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Charlotte Hawley Cornell

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REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATE LIFE

BEING

A NARRATIVE

OF A PORTION OF

THE LIFE EXPERIENCE

OF

MRS. CHARLOTTE (HAWLEY) CORNELL

NEW YORK
1893
The following pages were written for perusal among the family and friends of the author, solely for their personal gratification, and were not intended for publication. Having, in the course of circulation, reached my hands, and wishing to indicate the regard and love felt for the only sister of a mother whose life has been one continued and uninterrupted evidence of unselfish self-sacrifice, it gives me great pleasure and much satisfaction in printing these pages, in the hope that it may afford my aunt and her family a small part of the gratification it has afforded me in the publication.

CHAUNCEY HOLT
San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1892

My motive in writing this narrative of a portion of my life is to leave a record of experiences which my children and children's children in the future, may read with pleasure and satisfaction when I shall be called to enter upon the experiences of a better life, even that which is heavenly and eternal, and which I hope they will so live now as to share with me when their appointed time on earth shall have been accomplished.

I was born near the city of Birmingham, England, on the 1st of May, 1818, being the third of a family of six. My father was in good circumstances, and was extensively engaged in the manufacture "pit ropes," or large flat cables, for use in the various and numerous coal and other mines which abounded in that region of the country. My recollections of my native land are quite distinct, and are of a pleasant character. My home was a commodious house, surrounded by green fields, and enclosed with hawthorn hedges, with fine old oaks for shade, and was situated on rising ground overlooking the town—now a large and famous city.

When I was about six years old my father met with a misfortune in the death of his partner in business, who was a worthy and reliable man. His successor, however, proved to be a person of quite an opposite character, and he soon brought misfortune and failure upon the business, and financial ruin upon my father, who concluding that a new country offered the best opportunity for mending his fortune, made up his mind to try the experiment, and in 1825 took passage for the United States, landing in New York, and settling in a small place opposite that city, known as the "village of Brooklyn," at the present time the third city in population in the United States, having not far short of a million inhabitants, and remarkable for its beautiful location, with the United States navy yard, its famous bridge, the lofty "heights," Fort Greene, and other interesting objects. The heights were a favorite play-ground for us children, and we used to start from near the Fulton ferry and ramble along the beach, with the river on our right hand and a steep bank on the left, till we reached the "old mill" at the foot of Joralemon's lane, now the street of the same name. This was a rough, sandy place with a rail fence on each side. Then a long, hard walk brought us to the military garden at the other end of the lane. This "garden"
was a place of public resort, and we would sometimes go into it to rest ourselves and eat our luncheon if we had any. Here Fulton street made a little turn, and then stretched away as a long country road. I don't know but that by this time it runs all the way to Greenport, the jumping off place a hundred miles off or so, at the east end of Long Island. I don't know what they have done to the dear old garden, but I do know that they have built their beautiful, new City Hall right across the street from where the old one used to be, and that our playground on the heights is covered with splendid residences, with immense warehouses at their foot, containing enormous amounts of valuable merchandise, the gardens of some of the residences running out upon the roofs of some of the warehouses.

While I was still a child, my father was offered a piece of land on which to put up a rope walk, for the sum of fourteen hundred dollars. It was on Fulton street, running from Schermerhorn to Meet street; but this offer was not accepted. If it had been, and the land had been held for a few years, it might have made us all rich, being worth probably millions of dollars to-day, situated as it is in one of the most busy and prosperous parts of the city. Up the road, about half a mile from the garden, were two landmarks for the children—one in the form of a large button-ball tree, and old Mrs. D Duffield's house, or "mansion," for the other.

But to return to my more immediately personal matters, I grew as children were then, as they still are in the habit of doing, but the village grew faster than I did, and in 1834 became an incorporated city, an event which was made the occasion of great rejoicings."

I was about fourteen, when one day my father on returning from one of his customary Sunday rambles, told my mother that he had rented a place about two miles out of town, and she must get ready to move. "Thomas, I don't like this Sunday work; there will no good come of it. You had better give it up," was her sorrowful and prophetic reply. But she was unable to prevail upon him to change his mind, and the removal took place accordingly.

To our own family of eight, two workmen were added as boarders, and we began almost immediately to realize the truth of my mother's melancholy forebodings. In a week we all began to feel sick, and in a month we were all prostrated with fever and ague. I shall never forget the misery of that year.

We were far from neighbors, doctors, churches, friends and other comforts, but we struggled on as best we could until the following spring. The ague, however, behaved very well in one respect. It had a very accommodating way of arranging its attacks, and took hold of us on different days, so that when it was "sick day" with part of the family it was "well day" with the rest, and there was always one-half of us able to take care—after a fashion—of those who were down.
When the spring came the fearful news reached us that the Asiatic cholera was raging in New York. My father was so weak that he was scarcely able to walk and he said, "If I have to die, I prefer to die quickly rather than to linger with the ague." So we moved back to the city (or village) in the midst of the cholera season, but excepting my sister Elizabeth, who had quite a serious experience with that disease, we all escaped. It was a fearful time, and thousands of our citizens were carried off, including some of the best and most valuable of our people. The house we left in the country was converted into a boarding-house, and a number of the inmates became victims of the disease. This occurred in 1832.

When we first lived in Brooklyn we attended St. Ann's Episcopal Church, then having for its pastor the Rev. Dr. Mollvaine, who afterwards became Bishop of Pennsylvania, and was one of the leading clergymen of his time, and a splendid Christian gentleman. But when we moved from the city, the distance, not to say the ague, prevented our attendance at St. Ann's, and a new Methodist Church having been built while we were away, not far from where we lived, my sister and myself, with one or two young female companions, visited it one Sunday evening for the purpose of seeing the new house of worship. And here occurred to myself and my sister Elizabeth the most important event of our lives. We were met in this place by the Holy Spirit, and under His blessed influence gave our hearts to God, and as we felt assured were accepted by Him, and then and there began a Christian experience which for more than half a century, in fact for nearly three score years and ten, has been the best of all our possessions—in truth, the only possession worth owning. God heard our prayers, as He always will when we call upon Him in sincerity and truth. We soon united with the church, and our dear mother joined us in doing so, and we were a happy little band, for she was a sweet and lovely woman, and bore with patience the many changes and trials that came to her. Her maiden name was Underhill. Her father was a wealthy and influential man. He had a large family, and died when she was a child, leaving for her a life annuity from his estate by his will.

My eldest brother, William, was now about nineteen years of age, and had never been away from home, but worked for his father. But my father was discouraged and troubled by the loss of his health and business, and William's condition was so unsatisfactory and unpromising that he made up his mind to go to Texas, to which region many were emigrating at this period. He accordingly sailed for Galveston, where after some military adventures in the war for Texan independence, under Gen. Houston, he settled in Galveston, where he married, and became a wealthy and much respected citizen, dying about three years ago.

My brother Thomas, younger than myself, entered a drug store to learn the business, and left home, not to return. He subsequently crossed the continent by the old overland
route, and has since lived both in Texas and California. He is now, I believe, somewhere in the mining region of Colorado, hoping to develop the fortune, with which, in the goodness of his heart, he intends to make all his family rich, when it "pans out."

About this time my dear mother’s health began to fail. Consumption was developed, and after some months of wasting away, the Lord showed how he sometimes literally "giveth His beloved sleep," for she passed away one night in a quiet slumber, and left us to mourn the loss of the best earthly friend we ever had.

