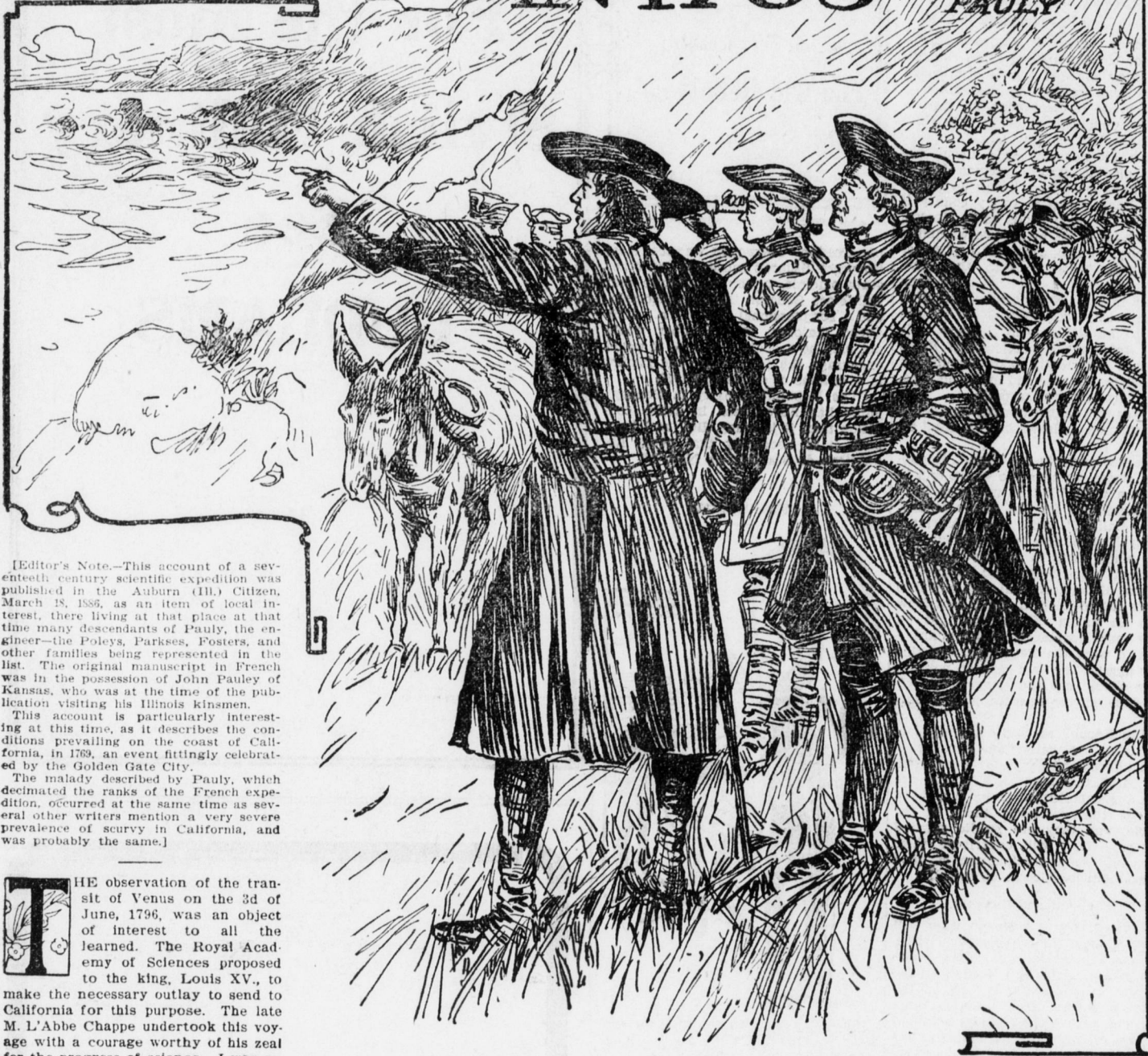


VOYAGE of L'ABBE CHAPPE to CALIFORNIA to OBSERVE the TRANSIT of VENUS IN 1769

By PAULY



Editor's Note.—This account of a seventeenth century scientific expedition was published in the Auburn (Ill.) Citizen, March 18, 1888, as an item of local interest, there living at that place at that time many descendants of Pauly, the engineer—the Poley, Parkes, Fosters, and other families being represented in the list. The original manuscript in French was in the possession of John Pauley of Kansas, who was at the time of the publication visiting his Illinois kinsmen.

