I arrived, one was in the water, holding on the gunwhale of the boat. He succeeded in saving himself. Another, had hold of a

rope, no one knew that he was there, though he called loudly and repeatedly. He finally succeeded in making himself heard & was hauled on board. His escape may be considered providential, as he knew not how to swim. We were laying to, at the time, in a gale of wind and making considerable leeway. How he managed to hold on so long, God only knows. The other two who were at the extreme end of the boat, were precipitated someways from the Ship, which prevented the possibility of their laying hold on anything. They were both expert swimmers, and there was every probability of their being saved. They were now at a considerable distance. Stools, benches and every floating object, near at hand, had been thrown overboard, the quarter boats were being lowered, ready manned and the Stern boat was cut loose. The sea was raging and the wind howling. The Captain with his trumpet Stood on the round house crying, "Hold on my lads! Cheerily, my hearties, pull, for God's sake, pull!" The two boats were foul. Stern and Stern together, and it seemed almost impossible to separate them, but it was finally done, one steering this way and the other that. The Starboard boat was the first one to pick up a man in an expiring condition, so feeble was he, it was impossible for him to prevent the water from coming into the boat through the plug hole. The leeboard boat was Still pulling for the man farther off, who had not only the water element to contend with, but a large albertross which he had succeeded in laying hold of to Support him a longer length of time in the water. It made repeated attacks, and finally upon the crown of his head and finally Succeeded in obtaining his liberty, and that ending the death struggle of the drowning man who sank, to rise no more just as he was about being rescued! Anxiety was now felt on all hands for the safety of the quarter boat, which was in imminent danger of being swamped. The Sea was running almost mountain high at the time, and it was really dangerous. My friend Puffer was the only passenger enlisted in this errand of mercy. He declared to me that neither he or the men felt the least concern till they were returning, and then they had their doubts whether they would be able to reach the Ship. The quarter boats were scarcely properly secured,

before a large Shark was seen prowling around. The sailors say this fish is always to be seen immediately before or after the death of a person on board. This event, as you may well suppose, was calculated to sadden our feeling for a time, but it did not produce that effect, or endure so long as I expected. In less than an hour after it appeared entirely forgotten, by Some who were again fishing after "gonies," as though nothing serious had happened. In the evening, a party was about seating themselves at whist, but upon appealing to their good sense, they relinquished the idea. I shall never forget what my feelings were at the time I saw that young man go down, cut off in the prime of his youth, when he was hoping to reap a golden harvest. Summoned unprepared in the presence of his Maker. I trust the lesson it teaches me will not be entirely lost. I turned to see if there were none to deplore his loss. No, not one. I could not myself refrain from shedding a tear to think of the hardness of his fate. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," Says: "Death is at all times Solemn, but never so much So, as at Sea. A man dies on Shore, his body remains with his friends, and the mourners go about the Streets; but when a man falls overboard at Sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the events and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an Air of Awful Mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the Spot. There is Something always which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed." There are many on board who have been led to think seriously upon things which they never before bestowed the least attention, therefore it is to be hoped that the loss of this young man will prove the Salvation of others. I never look over the Stern of the vessel but what I think to myself, "Alas! poor Angelo Schoonmaker, here was his grave." He was the son of the painter who keeps in Chateau Square.<sup>20</sup> As he was in the Second cabin I had no opportunity of becoming intimate with him, and am unable to judge what kind of a man he was, but from what I saw of him and can learn, he must have been a rather reckless youth, though probably not more so than a great many young men. I have been thus particular in describing this account, as it is the principal feature of our voyage. I hope you will find it in-

teresting as I have endeavored to make it. From the time of being off the Rio de La Plata till we were off the Falkland Isle, the 31st March, it was a Succession of gales. The wind blew so very hard, we were either obliged to Sail under closed double reefed topsails or laying to, drifting. Sunday April 1, the weather moderated and we were able to carry all sail. About 11 o'clock, while Mr. Wadsworth was engaged in reading the morning Sermon, when by a Sudden Squall, the Ship was taken aback. This is the worst thing that can possibly happen to a ship particularly when the wind blows fresh. Every timber in her shook and it seemed as though the mast would be taken out of her. It was Some fifteen or twenty minutes before she got before the wind again and then she went scudding along at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour till the squall had passed. All who ventured upon the deck did so at the risk of having their heads broken by the ropes and blocks which were flying in every direction. Some few of us stood beneath the wheel-house, admiring this Sublime though awful Scene, at the same time crying, "Go it old girl!" The Ship carried on well, sustaining only the loss of a foretop Sail. The day in which the morning seemed so propitious, ended with a Storm and continued on all the next day. It was one of the *Severest blows of the passage*. The Sea ran as high as ever I want to see it again. (A Hurricane) A heavy Sea Struck her forward, flooding the forecastle and making the old Ship quiver from Stem to Stern, but she rose gallantly, and Shook the Spray from off her head. In the midst of the confusion, the tiller broke, throwing the carpenter over the wheel, who, upon getting up, declared the rudder must have been carried away. This day we had fresh pork for dinner, the first provision of the kind we have had for sometime. By a sudden lurch, the food spilled, but falling upon a clean spot so that no particular damage was done to our appetites. A person after being at sea a few months, learns to take things as he can get them and is prepared for *California comfort*. I consider it an excellent preparation School for me. We were still obliged to lay to, the 3rd & 4th, Though the weather had moderated on account of the heavy Sea. The latter of these days early in the morning, it was supposed we

were under the lee of an iceberg. The Mate aroused the Captain. The alarm, which created considerable consternation among the passengers, only caused our Captain, who must be possessed of an honest conscience, to turn over and sleep the more soundly. Several dressed themselves and went upon deck to see the wonderful phenomenon. Among the rest, Mr. Mosely, or "Old Massachusetts," as he more familiarly called. He is without exception the shrewdest man I ever saw. What a true Specimen of Yankee ingenuity. He seized the candle in one hand and the thermometer in the other. Thus equipped, he rushed upon deck, but was unable in the impenetrable darkness of the night to discover anything. After observing the thermometer a few minutes and perceiving no change was effected, he said, "We may be in the vicinity of an iceberg, but we were certainly not approaching one." This Satisfied the anxious ones, who returned to their bunks. There was hail during the night, and considerable Snow upon the deck in the morning. The day was cold with frequent falls of snow. Two sails in sight, one in the morning, the other at night. The 5th was calm. Land pigeons were taken upon the yards, as white as the Snow covering the Deck this morning. They gratified our curiosity for some time, and then Served to make a pie for the mate's wife, the only female on board. A favourable wind Sprung up in the afternoon. The 6th, 7th and 8th were three disagreeable days, though we were making good headway. Considerable rain, hail and Snow fell. A Sail ahead of us this afternoon. The 9th, a bark a Stern, the same we saw yesterday. The Old Ship did her best last night. Another Sail ahead. At 5 o'clock the cry of "Land Ho!" Sounded first upon the quarter deck, was echoed from every part of the vessel. All hands were ready to witness this glorious sight. The bearings were taken, when it was declared to be Cape Horn. It was the form of a Sugar-loaf, and must have been some twenty or thirty miles distant. Part of the day we were laying to, the remainder Sailing under closed reefed topsails. The 10th, we were laying to, under double reefed main Topsail, Spencer & Staysail. Blew very hard at 10 in the morning, took in main top-sail. Drifting to the S. & S.E. Considerable rain and Snow with an occasional glimpse of the Sun.

At 2 o'clock the weather moderated and the Ship was easier. The 11th, the gale issued last night and blew harder than ever. We were thrown nearly upon our beams end so that the quarter boats touched the water. The greater part of the day, the wind blew a hurricane, causing the old Ship to pitch and roll tremendously. She creaked like a willow basket and must have gone to pieces had she not been built in a most substantial manner. Now and then, a heavy Sea would come threatening to carry all before it, but the vessel rode with the grace of a swan over them, without Shipping Spray enough to wet the deck. As for standing without holding on Something, it was a matter impossible. Our meals were taken as we could best get them. At 2 o'clock, colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the Northwest; the Snow fell hissing in the brine And the bellows frothed like yeast. The Captain and the Mate held a consultation together. The result of which was that in the event of the Storm increasing it would be necessary for the preservation of life to throw the deck load, *consisting mostly of the frame of a house, overboard.*<sup>21</sup> Happily, before Sundown, the wind moderated. The 12th, laying to all day. Attempted to make Sail toward dusk. The 13th, again we have Cape Horn weather, Sunshine, Squalls, Rain, Hail, Snow. Made sail two or three times during the day. A Ship in Sight, South, but for a Short time. The 14th. This is the pleasantest day we have had for three weeks. During the night we commenced making Sail, with a fine breeze which increasing, obliged us to double reef. We succeeded in taking an observation for latitude, this first, for Some time. At 2 o'clock, the unexpected cry of "Land Ho!" broke upon our ears. It proved to be Cape Horn again, our old enemy, with whom we have long been combatting; but we hope to conquer him at last. It was distant twenty miles. We must indeed have taken a very circuitous route to be within the Same landscape after Sailing nearly a week. The 15th, Squally kind of day. Exchanged Signals with the Ship *Captal* of Boston, and the Brig *Newcastle* of New York. We left both these vessels at Rio. The swelling of the Sea was higher than we have yet Seen it. This being Sunday, Brother Wadsworth offered a fervent prayer for a favourable wind to deliver us

from this place, which our comical friend the Doctor says, "Is no place at all." According to his argument, we are neither in the Atlantic nor the Pacific, nor yet in the Southern Ocean! Where the Devil are we then? I wish the Captain would have the rent in the crotch of his breeches sewed up, and hang them at the royal mast head; we might then hope with a cup full of wind bid adieu to Cape Horn before tomorrow morning. We find the Cabin, about these times, the most comfortable place, though we have nothing but our great coats to keep us warm. Several are complaining of chill blains, so I have taken the precaution of encasing my feet in boots. The 16th. The *Capitol* and *Newcastle* Still in view, a long ways astern. Calm most all day. Late in the afternoon Spoke the Brig, *Mary Wilder*, 105 days from Boston, bound to California. Her decks were crowded with emigrants who gave us "Yankee Doodle" with variations, as we passed by. Large numbers of porpoises in sight at the time. The 17th, Running along finely all night. My chum said it was a shame to allow the Ship to carry on so, preventing all hands from Sleeping. I was not in the least inconvenienced, though annoyed by the water pouring into my berth, like through a sieve. Overhauled another Sail before 10 o'clock. The Ship *Mentor*, of Boston. Soon after, another Ship and Brig hove in sight. We were standing N.W. at the time, gaining ground fast. The order was given to tack, preventing the possibility of sending any news, even though they should have been homeward bound, as they were believed to be. The *Old Sutton* is a Sloop and no mistake—She reminds me of an experienced trotter on the 3rd Avenue, hanging back till nearly at the end of the course, waiting for the B'hoys to come up, and then starting off, beating everything. The 18th, this is a cold and disagreeable day. Few of the passengers are disposed to remain on deck for any length of time together. Sailing along nicely. Squalls are becoming less frequent, the further west we go. A Whale was seen from the quarter deck this morning. They will soon be as thick as whortle berries. The 19th blew hard all day, much rain and snow. Split our main sail. The 20th, Laying to all day in a violent Snow Squall. The 21st. The wind subsided towards midnight and this morning it was perfectly calm, the

sails flapping against the masts. It is astonishing how very soon Neptune can get up a storm in these latitudes and quell it almost immediately. The decks of the ship were once more even and we were allowed a few hours enjoyment in the delightful Sunshine of the morning. But this State of things did not long exist, before night fell, we were sailing under double reefed topsails. We are Still South of Cape Horn and only 250 miles to the westward of it, likely to be driven back at any moment. The 22nd, Sunday Laying to most all day. While we were at prayers, passed an English bark, near enough to make out her name, the *Kenmore*, supposed to be a Sidney packet bound to London. I am reading the Bible through in course, finished this day the book of Deuteronomy. The 23rd, Sailing under double reefed topsails. Ship's head under water most all day, pitching into the Sea at a tremendous rate. Towards night breeze increased, blew almost a hurricane. We are now in Longitude 80° 16', which is as far west as we wish to go. The 24th, Sun Shining till 9 o'clock, Sailing under close reefed topsails. Indulged in the luxury of icecream, all very fine, excepting the cream. Beautiful Starlight night, affording us a fine view of the Magellan Clouds and Southern Cross. The Magellan clouds consist of three small nebula, two bright, like the milky way, and one dark. They are first seen above the horizon soon after crossing the Southern Tropic. When off Cape Horn, they are nearly overhead. The Cross is composed of four Stars in that form, and is said to be the brightest constellation in the heavens.

*"This Spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal Sky,  
And Spangled heavens, a Shining frame  
Their great Original Proclaim."*

The 25th rained violently the past night. Good breeze this morning. Tacked Ship at eight bells. An unusual quantity of birds following in the wake of the vessel all day. Several were caught and prepared either to be stuffed or eaten. The 26th, Disagreeable, drizzling, rain with thick fog. Standing well upon our course. The 27th, Squally kind of day, Shower late in the afternoon, after which a remarkable phenomenon, a rainbow,

of the most distinct color, forming a complete circle, two thirds below, by going a little way up the rigging. It was a beautiful night. At sundown there was a fine breeze, which carried us along seven knots during the night. The 28th, rainy and squally day, made little headway. The 29th, Sunday, the same as yesterday. Methodist Sermon performed by Mr. Brown in the morning, and a prayer meeting in the evening, at which there was a general attendance of the officers and crew. One of the Sailors named Jennings, offered up a beautiful prayer. The 30th, Calm all night and a Strong Wind during the day, which abated towards evening. All complain of having spent a restless night. The things in the cabin and the Steward's pantry were rolling, going from side to side. They were preparing to move one day too soon. We were literally Speaking, rolled in the cradle of the mighty deep. May the 1st. We are moving as well as some of our friends in New York. The operation, no doubt, is as agreeable to one as to the other. The pleasantness of the weather is all that has prevented the day from being dreary. Pitching about in every direction all night and all day. Blew so hard as to Split our Stay-Sail and obliged us to carry only Spencer and closely reefed fore & main top Sails. The Sea was white capped. Swelling high, long & heavy. Part of the figure head drifted a Stern. We are 120 days out, the time Some anticipated going from New York to San Francisco. Fifty days or more will be necessary to take us there. I shall be glad when we touch at some port be it either Juan Fernandez or Valparaiso. We are out of provisions of most every kind. This morning's meal consisted of coffee with brown sugar, cold Salt beef, sliced, boiled rice, Soft tack and molasses. I partook only of a cup of coffee, a couple of Slices of soft-tack which I ate with molasses. This is indeed frugal fare, Not with Standing we all look fat and feel pretty Saucy. Were my friends to see me they would scarcely be able to recognize me with my round face covered with whiskers and long mustaches of three months growth! There is very little variety in our dishes, one day we get pork and beans, and the next beans and pork. Salt beef and pilot bread can always be depended upon. But

I am contented and this they say is a continual feast. We have every reason to feel thankful. Neither sickness nor death has visited us, (save for Schoonmaker) and should we arrive safely at San Francisco it will be owing to a kind Providence, [rather] than to the Superior Skill of our Commander, who has been at loggerheads with the mate pretty much ever since we left New York. The 2nd was Nice, cool and refreshing day. The Sun Shining, Sailing upon our course, N. by E. The weather is growing perceptibly warmer. Soon we shall get up our top hamper and be running under royals, sky-sails and Studding sails. The 3rd. Another delightful morning. Going a W. by N. Course. Afternoon was cloudy & rainy. Wind died away before night. The 4th, dull, foggy and muggy day. Calm most of the time. The 5th, a glorious day. Wind abaft, the first we have had of the kind since leaving the trades on the other side. In the morning we were going at the rate of a knot, knot and a half or two knots, but before nightfall a gentle breeze waited us along in gallant style with the Studding Sails Set. Good, I shall sleep well tonight. The 6th, Sunday, the fair wind continues. Rather fresh this morning, carried away a Studding Sail boom. Obligated to take in the rest. This is without exception the finest day in every respect we have had since leaving Rio, which port we left 55 days ago, the Same length of time we were going, or rather, coming from New York. Though there has been much less to interest us, none of us consider the passage so long. The reason of this I attribute to our becoming enured to the Sea-life and the pleasing associations of the old Ship, Mr. Dunham, a forward passenger, assisted by Mr. Brown conducted the services of the day, after the rites of the Universalist Church. He took his text from James 1st, 27th verse. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself from the world." Commenced the book of Daniel, of which I read a considerable portion. Methodist prayer meeting in the evening. Moon shining brightly. Should this wind continue we may hope to spend the next Sabbath at Valparaiso. Latitude 54° 40'. The 7th, The Wind changed a little during the night, but we are still going Steadily upon our course 6 to 7



knots though close hauled. The sun lends its rays to cheer us on. There was not the least perceptible motion last night, upon awakening I imagined myself reposing in bed at home. We have made, in the past 24 hours, 215 miles. We are now off the Southern coast of Chili in the same latitude as New York. The 8th, This is another glorious day, similar in every respect to yesterday. The word this morning was that we were going to Juan Fernandez. We were heading N., at 2:00 o'clock the command was given to put the vessel before the wind. We are now going N. by E. which with the variation will take us to Valparaiso. The Captain is a queer gigger, he says one thing and does another, consequently there is no believing him. The general impression is that he will ultimately determine upon Valparaiso. I trust so. We shall there be within 30 days communication with New York and San Francisco, from both of these places we may hope to receive important news, besides affording us an opportunity of communicating with friends at home. What an unexpected pleasure it will be to them to receive news from us in this quarter of the globe. 4:00 o'clock P.M. The Captain has just seated himself with his writing materials. The presumption is, he is going to Valparaiso. I may now with propriety get out mine with a reasonable hope of sending my letter after writing them. Got up royals today. Carried away the fore Studding Sail. The Captain was about taking it in, when "Old Massachusetts," (Mosely) told him that in case that *stick* broke he would promise to cut two more just like it upon landing at Juan Fernandez. It is doubtful whether he will be able to fulfill his promise. A distinct lunar rainbow, reminding me of a similar magnificent Spectacle I witnessed about this time four years ago on my way home from Rome to Curta beccia. Three of the crew upon the Sick list, so several of the passengers volunteered to stand watch. I will add to this letter, written in journal form from time to time, and send it to you from Valparaiso. . . . I must now close, affectionately, Thos. Whaley

From the Journal of Thomas Whaley, on SHIPBOARD

Wednesday May 9, 1849—We continue to go along in fine

State, though not so fast before the wind. Frequent Squalls during the day. Rained very hard at times. Finished getting up Royals. We are now in trim for fine weather and light breezes. Occupied the whole day drawing maps of the route. Writing letters &c. Evening writing.

Thursday May 10, 1849—Sailing at the rate of 6 or 7 knots all night. Two sails in sight, steering N.W. Beautiful moonlight night. The passengers composing the watch were playing cards and draughts on deck. Towards morning it rained and hailed very hard. Squally during the day. Sail in sight this afternoon, an English Brig. As soon as we raised our colors, she lowered hers and put off, a very singular manoeuvre.

Friday May 11, 1849—Wind ahead E. by S. course. At noon saw Brig *Satillo*, of Boston, going to California. Captain asked: "How long out?" "My Gott, I don't know, So long Since," gave cheers, passed her quick. In the afternoon, tacked ship, Beautiful Sunset, pleasant, Same as yesterday. Lat. 34° 43' Long. 74° 10'. Engaged drawing maps &c.

Saturday May 12, 1849—Wind still ahead, obliged to beat towards the coast, pleasant day. Lat. 34.12 Long. 75.54. Engaged writing all day and till midnight. Lat. 34.43 Long. 74.10.

Sunday May 13, 1849—Saw a light at ten o'clock. Frenchman was still in sight, Beating up along the coast. We made land at day break. By noon we could distinguish the snow upon the Andes; it was discernable for miles, and but for the mist, would have presented a sublime view. Standing off and beating up along the coast all day. In the morning we exchanged signals with a French sloop of war carrying 32 guns, soon after an English bark, both continuing in company [with us] all day. The Sermon was given by my friend Palmer. At one time there were nine vessels in sight, this afternoon, standing in toward the shore. Misty and drizzling kind of day with and occasional squall. I was writing till late in the evening. Lat. 34° 13' Long. 74° 54'.

Monday May 14, 1849—The fog of last night cleared off. Sun was shining at 10:00 o'clock, opening to us the roadstead of Valparaiso. We came in sight of the town and dropped Anchor at 12:00 o'clock. The Steamer *Calais* was just going

out. From that came a boat with government officers. Captain of the Port with a huge mustache, was accompanied by an Englishman. After them, the Custom House officer boarded. Was told to come tomorrow morning. Many boats come in after the news. Among the rest, *Fanny Young*, *Washerwoman*, with recommendations from Officer of the *Dale*. Glorious news from California. All true. Mary Stuart's boat, news from them. We were then at liberty to go ashore. Rowed ashore by natives in a whale boat, along with Captain James Wardle, George Wardle, Puffer, Palmer & Wadsworth. Landed at twenty minutes past one. Went to the Star Hotel. It was small, crowded, and there was no possibility of getting dinner until 4:30 P.M. We took a carriage to Tivoli Hotel,  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles with Lient Muse (of the *Dale*), rode 20 minutes. Waited an hour for dinner, rolling 10 pins. Had a Quarrel with Spanish boatman, who charged us 2 reales, instead of one. Boatmen are allowed to convey passengers till Sundown and then they are drawn upon the beach. Ships, boats have until 8:00 o'clock. After 10:00 P.M. the Port Officer allows his boats to convey passengers till 12:00 P.M. The Pier is a damn miserable one. Light upon its head fronts upon the Custom House, a fine building erected in 1835. The Steeple upon its center, with a clock kept in order. Beside and behind this are the Storehouses. The duties on imports are comparatively low in order to encourage trade. It is almost exclusively an English market. Public reading rooms are one of the enterprising features of this place, 125 x 25 ft., with many foreign papers, French, English, American &c, also a fair large telescope. All are under the direction of a Mr. Stevens. At 4:30 we dined at the Star Hotel, kept by Mr. Horatio Jones, formerly of New York and a native of Montreal. Dinner was served in a Mexican Style. Some 200 Americans there. After dinner we took a stroll, in Midshipman's Alley—Terrible Row. Police—Stabbing & Cutting. Retired to our Hotel, but it was impossible to get a Room. Mr. Jones took us to a room. Five of us, G.S.W. [George S. Wardle], G.D.P. [George D. Puffer], G.S.P. [Charles S. Palmer], W.R.W. [William R. Wadsworth] and myself. *Only one bed*. Went to the American Consul, Mr. Morehead. \$24,000 in gold brought by *Dale*. Gideon,

Purser of *Fredonia*, Lt. Renshaw aboard on duty. Presented Card. Walked through market. Fine grapes & peaches. Apples, onions and radishes.

*Tuesday May 15, 1849*—Slept aboard all night. Took boat with George Palmer & Puffer & went on board the Bark, *Croton*, & U.S. Store Ship, *Fredonia* & visited Lt. Renshaw. From there, we went ashore and visited the cemetery. Franklin got drunk, Bought a hat. First we visited the English burial ground laid out in 1831, to find Charles S. Palmer's Uncle. Then the Catholic ground, adjoining the Church. Saw a fat old friar laughing. We offered him Segars, G.S.W. told him G.S.P. was a Catholic. He had a long conversation with him, told him [the priest] he should doff his robes and go to California for gold and then come back. He [the priest] said he would like to do so, thought it would be a good joke. He Nudged Charley under the rib. Called next upon David Trumbull, editor of the *Neighbour*. Caleb Lyons there. Chapel.

*Wednesday May 16, 1849*—Slept ashore with Puffer, George S. Wardle, Palmer & Wadsworth in one bed. Hired horses, except Puffer, who was writing letters all day. Rode through the town, out over the mountains. Fell in with a large party of 20 or 30 of the *Pharsalia's* boys. Stopped at Post House. Went on to a house kept by an Englishman, distant some 10 miles. From here was a fine View of the Andes, but before this Stopped at a flour mill, saw all. Wheat worth \$1.00 per 100 lbs. Flour \$4.00, \$4.50 & \$5.00 for flour per barrel. Returned. Attack upon George S. Wardle. Racing, good horses. Entered city, upon the hills again. Stopped at the English Admiral's house. Went to a Ball Friday night.

Fleas and aunts [ants] plenty last night. We visited the Market, saw Spanish girl. Grapes abundant, blue and white, for  $\frac{1}{2}$  real you can buy more than you can eat. Hired horses, \$1.00 each. George S. Wardle, Charles S. Palmer & myself started off on a canter. Stopped by a vigilante. Fine view of the city, harbour & Canal from a high hill. Took road to Santiago. Stopped at a miserable hotel Mooline de Roste. Beer, Bread & Cheese. Rode on to the mill, two miles beyond. Fine view of the Andes. Examined everything. Rode on through a valley.

Stopped at a hotel owned by an Englishman. Reposed and refreshed ourselves. Rode on to a miserable hamlet, inhabited by poor people. We were then 11 miles distant from the city. Returning, stopped at vineyard, bought for a realle enough grapes. Spaniards played tricks with our Stirrups. We rode on. George S. Wardle separated from Party, and attacked by Spaniards. There is a necessity of carrying arms. Arrived two hours before Sunset. Rode over hills back of the City. Admirals house, telegraph, Sun going down. Wished to return before dark, took a short cut. Got lost in a glen. Hills were so steep we were obliged to dismount for fear our horses would roll over on us, after which we gave up horses, got supper and went to a fandango. Slept aboard that night.<sup>22</sup>

*Thursday May 17, 1849*—After breakfast Visited the Asia, 800 tons, later went ashore. Walked on Main top, Visited Cathedral. Saw woman with apples, C.S.P. left us. G.S.W., G.D.P. and myself went to lighthouse, fort, saw Spanish women, some ruins. Met Wadsworth and Charley. Went to Hotel Europa, then went to 248. They were going to see the procession, first the guards, natives & Americans carrying tapers, Surrounding a figure of Christ borne upon Shoulders of men, then the figure of Mary, the Mother of Christ, in the same case were four girls dressed in white, decked with flowers, a boy carrying flowers and throwing them. G.S.W. and myself went into the Church to hear the Sermon against the people going to California. In the evening went to the theatre. Pretty girl, named Ascension.

[Letter to Mother continues] (May 8th 1849 on board Ship Sutton) . . . On the 10th we were sailing during the night and all day, 6 or 7 knots before the wind. The passengers composing the watch amused themselves playing cards and checkers upon the sky-light till nearly 4 o'clock this morning, when a sudden Squall coming up, accompanied with much rain and Snow, deprived them of the beautiful moonlight and obliged them to quit. Rather a squally day. In the afternoon a brig hove in sight, hoisted English colors, which were hauled down the instant we showed the grid iron, as the Sailors term the American ensign, and put off. We could not account for this

singular manoeuver, without Johnny Bull got testy and thought we kept him waiting rather long. Spent this day in finishing maps and writing letters. The 11th, Wind almost dead ahead, Steering E. by S. at 12:00 o'clock, Spoke the Brig, *Sahillo*, of Boston, Standing upon the opposite tack, we passed each other almost in a moment, which gave up but little opportunity of exchanging words. She is bound to California. Three cheers were give on both sides; The Captain, in answer to our enquiry, as to how long he had been out, replied, "*O! my God, 'Tis so long Since, I don't know.*" The Brig, judging from her appearance, no doubt, has Seen rough weather as well as ourselves. We shall have more of her history when arriving at Valparaiso, where she is going to stop. Pleasant, the same as yesterday, Magnificent Sunset. Lat. 34° 10' Long. 74° 10'. The 12th, Fine weather, Wind Still ahead. Very little gained and that by tacking. The Captain, at one time in the afternoon thought he would be obliged to put into Concepcion [Concepcion], but with the Wind changing a point or two, he gave up the idea. Engaged till midnight, writing. Lat. 34° 13' Long. 74° 54'. The 13th, Sunday, Made land at day break. By noon the Snow upon the lofty Andes was discernable, extending for miles along the edge of the horizon, which but for a thin vapoury mist, must have presented a Sublime Sun. All day, Standing off and on, beating up along the coast. In the morning, exchanged Signals with a French vessel of war carrying thirty two guns and immediately after with an English brig, both continuing in company with us during the remainder of the day. At one time this afternoon, there were nine vessels in Sight, all standing in towards the land. Just before dusk, the Frenchman went through the different evolutions of furling a double reef. Nasty and drizzling kind of day. Lat. 34° 15' Long. 74° 54'.

Monday May 14th, The Valparaiso light was seen about 10:00 o'clock. French Man-of-War Still in Sight in the morning; Beating up along the coast towards the town. Rounded the point about noon. Came to anchor Soon after. Boarded by Custom House boats and others to obtain news. Learned enough in four minutes to convince us that all that had been

said about California was true. The *Dale* was laying in the harbour with \$250,000 on board. Report says a million. At one o'clock most of the quarter boats were lowered into which I got with the Captain, his brother, Charley Palmer and George Puffer. Landed twenty minutes past one. The town contains about forty thousand inhabitants, and extends more than Six miles, consisting principally of two Streets, running parallel beneath the foot of Steep mountains. The houses, mostly of one and two stories are generally well built, the city having been destroyed by an earth quake in 1822 and partially by a fire in 1842. My first impression of the place is more favorable than of Rio, the people being better disposed and more hospitable. The government is the best in South America, being the most liberal. They date their independence from 1810. A large amount of Shipping is in the harbour at the present time, consisting mostly of vessels bound to California. Among them are the ["H.M. Fielder" deleted], the *Tarolinta*, the *Croton*, the *Capital*, the *Cutter*, *Ewing*, and the Store Ship, *Fredonia*. Mr. Morehead, the American Consul, is much liked for his gentlemanly attention to them, (his many Countrymen touching at this port at the present time.) At his office I saw \$4,000 worth of gold brought by the *Dale*. Walked through the markets, regaled myself with fruit, grapes, peaches, apples, pairs [pears] &c., fine vegetables, onions 6 or 8 inches in diameter, radishes 3 and 4 inches and a foot long. Town and Hotels crowded with Americans. Compelled to go three miles out of town to get a dinner, which was served up in fine style about six o'clock. In the evening saw as much carousing and dissipating at the Star Hotel as at Rio de Janeiro. Not being able to get accommodations ashore, we were obliged to return to the Ship at 8:00 o'clock.