I must go back a little in my story. We had an uncle living in Jersey City, and on her recovery from the cholera, my sister Elizabeth went to his house to make a visit and recruit her strength. During her absence I made a call upon a family of young women who had recently lost their father, and were then earning their own living, and it occurred to me if they could do it, we could also, and it was not long before we became quite adepts in the same light and pleasant employment with that of our friends. We continued at this until it was no longer necessary, but while it lasted it was a source of great advantage to the family. I was a happy girl when I found that we had become comparatively independent, and could relieve our father of a portion of his burdens, for his means had, from one cause and another, become quite limited and very uncertain.

My mother’s last remittance from England was received not long before her death, and we were therefore doubly glad that we were able to earn an independent support for ourselves.

Our mother’s death made my eldest sister the practical head in the household matters, and she was well fitted for the position, being possessed of great practical ability and good sense, and she did all she could to keep the family together. But a separation became necessary at last, and we broke up our house-keeping arrangements, one of our friends taking our youngest sister to live with her, and Elizabeth and myself going to board with another. This occurred a few months after my mother’s death.

It was not long after going to our new home that I "met my fate," as they say in novels. He came to board in the same house, and it became a clear case of "love at first sight," as the other saying goes, for he began to pay me attention from the very beginning of our acquaintance. Matters went on in "the usual way," and we were married on the 23d of December, 1838, the Rev. Robert Seney, my pastor (of the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church) being the officiating minister.

My dear husband, Chauncey Cornell, was born in the town of Camillus, Onondaga County, New York, May 4th, 1814. He was named after the famous Commodore who so gallantly fought and defeated the British naval forces on Lake Ontario in the war of 1812. My husband was a good man, a kind husband and
father, a true and loyal citizen, a faithful friend, and a consistent Christian gentleman, being a member of the Presbyterian Church. He passed away from his earthly to his heavenly home, April 6th, 1901, being within a few days of seventy-seven years of age, his death being like his life, calm and peaceful. He suffered very little, but sank from age and weakness. He was ready and willing to go. I hope I may pass away as easily and happily as he did.

But to return to my early life. We boarded through the winter, and until the 1st of May, which was my twenty-first birthday, and then we commenced housekeeping in a pleasant home in Fulton Street, opposite Cranberry, and here my first child was born—a bright, pretty boy, whom we named Robert Henry.

My dear sister Elizabeth removed with me to my new home and stayed with me for a year. I do not know what I should have done without her, for she was like both mother and sister to me.

The following spring she went the way of all women—that is, of all who can—and was united in marriage to her early love, Henry D. Holt, of Jersey City, where he was engaged in editing and publishing a newspaper. I missed her so much that it seemed as if something had gone out of my life. I never knew two sisters who were so much to one another as we were.

I now had my youngest sister Phoebe to live with me. My brother James was living with his father in New York.

At the time of our marriage, and for several years following, my husband held the superintendency of the Long Island Railroad, and liked his position very much. But his old friend, Mr. Anson Fisk, the President of the company, died about this time, and there was a change in the administration of the road, one of the effects of which was a change in the superintendency, and my husband finding himself out of employment, soon after went into business with an old friend.

We had, the year before, bought a house and lot in what was then a new part of the city. It was number 1 Garden street. I believe the house is still standing, though it has been in danger at least once, from fire. I had one day been out shopping, and hearing the fire-bell ringing while on my way home, and asking a neighbor whom I met, where the fire was, I was answered, "Madam, it is your own house!" If I rightly remember, I did not saunter any on my way home. My little boy William had been amusing himself with matches in the wood box, which was kept in a clothes closet, and had set fire to the clothing and shut the door. The house was considerably injured, especially by the water, with which it was deluged, and the furniture, carpets and ceilings left in a bad plight, but all that was made good by the insurance companies. The neighbors were very kind. They carried out all the movable furniture, and there was scarcely a house in the vicinity which did not contain a sample of our property. But we lost nothing; every article was restored—it was a neighborhood worth living in.
My second son, William Chauncey, was born on the 31st of May, 1843, in this house which he afterward failed to burn down.

In 1848 we rented our own house, and moved into the apartments over my husband's store, which was in Atlantic Avenue near the ferry. The arrangement was both an economical and convenient one, enabling us, as it did, to board my husband's partner and the clerks, the house being large and commodious. The removal was on the "regulation day," being on the first of May. On the twenty-second day of the following September my third son was born. We named him after Anson Fisk, my husband's railroad friend, whom I have mentioned before.

The following year, 1849, was that in which the California gold fever broke out and caused the most intense excitement throughout the land. Everyone was more or less affected by it. My brother James was attacked so severely that he made up his mind to go to the new El Dorado in search of a cure, and leaving his wife and two little girls at their home in New Jersey, he started for the land of gold, to become the pioneer for the rest of us, in case of his own success. He was six months on his passage "round the Horn," and when he arrived, instead of joining the crowd who were rushing to the mines, he crossed the bay to Alameda County, and went to the Mission San Jose, where he entered into partnership with a rich Spaniard in building a hotel and grist mill. He liked the country very much, and in 1851 sent for us to follow him and bring his family with us. He engaged a place for us, and had everything ready for our reception. But there was bad news from California that year. There were fires and floods, with great suffering in the country, and our friends discouraged our going. My husband went to his home to bid farewell to his parents and friends, while I and my little boys stayed with a friend to await his return. He had sold out his house and lot and store, and I had had an auction sale of my furniture, and was all ready for the journey, at short notice. But when, in a few days, he returned, his brother Horace accompanied him for the purpose of trying to persuade us to give up our proposed journey, insisting that it would end in certain destruction. My husband was unable to decide, and said he would leave it to me to determine. But I would not take the responsibility upon myself, but would do as he wished. The truth is that we had considerable ready money at that time, and his brother wanted to persuade him to go into the country and go into business with them. They had a hotel and livery establishent, but wanted a store. Accordingly, we removed to Skaneateles Junction, and I told my husband at the time that it would prove to be a bad move for us, but I would give him a year to try it in, and I would never say "California" to him, but when he was ready to go, he might let me know, for I was sure we should go there. This was in 1851.

My brother James had leased a ranch for us, and as he had written to us to come, and bring his family with us, our fail-
to comply with his invitation, became doubly a disappoint-

to him. My husband bought a building at the Junction

for a store, went to New York and bought a stock of goods,

and then we commenced our new experiment. I went to Syra-
cuse and bought furniture for a six-room house, and we had

a very pretty place. But though I knew that we were losing

money, I did not complain.

About the 20th of February my husband came in with a

letter in his hand, and said, "Well, Charlotte, I am going
to California."

I asked, "When are you going?"

He replied, "As soon as you can get ready; how long will

it take you?"

"About ten days," I answered.

So I arranged my affairs, and sold out my furniture at

auction again, the second time in fifteen months. So after

losing a year's time and a great deal of money, I packed up

and was ready for my long journey. The greatest trouble of

my life came to me at this place. My eldest son, then about

twelve years old, like other boys was fond of horseback
riding, and was one day thrown on the plank-road by a run-

away animal, by which he sustained injuries from which he

never recovered, but is still suffering the consequences.

When ready to start, I found, on thinking over the past,

that we had been at the Junction just one year to a day.

