

Georgiana Bruce Kirby Journal

Das Tagebuch

December 14, 1852-January 26, 1860

Dec. 14, 1852

The day is blustering and rainy and cold, but I feel in better health and spirits especially the latter, than for some time. This morning immediately after breakfast I rode my good old Rosea over into the "off hollow" and into the hills beyond, wishing to see where "Tom" had hauled the new fencing stuff. It always puts me in good spirits to gallop up the hills and view the wild mountain scenery, so on my return, after taking in the clothes and all the wood that was chopped, as the clouds looked ominous, I concluded that today for the first time in my life I would commence a journal. I think that perhaps I may die and my babe live, in which case it would be pleasant for the latter to have some record of my external and spiritual life during these important months; or should I survive this great trial of my physical powers and live to see my child grow up, it will be interesting to me to see how far and in what manner my present and succeeding states of mind may have had influence in forming the character and consequently the external appearance of my child.¹

Since I was a girl of eighteen I have been ever conscious of the most intense desire to become a mother. The thought (in anticipation) of the condition in which I now find myself used to fill my whole being with joy. Often and often when alone with nature my soul had been lifted up as it were to higher spheres and so filled with a sense of harmony and melody that I was obliged to relieve myself by a long recitative, not, owing to my inferior vocal organs, at all worthy of the emotions that gave rise to it. It is not that I am especially fond of little babies, for I am not, though I doubt not that this instinct will in due time become developed in me; but I do earnestly love to watch the unfolding of character and intellect. I love so much to influence youth aright – to arouse moral ambition, to instill by precept and example a thorough respect for labor and, oh, that my own child, be it a boy or girl, may have some monumental noble trait - some beautiful spiritual gift, like music, for instance, and no mean streak or fatal weakness. I desire that my child have a generous nature, good common sense, and industry, at the very least. My husband has so many excellent qualities that I am deficient in and also so excellent a temperament that, unless other causes have force enough to counteract the good, I feel we have every reason to hope for the best.

For more than two months I have been suffering from the ordinary ailments of such a condition and they are such as do not conduce to healthy intellectual action by any means. Mr. K[irby], kind, active, and ever cheerful, gets up and prepares breakfast, brings me chocolate and toast or whatnot to bed – kills and dresses a chicken for my dinner or saddles the horse for me to take a short ride – then hurries off to the tan yard (two miles or so).² At night he often goes to the mission after closing work and is then sure to bring home a variety of articles with which to tempt my appetite or in some way contribute to my comfort.³ Our rancho with its hollows and gulches and noble sweep of hills exactly suits me but I have been used to mixing in pretty large circles and miss the

pleasant and healthy excitement caused by the friction of mind on mind. I long for flowers and fruits and music, too, but one cannot expect every good in the present state of society and I have many as it is – unsurpassed beauty of scenery and climate, good health, neither poverty or riches, and the most devoted friend in my husband. The other day Mr. K. brought home a balm of Gilead tree about 4 ½ feet high and planted it just opposite the kitchen window. It really gladdened my heart as I watched it constantly during the day as I would a child. It was the first step in the way of *refined* cultivation and gives me faith in the future roses, lilies, dahlias, and so forth, gives me faith that I shall one day gather glorious red currants and Antwerp raspberries and luscious English gooseberries in our own garden on our own Rancho La Salud, near Santa Cruz, California.

The day before yesterday (Sunday) we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Sawain who live "up the coast" maybe two miles from the mission.⁴ Owing to the first rain which lasted pretty much for three weeks and to K. being so busy that he had to raise sheds and stables on Sunday instead to taking me on a *pasear*,⁵ for more than three months previous to this I had not been off the rancho or seen a woman and the Sawains are so friendly that I enjoyed this visit very much. It is three miles from here to the mission and those women who have side saddles and horses at command are yet so occupied by their housekeeping cares that they are unable, excepting at distant intervals, to leave home for a day. There are no sisters or aunts or grown-up daughters to take their places while absent and if it should happen, which it has not as yet among any other class than the roughest mission [illegible], that any sisters, aunts, or grown-up daughters did exist, then before you could turn around they would be certainly snatched up and themselves immediately in the same plight as the rest of the women and quite as badly off as before. When I came down here a little more than two years ago, there were but a few families and those of the roughest sort. The Imuses, Hecoxes, Bennetts, Hollenbecks, Anthonys, Moores and such as had not parted with their neat Yankee habits in housekeeping, the Sawains, Meaders, Cases, there was no person with the exception of Mrs. Sawain whose manners and habits of living approaches the lady-like. The Meaders are Mormons and I like father, mother and daughter exceedingly. They are very genuine, very sincere, very clean, with a large stock of common sense and kindness. "Mother Case," who is also Mr. Case so far as ruling goes, is a very pious, gossiping old lady who sets the best table of any one in Santa Cruz as yet. They have been here many years and are will stocked with daily comforts.⁶

At the time I have alluded to there were scarcely any buildings in the mission but the old adobe ones, no fences up the coast or down with the exception of a bit of Spanish fencing by Rodriguez or Majors which had to be rebuilt every year.⁷ Now from the mission fully up to Moore's the land is taken up and fenced will as a general thing. Several families raise a variety of vegetables, but is yet no orchard or nursery has been planted in this region, and there is no wild fruit but the strawberries twelve miles up the coast. The pears in the mission orchard are tasteless things and the apples from San Joan [Bautista] a slight improvement on the crab and yet this will one day be the finest fruit region in California.

In coming to Santa Cruz it was my intention to teach school. There were many girls belonging to these western families of sufficient promise to interest me in them. I could and desired to not only instruct them in books but in their personal habits of cleanliness, neatness, order, courtesy, how to make and mend clothes and so forth; but the

pious young villain who was then keeping the mixed school, one of the cloth who frequently exhorted in the meeting (Methodist), reigned supreme. The regular local minister, Mr. Brier, a self-conceited, bawling brute, without a spark of tenderness, used all his influence against me in this, and, added to the unpopularity of Mrs. Farnham, at whose house I was staying, rendered the entire plan abortive.⁸ The teacher afterward seduced some of the young girls and had to leave in the night – went on to the boards in San Francisco and afterwards joined the filibustering expedition to the Sandwich Islands. After giving up the school I took to gardening, much to the benefit of my health and improvement of my pocket. The soil proved to sandy for onions. Russell, Mrs. F's farmer, who had induced me to leave San F. by a series of lies about Mrs. Farnham's wealth and what she would give me, failed afterward to help me in any gardening as he promised.¹⁰ He managed so badly that after dropping 10 acres of potatoes the estate was so much in debt that I could not ask for the one I was to have. For more than a year I did not make one cent. Then I went down with Bryant Hill to the Pajaro Valley to cook for his men.¹¹ He was the first American that settled there and I remained there six months in a house without a chair or bedstead or table (with the exception of the boards on tressels that we and the men ate off). For three months we had no windows, the light came through the door which was left open, no looking glass, no flat irons. I ironed the bosom and collars of two white shirts with a half-pint tin tumbler kept constantly half full of boiling water. I worked very hard indeed. My only comfort was a game of whist after eight o'clock with Mrs. Thrift, a young New England woman who had married an illiterate young Southerner, who I had with me. She was avowedly an abolitionist and I respected her for this and hoped to find in her a companion and friend, but I found her selfish in the extreme, without a shadow of aspiration, self-willed and wholly wanting in the common traits of New England women-judgment, skill in the various domestic departments, economy and so forth. I was very sorry to give her up but she obliged me to.

I had grown old in fretting about Mrs. Farnham's troubles and perplexities. She was so ignorant of business, so careless, so easily imposed on, and at the same time so determined to get so much under weigh at once that she was constantly in debt or in hot water somehow. She let Buckle, who had \$7,000 of her husband's money, persuade her to set up farming without any title.¹² He presently failed - she took Russell, an Irishman without self-respect, without system, without knowledge of how to treat or deal with men and with no idea of straight-forwardness, of speaking the truth - simply a skillful and industrious worker, and trusted to him management of her farm in Santa Cruz. After that she took a half-fool, half-knave (Pelton) who did no better.¹³ Then she married the greatest blackguard in the country who strikes and otherwise ill treats her.¹⁴ At the time I write she has returned to him for the second time. Her children are tossed about here and there and her property wholly unattended to and unproductive.