Valparaiso, Chile, May 18th, 1849

Dear Mother—I must now conclude this long letter written in a Journal form which will give you a fair impression of a voyage around Cape Horn, I should like to write a few pages more, but I must condense things as much as possible. We shall probably get to Sea tomorrow morning. I have seen everything worth seeing in and about this City and shall be glad

when I leave it, not but what the place and its inhabitants please me, particularly the Senoritas, many of whom are very pretty and fascinating in their Manners. The news I have heard Since arriving at this port is So astounding and has produced Such an effect upon my mind, as to intoxicate me with joy and long to be at Sea, once more on my way to California. I have seen Several from the gold diggings and they report things the Same as published in the New York papers. More than three thousand persons have left this place since the commencement of the gold excitement. Returns have been made for goods Sold amounting to more than a million and a half. H.R.M. Ship *Calypso* arrived the Same day that we did with \$2,750,000 in gold for Europe. The Carpenter of the *Dale* says that building lots in the town of San Francisco, which two years ago were bought for \$15. or \$20. are now being sold for \$5 to \$10,000! Provisions and goods of all kinds were selling when he left, for three & four hundred per cent excepting flour, which can be bought for \$10. per bbl. Much has been shipped from this port. The government, it is said, has prohibited the further export of this article, for fear of there being a scarcity. Those who have shipped from New York will lose upon this article. I think this, however, only a rumor to prevent the Shipment from other countries than Chile. This is a great grain country. I should not think this article would, at any rate, pay as well as many others from the States, Sperm candles were selling at \$1.87¢ per lb. The *Dale* reports the *California* and *Oregon* are laid up at San Francisco, deserted. There is much distress at the Isthmus, owing to the scarcity of vessels. Many persons are dying or returning to the United States, to go by some other route. Much excitement exists here. Vessels are in great demand, Sailors Scarce & freight high. Inducements have been offered to the *Sutton* men as high as \$80 per month, but not one is willing to leave.<sup>23</sup> We are taking in Some little freight and a few more passengers, the Captain agreeing to pay the Cabin passengers one hundred dollars a piece for their State rooms and the inconveniences they will be put to. Passage from here is \$250.00, and freight \$25.00 per ton, which is a little above New York prices. There are many deserters from the vessels

of war. Twelve men have left the *U.S. Fredonia*, Some from the *U.S. Ship Dale*, and from *H.R.M. Ship Asia* five smuggled themselves aboard the *Capitol*, but were retaken before she got out of the port. Small boats are very scarce, and being sold enormously high. A boatman told me he had sold his whale boat for \$245.00. The *Daniel Webster* sold two of her boats for \$175.00 each, the day she arrived, and others are being sold as high as \$300.00 & \$500.00 a piece. This morning I was introduced to Lt. Muse of the *Dale*, by Mr. Wardle. He says that lots are being sold for \$5, \$10, & \$15,000 a piece. Mr. Wardle owned four lots in California. On the passage, he sold one for \$50.00 to Mr. Puffer, and agreed to sell me one for \$100.00 provided a forward passenger refused to take it. He failed to do so, and now Mr. W. is unwilling to let me have it because I did not make arrangements before he heard of their being so valuable. I trust his honour will be sufficient to make the bargain binding, otherwise I have lost a Great Speculation. Lieutenant Muse told Mr. Wardle of many persons in San Francisco, who had become immensely rich since he left. Old Sutter will probably become the richest man in the world. Lieutenant Muse further confirms the various reports in relation to gold in California. Things are very dear in San Francisco, but prices are falling as the Supply increases. There is much misery and dissipation, but a young man who keeps steady is sure to succeed. He told me of a young man knocking around, doing a little who always found himself at the end of the week \$3 to \$400.00 better off. The crew of the *Dale* were paid off in gold at \$15.00 per ounce. There is an Alcalde, or Judge at San Francisco, but *Judge Lynch* holds power Supreme in and around the gold diggings and manages to keep very good order. No man thinks of robbing another of his gold as it lies exposed upon rags before his tent while, perhaps, he is gone half a mile for his dinner. He says they dare not do it because they would be hung up on the first tree, or shot upon the Spot. For minor offenses, they are given a certain number of lashes and allowed twenty four hours to get so many miles and in case they are found within those limits they are shot. Since being here, I have seen passed Midshipman Renshaw of

the *U.S. Ship Fredonia*. You will recollect that he and I were Schoolmates at Benians. I have seen him but once in ten years. He left, day before yesterday, for San Francisco. I was introduced by Mr. Puffer to a friend of his by the name of Barre, passenger from the *Ship Tarolinta*. He is cousin to the young gentleman Miss Deyeieux gave me a letter of introduction to. He was last at San Francisco and is now returned to the U States, per the Isthmus, for the purpose of bringing on a large amount of Specie, So that I shall not see him for some time to come. The *Ship South Carolina* was spoken off Juan Fernandez, So that it is supposed that she must have put in there for water about the same time that we arrived at this port. The *Tarolinta* came into Valparaiso two days before us. These two vessels sailed from Rio about the same time we did. The Steamer *Panama* arrived here the 17th April, 58 days from New York and sailed the 19th for San Francisco. She passed many vessels in the Straits, detained by head winds, among them was the *Anonyma*, the Schooner which was to report us at San Francisco. Both the passage of the Horn and through the Straits have been both long and severe not withstanding which, I have heard of but one accident, and this is merely a rumor. The *Brooklyn* is reported to have been seen dismasted off the Horn. The wind was blowing a gale at the time. The vessel that saw her, lay to till morning, in order to render her assistance, but there was nothing to be seen of her, and therefore it is supposed she foundered with 63 passengers. Vessels are constantly coming in and going out of this port, all bound for California. And this is not the only place that is visited. Many stop at Juan Fernandez and others at Concepcion. The City of Valparaiso looks American like. Go where you may in answer to "Buon Dias," the Senoritas, the men, the women and children cry, "Americano, Muchas Oro in Californial" And we answer, "Si, Si, Senorita, Muchos Oro." I begin to understand the lingo very well and have no difficulty in making myself understood. I find my French and Italian of great use to me. The Bohoys Spree it up well here, and act like a parcel of Devils let loose. I don't wonder, 'tis hard to be confined 75, 100 or more days on board of a Ship. Rows are of

frequent occurrence, and blood is Sometimes shed by the interference of the vigalantes, or guards. We were out riding the other day. George Wardle was left some distance behind. Just as we made a turn in the road, a man on horseback rushed upon him, and endeavored to unhorse him. My friend gave a whistle, when he wheeled around, put Spurs to his horse and put off in company with those with him. That is the way with these confounded Spaniards. They are good as long as they think there is the possibility of getting anything out of you, but when they can catch on American alone, a dozen of them will knock him down and rob him. I could write four hours about the immense quantities of gold in California, but why waste the time. You receive news from California as direct as we do here and can judge of the excitement which must prevail here and in California. Now let me come to a finish. Saturday, May 19th We shall positively Sail, that is, tomorrow. Our water and provisions are on board. We are to live upon fresh meat the remainder of the way, Salt provisions being worth the most. I am not sorry for this, and bid a hearty welcome to "Old Horse." I intended to send this by the Steamer, across the Isthmus, but finding that the postage would be four or five dollars, I have determined to send with the government dispatches by the Dale, and send another containing news of the greatest importance by the Steamer which leaves here for Panama, the 1st of the month, So that you will hear from me about the middle of July. The Dale will sail about the same time. John & Henry, no doubt by this time, feel very anxious to be on their way to California. I would, by all means, recommend it to them to do So, leaving their wives till they can prepare things comfortable for them. It would perhaps be best to wait until they hear from me in California, when I could supply them with means So that they could come comfortably, but this would cause them a delay of some months. They had better arrange their affairs, and come as Soon as possible, the quicker the better; those who arrive first and Succeed in establishing themselves cannot help succeeding. They had better bring a few tools, and implements So that they may

turn their hand to Something else besides digging gold. How lonesome you will feel to have us all away! But it will be but a short time. I expect myself to be home on a visit in less than a year from this time. Be of good cheer. Providence will guide and protect me. I have carried out the resolution I made so far, notwithstanding the many temptations I have been exposed to. I must now close, wishing you to remember me to all kind friends and present my love to Sister, John, Henry and their wives. I think of you long and often, Receive this from your affectionate son—Thos. Whaley.

I enclose to Harriet the following Stanzas, written by my friend Charles S. Palmer.

*Off Cape Horn, April 9, 1849*

All hands ahoy! is the frequent thrilling cry  
As Er you distant leave the Falkland Isle,  
For yon darkening cloud the antarctic warning,  
Of the quick coming Storm's hideous roaring,  
Up lads! the fore, main and mizzen-top sails furl.  
Springtial by the pipers, o'er the death tones howl.  
Cherily, Hearties! a welcome to the crew,  
Each Sailor, more cherily to his station flew,  
Fierce the rain in torrents came, and hail and Snow  
With mountainous, white cap'd Seas and hearty blow.  
Alas! the lightning's Streaks, more coarsely rattling  
And thunder peals its deafening noise while trailing,  
Er then, the Storm Scarcely, Sufficed to last,  
When all again is hushed, and fearful danger past,  
The welcome Sun illumes, more bright to unfold  
Its rays as a beacon, to a Sinful world.  
Lund hol land hol in truth, 'twas at eight bells born  
Before us, as a blue cloud appeared Cape Horn.  
Like a hay-mound, stayed o'er the trackless ocean,  
Loomed to our view, this "vestage of creation."  
Cheer up lads! our course o'er the wide Pacific,  
With far more genial winds than our Atlantic,  
And hearts so light and free as the forest bird,  
Who in his wild racy haunts ne'er disturbed.  
When by our homsides we can fairly relate  
Of our Ships wary cruise and hair breadth escapes,  
While hovering around us was craving death,  
Who's pitions could we have had no record left.

*The fate of the voyage is detailed with pains—  
At Rio, accazed, poor Valentine blew out his brains  
And Angelo Schoonmaker called to his grave,  
Lies beneath the uproarous Atlantic wave.  
(Valparaiso)*

Sent from Rio May 21, 1849

Thos. Whaley

From the Journal of Thomas Whaley aboard the Ship Sutton

*Friday May 18, 1849*—The fire of 1843, though destructive, did much for the improvement of Valparaiso. The houses are neat and commodious roofed with slate, built with courtyards in the center. The poorer class have no windows, or if any, they are barred with iron, instead of Sash and glass. The principal, Calle de la Aduana, is Some three miles long. All [streets] are fast being paved with Stones, regularly laid, presenting a neat appearance. The walks are of flat stones, or burnt brick, of which a majority of the houses are built. The want of proper remedies is much wanted to stay the ravages of conflagration. There are but four worn out engines, the water they get directly from the beach. The care of the City is under a regular patrol, consisting of foot & horse soldiers, Supplied with whistles which are blown every half hour, during the night. They are Strict with those found out late at night; unless they can give an account of themselves they are taken to the Calaboose where for grave offenses they are Suspended from the ceiling with one hand & foot and remain So till morning. Old offenders can be Seen working about the Streets under a charge of soldiery. The Sorappa [serapel], a garment loosely thrown over them answers the place of a coat is universally worn here by the Spaniards. Their laziness is proverbial and no dependance can be placed upon them, this refers to the lower Classes more particularly. As in olden times, a vessel to be coppered has her cargo taken out and She is thrown upon her beams ends by means of a lighter and thus coppered. In the first Street from the water are the principal Stores. One Side facing the Streets, and the other side propped up to resist the Severe effects of the northers. The Climate is mild and comparatively uniform the thermometer

ranging from 60 to 90 the year round. The Summer is from November to March. The Crops are to be seen in all Stages. Many of the inhabitants have left for California. Vessels are in demand, freight and passage high. I. W. Morehead is our Consul at Valparaiso, he is a truly worthy representative of the American people. There are two English Schools established at Valparaiso. On Sunday evening the theatre was thrown open, and Some amateurs on their way to California, gave a negro representation for the entertainment of the Chileans. Attended divine Service to hear our friend Trumbull. The American Consul and his family and Captain Bartlett and his men were there. Cattle are abundant, 4 to 5½ a pound, on the hoof.

Mr. William P. Thompson  
23 South Street, New York

May 18, 1849 Valparaiso, Chili

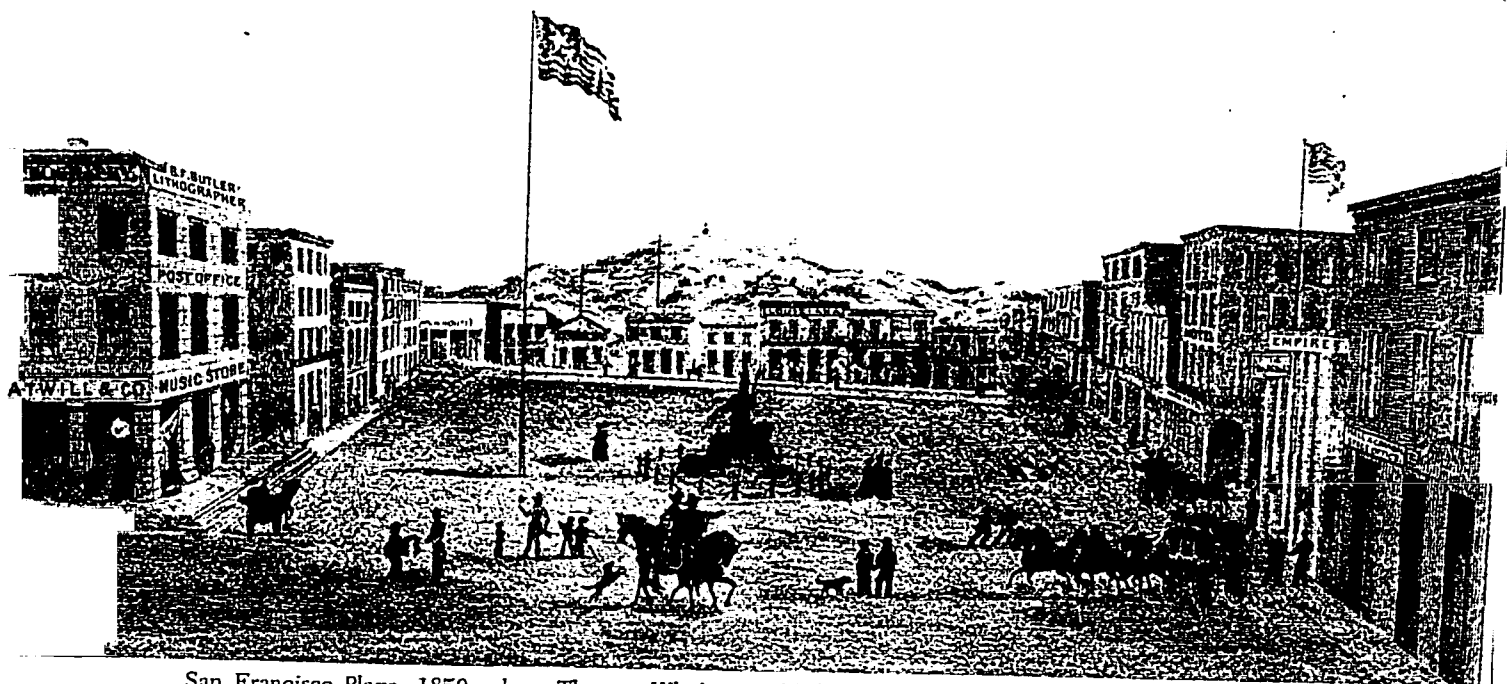
Dear Bill:

We arrived at this port the 14th. My intention was to have written you a long letter giving you a full account of the voyage, but having prepared one for my mother in a journal form with the intention of sending it by the U.S. Ship *Dale* which sails from here in a few days, I shall defer doing it in order to attend to other matters of greater importance, knowing that you will have an opportunity of reading hers. We are to leave here tomorrow, Sunday. Sometime in the afternoon. I must therefore prepare my letters to send by the *Dale* and *Panama* steamer.

Vessels are continually arriving and departing for California, most all American. The weather off Cape Horn & in the Straits, from all accounts has been unusually Severe, and detained vessels a long while, not withstanding, I have learned of no accidents, excepting the report that the *Oxford* was seen off the Horn dismasted and is supposed to have foundered before morning in a gale of wind. Passages from New York have varied very much to this port. The *Grey Eagle* of Philadelphia came in, 72 days being the shortest. The Steamer, *Panama* arrived the 17th of April, 58 days from New York & 22 days from Rio. A great deal of excitement prevails here. The first man who received the news was Alex Cross; he fitted out two vessels then shewed the letters to his friends, immediately everyone was

ready to follow. More than three thousand persons have left this port. Ships are scarce, Sailors in demand, and freight high. Inducements have been offered to the men of the *Sutton* as high as \$80 per month, but not one will leave. We are taking in some little freight and a few more passengers, the Captain agreeing to give the cabin passengers \$100 for their State rooms, and the inconveniences they will suffer. Passage from here is \$250.00, freight \$25.00 per ton, which is a little above New York prices. A vessel would do well upon the coast provided she could keep her men. A great deal has been shipped from this port, particularly flour of the best quality. The California Market is flooded with it at present. It is said it is being sold as low as \$10. per barrel,<sup>21</sup> how true this is, I cannot tell, at any rate I would not advise any of my friends to ship until further advices. Sperm Candles are selling for \$1.87, liquors and tobaccos at high prices in California. A great many desertions take place from the vessels of War coming into this port. The *U.S. Fredonia*<sup>22</sup> has lost 10 or 12, the *U.S. Ship Dale* a few. Five from *H.R.M. Ship Asia*, Smuggled on board the *Capitol*, but they were re-taken before she got out to sea this morning.

The news I have heard since reaching this port concerning the Gold in California has had such an effect upon me that I really hardly know what I am about. It is indeed astonishing. All I hear goes to confirm the reports in New York. I have seen several who have returned since this excitement. They all tell wonderful stories, it would not do for me to relate one half of them. Among others I have been introduced to Lieutenant Muse of the *Dale*. Lots in San Francisco that formerly sold for \$15,000 or \$20,000 are now bringing \$10, \$15, & even as high as \$30,000! The crew of the *Dale* were paid off in the native metal \$15,000 to the ounce. The *Dale* brings over a million (in gold) from California though it is reported only \$220,000. *H.M.S. Calypso*, which arrived the day we did, has on board \$2,750,000. The English Admiral has received word from the Admiralty, that a pirate is being fitted out in the river Thames. No doubt there will be a great many pirates upon the Coast to intercept the gold. Most everything, Lieutenant Muse informs me is selling well, paying 2 to 4 hundred percent profit, excepting flour, and

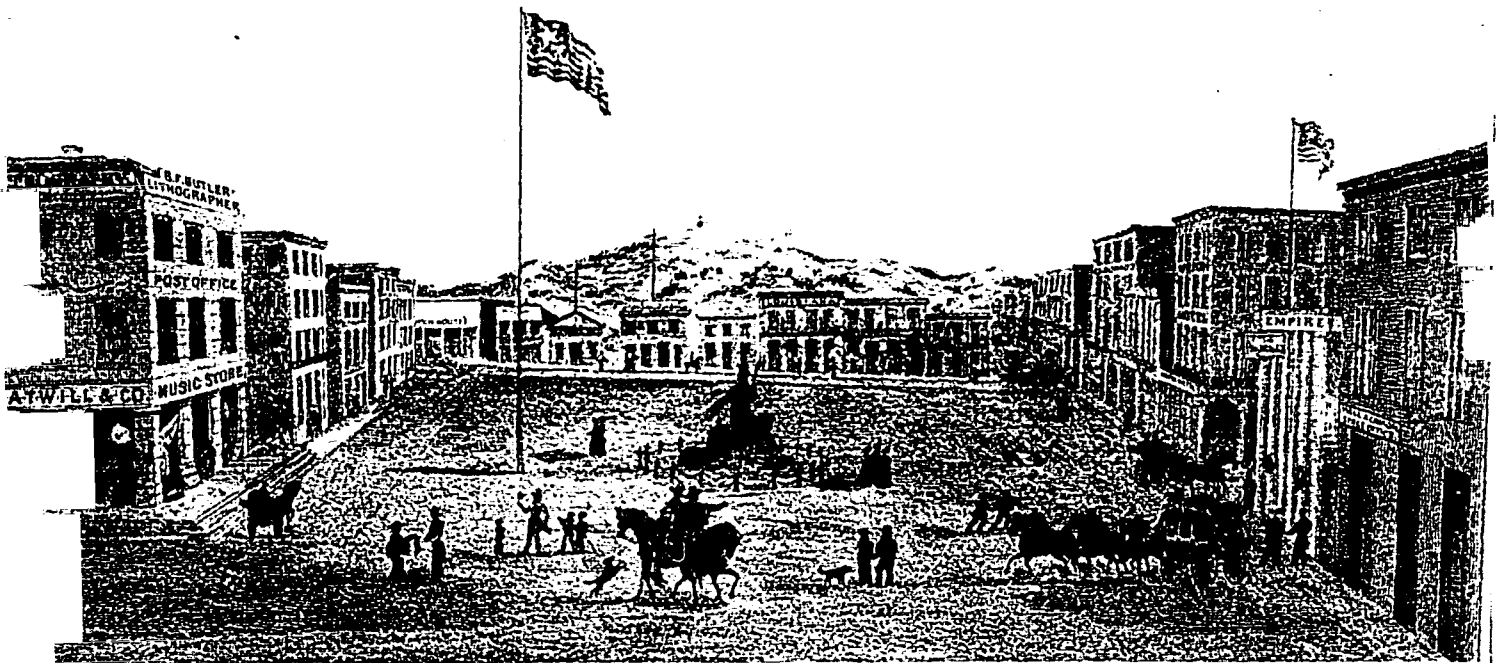


San Francisco Plaza, 1850, where Thomas Whaley established his store. The area is now known as Portsmouth Square. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers.)



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San Francisco Plaza, 1850, where Thomas Whaley established his store. The area is now known as Portsmouth Square. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers.)

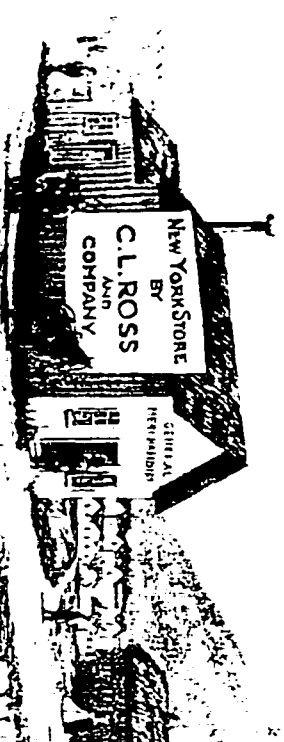


San Diego, 1855, showing the town when Thomas Whaley began construction of his granary (far left). Reproduced from the original watercolor by A. S. Sanerweh. (Courtesy: Whaley House Museum.)

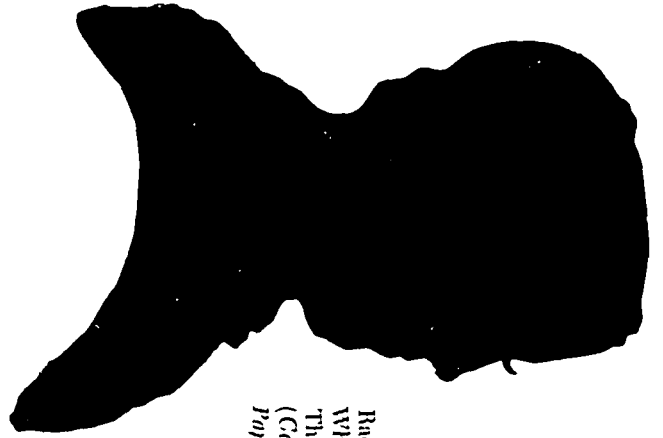
The New York Store, owned by Charles Ross, was the first place in San Francisco that Thomas Whaley visited. (Courtesy: Dr. Elliot Evans, Society of California Pioneers.)



Thomas and Anna Whaley and two of their children, Francis Hinton, born in 1854 and Anna Amelia, born in 1858. Photo taken at R. H. Vance's Patent Ambrotype Gallery. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)



Mrs. Thomas  
Whaley, nee  
Anna Eloise De Lammy,  
(Courtesy:  
Whaley Papers Collection.)



Rachel Pyc  
Whaley, mother of  
Thomas Whaley,  
(Courtesy: Whaley  
Papers Collection.)



A merchant ship at the Smith and Dimon shipyard, East River, New York City. The ship is approximately the same type as the *Sutton* and flies a similar house flag. (Courtesy: Louis C. Jones, Director, New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N.Y., October 2, 1963.)

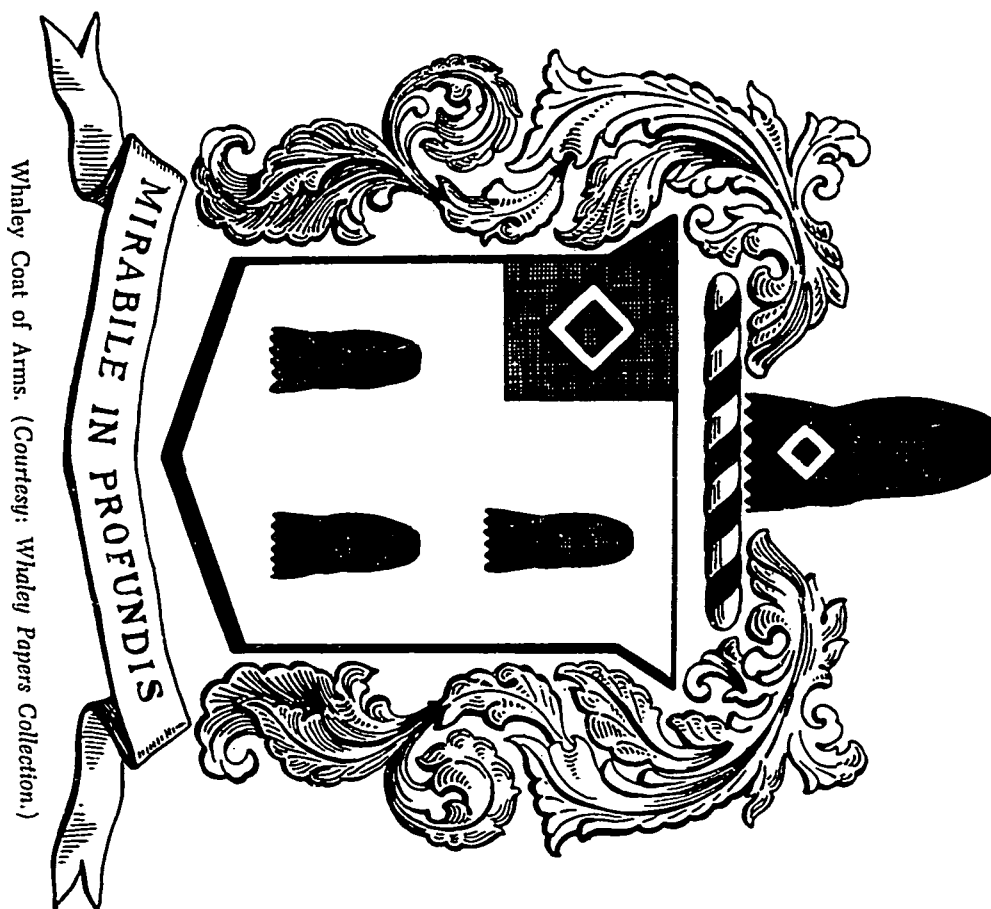
**T. WHALEY,**  
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Thomas Whaley's business card for one of the family enterprises. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)



Whaley Coat of Arms. (Courtesy: Whaley Papers Collection.)



