

San Francisco July 30th 1861.

Cousin Amanda

I think I promised
when I was at your house, that I would
write to you when I arrived, & I will try
to fulfil my promise, though I fear you will
find my letter very tedious.

We left New York on the
24th of December (my eighteenth birthday) and
arrived at San Francisco the 4th of June, after
a long and tedious passage of 162 days, only
seeing land once during that time.

We sailed, with a gale of wind, and it
was very rough. I was glad to go to bed before
we had been out many hours. I was seasick
about a fortnight, that is good and sick,
not any of any consequence after that. Mama
got along nicely. She is never very sick. We

were not many days before getting in hot weather, then it was very pleasant, until we were across the Equator, and down towards the River La Plata, we had two "Pamperos" and such squalls of thunder and lightning, we used to be a little bit frightened sometimes, for it is a famous place along these parts for vessels to get struck by lightning, and we had nearly a hundred tons of powder on board, so we would not have stood a very good chance, but we arrived all safe, and I was glad enough to see the last of it go over the side. We had an unpleasant time coming around Cape Horn, but nothing so bad, but it might have been worse.

I was very homesome the first two or three days after we got here, nothing but high sand hills. The city is built very irregularly, and some of the houses look as though they were perched on hills.

At this season of the year, every afternoon

the wind blows a gale, and the dirt, it is impossible to keep any thing clean. I have not seen a tree of any size in the city, though there are trees enough in the country, indeed they tell stories of trees that it takes three days to ride around, but the city is so near to the Ocean, and the winds, prevent their growth.

We went on a drive last week about forty miles in the country. The land is very high, and some of the mountains covered with beautiful trees, while in the valleys, are built the little houses, hardly large enough to be called houses, just built merely for a shelter, some of them covered with vines and flowers to hide their roughness.

We staid two nights at a beautiful little place surrounded by hills, a very romantic spot, they called it "Crystal Spring" from a beautiful spring near by.

But with all the beautiful places, I would not be contented to stay here, though

we are told this is the most unpleasant
part of the year, and that after the rainy
season it is much pleasanter.

I suppose that you must
be very lonely now, without your mother.

We are very glad that we came to see
her, or we would never have seen her again.

We are sorry to learn that she has gone.

The Ship goes from here to
the "Chincha Islands," for Guano to Rotter-
dam, or some port in Holland, where there
is not yet decided, I suppose the War
will make some difference. I hope we will
come home, though I don't get very home-
sick, but now and then I think I would
like to see Grandma and George, and have
some of Grandma's johnny cakes.

I have nearly covered my paper, so I
will close presenting you with mother and father's
kind regards, and best wishes for your welfare.

From,
Cousin Mary.