Dec. 15th: Last night there was ice on the pools a quarter of an inch thick and about 10 a.m. there was quite a brisk shower of snow, which lasted some five minutes then changed to rain. I believe myself incapable of experiencing pleasure excepting through association. So this snow reminding me of happy days in Canada and Massachusetts fairly made my heart merry. Last evening I was reading the closing scene in Browning's *Paracelsus*; what wonderful power and yet what fineness, what delicacy in this man's

experience.¹⁵ Somehow I was led to compare the philosophy of Paracelsus with that of the manly James, especially in their enlightened acceptance of the past – their just interpretation of it as the necessary prelude to the future.¹⁶ I have the most intimate sympathy with the views advanced by Henry James. The subjects being so comprehensive are necessarily treated very imperfectly, but still what he gives you is clear, sound wheat, fit to be assimilated with the inmost of the blood. How heartily I agree with him in his concept for the teachings of the modern church, mean, cringing, self-blaspheming. I am happy in remembering that notwithstanding the soul-searching religious experience I went through in my youth-lasting indeed through years, I never for one moment believed that God regarded me in any other light than a friendly one. I never knew what remorse meant. I never believed that God would bless me for Christ's sake, for I felt intuitively that our primal relation was a good, harmonious one. I never would thank him for the goods enjoyed which were withheld from others. To entertain any of these sentiments struck me as degrading the character of the deity below that of inferior men. With what, for a child, were superhuman efforts I made confession of stealing plums for a dish, a humming top from a shop, and of sundry less heinous crimes, feeling that in doing so I must resign all hopes of the world's respect, but I knew no other emotions than courage, love of truth, desire to stand honestly with myself. I had much reverence, much love of being loved, steady aspiration after inmost truths. How could I with my very moderate intellectual powers build a harmonious system out of the savage discordant materials round me? I was interested always in theological questions and yet all theology would by no means cling to me, God be thanked, for it was all false and would have made me less loving and less intelligent than I am. Channing's mild moralities, Carlyle's indignant ravings, Parker's bold analysis of the religious sentiments, dreams of the immediate perfection of society by association, satisfactory working at "fragmentary" reforms, now James puts the keystone on, which authenticates all of these.¹⁷

Dec 22nd: The rain of ten days and nights and the winds that sent seven vessels on shore have at length, so appearances would agree, passed away. The earth is green, the sky fair. Bryant Hill, who had \$25,000 worth more in bags and heaps of potatoes undug, is for the most part under water and the house blown into the river, left to return this morning. He came up with his two partners a week ago and owing to the rise in the San Lorenzo and the Soquel Creek he could not cross to return. I pray that his affairs be not so desperate as he apprehends, for I long to see Eleanor and the child and she must be so very weary of waiting to join him. I wish also that he may keep the 2,000 acres in the Pajaro that so satisfy his farming aspirations.

I am out of reading matter and have neither the health or energy to attempt to study as means of occupying my time and mind. Once in two weeks the mail brings the *Tribune*, *A.A. Standard*, and *Freman*.¹⁸ When these are read, first hurriedly and then carefully, I am in the same condition as before. The last *Tribune* contained Parker's discourse on Webster. It is just a verdict to which the future will attest. I am glad these three unworthy idols of the American people, Clay, Calhoun and Webster are dead. It may be that better men will gradually fill their places in the public estimation. When I think of Mann, Sumner, Giddings, Phillips and Garrison I agree with Dickens, "That if

this were a Republic of intellect and worth, instead of vapping and jobbing they would not want the lever to keep it in motion," but the great mass of people in all classes are so wholly wanting in integrity of character, are so shallow and at the same time so self-conceited, that one is almost tempted to despair of their every making radical progress towards the really good and noble.¹⁹ Whenever any crisis comes to try their metal you hear the ring of tin and brass, nothing better. The nation has no great heart as the German or English people, material gain is its sole object. As a people they have no sentiment, nothing that makes it impossible for them to do the meanest or wickedest thing conceivable.

Janu. 7th, 1853: The remnants of this remarkable rain storm still hang about us. There cannot have been less than 2½ feet of water fallen during these last six weeks. Farming operations are thus put back – no ploughing done as yet. In former years wheat was sowed in November and December. The upper country must be flooded and all planting necessarily stopped for the present. There must be great suffering in the mines. Provisions, especially the staples, flour and pork were so high that traders waited for a fall before purchasing their winder stock and now the long rain has cut off communication. A few speculators buy up all the flour and pork and hold it a \$35.00 and \$40.00 and \$47.00 the barrel. If the railroad were built between California and Missouri it would equalize the market. The rich valleys on the route would help to supply this land of non-producers. Potatoes have risen to 8c and ere long will be 10c the lb I doubt not, so what Bryant H. loses by the rot and extra freight will be made up.

I have just mailed long letters to the good Robert Purvis, Rebecca Plumly, George Bradford, Moses Atwood, and others.²⁰ This work occupied all my well hours for nearly two weeks. I enjoy myself very little owing to this inveterate dyspepsia. Two weeks ago tonight John Bowman, a Quaker farmer from Byberry, Pa., arrived.²¹ He had been detained a week in the Santa Clara valley by the rain and had a great time crossing the mountains. It was well that he had a cheerful heart and a good horse or it might have fared worse with him. He was soaking wet and mud to his knees when he reached here, but in fine spirits, as if he had got home at last. He had spent his last month in Pa., at the house of my beloved friend, Robert Purvis, and brought me letters, "Uncle Tom," and a beautiful daguerreotype of our sweet young friend Tacie Townsend.²² John Bowman had lived some twenty years in Byberry and I was glad to hear all the news, though I thought it an uncommonly stupid place the 10 months I spent there. Purvis is the beautiful star that gives the place any character at all and there are a few pretty fair women, but all hampered by their miserly dolts of fathers or their poverty. The second day of Mr. Bowman's visit was devoted to the gossip of his neighborhood. Mr. B. married a daughter of the high priest of Quakerdom, John Comly. The daughter loved her father best and in business relations sided with him to the great grief and perplexity of her good-natured husband. His wife's relations treated him very meanly and I'm glad he has come out here where his industry, strength, and skill will, in a few years, secure him an independent fortune. His nasal tones and too great enthusiasm at first made me very nervous and irritable, but before he left on Sunday to fetch his trunk and so forth from San F. I had become used to his voice and ways and was really glad to look forward to his return. He will plant the first nursery in Santa Cruz on our land and, besides, made us a garden. After March he will work in the tan yard and may live with us many years.

When Mr. K. returned from escorting him by a nearer road to Major's Rancho at the foot of the mountains (he goes to San F. to fetch his things), he brought with him some young pine trees and set them around the house. The cattle nibble them and rub against their slender stems. It's such a pity.

It is so delightful here when the rain does stop; we have the most glorious summer weather at once. The birds sing, the Bay is covered with a haze of glory, the earth green as emerald.

Jan. 12th: My health begins to mend. My mind returns to its old picture-making, conversation-holding (imaginary) habits. I regret that I find the exertion of walking disagreeably fatiguing. The various forms of measure (rhythm) that so constantly used to repeat themselves in my mind come back again, also the same vivid conceptions of persons and events as I lie awake at night. Occasionally, too, I have a beautiful dream of being indeed asleep, and the spirit leaving the body finds itself overlooking a noble city, examining its architecture, plan and so forth, it being cold and solemn and clear at night. Oh, that my best dream nights may be reproduced. I have nearly done what sewing I have to do. Next week I shall help them cut potatoes for planting and hope to be strong enough to drop for a few days. Such work seems more at work, more productive than puttering in the house. Tom is ploughing with Barney and Sandy. Mr. Bowman not yet returned. The weather is very squally, at night the vessels are wise enough to run over to Monterey before the rain begins. Freight to San Francisco \$20.00 a ton. No flour in the mission for three weeks. Daubenbiss' dam was so deranged by the flood that it has to be repaired.²³ It is \$35 and \$40 a barrel in San Francisco, and few can afford that price and pay freight (\$3. bl) down. We hear of miners at the nearest mining region, back of Sacramento, eating barley at \$1.00 the lb and of those who were packing provisions on their backs from the city being frozen to death. As yet no news from the more distant settlements.