Whaley House today. (Courtesy: B. L. Shankland, photographer.)

this, he said was low, owing to the market being overstocked, but he could not tell what it was selling for. The *Dale* reports the *California* and the *Oregon* laid up at San Francisco, deserted. This, for a time, will prevent a regular communication across the Isthmus, so that you may not hear from me again for some time, but I promise to write as soon as I can. There is much distress at the Isthmus owing to the scarcity of vessels. Many persons are dying, or returning to the United States to take some other route. I was regretting having come around the Horn instead of crossing the Isthmus. The former, though a long and tedious passage is the most sure & should you come I would advise you to take it, unless you hear that the communication from Panama and San Francisco is uninterrupted. Why can you not induce your brother to put up a vessel and come out in her yourself? There is no doubt but what it would pay well. Whale boats are selling well. The *Daniel Webster* sold two of hers for \$175.00 the day she arrived, and I have heard of other being sold for \$300.00 & \$500.00. It would pay well to bring a few. They are much needed in California to go up the Sacramento and other rivers, and will probably sell for a thousand dollars a piece. Sail duck & tents, salt provisions, preserved fresh meats will be in great demand, and Lumber is selling at \$250.00 per thousand, but it would be better to purchase this upon the coast. Wheat here is worth \$1.00 per 100 lbs., and \$4.00 to \$5.00 per barrel. I give you a list of American arrivals at this port since March 1st, they are, with two or three exceptions all bound to California. I have just learned that the *Oxford* is ahead, and that it is the *Brooklyn* which is believed to be lost. A French vessel reports having seen her go down. But, there are so many reports afloat concerning different vessels that it is best not to believe what you hear. I understand that we were reported lost, having been seen off the Rio de La Plata upon our beams ends. This news was carried to Rio, and from there has probably reached New York. It is also reported that we lost five passengers. There is some truth in this, four persons were thrown overboard by the giving away of the Stern boat, but only one was lost by the name of Angelo Schom-maker. I have given an account of this melancholy occurrence in

Ship *Albany* put into Talcahuano 120 days from Boston, also Bark *Oxford* from Boston which was supposed to be lost off Cape Horn. Valparaiso, May 21, 1849 Thomas Whaley

Valparaiso, Chile,  
May 19, 1849

Dearest Anna,

Another favourable opportunity offers to communicate with dear friends at home, and I avail myself of it with no Small degree of pleasure, particularly, as we have not had the good fortune of falling in with any homeward bound vessel since last putting to Sea. I have been at this port Since the 14th, amusing myself as I best can. Tomorrow morning we expect to weigh anchor and be once more upon the briny deep. Our voyage has, indeed, been a long and unpleasant one, as regards the weather, &c, but I do not know we have any reason to complain. Old Cape Horn is a terrible monster, as all find him who attempt to cross his path. There are many vessels here, at the present time, bound to California, and they are constantly arriving and departing. The excitement here prevails to as great an extent as in New York. More than three thousand persons, have already left this place. Ships are Scarce, Sailors difficult to get & freights are high. The news received at this port confirms all that is heard in New York, and the inhabitants Seen as crazy to go to California. Our Captain has taken some little freight and a few more passengers at a higher rate than he received at the commencement of the voyage. I have been introduced to several persons who have just arrived from San Francisco, among the rest, Lieutenant Muse, of the U.S. Ship *Dale*, on her way to the United States, with over a million of the precious metal aboard.

Lt. Muse Says that the gold is as plentiful as it is represented to be, and enough of it to supply all who seek for it. Goods of all kinds, with Some few exceptions, are selling for two or three hundred percent profit. He says all who go there and conduct themselves properly are Sure of becoming rich in a short time.

An English Man-of-War arrived here the Same day we did,

with \$2,750,000 worth of Gold Shipped to Europe. There is an Alcalde or Judge at San Francisco, but Judge Lynch holds power Supreme in and around the diggings. He manages to keep very good order. For minor offenses a certain number of lashes is given, and then twenty four hours allowed for the culprit to go a certain number of miles and if found within those limits he is likely to be hung upon the first tree. Commodore Jones, it is Said, has prohibited foreigners from going to the mines. I do not know how the Chileans and others will like this. But certainly foreigners should not be allowed greater privileges than Americans. This will likely produce disturbances and perhaps bloodshed. The *Oregon and California* Steamers are reported deserted at San Francisco. If this is true, communication between that place and Panama will for a time be cut off for the transmission of regular news. I might write for hours, telling you of the many, various Stories in circulation, but what will be the use, the news I hear you must already have read in the public journals. My first impressions of Valparaiso are more favourable than those of Rio. Houses are better built, Streets are cleaner and the Senoritas a thousand times more lovely and fascinating. The news I have heard at this port is So astounding and has produced such joy and make me long to be at Sea, once more on my way to California. No matter where I go, here in the city, I am sure of falling in with my countrymen. I begin to understand the language, and find my French & Italian of great use. The Bhoys Spree it up here, and Sometimes conduct themselves like a parcel of Devils let loose. But, this is not to be wondered at after their being confined a hundred days or more at Sea. I have heard We shall positively Sail tomorrow morning. I must therefore get all our water and provisions on board. Among other things are two oxen, Six Sheep, as many pigs, thirty turkeys & a hundred or more chickens. We shall live on fresh provisions all the way. Salt beef, pork &c, being So much dearer. I am not sorry for this. I have eaten enough "Old Horse" to last me the remainder of my life. I shall Soon be in California. You may expect to hear from me again Soon after my arrival. I wish you to write me as often as possible. You must know how much I long to hear from you,

and how much more I desire to See you. I hope I shall find at least one or two letters from you written to me, to welcome me upon arriving in a far distant country, where I shall find no kind soothing friend to Soothe my weary hours. But the time will Soon roll around for me to return & receive your greeting smiles. I don't think I will be much longer than one year. So, my dear girl, remain faithful and improve your self all you can to please me. I have Seen many women both here and in Rio Since I left New York, but not one I would give in exchange for my lovely Anna. I think of you very often. Not a morning passes but what I gaze upon your miniature. The bible you gave me I have commenced reading, and hope to finish before the end of the voyage. If you have never read the Sacred Volume, I wish you would do so to gratify me, and treasure its precepts. I believe a change for the better has been wrought in me Since our parting, and I trust it will continue to go on. I left New York with the determination of returning, if God ever permits it, a better man in every respect. I considered well the temptations I would be exposed to. These I have endeavored to resist & hope Still able to resist in California. Most all going to San Francisco are young men, many of whom have never been from home before, they know they are no longer under the least restraint, and therefore lead a very dissipated life. I foresee what will become of them. Not one of these will Succeed and the probability is they will leave their bones in California. A few words more and then I am done. I wrote you a long letter from Rio and enclosed it to Mr. William P. Thompson, this I hope you have received. Remember me kindly to your family and friends. Feel assured, dear Anna, though far distant from you, of a continuance of my love and believe me,

Yours Very Sincerely,

Thomas Whaley

P.S. I would have written you a much longer letter giving you a full account of the voyage, but for the uncertainty of your ever receiving it. I presume you must have moved the 1st of the Month. I will therefore enclose this to my friend, Mr. Thompson, requesting him to deliver it to you. In your next [letter], you will inform me of your address. No, I will not

enclose this to Mr. T. He may have caught the fever and perhaps is now on his way to California. Let me see. I will direct this to No. 10 Amity Street, and if you have already removed, the postman will find you out. *I believe it is unnecessary to wish you to keep as Secret as possible, the correspondence between us. My mother knew nothing of the attachment between us before I left New York. I have informed her of it Since. I know She will be very angry, and I expect to receive a long letter reprimanding my conduct, but I don't care. I am of age, and must act for myself particularly concerning things so intimately concerning my future welfare. Only let me be able to carry out my views in respect to your education, and you improve the opportunities which I trust to be able to afford you, and we will leave the rest for time to elucidate. Once more, a parting adieu. T.W.*

Valparaiso, Chile,  
May 20th, 1849

Mr. I. Lee Smith Esq.,

Dear Sir,

I arrived at this port the 14th of this month per Ship *Sutton*, and having taken in our Supplies of water, provisions &c., I hope before tomorrow night to be once more upon the briny deep. We left New York as you will probably recollect on January 1st. Our passage though Seemingly long is not So, when compared to Some others. We were fifty five days to Rio de Janeiro, where we remained two weeks under going repairs. This port we reached in Sixty three days. All Vessels coming around the Horn have made long passages. The weather has been unusually rough, not withstanding, I have heard of no disasters. The *Brooklyn* was reported lost off the Horn, but I think there can be no truth in this, as there is no news of the kind at the Reading Room. Some of our passengers felt disposed to grumble at the length of the passage and the fare, wishing they had come across the Isthmus, but since arriving here, they think differently. We have fared better than most vessels. By all accounts they are suffering exceedingly at the Isthmus, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a conveyance from Panama to San Francisco. It is unnecessary for me to recount

the stories in circulation. You must have read them in the New York papers long before this.

I think an assortment of paints, green particularly will sell to advantage. The amount of Shipping at San Francisco will be large, and will need paint as well as the houses of the town. I trust to be able to return to you a Satisfactory account Sales of what goods You have committed to my care, Soon after my arrival. The following are the prices in Bond of Some few things in your line. Linseed oil \$1.00 @ \$8.00 per gallon of wanted paint, white lead \$6.50 @ \$7.00 per quart, dull. Spirits of Turpentine 75¢ gallon, dull. Tar \$5.00 per barrel. Saleable Wax \$48.00 per quart, dull. I cannot ascertain how the market is in relation to glass. I obtain the above from the prices current. I wish you to remember me to Mr. Harsell and his family. Enclosed is a letter for my mother which you will please retain until called for, but please be so good as to inform her that you have received it. I cannot inform you where she is at the present time.

Yours truly,

Thos. Whaley

From The Journal of Thomas Whaley, on shipboard

*Sunday May 20, 1849*

The Captain refused to go to Sea today, not so much owing to his conscientious scruples, but as to please his father. Today I learn positively that neither the *Oxford* or the *Brooklyn* has sustained the least danger. We shall positively sail tomorrow. The Ship *Florence*, which left New York Dec. 11, arrived in this port today. We learn by private letters, that 600 vessels have already left the United States. The cry is: "Still they come."

Caleb Lyons, the poet, passenger per the Ship *Carolina* to this port, cuts a dash and tries to make himself conspicuous where ever he goes. He has left the *Carolina* and has gone to Spend a few days at Santiago & then join Some other Ship from this port from San Francisco. Jerome, the Sailor, acts more like a fool than a man. He has been spoiled.

*Monday May 21, 1849*

This being the day of Sailing, we repaired to the Consul's office to deposit our letters. Here we saw a specimen of California. At noon we placed ourselves for a final departure.

*Tuesday May 22, 1849*

The Wind is still fair. The Bark *Eliza* that left Valparaiso in company with us is far behind, a Speck upon the water.

*Wednesday May 23, 1849*

This is a pleasant day, though we have a Strong breeze and a Rough Sea. A Ship bore down to hail us and came near to running into us, not being more than a Ship's length off. She was from Trieste bound to Callas. I Saw a double rainbow by moonlight last evening; also a reflection of the moon.

*Thursday May 24, 1849*

A Very important day. A bullock killed, and a Sheep.

*Friday May 25, 1849*

During the night we undertook to run down to St. Felix's Isle. We Succeeded within a mile. All day we were in Sight of it.

*Saturday May 26, 1849*

Nothing of interest transpired, except that it was a very pleasant day.

*Sunday May 27, 1849*

We had religious Service on deck. Mr. Palmer read a Sermon from Isaiah, 16th Chapter, 22nd verse. In the evening a prayer meeting was held in the cabin. The Carpenter gave us a history of his life.

*Monday May 28, 1849*

Today a large flying fish flew over the bow of the ship down into Mr. Oakley's berth, frightening him very much.

*Tuesday & Wednesday May 29-30, 1849*

These were perfectly calm days, and Very warm.

*Thursday May 31, 1849*

The wind came out ahead—and we had pleasant sailing.

*Friday June 1, 1849*

Killed another bullock. All hands were very busy making tents, powder horns &c. We had some fine dancing upon the deck by moonlight. The Music was supplied by Mr. Oakley upon the "hurdy-gurdy." It was very Calm.



*Saturday June 2, 1849*

It is another calm day. We took a row this afternoon in one of the quarter boats. There were two large Sharks around the Ship all day.

*Sunday June 3, 1849*

This was a Calm day. Service was held on deck by Mr. Brown. We had a Prayer meeting in the evening. "Boots" undertook to Sing, but for want of a leader, he broke down.

*Monday June 4, 1849*

The wind came from every direction so that it kept us busy pulling the ropes all the time. First it is "Square the Yards," and the "Brace the Yards forward." We had a very pleasant time last evening upon the quarter deck by moonlight.

*Tuesday June 5, 1849*

Another Calm day. All busy upon Something. One is making a tent, another a powder flask from the horn of a bullock. One is making a Shot bag, and others are mending boots, clothes &c. . .

*Wednesday June 6, 1849*

Calm most all day.

*Thursday June 7, 1849*

Today began with a gentle breeze aft. Our Studding Sails all Set, and the *Sutton* walking off 6 knots per hour. It was a pleasant day.

*Friday June 8, 1849*

Again a strong breeze aft, and we were making nine knots. This afternoon we had a meeting in the cabin for making arrangements to celebrate the 4th. (We have made up our minds to be on board that day). Captain Wardle was called to the chair and Charles Palmer appointed Secretary. The result was this. At Sunrise the passengers are to meet upon the quarter deck to fire a National Salute. At 10:00 o'clock they are to meet in the Cabin and March in procession on the deck. The Declaration of Independence is to be read by Mr. Taylor. Afterwards a Poem will be read by Mr. Palmer and then an Oration by Some one else. At 2:00 o'clock we will dine. The Captain gave the order to fatten the turkeys and a pig. The tables are to be

extended, so that all may dine at once, together. At Sundown we will have another Salute. We will conclude the program with dancing upon the quarter deck.

*Saturday June 9, 1849*

The Wind still continues Strong. We are going at the rate of 8 or 9 knots before the wind. There are Flying fish in Schools, one came over our bow measuring nearly a foot long.

*Sunday June 10, 1849*

The wind was aft, giving us an opportunity of making 9 knots. The Service was held in the cabin, owing to the Vessel's rolling so as to prevent it from being on deck. We had our Prayer meeting in the evening. It was not well attended. The passengers appear to be getting tired for Some reason or other. It was a Pleasant day.

*Monday June 11, 1849*

Going 8 or 9 knots, wind still aft. It is the Warmest day since leaving Rio. Busy making a Signa to Stick up Some where in San Francisco.

*Tuesday June 12, 1849*

Many of the passengers have got the influenza, myself among the rest. Wind is strong, going 8 or 9 knots.

*Wednesday June 13, 1849*

We are now beginning to count the days that intervene between this and our destined port. We found today that most all the Segars in the ship were out. So we organized a pipe Smoking Society with rules and regulations to govern us which are these: We all sit down in a circle "a la tourque," on the quarter deck and are not allowed to rise, until all are finished. While we were thus employed yesterday, Someone proposed to throw dice to see who should treat. Mr. Keener lost, so he went below and returned in a few minutes with a Small jug. He took the first drink and then passed it to his neighbor and So around until all had taken a drink but one. He took up the jug and Swallowed two good mouthfuls of liquid before he discovered that it was Salt and water with a little molasses. The others had an idea that it was a trick and only pretended to Swallow it.

*Thursday June 14, 1849*

Today the wind was aft, but not very Strong. Pleasant.

*Friday June 15, 1849*

This was a fine day going before the wind 5 or 6 knots. I was upon deck reading till near dinner time. We were all anxious for 12 o'clock to come that we might know how near we were to the line, and found it was within 54 miles. We had a good dinner in honour of passing, Turkey, chicken &c. In the afternoon, I arranged my medicines, and found that several bottles of Syrup bought at Rio had leaked out. I recooked what was left. I turned in again in the afternoon with a headache and Severe Cold, from which I have been suffering for a week past, so as to prevent me from attending to writing. A Whale seen in sight late in the afternoon. Schools of porpoises were seen in the evening down under the vessel. I sat talking with G.S.W. [George S. Wardle] & Mr. Wadsworth upon the sofa on the deck till 9 o'clock, and then turned in. Sailing at the rate of 6 or 7 knots. We must have passed the line Sometime between 9 & 10 in the evening.

*Saturday June 16, 1849*

This was a lovely day. Nice cool breeze, and it was Pleasant upon deck beneath the awning. Sailing before the wind steadily upon one course at the rate of 6 or 7 knots. Passengers are busily engaged running bullets, making sights, powder horns, pouches &c. I am providing myself with everything. I was engaged most of the day in preparing to re-copy my journal from the time of leaving New York, so as to present it in a more condensed form.<sup>20</sup> There were Whales in sight from time to time during the day. Some came very near the ship, crossed our bow and then were seen again astern. They were all small and of the fin back species. I assisted George Puffer in the afternoon in taking off the Latitude & Longitude from the Mate's Chart, from the 15th of February up to the present time. We could make neither head or tail of the route around the Horn, there are so many marks & dots upon the chart. This can make little difference, as it was mostly all dead reckoning, having obtained but one or two observations. So we put down the Latitude & Longitude as best we could. After tea, drew the letters upon my Shingle, which I intend to Stick up in Some conspicuous

place either in San Francisco, or the gold diggings. Retired at 9k.

*Sunday June 17, 1849*

It was a Cloudy morning, but cleared off beautifully before 8k. The Morning Service was conducted by Mr. Brown. It commenced at 10:00 O'clock & finished at ½ after 11. Turned in till dinner time. Reposed for a while after dinner. In the Afternoon I was occupied collecting materials for my Journal till after 4:00 o'clock. Prayer meeting was held in the evening. Retired at 9k.

*Monday June 18, 1849*

Pleasant day, running before the wind as usual. The voyage from Valparaiso has been a monotonous one from the fact of it being the Same from day to day with one or two exceptions. The weather has been quite pleasant & the wind fair, excepting two or three days. We are just 4 weeks out today in Latitude 55° 5' & Longitude 115° 48', having made 3403 miles, which is doing extremely well. Should the wind continue we may hope to be at our journey's end in the course of 10 to 15 days. About Sunset I saw several porpoises jumping out of the Sea, turning Summersets in the air, and falling with violence upon their bellies. I was talking with George Puffer & William R. Wadsworth till nearly midnight. I looked for the North Star, but the horizon was not clear enough.

*Tuesday June 19, 1849*

This morning we took down our main top sail to repair and got up another in its place. We have not taken in our royals Since leaving Valparaiso 29 days! This has been the pleasantest part of our voyage. We are Sailing along so steadily, without Scarcely the least motions. It is worth the trouble of coming around the Horn to enjoy it. Things have been laying around in the Cabin & elsewhere without the least fear of their shifting places. The weather up to the present time has been delightful with a nice cool breeze, always Sunny, so that we can amuse ourselves upon deck and enjoy our night's rest. But, we are approaching the North fast. It is growing perceptibly warmer and in a few days we shall be directly under the sun, exposed

to the heat of it's piercing rays. I wish our Captain was more of a gentleman, than he is. He has grown, lately, very cross, and is really abusive in his language towards his passengers. Sometimes he wishes them to the four corners of Hell, and says he shall be Damn glad when we cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, that he may kick every Mother's son of them ashore, and that if we arrive there at night, we need not expect to get breakfast the next morning. He need not bother himself, his passengers will be as glad to leave him, as he will be to get rid of them. At times he is gay enough & then he wants all hands to join, but in case he turns in during the day, (which he generally does in one of the passenger's berths), to sleep, and there is the least noise to disturb him, he comes on deck and says he will be damned if he will have any more sky-larking. Yesterday morning I was walking with George Puffer upon the weather side, when he ordered us upon the other side, that he might walk there himself. Puffer left immediately. I hesitated a moment, and then followed, when I informed him that passengers were allowed and had the right to walk where they pleased upon the quarter deck. Puffer said he would not have left so willingly because the Captain ordered us in so ungentlemanly manner. The Captain and I are very good friends, notwithstanding, and we are not likely to quarrel. I understand him perfectly well and, so I believe most, if not all the passengers too. He says a great deal that we shall not do this & that. We pretend to Notice him & that is all. He forgets what he Says. He is without exception the most inconsistent man I ever saw. He will prohibit us not to do Something, and ten chances to one, he will be the next one to do the very thing. Smoking in the cabin was all prohibited a few days ago, when he conceived it would add to his comfort to Smoke while playing at whist. Now, all who wish can Smoke when they please. He has very little idea of what justice or propriety is. The other morning a loaf of bread was Stolen from the galley by one of the forward passengers. The edict went forth that no more Soft tack Should be furnished for the cabin! The next night he Seated himself at the table before going to bed and commenced eating Some bread which he had ordered the Steward to make with raisins

and corryander seeds. After satisfying himself and those playing with him, over enough of the bread, he commenced picking out the raisins leaving a Saucerfull of broken pieces of bread to be wasted. But more of the man another time. Passed my afternoon in collecting materials for my Journal. Put out a few clothes to be washed, that is, I tied them to a rope and allowed them to trail in the wake of the vessel. A very economical and easy way of washing. Today I was reminded of being Seated in my room at Hotel Faroux at Rio, by the peculiar noise made by the birds and boatswain. We were talking upon deck till 8 bells & then did a little writing before retiring. We Still continue making good headway, gaining 150 miles or more every day. At this rate we shall be at San Francisco before the end of next week. We had a nice Shower this morning which has made the air refreshing. Some of the passengers Succeeded in finding a little water wherewith to wash their clothes. We retired at 10%.

*Wednesday June 20, 1849*

Very fine day, cool upon deck though close below. Wind had changed a little. So that we are Sailing along in gallant Style with it, a little abate the beam, at the rate of 7 or 8 knots. I Rose early, and washed a few pieces before breakfast. I Copied latitude and longitude of the voyage. In the afternoon, mended a pair of pants with Charles S. Palmer doing the Same. Soft tack served for tea was made of poor flour, I could not eat it. I Played cards with Mrs. Whitwell, George S. Wardle and George Puffer till 9. Wrote a little and retired at 10%. Many of the passengers are occupied making "Billies."

*Thursday June 21, 1849*

Blew rather fresh last night towards morning, and we were obliged to take in Royals which had not been touched for 30 days Since leaving Valparaisol Then we took in top gallant Sails, wind increasing, double reefed topsails before noon. Wind W., Course N.W. by W. It was too cloudy to take an observation, but by dead reckoning we had made 186 miles. It blew hard all day, with an occasional Shower of heavy rain. Wind towards evening was N.N.W., Course W. by S., which we kept all night. We chose this instead of an East course, in order to run

to the West of the Revillagigedo Is. During the first heavy Shower in the morning, Several of us went on deck with nothing but our shirts and pants on to get a ducking. We enjoyed the Sport for a long while. I was determined to make it profitable, So I Stripped myself and had a grand wash with soap & fresh water, after which I washed out my pants, Shirt and Several Smaller pieces, Some few followed my example. I turned in till dinner time. Later, the Wind blew hard, the Sea ran high and the Ship was very uneasy all day, causing Some few of the passengers to be sick.

*Friday June 22, 1849*

It Blew harder all night, we were Sailing under close reefed topsails, foresail, Spanker & Stay Sail till 8 o'clock, when the Spencer was Set and the Ship was Steadier. Course at 5:00 o'clock this morning W. by S., tacked 6 o'clock, course North by East. The Morning was Cloudy, but it Cleared off before 10. We Succeeded in getting an observation. It blows harder today, the Sea is higher and the old Ship pitches and rolls exceedingly, Sending the Spray higher than the foreyard, and occasionally upon the quarter deck. All of this reminds us of being off Cape Horn. I was Engaged this morning in trying to make out our route, from the Captains Chart, around Cape Horn, but it is so confused I fear I shall not be able to make it out. I regret this because I would like to have the Latitude & Longitude for every day Since leaving New York. I felt a little squeamish in the afternoon, but managed to keep about. After tea I turned in. George S. Wardle Came to have a talk over love affairs, after which I directed his attention to my position in California, recalled to his mind that his father was willing to admit me [into the business] upon the Same terms as Muir. He appeared to understand it all very well. I then asked him that in case I did not choose to accept these terms but chose rather to place myself under the Same circumstances as Puffer, if he would allow me the same privileges. He Said he would. Our course and the Wind were the Same during the day, nice, with the exception of a Shower in the afternoon. We made 43 miles.

*Saturday June 23, 1849*

I Slept very uncomfortably all night, perspired like a bull, for the air in the Cabin was close. There were enough upon deck, but Many of us would have preferred Sleeping there but for the Ship's rolling and pitching. The Wind today from the S.W., Course N. by N.W. We are Sailing along pretty well, and shall make some time the next 24 hours. The Wind continues to blow as hard, but as we do not Sail So close to the Ship, is rather easier. Sailing under Close reefed topsails, foresail, Stay Sail & Spencer. I opened the main hatch for the purpose of getting out the water. While Mr. Brown was Sitting in the quarter boat this morning, a booby [gannet] alighted near him, which he instantly Secured and brought upon the quarter deck, after amusing us a while, he climbed upon the taffrail and flew away, leaving behind a flying fish which he had swallowed and thrown up nearly whole. There were two or three of these birds around yesterday. I Saw also today a Mother Carey's Chicken. I Was in my berth most all the morning and Succeeded in getting a little repose. Very nice upon the deck, the Sun Shining occasionally during the day. We continued the same course during the remainder of the day. It was Uncomfortably Close in the Cabin. I was upon deck, part of the afternoon, the remainder of this time in the Cabin brushing and cleaning overcoats. Captain had a couple of wind Sails rigged up, one down each of the Sky lights, which made it as cool below as upon deck. I found it preferable below, So I turned in immediately after tea, lay there talking to George S. Wardle till 10:30, then went upon deck. The Old Ship is going along in gallant Style at the rate of 9 or ten knots, retired at 11:00.

*Sunday June 24, 1849*

This was a Cloudy day, with an occasional Shower. We Succeeded, however, in getting an observation. Passed a very comfortable night. The Cabin was delightful and cool. The Morning Service was conducted by Mr. Wadsworth. All my Spare time till 4:00 P.M. taken up in reading the "History of the Gold Regions," which I did laying in my berth with George S. Wardle. By 10:00 A.M. the wind had hauled around, So as

to permit us to Square the yards, Course N. by W. Shook out our reefs and Set top gallant Sails & royals. The Old Ship rolled tremendously, threatening every moment to throw the plumb duff and Salt horse off the table. The Things in the Steward's pantry were rattling and trunks in the Cabin were going from one side of the cabin to another. While I am now writing, the worthy Germans are drinking Snops [schnapps], preparing themselves, as they Say, for the meeting this evening. They are pretty well in for it by this time. Very much fatigued, and Sleepy. Retired at 8:00 o'clock.

*Monday June 25, 1849*

I Rose at 6:00 A.M. It Rained considerable during the night, which had the effect to beat down the heavy Sea of yesterday, but there remained enough of the wind to carry us along at the rate of 6 or 7 knots. The Ship was comparatively easy. Pleasant day. We got up the Studding Sails. The Wind changed a little at 4:00 P.M., So that we were Sailing upon the Wind, N. by W., well on our course. Saw the new moon, 3 days old almost directly overhead at Seven o'clock, then there rose a thick and heavy fog which lasted pretty much all the night, obscuring it from Sight. Remained upon deck talking with George Puffer of our future probable prospects in California. Both of us consider them as bright as we could wish. The Captain obtained a bottle of Jamaica Rum from the Germans, of which he made a punch. Several of us Sat up to enjoy it. My Chum, Clough, and Minneher [Mein Herr] got particularly interested in a conversation, which highly edified his listeners. Retired at 12.—

*Tuesday June 26, 1849*

We were Aroused this morning by the Cry of, "Sail Ho!" "Where away?", enquired William Wadsworth. "Go Soak your head," was the Mate's reply. The prospect of Seeing a Sail aroused us all, much to the inconvenience of the Captain. "Damn the Sail. I wish you would not make Such a confounded Noise," and he turned over in his hammock to get an additional Snooze. The excitement was Still [high], among us, when Suddenly Starting up, he cried "Damn my Soul if that's a Ship, don't run down to her and get a barrel of tar!" "The Sail is not identifiable,

she is not near enough to make out what she is, or which way she is bound. Perhaps we may near Her Sometime during the day." [Manuscript quite badly damaged in this last portion, making it difficult to read.] . . . Ned, one of the Sailors lost his blanket overboard which he had hung up to dry. The Cry was immediately given by Someone. As it floated along, Young Brown ran to the Stern, and with Some little effort, Succeeded in catching it with a line and hook, hanging overboard. The Doctor raised the Cry: "Them passengers what hain't got blankets, please Come upon deck and Receive them". I forgot yesterday to record the fate of Brown's other Shirt, the Second one, this unfortunate individual has lost in the Same mysterious way, namely from the Carniverous disposition of a Shark, leaving only the Sleeve as a memento of its past Services. We had the pleasure of witnessing a phenomenon of rare occurrence this morning, about 10:00 o'clock. A Solitary Star was Seen very nearly overhead as distinctly as at midnight. Mr. Whitwell, the Mate, was first to discover it. Mr. Mosely conceived it to be a meteor or falling body. He said he had been watching it, and it appeared approaching. The general conclusion was that it must be a Star, though Some few were under the apprehension that it might perhaps fall so near us as to Sink the Ship. I Spent the morning in drawing a chart for a Compass, which Mr. Taylor is making to conduct him from one part of the gold diggings to the other. I was engaged pretty much all afternoon in copying memoranda at the end of my letterbook. *Animal magnetism* was the order of the evening's entertainment. Brother Brown exerted his influence over Mr. Canmet, and placed him in a mesmeric State. After amusing us for more than an hour with droll answers to questions asked him by Mr. Brown and others, we sat around with our friends, discussing our journey to the gold diggings.

[Note: There are no daily entries made from June 27 to July 3, and this portion of Whaley's Journal is missing. The next entry made by him, that of July 4, is a description of the celebration of this holiday aboard the *Sutton* at sea, by passengers and crew. Judging from the wholehearted participation by all concerned aboard the vessel, the event would have required

preparation and planning, and Whaley probably set aside the journal temporarily.—[J.A.R.]

