

**AURIFODINA; OR,
ADVENTURES IN
THE GOLD REGION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649443819

Aurifodina; Or, Adventures in the Gold Region by Cantell A. Bigly

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CANTELL A. BIGLY

**AURIFODINA; OR,
ADVENTURES IN
THE GOLD REGION**

AURIFODINA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE
GOLD REGION.

BY

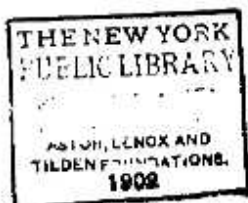
CANTELL A. BIGLY,

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NEW-YORK:
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,

No. 145 Nassau street and 36 Park Row.

1849.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1940, by
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of New York.

NEW YORK
312 N. 3RD ST.
YONKERS

EDWARD G. JENKINS, PRINTER,
114 Nassau street, New York.

INTRODUCTORY.

SINCE the existence of the California gold region is no longer a secret, known only to a few individual adventurers, of whom I know not if any but myself are still alive, and since hundreds are now flocking to the new El Dorado, so keen-scented for the glittering spoil that every mountain and valley of that portion of our continent will soon be examined and ransacked—the ~~there is no reason~~ why I should continue to withhold from the public my personal knowledge of that region, and especially the extraordinary occurrences which befel me in attempting a journey thence across to Santa Fé. Even did I desire, which I do not, to turn my discoveries to profit, it is now too late, while if I delay longer in

making them known, some other man may possibly dispute with me the claim to have made them. I will therefore give my countrymen the benefit of them at once.

The narrative will necessarily contain much that may tax credulity. But I beg the reader to consider what motive I could possibly have in telling improbable falsehoods? One who relates what is contrary to all that was previously known of the order of nature, must either speak from actual observation, or else in the expectation of being disbelieved. Which of these is my condition, may be judged when I profess myself ready to substantiate whatever in the following account shall be seriously doubted, by an affidavit before any respectable magistrate. More than this cannot be required or expected of a traveller.

AURIFODINA.

It is enough to say, that when the Exploring Expedition, under Lieut. Wilkes, left the Northwest coast in '37 or '38 (I forget the year) I was *not* on board, and that after that time, up to the time when I set out on my return to the United States, I led a hunter's life up and down the wild region between Monterey and the mouth of the Columbia. Of the gold in the Sacramento valley, I first heard accounts from an old trapper, who had his knowledge from an Indian woman, and with him and three others—one a Scotchman, deserter from the Hudson Bay Company's employ—all of whom we fell in with at a miserable Utah encampment, about an hundred

and fifty miles South and East from the mouth of the Columbia, we made up a party, and set off to explore that part of the country. It was mid-winter when we struck Southward, and we underwent many hardships before we reached our point of destination, towards the end of March. But we were inured to mountain life; the season was every day growing milder; the snow had melted, and the lines of timber, marking distant water-courses, had turned to green, ere we made our final encampment near the margin of one of the tributaries of the Pactolean river.

Here, I need not say, our most sanguine expectations were more than realized. The accounts with which the newspapers are now teeming, make it superfluous for me to enter into particulars— suffice it that before the end of May, we had each gathered more of the precious harvest than we knew how to carry away. As our store increased, we began to lay plans for the future. My companions decided to go down to Monterey: they flattered themselves they could manage to conceal their treasure in bun-

dles of hides, until they could obtain passage home. But I did not like the idea of venturing with so much riches into that lawless vicinity, and as the season was favorable, I determined to follow up the river valley, and take the chance of discovering a pass across the Sierra; this gained, I felt sure of my ability to reach Santa Fé, or perhaps Fort Independence, in safety. I had a good supply of ammunition, and a hunter does not suffer his rifle and revolver to take injury from want of care. Of gold I had enough to load a couple of mules, which I bought from the Indians, and my horse, who was in excellent condition after his two months' rest. My companions were equally well provided. For the last week while we remained at the encampment, we were busy in manufacturing packs for our beasts from hides, of which we had no difficulty in obtaining from the Indians a sufficient supply. Finally, when all our arrangements were completed, we separated, on what day of the month we could not tell, but it was late in the Spring. What became of my companions afterwards I never knew, except on the