Jan 12th: Three days ago a young friend from Fairfield Co., Pa., by name Albert Brown, passed the night with us.²⁴ He, with hundreds of others, was driven from the mines by the snow and want of provisions. He had a brother of seventeen with him. He is only nineteen himself, but possesses the energy, firmness, and self-respect of a much older person. He very wisely considered that he would be more likely to obtain work in the country than in the crowd at San F. so walked to San Jose and across the mountains. He has engaged with Meader for \$60 a month and will send for his brother who will also readily find employment, as the fine weather lasts and the farmers are in a hurry to get their crops in. I know not how it is but Tom annoys me more and more by his way of talking. He is very ignorant and has a blustering way of delivering himself, always laughing with a coarse common laugh and emphasis on every sentence with "I'm bothered," "The beggar of a horse" or "beggar of a thing." It is no matter who is talking - how calmly or sensibly and not, of course, directing their conversation to him, he must always join in with his giggle and common-places and vulgarisms as if he were well informed as any one. It annoys me more than I could wish. I dread the presence of such a person this dislike seems to accumulate upon itself. Presently there will come a crisis and then I may tolerate him better. He is to cultivate the land for one-third the crop and so will be with us till spring. I do hope we can build a kitchen in which the men can have

their meals and sit, and we can have quiet home times in the dining room. I have been reading the Atkinson and Martineau book and find it very suggestive and consoling just as James is.²⁵ Works based on false sentiment, the outgrowth of a false morality, unless indeed they have the direct power to help renovate society, as "Uncle Tom," are very stupid things. One thing constantly forces itself on the free soul - the danger attending through freedom of speech or action. One does not wish to die and to a well balanced mind the love of their fellows is necessary is one is faithful to one's convictions of what is right. You are not only an outlaw yourself but you involve the well being of those of your friends who may not be so well able to cope with the difficulties as yourself.

I am in better health from taking arsenic, still the least indiscretion with regard to the nature of my food causes wearisome relapses. To be occupied solely with the sense of pain in the stomach is such sad waste of time and I am so desirous of being cheerful and thoughtful. Mr. Bowman has brought down a few strawberry roots - asparagus and so forth, and one little peach tree. I wish he were more quiet and had some sufficient satisfaction with his own labors, great and small, so as to avoid the necessity of telling of every little thing he does and every movement he makes. It detracts so much from a man's manliness, the constantly asking the suffrages of his fellows. He talks and explains in one endless nasal monotone and with the most tedious prolixity about all sorts of unimportant and commonplace things, never seeming to think that the people he is talking to be as well informed on the subject as himself, or that the trifling incidents he so minutely describes may be thoroughly uninteresting to his auditors, who for civility sake are obliged to listen against their will and respond occasionally. It is a thousand pities that no one warned him of the disagreeable habit when he was a young man; it serves to alienate many who would otherwise be his warm friends, I doubt not. By talking one-quarter as much he would have twenty times the influence.

Jan 27th: We planted our first potatoes on the 25th. There was so great a press of work (as is usually the case in a Cal. spring) that I volunteered to drop potatoes. I was so anxious to have Mr. Bowman go on with the garden fence. The first day I got along pretty well, but yesterday at noon I completely gave out and went straight to bed dreading a miscarriage after all I had endured for the sake of a future blessing. Today I am rested somewhat but do not like the symptoms at all - regret that I have no arnica to take. Sent off letters to Tacie, Mother, and Paulina Wright, asking particulars about the new association at Raritan Bay, N.J., in which I am interested.²⁶ Today it rains a little with a prospect of more behind. It is good for our up-hill barley, only I pray that it stop in reasonable time.

Feb 1st: The weather continues fair and mild. Farming proceeding briskly. I am still very unwell, consumed by "heart-burn" so-called. My work is a burden to me and the constant pain and consequent weakness keeps my mind heavy. I suffer intolerably from thirst and avoid drinking until my tongue is parched, because the liquid increases the heart-burn. Am writing to Phebe Preston of Lancaster Co., Pa., who wrote me lately enclosing a letter from Hanna Mary Bernard, now a student at Oberlin. I have seen the face of but one woman (Mrs. Sawin) in four months and a half and it is likely to be two more before any one will have time to visit. No bright or beautiful thoughts and at the same time no fretfulness of anxiety. K. is so thoroughly kind that he has a tranquilizing

effect on me, who am, as a general thing, inclined to be apprehensive of evil and too sensitive to the influence of others.

Feb 3rd: Sowing barley below the road. Bryant staid over night with us, in fine spirits because of the calmness of the weather which enables him to get off all his produce from Castro's.²⁷ It is well that he has an excess of hope in his composition, for he has had enough trouble to crush an ordinary person. Success makes such a difference, too, in his looks - when under the influence of hope he is handsome; when oppressed with care, decidedly homely.

I am not sure that anything whatever could relieve or comfort me under my present very depressing condition of health, but if anything could it would be a congenial female companion with who I could chat and be merry - sympathize and advise.²⁸ The being alone all day from eight in the morning to seven at night ensures a too great seriousness. There is nothing to call out any other faculties of the mind, fancy, imagination, affection, mirthfulness, nothing in fact to kindle or excite a worthy spirit life. I regret this more than I can express, dreading the effect on the little one. Every good woman needs a companion of her own sex, no matter how numerous or valuable her male acquaintances, no matter how close the union between herself and husband; if she have a genial, loving nature, the want of a female friend is felt as a sad void. I have a fixed habit also of living nearly altogether in the future. Not that I am in the least discontented with my present circumstances; it is a habit that, if I remember rightly, grew out of my desire for knowledge when a young girl. I always hoped something would "happen" in a few years to enable me to attain the intellectual culture I so earnestly desired and which I found myself entirely unable in my cramped circumstances to arrive at. Benevolence and affection always came in to interfere with the fulfillment of aspiration and so the years wore away in ceaseless yearning and the habit became fixed of looking far, far away even to the future of death when social duties and individual aspirations would never conflict. For my life, take it all together and considering my natural tendencies has been one of severe struggle and suffering, only alleviated by the love I found myself able to attract and the sense of power over growing minds. It would me more desirable for me at this time to take a hearty interest in my housekeeping, but I never did feel the slightest in such things and the cooking is most distasteful and irksome to me. All that I do is done of outward necessity and because there would be a worse state of confusion were it left undone. Then being cut off from society out of my natural sphere, since I cannot exert my natural influence and receive those necessary to me in return, I fail in earnestness, concentrativeness, active internal power. If I had a nice friend with me it would recall me from my vague dreaming to the worth of absolutely about persons making their own circumstances. It is utterly impossible for me to cause a state of mind in myself which would naturally result from the conflict in other minds. I never *think*. All the nobler intellectual faculties lie dormant.

Wednesday, Feb. 9th: Fine weather still lasts. I rode to the mission last Sunday, took tea at the Whitings' and then went to pass the night at Mrs. Dryden's, the wife of the Methodist Minister.²⁹ She is in the like case with myself and as her husband was in San F. we slept together and had quite a cheerful time of it. The next day I saw at her house one or two other pleasant women and Mrs. W. is to come up this evening to pass a

few days with me. I enjoyed the visit exceedingly and feel better in consequence. On the 6th sowed cauliflower, asparagus, rhubarb, and onions and set out the strawberry plants.

Feb 13th: Sowed celery, sea kale and set out the first little peach tree up by the house and the rose bushes around.