*Wednesday July 4, 1849*

At the command of: "Company, Three paces in the rear, March", some came forward, breaking the ranks and presenting a very straggling appearance; Then again, when the order was given: "Right Face", some turned to the left, looking ridiculous enough, and discovered their mistake. At 9:00 o'clock, the committee, consisting of Captain Wardle, Messers Wadsworth, Mosely, Brown & Walker came upon deck, and took their Seats upon the Stage, when the troops took up the line of march, and commenced moving and passed in review. The Captain, as President, complimented the Commanding officer, in behalf of the Committee, upon the orderly appearance and equipment of his men. It would consume too much time to describe the dress of all, let therefore, a short description of the most notable Characters Suffice. Mr. Turner was dressed as a Continental pioneer bearing a large broad ax. He impersonated well his character. Mr. Tom B. Grant appeared as a Harlequin, his pants & Shirt being one-half blue, and the other half red, one Side of his face was black, and the other side red, and not being able to get boots or shoes of different colors, he wore a patent leather gaiter upon one foot, and a thick cow-hide boot upon the other. Boots, ains Seabury, appeared as a tatterdemalion, carrying a cotton duck knapsack, and reminded one very much of "Joe", a character in "*New York, As It Is*", when he comes out crying: "Do ye want any fresh Shad?" Mr. Anderson impersonated an over grown boy from the Country, with jacket too Small to button, and pants reaching just below the knees, and kept down with Spun yarn. Messrs Hunt & Atkinson took the part of old "Seventy-Sixers", the former wearing upon his head an enormous wig made of manilla rope, and the latter carrying upon his back his munitions, consisting of a Sea biscuit and a leg of the pig killed yesterday. Mr. Andrews performed the part of Sergeant-at-Arms, dressed in military Style. Having Served in the regular Army, it is needless to say, he acquitted himself in a becoming manner. Young Brown, the son of Bela, acted the part of Ensign, neatly and appropriately equipped,

bearing a Small American flag with the motto, "Excelsior." This individual had a great desire to laugh & which he endeavored to restrain. Several times he needed a reprimand from his Officer. The remainder of the corps were as fantastically dressed, the whole group presenting a fit Subject of mirth. Having passed in review, they were drawn up in a line upon the lee-board Side of the vessel, when a Second Salute of thirteen guns was fired. The Stars & Stripes was being raised to the peak at the Same time, amidst the loud acclamations of every Soul on board. The exercises of the day commenced with a few appropriate remarks from Mr. Brown, which he concluded with prayer. Then was Sung the National Anthem,

*"Hail Columbia, happy land!  
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,"—*

(Three Cheers)

were given by the whole Ship's company. After which, the Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Walker, in a clear and audible voice. (Three times, Three Cheers); Then followed the patriotic Song,

*"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I Sing;"*

The next exercise in order, was an oration address by Charles S. Palmer, in an appropriate Style and becoming manner. The production would be no discredit to a graduating member of "Old Yale", or Columbia College. My friend has favored me with a copy, and I here insert it.

*Charles S. Palmer's spirited address:*

"Follows of the Sutton & Citizens of the United States,"—(with due deference to the lady, who honors the occasion, with her presence.)<sup>21</sup>

It is willed by a wise Providence that we should commemorate the anniversary of our National Independence upon the waters of the broad Pacific. We welcome the day with free-man's hearts, and our actions shall show, that being auspicious recipients of the prosperous benefits of a republican govern-

ment,—the occasion we can make joyous, wherever we are, under whatsoever circumstances that may be contingent. Though it be not one's privilege to mingle with loved friends and kindred upon our homeward Shores, in the general festivities, in the loud hurzas and public display by which they celebrate this day; yet, the blue Sparkling waters flow, joyously around us, the wind fills the Sails of our Noble Ship, which has borne us in safety thus far upon our journey, with every timber endured with American zeal, welcoming the occasion in her efforts Speedily to carry us to our destination; While even more merrily, She floats to the breeze the Stars & Stripes of triumphant America.

We are a small parcel of a great Republic, a nation concentrated, and ere the Sun hides itself this day below the horizon, none shall have cause to murmur that the spirit of republicanism, reared in our breasts, has failed to be commemorated by America's Sons. Were there but one living mortal, alone, perched upon the most barren cliff of the world, ready to close his eyes in death by Starvation, I venture to assert his heart would enthusiastically revive to palpitate a grand "feu-de-jou"<sup>28</sup> in honor of the day, in respect to the glorious privileges its institutions grant him.

It is but reiterating that with which you are already familiar, to recur back to the events that were the result of our country's freedom and independence and seventy-three years of prosperous growth, but I venture to give it a hasty glance.

A voice from Virginia, in the very midst of the King's Council, was first bold to give utterance in public and to denounce the injuries and wrongs that for years had been accumulating & oppressing the people,—that voice emanated from Patrick Henry. It ran like wildfire through the country instigating a more open oppression to flagrant tyranny.

England, jealous with our growth and prosperity, drew more tight the reins of her government, and instituted odious enactments, exorbitant in the extreme. Among the most prominent of which were high taxation, the provoking Stamp Act and the cutting off of the Colonies with the world. All these measures, bore upon her people as a yoke Strangling the very life

and efforts of her subjects. Appeals were made to the magnanimity of the King in mild petitions and upon the most humble terms for redress, but were answered only by increased abuses and more Stringent exactions. Such was the State of affairs, when, in the year 1774, Massachusetts first vindicated by force, the wrongs of the people. A vessel with a cargo of tea, heavily taxed, made the port of Boston. A few of the citizens of that place, disguised as Indians, prevented her from discharging, and finally gained her decks and threw the cargo into the harbour, thereby evading the possibility of its being dealt to the inhabitants. This act intimated to the King in terms Sufficient Strong that America had submitted and remained an inactive Sufferer of oppression long enough, and that She was ready to contest the matter by recourse to arms, if it were indispensable. This Step was soon followed by the first Shedding of blood in the Streets of Boston,—the citizens in collision with the King's Soldiery, and then followed in quick Succession the battles of Lexington and Breed's Hill, backed by others noted in the annals of history, as victorious with inequality, as any that have decked the ancient page. Our Forefathers, undisciplined, poorly clad and Starving, fought against a pompous and disciplined Standing Army of a great monarchy. But our worthy Sires, instigated by a patriotic desire to regain that justice to which they were entitled, bravely and zealously fought under the auspices of a Supreme Being, to achieve their freedom from oppression by which we are now a prosperous Republic.

In such a cause, it proved glorious to fight. When we look to the characters that were the principal participators in one revolution, we cannot wonder it was so propitiously brought to an end. Unmitigated decisions augmented by Superior minds was the universal Stamina that wielded our cause against the unequalled number of our foes. Such was Washington to direct our arms to the pinnacle of fame and the rest them in prosperous peace.—It falls far Short of my power, justly to eulogize the brave hearts that purchased with their life's blood our freedom, But few of those who mingled with the interests of those times that tried men's souls' now survive, they have passed from

life to eternity but their fame lives and will continue to exist in proud remembrance long after the monumental tablet erected over their graves shall have crumbled with their bones to dust.

On the 4th of July 1776, Seventy three years ago and the second year of the commencement of hostilities, convened at Philadelphia, a Congress, the first regular civic organization of our present powerful nation. It was composed of representatives from each colony, assembled to deliberate upon the formation of a free and independent Republic. A document emanating from Superior minds was laid before the body. That instrument was none other than the Declaration of Independence, which you have just heard read this morning. It affirmed to us a formal freedom from oppression, declaring us a Separate and Independent Nation, and as Such was signed by John Hancock, as President, together with fifty some most illustrious patriots, publicly pledging to each other and to the world "Their lives, fortunes and sacred honors", in the cause of their country's freedom and justice. The acts of that day the Nation is proud to commemorate in an anniversary jubilee.

It is a national pride that bids us recount the achievements of our revolution and to herald to the world the name and renown of its participators, and further, to couple with America's victories, the brave representatives of Germany, in their Baron Von Steuben, as well as the assistance of France, in her Lafayette. But, we may ask what has 73 years of freedom wrought for us? And the pledge of the lives, fortunes, and sacred honours of our forefathers done for America? If we went to our Statistics of the past year, we will there find a ready answer. From thirteen original States to thirty, and over powerful and wealthy in each. Our land is supplied with plenty and to spare, as Ireland will attest, as we fed her Starving, even while we were warring with a foe. It has affirmed our Nation Second to none and, and our republican institutions "loom" a pattern for the world. It has settled the fallacy of submitting to oppression, and we have proof from the late revolutions in Europe that nations are jealous of our happiness. Our land is a paradisaal refuge for the oppressed of the world,—even to the crowned head of a monarchy.<sup>20</sup>

The tide of emigration flowing to our Shores proves conclusively the genuineness of our institutions to foreigners. Here they can enjoy peace and happiness and the promulgations of their consciences. The increase of the population of the United States from 1790 to 1840, a period of fifty years, shows an amount a trifle short of 14,000,000. The number of arrivals for the Single year of 1847 is 239,256, Showing a much greater increase over the predecessor and we have, certainly, proof from personal observation that since that date, the yearly number has anything but decreased. They are all welcomed, our continent is amply large for as many choose to come and prefer to live under auspicious influences of our republican institutions, when the privileges of public as well as domestic life are freely granted. Our 196 public establishments for learning, Show but a faint outline of the means of intellectual culture existing in our country. Our commerce exhibits a bright indication of prosperity. The year 1847 Shows a surplus valuation of 12,102,984 of Exports and the Imports, and further of this importation, three-quarters are conveyed in American vessels. Of our Navy, for its protection, it at present consists of 11 Ships of the line, of 960 guns, 1 Razee of 54, 14 Frigates of 600, 22 Sloops-of-War of 418, 4 Brigs of 40, 10 Schooners of 36, and Six Store Ships and Brigs of 28, total, 2,146 Guns. Of the efficiency and utility of our Navy, the bravery and patriotism of those composing it, the actions of 1842, as well as those previous and subsequent, which have gained for it laurels, place it a peer with the world. Of an Army, it is composed of 8,866 Standing men. America has proved her whole realm to be a Standing Army. In time of need, every man is ready to volunteer to protect and maintain the chastity of its republican principles. This was shown at her foundation, and is ever ready to prove itself, when necessity requires. The principles were instituted in us by the pledging of the "lives, fortunes, & Sacred honors" of our fathers, in obtaining the freedom we now enjoy, and under which America is prosperous and now borders her commercial transactions with the bold Atlantic and mighty Pacific. Heaven only knows if it will stop here. Our late difficulties with Mexico, by which we have made such rich acquisitions to our territory,



has instilled deeper into the hearts of the people the revolutionary enthusiasm that instigated the hearts of those who pursued for us dearly our liberty. I am ready to confess we hold an unequal Share with our contemporaries as in case of turmoil we are able to ask "justice", and our power is amply sufficient to enforce it. But, the basis of our government is peace and good will to all her free and democratic nature, the covet of the world & thus she is augmented by voluntary acquisitions rather than any need to the recurrence of force.

A few words before I leave you upon the tide of emigration now setting towards the new and rich possessions of our country, which the late war with Mexico has given us, and has proved so inestimably valuable and rich in mineral wealth as to excite the wonder of the world. The ties which have bound us together upon a long voyage of nearly half the globe will, in a few days end. We will there separate, perhaps, forever. Would it were in my humble power to give you wholesome advice for your guidance in the settlement of the Pacific coast, and more particularly, the Section about San Francisco, which is yet destined to be populated in Speed unequalled in the annals of records of Ancient or modern time; and never did prosperly ever Shine so bright as it does upon those who are to plant their feet upon its Soil.

Our government, my friends, in the establishment of this part of the dominion expects much from those who settle it. In this, let her not be disappointed. Let us not, in our zealous efforts to amass wealth, forget the nature of her principles, the liberality of her gifts. Upon the strict care of Such, and the Sterling virtue of her people depend the purity and thriving of her liberal institutions. Everyone of you, however unimportant it may appear that you be, have a Sphere of consequence and trust to fill in this new portion of our country, which is yet, even destined to Superceed in character the transactions of our Atlantic coast. So rapid have been the occurrences which will populate this district, our government has had little time to answer the necessary wants, requisite for the permanent establishment of her laws. Of the deficiency of these, we cannot possibly ascertain until we land. What little may prevail, let us

Show the virtue of Americans in adhering tenaciously to it, and our actions prove as capable of carrying out her principles of peace and unity instilled into us while more directly under the influences of her governmental laws. The majority of those who are now on their way to California will probably find sufficient inducements to attach themselves, and life to the Pacific portion of our Republic.

Upon these mainly, will devolve the growth and prosperity of it. They needs be the bone and Sinew of our institutions, as they are to prove the main pillars of our future greatness.

What law we find instituted there, let us vigorously Support it. In doing this, we uphold the principles of freedom. And, further upon another point. Let us act with care, Let not "party" venom blind us to the true interests of the wants of a Settlement. It is policy, in the infancy of a new Section, to Smother within our hearts that which has a tendency to disunion the mass. Forget not, the old maxim "In Union there is Strength"—Perseverance with morality, and to prove the main Springs of prosperity, when no law exists. In this case, our minds are, to be the great law-director of our actions. How necessary, then, it be endowed morally, and to be thus directed—, of what great influence will prove religious culture, which should ultimately form the basis. If we wish to prove good citizens, let us Support that which is good, and condemn and abstain from that which has a tendency to be evil. Our institutions offer liberal recompense for those zealously propagating her principles. From Washington, down to Zachary Taylor, afford striking illustrations of this. And, who would not desire this lofty pinnacle, the highest gift of our country and the coveted honor of the world Strive to build up her interests upon the Pacific coast and your reward will be meted to you, and in the next anniversary of the Independence of our Nation that rolls around, you will have established the Pacific Section, the center of the world's commerce and America will loom a mighty defiance of competition with the Nations of the World."

... The End ...

This spirited address was received with loud and continual applause & was followed by "Star Spangled Banner" amidst

shouts of enthusiasm and an almost incessant din, kept up by the drum major. We were next entertained with an oration written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Taylor and given by that individual in rather a theatrical style. The production could be compared with that which preceeded it in many points, and contained considerable wit and many cutting remarks towards England, eliciting much cheering. It is too long to give entire, occupying the Speaker more than half an hour. The last exercise, in order according to the programme was "Patriotic Ode" composed and sung by Mr. Carlos T. Rossele, to the tune of "Bright Rosy Morning", in company with several of the passengers as it received many marked symptoms of approbation, I take pleasure in inserting it here.

"Hark! hark! To those Straits Stealing over the Sea,  
'Tis the voice of our country—it Sings we are free.

Then let us, let us o'er the wave,  
Shout the glad Shout again,

And o'er the wide waters,  
Fling back the proud Strain. (repeat chorus)

A nation's great heart beats full wildly this day,  
And it's throbs reach wherever it's free children stray.

Then let us pledge anew,  
What our forefathers swore,

And with the deep vow  
When their blood bought the Shore. (repeat chorus)

From each home—heart, great freedom Sees her bright fires spring,  
And a spark from the flame of those altars we bring.

Oh say! say! Shall it languish,  
Or grow till the free—

Of a continent Shouts,  
The land shout—Liberty! (repeat chorus)

But while duty thus claims us, our thoughts will still roam,  
To those faces familiar, the dear ones at home.

While onward, onward o'er the wave,  
We sing our proud way,

We'll remember those lov'd ones,  
As we pledge this proud day. (repeat chorus)

Before half past eleven, the exercises of the morning were completed and benediction pronounced by Mr. William R. Wadsworth. At noon, a grand "feu-de-joie" was given by the "Sutton

Cadet Corps". Then, followed a voluntary by the drum major, assisted by Mr. Clough upon the fife, producing the most discordant sounds, resembling anything but "Yankee Doodle". The steward and cooks were busy all the morning preparing a Sumptuous repast, to which we did ample justice. The Captain's intention was to have had tables arranged upon the quarter deck, that the passengers fore and aft might partake of dinner together, but owing to the scarceness of crockery it was found impracticable. We dined as usual, with the exception of the fare being the same throughout the ship. Though there was neither wine or champagne to draw forth flashes of extraordinary wit, yet the sight of six fine turkeys, and fattened expressly for the occasion, a large roast pig was sufficient, independent of plum duff, to exhilarate us all after subsisting so long upon "State junk beef." We ate heartily, the more so, knowing that we were partaking of the last of our fresh provisions. Most all cabin and many of the steerage passengers "turned in", many of them sleeping till nearly tea time. It was comparatively tranquil upon the quarter deck. Some few of the forward passengers amused themselves upon the main hatch, playing different games, among which, were "The Shoemaker" and the "Hunting of the Slipper," both classical and instructive! The "Sutton Cadets" again assembled at Sundown, to fire a Salute, when the American flag was hauled down and three cheers given. A theatrical entertainment entitled "The Learned Doctor" was represented by Messrs Johnson and Atkinson, which caused no little merriment. The former seated himself upon the lap of Atkinson, with his arms behind him, and commenced talking, while Atkinson's hands were so arranged as to permit him to make the appropriate postures. The delusion was so perfect, as to cause the Spectators to believe Johnson performed the motions himself, particularly the wiping of his nose, after taking a pinch of snuff, brushing his whiskers, pulling up his shirt collar, arranging his cravat &c. When it was so dark we could no longer amuse ourselves upon deck, the Captain invited the passengers, fore and aft, below into the cabin. It was fuller than ever I had seen it before.—Those who could not seat themselves around the table found accommodations in the adjacent Stateroom; Captain Warlike

shouts of enthusiasm and an almost incessant din, kept up by the drum major. We were next entertained with an oration written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Taylor and given by that individual in rather a theatrical style. The production could be compared with that which preceded it in many points, and contained considerable wit and many cutting remarks towards England, eliciting much cheering. It is too long to give entire, occupying the Speaker more than half an hour. The last exercise, in order according to the programme was "Patriotic Ode" composed and sung by Mr. Carlos T. Rossele, to the tune of "Bright Rosy Morning", in company with several of the passengers as it received many marked symptoms of approbation, I take pleasure in inserting it here.

*"Hark! hark! To those Straits Stealing over the Sea,  
'Tis the voice of our country—it Says we are free.*

*Then let us, let us o'er the wave,  
Shout the glad Shout again,*

*And o'er the wide waters,*

*Fling back the proud Strain. (repeat chorus)*

*A nation's great heart beats full wildly this day,*

*And it's throbs reach wherever it's free children stray.*

*Then let us pledge anew,*

*What our forefathers swore,*

*And with the deep vow*

*When their blood bought the Shore. (repeat chorus)*

*From each home—hearth, great freedom Sees her bright fires spring,*

*And a spark from the flame of those altars we bring.*

*Oh sail! sail! Shall it languish,*

*Or grow till the free—*

*Of a continent Shouts,*

*The land shout—Liberty! (repeat chorus)*

*But while duty thus claims us, our thoughts will still roam,*

*To those faces familiar, the dear ones at home.*

*While onward, onward o'er the wave,*

*We wing our proud way,*

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was called to the chair, but declined the invitations conferring the honor upon Dr. Johnson, than whom a better man could not have been selected. He made it understood that each gentleman was expected to Sing a Song, Give a Toast, Tell a Story, or drink a glass of Salt Water. Everyone was ready to accede to these terms and willing to contribute their mite towards the entertainment of the evening. All passed off well and harmoniously. No liquor had been drunk during the day to excite the passions, consequently I have no lamentable accidents or disgraceful rows to record. The Captain managed to get enough liquors to make a little punch, about a glass apiece, nearly for the purpose of drinking the toasts with, as he said: "I presume this has been as temperate a 4th of July as ever Seventy-five individuals spent together and notwithstanding being at sea, I venture to say one-half the members never passed a happier or more social one. It only remains for me to repeat some few of the most prominent toasts &c., and then close the history of the day which I have unnecessarily dwelt too long upon. Mr. Arthur E. Oakley, rendered various airs upon the *Serraphines*<sup>80</sup> during the evening, Mr. George S. Wardle, "George Washington," Mr. George H. Franklin, "The Ragging Canal" &c., Mr. Charles Palmer, "The Women of America," Mr. Samuel Dayton sang "Things I Don't Like to See". Mr. George D. Puffer, "The day we celebrate, May we spend our next with plenty of California gold in our pockets." Mr. Bela Brown, "Our sweethearts and wives left behind us." Mr. Forbes, Sporting Song, "Tally Hol" Mr. Thomas Whaley, "The honor, renown and lasting independence of the great American nation.—The infant rocked in the cradle has become a man of increasing valor and strength." Mr. William R. Wadsworth, "The port of San Francisco. May it, in religion, morality and literature, exert the same influence in the Pacific and it's islands, that the city of New York has done upon the Atlantic, and the world at large." Mr. A. Taylor, "The labouring men of America. Like a tub, they stand upon their own bottom, like a ship they carry their own Sail, Having called Zachary Taylor to the helm of State, here's hoping hell prove as successful as upon the field of battle, that if we are assailed by the enemy of freedom, he'll

cry, "Boys, boys, give them a little more grape."—& Mr. John Chatterton, alias the "Grand Duke of Benkacky." "Here's to the man that sowed the seed, that reared the goose, that furnished the gull of which the pen was made, to Sign the Declaration of Independence." Mr. Albert Mosey, "The Ship Sutton, the ironides of the Merchant Service. She never has and never can be beaten." Mr. David Brown, "Here's to the Barometer which never fails to warn the Mariner of approaching danger. May it always have as faithful reporter as myself." . . . At 10 o'clock, a long and loud hoorah was given as a grand finale to the entertainments of the 4th of July, when we retired peaceably to rest. *Thursday July 5, 1849*

A Pleasant day—Course varying, but generally N.N.W. Sailing from Six to Seven knots. Engaged in the morning writing, afternoon reading, and in the evening talking upon deck. A row this morning, between the Captain & the Doctor, originating out of a request made the latter, to place his trunks in his stateroom, for the purpose of Scrubbing the cabin. He refused, Saying his door had been blocked up ever since leaving New York, and that it would make no difference to have them there a few days longer, till our arrival at San Francisco. Upon this, the Captain got into a violent passion, Sent forth the most horrid volley of oaths I ever heard, threatening to break Johnson's head if he dared utter another word. He lay reading in the berth at the time, Spoke calmly and gentlemanly, did not appear the least daunted by the Captain's braggadocios, told him he knew the power he had over him on board the Ship, but that he would call him to account as soon as he arrived at San Francisco. The Captain cursed and swore, Still loaded him with imprecations, told him he had talked against him to the passengers, his officers and men, endeavored to obtain for him the ill-will of everyone on board. All this may be true, if it is, the Captain has brought it about himself by his own acts towards his passengers, officers and crew. This was an unexpected outbreak. Yesterday, the Captain & Doctor appeared almost as bosom friends. The Captain was heard to Say early in the morning, that he would be damned if he would have any more Church of a Sunday, that we would never get to California.

The Doctor went around electioneering among the passengers, stating that there would be a meeting this evening to put it to vote whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Wadsworth should officiate next Sunday. For sometime past they have preached alternately. By rights, it is Mr. W's turn. The Doctor's object is to prevent Mr. Wadsworth, who he considers his worst enemy, from preaching merely to give him pain. Wadsworth had a long conversation with the Captain, complained to him of the course Johnson was pursuing and, as I suppose, completely unveiled him. Sometime ago, Johnson gained an influence over the Captain, which had an evil tendency. This was broken by the intervention of Mr. Wadsworth. The Doctor is a jovial kind of fellow, and the Captain, from his inexperience, is easily misled away. Precisely the same state of things, were beginning to exist again, and had not the spell been broken, I know not what consequences might have resulted from it. It is not likely the quarrel will end here. More of it another day. Lat 29.°21, Long. 132°. 56

Friday July 6, 1849

Calm this morning. Wind sprung up in the afternoon, varying our course during this day. Continuance of pleasant weather. Another row. The Doctor was seated upon the quarter deck, writing. The Captain was walking upon the weather side, suspecting that Johnson was composing verses, he asked him if he had said anything about the butter, and received in answer, that it was no concern of his what he was writing about. The Captain then commenced swearing and said if he put anything in about him, or the ship, he should not go ashore alive, or something to that effect. Johnson did not reply. Presently the Captain snatched the paper from his hand. When I went upon deck, the Captain was seated upon the taffrail reading it and Johnson was going below, saying he would prepare to defend himself. After reading it, he (the Captain) folded up a portion of it and then rumbled up the remainder and threw it upon the table down the skylight, saying, "There is your paper". Soon afterwards, Johnson cried out, "Captain Wardle, you have got my paper." The Captain replied: "I have not, I threw it upon the table," "But, one of the passengers says you have got it in

your pocket." "Yes," replied the Captain, "And I intend to keep it there, until I arrive at San Francisco."—Thus ended this disgraceful and uphanded affair on the part of the Captain. I am willing to uphold a Captain, even in the wrong, but when a man goes so far as to seize the private papers of another, I consider him no longer worthy of support. The passengers are all incensed against the Captain for his conduct, and blame Johnson for not having resented it. Yesterday, Johnson was in the wrong for not complying with the Captain's request, but today he was peaceably seated upon the quarter deck, and the Captain had no reason to suppose that he was writing about him, and even if he knew he was thus occupied, what more right had he to seize the paper, than he would have in taking from me my journal which contains many of his disgraceful and ungentlemanly acts? Had he attempted the same thing upon me, which he did upon Johnson, I should have resented it, and made no hesitation in blowing out his brains or running him through. I have kept myself peaceable the whole of this passage and put up with many impositions, insults and gross wrongs, which, but for the obligations I am under to the Captain's father, and the respect for the feelings of his brother, George, with whom I am on the terms of the closest intimacy, I should have noticed. But I am not the only one to complain. There is not a person on board, fore or aft, who has not been imposed upon by Captain Wardle, passengers, officers & crew. If I ever go again to sea, I trust I may get in a new ship, and with an old Captain. Ours is of singular disposition, notwithstanding his being in such a rage yesterday morning with Johnson, ten minutes afterwards he was upon deck, laughing and carrying on with several of his passengers, as if nothing had happened. But let this suffice for the present. Latitude 30.°21' Longitude 134° 21'

Saturday July 7, 1849

It was a cloudy morning, by noon it cleared off. The wind, still continues the same, course varying from N.W. to N. by W. This morning I overhauled my bedding and destroyed, painful as the duty was, a few fellow passengers, who are propagating fast from one end of the cabin to the other. Occupied in

recording the events of yesterday till dinner-time. Engaged the whole of the afternoon in writing up my journal for the 4th of July. In the evening, I played checkers with Mr. Skiddy, which is something I have not done for a long while. Had a long talk with the Captain. He is, indeed, a queer mortal. Sometimes I like him for his Simplicity, then again, when he goes on in the way which he does, I hate him. He came to me, more like a child, asked me if I thought Johnson could do anything to him. I told him I did not think he could, except he construed his taking his paper into an assault, and this I thought he might be able to justify himself in, from Johnson's previous conduct. The Captain said he did not refer to that. He wanted to know if he could do anything for having more passengers than there were Staterooms for, or having hired Turner's & Brook's Stateroom, for the purpose of filling it with freight at Valparaiso, and thereby obligating them to Sleep in the Cabin outside of their Stateroom. I told him that I did not believe that Johnson could do anything on this account, that though he threatened a great deal, it was not likely he would give him any trouble in California, as he would have enough to attend to, without going into law. After this, the Captain Spoke about other things. Saw we were getting Short of luxuries, and that Monday he would broach<sup>st</sup> cargo for Some butter. I told him I did not think he could do a better thing, that it would have the tendency to put an end to all ill feeling, which may have arisen, and perhaps be the means of gaining him and the Ship a good name. "Yes," said the Captain, "I will get up three firkins<sup>22</sup> of butter, one for the Cabin, one for the Steerage, and one for the men. Damn me, if I don't grease them fore and aft." I next asked him if he had given the Germans the twenty dollars due them at Rio de Janeiro, that they complained and perhaps raised a disturbance. He said that he would tell George Wardle to pay them upon arriving at San Francisco. He remained talking a couple of hours, telling me about his going upon the diggings with part of the crew, leaving the others to go to Vancouver after coal, or to the Sandwich Islands after provisions &c, &c. Most of the afternoon cloudy. Retired at 11:00 o'clock. Latitude 31.54, Longitude 135.50

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship*

*Sunday July 8, 1849*

Pleasant day, Course W. by W. by N., varying to N.W. I was writing all the morning before and after lunch. The service was conducted by Mr. Wadsworth upon deck. In the afternoon engaged in revising a piece of poetry "To Anna", written by Charles Palmer. Prayer meeting in the evening. Retired at 10:00 o'clock. Latitude 33.16 Longitude 137.10

*Monday July 9, 1849*

Another week has passed and we are still hundreds of miles from San Francisco, with very little prospect of arriving there before the end of the month. We were still running westerly till 10:00 o'clock this morning, when the wind having shifted, the Ship was put about. 10:00 o'clock, we now stand N.E. by E with little or no wind, scarcely moving. I have partaken of a good dinner consisting of boiled ham, corned beef, rice and bread and *butter*. All the passengers appear very much pleased and appreciate the good feeling and generosity of the Captain. Three firkins of butter were taken from the hold this morning for the use of the whole Ship's company. The article was in first rate order, and was a real luxury after being debarred of it so long living entirely on Salt provisions.—This evening, the fair wind we had after tacking the early part of this forenoon, lasted but a short time, not longer than two o'clock, then it changed, blew fresher and we stood S.E. by N. varying to S.E. by S. There was some little rain fall this afternoon. The evening pleasant, though very dark. Consumed most of the day in correcting and revising the lines "To Anna" with Charley Palmer. After tea, George S. Wardle & I turned into my berth and talked ourselves to Sleep. When I awoke it was 10:00 o'clock. George was gone to his own Stateroom. I went upon deck. Course the same. Lat. 33.°42', Long. 139°.16'

*Tuesday July 10, 1849*

A cold and dreary day, Course S.E. by S. till 8:00 this morning, when we tacked Ship and stood N.W. by W. which we kept with some little variation during the day. How discouraging it is, we were at noon only two miles from where we were Sunday! Many of the passengers complain, and blame the Captain for running the way we did yesterday, when we might

*Consignments to El Dorado*

have made a better course upon another tack. The weather is cold and damp in this latitude for some reason I cannot account. Overcoats are very comfortable. Engaged in the morning talking. The subject of "general average" for repairs done at Rio is being agitated, and creates considerable discussion in some private circles. One of these days I expect it will break forth and create a row. Wrote up my journal in the afternoon. Laying off with Charley Palmer in his bunk, talking over the past, to which I refer to with thoughts mingled with pleasure and regret. I would give most anything to be in San Francisco. The Post Office would be the first building towards which I would wend my steps. I desire much to hear from friends at home, particularly my dear Anna, the chosen companion of my future lot. All my thoughts and desires are centered in her. How many happy hours have I passed in her agreeable Society. God grant that two hearts formed for each others enjoyment, beating in perfect unison, may again be united! I left home expecting to be absent three years, but it is impossible for me to be gone so long. My feelings will not permit it. If I can by any means return home before the first of next January, I shall do so. July 10, 1849 [page 27, letterpress book composed aboard the *Sutton*]

*To Anna*

*I am fond and true, though far away  
From home's sequestered spot,  
Where thy Sweet Kindness bade me stay,  
And choose a nearer lot;  
Near the footstool of reception,  
Thy warm and glowing love,  
That beats high at every motion,  
While in every meditation,  
All was thoughtfully done*

Of thee I have an auburn curl,  
A daguerreotype too,  
Treasures I'd not exchange for pearl,  
Or slippery wealth 'tis true.  
Hours I've beguiled from night till morn,  
With these, my chosen lot;  
Light and free they've mellowed the storm

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship*

While on the ocean heavily borne,  
I'd sigh—"Forget-me-Not."