We left the place on the 1st of March, 1862, and went to

Brooklyn, where we stayed at the house of our friends, Mr.

and Mrs. Baylis. They were very kind, and gave us a

little

party, inviting our old friends to meet us.

On the 5th of March we embarked on board the steamer

Prometheus, and there we met Horace Cornell, my husband's

brother, and his friend Ira Merrill, my brother James' wife

and two little girls, and a Mrs. Carrabrant, who was also

one of our party. It is always a scene of excitement when

a large steamer starts from port. But this one was bound

for California, the new and far-off land of gold and wonders,

and the feeling was intense, and the partings, always sad

for the dear ones left behind, were more so than usual, for

they were perhaps separating forever. But the last loving

words were finally spoken, and the last kisses and hand-

shakings exchanged, and the anchor was weighed and our steam-
er was headed for the Narrows, and was soon moving over the

waters of the broad Atlantic. It brought back thoughts of

my childhood, when I crossed the same old ocean before to

find a new country and home in Brooklyn. We had some very

good and pleasant people on board; some of whom became per-

manent friends whose friendship has continued unbroken ever

since.

My sister-in-law became seasick as soon as the ship began
to roll, and took to her berth, and scarcely left it during

the voyage. She was so very ill at times that I was afraid
she would die. This brought the care of her children as well

as my own upon me, and I braced up, determined to forget my-

self and take care of her and the children as best I could.
The weather was good, and we had a pleasant trip, reaching Graysville in about ten days, glad to set foot again on mother earth. But instead of sailing up to a nice dock, we anchored in the roadstead, about half a mile from shore, and were surrounded with row-boats manned by half-naked natives, ready to take us ashore for two "bits" each. It was no easy task to transfer women and children from that great ship to the little skiffs rocking at her side, but it was finally accomplished, and we were rowed as near the shore as it could be approached, and then the funny part commenced. The natives would pick up a woman or a child and carry them off quite daintily, but the men were obliged either to mount on their backs or to wade ashore, as many did. And what strange sights were there! Men from every country crowding around; women and children, tents, shanties, dirt, adobes and insects from which it was impossible to flee. Most of us found something to eat here.

Then we commenced our journey up the Nicaragua River in large rowboats. They were comfortable and roomy, with a large awning over one end, but there were not enough of them to carry all the passengers and their baggage also. They allowed us to carry our satchels with us, but our trunks had to be left behind, though the officers promised that we should meet them on the other side. It was six weeks after this, however, when we saw ours again, and meanwhile it seems to have been decided by some one that they were too heavy, for they weighed considerably less than when we parted with them, ours being lighter by my husband's best overcoat besides sundry other matters. I do not believe we were the only passengers whose baggage was inspected in the same manner. "Tricks upon travelers" are an old story. Horace Cornell and his friend Merrill had stayed behind with the baggage, intending to follow us in the next boat.

The trip up the river was romantic and delightful. We glided along through banks covered with tropical verdure, the natives keeping time with their oars and chanting a low musical tune, and we were all jolly and happy. The seasick ones were all right now. When we reached the rapids we had to go on shore and walk in order to lighten the boats, but it was a delightful change, for the walk was a lovely one and led us through banana and orange groves most of the way. We laid up two nights on the river, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. At length we reached Lake Nicaragua, which is always rough and like the "tempest in a teapot," of which we hear so often. There was a small steamboat waiting for us, on board of which we stayed three days, during which our principal, but I cannot say favorite, occupation was feeding mosquitoes, besides which we were obliged to find provisions for ourselves, and they would become stale, but I guess the mosquitoes found us fresh enough. But the inconvenience attending the food question was a trifle, though a cup of poor tea cost twenty-five cents. We were a motley group when we landed and looked about for conveyances to carry us to the other side, where the steamer was waiting for us. The conveyances
consisted of horses, mules, donkeys, bronchos and natives, but did not include a train of Pullman palace cars. But we were happy for all that.

The ladies all wanted horses, but there were not enough to go round. So I gave up mine to my two eldest boys to ride double, my husband taking the youngest with him on his mule. My sister-in-law had a horse, and a native took the little girls. When we were all in array and ready to start it was better than a Fourth of July parade in the country to look at that procession file along that hilly, dusty road. No lady complained, but we all made the best of it. I had prepared to go on horseback, and had a dark linen suit prepared, pantaloons included, for not knowing what traveling accommodations were to be, and whether I should be able to ride woman fashion or not on one side of my steed, I made sure of the matter by being prepared to ride on both sides of the animal, which I was obliged to do. With a dark green, berage sun-bonnet for my head dress I looked so funny that I could not help laughing at myself. I rode a little donkey which was so stubborn that I broke my parasol over his head the first thing. But I think he rather liked it. He would plant his fore feet firmly, and then raise his back and try to throw me off. But as he could not do so, he seemed to make up his mind to be good, and trotted along as happy as Mary's little lamb. The first day's travel took us half way across, and we spent the night in a camp, one of the prettiest spots I ever saw. It was in a little valley shaded by great oaks and watered by springs. The men built fires under the trees, and sat around them telling stories, singing songs, and having a good time generally, and it looked like a gipsy encampment. We women went to the best hotel in the place, which was a tent about twenty feet by thirty, with a table at one end and along the sides strapped together with rawhide, and hung with the same. These were the "beds," and they cost fifty cents a night for about six feet for the ladies and children, while the married men could occupy the ground floor for the same price inside the tent, but we must all find our own bedding, or dispense with any. But we were tired and sleepy, and accepted our accommodations (which were bed and board in one) and slept soundly, waking in the morning feeling finely, though, of course, a little stiff. But the stiffness would soon wear off.

Our start was an early one, and about noon we reached the other side where our ship was waiting for us. And here we underwent the former process of being carried in the arms of the boatmen from the shore to the skiffs, from which we were hoisted to the ship's deck. We had a pleasant trip to Acapulco, but the wreck of the steamer North America had occurred a short time before, and the town was full of her passengers waiting for a chance to get to San Francisco, and she took so many on board that she was most uncomfortably crowded, rendering it necessary, among other things, to arrange a second table for the children's accommodation. Among the passengers waiting were a Southern family of the F. F. order, with
seven children and an old negro nurse, and they raised a
mutiny, though in vain, by insisting upon having a place at
the first table. We were informed that "dey folks was qual-
ity, dey was, and none of your pore white trash." This was
the old nurse's contemptuous opinion.

Our water and provisions were getting short when we reach-
ed port, and we were glad when our voyage was ended, and we
arrived at San Francisco, which occurred on the 10th day of
April, 1852. As we entered the Golden Gate the feeling was
intense and all was excitement, and the more so as we reach-
ed the dock.

The wharf was black with men, some waiting for expected
loved ones, and others for news from home. At that period
the arrival of the steamer was the event of the times, of an
importance hard to be realized now. We women folks were an-
xious to make a respectable appearance as we went ashore, but
alas for human ambition and female vanity, our New York
millinery and "store clothes" were all (except that portion to
which some unknown friends had helped themselves, as I have
already mentioned) in our trunks on the isthmus. I had one
decent dress in my satchel that I could wear, but my bonnet!
Well, the old sun-bonnet had to do. There was a young gen-
tleman friend in the city who came to meet us, and he escor-
ted me ashore and conducted us on board a very small steamer,
one that plied in the bay, and which my brother had engaged
to take us across. While going from one boat to the other,
my little boy looked up and asked so pitifully, "Mother, are
we going on another ship, I am so hungry?" And no wonder,
for we had nothing that day but a few crackers and a little
coffee. But when we got on board the little steamer they
served up a splendid meal for us, and it is needless to say
how we enjoyed it. Our stay in the city was too short to
allow us to notice anything but sand hills, tents and men—
men everywhere.