I am better - had two days' visit from Mrs. Whiting which has quite made me forget myself and my ailments. She also is to become a mother, so are many other women in the mission, and for the first time after being married many years. The place has become proverbial for its fruitfulness. We are all in a state of partial anxiety about doctors and nurses, those here of the former class being bunglers, giving calomel to a confined woman and losing healthy patients frequently, and most of the latter being filled more or less with old women's superstitions as regards the treatment of new born babies.

I am reading "Reveries of a Bachelor" to Mr. K. It is good to read just enough to stimulate thought.³⁰

Feb. 23rd: Last night the much needed rain came. Tom had given up further ploughing for want of it only yesterday. It is a gently and not cold rain. They have finished this side of the garden fence and today made a large gate in the place of bars. Last week the mare foaled - I am sorry it is not a horse colt. I am very busy sewing sacs and skirts and so forth. The transplanted rose bushes are putting out their leaves and the rhubarb is getting quite green. Health pretty good, cheerful, busy, very practical, no reading. Two months is a long time to wait the answer to a letter. If there were a weekly mail from the east it would help the matter.

27th: Mr. K. wanted sweet potatoes in the garden. Mr. B. had planted half the sack three weeks or a month ago. Today they fixed the spring with a box and pipes and we sowed the flower seeds. The asparagus is 3 inches above the ground. Eggplants will not thrive.

28th: Mrs. Gummidge commenced setting.

March 1st: Suffer exceedingly from indigestion all the time. No reading and little to do.

8th: A week ago I felt the child move within me for the first time, tho nearly five months of my time must have expired. Since this I enjoy myself much better - am no longer afflicted with nausea and heart burn. My life has been and is likely to be so free from excitement of every sort during this experience that the child if not stupid, should, at least, be equable in disposition. I am 34 years old and my husband with one or two years older. My mother was not married until her thirtieth year. I was her second child born three years afterwards. My sister, two years my senior is, is thoroughly superficial and selfish - one of those persons who are mature as they will be at fifteen.

9th: Rained heavily last night - has been threatening some days. Potatoes and barley make quite a show.

14th: Spent yesterday afternoon with the Meaders-galloped there and felt invigorated by the exercise and change. Today Mr. and Mrs. Sawin came to see me and on returning

were, I fear, caught in the rain which has come again heavily this afternoon. Last week Mrs. Meader sent me 4 or 5 pounds of her good butter, which is a great present here in these days, being a dollar a pound and not to be had at that.

15th: Rain is still coming down. I am not at all well, think a journal a stupid and heartless affair and have come to the conclusion that the peculiar characteristics of a child are the result of inmost indescribable and perhaps unrecognizable states of mind. While I write there is the heaviest hail storm I ever saw in my life-not excepting those of Canada, East.

25th: William Coleman came today in the coast steamer; he proposes looking at land in the Pajaro.³¹

27th: Sunday. C. went to the mission and the rain came on before he got there.

30th: Rain (heavy) ceased-river much swollen, wrote to Relief Buffum from whom I had heard lately. Health somewhat improved. Many chickens to tend to.

April 7th: Sent letters and M. and W. Johnson and Eleanor Hill.³² Spent part of Sunday and Monday at the Whitings'. Whiting is a shallow, conceited, dogmatic, insolent, pro-slavery braggart and I came home quite sad a hopeless about the progress of truth and justice in this country, where it is the universal custom to call sin virtue - to boast of oppression and brag of the freedom of this great country, all in a breath - to hat with a wolfish hatred those who dare to advocate the most obvious right, what reason have we for hope? I despair. I see nothing but approaching despotism in America and that not a century hence.

I should live where I can have the sympathy of abolitionists. It makes me bitter and cold and contemptuous, the mixing only with the shallow tyrant or timid apologist. Mr. Bowman, also, has turned out quite other than he was represented and than he represented himself. He is coarse, gluttonous, and personally dirty, without self respect, courage or truthfulness. First he wearied me with flattery and blarney, then by his low meanness, so that I loathe his presence. He is mean, unmanly, and picayunish. K. Is constantly expressing his annoyance at him and his regret at having engaged him, and this increases my feeling. I am so keenly sensitive to the characters of those about me that I suffer and am too much engrossed with either the meannesses or virtues of my associates. It is unfortunate that these are my circumstances in these three last months. I can conceive of nothing worse. There is now a weekly mail from the Atlantic states.

16th: K. has gone to the Pajaro. I am pretty well, but for heart burn. Sent letters to Robert and Tacie. It seems strange that as my time of trial approaches I fee less anxiety about preparing for it than at first. Our garden begins to look ship-shape.

Sunday, April 17th: A severe rain storm last night. Heard by the mail of last week from Maggie Voorhees and Sarah Shaw.³³ Would that M. were with me.

May 1st: Sunday-Sprained my ankle pretty badly in stepping off the front piazza. Hobbled in, mixed some bread, and fed the youngest chickens so that matters might not stand quite so bad when K. and Tom return with the cow, which they did shortly. The Brown brothers spent the day with us. Health quite fair, especially K. supplies me so well with candy of which I am extravagantly fond.

3rd: K. planted melons and many other things. Last night it showered a little. The opinion among intelligent persons is that the general cultivation of the soil is fast changing the climate.

15th: K. gone down to the Pajaro to make more certain of the nurse for me and to bring home the American cow he bought of Bryant. Our new Spanish cow, Adumblah, is quite good, giving 6 or 7 qts of most excellent milk per diem. Yesterday got a letter from Moses and Mary Atwood, Alton, Ill., containing seeds, hop-malthea – Zinnia - Aster and others. Also one from Oliver Johnson, who leaves the *Freeman* for the *A.S. Standard*.³⁴ Tom killed a deer this morning. I, however, have disliked meat of every sort these many months-live on bread and milk and cream, to which lately may be added blackberries, of which I am extremely fond. Health pretty good - sadly wanting in mental concentration.

19th: Rain threatening again. Yesterday I did a very large washing that I had been putting off for months. The little fawn and the numerous broods of young chickens are a great trouble to me. I get so fatigued. Instead of the cows and certainty of a nurse, K. came home with a plan for selling out here and buying a large rancho in the Pajaro. I earnestly hope he may succeed in doing so, for I like the idea of a large landed estate and especially in the neighborhood of Bryant and Eleanor. I have made the best of acquaintances here but, alas, for friends. I shall feel more settled down there.

21st: Six visitors from the mission to dinner and tea. In the afternoon most of us turned out blackberrying. The berries we ate for supper with cream and sugar. I got my arms poisoned by ivy, pretty badly. They want me to return the compliment by passing Saturday and Sunday in town, but I fee that it would be imprudent to risk the fatigue of horseback riding and as yet we have no buggy.

29th: Mr. K. gone again tot eh Pajaro. I do not like being left alone. Everything grows very fast, tho we have showers every week and coolish weather. On the 27th we sent out 40 bags of ripe potatoes and shall continue to dig more largely every week. A sort of caterpillar is making sad work of the potatoes, onions, etc., in most places, especially in the bottom lands near and in the mission. They cut them clean off to the root. As yet they have done us but little damage.

31st: Mr. Bowman at last gone to the tan yard to my eminent satisfaction. I only hope K. will get rid of him soon and I hope it will be a long time before I again accept a person on the character given them by another, belying my own strong impressions. The human voice is the truest index to the interior qualities of the soul. The manly, frank, clear-headed person has a voice pleasant to listen; the timid one, time server, and scatter brains, quite another. Owing to Lucretia Mott's sweet and gracious social affectations her voice

is music itself, rich and never failing.³⁵ A person with merely her intellect, or with less affection could by no possibility have such delicious intonations. Mr. Bowman's nasal monotonous, blarneying voice so disgusted me that I never staid in his presence. I have not eaten at the table for three months, so much did his ill manners and gluttony annoy me.

The good nurse cannot leave home. I hate the idea of a doctor. Alas, if the child does not push his own way vigorously into the world it may go ill with me, but I hope and trust it [the child] will.