*Lol dearest, midst thy virgin thoughts  
Of tender youth and love,  
They aim to wake in faltering hearts,  
A feeling far from hope;  
As on the ocean's bellows lost  
Near unto destruction  
Memory, treacherous to the last,  
With it our mutual love, the past,  
Seeks our separation.*

But a bright and more serene sky,  
Dissolved the vision,  
An hallowed back this sweetest tie  
Of life's dear provision.  
The moonlight shades o'er the waters,  
Were meet to this commune,  
Lavished in their palely darkness,  
Our primeval love of tenderness  
To muse my solitude.

*The orange and banana clime,  
The grooves of cocoa-nut,  
Do each their fruitful power combine  
My thought more lenient,—  
To sip from the fairest flowers,  
As does the honey bee,  
The choicest juices of the bowers,  
To stock its homily tree.*

*I would select one my true bride,  
The choicest of the bower,  
Such as might prove my greatest pride,  
She should never lower:  
Her grace and love would then inspire,  
A heart to it's recount;  
Homage would kneel at such a shrine,  
And each aspiring soul would chime,  
The strains of good report.*

*Thus, at the hymeneal altar,  
I'd seek to pay the vow,*

*How serious made, I'd yet master;  
And most willing bow,  
To the rule of an inclined heart,  
Able, fondly to love,  
Tho' neath the sting of a dull dart,  
Espousing its dangerous art,  
To force what's formed above.*

Written aboard the Ship *Sutton*, on her way to San Francisco,  
Cal. July 10th, 1849      Thos. W.--  
Lat. 33.10      Long. 137.14

*Wednesday July 11, 1849*

Another gloomy and dreary day. The Wind Still continues the Same Course, N.N.W., with very little prospect of being able to make a better one. Blew quite hard during the night. We were obligated to take in Sail and double reef the top Sails. It moderated towards morning though enough remained to keep up the Sea and cause us to pitch considerably all day. Conversing in the morning. Passed the afternoon writing up Journal & copying off some extracts for Some few days so that I now have notes for every day since leaving New York, which I intend copying off as Soon as I obtain a book fit for the purpose. Sailing under reefed topsails all day. Course the same as this morning. Just after tea, Mr. Turner dressed himself as "Big Lize", and went upon deck creating considerable fun and laughter for a while. Checkers have taken the place of cards, entirely. The tables were crowded in the evening with different parties among whom were Mr. Wadsworth & George S. Wardle. As I could neither read or write I stood by, watching their game. I never Saw a man more interested than Wadsworth was, in playing. He grew very excited and Said if we did not quit making our remarks, he would give up. Turned in at 8:00 o'clock. Slept till 11:00, and then went upon deck. Course the same, the old Ship pitching as much as ever. Retired at 12. Lat. 34.44 Long. 138.14

*Thursday July 12, 1849*

Cloudy and gloomy morning. Wind & Course the Same as yesterday. At half-past ten, it cleared off a little. I was engaged

in my Stateroom writing, when about 11 o'clock the cry of, "Sail Ho!" was heard. In a moment it was Sounded through the Ship, reckoning the joy which the sight afforded us after traversing the ocean more than fifty days without the least evidence the world contained other inhabitants than the seventy odd Souls put up in the *Sutton* prison. Imagine, when the feelings which this unexpected cry aroused. I hastened upon deck. The Sail off our lee board quarter was but a Speck upon the horizon, Standing upon the same tack as ourselves. The Captain ordered the helmsman to "keep her off," that we might bare down to speak her, to ascertain if our longitude was correct. Presently we were running West. In the meantime, I continued writing. The afternoon was pleasant. About noon we were near enough to make her out to be an American bark. (Our longitude, 139.39 was chalked upon our quarter,) evidently bound to California. At one o'clock we were within Speaking distance. She proved to be the *Harvey Newell*, as Some supposed her to be by the red boats upon her deck, one of the vessels we left at Rio, March 12th. She reported herself forty-two days from Callao, and one hundred and eighty three days from New York. She left at Callao, the *U.S. Store Ship, Iredonia*, twelve days from Val-paraiso. The command had been given to bear away, when George reminded his brother, (Captain Wardle) we were in want of a barrel of tar. Once more, the main tack was clewed up, and the two Skippers resumed their conversation, held at a great distance with Speaking trumpets. Our Captain ended by asking if he could have Some tar. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, the leeboard quarter boat was lowered, a barrel placed in it, and manned with the Captain and eleven passengers, myself among the number. Captain Lockwood Stood at the gangway to receive us. After a few introductions, we were invited into the cabin, to partake of his hospitality. Champagne was drank, pledging to Neptune that if he would grant us favorable winds and deliver us in Safety to the port of San Francisco, he was perfectly welcome to all our old clothes. We sat then, nearly two hours smoking and exchanging information. A segar is a luxury which I had not enjoyed Since leaving Val-paraiso. The pleasure was worth the Seeking. I wish we might



board a vessel every day, a promise I made three weeks before pulling into Rio, preventing me from Smoking on board of the *Ship Sutton*. The principal matters of importance were that the California Steamers were laid up at San Francisco, comprising the news previously heard that a hundred persons finding it impossible to obtain passage from Panama had arrived at Callao, and given \$23,000 for a vessel a month previous not worth more than \$8,000 to convey them to San Francisco. Two weeks previous to the arrival of the *H. Newell* at Callao, the crew of some vessel were taken in there, and shot for mutiny. Among the number, was an American. Those who visited Lima, three leagues distant, describe it as being a very fine old city built in the Spanish Style, far surpassing Rio. But, many of the houses and public buildings of fine architecture are in a dilapidated condition, and falling fast to ruin. The Senoritas are represented as being very beautiful, and said to be the prettiest women in South America. The *Harriet Newell* is only three years old, in perfect order, and free from rats and bedbugs. The vessel and cargo purchased in New York, belong to a company of Sixteen of gentle [extraction], called the "Harriet Newell Association". They are provided with two cannons, three metallic life boats, and a very fine bull dog. The *Sutton*, with main topmasts aback was some distance ahead, and obliged to Square her crop-jack yard, in order to allow us to come up. We bade our friends adieu, hauled our boat along Side, and manned her. The empty barrel had been removed, and a bucket, half full of tar placed in its stead. This, the Mate of the *H. Newell* deemed a sufficient quantity to tar the rigging of a Ship of our Size. In a moment we were left far behind, and obliged to pull hard and long before reaching the *Sutton*. Our companions were anxious to hear the information we had gained. Puffer Slyly picked up an old newspaper laying upon the quarter deck, and cried out: "Here's the latest date, March 16th, Who wants to read?" Cammet seized it, ran below, and seated himself at the table beneath the Sky-light, while we stood, observing him pour over it's columns. After a while, Someone asked him: "What's the news?" He replied, "Hold on, I have not read all yet." Soon he discovered his mistake, and came upon deck to join in the laugh

with us, declaring it the "greatest joke yet." Preparations had been made during our absence for hoisting aboard the anti-rated barrel of tar, and when we arrived along side without it, many were evidently disappointed to find only a bucket full, which the Mate of the *H. Newell* appears to have thought sufficient to tar the rigging of a Ship of the size of the *Sutton*. Small as the quantity is, it will go a great way when mixed with oil, though it would be impossible to do all the Captain wishes. Things were made ready to paint the vessel a week ago, but owing to the deficiency of tar, the Captain said he would defer it until our arrival. I would like to see the *Sutton* put in first rate trim, and nicely painted up, to make a respectable appearance in port. She looks very Seedy upon the outside, beginning to be covered with barnacles and a shiny green matter. Mr. Wadsworth was busy all day, cleaning out his Stateroom and killing immense quantities of bed bugs, which infest every part of the Ship. He had everything on deck. Just as he was ready to take them below, Some took one thing. Some took another, and hid them away, causing him a great deal of anxiety, and trying his patience pretty well. It was after eight before he succeeded in getting his things together and his room to rights again. Retired at 9:00 o'clock. Course Still the Same, N.N.W., Latitude 36.28, Longitude 139.39

*Friday July 13, 1849*

Cloudy day, Sun Shining occasionally. Wind and Course the Same. The *H. Newell* was still in sight this morning, though some distance astern. Also a Sail, supposed to be a brig. Being now off the harbour of San Francisco, though nearly 800 miles westward, we may expect to see vessels most every day. Our greatest Satisfaction in having Spoken the *H. Newell* yesterday, consists in knowing that we are not alone in our misery. There was a row, forward, this morning before breakfast. Oakley was accused of Something by Hewey [a sailor]. He denied it. Hewey told him he lied. Oakley went below to borrow a dink of "Boots", and then came upon deck. Meeting Hewey he again denied the accusation, and was told he lied. Just as he was going to Strike, Hewey, who is a powerful man, Seized his arm while Ned [another sailor], wrenched the weapon from his hand, threw it

overboard, cuffed his ears, and sent him below. The young man merited all he got and I hope it will teach him a lesson never to draw a knife without sufficient reason. Oakly is a gentlemanly fellow, and a person I feel some interest in, otherwise I should not have lent my assistance in getting him released from the Calaboose, while in Rio de Janeiro. But, he has a quick temper, which he has shown upon more occasions than one. Engaged writing most all day, Copied off Latitude & Longitude for the Captain. Retired early. Latitude 37.51, Longitude 140.18

*Saturday July 14, 1849*

Delightful morning. Course and Wind the Same. Engaged in cleaning out my Stateroom, washing out towels and performing a Sum in arithmetic, which puzzled a good many. Though it occupied me till nearly dinnertime, I had the satisfaction of being the first one to do it. A cistern is supplied with two cocks, one of which will fill it in 45 minutes, and the other in 55 minutes; the cistern has a discharge cock which empties it in 30 minutes. If the three cocks be left open how long will it take to fill the Cistern? Answer: 2 hours, 21.25 5/7 Seconds. About 10:00 o'clock the wind changed a little, and allowed us to run N. by E. It was almost Calm at 2:00 o'clock. Some few of the passengers are engaged in catching "gonies", then painting their back, or tying rubbers around their necks, and letting them go again. There are more than twenty of these birds astern of us, Setting as gracefully as Swans upon the water. The wind Sprung up again, in the afternoon. Course N.N.W. Tacked Ship at 6:00 o'clock, Standing S.S.E., Beautiful and clear Sunset. Two Sails in Sight. Retired at 10:00. Course N.N.E. Latitude 39.19, Longitude 141.08

*Sunday July 15, 1849*

Another week has rolled around and we are Still upon the bosom of the mighty deep, with little prospect of ever reaching the shores of that "Eldorado", for which six long months ago I embarked. 'Tis a long journey, that has no end." I believe I am upon such a one, and the "Old Sutton," like the "Flying Dutchman" is doomed eternally to wander the seas over. During three weeks past we have been within a thousand miles of San Francisco, and Seven hundred appears to be as near as we can pos-

sibly get. A N.W. Wind has prevailed all this while, preventing us from making a better course than N.N.W. and now that the port bears E.S.E. of us, we would like to Stand upon another tack. The little wind we have today is constantly varying. Sometimes blowing from one quarter, and then, in the contrary direction. The morning was cloudy, Besides the two Sails in Sight last night there were two others. One, a bark, in a dismasted condition astern of us. One other vessel in the afternoon. Service was held in the morning, prayers in the evening. Walsh Cousins, had a row with the Captain three weeks ago, Italians, Spaniards, etc. There was but a slight breeze Striving, so we backed up our main yard to allow her to come up. By the time we had finished breakfast, the Ship was within two miles of us, but gained So Slowly the Captain determined to lower the quarter boat, into which he got with sixteen passengers. As usual, I was one of the party. The boat was loaded down almost to the gunwales, So that in case of a Sudden Squall, we would have easily been swamped. I wondered at the Captain's indiscretion in allowing So many to go. The Sea, however, was calm, and we arrived in safety on board the "Victory," Captain Ryan, 169 days from New York and 70 days from Valparaiso. We gained no information of importance. The 14th of last month, in a squall, she lost her foremast and main topsail mast, disabling her three or four days until a jury-mast could be erected. The passengers complain very much of their Captain and his treatment. Three weeks ago they had a Serious row during which knives were drawn, Since then Captain Ryan has not spoken to his passengers. From his looks and manner, I should judge he was just such a man from his conduct towards us & his inhospitable manner with us. He did not raise his ensign until after we visited him, though ours had been flying at least a couple of hours. Captain Wardle would not have boarded him on this account, only the day was calm and he thought they might perhaps be in want of some Spars, or Something else. The passengers were all delighted to see us and hear the news. They had been out So long without Seeing a Sail they felt discouraged and thought they would never reach California. We related how we spent the 4th of July. Their Captain would not

even so much as raise a flag, for fear, as some of them said, of wearing it out. Upon telling them that we had white sugar in our coffee, butter & soft tack, one gentleman raised his hands in surprise, and said we were living upon luxuries. We received no entertainment whatever from Captain Ryan. The passengers showed themselves as hospitable as they could be and seemed determined we should enjoy ourselves as long as we were aboard. Some few of us were treated to cognac, but they could not possibly raise enough to make a general thing of it. I was one treated with a single Segar, and passed the greater part of the time conversing with two Italians, who together with five Spaniards are passengers from Valparaiso. There were, besides these, people of almost every other nation. English, Irish, Scotch, Hungarian, Russian, French and Germans, but the greatest number were Americans, principally from New York. George Puffer recognized two of his Brooklyn friends. Towards noon, not receiving an invitation to dine, the quarter boat was manned, three cheers exchanged when we pulled away and arrived on board of the *Old Sutton*, just as the "Plum duff" was being brought upon the table of which we ate heartily. The afternoon was perfectly calm. The morning service which had been postponed, was conducted by Mr. Brown. Another sail in sight. Prayer meeting as usual in the evening. Retired at 10%. Latitude 39.45 Longitude 140.52

*Monday July 16, 1849*

A Delightful morning. Several sails in sight. Perfectly calm, Sails flapping against the masts. At half past ten, one of the quarter boats was lowered into which the Captain, myself, also eleven passengers got, taking with us a compass and two cans of water and an umbrella. We were prepared for a long voyage, not expecting to return before evening. Our object was to visit a Bark, so far off, it was impossible to make out what she was; her hull could not be seen. This, Mr. Skiddy took to be the *Eliza*, which left Valparaiso in company with us, from having our former mate on board of her. He said he knew her by her Skeysail. I cannot conceive how it was possible for him to be able to tell her at such a great distance, even with a glass, when with the naked eye, no one could say whether she was

a Bark or a Brig. But Mariners from long usage have been perception generally. It was somewhat a singular coincidence that two vessels leaving port at the same time, should, after being fifty-five days at sea, meet. Having rowed three hours, more than twelve miles, we came alongside, having passed astern of the *Victory*, about midway between the *Sutton* & the *Eliza*. Mr. Dowd, formerly our Second Mate, now the First Mate of the *Eliza*, was the first to recognize us. He stood upon the quarter deck, watching us with a glass. Captain Wardle, being acquainted with Captain Clark, and several of our passengers having met the *Eliza's* at Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso, we were hail fellows well met. Daniel was expressly prepared for us. The cloth being removed, wine and Orand Brandy were drunk by everyone, enlivening us. Messers. Brown and "Punch", formerly belonging to "Campbell's Minstrels", entertained us with several amusing songs accompanied with the banjo. They excused themselves, in not giving something, "Awfully Funny", saying that Mr. Rodgers, their leader was unfortunately left at Valparaiso. I have forgotten to mention in my journal, that these gentlemen in company with others, gave a voluntary performance at the theatre in Valparaiso, in negro character, but it did not give that satisfaction to the audience they anticipated, partly because they were intoxicated when they made their appearance upon the stage for the last time, and partly because the Chileans are dead against anything "nigger". George Franklin represented the *Sutton* pretty well, and sang several times for the gratification of the passengers of the *Eliza*. This bark left Valparaiso in company with us, but we could gain not additional news, except that two or three days ago they spoke the Brig *Charlotte*, last from Talcahuano, whence she sailed in company with the Ship *South Carolina*. The Brig reports the *Hackstaff* lost, but this must be a mistake. We heard at Valparaiso the *Hackstaff* had lost her Captain, and this is probably what they intended to say. We passed a very pleasant afternoon and remained longer than we expected. A light wind having sprung up in the afternoon, the *Sutton* bore down and passed to the windward of us. At 6:00 o'clock the quarter boat was manned, Captain Wardle, his brother and myself remaining on

board, the three minstrels taking our place for the purpose of visiting the *Sutton*, and Serenading her while she was passing us. Our Ship was, at the time, about two miles ahead, but the breeze growing Stronger, Soon after the boat left; so She was obliged to back her main yard, So when the *Eliza* was nearly abreast of her, by the time the party got aboard. While they were gone, a little incident occurred. A sailor was passing forward, he commenced Sky-larking with one of the black waiters, made sundry demonstrations before him, and was about planting his foot upon the darkey's Seat of honor, when Sambo, catching him by the leg, threw him upon the deck, his head Striking against Something, causing it to bleed. He said nothing, but passed forward and washed himself. While we were at tea he came aft to thrash the "nigger", and would have done so, but for the timely interference of the Captain. The *Eliza* has on board an English man-of-armsman, by the name of Murray, escaped from the *Asia*, at Valparaiso. He is acquainted with "Sam", who escaped from the tender of the *Asia*, and got aboard of us. They intend to hitch horses together when they arrive at San Francisco. I must not forget the ladies, Mrs. Hannah Griffin and Mrs. Mary Arthur, passengers on board the *Eliza*, who contributed So much with their Smiles and good humor, to render the afternoon particularly agreeable. I was fearful my friend George S. Wardle would lose his heart with one of them. He was either endeavoring to persuade them to come with him aboard the *Sutton*, or making arrangements to Stop with them. The Minstrels remained on board the *Sutton* Sometime after tea; long enough to play several airs. They expressed themselves highly Satisfied with their visit and the entertainment they received, particularly as they brought with them a firkin of butter, an article they had not seen a long, long while. We hastened to return as Soon as possible, as night was approaching fast. The two vessels were nearly abreast, So that we had only a short distance to row. In the bottom of the boat was placed a *barrel* of tar, which has been of late, the subject of much discussion. Besides, several of the passengers gave us enough reading matter to occupy us, even though we should be a month longer getting into port. Captain Wardle had a

box of fine Segars given him, but they were forgotten. As Soon as the quarter boat was jostled, the order was given "to fall away". Much discontent had been expressed during the day by the passengers about the Captain detaining the Ship to board vessels. Yesterday, the forward passengers held an indignation meeting and commissioned one of their number to speak to Mr. Wadsworth, to demonstrate with the Captain upon the impropriety of it. Mr. W. was to have done So, this morning, but he neglected it. Upon this account they were in arms against him, and intended to have expressed their minds publicly to the Captain, as soon as he returned, but finding that the *Eliza's* passengers were pleased with our visit, and reciprocated it, they concluded not to Say anything this time. It is indeed wrong to detain the Ship, too much like child's play. We have lost between thirty and forty miles in doing So today. At 8:00 o'clock, we were going East at the rate of five knots, gaining fast upon the *Eliza*, which before ten we passed, notwithstanding her numberless Stay-Sails. Spent the evening in Mr. Wadsworth's state room, in Company with George S. Wardle, recounting the various incidents of the day. Retired at 11. Latitude 40.14, Longitude 141.0

Tuesday July 17, 1849

The *Eliza* in sight Astern of us, early this morning but before noon She was concealed behind the haze. Cloudy day. Wind still continues. Sailing East, six or Seven knots per hour. This is encouraging. We may hope to be in San Francisco before Sunday. Commenced tarring down. The old "gall" is pitching into it this afternoon like a thousand of bricks. We have been out of Sight of the vessels we Saw yesterday. A Small vessel in sight at 3 o'clock. Thought to be a pilot boat. Most of the passengers turned in. I have been engaged in writing up my journal the two days past. I Forgot to state that Tom Grant partook of So much liquor on board of the *Eliza*, as to make him Sick. He has scarcely shown himself today. I expected this would be the case. He was swilling it down rather freely for one of his years. Turned in, Some [time] after tea. Puffer. Clough, Brooks & the Captain were in my room, talking till nearly eleven o'clock. Latitude 39.20, Longitude 139.20

*Wednesday July 18, 1849*

I Rose early this morning. A Beautiful day, though rather cool. The Ship was going along in gallant Style all night upon the same course as yesterday. The important operation of taring down is Still going on. The wind Blew harder and the Sea grew heavier during the day. At Six o'clock, we took in the top gallant Sails and double reefed topsails. The *Eliza* hove in sight Soon afterwards, gained upon us, and before midnight passed us under top gallant sails and single reefed topsails. The *Sutton* is a better Sailor, but it will not do to carry on with her in heavy weather the same as with new vessels. Did very little today, on account of the ship's pitching and heaving. Her head was frequently under water. I Had a long conversation with George S. Wardle concerning the lot of ground he promised to let me have, Sometime before going into Rio. He is to give me a definite answer tomorrow. I trust it will be as favourable as I have reason to anticipate. I may then realize Some of my dreams, and put into execution many plans. The Lots of ground in San Francisco are said to be worth ten thousand dollars. I am in treaty for a half of one. I know not how I came to neglect having the thing decided long ago, but I was under the impression till we arrived at Valparaiso, that George had sold it to Halsey, and I was to have it in case he refused to take it. Retired at 9:00 o'clock. Latitude 38.36, Longitude 135.55

*Thursday July 19, 1849*

Sailing under double reefed topsails all last night. Wind and Sea as high as ever. Many complain of having Slept restlessly. The *Eliza* is ahead of us, far out of our sight. What a cruising time there must be aboard of her! David is in the height of his glory! But I doubt very much whether the *Eliza* beats us. She cannot, if the wind moderates [enough], to allow us to carry top-gallant Sails. Our course is pretty much the same as yesterday E.N.E., which together with the leeway, and the variation of the compass, makes us head directly for San Francisco. Glorious! Every morning we are getting nearer and nearer to port. The general impression is that we Shall Spend at least a part of the Sabbath on Shore. God grant we may. We are a poor set of Sea worn weather beaten mortals. He shall look

with compassion upon us, and grant us a continuance of favourable winds. We feel as though we had been knocking around upon the wide deep long enough. It is just two hundred days Since we left New York. What an eternity! Had I supposed we were going to be So long, I should never have undertaken the voyage. We were unable to do much or anything during the day, on account of the motion of the vessel. Spent the evening with Wadsworth and George S. Wardle, talking over our probable doings in California. Retired at half past ten. Latitude 38.06, Longitude 133.24

*Friday July 20, 1849*

It was a fine day, though rather cool. The Wind and Sea moderated. We saw a Sail during the day. Before evening Sailing under royals and Studding Sails. It Blew fresher about eleven at night, and the Studding Sail haliards broke. We were Sailing all day in gallant Style. By the morning I Obtained a list of all the passengers on board of us, the names, place of birth, age, occupation &c.. In the afternoon painted one of my signs, the others, I intend to gild, when I get to San Francisco. Another Conversation with George S. Wardle in the evening. He is willing to leave Mr. Wadsworth to decide about his letting me have a part of one of his lots. The color of the Sea has changed perceptibly. At noon, we were three hundred and ninety seven miles from San Francisco. Retired at 12:00. Latitude 38.13 Longitude 130.36

*Saturday July 21, 1849*

The old *Sutton* is pitching into it hot and heavy, going at the rate of nine knots per hour. The day is pleasant. All hands are busily engaged, packing up. The German's berths are being taken down, and the cabin put in order. In the morning I calculated with Mr. Skiddy, the distance run from day to day from New York. I have not yet Summed it up. Our Run, during the last twenty four hours, one hundred and ninety four miles, being One hundred and ninety three to run. We may hope to arrive tomorrow afternoon. Probably in the morning we Shall see land, as it can be Seen at the distance of Seventy five miles. The water is much greener today. In the afternoon I cut George S. Wardle's hair, who in return, cut mine. Engaged in the evening

in copying off the Latitude and Longitude, together with the distance. Towards night, Slackened Sail, so that we may not make land Sooner than we anticipate. This is prudent. Talking with Wadsworth till 10:00 o'clock. Retired at 11%. Latitude 38.12, Longitude 126.30

Sunday July 22, 1849

Cloudy morning, cleared off at 4 after 1. . . . Saw Pilot \$10.00 per foot. Took her. "Twas the *Anonymous*/ We Spoke [to her] before going into Rio. Arrived at 3½ o'clock (S.F.), fine Harbour.<sup>33</sup> Saw Old Spanish Fort. Guano. Custom House officer. *Over 150 vessels* at San Francisco. At Sau Salito met O'Neal. Went to Ross's.<sup>34</sup> Post Office not open, next Wilbur & Muir's. Rec'd letters from Washington Smith, Mother, Wm. P. Thompson & Hunter, & H.I.K.<sup>35</sup> All friends well. Hope to hear from Anna tomorrow.<sup>36</sup> All accounts wonderful, Incredible! As a general thing, goods are worth nothing. My wagon and Window sashes worth a fortune. I Hope to sell the rest of the invoices for enough to Save them and pay expenses. Wages are \$16.00 per day Great chances for Speculation. George S. Wardle introduced me to the Merrills.

Sunday July 29, 1849

Dear Mother:

Thank God we arrived here last Sunday, a week ago today, after a long passage of 204 days from New York. I wrote you last from Valparaiso, under date of May 20th, across the *Isthmus*, enclosing a portion of a letter written in a journal form, and sent at the same time by the United States Sloop-of-War *Dale*, containing the most interesting events which transpired during the voyage from Rio. These two packets addressed to the care of Mr. I. Lee Smith, I hope, have been received, together with the poetry for Harriet and the chart of our route around the Horn sent by the *Dale*.<sup>37</sup> I also enclosed a flower for sister, but forgot to mention that I picked it up in one of my rambles through the environs of Rio. Here is another that I got at Valparaiso. You would like me to give you a description of the voyage from Valparaiso to this port, but my time is too much taken up to go into details, let therefore a few lines

suffice. The enclosed will show you our position from day to day, and enable you to trace our route upon a map. We left Valparaiso, the afternoon of the 21st of May, in company with the *Pharselia* and the barque *Eliza*, both bound for California, and now lying in port. For the first four weeks the wind was fair, and we were in hopes of celebrating the glorious fourth on shore, but a strong northeasterly wind prevented us. My journal contains some hundred or more pages descriptive of the voyage. I should like to send it to you entire, but the postage would *perhaps be more than you would like to pay*.<sup>38</sup> Since leaving Valparaiso, we boarded three vessels, the *Harriet Newell*, July 12, the *Victory* July 15th, in a dismantled condition and the *Eliza*, the following day. Most of my time since leaving Valparaiso has been spent in putting my clothes in order and making many useful things for California life. I must conclude all remarks concerning my voyage by saying though it was long, I felt contented and passed my time very profitably. I have grown more systematic, and feel myself in every way competent to discharge the heavy responsibilities resting upon me under present circumstances. Just off this harbor, we met our old friend the *Anonymous*, which arrived here a month ago, to pilot us. The bay at San Francisco is a fine capacious one, but not so picturesque as I had anticipated. The Harbor, at the present time, is full of shipping. *Probably more than 150 sails from almost every nation. Of the large number of American vessels which have left the states, comparatively few have arrived, certainly not more than thirty-five.* The average arrivals are from two to three every day.

