San Francisco. California May 9/51

Dear Mother.

I arrived here safe & sound on Monday last and instead of finding a beautiful, it was a smoking heap of ruins. There had been a great fire the two nights before our arrival, & it had consumed all the business part of the city, & leaving but a few houses on the upper side of the hill on which the city is built. Of course my cousins are burnt out, thus making the fourth time within the last eighteen months, but they think that it will benefit them in the increased price of goods, and are now busily engaged in erecting a new store. I wrote but a short letter at Panama, but the chance of writing at all was small, and the weather so hot as to incapacitate me from making much exertion. The day after leaving Panama I was taken down with the fever, which kept me confined for about ten days. It is not dangerous if the first symptoms are treated, and as I had a good doctor and good nursing I weathered it very well; but the suffering was intense, violent pains in the stomach succeeded by a raging headache, and to cap all the water so bad as not to allowed drinking it. The fever is treated like other fevers, it differs from them in that it is highest at the moment of breaking then quinine is administered. The fever leaves one in an instant; and in a very weak state, I fainted when it left me, but it generally causes the wandering of the mind. I found Fred Gibbs waiting for me on the wharf and I went with him to Vans. but after leaving my trunks there I we got a room where I now am staying, it is lucky