June 15th: All goes well. Two weeks ago we sent up our first ripe potatoes which brought 10 and 9 cts, last week more, and they brought 8 cts. Five hands are digging, ready for to-morrow's steamer. I am well enough to cook for so many with K's careful help in the way of preparation before he leaves for the yard. Indeed, just now, excepting for two or three hours in the forenoon, I feel badly; I can only doze away on the couch. I am well enough. The few debts will be paid, a piece of desirable land for a new tan yarn in the "village" bought-a team, also, and a kitchen and barn put up. I can hardly hope for a buggy, and yet without one and with an infant I shall be sadly isolated. I have read Thackeray's *Pendennis* and can see that there is great talent in the book, but it does not excite in me the least emotion, does not strengthen or enlighten me in any way.³⁶ I can see how it may be popular with those who have no interest in progress.

The flowers that are blossoming quite cheer me - the great sun flowers - African marigolds - poppies and princes feathers-the nasturtiums, too. Yellow for some reason, always pleases me and in my rides a patch of yellow flowers in a green field invited my attention till I have quite passed it by.

Besides the chickens, turkies, dog (Nip), cat, and other live stock, K. has just had a present of a couple of English terriers - little, cunning things. The female will sit on her haunches and beg. He has such a hearty, boyish love of animals that although I am sometimes inclined to rebel against the size of the family, I am reconciled again by a consideration of beauty and such simple affections.

June 29th: Exactly two weeks after the preceding entry my little girl was born (June 29th, '53) between 11 and 12 a.m. (Ora Bruce Kirby).³⁷ It was at least ten days before the time I had calculated on. No nurse could by any possibility be obtained. K. had gone to the yard and I was expecting Mr. and Mrs. Meader to spend the day. They had been up the coast to try and engage some one and were now to report progress. I did not feel well on rising, and by the time the Meaders arrived I had to go to bed for good. It was fortunate they came, for there was no woman nearer than the mission when I should have sent off Tom to fetch Mr. K., I should have been entirely alone. For 24 hours I had a terrible time and had to take chloroform at last. Mrs. Meader remained till the babe was born and Mrs. Rick, the school-masters wife, was persuaded to come and stay with me for a week.³⁸ She is a conscientious, gentle, thoughtful person with many just, practical ideas, but weakly, inefficient, and untidy. In ten days she was bound to go home, and I, scarcely able to bear my own weight. Must take the entire charge of the infant and, to some extent, of the house. K. and Tom do all they possibly can, but the former must see to the yard and Tom is busy with the other hands digging potatoes. Now the baby is a month old, she cries much at night and that keeps me from getting strong. My breasts, too, are

gathering, so that my life is pretty much a misery, physically speaking, and all because those stupid doctors had no breast pump to drain my milk.

There is considerable excitement just now about the discovery of gold and Siant and the Rincon and other places in the neighborhood.³⁹ It has never been found in sufficient quantities as yet to pay for the digging, but now they say they can get \$5 a day and that is fair wages. However we do not feel at all certain as to the truth of the case.

July [Aug?] 19th: Baby has had a slight eruption on her since she was three days old. I hope that it will leave of its own accord. I fancy, also, that she has a cast in the left eye, which, if so, was caused by bringing her suddenly into too strong light. She has ruptured herself by crying hard when I was too ill to be able to use the ordinary means of pacifying her. Otherwise she is strong and well - very wakeful, tho. How entirely I am divested of leisure hours or even moments now. When Ora is not in my arms I see so many things that I ought to do and that I should like to do that it destroys the satisfaction of doing anything. I am beginning to feel like myself again. I lanced my right breast myself and in a week I hope it will be healed.

Sept. 10th: It is sometime now since I heard from Byberry, and I feel deserted and lonely. Besides, our pecuniary affairs are in no flourishing condition. The rapid decline in the price of potatoes made the two last shipments a loss and now the worms (a species of maggot) have got at all the late crop, both in the near and off hollows and these potatoes will not sell at all, and, indeed, will soon be eaten hollow. The potato crop throughout the valleys and on the coast is a total failure through this worm. It throws us back so - no ready money and various bills for labor due. The considerations, with Mrs. F's dishonorable conduct making Mr. K. liable for \$2,000 next spring and summer, keep me in a state of unrest. If we were only quite of debt with no danger threatening distinctly in the distance I should be as happy as possible.

Nov. 5th: The winter rains are delayed. Mr. K. goes to San F. tomorrow to sell leather. Tom Purdy, the nice English lad, has come to live with us. Baby is well as it is possible for a child to be and has been so for the last two months. She is remarkably strong, especially on the back and is so very happy in her existence that I quite envy her, wishing I myself were a child again and so cared for. She scarcely ever cries and usually smiles gleefully when ever I look at her. She observes much for her age, loves to be out of doors early in the morning when the deer and other animals are about. I am wholly satisfied in the child who has health, strength, intellect, and good nature. Dr. McLean has done me good service in curing the rupture.⁴⁰ She is indeed the light of the household. Her father takes great pride and pleasure in her. I have forgotten my great suffering and wish for two more children - one girl and one boy - the latter to please my husband only, for I love girls best. Mr. K. has some idea of giving up farming and devoting himself to the raising of pigs, chickens and vegetables and it would gratify me to have him do so, for I fear his health will fail totally by the severe labor of the yard. If he were to live wholly on the farm he would be constantly improving it in some way-would plan an orchard-make a duck-pond and vineyard, build a large barn, and finish and improve the house. We should have a fine flower garden and all sorts of conveniences.

Lately I have been reading "The Caxtons" over again. I am more than struck by the true wisdom embodied in it. Thackeray's books are all aimless, superficial, and unimproving to me. *Vanity Fair* has poor contrast in the mutely amiable Amelia and Captain Dobbin.⁴¹ Mrs. Stowe's, "Key" Sumner books, and the anti-slavery literature generally is of quite another stamp. Without this mind would shrink to the modicum of those with whom I associate and growth be a mere word in the dictionary. The *Tribune* and *A.S. Standard* do indeed supply me with the bread of life.

Nov. 28th: Mr. K. has been absent now more than three weeks and I have for the last ten days endured the most horrible anxiety. I cannot care for the housekeeping or anything else. The first heavy rains came on the 24th (Thursday) and today only has it ceased. I force myself to eat for the baby's sake. Our new "Tom" loves the baby and is also very cheerful, but until this load is off my mind I cannot appreciate mirthfulness.

The heavy rains and my distance from the mission, with only a lad of seventeen in the house and he without a saddle prevent me from taking such measures and making such inquiries as would afford me temporary relief – oh, that he may be home by tomorrow night having suffered only temporary sickness. Letters from Robert Purvis and Tacie Townsend (24th), showing that John Bowman's real character has come to light. Letter from Maggie by the preceding mail –she will not come.

Jan 25th, '54: Little one thrives – is remarkably strong and healthy. In December after K's return I took her to the mission and made a visit of a few days to Mrs. Farnham who was down on account of Eddy's sickness and of Mr. Hobson, who has since died. She has a beautiful baby girl [with] a splendid head and a joyous generous face. The babe is 4 days younger than mine. By comparing I find Ora's head lacking in breadth – imagination and cautiousness – she is wide between the eyes with Mrs. F. says Redfield says is music.⁴² Ora never takes cold tho much exposed early and late out of doors at her father's coming and going. She is so nervously active and yet so strong that I hope much from her mental activities, so sustained. I love Mrs. F. inspite of the anxiety and trouble she has caused us and may yet, by her past culpable action. How I long for a more intellectual life. Now that my motherly nature is gratified I long to turn to study. Ora is well; that it were not for household drudging I could study with her very easily.

May 25, 1855: Sixteen months have elapsed since the last entry. Rather a wearisome, hopeless time – pecuniary difficulties make such hard work for the honest minded. Last December we moved to the mission leaving Tom as tenant on the farm which we had been unable to sell. Since January the new tan yard has been in successful operation and we are living in a droll little white-washed house not five minutes walk from it.⁴³ Ora is nearly two years old – hearty as ever. Three months ago I miscarried from over-exertion – but find myself enceinte again and so am desirous of recoding my circumstances and states of minds in order the better to learn the effect of these on the character of the child.