The old Ship is still my home, and will be, until George S. Wardle & Co's Store is ready to occupy, which I presume it will be, in the course of two or three weeks. As soon as it is completed,<sup>39</sup> I am, in connection with Mr. George D. Puffer, to hire one-quarter of it, together with the fourth part of ground attached, at a reasonable rent, with the privilege of renewals every six months, and shall probably pay some thousands of dollars per annum! Don't be frightened, dear Mother, all you read in the papers concerning California is true, indeed, all is not being told. The accounts are incredible. What

do you think of lots being sold for \$15, \$25, and even as high as \$50,000!! And Some leased for nearly half that amount. Parker's, the principal Hotel rents for over \$150,000 a year, and some pretend to say for more than half a million! Real estate has risen to an extent never before even dreamed of. My head, for the first three days was almost turned from the incredulous accounts I heard, and even more, my thoughts are so confused I hardly know what to say, though there are a thousand things to write about. It is now past midnight, and I am writing. I scarcely know what, and but for informing you of my safe arrival, I should postpone it till the next Steamer, when I can speak definitely of things. That there is plenty of Gold in California, there is no doubt. I have seen enough to convince me, that with industry and attention to business I may be able to return home at the end of two years with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars! Some kinds of goods are selling very low, but fortunately those I have, will pay from over one hundred to three hundred percent. I can reckon upon some two or three thousand dollars as my Share of the profits. This amount will be a nice little capital to speculate with, and enable me to make over a hundred dollars a day or more. People are arriving every day with a few thousand dollars worth of goods consigned to their care, with the expectation of going into business and selling them at a high profit, but owing to heavy rents, and the difficulty of procuring a location for business they are obliged to dispose of their merchandise at a small advance upon the invoice, and sometimes, for even less. George S. Wardle arrived here under similar circumstances with nearly one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods, which he must have sacrificed, or at least a portion of them, to enable him to hire a store to commence business. He found a friend in Mr. Ross, <sup>40</sup> an old acquaintance, who sold him a lot of ground for four thousand dollars, upon reasonable terms, and advanced him the money until he is fairly started. In a like manner, I find a friend in George, who hires me one-quarter of his store and premises, but for him I must have sold everything just as they landed, and have gone to the mines. I shall not advise my friends to send anymore goods, at present, except it be some

kinds, certain to pay. The market is very fluctuating, so that a person must be continually be upon the lookout, to know when to buy or sell. My intention is to sell my goods as soon as possible, but not to sacrifice anything that will pay, by keeping a few months. Then, I shall commence speculating, Things can be bought at auction, at extremely low prices, and retailed at enormous profits. Besides, I shall take goods on storage. What would you think of paying sixty cents per cubic foot for a month, for the storage of goods, trunks and so forth? A common ordinary trunk, containing five cubic feet, must pay three dollars a month. Many persons arrive here with considerable baggage, which they are obliged to store, being prevented for the transportation of merchandise, baggage, &c, up the Sacramento to Sacramento City, and from thence to the mines, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and forty dollars a hundred pounds to the mines, according to the distance. Mr. Puffer and I calculate to be able to make a thousand dollars, between us every month, in the way of storage alone! *Of the many vessels which have left the States, but about thirty-five have arrived*, so that before the end of two months, the harbor of San Francisco will contain some four or five hundred additional sails. We're now in the dry season, but about the middle of November the rains commence, *when millions and millions of goods which never lie exposed, must be stored*, and it is thought that the rate of storage will rise from three to ten dollars, per five cubic feet. Everything in the way of necessaries or luxuries is extremely high. The pickles and preserves I have on Anson's [Sutton] account are selling at three or four hundred percent profit. Board is \$25.00 per week in with private families, and \$40.00 at Parker's, where the "bloods" resort.<sup>41</sup> I am at present boarding on the old Sutton, at one dollar a day for lodging, breakfast and supper. This is moderate enough. As soon as the store is completed, we intend to keep bachelor's hall and expect to be able to economize, so that our expenses will not exceed one dollar a day. A common laboring man receives from ten to twelve dollars a day, and mechanics from twelve to eighteen per day. Sailors receive a hundred and fifty per month, Mates two fifty, Stewards two fifty, and Captains in proportion. There is one on

the Sacramento River who receives seven hundred dollars per month. This, he receives in consideration of his being able to perform the duties of a pilot. Clerks receive from three to five hundred dollars per month. William Wadsworth obtained a situation for his son, fifteen years of age, the second day after landing, at a hundred dollars per month, besides board. If you hire a man by the hour, you pay him one dollar. Cartage is from two to five dollars a load. A single Cabbage costs twenty-five cents, beets twenty-five cents, and lemons twenty cents, oranges are one dollar a piece, corn, eighteen cents an ear, potatoes, twelve dollars a hundred pounds, dried apples and peaches forty five cents a pound, butter, a dollar and a quarter a firkin, milk, fifty cents a quart, bread, twenty-five cents a six penny loaf, wood, thirty five dollars a cord, coal, forty five dollars a ton, and water, a dollar the pail full, brought to your door. How long this state of things can last, God only knowsl. It must be so, as long as labor is so high, and the dust plentiful. There are many things selling low, and would not pay the costs of transportation above New York prices. Such as flour, ten dollars a barrel, Indian meal, about the same, pilot bread, ten cents per pound, mess beef, five dollars the barrel, the best of fresh meat, at twelve to eighteen cents per pound, sugar, five cents the pound, and teas much cheaper than in New York, direct from Canton. Mess pork brings fifteen dollars the barrel, Saleratus, a dollar and twenty five cents the pound. Tobacco and liquors of all kinds selling exceedingly low, the latter, at rates low enough to ship to New York and pay a handsome profit. Lumber varies from three hundred to three hundred and seventy five the thousand, bricks, about forty five dollars per thousand, and the latter common enough at that. There will be a great demand for lumber as soon as the rainy season commences, when the frames, which are now covered with sail cloth and canvass, must be enclosed with boards. Sheet iron is selling at one dollar the square foot, and tin equally dear, both articles are scarce at present. A large size tin pan for washing gold of a particular form, is worth five dollars. Mules and horses are worth from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars. I enquired of a man, the other day, the price of his lumber

wagon, mules and harness, he said two thousand dollars. I shall be able, I think to sell Uncle Henry's [wagon] at seven or eight hundred dollars. Since being ashore, I've been very busy in receiving and collecting together all my goods, and shall be so engaged the whole of this week. I have had some few things on board the *South Carolina* which could not be put aboard the *Sutton*. They were discharged upon her arrival and stored. These had to be removed immediately upon George's lot. I had not time to dispose of many goods, nor will I to advantage, till the store is ready to occupy. We both hope to be permanently located eighteen days from the present time, and before the departure of the next Steamer I trust I shall be able to dispose of enough goods to make remittances to my friends, who were so kind as to ship by me.

People are continually arriving and departing for the mines, telling the most incredible stories. I do not intend going there at present, perhaps when the weather grows cooler, I may think of going to sell goods, but as for digging, I have not the desire as long as I can make money more certainly in another way. The weather, at present is exceedingly hot. The thermometer ranging from forty to a hundred and twenty degrees. They [miners] can work only five hours in the cool of the day, with hard digging, are certain to clear sixteen dollars a day, with the chance of finding, occasionally finding a large lump. Mr. Quimby, a gentleman I have become acquainted with, tells me the following: He worked at *Spanish Bar*. Pork was selling at a dollar twenty-five to a dollar seventy-five per pound, flour, fifty to eighty cents, dried apples, a dollar and a half to two dollars a pound. Beans, eighty cents a pound, rice, eighty cents a pound, beef, fifty to sixty cents per pound, mutton a dollar per pound, and sixteen dollars for a sheep, hard bread, seventy five cents per pound. This diggings is thirty three miles from Sacramento City. These high prices are owing to the high rates of transportation. The costs of going from here to Sacramento City, is sixteen dollars in the steerage, and twenty dollars in the cabin. Time in going, two to four days from Sacramento City to the mines, a person may proceed on foot, or take a conveyance, at the rate of twenty five, thirty to



forty dollars the one hundred pounds for oneself, or baggage. People leave here generally without baggage of any kind, taking only enough provisions to last them during the journey, besides a small pick axe, shovel, crow bar, and a tin-pan or wooden bowl. The gold washers sent from New York are of no use. One that costs fifty dollars at home was sold for nine shillings soon after landing. There is but one kind used at the mines, of a cradle form, made at San Francisco. Now, let me speak of San Francisco. The place itself and the hills around are barren and look desolate enough. There is but one thing that would induce me to remain here twenty four hours longer, and that is the certainty of making a fortune in a very short time. I know nothing of the interior. The mornings are damp and cool. Sometimes misty. About nine o'clock it is pleasant enough, and continues so til noon, then it grows warm, and before two o'clock sometimes it is exceedingly hot, and continues so til four, when the land breeze sets in blowing great guns. The sand and dust flying in every direction, and penetrating everything, it is a matter impossible to keep clean. The evenings are cold, so that overcoats are indispensable. I wear none but thick clothing, and have not, as yet, exposed myself to the night air. I know not what I should do in case I was taken sick. You may feel assured that I shall take the best care of myself. All who arrive here, are troubled very much with the dysentary, so far I have escaped. This, I suppose, is owing to living one-half the time on shore, and the other half on board. Things are better regulated than I supposed they were here. Just before our arrival, there was a disturbance raised by the "Hounds" or "Regulators", as they style themselves. They went around breaking things, and committed depredations of various kinds, til the citizens fearing their lives and becoming aroused, turned out and arrested twenty eight of them. I refer you to the newspaper for full particulars. Things are now peaceable enough, a regular patrol having been established, so that there is no necessity of carrying arms. I was ashore this morning. The stores, generally speaking, were closed and there seemed little indication of business. The people at the mines have the same regard for the Sabbath. This speaks well for California. There are fewer

drunken men seen here than in the streets of New York. There are four places of public worship, held at private houses. *I attended the Episcopal [church] this morning. The Service was conducted by the Reverend Mr. Fitch, and the Reverend Mr. Mines, of St. George's Church, New York.* After service, a meeting was held, for the purpose of founding the first Protestant Episcopal Church in California. With the gentlemen present, who were either communicants, or friendly to the cause, being requested to sign their names, I stepped forward and put down mine. The church is to be called the *Holy Trinity*. Land is to be purchased. *The buildings, consisting of a church-parsonage and schoolhouse, are to be sent from New York.* It will be something in future time for me to tell my great-grand children that I was one of the first to advocate the founding of a church in California. I hope to be able to contribute something. Now let me answer your letter. I have received but two from you, dated April 13th and May. I am glad to hear you are all well, and sorry to hear you have so much trouble. But, be of good cheer. I hope soon to relieve you. I am glad to hear that you have gone to housekeeping. Harriet will be pleased. The \$37.00 I sent you, that was obtained from Mr. I. Lee Smith, in such a mysterious way, was for the purpose of paying Mr. Stevens six months interest upon the 27th Street lot; I gave Mr. Smith a receipt for it, and I think I named it, for what purpose it was for. You'll find a receipt from Stevens, among the papers I left in the stand drawer. From the manner you write, you must think I obtained the money fraudulently, to appropriate it to my own use. What must Mr. Smith or Mr. Harsell think of me? Had you looked over the *papers*, you would have found Stevens' receipt for the money. It was for the first six months interest. I got either \$37.00 or \$39.00 from Mr. Smith, I can't say which, it may have been more, or, it may have been less than the amount of interest \$38.25, but it appears to me I must have received \$39.00, being seventy-five cents more than the real amount. I wish you would be particular in explaining this to Messrs. Smith & Harsell. You wrote me word, or sent an order to Mr. Harsell to pay me ten dollars, but I never asked him for it, because I obtained money from Mr. Slator, and did not

need any from Mr. Harsell. You will find among my papers, in the stand drawer, a draft for every cent I owe in New York, or elsewhere, up to January 1, 1849. The amount is small, I hope to remit sufficient funds by the next Steamer, to pay all my demands and be able to make you a handsome present besides. I see nothing to prevent me from doing so. You appear to be very much worried about the few old things I took with me when I left home, to make me comfortable on the voyage, and wish a list. Here, then it is. The feather bed, my old mattress, two feather pillows, bolster, one hop pillow, and the same quilts and sheets and pillow cases I had while at Hesser's, besides a pink quilt from Newark. My looking glass, bowl, basin &c, 4 cut glass tumblers, two coffee cups and saucers. I believe this comprises everything. So make your mind easy. The old cot and towel stand, I gave to Madame DeLaunay. The looking glass I forgot in the hurry, New Year's morning, to take to Mrs. Ogdens's, and left with Mrs. DeLaunay, requesting her to send it to Mrs. Ogdens. It's not my fault, she did not do so. I know she will give it to you any time you send for it. You could not have seen it at Hesser's. He has one something like it—*Don't mourn any longer about these old things.* I anticipated Dick Thorpe and Bill Thompson's coming to California. I shall be most happy to welcome them. Thompson's brother informs me that they belong to a company provisioned for 18 months, and that if they succeed, they are to go into business together at the end of this time. I do not blame Thompson for choosing that which he considers will most promote his interests, but I blame him in not writing to me. I had determined not to enter into partnership with anyone else before hearing from him, nor would I have do so, before notifying him. I thank his brother for writing to me. I consider that in one month's time, I shall be placed in a much better position than I ever dreamed of being in connexion with A.P.S. [Anson Phelps Sutton] But no matter, Say nothing to no one. You must do the best you can in relation to the widening of Bloomingdale Road, and the lawsuit. I am too far away to advise or consult. Anything you wish in the way of facilitating things, Mr. Washington Smith is allowed to do, should Mr. Harsell think it will

promote your interest. I am Sorry to hear that you are losing so much rent. I will attend to paying Thompson. I am glad Mr. Taylor has paid, and that you did not insure the things. They have arrived in good order. *I mean the locks.* They will sell well, the only difficulty is that they are too good for this market at present. You have not sent the list of prices, as I requested, refer to a former letter. I think the one from Rio. Now, I will answer your letter from the 17th of May. I am glad to hear that grandfather and the rest of my Newark friends are well. I received Fremont's map, and small report, but not the large one. No matter about it now. He will improve this property as soon as possible. I shall probably wish to invest something in real estate. . . Do not feel at all worried about me. I am not likely to enter into dissipation of any kind. I have come to the determination not to take a drop of liquor of any kind, while I am in California, except, upon special occasions Such as a ball, or evening entertainment, or in the Society of ladies. There is little probability of my enjoying myself much in this way at present. My time is all taken up night and day. 'Tis now, nearly morning. August 1st, 1849. The Mail closed yesterday, this goes in a package to Thomas Wardle, by Haven & Livingston Express. I must write quickly and leave many things unsaid. Tell Uncle Henry I have sold one wheel barrow for \$35.00 and an other for \$40.00 The wagon will be put together in a few days, as soon as I can attend to it. I have had several applications, but will not sell until it's properly set up. It is a fine one, and Some say I may get over a *thousand dollars* for it. I have received a letter from him informing me of having sent a wagon by the *John G. Costar*. I expect her every day. I wish there were more and a few barrows. I would advise him to send some waggon without springs, good for carting lumber and heavy boxes, with movable sides. *Philadelphia trucks* would sell well. There is only one here. They are a low kind of cart and may be heavily loaded, calculated for carrying hogsheds, barrels, boxes, &c. I have not had time to examine one to be able to describe it. I presume he will know what I mean. Let the trucks be made of the usual strength, but the two long pieces projecting out behind, made rather heavier, and the ends

ironed. The waggons and trucks should be provided with breaks or shoes, as some parts of the town are very hilly. The waggon he has sent will not answer for carting heavy goods, it is too high. Labor is high here, and a man wants a cart he can easily load himself, without having someone at a dollar an hour, to assist him in getting things into a high waggon. But, it will sell well for an express waggon or passenger waggon, and, I believe I can get what ever I choose to ask. Such waggons he made for the U.S. are selling here from \$500.00 to \$700.00 dollars, two months ago they were selling at a \$1000.00 & \$1500.00. The prices are falling as the supply increases. The waggons and carts, if any, should be provided with strong skids, ironed at the ends, to fit under the body. Hand carts are selling at \$125.00 at the present time. He had better pack everything in boxes made of plank, stout boards, and made up as air tight as possible, no matter how large, and fill in with dried fruits, which must always sell. Let everything be as compressed as possible, with full directions of putting it together. Make arrangements about the freight in New York, have it inserted so much per cubic foot, for the boxes, in their bills of lading; one of which have sent by Steamer. Wheelbarrows with movable sides are most desirable, they should be packed in boxes, the wheels taken out and packed two to a box, the spaces between can be filled up with something known to pay a good profit. The boxes will sell well for building purposes. A large box five feet long, four wide and three high will sell readily for \$7.00 to \$10.00. In charging freight, it is customary to measure clear of everything, so much per cubic foot. The freight on the four wheelbarrows will be something like forty or fifty dollars, had they been in boxes, the lumber would have sold for nearly enough to pay it. Uncle cannot be too particular in making arrangements in New York, when he ships goods. Have the freight so much per foot, as stated, the wheels can be sent separately without packing. Have the freight stated so much, per so many sets. Choose a new vessel, and one that is known to be dry. I have written all this, but I do not expect him to ship anything before he hears from me again, which will be by the next steamer. Then I

can better tell him what to pack things in. I wish him, however, to be already. I would not recommend too much to be sent by one vessel, a little occasionally is better. In case he wishes to send something immediately, but not too much, he can follow the directions given. Mark the goods T/W San Francisco, and consign them to Thomas Whaley, c/o George Wardle & Company. *Do not send letters by private hands, I prefer receiving them through the mail, because those who arrive here, and are not able to find out the parties, carry the letters to the mines, or drop them in the post office and charge the regular postage.* Direct to the care of George Wardle & Co. You must call upon Mr. Wardle. He will receive, by the steamer, some gold dust, and some that has been refined, by the next, I hope to send you some. *George Nexsen* is here as clerk, and receives \$300.00 per month and board equivalent to five thousand dollars per year. He is going into business in a few days, and wishes me to associate myself with him, but I prefer remaining as I am. I met young Pullman. He has started for the mines. I recommend Henry and John to come to California. They had better prepare to leave, and make arrangements for leaving their families and business. I will write more particularly by the next Steamer. They had better come across the Isthmus. Bring nothing with them except what they actually need, say one suit of good clothes, and one suit of stout woolen clothes, four red flannel woolen shirts and drawers, no more shirts than actually necessary for the voyage, three or four pair of stout boots. More than this is unnecessary. Those who arrive here, throw or give away their clothing. They are better off without it, than with it, and the same is the case with those who have goods, unless they can find a location in San Francisco. This, I assure you, is no easy matter, and I consider myself particularly fortunate in this respect, and under many obligations to George S. Wardle & Co; that I will succeed, in my undertakings, I think there can be no doubt. John and Henry may start before you will be able to hear from me again. I would advise them, however, to wait until I can gain more information. I may be able to send them funds by the next Steamer to assist them and to

invest in some way. They must, however, prepare to come, and hold themselves in readiness.

California is the place for a man to make a fortune in a very short time, and will continue so for several years to come, though the best has passed away. Fortunes have been made here in a few days or weeks, varying from \$50,000 to \$50,000,000 and upwards. But that time has passed. Real Estate is as high as it will probably be. Money is to be made in various ways, a man has only to think a little and keep his eyes about him to accumulate money, and to be as careful of it, when he gets it. Gambling is carried on to a great extent, fortunes are won and lost in a single night. I never was in a place where people were so regardless of money. A dollar is thought no more of than a cent in New York. I never yet touched a card to gamble, and I believe I have fortitude enough to resist the passion. *I anticipated the state of things in San Francisco, and I came to the determination not to bet, gamble or dissipate in any way.*

Washing is very high, \$18.00 per dozen, while clean shirts may be bought for less than the money [to wash them]. Cheese, and Pineapple is selling at 75¢ a pound. Mrs. Frank Ward, late Miss Zimmerman, of the Consul of the Netherlands, at New York, departed this life last Sunday, and was buried the following afternoon. She was an interesting lady and beloved by all who knew her. She arrived here a few months ago. Her husband is immensely rich, and he thought to pass the remainder of his life in happiness with her.

I wish it were possible for me to receive a consignment of saddlery, harness &c. Common mule harness is selling at \$40.00, and \$60.00 fancy. You speak of sending the balance of your locks, but you must not at present. *They are almost too good, but I believe that I can sell them at a handsome profit.* Phineas Hudson, who knew father well, says he will introduce them, the sliding door work will sell for a hotel, or public building when they wish to throw two rooms into one. I wish I had plenty of common locks, hinges &c. Tell George they will sell well, perhaps he will send me some.

The town has doubled in size within two months, and is

rapidly increasing in size. This is election day. I have deposited my vote in the people's ticket, the opposition ticket is supposed to be supported by the friends of the "Hounds".

Plum cakes, confectionary of the right kind to resist the changes of climate, preserves, pickles, sardines, and indeed, luxuries of most any kind will sell well. Today, I sold three dozen quart jars of pickles for eighteen dollars, each. The dozen that cost in New York, \$3.25 the dozen. Half gallon jars of brandied peaches sell at \$40.00 the dozen, and are retailed at \$5.00 the jar. Oysters, fresh, are selling at \$24.00 the dozen. One pound cans, and the two pound at double the money, that cost \$5.00 & \$10.00 the dozen, in New York, but the prices are fluctuating. Such things must pay a handsome profit, for sometime to come. The oysters put up by Wells, Miller & Provost do not keep, I have seven dozen of them. Those put up by Underwood of Boston, keep very well. I shall be able to sell West's invoice for a pretty good profit, the brushes at 50 to 75%, and the bellows at 200%. If his toilet brushes had been of the best kind, I could sell them very well. Smith's window sashes will sell for 60 to 75%, per light, being 500%. If they were glazed they would sell better. I will write him a few lines. You can tell Mr. Washington Smith I have received his letter. I will write him by the next Steamer. I have not seen his friend, Mr. Homby. I have received a paper for him, directed to my care, but no letter. There is great difficulty in obtaining letters, owing to their not being enough hands at the Post Office.<sup>42</sup> I must close, leave unsaid many things. I have received only five letters, two from you, one from Mr. Kip, one from Washington Smith, and one from Mr. Thompson. I hope I shall get things together next week, and be able to commence operations. Write to me by every Steamer. I will do the same. Number your letters. This, of mine, is No. 1. Tell if you have received No. 1, &c. Remember me to all inquiring friends. I will write them by the next Steamer. Excuse all errors. Harriet, write to me, and send some plum cakes, preserves and so forth. Now, I bid you adieu, more in my next. Receive this from your affectionate son,

Thomas Whaley

August 31, 1849

Miss Anna E. DeLaunay,  
No. 10 Amity Street  
New York, City

Dear Anna:

I must write you a few lines to inform you that I arrived here safe, Sunday the 22nd of July, after a passage of 204 days from New York. I have been writing all night and the mail closes early tomorrow morning. I cannot think of retiring before I pen you a few lines, and acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated June 26th. The perusal of it affords me indescribable pleasure. I had been expecting it so long, that when it arrived it proved a real treat. I must say, tho' short, your letter is a plain & sensible one, and considering it is only the second you ever wrote (in english), you deserve much praise. I prize it highly and shall ever keep it. Now allow me to comment a little.

I am pleased with the manner you write and the freeness with which you open your heart to me. 'Tis true, dear Anna, there was a time when I regretted having ever seen you, but that time has passed. It was when I saw not the least possibility of ever maintaining either you, or myself. Since then, I have been struggling. Now I commence to see my way clear, and begin to believe there are happy days in Store for us. I have cleared enough since coming here to pay all my expenses since leaving New York. This is doing pretty well for a beginning. Though I am not able to make remittances to my friends by this steamer, I feel confident I shall be able to do so by the next. The steamer leaves tomorrow for Panama. *Captain Wardle returns home by her.* I send you, by Captain Wardle, a small specimen of native gold, weighing two ounces, worth here \$32.00, and in New York \$36.50 @. I wish you to have a bracelet of braided hair attached to the two largest pieces, if it suits your fancy. A jeweller could arrange them to clasp together. I only wish it were in my power to remit you more. I have promised you a great deal in my former letters, perhaps,

more than at the time, I supposed I would be able to perform without great difficulty. I send you this small amount, merely as a guarantee, that I intend to redeem all I have promised. Keep what I have written as a secret, as it concerns only ourselves.—I am surprised that you are afraid the love is all on one side. Do you doubt the protestations I have made you so often? But, I don't blame you. You may have reason for doing so. What I wrote you from Rio, was very undecided. But I trust that my letter from Valparaiso has set things straight, at any rate I intend that this shall. Will you hear me speak plainly and sincerely? Then, I will. I indeed center all my affections in you and my intention is to make you my bride, someday, should you not object. What if you are poor in this world's riches? Do you not possess that which I prize more than riches? I am speaking plainly, and I wish you to understand me rightly. No longer misjudge me, but believe me ever true and sincere. I am pleased to hear that Mr. Gomez is residing with you. Present him my respects &c. I will write him when I am more at leisure, at present it is impossible. Remember me to your cousins, Miss Bradenhouse and Mrs. Warner. Give them each a lump of gold, and tell them they must not plague you anymore. Now, that I have fulfilled their conditions, I presume I can have you. I shall, one of these days, be making you a proposition. But, tell me, how would you like to come to California? I would not find the place half so dreary, were you here. Mr. Palmer, an intimate friend of mine, thinks of returning, this winter, for his wife. He would introduce his lady, a most amiable woman, to you. I think you could not help agreeing and sympathizing with one another. Your coming to California, however, is a matter that requires consideration. I must first prepare things comfortable for you, and unless I can do this, I never wish to see you in California. The society here is very good, equal to any in New York, and the ladies are as refined in their manners, and, as extravagant in their dress, as those of New York. I have not time to finish this, and must close abruptly. I have not seen Mr. Felix, or received the letter you sent by him. Write to me often, and more, the next time. Bill Thompson & Thorp are

here. Their company is breaking up, and they think of going to the Sandwich Isles.  
Believe me dearest,

Yours sincerely,  
Thos. Whaley

P.S. I enclose you a California newspaper and the news of the voyage around Cape Horn.

San Francisco, August 31, 1849

Mrs. Rachel Whaley,  
266 E. Broadway,  
New York, City

Dear Mother:

I have deferred writing until the last moment. Tomorrow the Steamer sails. I can write you but a few lines, saying nothing in addition to what I wrote you by the last steamer, concerning California. The same hub-bub prevails and the accounts from the mines continue as flattering in regard to the gold, but much complaint is made of the unhealthiness of the climate at the present season. In two or three weeks the weather will not be so excessively hot. I have a great desire to visit the "placers", but I presume no opportunity will be granted me, as long as I am engaged in commercial pursuits, and obliged to attend to everything myself, even to be my own horse and cart. I send you by Captain Wardle, who retained by the Panama, two newspapers, the *Alta California*, and the *Pacific News*, a newly established paper, in which you will find my business advertisements. You will judge from the number of them, I am doing considerable. The fact is, I have just got things together, and commenced. Yesterday, I threw aside my old duds, and dressed in business style. I am in hopes now to be able to do something, and by the next Steamer, remit my friends a little of the California dust. I thought to have done so, by the present opportunity, but I find it impossible. It is now, a little over a week since we moved into the store and commenced doing business. Everything is upside-down, and will be for sometime to come. I have no reason to complain. I have sold enough to

pay the expenses on the goods consigned to my care, and my net profits of the portion sold, are more than sufficient to defray my individual expenses since leaving home. I am among the fortunate few. The goods I have, with two or three exceptions, will pay the shippers tolerably well, and yield me a fair remuneration. If I were able to make remittances, I would advise shipments of particular kinds of goods, as it is, I could not advise on anything, as I cannot do so consistently, without making returns first. I have been here a little more than a month. By this time, I have occupied mostly in attending to the delivery of goods, which were sent ashore a package one day, a few more the next, and perhaps none for a week or ten days to come. San Francisco has no fine wharfs. All goods are brought ashore in lighters, and as the one used by the *Sutton* carried but twenty tons, and could be sent but once a day, the detention will be apparent.

The store was commenced the first day of the month, and completed in twenty days. It is equal to any in the city, being 40 x 25 ft; Two and a half stories high. Upon the second floor we have an apartment, which serves the double purpose of a private office and bedroom, being fitted up with berths to accommodate six persons, hid by curtains. We have a Brussels carpet on the floor, and at present, the apartment is furnished with a piano, ottoman, mahogany table & chairs. Though we are in California, thousands of miles from home, we enjoy some comforts. I find my feather bed valuable to me. We boarded on board the *Old Ship Sutton*, until the fifteenth, when she was sold for seven thousand dollars. A good round price for an old hulk of a vessel. She has been fitted up. A few days ago she left this port for the Sandwich Islands, from whence she may never return. During the past two weeks we have been boarding on board of an old ship lying at the foot of a wharf, or rather, an apology for one. We have been paying fifteen dollars per week, and receiving very indifferent attention, and poor fair at that. Yesterday, we commenced taking our meals at the Washington Eating House, kept by a darkey, who entertains us as well, and upon more reasonable terms. So far, I have made more than enough, independant of my regular business,

to defray my personal expenses. As yet, I have had no washing done. I have enough clothes to supply me for some months to come. Washing is cheap enough, in proportion to some things. Six dollars per dozen, but then I have not had the time to spend to hunt up a washer woman. I will now take a glance over your letters. I have received two from you, August 20th, which were dated June 27th; one August 28th dated March 11th, favoured by Mr. Currier, who, not being able to find me, mailed it at Coloma; where the town is, I cannot tell. I have received two letters from H. I. Kip on August 8th, dated February 23rd, favoured by Mr. Flintoff, per Ship *John G. Costar*, another on August 20th, dated June 15th. I presume you have sent papers, *but they are not yet assorted*; reform is needed in the Post Office here. You write me that you prepay letters. You need do so no more. I know not how it is, I have to pay postage again on your letters before I get them. Uncle Henry's was marked paid, but your's was not. Your letter of the 27th of June, containing flowers pressed by Harriet, was a welcome treat. I have carefully preserved them. I regret not having received an acknowledgement of letters sent from Valparaiso. These must have reached you by this time. I also sent from the same place, a packet by the *U.S. Sloop of War Dale*, containing a description of the voyage from Rio in a journal form, together with other descriptions. Thompson & Thorp have arrived. Their coming will share the fate of others. Arrangements are being made to bring the affairs of the company to a close. Thompson and Thorp have fallen in with Mr. Hitchcock, an old friend, and long resident of the Sandwich Islands, with him they contemplate going to the Island, purchasing a plantation and there settle. Should they do this, I think they cannot fail doing well. They are disgusted with San Francisco, as all are, who come here. I would not remain here long, were not the inducements sufficiently strong. It is the most horrible place that I was ever in. Since living ashore, I have been troubled with the diarrhaea. I take Fosgate's Cordial three times a day, and hope to manage with the complaint, until I become acclimated. I have received several consignments since my arrival here, so that now I have doubled the amount of goods under my charter, since leaving

New York. The arrangement I spoke of in my last letter, of hiring a quarter of the premises belonging to George S. Wardle & Co, in connexion with Mr. G. D. Puffer, has been broken, in consequence of Mr. P's goods being damaged, or of such a nature, as not to yield the least profit. He did not wish to take upon himself so much responsibility without having something to back it up. I will tell you how I am situated at present with Mr. Puffer, and I hire one quarter of the store floor which we divide equally between us and do business independant of one another. Besides this, we enjoy the privileges of the store and the lot, but we have nothing we can call our own, beyond the  $\frac{1}{4}$  part of the first floor. It was my intention if we had taken one quarter of the whole premises, to have received goods on storage this winter, whereby we should have realized something handsome. But this, I will not regret. Other opportunities will offer themselves. Mr. Flintoff's company has broken up, and he has consigned all the carts and so forth, to me. I trust my advertisement this week, will avail me something. I am desirous to remit money. You will explain to my friends, the reason why, in case they enquire. Should the Steamer lay over til Monday, I intend writing to them all. I find I have more business than I can attend to. I'm looking for a partner. I may, perhaps then, find it to my interest to take a store to myself. I find that my goods clash with George S. Wardle & Co. George has made an offer to take me into the concern and allow me a certain amount of the profits, but this I decline. I prefer being alone, unless I can be liberally dealt with. Some favourable opportunity will present itself, one of these days. 'Tis getting late, I must answer things quickly. You will, no doubt, do the best you can in relation to the Bloomingdale property. I would not advise you to sell the 27th Street lot. It must become valuable, even though occupied as a stable. I think the lot upon the Square reasonable at \$4,000.00, and wish I was in the situation to buy it. The location is a fine one. I hope by this time New York is free from Cholera. Dr. Darcey's party has not yet arrived, neither has Audubon's. We understand many are suffering and dying upon the Desert. A volunteer corps is being formed to go to their assistance. It is supposed that at least

forty thousand are on the way, Thompson intends writing a few lines. It was his own proposition. I hope to receive them in the morning. You must remember me kindly to Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Thorp, Mrs. Clark and their families, Mr. Aaron Thompson and Mr. Marcus Hunter. I intended to write to them, but they cannot expect it. Dick and Bill have written to them. Present my respects to all my friends, tell them I would write, but I find it impossible to do so. You must not expect long letters from me anymore, as long as I remain in California. I have not seen everything in town as yet. Indeed, it is being built so fast, it is impossible to keep up with the improvements. There are over five thousand houses and tents, and at least thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. I received a letter from James Pullman a few days ago. He is at Mormon Island, engaged in excavation, and writes that he is doing well.