This account is particularly interesting at this time, as it describes the conditions prevailing on the coast of California, in 1769, an event fittingly celebrated by the Golden Gate City.

The malady described by Pauly, which decimated the ranks of the French expedition, occurred at the same time as several other writers mention a very severe prevalence of scurvy in California, and was probably the same.]

THE observation of the transit of Venus on the 3d of June, 1769, was an object of interest to all the learned. The Royal Academy of Sciences proposed to the king, Louis XV., to make the necessary outlay to send to California for this purpose. The late M. L'Abbe Chappe undertook this voyage with a courage worthy of his zeal for the progress of science. I was selected to accompany him and we set sail for Mexico in the month of September, 1768.

After a perilous voyage of about 3,000 leagues, we arrived in Mexico on Easter day, 1769. Time was passing; we stopped but eight days to refresh ourselves. The viceroy procured us mules and provisions, and we undertook to perform by land a part of the remainder of our travels, which was about 300 leagues. Amid lofty mountains, dreadful precipices and arid deserts, we encountered new dangers every day. We fell from fear a thousand times. We were also oppressed by the excessive heat, which left us hardly strength enough to drag ourselves. A thousand insects of every species gave us no rest by day or night, and we had constantly to be on our guard against the very ferocious beasts with which the country is covered. Moreover, we lacked the necessities of life, for the provisions that we got in Mexico had been spoiled by the heat. We were obliged to live on wild cattle and whatever fruits we could find here and there. We made our hats near some river or spring, that we might slake the burning thirst with which we were constantly consumed; to find one it was often necessary to march a whole day's journey.

Arrived in the evening in some valley, or on the side of some hill, we would endeavor to take upon the ground (et a la belle étoile), the repose which our cruel fatigue rendered so necessary. When scarcely asleep we were often aroused by a storm, and then by the impetuous torrents that came down upon us from the heights of the mountains. Many a dark night we had to save ourselves and our equipage, fearful at every step of tumbling down some of the precipices.

After running a thousand risks we arrived at last at the port of San Blas, on the Pacific ocean; thence we embarked for California on a brigantine which the viceroy of Mexico had had prepared. The Pacific ocean, although very tranquil, is not the less dangerous on account of the (vigies) with which it is filled.

The great calm which prevailed at that time caused us to despair of arriving in time to accomplish the object of our voyage. After six weeks' sailing, during which we made but 150 leagues, on the greatest breadth of the sea, the shortness of the time caused us to risk a hazardous exploit.

The part of California near which we found ourselves was the part of San Jose—so dangerous that no one had ever landed there. The access to it is guarded by the incessant waves that break impetuously against the rocks.

The Spanish astronomers who were of our company wished to wait for a favorable wind to land at Cape St. Lucas, which was distant but ten leagues. The landing there is indeed less dangerous, but we did not follow their advice because we were pressed to arrive at the place of our destination; we resolved to attempt to disembark at the first land we should discover.

While these gentlemen were yet deliberating, four Indian sailors and myself let down the long boat; we took with us half of the instruments. I

agreed with the Abbe Chappe that if we perished he might find other means to land elsewhere with the rest, which would be sufficient for making his observations. I embarked then in the long boat with my four sailors, steering directly for the coast; the nearer we approached it the more we were sensible of the difficulty of landing.

We were constantly thrown back by the accumulated waves, and our boat threatened all the while to ship water. When on the point of losing courage, one of the sailors discovered, at a distance, the mouth of an unknown river. This discovery animated us; we reached the coast by this mouth but with great difficulty. I sent back the long boat for the Abbe Chappe and the Spanish astronomers, who arrived safely enough.

Arrived on the peninsula the twenty-first of May, 1769, 13 days before the epoch of the transit of Venus. We found no (azile a pouvoir nous mettre a labri), the inclemency of the weather.

The savages that repaired to us said that a contagion was prevailing in this country which ravaged it completely. The interpreter who translated this added that they said that in order to withdraw ourselves from the influence of this terrible malady, it was necessary to remove some hundred or more leagues farther to the north.

The means of undertaking this new journey, broken down with fatigue as we were; we had neither horses nor carriers to transport our baggage; it was impossible to march on foot, and we shrank from a journey through a desert. All these reasons decided us to occupy ourselves with no business but that which had brought us.

We labored to construct an observatory, which was ready the twenty-eighth day of May, six days before the epoch when we would have need of it. We made our observations on the third of June, with the greatest exactness.