I have no leisure for the quiet dreaming that occupied me so much before Ora's birth and yet my mind is no more clear or orderly. For a long time the music seems to died out of me – no melody, no sense of rhythm. I am tired and stupid of doing all my own work for so long. Mr. K. is also quite exhausted with the close application of four hears. He looks older by ten years and is easily by attacked by sickness now. Mrs.

Farnham has taught our common school for the last five months and if she continues we may hope something for the place.

Aug. '55: My health is pretty good with the exception of the inevitable results of prolapsis. I must be full five months toward my time. For the last two, my mind has been tolerably active, after the dry Yankee sort – better only than stagnation. The child, if I continue thus, must have more force, more ordinary intellect than Ora and less delicacy, less originality, less music, less physical health or activity. All hope of growth in Santa Cruz through Mrs. Farnham's influence in the public school is at an end. Little Mary, who was four days younger than Ora and possessed of a wonderful brain, died of acute water on the brain last month and her mother bereft of her only consolation was unequal to the task of drudging through the few remaining months of her school year – the rowdies again have matters in their own hands and a low-bred ignoramus teaches a private school. In October, doubtless, the narrow-minded sanctimonious Frick will again vent his spite on the children of the district. I have taken, through Mr. Cutler of San F., the first steps towards procuring liberal Unitarian teaching for those of us who cannot accept the sorry Methodism.⁴⁴ I long to be teaching somebody myself, but there is not sufficient appreciation of the higher sort of culture to make any parent anxious to part with even one out of six girls. The question still, could I be of service to my kind elsewhere? I am of none here.

Have the whooping cough – took it from Ora. Never had a cough before – feel weak in the day from coughing so much at night – have cramp in both chest and abdomen when coughing violently.

I preserve a tolerable cheerful, hopeful, and equable state of mind and am less over-tasked lately, having no man to board and no chickens to wait on. Ora, too, grows less troublesome, but I have let her have her own way too much.

During the four most important months of this pregnancy I had a class of girls for three hours each day. Those that really interest me were Maria and Ellen Hecox and Katherine Imus.⁴⁵ They went through "Combe's Constitution of Man," and we used to have all sorts of discussions with it.⁴⁶ The Methodist minister tells that parents that none my infidels believe in phrenology and that this is an infidel book. It is quite common here for girls to be engaged at twelve and marry at fourteen, I and Mrs. Farnham (who came to me after Mary's death) endeavor to impress upon them the great truths bearing on marriage, maternity – the moral and physical laws affecting children and so forth. They accept the thoughts as self evident, but are met at home with the dogma that God for special purposes of his own takes babies away from their mothers and that it has nothing to do with what they eat or didn't wear.

I met with great opposition from Mr. Kirby about these girls coming to me, but I like to each and knew that it would be beneficial to the child, keeping my mind clear and practical and active instead of dreary. Mrs. Farnham's presence, too, is the greatest blessing. We are so suggestive to each other. Every thing is as I could wish, excepting that fat is troublesome and having miscarried so lately I cannot take much exercise.

My own greatest want is self-esteem and concentrativeness. When I do what I am sure is right, I suffer for fear of the opinion of others, and if my friends don't write to me I fear they have become tired or disgusted with me. Then, too, I fly constantly from one subject to another, cannot think consecutively. To alleviate the effects of this I oblige

myself to study geometry for one hour or so every evening. Finally I get quite engrossed with it. This I have done for months. So with this and Mrs. F. and the class I hope to give more intellect and more character to the child. I trembled every time K. saw the girls. He threatened to order them out of the house – said their parents would abuse me as they had Mrs. F. and tell lies about me – that people would say he could not support me and so forth. It was only by the greatest calmness and firmness that I avoided trouble and all for the sake of the result.

July 18, 1858: The above refers to Georgie's pre-natal circumstances. She was born on the 12th of December 1855 and was the quietest and best of babies, apparently perfectly well, only the left eye was weak which I attribute to my having done so much sewing especially as my eyes are quite weak when enceinte.

Cornelia was born in December '57 (at Sta Cruz Mission). I was in more comfortable circumstances before her birth, but had no intimate friends near me and no one to teach. In the first place there were no young persons who were of the sort that interested me belonging to persons who would trust a heretic with them, and then I found myself pretty fully occupied with caring for my two children and household generally. I occupied myself with sewing, constructing, planning garments of one sort or another, was very quiet and contented having nothing to vex me, also nothing to exercise my mental facilities as I had with Georgie. Cornelia is even a better, pleasant tempered child than Georgie, but I fear she will be more delicate in her organization, have less power of resistance and endurance. I read only one book that called out any thought, Guizot's "Civilization of Modern Europe."⁴⁷ A certain portion of geometry having served my purpose before I quite lost my interest in it and could not get it up again. If I could have laid hold of other histories equally fine with the above it would have answered my purpose, close attention being needed to comprehend and remember the events. I had a chimney and fireplace built in the home room, which at once reconciled me to the house I had before so disliked. I hope I shall not have another child, for I am sensible that my constitution is not what it was. From the time Ora was born I did not work until Georgie was six months old, not being at all equal to it, it seemed to drag me down so as I can never recover from it. I keep pretty well as long as I keep quiet, but directly I exert myself I get ill. During the three years I allude to it was a constant strain on my powers, bodily and mental. I used to wash at the tub when I trembled all over from weakness constantly, and it was so discouraging to go to bed at night feeling that notwithstanding such exertions the work was all behindhand. Ora was a most troublesome child till she was 3 ½ or 4 years old. No one could imagine the mischief such a really good child could accomplish. Then to cook, wash, iron, houseclean, bake, mend, nurse, write letters, receive and pay visits, read etc., all of which was necessary if I would really live like a civilized being, was too much for one person. I feel that at forty my constitution is gone and even if I had a boy he would not be what we should expect.

The children, Georgie and Ora, spend most of the time gathering bouquets in the garden and arranging them in cups, bottles and whatnot, and so every day.

It is more than three years since I spoke to Mr. Cutler of San F. about a Unitarian minister. He promised to write east and see what could be done. K. promised to board a person and give \$100 a year besides, and we could easily have raised \$1,000 more. Perhaps Mr. C. did his best but I never heard anything from him. Now the

Congregationalists and Presbyterians have united and have quite a thriving church, but I do not believe the cause of true religion is helped by the ministrations of Mr. Zelig, who is a rigid sort of person without any flow of life or intellect or heart.⁴⁸ All the sermons are delivered in a loud, unmaterial tone of voice and none of them are on Christian virtues but all on the dogmas of the church. Last Sunday he proved to his own satisfaction that morality, love, charity, benevolence, etc., were not of the slightest use to save a man from Hell, only belief that you deserved to be damned and then accepted Christ as a saviour somehow. It must be very much easier and so require less ability to dish up doctrines in this way than to enlarge for an hour on brother love, peace making, patience, teachableness, humility, or such subjects, making them pointed and interesting. For my part, believing that this is to be my home and I shall not cease to work in every possible way to procure liberal teaching for those that will accept it. Mr. Gannett has sent me a number of tracts on the questions at issue between the liberal and orthodox Christians.⁴⁹ I have previously circulated all of Parker's sermons that I could command, and especially all sorts of general literature tending to a reasonable and affectionate and intelligent state of mind, such as W. Ware's works, the nobler poets, Judd's "Margaret," the best modern novels and especially the noble anti-slavery literature of the day.⁵⁰ Now I am going at the *doctrines*; controversy is forever necessary at first to lead people's minds from false theories. The state of people who believe that religion consists in belief in certain dogmas must be vastly different from those who believe that religion is charity (St. Paul's) in the soul.

I am so perplexed about my children. I long to teach and so improve other children and I could, even now, do a little, say take two who needed help most or who would be more surely benefited, for I have a most excellent girl Anna McGee, who takes every bit of the household care as well as labor off my hands. I have the baby and children to see to, it is true, but I could do something and Ora would learn more willingly and be happier if she saw others, but I am deterred by the fear of exposing her to the influence of such manner and such coarse states of mind as find in the lower class of children and one of the better class happen to have any. I shall certainly write to Mr. Gannett to see if he can help me to a religious teacher. The trouble is we sympathize with Theodore Parker and so do the most influential Unitarians of the place, and I fear the association would send us a conservative (so called) person.