In due time we arrived at Union City, which we found to
consist of one large warehouse, with a store in one corner,
a blacksmith shop and two or three shanties. Here we found
a stage waiting for us to carry us to the Mission, about
ten miles off. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the
ride was delightful after our long journey on the water, and
we were as happy a company as you ever saw. It was Saturday
night, and the following morning we were awakened by the
Church bells ringing to call the people to early mass. The
church was a large old adobe structure, nearly opposite the
hotel. The congregation was a strange looking assemblage,
being made up of Spaniards, Indians and others, most of them
kneeling on the stone floor, but some of them carrying their
seats with them. It was a lovely morning, and the country
looked beautiful in its spring dress of grass and flowers,
the latter of every color and literally covering the hills.
The services continued until nearly noon, and on their con-
clusion a number of men proceeded to stretch ropes across the
street to inclose a sufficient portion of space for the usual
Sunday bull fight. On learning this I gathered my children together, and started for a ramble over the hills among the flowers, away from that horrible exhibition of barbarity. The lines of the missionary hymn came into my mind very forcibly:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

My husband went to the city and made arrangements to go into business with a stranger, who had a bakery and confectionery store, so we moved down there, and I lived in a couple of rooms over the store—and living cost a fortune in those early days in California. The store was on Sansom Street near Jackson, the north being the best side of the city then. Beef and veal were good and cheap, but everything else eatable was fearfully dear. One day I wanted some onions for soup, and asked my husband to go for them, which he did, returning presently with a single large one in his hand. On my asking him why he did not bring more, he answered by saying "Well, Mother, as I paid thirty cents for this one, I thought we would make this do." So I cut the onion into halves and made it go for two pots of soup. As to furniture, I paid three dollars each for wooden bottomed chairs, which to-day would not cost more than fifty cents.

I very seldom went into the street, and when I did so I took my little boys with me, for there were fifty men for one respectable woman, and of course she attracted attention. I have seen fine looking men gazing at my little boys with tears in their eyes, as if it brought their own little ones, far away, to their minds. That was the time and the place to test men and women, and I say all honor to those who came out victorious, and set to work to bring order out of chaos, and lay the foundations of future growth and prosperity, and the encouragement of morality and order in this great city, and especially those who labored in the cause of religion and education. Although they hoped for much and planned largely, they "built better than they knew." There are many such lying in forgotten graves to-day with a good record on high, and "verily they have their reward."

My husband's health was very poor at this time. It had never been very robust, and the change of climate affected him very much. He was sick for nearly a year, and I was afraid I would lose him. But he recovered his health, and after his recovery was better and stronger than ever before.

After remaining in the city for about seven weeks we found that we had lost about five hundred dollars, and concluded to go back to the Mission, which we did, taking our furniture with us. My brother was very kind, and had procured a small house for us, belonging to a rich Spaniard, who used it for his family on Sundays when they came to church. He charged us no rent, but his wife and children would come in to rest and eat their lunch on Sundays when they came to church.

Early on the first Sunday morning, hearing a noise at our back door, I rose from my bed, and on opening the door was
clasped in the arms of a large Spanish woman. She hugged me as I would a baby, laughed, talked Spanish and pointed to the furniture of the room. She was delighted with the appearance of things, for it was her own house, and I had fitted it up very prettily. It was a long room with a door in the middle and a window on each side, the walls papered and a white muslin ceiling.

Our goods which we had shipped by way of the "Horn" arrived at this time, and I was a happy woman when I opened them and found them just as I had packed them six months before, with the exception of part of the china tea set, which I had packed amongst some of my clothing in a bureau drawer, and which the motion of the ship had displaced and brought into collision. I made use of the packing boxes for closets, by putting shelves in them, with curtains in front, and they made a very neat appearance as well as being a great convenience.

We found the Spanish people very kind and polite. They were at that time the owners and rulers of the land, and each family had a number of servants and dependants attached to it, together with large droves of cattle. But as the American population increased, they gradually, and not very gradually either, acquired the land, and now the original owners are mostly poor. Don Pelago was the head man in the Mission, and with his family, father, mother and seven children, called on us in great state. It was an amusing performance, they not understanding English, and we not understanding Spanish, but my brother acted as interpreter, and we had a very pleasant time, and afterwards returned the call.

While living here my husband and brother bought two hundred acres of land and built a house, about five miles nearer the city, the first and the last one on the plains between Oakland and the Mission. Oakland was rightly named, being thickly studded with oak trees, which here and there shaded a house. There was one ferry, with a small steamer, making two trips a day, from where the freight boats landed now. The valley, from Oakland to San Jose was one long plain, with the marsh lands and the bay on the right hand, and the foot hills of the Coast Range on the left, without any houses or trees, except by the water courses, and with hundreds of wild Spanish cattle running at large, which made it unsafe to walk in that region. Now the whole valley is covered with pleasant homes and green fields, with orchards and vineyards. I think it is about forty miles from Oakland to San Jose, and now, ten little towns have sprung up within its borders. It is a fine country.

We moved to our new home on the 10th of December, 1852, before the house was finished, but that was a trifling matter. It was to be our home, and that meant a great deal in those days. Soon after our removal it began to rain as if the "windows of heaven had been opened, and the floods came and covered the face of the land," and the valley was like a great lake of liquid mud, the ground being hard and unable to absorb the water fast enough. Our house was, fortunately, on
a high rise of ground, and consequently the water could not reach us, but traveling was spoiled for a while.

The market here for beef and veal was a very handy one, and cheap also. When meat was short the men would go out with their rifles and bring down a calf or steer, and after being brought home and dressed, the meat was hoisted to the top of a long pole, where in good weather it would keep good for a week.

That winter, besides our own families, we had Horace Cornell, Ira Merrill, my brother Thomas and Henry Cookfair living with us, making our number thirteen. In the spring they hired two hundred acres of land more, and put it under cultivation. The crops were wonderful, but it cost a fortune to raise them, wages being so high and other expenses so heavy. Besides this, there was no home consumption, or home market where they could be disposed of, and no demand for export for the relief of the glut. They had hired money at a high rate of interest for the payment of their hands, and on the whole the profit and loss account showed a balance altogether on the wrong side of the sheet. Potatoes had been scarce and dear that year, and they concluded to try and mend their disappointment by going largely into the cultivation of that standard vegetable the next season. So they bought seed at a high price, calculating that when they dug into the hills for the harvest they would find what they had lost, and perhaps more, and the second year should pay for itself and its predecessors also. But unfortunately, others had been as wise as they thought they had been, and everybody else had done the same thing, and the result was that the market was again overstocked, all had more than plenty, all wanted to sell—none wanted to buy—it did not pay to ship them—it didn't pay even to dig them, so half the crop was left to rot in the ground.

This broke us up, and the interest due on the loans we had made was met by selling a portion of the land.