The *South Carolina* left this port August 8th, for Valparaiso. Mr. Thomas Wardle goes on in her. In case she is not sold there, she is to proceed to New York. I have given him your address, and you may depend upon seeing him. The Brig *Brothers* arrived August 9th. Thompson & Thorp came by her. I know also, a young gent by the name of Strong, one of her company. He informed me that young Dick Carmen was to start for California, soon after him, and that Anson Sutton would probably come with him. By the arrival of the last Steamer, I was informed Carmen was left at the Isthmus without a ticket by the Steamer, and, as I believe that Anson Sutton to be with him, I shall not write him. Mrs. Fish has removed. You can ascertain where, by calling Mr. Berrian, at 601 Broadway, go to see her. She will be pleased to see you, having thought a good deal of me. Anson [Sutton] has not written to me. I wish you would enquire particularly concerning him, and present her and her husband my kind regards, and also Miss Little Case and Gregory for me. I have sent her a newspaper. The Ship *Brooklyn*, arrived August 12th. Mr. Charles Richards was a passenger on her. I have to record his death. He died only the day before arrival of the Ship, and was buried the day after. There was no less than eighty cases of scurvy on

board. Several have died since arriving. Mr. R. died from exhaustion & weakness, occasioned by the length of the voyage. You will recollect he was sickly before leaving New York. The *Brooklyn* was two hundred and twelve days! Vessels have since arrived that have been longer. The Steamer returns to Panama as crowded as she came. Should John and Henry come, tell them to choose the Isthmus route, but to be particular to buy their tickets for the Steamer on this side, in New York. It is impossible to purchase them at Panama. If they cannot obtain tickets through, then they had better remain until they can, rather than to submit to the possibility of being detained upon the Isthmus. I would not advise them to bring much baggage. Just as much clothing as is actually necessary. Provide them well with flannel shirts and cotton drawers and woolen pants. All they want is a few shirts, two or three pairs of pants, boots &c.. They had better pack in trunks of not more than a hundred and twenty five, or one hundred and fifty pounds. This size packs best upon mules. Bring good trunks, they sell to advantage. Sole leather are the best for traveling. A common trunk that costs \$2.00 in New York, sells readily for eight to ten dollars. A sole leather would sell for fifty or sixty, but would not find ready sale. I advise Henry to get common trunks, large size carpet bags and valises on consignment. I sold my valise to a minister, yesterday, for eight dollars, to anyone else, it would have been ten. John and Henry can pack them in nests and ship them around the Horn. Harnesses, mule and horse, are in demand, and will pay well. Common mule harness is worth forty-five to fifty dollars, a set of two harnesses. Horse Harness is forty to forty-five dollars, the single harness, and seventy-five to eighty, the double set. Bridles are not much in demand, common bridle is worth five dollars, neither are saddles, therefore bring only a few of them. The tops of the horse collars should open. Bring a few whips, one or two pretty good carriage harness. Also, a few spurs, a small kit of tools, some little saddler's hardware, such as buckles. But, do not bring much of anything. The market is so fluctuating. People can place no dependance on prices. John might bring on con-



cession, American locks for houses, none larger than seven inches, well, say a few eight inch. Also an assortment of bolts, hinges and lock screws, but not too many of them. I sold yesterday, twenty six inch locks, at four dollars each. One five inch lock at four dollars, and two common eight inch locks at three dollars each. I wish them to bring with these [things], three or four quires of the best kind of drawing papers of the largest assorted sizes, say one quire of each one, if it must be less than twenty eight inches by twenty. It is worth here from four to ten dollars per sheet, and has been as high as sixteen dollars per single sheet. Mind, and get drawing paper, and not the cartridge paper. The latter sells well, but not to so great advantage. This paper is used in drawing plans of Towns. Gold leaf, at the present time, is worth five dollars per book. Be sure and not get the Dutch metal; bring a *little* bronze powder. Some camel hair pencils for painting tin signs, also a *few* boxes of the best water colors. A dozen manifold writers, to be had at Number 77 Maiden Lane, will sell well, also a ream or two of paper, similar to this. Bring also a half a dozen, or a dozen, heavy buckskins for making gold dust bags, money belts &c.. If you can get bags made of different sizes, measuring from three to six inches wide at the top and bottom, and from eight to twelve inches long, I recommend you to bring a couple of dozen. I would not bring any ready made money belts. They are not much used, the buckskin will sell best, as it is. If you know of anyone wishing to ship goods by you, recommend them to send pickles, put up in quart jars, preserves &c, brandy fruits in quarts, Fresh oysters, put up by Underwood of Boston, be sure *not* to get any oysters from Wells, Miller and Provost. *Theirs* do not keep; oysters in pound cans are most profitable. Pickled oysters sell well. Do not get many, as they may not keep. Do *not* get Wells, Miller & Provost's. Salmon in oil sells well. Also, Lobster in glass bottles, sardines in quarter and half boxes pay well. Horseradish is a good article, it must be put up in glass, and sealed in the very best manner. It cannot be too carefully done. Thin sheet iron sells at 35¢ per pound, it is much used for stove pipe. Zinc is worth about the same. Tin, forty

dollars the box, Red Flannel shirts at \$24.00 per dozen, *fashionable* clothing, made well, sells at a good profit. You can tell this to Tappan and Biddle. Their old stock, sent by me, will not sell well. If I get anything above the amount of the invoice, I shall do well. Corduroy pants are selling at sixty dollars per dozen, bed cords, small ropes, sell well, sets of counting house books sell well, blank books of a large size, ditto.

A small printing press and a few types suitable for printing notices, handbills &c., together with printing ink and paper would *sell* well. Boiled linseed oil is worth three dollars the gallon, by the quantity. Turpentine in five and ten gallon tin cans well put up, is worth ten to twelve dollars per gallon. Copal varnish, from five to seven dollars, glazed window sash, seventy-five to eighty cents, per eight, ten by twelve. Larger sizes would sell to better advantage. White lead is worth fifteen to twenty cents per lb. Lampblack, black lead, sells well. Assorted paints and paintbrushes sell well. The latter varying from ten to twenty-five dollars per dozen. Green paint is worth seventy-five to eighty cents per pound. I have considerable on hand, and have not yet sold any. Ten by twelve glass, three fifty to four dollars, eight by ten, about three dollars, but this is not a desirable size, large size sells best. Tell all this to *Morgan, Walker and Smith*. (& Co.) I cannot write to them to ship more before I make remittances. Lime juice well put up in bottles would sell well. It is worth, by the gallon, two and a half dollars. *Glaziers* diamonds are worth ten to twelve dollars, you might bring two or three with you. Dried fruits of all kinds sell well, and will, for months to come, the market cannot be overstocked with them. Peaches and apples are worth thirty cents. Tell *Mr. Walker & Smith* that putty sells for twenty five cents by the quantity, if they ship more, I recommend them to put it in light barrels. *Theirs* was damaged, by being put upon deck, and getting wet. I shall be able to sell it for fifteen or twenty cents, this difference, I shall charge to the Ship *Sutton*, and discount it from their freight bill. They have agreed to do so. Henry and John might bring two or three cases of mathematical instruments, such as are requisite for drawing.

Their patent ruler with rollers, I think would sell well. I wish about five hundred business cards with:

Thomas Whaley,  
Commission Merchants  
San Francisco, California

## References

Morgan, Walker & Smith  
New York  
George S. Wardle & Co.  
San Francisco

These cards here would cost me about twenty dollars per hundred. I have paid Mrs. Thompson nineteen dollars, enclosed find receipt. I can write no more. Remember me to All. I send you, by Captain Wardle, two ounces of gold dust, worth here, \$32.00 and in New York, \$36.50. Keep in a glass vial. Harriet can have a bracelet made of the two large pieces attached to your hairbraids. I will endeavor to arrange things to write several of my friends by the next Steamer. You can read portions of this, to All.

Yours affectionately,  
Thos. Whaley

Anson G. P. Sutton to Thomas Whaley  
Rec'd: Sept. 6, 1849 at San Francisco, California  
New York, Jan. 23, 1849

## Friend Tom:

Your kind letter came to hand about two weeks after you sailed, and I am under many obligations to you and *Maybe* by this time to "yours".

Well, as Mr. *Shak'pr* says, enough, no more, to business.

I called on Mr. Dayton as you directed and he told me that he had no idea the Note he held, had so long to run, but I made it satisfactory with him on that point. I have one proposition to make you about some Brandy I am about to ship, it will be of the best, that is to say, the same as we get at Calais for one shilling a glass, I have not the least kind of doubt that it will sell quite fast, as you have any quantity of our New York Boys out there. All the Emmets, C. Welling and a hundred more have left, since your departure. But before I send it, I will want any quantity of information about the Market. I had

some idea of sending also "some" of the regular "rot gut," that mixed with the good, it would be very hard to tell it from the second proff Brandy. Tom, for *heavens* sake, excuse the Punctuation, & also the spelling. "I" am in a Great hurry, with all of it, "I" have a D— bad pen and feel very dry as usual.

"I" will expect you to give a rapid account of the new country, so that it may be an inducement for the Subscriber to come out and settle among you. "I" also wish you to keep a pace current of the Market, and send on by every "Steamer". For a number of my friends in Garmanville, will be induced to consign goods to T. Whaley & Co, that is, in case they can reap one D— good Harvest. How would it [be] as to send on some of those preserved meats and vegetables that they prepare like Daytons oysters?, but "I" will wait till "I" have account's from you, before "I" shall bugge one single inch. All the Boys home, that is to say, who *are home*, are enjoying very excellent health. Benson, Harvey & Watson start on the 4th of March, by the way of the Is-my-ass. That reminds me of a story I heard a friend tell last night, he said he went down in the Steamer O-ras—around Cape Hatter-rass crossed the Is-my-ass, bought a Jack-rass and returned home bare-ass—what do you think of that Old Boy, "they"? I had a very serious idea of going out with Mr. John Audubon, he has made up a party of twenty young men—who are under the command of Col. Webb. "I" joined the party, but backed out after all, owing to the drawing up of the papers which brought not only "me", but all the rest of the Boys under the head of servants, that is, in case we got out in the mines we would be obliged as U.S. men, that is to say, being under a officer of the army, to protect the miners, then how the devil would we get "our gold"?, if we go out to protect other people; but let it be understood, that although J. Audubon made up the party, he has nothing to say whatever as regards the law of the "Army". Through some influence, he has become our Captain. I suppose, owing to him travelling in that portion of the "Country" before. The first time "I" read the laws & regulations was at the store Carman's. That night we had a meeting, I was appointed one of the "boys of gold", and to hear me that night would have astonished any Dutch Uncle

*Consignments to El Dorado*

of yours, or mine, but now I have come to the conclusion not to go out till I have word from you, but that will be but a short time I suppose. I hope you will give me all the instructions about the best way of getting to your delightful "Town", as the Doc[tor] say, no kind of doubt. Tom, I must say once more to excuse this most horrible scrawl, this penmanship I am now at, is owing to having another pen given to me. If in time I will send this letter out by Captain Hamilton but I doubt it. So, in my closing the *whole* yarn, I hope you are as high in my estimation, as I am in yours, no doubt.

Yours & Californian

A. P. Sutton

Mind and answer this grand letter, mind that. How is Fanny White, has she gone to California? Mrs. Fish, also Mr. Fish, begs to be remembered to Tom W. of New York. . . .

Merchandise Consigned to Thomas Whaley

Aboard Ship *SUTTON* Jan. 1, 1849

*Invoice of Clothing A/C of Biddle & Tappan*

4 Dress Coats  
 1 Frock Coat  
 21 Thin Coats No.1  
 30 Vests No.1  
 3 Vests No.2  
 16 Pants No.1  
 4 Pants No.2  
 12 Pants No.3  
 28 Pants No.4  
 4 Pants No.5  
 9 Pants No.6  
 8 Neck ties  
 4 Neck ties light  
 2 Neck ties light  
 2 Silk Scarfs  $\frac{1}{2}$   
 2 Silk Scarfs  $\frac{1}{2}$   
 3 doz. Collars

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship*

10 Stocks  
 10 Bosoms  
 2 Flannel Shirts

\$322.19

*Invoice of Stationary A/C of T.W.S. (Thomas W. Strong)*

2 Gross Strong's Pencils  
 4 doz. Memo 12 months  
 12 doz. Memo Paper Covers  
 3 doz. Memo Leather Covers  
 3 doz. Steamboat Playing Cards  
 3 doz. Highland Playing Cards  
 1 doz. Eagle Playing Cards  
 2 doz. Comic World  
 1 doz. Secret Hobbies  
 4 doz. Tom Brown's  
 2 doz. Masterpieces  
 1 doz. Aristotle's Works  
 24 doz. Small Songs 288 books  
 1 doz. Dream Books  
 2 doz. Physiology of Love  
 2 doz. 100 Things  
 1 ream Letter Paper  
 1 ream Foolscap  
 5 Gross Extra fine Pens  
 5 Gross Common (Pens)  
 2 doz. Bound Songs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Box of Dice 50  
 1 Gross Patent Pen Holders  
 75 Almanacks  
 1 doz. Memo Tucks

Amount carried over

Amount brought forward

4000 Buff Envelopes  
 1 doz. Diaries  
 25 Publications

236

*Consignments to El Dorado*

- 25 Publications
- 25 *History of Mexico*
- 3 doz. Bottles of Ink

\$219.14

- Invoice of Pills A/C of Dr. William B. Moffat*
- 100 Bottles of Phoenix Bitters
  - 3 Gross Vegetable Pills 432

\$208.00

- Invoice of Brushes A/C of I.W.*
- 4 doz. brushes No. 90
  - 4 doz. brushes No. 91
  - 4 doz. brushes No. 112
  - 4 doz. brushes No. 34
  - 4 doz. brushes No. 97
  - 6 doz. Shoes No. 0 (Size)
  - 2 doz. Shoes No. 4
  - 1 doz. Shoes No. 8
  - 6 doz. Shaving Brushes No. 15
  - 6 doz. Shaving Brushes No. 4
  - 6 doz. Tooth Brushes No. 4
  - 2 doz. Clothing Brushes
  - 2 doz. Whitewash Brushes No. 5
  - 2 doz. Whitewash Brushes No. 7
  - 2 doz. Whitewash Brushes No. 9
  - 1 doz. Whitewash Brushes No. 7 no handles
  - 1 doz. Scrubbing " No. 2
  - 1 doz. Scrubbing " No. 6
  - 1 1/2 doz. Horse " "
  - 2 doz. Paint " No. 6
  - 2 doz. Paint " No. 3
  - 2 doz. Paint " No. 1
  - 1 doz. Sash " No. 2
  - 1 doz. Sash " No. 4
  - 3 doz. Marking " "
  - 3 doz. Dusting " "
  - 2 doz. Common Nail Brushes

*Journal and Letters Written Aboard Ship*

237

- 1 doz. Handled Scrubbing Brushes small
- 1/2 doz. Handled Scrubbing Brushes large

\$235.75

*Invoice of Bellows A/C I.W.*

- 3 Smith's Bellows 28 in.
- 2 " " 30 in.
- 3 " " 32 in.

\$ 96.00

*Invoice of Waggon &c. A/C of Henry I. Kip*

- 1 Iron Axel Spring Waggon
- 4 Wheelbarrows
- 1 Brass work Clock
- 24 Handkerchiefs
- 4 Iron wrenches
- A Lot of Jews harps
- 16 Papers of tobacco
- 2 Large locks
- 4 Pipes & 1 Coffee Mill

\$247.53

*Invoice of Beef A/C of Anson Green Phelps Sutton*

\$51.00

*Invoice of Oysters &c. A/C of Anson Green Phelps Sutton*

- 6 1/2 Bbls family beef
- 2 Doz. Jars Brandy Peaches
- 2 Doz. Mixed Pickles
- 2 Doz. Jars Brandied Fruit
- 2 Doz. Jars Plain Pickles
- 4 Doz. Cans Fresh Oysters
- 1 Doz. Cans Large Fresh Oysters
- 1 Doz. Jars Pickled Onions
- 3 Doz. Cans Fresh Lobsters
- 1 Doz. Tomato Catsup
- 1 Doz. Walnut Catsup
- 2 Doz. Cans Fresh Oysters, & Lobster

\$109.00

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Consignments to El Dorado

Invoice of Glass A/C of Morgan, Walker &amp; Smith Co.

50 Boxes 8 x 10 Glass  
 50 Boxes 10 x 12 Glass  
 3 Bundles 8 x 10 Window Shades  
 28 Pairs ea. 12 to 33 bolts  
 3 Bundles 10 x 12 Window Sash  
 19½ Pieces ea. 12 bolts--234 bolts  
 1 bbl. Copal Varnish 38 gallons  
 1 bbl. Linseed Oil 38 gallons  
 2 bbl. Putty in Bladders  
 420-18  
 420-18  
 846-36-110 lbs.  
 1 Cask Imperial Green (Paint)  
 41 Cans ea. 14--574 lbs.

\$488.42

Invoice of Locks A/C of Rachel Whaley (family business)

2 Sets of Slides Complete  
 4 10 in. Store door locks  
 2 9 in. " " "  
 1 9 in. Up front door locks  
 1 8 in. front " "  
 9 8 in. Rim " locks  
 11 8 in. Rim Latches  
 2 7 in. Rim Locks  
 1 7 in. Rim Latch  
 21 6 in. Mortis rt hand  
 16 6 in. Mortis lt hand  
 25 6 in. dead locks  
 8 6 in. Rim latches  
 1 6 in. " latches & bolts  
 2 6 in. " locks  
 2 5 in. Up rim locks  
 3 Night Latches  
 10 5 in Brass Ship Locks  
 6 3½ in. Brass Ship Locks

\$535.50

## JOURNAL NOTES

1. W.P.A. Writers' Program, *Maritime History of New York*, p. 130: "It was not until 1832 that the steamboat *Hercules* was constructed for this purpose. For sometime towing remained a part time job for river steamers and ferries. Brooklyn commuters were responsible for the passage of a law forbidding ferry boats to leave their run to engage in towing boats outside Sandy Hook."
2. The reason for Whaley's borrowing money from the family attorney, Mr. Harsell, was Rachel's unexplained silence and unwillingness to act upon the terms set forth in the father's will, which was to help her son establish himself in business of his choosing. Correspondence, Whaley Papers Collection, San Diego, California.
3. Victoria Elizabeth (Salve) De Launay, b. June 7, 1803, Rouen, France, the mother of Anna Eloise De Launay, or Lannay, as it was spelled in America. She was a French tutor at Pelham Priory, in Westchester County. Genealogical Files, *ibid*.
4. The youngest child in a family of four. Whaley became enamored of her while staying at the De Launay home, 10 Amity St. Anna Eloise was born in New York City March 31, 1832. She attended Pelham Priory, run by the Boltons. She also attended Miss Green's fashionable boarding school on 5th Ave. Because of her mother's teaching activities, Anna stayed with Mrs. Appleton, wife of the publisher. Mrs. Appleton was French, and a first cousin to Anna. Whaley's courtship of this young lady was ardent. He carefully noted the date August 22, 1848, as being the first time he was permitted to see her without a chaperone. Letters were given to passing ships bound for foreign ports, and after traveling a circuitous route finally arrived at their destination.
5. Passing ships were hailed by captains shouting through a speaking trumpet. Compliments were exchanged and information was given. Lyons, J. D., *Clipper Ships and Captains*, New York: American Heritage Publication Co., 1962, chap. I., 12.
7. Amelia was Anna's older sister. She became a history teacher and moved with the mother to San Francisco. Whaley Papers Collection, San Diego, California.
8. Peter was the younger of the two De Launay boys. *Ibid*.
9. The Isthmus was an alternate route to California. It was not good for personal travel during those early months but evidently was good for mail.
10. A case, box or stand containing a ship's compass, and a lamp for use at night. Lyons, J. D., *Clipper Ships and Captains*, New York: American Heritage Publication Co., 1962, chap. VI, 145.

11. These were actors who appeared at the Astor Place Opera House and were very popular. Forrest was involved with another actor, named Macready, in what was called the Astor Place Riot of 1849. The uproar was caused by professional rivalry between the two, an American and an Englishman, respectively and their partisans. The old hostility between the English and the Americans, which had been somewhat subdued since the War of 1812, was again invoked. When Macready appeared in *Macbeth*, his performance was interrupted by organized roughs and had to be abandoned. At a second performance the Astor Place Opera House was threatened with destruction, and the riot was not finally quelled until 22 persons had died and 40 been wounded. Stokes, I. M. Phelps, *Iconography of Manhattan Island*, New York: Dodd & Co., 1916, Vol. 3, 659.
12. Robert G. Albion, *The Rise of the Port of New York*, p. 241: "New Englanders captured New York port about 1820 and dominated its business until after the Civil War. Applying a little genealogy to the occupants of the countinghouses, shipyards and quarter-decks, we find New Englanders in the most important positions. They built and commanded most of the ships engaged in New York's ever increasing commerce. These were the leaders among the merchants and ship owners who set those ships in motion and made fortunes from comings and goings." Compared with the easygoing "Knickerbocker" set, these newcomers were "more conservative in character, more grave in temperament, and at the same time, more enterprising, and more insistent in action" than the descendants of the "Dutch" and "English" settlers of New York. Scoville, in describing one of them, remarked that he was the personification of a Yankee—if there is such a race—"long legs, hatchet face, skin and bones, slight, poky, and keen as a briar." Scoville, who wrote about the merchants of New York in great detail, described his contemporaries, and Whaley, being aware of Scoville's writing, which was widely read at that time, evidently referred to this description.
13. *The Anonyma*, the Boston pilot boat which made the hazardous voyage around the Horn, often in company with the *Sutton*, is first mentioned in this journal. At this writing, other sources on ships in the Cape Horn races do not mention her. She was probably similar to the *Heracles*, which performed a towing service in New York harbor. See text, p. 104.
14. *Alta California Marine Journal*, "Ship Arrivals," lists under date of Monday, July 2, 1849, that on Wednesday, June 27, 1849, the American pilot boat schooner *Anonyma*, Treadwell master, arrived in port 160 days from Boston, via Montevideo, no cargo, 3 passengers. See Appendix B. Also reported was the *Wm. C. Hackstaff*, as arriving ahead of the *Sutton* and surviving the Cape Horn passage.

15. A knot is equivalent to 6,076 feet per hour.
16. Food allowance on merchant ships for the crew was usually hard and dry pieces of salt beef. Sailors called it "mallogany" or "old horse." The rhyme quoted here by Whaley was traditional among the sailors and was recited over particularly hard pieces of beef. The saying was said to have developed when a dealer in Boston was convicted in Boston of actually selling some old horse meat, instead of beef, and it was said the fellow was kept in jail until he ate all of it. See Richard H. Dana, *Two Years Before the Mast* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1964) vol. 2, p. 278, footnote.
17. An island that belonged to Chile, where Valparaiso convicts were sent and used as a stopping place for water by ships in Colonial times. An experimental citrus grove and garden was planted here, which enabled the sailors to obtain fresh fruits and vegetables. Seafaring men knew the place as Robinson Crusoe's Island.
18. *The Tarolinta*, or *Floating Rose*, was owned by Griswold & Co. Her arrival in San Francisco was reported in the *Alta Marine Journal* arrivals under date of Aug. 2, 1849. See Appendix B.
19. The sketch Whaley made was sent to his mother in New York, and evidently remained there. It was not included in the journal or other papers, kept in San Diego. Scoville, J. A., *Merchants of Old New York*, New York: Doolady, 1863-6, Vol. 2, p. 43-48.
20. The Schoonmaker family lived in Ulster County, on the northern outskirts of Saugerties, at the junction of Main and Maiden streets. The stone house still standing is, according to a date stone in the front wall, one built about 1727 by Samuel Schoonmaker, its first occupant, a progenitor of the young man who was drowned. The family were active in the Revolutionary War, serving on the American side. The property has always remained in family hands; the house is unchanged, save for the addition of a double dormer and a Victorian verandah on the south front. See Harold D. Eberlein and Cortlandt Van Dyke Hubbard, *Historic Homes of the Hudson River Valley* (Bonnanza Books, 1942), pp. 162-88 and Plate 153.
21. Building costs in the period of the gold rush were as uncertain and inflationary as the price of an egg or a lundered shirt. Lumber sold as high as one dollar a square foot, and bricks at one dollar a piece. In 1849-50 a simple one-story house of clap-board and shingles cost about \$15,000 to build; a timbered shed without floors or windows couldn't be constructed for less than \$800. Despite excessive prices, available building materials were often poor in quality and unsuited to their purpose. In combating material shortages and building costs, the Californians exhibited a talent for architectural improvisation typical of the exuberant spirit of the gold rush. Frame structures were imported in sec-

tions from New England, a smaller number of iron houses were shipped from Europe and Asia, and hotels were created out of planks salvaged from ships' bunks. In 1849, for example, the city hall of Stockton was lodged in an "unpretending b'rg," with the poop deck serving as courtroom, the hold converted into a prison, and the forecastle fitted up as a hospital.

The number of prefabricated frame structures alleged to have been erected in urban and mountain communities during this era is the subject of the most exaggerated speculation. The largest single order for frame structures was a shipment of 25 prefabricated houses which arrived in San Francisco from Boston in November, 1849, aboard the *Oxnard*. These houses were consigned to the merchant William Howard, who sold a dozen of them to Captain Joseph L. Folsom, a number of which were eventually set up on Mission Street near 3rd. In the summer of 1850, William H. Davis purchased eight or ten prefabricated buildings from the cargo of the *Cybell*, out of Portland, Maine. These were shipped to San Diego, and set up along the waterfront to establish the town. One of these purchased by Davis for his own residence was a good specimen of the symmetrical Colonial frame house which was the American archetype in California until after the Civil War. The house still stands at San Diego, privately owned. See *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, 38, No. 1 (March 1959): 31-46. "The frame of the house" was slated to become the Wardle store.

22. In order to go ashore, or return to the ship, it was necessary to row a distance of some three or four miles.

23. Sailors' wages were low, usually \$8 to \$15 per month, small pay for perilous work. Even for the crew of the *Sutton*, these offers must have been indeed tempting.

24. The California market was truly flooded with flour. At San Francisco, storage rates were excessive, and merchants were not able to recover their losses on this item. *Annals of San Francisco* says it was dumped into the muddy streets in an effort to improve travel for pedestrians and horses, but their condition became worse. Finally the flour was dumped into the bay. Other commodities, like stoves, shared a similar fate. Albion, Robert Greenhalgh, *Rise of the Port of New York*, New York: Scribner & Sons, chap. XVII, p. 354-5.

25. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont originally booked passage on the *Fredonia* but was persuaded to take the S.S. *Panama* by Senator Benton, her father. Stone, Irving, *Immortal Wife*, Peoples Book Club, Chicago, Ill., 1944, p. 218.

26. The copy here referred to may have been sent to the family at home. The one which is included in Whaley's collection appears to be the original, and apparently the only remaining one.

27. The lady is Mrs. Caroline Whitwell, listed as the wife of the 1st Mate.

28. So spelled in Noah Webster's 1860 dictionary. The term was really "leu-de-joie," which meant the firing of guns in a token of joy, i.e., celebration, or sometimes, as it suggests, a bonfire. Charles Palmer is referring to Louis Philippe, of France. He came to New York seeking refuge, and remained there, engaged in teaching.

30. The seraphine is an obsolete English reed instrument, having a bellows, similar to an organ but portable, with a keyboard like a piano but with push buttons instead of keys. First made in the U.S. at Concord, N. H., 1841. Then, instruments were made to order. These instruments, along with roller organs, provided musical entertainment for the people moving west. These first instruments were highly prized; those like the seraphine are scarce in California historical collections. Webster, Noah, *American Dictionary of English Language*, Springfield, Mass.: Geo. & Chas. Merriam, 1860.

