

**THE HEROINE OF
'49: A STORY OF
THE PACIFIC COAST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649393022

The heroine of '49: a story of the Pacific Coast by Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle

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

MRS. M. P. SAWTELLE

**THE HEROINE OF
'49: A STORY OF
THE PACIFIC COAST**

FREE

1

S 271h

1891

PRINTED BY FRANCIS, VALENTINE & COMPANY.

517 Clay Street, San Francisco.

31670

Bancroft Library

DEDICATION.

To the noblest of earth's children, the grand, masterful men and women who carved out our first civilization on the Pacific Coast; they who felled the first trees, built the first cabins, blazed out the roads, and constructed the first bridges, plowed the first fields and reaped the first golden harvest—the pioneers of the Pacific Coast; as one of them, this work is dedicated by the author,

M. P. S.

051170
200/180
Howard. J. ...

PREFACE.

People who are stung by the conviction that they have aided in the great wrong of inveigling young maidens into early marriages will, perhaps, denounce us as having exceeded the bounds of cool philosophy in our criticism on the early marriage of girls. But the first dawn of reason brought to our mind the full tide of this overwhelming falsehood, together with its evil effects upon the individual, as well as upon the whole human race. "And though the heavens fall," we are compelled to speak the truth, and not complacently smile at this monster lie any longer.

The laws governing the property of girls, as well as those of the marriage rites, are based most basely on this falsehood, that girls arrive at the age of maturity sooner than boys; girls being legally of age at eighteen and boys at twenty-one. The wonder is, that a fact so wide of the truth, and fraught with so much evil, and not an atom of good, could acquire such a hold on honest people, and not find some one to refute it long ago.

We defy any physiologist to find, in the whole realm

of nature, an atom of fact that will substantiate the lie that girls grow faster than boys. We defy a person living to bring an instance of one case, from an elephant to a mouse, including the human race, where the parents can produce male offspring who will mature less rapidly than the female offspring. Nature would have to invent a new kind of parentage before she could accomplish this great feat. Let any physician refute this who can, but let him not forget that the author still holds a pen. There are profound physiological laws governing growth and maturity that few people could be made to comprehend. Even the average physician would have to be better versed in physiology than he is, we are sorry to say, before he could grasp these great truths that are before him, working out, with unerring precision, the great laws of growth, maturity and decay.

The characters in the story are drawn from real life. No living author could have produced them without witnessing the scenes depicted in the work. It covers a new, romantic, broad field. The characters are good and bad, just as they existed; Murdstone being first cousin to Dickens's Murdstone, in *David Copperfield*. Everybody is familiar with that hard character. This Murdstone has, however, with bible in hand, determined to grind some good from out his own character, and there is hope for him. The world is as full of Murdstones as it is of Smiths, and the name should be

used oftener to show up that hard type of man. It is the intention of the author to try to make people see the wrong they do to children by beating their flesh to enlighten or cultivate their brains. The thing is vile, and parental authority a crime ten times to one, that should be abolished from families; love only, parental love, guiding the childhood of our nation.

Judge Boughtup and Cursica Miser are characters too often met with, alas, in real life, and if they did not exist as they are portrayed, or act as they are represented, the sun never hung in the heavens.

It is wonderful to note how the transaction of eight thousand dollars, passing from the one man to the other, left the one in the deepest obscurity, while the other took the money and bloomed out where his dastardly proceedings have made landmarks all along a life of iniquities perpetrated upon his fellows.

Feeling the necessity of having a historic sketch, giving at least, a glimpse of the family life of the first settlers on the Pacific Coast, this work was undertaken with the hope that possibly the very errors, blunders and incompleteness may be the means of inspiring someone to write a more perfect and complete account of this period.

Knowing how soon time obliterates every vestige of the past, the writer felt that the work had better be done in this crude way than never to be done at all; knowing full well that a time will come when a people

enjoying the magnificence and marvelous wealth of these Pacific States will look back with hearts filled with gratitude to the people who laid the foundation for it all, made sacrifices and endured privations that would be difficult for any historian, however accurate or gifted, to portray, and any account of those days, however imperfect, will be held sacred by them.

THE AUTHOR.

THE HEROINE OF '49.

CHAPTER I.

JEWELS OR NO JEWELS.

It was the winter of 1871 in New York City. We were at dinner in the richly draped, warm dining-room of the brownstone-front mansion of the banker Barron. The cheerful warmth of the room contrasted strongly with the outside sleet and snow that was just beginning to fall; it gave a soft glow to the silken draperies and bright mirrors that served as doors on the china closets, and extended from ceiling to floor, reflecting the warm light of the fire, the stately clock above it that told of the flight of time in a chime of bells, and the fine, old, carved oaken side-board, with its antique Persian ewer and tray of exquisite beauty, and its dainty blue and gold china; for Mr. Barron was not a poor banker—he was a millionaire.

Jean Reming had been at the home of her queenly sister-in-law a whole week, stupid mortal, and had not observed that in eating soup (if such esthetic mortals could be said to eat soup and not absorb it) they dipped the soup away from them instead of towards them in conveying it to the mouth. We had finished soup, however, and fish and fowl had been brought, and Mr. Barron was carving with that ease that comes only with practice. Madam Barron sat waiting, resplendent in her beauty and jewels, flashing her wit at Jean Reming. She said: "You will write