During the first year of our farm life a new girl baby came to my brother's wife. She was (I mean the baby) a sweet little pet, and we all loved her very much, and sixteen months from that time I had one myself. She was also a sweet little pet, and we all loved her very much. (It is a curious fact, but it is so, that mine were all of that kind). I was a very happy mother, for I had wanted a daughter for a long time, and I was very grateful for the gift.

Brother-in-law Horace had become homesick, and concluded to go back to New York, and as there was no school near us for Robert to attend, we sent him back with his uncle to stay with him during that winter, and in the spring to go to Madison, Wisconsin, to my sister Elizabeth, whose husband, Dr. Holt, was in the drug business in that city at that time, and I knew they would care for him as they would for one of their own. He there had the advantage of attending the State university. He was away for nearly five years, and when he returned I did not know him, which made me feel for a while, very un-
happy. I think his sickness affected both his growth and disposition. He was nervous and changeable, but was a good scholar, and naturally a bright boy. As he advanced in years he occupied a number of good business positions, and was a gentlemanly, good looking, and moral young man. When about thirty he married a splendid girl of his own age, and they would have been very happy together, but for the return next year of his old malady. This made their lives miserable for a period of some eight years, when she was removed from a life of suffering resulting from the ravages of a cancerous tumor, that most cruel and hopeless of bodily diseases, leaving two little boys of five and seven years, whom I took to my heart and home at once, their father being unable to do anything for them. So we kept them with us, though it seemed hard at the time, after we had reared our own family and were growing old. These little boys are men now, and are among the comforts and blessings of my life.

My sister Phoebe was unprepared or unwilling to leave Brooklyn with us when we started for California, and remained in that city with some of our friends. But some time in 1854 she changed her mind, and followed us to our California home, where she soon made a successful settlement, being married within a year to Mr. Abijah Baker, a neighbor, and a successful and wealthy farmer. He was a kind and good husband, and they lived together happily and comfortably for about eight years, when her sudden death left him a sad and lonely man. She had borne him three children, the first two dying in infancy, and one boy surviving her, but not for long, he too passing away in his eighth year to join the group in the better land.

A little town had sprung up while we were on the farm, about two miles distant from us, and a project was started to make it the county seat. But it proved to be badly situated, being too far from the city, and the site was abandoned, and the county seat located some ten miles below. They left, however, a little river with a bridge over it, having no facilities for removing them. They also left a small court house behind. This deserted county seat was called Alvarado, and as we had failed on the farm, my husband concluded to try store keeping again, and accordingly bought the court house and fitted it up for a store and dwelling, and started business. But Alvarado was a disorderly place. Many low, tough characters had collected there, and though there were plenty of saloons and similar establishments, there was no church or Sunday-school. The nearest church was at Centreville, five miles above. It was of the Presbyterian order, and we had assisted in building it and had united with it. The Pastor's name was Brier. It was the first Protestant church in the valley, and is still there.

I felt that I could not live or bring up my children where gambling and horse racing were the favorite Sabbath occupations, and saloon keeping the most flourishing business, but must make an effort to reform the place. So I went
to see an old Methodist woman to consult on the subject of starting a Sunday-school, and she and her husband agreed to help me if I did so. I then started my son William, then about fourteen years old, and a little girl named Ada Williams, to go and tell all the children they could find that there would be a Sunday-school in the old school house, the next Sunday morning. When the time came I was surprised to see so many, some twenty-five being present, and this was the beginning of Sunday-schools in that valley. This was thirty-five years ago, and it has always been kept up, and was the nucleus of a Presbyterian Church, one of the first in that part of the country.

The history of this little church is interesting. It was built under difficulties such as few have to encounter after the country becomes more settled up and good people are more easily found, willing to help in a good work. Mr. Brier and the Methodist preachers used sometimes to preach in an old shanty school house, and the Methodist preacher had stated his intention to build a church, and we had hidden him God speed, and promised to help him as far as we were able, and were anxious for him to make a beginning. He went about the country to get subscriptions, but had no success, and one day he came into the store entirely discouraged, and said, "if they want a church they may build one, for I cannot do it." We felt much disappointed, but did not know what to do.

When Mr. Brier heard it, he came to us and said "if you will go to work and build a Presbyterian Church, I will help you all I can, and will get five hundred dollars from the Church Erection Fund to pay the last indebtedness."

But, we said, "Mr. Brier, we have lost most of our means. We cannot give much. What shall we do?"

He said, "Do what you can, and trust the Lord for the rest."

There was a man named Jones who had a tract of land lying partly in the town. Coming into the store one day, my husband said to him, "we want to build a church, if you will give us the land to build it on."

He asked, "how much do you want?" and we told him, "enough to build a church and parsonage on," and he agreed to give us the land if we could get the release of the mortgage from "old Murphy." Now Murphy was a rich old settler, living at San Jose, and how to get there was a serious question, in those days, when railroads and stage coaches had not yet come in fashion. But as soon as it became known what we wanted, one of our neighbors, a member of the Smith family, and a very nice man, came in and volunteered to take us down. My husband being unable to leave the store, the business fell to me, and I went alone with Mr. Smith, to get the release. It was a hot day and the distance to San Jose and back was more than forty miles, over a dusty road. We started early in the morning, and reached there about noon, warm, tired and hungry. But the people were very kind, and gave us a good dinner and a California Welcome.

I told the old gentleman my business, and as I had heard
that he was a good Christian, I thought he would grant my request. He considered a while and then consented, and the next week my husband had the deed made out and recorded, and to-day, that property, church and all, belongs to the "Synod of the Presbyterian Church of San Jose, California."

Now we must see about putting up the building, and we decided to begin by getting up a grand Festival, with a capital "F." We were favored in having the use of a large warehouse in which to hold it.

The people were delighted with the idea of a "Festival." There had never been anything of the kind in that region, and they seemed to be ready to do whatever I asked them, and contribute anything they had. But I was obliged to take the lead and bear the responsibility in everything, and this made it hard for me, especially as they were not religious people, and I was obliged to be very careful to please everybody and prevent little petty jealousies among the women. I tried to make them all feel that the church was to be as much for their benefit as for mine. With the men I argued that it would make the town more respectable and would improve the value of property, and fully realized the force of the Scripture injunction which teaches us to be as wise as the serpent, but as harmless as the dove.

The warehouse in which the Festival was to be held was a large brick building, and we had it decorated with bunting and evergreens, and lighted by chandeliers brought from the city for the purpose. When lighted up at night the effect was very fine. Money was scarce among the people, and we got but little help in that form, but there were chickens and turkeys in abundance, with a lamb and a young pig, and all the butter, eggs and cream I wanted. A baker in the town volunteered to do all the baking we wanted done, and the ladies made quantities of cakes and pies and biscuits, as well as bringing in plenty of pickles, preserves and fruit. Indeed, I have never seen so much food in one place, in my life. A young man whom I had nursed through a course of typhus fever, in Oakland, as soon as he heard of our enterprise, sent me all the strawberries I wanted, and a lady went with me to the city where we secured a large stock of books and toys to be sold on commission. We had two tables set, long enough to seat fifty people each. We made lots of splendid ice cream. Everything was in profusion, including our visitors and customers, and such crowds of people came together as had never been seen in the place before, and have never been equalled since. We cleared more than six hundred dollars, and would have done still better but for the scarcity of money among the people, although our charge for admission was only fifty cents.