July 25th, 1858: This week Mr. Zelig's adherents held a "festival," as they call it, in order to get money for the church furniture, the church itself, being finished. There was a supper, a post-office, and a "grab-bag" for entertainment and it all went off extremely well. They cleared above expenses \$330. All the town was here with the exception of Miss Mead and her sister, Mrs. Kittridge, whose husband, the Dr. is at variance with Mr. Farrand and the latter took a leading part in the festival.⁵¹ After taking Miss M. home Judge Blackburn returned. Ora was so sleepy and we eat the good things with our fingers. I heard last week that there was a fuss in the common school at Watsonville about two colored children, nice, intelligent, well-behaved children all say, but disgraced by their skin. I understand that the children were admitted but put off by themselves, poor things, and not allowed to take places no matter how much they out-spelled those above them. The more violently pro-slavery do not permit their children to go to the school at all. The ignorant, white people from the slave states are the curse of California, they are

so stupid and so conceited they think one man (to-wit, themselves) just as good as another, providing there be not the least drop of African blood in them. I sent down "Ida May" and "Caste" to help the right side.⁵²

This spring Mrs. Voorhees came with her two boys, Hermann and Theodore, and spent two months with us.⁵³ Her conversation is very charming to me and as we both lived many years at Margate in Kent, and have been about the same number of years in the United States, it is pleasant to compare notes. She is an artist. I am simply one who loves to develop character and intellect aright. I am deficient in imagination, taste, delicacy. We have had separate existences, so different, yet we find much in common. She adds more to my life than I can to hers for I accept her views of the meaning and value of music – the cause and influence of a true architecture and so forth she does not see as I do that anti-slavery is the great question of the day and the necessity of giving our hearty cooperation towards it downfall. I fear Theodore will not become the man she expect him to. Hermann will exceed her hopes. The last two years have given me many pleasant friends whom I hope to keep. Miss Ellis, who is now engaged to Mr. Jones, Mrs. Voorhees, and Mr. Jones, whom I felt more intimate with than formerly.⁵⁴ No one, tho, begins to fill Mrs. Farnham's place. Mrs. V. and I are anxious in the same way about our children. We see the evils of a new country with no old institutions, no grand old buildings, and seldom the best intellect and characters to call out reverence.

Nov. 15th, 1858: I have arrived at the most nervous and anxious condition of mind and both on Georgie's account. It seems to me that I have not slept a good sound whole night's sleep since Ora was born. Georgie has a rather delicate and highly sensitive organism, vim not withstanding. She looks so well. She has settled weakness of the bowels – has always had, and I only wonder she keeps up at all. I sleep with her in order to keep her covered, fearing that a chill would react on the bowels. I attend scrupulously to her diet, exercise, clothing. She wore flannel drawers and jacket and high necked dresses and thick shoes. In spite of all this care she gets weaker and her condition does not improve at all. I have no heart for anything and the loss of the rest (for she is very restless at night) takes all the strength out of me. There is not one person of cultivated, enlarged mind in the place. Sometimes I seem quite collapsed for the want of spiritual food. Zelig I cannot go to hear. He is by nature a hard, vindictive, tyrannical, mechanical sort of person without the principle of growth in him at all. He talks about grace and change of heart, but I don't know any one who need these things more than he does, or one whom the change is less possible to. Never a sermon on patience, quietness, love, tenderness or pity, but law, the terrors of the law, the fear of God, etc.

Jan. 5th, 1859: This year opens with one blessing at least for me. I have found a cure for Georgie's weakness in castile soap and brandy. But also I hear that Mrs. F will not return to Cal, although I have all along believed that her proper place was among more advanced minds and characters than those here. I am at once led to ask "What then am I to do? How can I live?" The moving spirit of Cal is an external one; the prominent traits – generosity, cheerfulness, hope – but no love of abstract ideas, no tendency to seek for truth. The thriving are happily engrossed with their happy circumstances; those who do not thrive are too sadly conscious of their poor estate to care for the higher life of the soul.

Speaking from the ordinary standpoint, I say Santa Cruz is a most excellent place, containing worthy, intelligent people and yet I find myself utterly alone. Indeed since my marriage I never felt so lonely as this fall and winter.

Dr. Burrell and family from Sacto. [Sacramento] will have settled here within a few weeks. I find him an excellent physician and most reliable and gentlemanly man. His wife is not equal to him but quite tolerable. Something she told me about her state of mind previous to the birth of her first child convinces me that the most deplorable consequences result when the pregnant woman entertains antipathy even if that antipathy is perfectly justifiable in itself, being the dislike and disgust for what is in its very nature detestable. It is a constant shutting up on ones sympathies instead of pouring them out on all sides, thus giving your child large and generous sympathies. Oh, if men as well as women did but know how much depends on this fact, how the husband would endeavor to call into play all his wife's nobler qualities, stimulating and aiding her in controlling her weaknesses and improving her powers in every way.

Jan. 30th, '59: Within the last seven or eight weeks our young neighbor James Morgan became raving mad and finally died at the asylum at Stockton.⁵⁵ He was a remarkably reasonable and conscientious young man and became insane from his inability to experience the sudden change from despair to joy that Methodists call "getting religion." He was too well balanced to be carried away by emotion and yet being wholly within the orthodox and mostly the Methodist atmosphere he was impressed that he was in a wrong and dangerous state until he did so. He had remarkable concentrativeness. Finally when Mr. (Elder) Briggs brought his magnetism to bear on him and made a powerful appeal to the audience to escape the wrath to come, he went immediately mad.⁵⁶ Such cases would more frequently occur were the traditional dogmas of the church, total depravity and eternal punishment, more truly believed, but fortunately they live only in the brain and the heart is unblighted by them.

This event will still further increase the unpopularity of the Methodist form of religion, for although the Presbyterian, which is and is likely to be dominant for some years at least, entertains exactly the same dogmas, it appeals less to the passions.

I do not see, on looking back, that I have mentioned anything of Maria or Ellen Hecox, two daughters of Mrs. Adna Hecox, who, of the young girls before alluded to, especially interested me. Maria I had much to do with – taught her for a time French and German especially, generally instructed her in morals, manners and so forth. She was neat, bright, affectionate, brave, impulsive. As she outgrew the narrow Methodist set, her other became disturbed and ended by hating and insulting me. Ellen had more intellect but less character than her elder sister. She was well read for her years and possessed great talent, I might say genius from drawing heads, animas, etc. In order to withdraw her from me the mother urged her into a marriage with a low fellow, one Cap. Watson, when she was scarcely fourteen. Maria took her destiny into her own hands, went to San F. to school, then to Sacramento into Cornelius Cole's family and finally married a Dr. Tilden when she was nearly seventeen. I missed the pleasant labor of instructing Maria.⁵⁷ Now, Jan '59, I have taken Mary Jane Morgan, another undisciplined child of fourteen.⁵⁸ She is infinitely less developed for her age than either of the others, indeed, has naturally less intellect. She cannot even read intelligently, and of books of any sort is quite ignorant, but she is capable, active, very pretty and tho irreverent like all the western

children, is teachable and seems to be glad to do a little for herself. The western children are so generally fine looking, they have more constitution than the Yankees – have what the English call in the horses "bottom" – that I should like to have the training of them all, even as they are. Miss Mary Jane says to me at the breakfast table "There is a hair in the apple sauce, I believe it is one of your by the color." She talks a lot of rambling nonsense, calls my friends by their Christian names, and pronounces her wretched English in such a shocking manner that sometimes I give up and think I will try not to be interested in her, but that is nonsense, for I cannot help myself.