The contagion made new progress every day; a general sorrow reigned in all this part of California; we were not long without participating in it in a distressing manner. This dreadful malady came upon us six or seven days after the observation. We were wholly without succor; we could not be useful to one another, because we were attacked almost all at once.

The little medicine that we had brought from France was useless, from want of knowing how to apply it.

Nevertheless, the abbe, all sick as he was, continued his observations all the time. After observing an eclipse of the moon, he at last yielded to his faintness, the delirium of his disease left him but little time to examine himself; he died the first of August, 1769. We were all dying (I and the companions of our voyage), when I had the sorrow to close his eyelids.

Our situation and our want of strength induced us in this case to bury him without much ceremony. I devoted some moments to regret for the loss I had suffered, and in the height of a disease from which I did not expect to recover, I took the precaution to collect all the papers relating to the

object of the voyage. I placed them in a casket with an address to the viceroy of Mexico. I earnestly begged some Indian chiefs who were about me to make this casket safe in case we should all die, and to transmit it to the vessel which ought to arrive in the month of September to take us. My intention in this was to secure to my country this valuable depot. I remained in my condition of sickness, pain and wretchedness until the twenty-ninth of September.

At last the captain of the vessel arrived; he had landed at the island of Ceralvo, which is situated some 30 leagues from San Jose. My joy was so much the greater in seeing him that he pressed me to quit the fearful place where M. L'Abbe Chappe and all the rest had died. We were carried to Ceralvo. I forgot to say that this cruel contagion had taken from us the chaplain and nearly all the persons that formed our little company.

Although sick and oppressed with grief, I was compelled to undertake the perilous route which I had followed in coming, sometimes upon mules, sometimes upon the backs of the Indians, when it was necessary to cross the streams. With all this trouble, I reached Mexico the twenty-third day of November, 1769.

There I was received by monsieur the marquis de Croix, the viceroy of that country, with a compassion worthy of that good patriot. He had the kindness to send to meet me a carriage and his physician. Arrived at the capital of Mexico, and having paid my respects to the viceroy I was lodged by his orders at the expense of the city.

When I left Mexico the marquis de Croix recommended me cordially to the commander of the Spanish fleet, in which I embarked. We landed at Cadix the twenty-first of July, 1770. The court was at the Escorial. I had myself taken thither, and presented myself to the marquis d'Osun, then French ambassador in Spain. He received me with marks of kindness and consideration, and gave orders to show me whatever they have to show strangers in this royal house.

He caused me to dispatch in advance of the party, the strictest orders through the minister of customs, that at no pass on my route must be searched either myself or the chests in which were the observations which I bore.

I did not arrive in Paris till the fifth of the following December. I sent to the Academy the observations that we made in California. This society expressed the greatest satisfaction with my zeal and my services. They presented me to the king, and to all his ministers. They solicited for me a recommendation of my labors. His majesty, Louis XV. granted me a small pension of 800f.

The government is too equitable to leave me in want in the flower of my age, afflicted with the evils which I have incurred for the service, and indispensably obliged to have a servant to lead me. I hope, then, from his justice and from his goodness, that he will grant me an increase of the pension sufficient to enable me to accomplish with decency the rest of my public career.

SIX DEAD; SIX INJURED

OPEN SWITCH CAUSES A FATAL WRECK ON RAILROAD.

Pennsylvania Passenger and a Freight Train Collide at Collinsville, O.—Engines Demolished.

Hamilton, O.—Six persons are dead and six injured as the result of a collision between a Pennsylvania passenger and a freight train on an open switch at Collinsville, O. The passenger train, southbound on the Chicago and Cincinnati division of the road, was booming through the village at about 60 miles an hour. The freight train had taken the siding to let it pass.

Two blocks west of the station the rapidly running train struck the open switch and ran onto the siding. A terrific collision resulted, despite the fact that Engineer Elmer Brown of the express train threw on the air brakes at once. His act doubtless saved the passengers, none of whom was killed.

The collision wrecked both engines, destroyed many coal cars, and piled up the mail, express and baggage cars. The mail clerks who lost their lives were buried under the wreckage of their car. The smoker and coach were prevented from turning over by the fact that they leaned against Shollenbarger's grain elevator, adjoining the siding. All the passengers injured were in the smoker, and none is seriously hurt.

A northbound freight had taken the siding to allow a passenger train to pass an hour before the wreck. It is said that when this freight left the siding some one failed to close the switch. It developed that Station Agent Wright had been accustomed to close the switch, but Edward Johnson of Seven Mile, O., had taken his place temporarily and knew little of his duties.