The next day, as we were clearing up and disposing of the fragments of the feast in our "banquet hall deserted," a schooner loaded with lumber arrived in the river and made fast to the wharf at the rear of the warehouse, and we were at once delighted and astonished when we were told that it
was to build a church! It seemed almost a miracle. We thought that some kind and liberal friends in the city had made us a present, and that the men who accompanied it had come to put up the building. You may then imagine the length of our faces when we discovered that the lumber was for a Methodist Church! and that they were going to finish it as expeditiously as possible. It appeared that a certain zealous Methodist brother had gone to town, and had stirred up the Elders, arguing that they had the first right to the place, as they had been the first to "talk about building!" So some of the rich brethren gave him the lumber and told him to go ahead and build as fast as possible, and they pushed on, and soon had their church finished and dedicated. I think [Mr.]—was a good man, but he was possessed of more denominational zeal than was good for him, and like Saul (before he became St. Paul) he thought that he was verily doing God service while pushing matters as he did, for when he was leaving the town, some time after, he came to me and said he "guessed he had made a mistake, and hoped that God would bless and prosper us."

When his church was finished he came to me and said he thought I had better take the Sunday-school into the church. I asked him if it was his idea to make a Methodist school. He said, "why yes, I do not like union schools." I answered, "you can have one of your own, but you cannot take mine there." So I told the children there would be two schools and they could attend whichever they chose. Every one in the town knew that I had established the school, and had collected books and papers for it from my friends in San Francisco, and they were very indignant, and not a child went to the other school. So I took my little flock into my own house and taught them there.

Then my good brother came to me and proposed to have a union school—the kind he "didn't like," a short time previous. I consented, with the understanding that my school should go into our church when that was completed.

We concluded to go slowly, but kept up the interest by having little parties and a sewing circle. Our place of meeting was a large room over the store, which had formerly been the court room, and we made it so cheerful and pleasant that everybody liked to come. By these means we were making little money, all the time, and finally commenced our church.

A friend of my husband in the city, who had an interest in the store, and sent supplies, sold out his interest to a man who came up with his family and became an active partner in the business. This was a help to my husband, who had had no clerk or assistant except my son William, a lad of fourteen. The town was growing, and among other new comers there were several families from Maine, from whom we hoped for help in our own church enterprise. We were disappointed in this, however, for, though nice intelligent people, they were strong spiritualists, holding their seances and circles, etc., and as we did not join them, we were left to struggle...
on as best we could, as we had been doing. It was a hard
time, and sometimes it seemed as if everything was against
us. Indeed, it required much faith and patience to per-
severe in our undertaking. But we "prayed on and pressed
on," and finally our little church was finished and ready
for the furniture. I went to the city alone, and bought
carpets hemp for the aisles, ingrain for the chancel, and
Brussels, with a handsome sofa and two chairs, for the pul-
pit, and some fine red plush for the desk. With the assist-
ance of two others, the articles were all put in place, I
trimming the pulpit and desk myself; and it all looked love-
ly, one of the ministers from the city, who inspected it,
pronouncing it the prettiest country church in California.
But this was thirty-two years ago, and there are hundreds
equally and more beautiful, dotting the State to-day. But
I doubt whether any of them has cost more effort and per-
severance, or has been built in the face of more difficulty
and discouragement. Next, we wanted a bell and some lamps.
The lamps were donated by a merchant in the city, a friend
of one of our ladies, who persuaded him that it would be a
good thing for him to do, but the bell matter was less eas-
ily managed, until we remembered an old friend in Brooklyn,
who was in the foundry business, and succeeded nicely in
effecting our object. My husband informed him of our needs,
and forwarded fifty dollars, with an intimation that it
would not be taken amiss if the amount were increased,
and something better than a fifty dollar instrument sent in
reply. Our friend took the hint kindly, and with the help
of some other friends added one hundred dollars to the
remittance, and a hundred and fifty dollar bell was the re-
sult.

When it arrived, my husband, assisted by two of our
neighbors, raised it to its place in the belfry, and it has
now for nearly a generation called the people to church, and
the children to Sunday-school. An elegant pulpit Bible was
furnished by Mr. Buel, the agent of the Bible Society, and
on application to our old friend Nathaniel Gray, he gave us
enough hymn books to enable us to place one in each of the
pews. Then some good friends sent us a large box full of
books for the Sunday-school library, and a friendly carpenter
made shelves to hold them, and we were, at last, ready
for work.

The church was dedicated in May, 1861, the Rev. Dr. Ham-
ilton, of Oakland, preaching the sermon, and Mr. Brier and
others assisting in other portions of the dedicatory cer-
emonies. The house was crowded, and every one seemed to be
delighted. I hardly need say that I was more than delighted
—I was humbly thankful that the good Lord had seen fit to
make me instrumental in accomplishing the good work, and I
felt more than ever like serving and glorifying him for the
remainder of my life.

We had money enough subscribed to pay off the balance of
our debt, and were happy in the thought of soon being clear
of all incumbrances, when, alas for our hopes, came the boom
from Fort Sumter that startled the people all over the land like an electric shock. It was not alone like the death-call of the cholera, or the excitement of the gold fever, but like both combined, for it was the call to Civil War. It put a stop to all public enterprises, for no one thought or talked of anything but the war. One of the real heroes and patriots, and a friend to our church, was a farmer living near the town, named Edenough. He was a German, an educated man and a soldier, and had taken an interest in our enterprise from the first, and was a great help to us. He was treasurer of the church. Upon the first call for volunteers for the Union army he enlisted a company of forty, whom he drilled and took to the seat of war, where he was killed in battle. All honor to his memory, for he was a brave man and true. But few of his comrades ever came back to their homes. This, and other troubles, prevented the collection of about three hundred dollars, but eventually the whole amount of subscriptions was realized. We left Alvarado about this time.

About a month ago (October 16, 1892) I received an invitation from the present pastor to participate in the services attending the reopening of the church, which had been closed for a season for the purpose of being renovated and repainted. It looked like a new place, and I thought of the promise as I enjoyed the scene, and looked back over a period of nearly one-third of a century, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee."

Mr. Brier had his own church at Centreville and two other places at which to preach, and could do but little for us, and my husband undertook to get supplies from the city every week. It devolved upon us to entertain the ministers, and as I did my own work for a family of five, and attended to my Sunday-school besides, I was a very busy woman. But the Lord fits us for our burdens. If the heart is willing and the hands are ready the strength will be given.

With regard to the Methodist Church, it never prospered. It was not built in the right spirit. The building was finally sold, and removed and converted into a store.

I am surprised when I look back to that period to think that we accomplished what we did, considering that we were so few and so poor. There were two professed infidels in the place, and they joined in the general activity, saying they "liked to see things lively." When I first began to ask for subscriptions, I called on one of them, a lawyer, and said, "Come, what are you going to give for our new church?" He raised his finger, and with a contemptuous smile replied, "I think I see our church spire ascending heavenward!"

"Well," said I, "when you do, will you give me twenty dollars?"

He said, "I will," and he did, and as he and his wife were both good singers, they consented to lead the singing at the dedication, and continued to do so for several months.
My husband would not sell intoxicating liquor, nor keep open on the Sabbath, and there was a large store in the place which did both, and consequently had most of the trade. Of course this was discouraging to us, and having an offer of an appointment in the Custom House, he accepted it, and we removed to San Francisco. The pay was not very good, and a few months afterward, some of my husband's friends having procured his nomination for justice of the peace, he was elected to that office, and fulfilled its duties acceptably for three years, when he was thrown out by the vicissitudes of politics, and was for a year unable to obtain other employment. This was a great trial for us, as we were anxious to have our two younger boys well educated, but they were obliged to leave school and go into situations to earn their own support. But they have done well, are good men, and fill responsible positions. Still, we cannot help thinking that it would have been much better for them if they could have had the advantages we wished to give them. But God knows best.