April 14, '59: Miss Mary Jane proved a failure. Neither she, no indeed any of the family but the one who died lately and the oldest, Joseph, have any worthy ambition. I have tried the youngest, Salome, who is now ten years old and cannot read the first of the Rollo books.⁵⁹ She staid away on the least excuse and no one at hme paid any attention to her coming over at the right hour. Tot and she are great friends and I wished to arouse in her some desire of improvement but failed. Ora is too intelligent to be satisfied with ignorance in a friend. They represent pretty well the "poor white trash" of the slave states where the parents were born and married. Get up late, swaddle about and do forever a long string of nothings. Let all the children drink tea and coffee and up as late as the parents. Live principally on buckwheat cakes, send the children to school a week and keep them out two months, borrow incessantly everything from indigo to a pair of stockings to go to a party in. I believe I've given up trying to do anything for them. I do my own work with K's help and a woman to wash. Am growing by degrees much more cheerful and at rest, not so frantic, as I used to be for want of the finest people for friends. Begin to realize that a little progress is a good thing and it's no use looking for strides. Besides the children grow to be less babies and demand the sort of attention that needs more mind. K. is more respectful than he used to be. Has left off sneering at me and is really becoming considerate and tender. The children are in fine health. I delight to see the garden so well planted, anticipate a forest about me. Ora reads in Epes Sargent's 2nd reader – to herself, also, the history of General Tom Thumb, the idea of whom seems to interest her extremely. These with Peter Fables and the history of Five Little Pigs comprise all her library.⁶⁰ George is between three and four and talks such a lingo none of us can always interpret.

Sept. 24th '59: Mrs. Farnham has returned to Cal. and to us. I was in San F. early in July and felt myself alive once more on meeting her. She has greatly improved in the three years (tho I was quite satisfied with her before), being more patient of the low condition of what is called civilization, with a quieter spirit, greater intellectual ability, and unabated zeal in the cause of larger truths. Her manner of advocating spiritualism is very effective. She has lectured (principally on these religious views) every Sunday evening nearly since she came down. Also she has a class of women, the most respectable in the place, to whom she gave "conversations" on her view of woman. It being that woman is superior, spiritually, to man. This she proves by the added organs and functions, the greater delicacy of organization, greater beauty and the fact that she holds a large – immense – balance of power over the character of her off-spring. Mrs. Kittridge, Blackburn, Egleston, Porter and Taylor – Roberts, Smith, Rawson and myself attended and yet Dr. Rawson, for some unknown, has given himself up to circulating the vilest

reports of her teachings.⁶¹ These disgustingly sensual views are listened to and believed by large numbers, notwithstanding that the members of the class are indignant to the last degree, as her teachings enlighten and strengthen those who attend (Sundays). The church is not aided thereby and sectarian virulence abounds against her. There are very few actual members, but these have the will to roast her at the stake. Deacon Wm. Anthony shays she is a "She Devil"; Mrs. Ruffner that "she is worse than the keeper of a brothel."⁶² Dr. Rawson circulates the most scandalous lies purporting to come from her. These are all leaders in the Congregational Church. But she has steadily good audiences and makes as earnest friends as enemies by her most valuable services. She extemporizes always, commands her hearers unbroken attention from the first moment to the last. Her large philosophical brain, her tender, religious, womanly nature carry conviction to all capable of progress.

Just as she entered upon these Sunday lectures, a young man admirably fitted for the task commenced the publication of the "Santa Cruz News."⁶³ There had been a local paper published here these two years, but it was beneath criticism. The selections consisting nearly always of the most gross and disgusting anecdotes and editorials minus. Slocum of the News published in his first number a good report of Mrs. F.'s second lecture. Then such a storm as poured on his head. The pious complained, threatened, abused, as usual. The very few courageous encouraged. Slocum is a refined, intuitive, manly fellow, but lacking the ability to battle with the external world. It is impossible for him to lower his standard, to back down from his position. He suffers terribly from want of sympathy, want of means, inability to cope with and over-power this violent, coarse tirade made upon him. We cheer him all we can. God send that he may be sustained, that freedom and truth may thereby be helped. He has gone down to the Pajaro to get subscribers.

Mrs. F. and Mr. Kirby both went to the City of the 25th inst[ant] Mrs. S.M. Clarke, and intellectual, useful woman will die of prostration by caused by Uterine disease if nothing can be done in the use of electricity for her.⁶⁴ She believes Mrs. F. can do this and so the latter reluctantly leaves for a while her writer's work (a book on woman, her uses, position, destiny, and so forth) with the incidental work of her lecturing every Sunday to go and see if she can be helped.

Dr. Burrell, having not a particle of earnestness or courage and being fond of persons lower in tone than himself, preferred acceding to the false and base reports as to her character, experience, etc. The Joneses considered it impolite and inadvisable to countenance a public woman. They became very thick with the B's, finally Mrs. Jones was too good to stand the hollowness of their lives, the animal stupid children resulting therefrom, and rebelled. Still I can see she has the slavish feeling that a good wife must not outgrow her husband – must not take any stand, however gently and kindly.

Eleanor Hill spent some months with us this fall. I was dreadfully wearied by her dead level of dullness, her absolute dislike of any thing or person beyond mediocrity – an endless flow of talk on cooking, housekeeping generally, dresses, sickness. I saw how bad her influence had been on Ella – never by any possibility appealing to nobility, elevation of character. She will be neat, orderly, externally polite, intelligent, hard, selfish, material. If we could organize a circle and have some physical demonstrations even, it would help our side among such and undeveloped set, wonderfully.

Ora has improved in disposition wonderfully within the last three months. She has laid aside her defiant tone, is more reverent and affectionate. In fact a most willing and capable child. I hope the great trial is at last over. I never doubted her radical goodness, but the willfulness and apparent unimpressibility destroyed my peace to a very serious extent.

28th, '59: Today Deacon Wm. Anthony wrote to Mr. Slocum to stop his paper, "he did not wish it to be read by his family." They are real puritans and have the spirit that a century or so ago would have roasted people. S. meets with so little encouragement here that he thinks of moving to the Pajaro where as yet there is no paper. They offer to raise \$500 by subscription if he will go there. Materially it is a far better place to this and will be of more importance by reason of its larger population. Among this greater number of persons greater aid to the paper is possible.

The women Watsonville are an uncultivated, undeveloped set. It is bad enough here but it is fifty times worse there. However, I consider it a gain that no orthodox church is yet permanently established there. There are (nominally) two Methodist churches, the M.E.C. North and the M.E.C. South. The latter permitted Mrs. F. to lecture in their house (not on religion.). She described the small room as being lined with smooth blacked cloth. There were no reflectors or other arrangements for candles. These they melted a little, dropping the grease on the desk or bench back and quickly clapping their candle down on it to stick. This fact indicates the sort of civilization that [is] there.

Yesterday's "Times" contains the account of the meeting for erecting a monument to Broderick.⁶⁵ The Republicans want of courage and clear sightedness was seen in their shutting down discussion of the man's life, opinions, etc., and deciding to put on the monument "The son of a stone-cutter, a Senator from California," as if his great influence and superiority consisted in these facts at all. Plenty of mechanics arrive at places in this country and yet are unworthy of the admiration of any decent man – many deserve and obtain the contempt of the wise and good. If they had put his name, simply, it would have been better than this flummery. He was an advanced man – not many of the future, but he helped others in his own position in independence.

Jan. 26th, 1860: "The News" still continues its starved existence. People are so slow to exert themselves – even those whose sympathies are right. A few say it, the paper, must not stop, as it could never be resuscitated when needed for the next Presidential election. I found myself encephalic in September, '59 and went to the city to refresh my soul for the effort. The mountain road was in shocking condition which coming on my already irritated and weak state caused a severe miscarriage in the city, from which I but slowly recovered. In my invalid condition I saw much of dear Margaret Voorhees who was indefatigable in her care and devotion. I saw a good deal of George Brooks and enjoyed his lively interest in spiritualism. He is to visit us soon.

The Voorhees have gone to New York as Mrs. Sinclair finally comes into possession of her alimony.⁶⁶ I fear they may make arrangements that will preclude their return.

My thoughts in those days ran on the freedom of women – on what slaves we are and have been to the decisions of men. A hundred years hence it will be looked on with

astonishment that a woman is prevented by public opinion from having a child unless she finds someone whom she wishes to accept as master for life.