31. In nautical use bronch means to open, as a store.

32. The firkin is the fourth part of a barrel. It is 9 gallons of beer, or 8 gallons of ale, herrings, or soap. In America firkin is rarely used, except for butter or lard, and signifies a small cask or vessel, about 25 pounds, the size varying according to the statutes of the different states. *Ibid.*

33. The favorite landing place for passengers of 1849 was Clark's Point (see illustration herein), named for William Clark, who owned a warehouse erected in 1847-8 at the N.E. corner of Battery and Broadway. At the foot of Broadway extended also the first wharf for vessels, a structure which by October, 1850, measured 250 by 40 feet. See Bancroft, *History of California*, 6:134-35, footnote 20. Albert Kumer, passenger on the *Sutton*, verifies Clark's Point as the landing place. Barry & Patten, *Men & Memories of San Francisco*, 1873, Bancroft & Co., p. 24 states: "The Custom House stood on the corner of California & Montgomery Sts. It was built by Wm. H. Davis, 1849." The building was of brick, four stories high, and the woodwork painted white. P. 26 states: "On California Street, above Montgomery, in 1849, the tents were pitched in the middle of the street, anywhere the dweller chose, and interspersed with boxes, & bales of goods, and piles of lumber. There was an open space, on California St., where one could pass behind the Custom House and adjoining stores, and come out upon Montgomery St." According to Whaley's biography, "A canvas tent was pitched at the foot of Montgomery St., where goods from the *Sutton* were unloaded." See William E. Smythe, "Pioneer Settlers of San Diego" (American), in his *History of San Diego*; see Whaley mss.

34. See Henry F. Williams, *The Post Office in San Francisco* (San Francisco: Society of California Pioneers, 1946); see illustration herein of the Charles L. Ross Store.

The first important step towards the establishment of the U.S. mail service on the Pacific Coast was taken when by special act of Congress, approved March 3, 1847, a contract was entered into between the U.S. Government & Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall of New York City to construct three small steamships for mail service between the Isthmus of Panama and California and Oregon. The first of these steamers was the *California*, which reached San Francisco on February 28, 1849. Quoting Williams: "*When I landed on the beach from one of her small boats, as we all had to do, for there were no wharves, the Hon. William Van Voorhis handed with me. He was the first U.S. Postal Agent, and he had an appointment from the President Polk to establish a Post Office . . . in California. He had been to shore previously, and had returned to the Ship. This time he took with him a single mail bag, which contained all the mail matter in his keeping for San Francisco. He had already appointed Mr. Charles L. Ross, a prominent merchant, doing business at the northwest corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets, as Postmaster, and he now delivered the mail into his keeping. At the same time, he introduced me to Mr. Ross, as 'A carpenter with a chest of tools, ready to go to work.' Mr. Ross immediately employed me at \$8.00 per day, wages. Under his new authority, Mr. Ross & I converted his small private office, which adjoined his general merchandise store, into a post office. We did this in the plainest manner, possible, by constructing some pigeon holes in a drygoods box, that had come around Cape Horn with merchandise consigned to Mr. Ross. I tacked it up against the partition which separated the small office from the main store building. This little office was about 10 x 12 feet in size, with one door and one window. I removed a pane of glass, thereby forming an opening for the Postmaster to deliver letters to those waiting anxiously outside. . . . Letters were not then stamped as now, but charges were paid upon delivery, as postage was 40¢ per letter. That was the first Post Office in San Francisco. (This is where Thomas Whaley called first.) Rosses was used only one month. . . ."*

"On the first day of April, 1849, the second Steamer, the *Oregon* arrived with the second mail. It was in charge of John W. Geary, who had brought with him a commission from President Polk [1845-9], as the first permanent Postmaster for San Francisco. To him, Mr. Ross at once turned over the meager efforts of his pioneer Post Office, a few still uncalled for letters which had arrived on the First Steamer. Col. Geary brought

with him considerable mail matter aggregating more than a ton in weight, which necessitated his securing much larger quarters than those which served Mr. Ross. Soon, he rented an unoccupied two-story building on the North East Corner of Washington and Stockton Sts. It was owned by—William D. M. Howard, and was one of the already framed buildings brought out from Boston, a few years prior to the discovery of gold in California. That was the second location of the San Francisco Post Office, though it was never really fitted up as such. When I went to enquire anxiously for letters, I found Colonel Geary and his good wife, on their knees, assorting letters alphabetically in piles on the floor of the front room. There were no desks or furniture in the room other than a small table and a few wooden chairs. Nor had there been time to procure any, for the anxious crowd on the outside of the building were clamorous for letters from their distant relatives and friends. Colonel Geary's labors were arduous—he was constantly at the delivery window. Assistants could be employed only at the high price of \$16.00 a day, and their labors, he was compelled to oversee and direct.

"Before the arrival of the *Panama*, the 3rd Steamer, on June 4, 1849, a small frame building had been erected by Purser Rodman M. Price of the U.S. Navy, as a private speculation on a lot he owned on the South side of Clay Street at Pike, about midway between Stockton and Dupont (now Grant Avenue). It was planned especially for the needs of the Post Office, and was rented by the Government for that purpose. This was No. 3, and strange to say, it escaped all the configurations of our City, and stands today [1906] as No. 815 Clay Street. For a time it was one of the noted buildings of our City, and numerous views of it were taken of it, showing the anxious crowds in line for letters.

I have been thus particular in locating the information because Thomas Whaley mentions Ross's and probably heard through his friends that the New York merchant was handling the distribution of mail. His second statement indicates he went to No. 3. Since Whaley engaged in considerable correspondence and received letters from family and business associates, readers will enjoy this last paragraph of Henry F. Williams, which describes the problems of picking up mail. Whaley never comments on the difficulty. J Refer to Note 42.

35. H.I.K. refers to Uncle Henry Kip, who shipped the wagons. Anna's letter had not yet arrived. It was dated June 26; when it came Whaley answered her in a letter he wrote dated Aug. 31, 1849. See correspondence following his arrival in San Francisco.

37. The chart of the route which Whaley alludes to, sent to his



mother, evidently remained in New York, and since he made no copy of it in his original draft has disappeared. The poetry to Harriet is included, written while the Sutton was at Rio de Janeiro. See text.

38. Postal rates in New York at that time ran 40 cents to send  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce 200 miles. So the price Rachel would have had to pay for receiving her son's manuscript at the New York Post Office was very high. *Almanac, 1846*, Whaley Papers Collection, San Diego, California.

39. Whaley is referring to the building carried by the Sutton in sections on the deck. See note 21.

The location of this store was, according to Bancroft, Ch. XXIII, p. 174, "The business part of Montgomery St., named after the U.S. Naval officer commanding at San Francisco 1846, extended southward from the Cliffs at Broadway and beyond it, on the slopes of Telegraph Hill. There were several dwelling houses, among them, Captain Peter B. Hewletts, who received boarders, yet the hill was mostly abandoned to disreputable 'Sydney Men,' and westward to the now assimilating Spanish Americans. In the section between Broadway & Pacific Streets, I find only the merchant F. Berton; Chipman Brown & Co., who were grocers; Jas. Harrison kept a store, (gen.) at the corner, and Dr. S. R. Gerry, the health officer of Dec. 1849, had an office there.

"In the next section between Jackson & Pacific, Montgomery Street assumed the general business stamp for which it was preeminent. Merchants, commission houses, and auctioneers were the chief occupants. These were the most conspicuous. At the corner of Pacific were the merchants Harrison, Captain C. H. Bailey & Hooper, A. Olpham; at the Jackson end, J. S. & W. H. Cronise, merchants and auctioneers (with them was clerk Titus Cronise, the late author), Harvey Sparks, banker and real estate dealer, and Dewey (Squire P.) and Smith (F. M., real estate). Intermediate were: J. Behrens, George Brown, Davis & Co., (J. W. & N. R.), J. H. Levein, McKenzie, Thompson & Co., H. H. Nelson, *Thomas Whaley*, G. S. *Wardle & Co.*; all commission merchants; Simon Raphael, merchant, J. A. Norton, shipping & commission merchant, an English Jew, whose subsequent business reverses affected his mind, and converted him into one of the most noted characters of San Francisco (*Emperor Norton*)."

40. The first postmaster in San Francisco. See note 34.

41. According to Barry & Patten, *Men and Memories of San Francisco, in the Spring of '50, 1873*, A. L. Bancroft & Co., pp. 19-21: "Montgomery Street was not graded in the spring of 1850. Long Wharf, now Commercial Street, opened into

the eastern side of Montgomery, but it was not then cut through the other side of it, as it now is, to Kearny St. On the corner of Long Wharf was the Bella Union, La Sociedad, El Dorado, The Empire, Parker House, Veranda, and all the gambling saloons."

42. "The scenes that were presented at that time, occasioned by the excitement and rush to the Post Office, were amusing in the extreme. Lines of great length were formed. It was a common thing for men to get in line, and when they got towards the delivery window, sell their positions and go to the foot of the line, and when they got along a good distance, sell out again. Some of them made as high as fifteen or twenty dollars a day in this way. It was a common practice to provide a chair and hitch up step by step, as the procession slowly advanced, and to while away the time smoking, whittling and reading. Those in line were exposed for hours to the most drenching rains, which they bore with heroic fortitude, rather than to relinquish their places." Williams, Henry F., *Post Office in San Francisco*, Society of California Pioneers, 1946.

## Epilogue

So the story of Thomas Whaley's journey to California in that year of 1849 has been told. His adventurous life did not end here in San Francisco, where we will leave him, but continued on through the momentous events in the history of the state. He survived four incendiary fires in San Francisco, but lost everything he had strived hard to attain in the fifth fire, at which time the entire town of San Francisco burned to the ground, May 3, 1851. He relocated his business down the coast at San Diego, where his second business thrived, and he became a prominent citizen of the southernmost city in California. Here he built a magnificent two-story brick home, in classic Greek revival style, to which he eventually brought his eastern bride, Anna Eloise, and in this home, a center of social and governmental activity, their children and children's children were born, a record of five generations of Whaleys.

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## APPENDIX A

### BIOGRAPHICAL BRIEFS ON SOME SUTTON PASSENGERS

What information there is available on the 1st and 2nd class cabin passengers has been obtained from the archival collections of the Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco, with the help of Mrs. Helen Giffen and Dr. Elliott Evans.

*John F. H. Forbes* b. 1820, Normandy, France. Member Society of California Pioneers, June 3, 1865, San Francisco. Related to R. B. Forbes, who operated a store at the corner of Jackson and Montgomery and who owned the ship *Aidas*.

*William R. Wadsworth*. B. 1807, New York City. Member S.C.P., 1858; age listed as 52, occupation broker. Was a partner of Thomas Wardle, 88 South St., N. Y. C. In 1856 a Sunday School, sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., was established under him and Samuel Pillsbury to aid the city's many underprivileged boys and girls. The Industrial School, an outgrowth of this Sunday school, was founded in 1859, about 9 miles south of town. By 1865 the state had appropriated funds for its support. See S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 370.

*Thomas Whaley*, B. Oct. 5, 1823, N. Y. C. Life member S.C.P., July 22, 1862. Archives, vol. 4, p. 2564; Mortuary Rec. 1884-1891, p. 185. Merchant, San Diego, Calif. D. Dec. 14, 1890.

*Albert Ktiner*, Senior Member S.C.P., joined June 12, 1862. See Archives Rec., vol. 2, p. 307; *Obit. Rec.*, vol. 11, pp. 33-35; *Mortuary Rec.* 1892-1906, pp. 200-202; *Haskins Listings*, p. 362. His *Autobiography Rec.*, 1944, p. 25, gives his correct name as George Albrecht Ferdinand Ktiner. B. Oct. 9, 1819, at Lindau, a town built on an island in the Lake of Constance. At the age of 16 he became an apprentice in the gold and silver business and he worked at his craft for 12 years in various places and for some time at Nuremberg. Exhibiting a talent and great liking for his work, he quickly learned the art of engraving as well as wood and ivory carving. In the turbulent year 1848, business became dull, causing him, together with three companions, to take passage on the ship *Suyzerland* bound for New York. They left Sept. 3, 1848, and arrived in America Oct. 28, 1848. He lost no time getting work in the city, and did well, until the gold rush began. Then the great desire to establish his own business caused him to take passage on the *Sutton*, Jan. 1, 1849, for San Francisco. Ktiner was the only other passenger on this voyage who made some comment, though brief, of the *Sutton's* long and dangerous trip. They met with a severe tropical storm in the Caribbean Sea, as well as storms at the tip of Patagonia, and were beaten off their course for weeks, but arrived in S.F. July 22, 1849, and cast anchor off Clark's Point. Most of the crew ran away

to the mines, leaving passengers to arrange to get things ashore as best they could. Trunks and goods were stored at a nearby canvas tent (at the foot of Montgomery St.), over which hung a sign "Nordham and Gladwin," where they paid a good round sum for storage for one month in advance. Kinner and party found shelter in a vessel boardinghouse on the cliff, near to the shoreline. He was immediately employed by Moffat & Co.'s assaying office, corner of Jackson & Montgomery sts. Up until the time of his employment as engraver, this firm had been issuing ingots, long in shape, stamped with their name and value. His first job was engraving the steel dies for the \$10 gold piece, next a die for the \$5 gold piece. These coins were put into circulation the latter part of August, 1849. The firm built a new house on the S.E. corner of Clay and Dupont sts., being compelled to do so on account of the bay washing away the back-yard fences. By October, Kinner had started his own business of assaying and coining, as there were two establishments and many seals to be engraved. When the first legislature met at Monterey, an act was passed to have the Great Seal of the State of California engraved. The honor was given to Kinner when it was proposed by Caleb Lyons, a member of that body. The *Pacific News* reported on the excellent work. Kinner engraved the seals for the newly formed counties, Supreme Court, Masonic Lodge, Odd Fellows, Red Men's, Druids, and Society of California Pioneers, and the Wells Fargo's seals from its inception, 1852, as well as the octagonal \$50 gold piece. Known to be the oldest engraver on the Pacific Coast, he spent all his life in S.F. Was established on Clay St., opposite Atwill's Music Store, which was destroyed by the fire of May 1851; next on Montgomery St. near California, next the Parrott Granite Building, built of stone brought from China 1852; was next located in Bravernmann & Levy's Jewelry Store, at Washington St. opposite Maguire's Opera House. Married Indilna Rhneck, July 14, 1854; five children. Was active in various societies; member and director of the German Benevolent Society. Died Jan. 23, 1905, 88 years, at his residence 730 Cough St.; buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

*Charles W. Krimer*. B. 1825, Germany. Merchant. Undoubtedly one of Albert Kinner's friends. Was a senior member S.C.P., but no further record given.

*Charles Brooks*. B. 1822, N. Y. C. Senior member S.C.P., Sept. 7, 1869. Occupation given as shipbuilder. Was at one time in business with Alex Rutherford in S.F. *Mahlon Dickerson Ritchie* *Diary*, S.C.P. Archives, mentions connection: "Charley Brooks" and "Whiteheaded Rose," two noted sporting characters, had been owners with Rutherford of property in various localities, etc. See S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 360.

*Augustus Campenfeldt Taylor*. B. 1811, Chittenden Co., Vt. Occ. stovemaker. Senior member S.C.P., 1859. See S.C.P.'s Haskins Index,

p. 364, Place of business, 659 Harrison St. D.S.F. 1890. Membership Rolls, vol. 4, p. 128; Mort. Rec. 1884-1891, p. 171. Engaged in city as inventor and seller of farm implements and domestics.

*James Turner*. B. 1808, N. Y. C. Listed S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 372. Member San Joaquin Pioneer Association; settled in San Joaquin.

*Charles H. Strybing*. B. 1821, Groyen, Mecklenburg, Selwerin, Germany. Name was Christian H. Strybing, Senior member S.C.P., Dec. 3, 1866. Occ. cabinetmaker. Memb. Rec., vol. 4, p. 112; Mort. Rec. 1892-1906; p. 55. Address S.F. 1212 Mason St. D. July 1895. Family property (today part of Golden Gate Park) was given by Mrs. Christian Strybing, in memory of her husband, in 1888 to be developed as an experimental arboretum and botanical garden in connection with State Board of Forestry, similar to an undertaking at Harvard. See *The Story of Golden Gate Park*, by Helen and Guy Giffen, p. 27. S.C.P., on the Strybing Arboretum and Botanical Garden. Today it contains nearly 40 acres, and visitors may walk through its carefully laid out sections and visit every country through its representative botanical specimens.

*William Andersen*. B. Nov. 28, 1828, N. Y. C. Occ. general mdse. Senior member S.C.P. June 12, 1863. Archives, vol. 6, p. 1; S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 374. Lived in San Rafael, Marin Co., Calif., in 1883.

*Joseph Scott*. B. 1827, Connecticut. Senior member S.C.P. D. S.F. Nov. 3, 1884. S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 389.

*Richard H. Bennett*. B. 1825, Connecticut. Occ. chairmaker. Senior member S.C.P. Dec. 7, 1863. Memb. Rolls, vol. 6, p. 8 and vol. 1, p. 23; Obit., vol. 10, p. 106; Mort. Rec. 1892-1906, p. 183.

*D. H. Brown*. B. 1833, S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 372. Senior member S.C.P. Member Virginia City (Nevada) Pioneer Assn.

*Bela Brown*. B. 1800-1801. Occ. merchant in Vermont. S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 401. Removed to Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Enterprise Co.). Was not a member of S.C.P.

*George D. Atkinson*, B. 1820, N.Y.C. S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 372. Removed to Virginia City, Nevada (Pioneer Soc.).

*W. G. Hunt*. B. 1814, Halifax, Nova Scotia. S.C.P.'s Haskins Index, p. 375. Removed to Sacramento (Pioneer Soc.). Not listed in Memb. Index, S.C.P.

*George D. Puffer*. B. 1827, Brooklyn, N. Y. Lifelong friend of Thomas Whaley's; entered business with him at Jackson and Montgomery sts. in 1849. Not a member of S.C.P. but is listed in Haskins Index, p. 391. Removed to New York, became president of Floating Grain Elevator Co., Brooklyn.

*Charles S. Palmer*. B. 1825, N. Y. C. Firm was at 65 Wall St. Not listed as member of S.C.P. He returned to New York in two months. Later associated with Palmer, Cook & Co.

Consignments to *El Dorado*

In the passenger list, it is interesting to note that twenty-four of the men were listed as merchants, six as gold diggers, two as ship-builders and one as a jeweler, to say nothing of the variety of trades represented. Very likely Young Schoonmaker, who drowned on the voyage, was a merchant, as well as Theophilus Valentine, who committed suicide at Rio de Janeiro.

## APPENDIX B

ALTA CALIFORNIA MARINE JOURNAL  
SHIP ARRIVALS AT SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.

- Monday, July 2, 1849*  
On  
Wed. June 27, 1849  
American Pilot Boat Schooner—*Anonyma*—Treadwell, master, 160 Days from Boston, via Montevideo, no cargo, 3 passengers.  
On  
Friday, June 29, 1849  
American Pilot Boat Schooner—*Wm. G. Hackstaff*—White, master, 149 days from New York, no cargo, 7 passengers.  
On  
Friday, June 29, 1849  
American Ship—*Mentor*—Hoomr, master, 150 days from New London, cargo to order, 56 passengers.  
On  
Sunday, May 18, 1849  
American Ship—*Grey Eagle*—Bowers, master, Philadelphia, sundries  
*Thursday, July 19, 1849*  
On  
Wednesday, July 18, 1849  
New Gren. Brig—*Josephine*—Matilla, master, 90 days from Panama, 60 passengers.  
*Thursday, August 2, 1849*  
On  
Thursday July 5, 1849  
American Ship—*Lenor*—Green, master, Boston, lumber  
American Ship—*Nantico*—Cleveland, master, Panama, passengers.  
On  
Friday, July 6, 1849  
American Ship—*Tarolinta*—Cave, master, New York, assorted goods.  
On  
Saturday, July 8, 1849  
American Brig—*Saltillo*—Rich, master, Boston, assorted cargo.  
*Thursday, July 26, 1849*

## Appendix

- On  
Sunday, July 22, 1849  
American Ship—*Sutton*—Wardel (Wardle) master, 203 days from New York, via Valparaiso, cargo to order, 53 passengers.  
On  
Sunday, July 22, 1849  
American Bark—*Eliza*—Clark, (Clark) master, from New York, via Valparaiso, cargo to Union Mining Co., 48 passengers.  
On  
Monday, July 23, 1849  
American Brig—*Cordelia*—Barker, master, 174 days from New York, via Valparaiso, cargo to order, 61 passengers.  
On  
*Thursday, August 16, 1849*  
The U.S. Storeship—*Fredonia*—Lt. Comdt. F. A. Neville, arrived, evening of the 31st. ult. Sailed from New York on Dec. 11th.  
FOR SALE—WANT ADS  
*July 25, 1849*  
SHIP NIANTIC & outfit, 452 tons, full inventory, to be sold at a bargain, together with a large quantity of mdse.—Cooke, Baker & Co. Sacramento Street  
*Thursday, August 23, 1849*  
FOR HONOLULU DIRECT  
A 1-SHIP—SUTTON, ---, Master, will leave for the above port on Monday, 27th inst. . . . , for a passage having superior accommodations. Apply to Bluxon, Dennison & Durengo—Foot of Sacramento St. Shipping & Commission Merchants, Francis Burritt, agent in New York.

## APPENDIX C

GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION—  
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE  
BUREAU OF MARINE INSPECTION AND NAVIGATION—  
RECORD GROUP 41 CONCERNING THE VESSEL SUTTON

From: Various Certificates of Enrollment and Registry  
Port of Issue: New York, Charleston and San Francisco  
Date: 1841-49  
Tonnage: 346 34/95  
Length: 106 ft. 2 in.  
Breadth: 26 ft. 9 in.

No. of decks: One  
No. of Masts: Three  
Type of Head: Main, bust  
figurehead

Depth: 13 ft. 8 in.  
 Place of build: Killingsworth,  
 Connecticut  
 Date of build: 1832  
 Rig: Ship  
 Builder: Daniel Buell

*Owners—Period of Ownership: December 1, 1832—December 16, 1836*  
 George Sutton, Anson G. Phelps, Elisha Peck and Charles Morgan of  
 New York, Timothy Street and Thaddeus Street of Charleston, and  
 Hezekiah Allen, William Jessup and Charles Jessup of Fairfield, Conn.  
*Owners—From*  
 George Sutton, Anson G. Phelps, Stephen Beshler, Elisha Peck, Tim-  
 othy Street, Thaddeus Street.

*Owners—From* : February 17, 1838—April 4, 1842  
 George Sutton, Michael Berry, Anson G. Phelps, Hezekiah Allen,  
 Stephen Beshler, Elisha Peck, Timothy Street, Thaddeus Street.

*Owners—From* : April 5, 1842—April 8, 1843  
 Thomas Wardle, George Sutton, Michael Berry, Stephen Beshler, and  
 Henry E. Sutton of New York, Timothy Street and Thaddeus Street of  
 Charleston, and Hezekiah Allen of Fairfield, Connecticut.  
*Owners—Period of Ownership* : April 8, 1843—August 1, 1846 (1.)  
 August 1, 1846—July 3, 1848 (2.)

(1.) Same : less Stephen Beshler  
 (2.) Joseph Galloway, George Sutton, Thomas Wardle, Michael  
 Berry, Henry E. Sutton and Hezekiah Allen.

*Owners—From* : July 3, 1848—December 30, 1848  
 Thomas Wardle, George Sutton, Jacob A. Stainler, and Michael Berry  
 of New York, Joseph Galloway of Brooklyn, and Hezekiah Allen of  
 Fairfield, Connecticut.

*Owners—From* : December 30, 1848—August 30, 1849  
 Thomas Wardle, Jacob A. Stainler, Hezekiah Allen, and Richard H.  
 Tucker.

*Owners—From* : August 30, 1849—June 17, 1850  
 Isaac Blascome Jr., Charles H. Dennison, and Francis P. Durando.  
 The last document was surrendered at San Francisco, California, on  
 June 17, 1850, and is endorsed "Cancelled by transfer to the British  
 Flag."

## APPENDIX D

### A NOTE ON T. A. STEVENS' MARITIME HISTORY

The publication issued by the Deep River Savings Bank, 1963, on the tercentenary of the settlement of Killingsworth (now Clinton and Killingsworth), Connecticut, *A Maritime History*, by Thomas A.

Stevens, has been of paramount importance in locating information on the ship *Sutton*. It is a fine record, painstakingly researched, and contains for the first time the shipbuilding record of Clinton from the beginning of the new United States to the end of wooden shipbuilding days along the Connecticut shoreline. This record of some two hundred Clinton-built vessels includes the names of the shipbuilders, owners and captains.

As the foreword states, "Packet ships built in the Indian River shipyards at Clinton were pioneers in America's coastal trade and by 1851, a Clinton native had become the largest individual ship owner in the United States. Clinton sea Captains were known in every port along the Atlantic seaboard."

Because so many sources mention one of the Clinton vessels that gained a place in the marine history of the nation, the *John W. Carter*, and often refer to it as a bark, and to Daniel Buell as the builder, it seems only fitting and proper to give the record as reported in this publication. First of all, the name was *John W. Carter*, Ship, of New York. Tons: 217.31, Length 89 ft., 4 in., Breadth 24 ft., 2 in., Depth 11 ft., 5 inches. A square-sterned ship, man-lust figure-head. Built this year [1831] by Daniel Buell, master builder for Charles Morgan and Jacob Fowler, both of New York, owners. Master: John R. Crane. In coastal packet service from New York until sold to Eastport, Maine in 1845.

## APPENDIX E

### TYPES OF VESSELS MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

(From Totten, *Dictionary of Marine Terms—Naval Textbook*, 1841.)

#### BARK

A small ship, but appropriately, one which carries three masts without a mizzen-topsail.

#### BRIG

A vessel, two masts, square rigged, or rigged nearly like a ship's fore-mast and mainmast (sq. rigged).

#### MERCHANTMAN

A ship or vessel employed in the transportation of goods, as distinguished from a ship-of-war.

#### REVENUE CUTTER

A small boat used by ships of war, also a vessel with one mast and a straight running bowsprit, which may be run in upon deck. Rigged nearly like a sloop.

## SCHOONER

Differs from the brig chiefly in the rigging of the main masts:— that of the schooner having only fore and aft sails, while that of the brig has square topsails.

## SHIP

A vessel furnished with a bowsprit and three masts, a mainmast, a fore-mast, and a mizzen-mast, each of which is composed of a lower mast, a top-mast, and top gallant mast, and square rigged. Ships are of various sizes and fitted for various uses; most of them, however fall under the denomination either of Ships of War, or of Merchant Ships.

## SLOOP

A vessel with one mast, the mainsail of which is attached to a gaff above and a boom below, and to the mast on its foremost edge. It differs from the cutter by having a fixed steering bowsprit and a jib-stay.

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Journal New York to California - 1849  
Combination of Notes from letters aboard ship, & notes of Journals  
and rough drafts, of the voyage of Thomas Whaley

Letter of January 1, 1849 to Rachel Whaley (mother) of New York.

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"At noon we set sail." "½ past 12. We are now off and no mistake.  
Being towed towards the Hook by the Steamboat Hercules. The day is  
fine and wind is fair."

Letter of January 16, 1849, to Mother

---

"The Steamboat left us a few miles this side of Sandy Hook. We set  
Sail immediately."

Jan . 2. (from rough notes. ) This day we had a very rough time  
time of it. The water was continually coming in from the rudder  
casing causing many things in the cabin to get wet. After this  
many of pass (passengers) Sea Sick. In the morning Saw 2 Ves (Vessels)  
both laying to Sea running high could not speak them. Wind WNW  
Lat Long.

Jan. 3. (rough notes.) This day pretty much as yesterday In the  
night while laying to Split main top Sail. This day E Johnson comm-  
enced giving his mix to the Sea Sick pass (passengers) from which  
he received the title of Wind the Same

Jan . 4 (Journal ) Very rough, laying to all day, Saw vessel upon  
our weather quarter at a great distance. Wadsworth & Palmer s(t)ill  
very sick. rest tolerably well.

Jan. 5 (Journal) All well except Wadsworth and Palmer. Fine morning,  
rainy afternoon Stove would not draw. Cabin very wet.

Jan. 6 (Journal) Rain all day Cabin very uncomfortable. Puffers  
birthday he pastek got cheated out of his plum pudding. Wadsworth  
the only one on the sick list.

(Notes) Two sails in Sight

1849 Journal (continued)

Jan. 7 (notes) Sunday first pleasant day.....Set. in morning  
Mr. W gave us a -----Wind W.

Jan. 8 (journal) Fine day. Had egg punch in the evening to celebrate  
the Battle of New Orleans Some of the passengers got a little tight  
(notes) Wind the same

Jan. 9 (Journal) The first whale made his appearance today. Pork  
and beans for dinner which we considered a great treat, how long  
we shall think so time will prove.

(notes) Wind W

Jan. 10 (journal) Pleasant day

(notes) Wind S E

Jan. 11 (journal) Passed a quiet night being the first Since leav-  
ing home. Very pleasant all day upon deck the Sun having power enough  
to dispense with overcoats .

(notes) Wind S.E.

Jan. 13 (journal) Rather cool. flying fish in great numbers around  
the Ship (notes) Wind S.E .

Jan. 12 (journal) Wind blowing almost a gale rained most all  
the day keeping the passengers below. (notes ) Wind S.E.

Jan. 14 (notes) Sunday pleasant in the morning Mr. W read service  
and in the afternoon I read a Sermon which I thought was dry. "One  
of Welsleys". (Letter Jan. 16 Thos. to Mother)- "the first that has  
been delivered on board. I got into the quarter boat & made this  
for the pulpit."

Jan. 15 (notes) Pleasant. Made a kite & fastened it to a block and  
bottle.

Jan 16 (notes) ~~Spoke~~ Ship Grecian from Canton bound to London. Put  
letters aboard. Latitude 31 deg 16 Longitude 37.00