That year I kept some boarders, and among them was a neighbor from the country, who was secretary of the Spring Valley Water Works, and through his influence my husband obtained a situation as superintendent of the distributing reservoir in the city. It was at that time two miles westward from the business part of the city, and not far from the ocean. It had been one of the small lakes among the sand hills, and they had converted it into a large reservoir. It was naturally a rough place, being a deep gorge or canon between high, rugged hills. But the company made a good road and built a pretty cottage for us, and allowed us to improve the place as we chose. So we planted a good many trees along the road and around the house, and on three sides of the house I also planted a flower garden. At the rear of the house was a great hill, and when our plantings had become well grown it was a beautiful place, and became our happy home for twenty-three years. But earthly happiness must have an end, and when that comes it is well for us if we have the comfort and the companionship which the world can neither give nor take from us. I thank my Heavenly Father that I had that comfort in my sorrow.

My dear husband and companion for more than fifty-two years was called to leave this pleasant home for a better on the 6th of April, 1891. The dear old man! how much I miss him! for he was always kind and gentle and true to me. But in a little while I shall follow him, and it is a comfort to know that I have always tried to make his life and home happy and pleasant, and was permitted to minister to his comfort in his last hours upon earth. Faithful devotion brings its own reward; he was conscious of his condition, and was ready and willing to go. He went to sleep on Sabbath evening after kissing me for "good night," but lost consciousness during the night, and breathed his last at eight o'clock on Monday morning. But I have everything to console me, in his easy, peaceful death, the incidents attending his funeral, and his last resting-place—these have been all that
that I could wish. He is buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland. It is a beautiful spot, and at the time of his burial it looked like a garden of roses.

I remained at the lake until the 4th of May, when I rented a flat of six rooms, and commenced housekeeping with my grandson. But I found it a very lonely life, and being somewhat out of health, besides being alone most of the time, and as my son William and his wife were looking for a house to buy for a homestead, I proposed, if they found a suitable house, to board with them. They agreed to the suggestion, and I am now with them. They are in a large, handsome house, in a new part of the city, and I occupy the front room over the parlors; a beautiful room furnished handsomely by myself, so that I seem to be quite at home again.

It is now the 29th of October, 1892. My health is good, and I enjoy life and its many blessings, though I begin to feel the infirmities of age. But I am living an easy and comfortable life, and retain all my faculties and the ability to help myself. I have passed through many changes and trials, but the assurance that "to those that love God all things work together for good," has been fully confirmed in my case, for I believe I am a better and a much happier woman than I should have been without them. My prayer is that I may be useful to the end of my life.

A few words in respect to my family.

My eldest son is still living, but the terrible calamity which he suffered in his boyhood, through the injury which was the final consequence, has been the cause of untold anxiety, trouble and loss. But his conduct has never brought anything like discredit, or disgrace upon his friends and family, and his two sons are fine, healthy, gentlemanly, good young men, and are occupying good positions in the city.

My second son, William, has a nice family, consisting of his wife, two sons and one daughter, and my third son, Anson, has the same number of children; so there are eight grandchildren, ranging in age from three to twenty years, making an interesting, good-looking group—I am proud of my grandchildren!

My youngest child and only daughter was united in marriage six years ago, to Mr. Abijah Baker. His age considerably exceeds her's, but he is a splendid man, a kind and indulgent husband, and being a man of wealth, denies he no comfort or luxury. They have a large, beautiful house in the city, and a smaller one across the bay, for a summer residence. They are both very kind to me. No son or brother could be more so, and I feel very grateful for it, and that God will bless them in mind, body and estate, is my prayer and hope.

My brother James still occupies the old homestead, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and though not ranking with the exceptional favorites of fortune whose names belong to the list of California millionaires, has earned and maintained the reputation of a reliable, substantial and
industrious citizen, and a faithful father, but whose inheritance for his posterity will be principally the "good name," which the wise man says is "better than riches."

Both he and his wife bear their three score and ten years bravely, and seem very patriarchal with more than a score of grandchildren to look up to them. Their married daughters have for their husbands some of the most wealthy and respectable men in the valley, and there has been but one death among them. I visited the old place a short time ago. I love to go there, for it is still the same old home, and has become historical in our family associations, from being the scenes of so many births and marriages. No death has yet occurred there—may it be long before such a visitation takes place.

Last April I made my youngest son's family a two months' visit, and enjoyed it very much. He is living in San Diego, the most southerly of the cities of California, with a fine climate, and it is a pleasant place to live in. Anson has a good home of his own, and is in good circumstances. Business is in rather a depressed condition there at the present time, but I think it will be a great commercial city in the future. It is on the Pacific, and has a splendid bay and harbor for the protection of shipping from the ocean winds.

California is a splendid State. I have not been able to travel much through its different sections, but I know that it possesses all the elements of wealth and prosperity within itself. All the world knows of its mineral wealth, and its agricultural resources are almost equally remarkable. To understand what California now is, it should be compared with what it once was, when under the old indolent Spanish owners, who kept everything shut up and hidden even from themselves. A good book to read on this subject is Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," in which a picture of the export trade half a century ago is given in a description of the loading of the ship Alert in the neighborhood of Monterey, by throwing the hides down to the beach from the bluffs above, along the coast, for want of harbors and docks, and these hides were about the only articles of export then worth coming after. Among the few wants of California are more railroads, more intercourse with the rest of the world, with more men and means to develop the resources of the country. What has been done is something vast and wonderful, but there still remains "very much land to be possessed." But I need not write about the history and geography of the State. Every one who reads is posted on these subjects, and I am not writing a public history.

This has been a poor year for business men. Things have been slow and dull. The stock market used to make things lively, but there is little doing now, and it is best so, for a few years ago the people were wild about stocks, and many were ruined, soul, body and estate by operating with them. I suppose there is not a country in the world where there has been so much bitter disappointment and hearsick-
ness as there has been here arising from the foolish and extravagant ideas which people have entertained, and the dreams which have deluded them. If there has been here and there a world-renowned millionaire, there have been for one such a thousand who have shipwrecked everything, even to life itself, in their hunt for gold, and taking it all around, the misery of thousands has been the price of the luxury and splendor of one. Does this pay? The fact is, a man should come here just as he would go to any other place, with a definite object or business in view, and some means to help himself with, and then, if he has perseverance and business ability he will succeed. The wild excitements of early days have passed away, and people are living more as they do in the east and elsewhere. Still they partake of the general western character, and there is a freer and more liberal spirit of "give and take" than in the older States. They are more free with money, and have no respect for very small coins, our smallest being a "nickel," and it goes as unconcernedly as a one-cent coin in the East.

This trait was no amusingly illustrated at the expense of my brother Thomas. Being in New York, and patronizing a fruit stand, he was handed back some of the old copper cents in change, but being unwilling to burden his pockets with such cumbersome stuff, he returned them somewhat contemptuously to the "merchant." He was then near the ferry over which he was about to cross, and in another minute discovered that he had just donated the amount of his ferriage to an apple woman without receiving any consideration in return. After that little experience he paid due respect to the small coins in small transactions. Yet before going to California he had done as all the east had always done and is still doing. He had acquired the new spirit by living in California.