Villagers and passengers came to the aid of the injured and put out a fire that started in the wreckage. They also got the injured and the dead from under the wreckage before the wrecking crew from Richmond, Ind., arrived.

DEATH CONQUERS M'GARREN

Brooklyn Democratic Leader Rose from Cooper's Apprentice to Be a Power in State Politics.

New York City.—Patrick H. McCarren, state senator and Democratic leader of Brooklyn, died at St. Catherine's hospital, Brooklyn, never having completely rallied from the effects of an operation for appendicitis which was performed on October 13. Senator McCarren remained fully conscious all day and seemed to realize that he was soon to die. In fact, he has held the belief for months that he had not long to live, and said so to the physicians in consultation over him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know what you have come here for. There is no need for a consultation. I knew I was dying the day I walked into this hospital. I have made a study of my own case, and I find that my trouble is an old heart and an old stomach."

Patrick Henry McCarren, by trade a cooper, by profession a lawyer, and by vocation a politician, was one of the most picturesque figures in the political history of Greater New York. No leader was ever more roundly condemned, yet at the close of the 61 years of his life he probably was the most strongly entrenched leader in New York state, and had even wielded some influence in national politics. Born in East Cambridge, Mass., he settled in Brooklyn when he was 8 years old and was graduated from the public schools. He was apprenticed to a cooper when 16, but, having mastered his trade, heard the call to something more intellectual. He took up the law, and from the law went into politics.

WEEKLY BULLETIN OF TRADE

Every Report Ranges from Moderate Improvement to Extraordinary Buoyancy in the Country.

New York City.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "Overshadowing all other developments of the week is the advance in the Bank of England rate of discount to 5 per cent. As the advance to 6 per cent about three years ago was, as it were, the raising of storm signals, so the present advance is, as is said by Sir Felix Schuster, a sign of trade revival.

"In the United States every report of the week ranges from moderate improvement to extraordinary buoyancy. The advices from the leading cities are uniformly favorable, with especially brilliant reports from the western centers. As against these accumulated, and still accumulating, evidences of trade expansion, the two factors that speak for conservatism are the advancing prices and the danger that speculation may make such demands on the money market as prematurely to consume the free capital of the world required to finance a new era of prosperity."

Senator Gallinger's Son Drops Dead.

New York City.—William Gallinger, eldest son of United States Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, fell dead in a bedroom in the apartment of his cousin, Mrs. A. E. Johnstone, of heart disease.

Shortage in Coal Cars.

Baltimore, Md.—The threatened shortage of coal cars in the mining regions of Maryland and West Virginia is here and the railroads seem powerless to relieve the situation, according to leaders in the coal trade.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.



No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

IT IS.



She—John Henry! I wonder how you can sit there and look me in the face.

He—So do I, my love; but it's surprising what a recklessly brave man can do!

The Soft Answer.

At a dinner in Bar Harbor a Boston woman praised the wit of the late Edward Everett Hale.

"Walking on the outskirts of Boston one day," she said, "he and I inadvertently entered a field that had a 'No Trespassing' sign nailed to a tree.

"Soon a farmer appeared. 'Trespassers in this field are prosecuted,' he said in a grim tone.

"Dr. Hale smiled blandly. 'But we are not trespassers, my good man,' he said.

"'What are you then?' asked the amazed farmer.

"'We're Unitarians,' said Dr. Hale."—Washington Star.

Joke Medicine.

He is a very practical, serious-minded man of business. The other day he met a friend, and related to him an alleged joke, and at its conclusion laughed long and heartily.

The friend looked awkward for a moment, and then said: "You'll have to excuse me, old man, but I don't see the point."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I don't just see the point myself. But I've made it a rule to laugh at all jokes; I think it's good for the health."

How She Knew.

The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.

"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" was asked.

"Because in his sleep he said: 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't want to draw.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A BANKER'S NERVE

Broken by Coffee and Restored by Postum.

A banker needs perfect control of the nerves, and a clear, quick, accurate brain. A prominent banker of Chattanooga tells how he keeps himself in condition:

"Up to 17 years of age I was not allowed to drink coffee, but as soon as I got out in the world I began to use it and grew very fond of it. For some years I noticed no bad effects from its use, but in time it began to affect me unfavorably. My hands trembled, the muscles of my face twitched, my mental processes seemed slow and in other ways my system got out of order. These conditions grew so bad at last that I had to give up coffee altogether.

"My attention having been drawn to Postum, I began its use on leaving off the coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a delicious beverage; like it just as well as I did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing symptoms that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 92 years old. I owe all this to Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Grocers sell.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.