

**OVER THE PURPLE HILLS: OR,
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN
CALIFORNIA OF IMPORTANT
POINTS USUALLY VISITED BY
TOURISTS**

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Over the purple hills: or, Sketches of travel in California of important points usually visited by tourists by Caroline M. Churchill

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CAROLINE M. CHURCHILL

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Wells
By CAROLINE M. CHURCHILL.
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SHEAVES."

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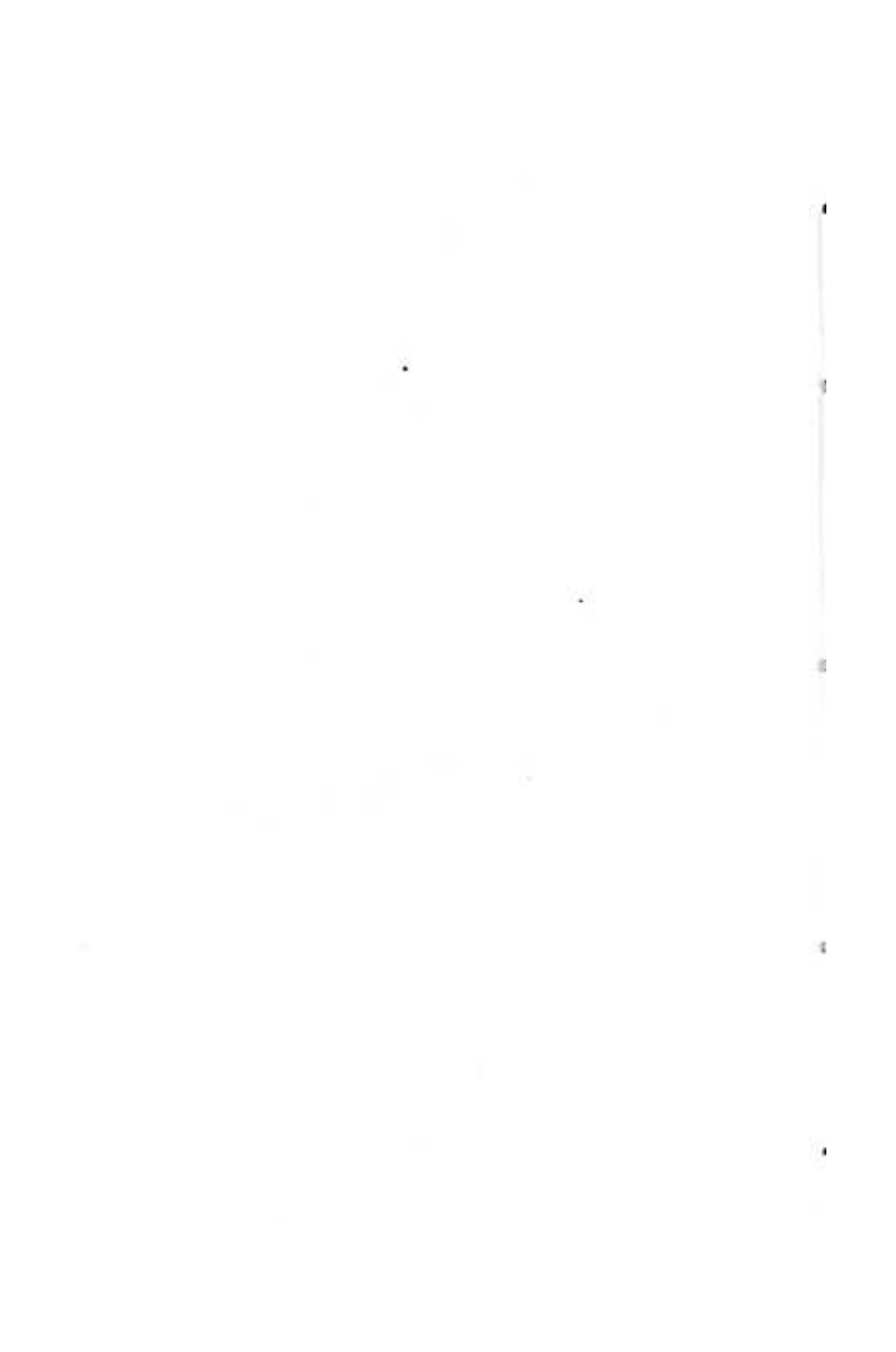
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TO
MY WESTERN PATRONS,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.





PREFACE.

IN making a few prefatorial remarks I desire to say that this little work, now presented to the public, is a book of travels written by a woman, and the journeyings have been performed by a woman alone. Mother Partington and some of the Grundys may be led to exclaim, "Dew tell!" "feerful to behold!" and "what is this world a coming tew!" "who is there left to take care of the children!" etc. One would think it high time for people to lay aside such ridiculous prejudices, but they never will; the mass of mankind are tinctured with local superstitions that could not survive one moment with a single ray of reason brought to bear upon them; still these superstitions are cherished as a species of Deity, to be invoked when its subjects are in danger of fancied contamination. In making a business for myself, I have traveled eight months of

the year for the last six years. I have in the last two years disposed of seven thousand copies of my first work, which is also a book of travels, entitled "Little Sheaves." I will say that I find the majority of my countrymen generous, brave, tolerant and gallant—God bless them!—willing that one woman at least shall not be pushed into matrimony simply for the sake of an existence. It is strange what queer forms the superstitions of different races will assume, and they all have them, from the lowest grades of savage life up to the highest civilization, and they have all a remarkable family resemblance. Perhaps it is because it is impossible for any people to become civilized to a man. Absurd, unjust and cruel as all prejudices are apt to be, and all leveled at the head of defenseless woman, as if she were the only live enemy with which the race had to contend. As a sample of the inconstancy of some prejudices against sex, we find the foreign woman coming from all directions beyond the sea, with no other protection than her own strong arm, and it is well with her if she engage in service, or anything considered legitimate for woman. But let an intelligent American woman undertake to compete with man by transacting business upon an equal footing, stopping at the same hotels, and paying the same price for living, and there will be persons found who have their doubts about encouraging a course

so eccentric. Verily, the world is made up of strange inconsistencies, and I suppose that I am one of them. I would therefore like a word in justice to myself, and also to my sex. When I am accused, tried and convicted of taking advantage of the infirmities of some poor unsuspecting hotel proprietor, or misleading his innocent male guest; of the misdemeanor of stealing cakes of soap, or of appropriating towels or half candles, then there will be time, and not till then, to consign and condemn myself, with all others of my wicked sex, to eternal location where they can have a chance to do nothing but scrub out their low lived destinies upon the washboard and back door steps; where they may be vigilantly watched and properly haunted during the remainder of their vicious lives.

I will say in conclusion that in all my lonely wanderings I have found humane and sympathetic hearts everywhere, and have endeavored to carry one along with me. One's principles are eternal; they can be left behind us no more than can the color of our eyes or complexions, and while I am soliciting for my new book, "OVER THE PURPLE HILLS," I am also soliciting a broader toleration for WOMAN.

THE AUTHOR.