The climate of California is so varied that it is difficult to describe it. There are cold winters in the northern part of the State, and plenty of snow and ice, but San Francisco lies midway between the northern and southern extremes, and has pleasant weather for about nine months of the year. The most disagreeable months are July and August. We seldom have any rain after May, and everything becomes dry and dusty. Then the winds come in from the ocean, bringing in cold fogs; raising the dust and making things lively, but very uncomfortable. We have our first rains in September, and soon the grass springs up, the dust is washed off from everything, and the country begins to look lovely. By December the farmers are planting, and it looks like May in New York. Sometimes the winter rains are heavy, but generally they are like the spring and fall rains in the east. We make but little change in our clothing or bedding, little more indeed than an outside wrap for the street and an extra blanket at night. Only mattresses are in use; feather beds are never seen, neither is a thin light dress in the street, as it is too cold to use them. A man dressed in a thin,
light linen suit, such as it is a common thing to see in New York in summer, would be a curiosity. But in the interior, where they are not reached by the sea breezes, it is very hot. We have a slight earthquake now and then, but all the harm it does is to give us a little scare at the time, and we soon forget it. We are not troubled with either tornadoes, cyclones, blizzards, bed bugs, or snow storms, and but little with thunder storms. So you see it is a pretty good country to come to, and to stay in, and a California welcome waits for whoever is disposed to try the experiment.

Our sunsets in clear weather are something to remember. They are so beautiful that they bring up thoughts of heaven. I might go on indefinitely in praise of this country which I love so well, but I must come to a stop—this story is already too long.

With regard to my church relations, as I have before said, I was, at the time of my marriage, a Methodist, and my husband was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, then under the care of the celebrated Dr. Samuel H. Cox, and a large and influential body. Their place of worship was on Cranberry Street, the ground running through to Pineapple. The property was afterwards sold to Henry Ward Beecher's people, and became the site of the famous Plymouth Church. We heard Mr. Beecher preach his first Brooklyn sermon in the old building. My sister Phoebe afterwards became a member of Mr. Beecher's flock.

About two years after our marriage, the church became overcrowded, and it was concluded to establish a branch organization in a distant part of the city, and a call being made by Dr. Cox for volunteers to organize the new society I proposed to my husband to leave my church if he would leave his, and to join the new enterprise together. He was pleased with the proposition, and readily consented.

The church was organized under the name of the Willoughby Street Presbyterian Church, with Rev. George Duffield as pastor. His wife was the eldest daughter of a Mr. Willoughby, an English gentlemen who became a resident of Brooklyn when a young man, and became rich by marrying the daughter of a wealthy German, and built a large and showy mansion. He was sometimes dubbed "Lord Willoughby," and in my childhood occupied a prominent place among the "four hundred," which probably could not then have counted more than half a score. A street was named after him. His son-in-law was a preacher of good, medium ability, but never equalled his father, who was among the foremost men of the Presbyterian Church, and a resident of Detroit. "Lord" Willoughby's youngest daughter, who was a very beautiful girl, married Henry Pierrepont, a man of considerable prominence in public matters, having been at one time our Minister to England. He also had a street named after him.

Our connection with the Willoughby Street Church continued about six years, when it was transferred to the South Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Speer, a very
able man, was pastor, and from which we took our letters of dismissal when we went to California. Here we first united with the Centerville Church, and afterwards with that at Alvarado, and subsequently when we removed to the city joined the First Church, under the care of Rev. Dr. Anderson. But on going to the lake to live we found the distance too great to permit our regular attendance, and concluded to go in with a small new church nearer by. It was a young, struggling organization, but that kind was what we were used to. We liked to overcome difficulties, and we believed in the "perseverance of the saints." Like everything else here, it has passed through many changes, and two or three times has been nearly killed, but is coming out all right in the end, the Perseverance of the saints" being once more exemplified, and we are preparing to build a large and handsome church on the street on which I live. Our Pastor, Rev. J. Q. Adams, is a devoted and energetic man, and he has a wife who is a "helpmeet" for him in every sense of the word. She is a dear little woman, and both of them have been very kind to me in my trouble.

I must bring this long epistle to a close, or it will get to be as tedious as an old-fashioned two-hour sermon.

In reviewing my past life I am impressed with the thought of what a wonderful age this is in which I live. Within my personal recollection the city of Brooklyn has risen from being a country village to be the great city which it is today, with a population of more than three-quarters of a million, with its splendid bridge and numberless fine buildings, its beautiful park, excelling in natural attractions that of New York, and best of all, its numerous churches. I do not refer to their architecture, but to their pulpits and living members, which have exercised a more widespread and salutary influence than those of any other city in America.

And when, in middle life, I came to San Francisco, it was a poor, desolate-looking place, composed of sand-hills, shanties and confusion—not a lovely country village like Brooklyn. But to-day it is a handsome and prosperous city, of which I am proud to be an old resident. But not only the growth of cities, but the progress made in all the arts of civilized life, such as the application of steam and electricity to the uses of every-day life and work, and the many inventions for lightening labor, such as the sewing-machine and the typewriter, and the improvements in machinery of every kind, with the advance in general education—these, and many more evidences of the enlargement of human knowledge and power—all these, as I said, impress me with the thought of what a wonderful age this is in which I live.

But above all this we should glory in the advance and spread of the Christian religion in the world, with its uplifting, life-giving power and influence upon mankind. May God grant that it may soon reach out to the utmost parts of the earth, and that we in this favored land may make a more personal application of its truths and principles. If we do
so, it will surely bring us a blessing for the present life as well as the life to come.

It may seem strange that we have not made more money in this rich country, but for this the country is not to blame. We did not manage right at first, I think. It is with our temporal affairs much as it is with our spiritual. God gives us offers of grace, pardon and eternal life, and if we neglect these offers we wrong ourselves and suffer the consequences. So in temporal things God gives us life, health, knowledge and opportunity for making money, and if we do not embrace them at the proper time, or make use of the good sense and ability He has given us, we do not get it. We cannot always control our affairs, but very often it is a lack of energy and good judgment that causes our trouble, and we are not aware of it until it is too late, and we are left to suffer for our own stupidity.

I have not said much directly concerning my religious life and experience, but I can truly affirm that I have endeavored to make my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and in the Word of God, with its precious teachings and promises, the controlling power and principle of my life. If I have been useful in the world, it has been owing to my strong religious convictions, and it is my prayer that my faults and sins may be pardoned, and that the influence of my example may be good upon the loved ones I shall leave behind me.

Now my dear brother and sister, HENRY and ELIZABETH, I send this simple little story of my life to you, hoping that it may give you the same amount of pleasure in reading that it has given me in writing it. It will at least give you a clearer idea of my life since we parted, forty years ago, than can be had by occasional letters, for it is a connected history of my life from that period to the present time.

And BROTHER HENRY, in sending it to you, I intend it for part payment for the many beautiful poems you have from time to time sent me, and more especially for that written on the occasion of our "Golden Wedding."

Hoping that it may find you as well and happy as the weight of years and the growing infirmities of the body will permit, I remain

Your loving sister,

CHARLOTTE (HAWLEY) CORNELL