CALIFORNIA
IN THE FIFTIES

JOHN HOWELL
SAN FRANCISCO

From Open-Eta-Noo-Ah (Inspiration Point) on the old Indian (Mariposa) Trail.
Sketched by Thomas A. Ayres. The first general view ever taken.

Nahl Bros. Lithograph. Reproduced by Lithotone by A. Carlisle & Co.
for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

YO-SEMITE VALLEY

1855

CALIFORNIA

IN THE FIFTIES

FIFTY VIEWS OF CITIES AND MINING TOWNS
IN CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST, ORIGINALLY
DRAWN ON STONE BY KUCHEL & DRESEL AND
OTHER EARLY SAN FRANCISCO LITHOGRAPHERS

Introduction & Explanatory Text by Douglas S. Watson

1936-

JOHN HOWELL : SAN FRANCISCO

1936

Typography designed by Edwin Grabhorn
Printing and Lithotones by A. Carlisle & Company

DEDICATED TO EDWIN LETTS OLIVER, CALIFORNIAN,

WHOSE UNDERSTANDING AND DEVOTION TO AN

IDEAL HAS LIGHTENED THE LABOR OF HIS FELLOW MAN.

AN EDITORIAL FOREWORD

CALIFORNIA has exercised a magic influence on the minds of men ever since the time of Cortez. The mere mention of the name brought visions of wealth and ease before the eyes of the venturesome. To the companions of the conqueror of Mexico who sailed forth to possess themselves of this mysterious empire of romance, lying in the sapphire waters of the Mar del Sur—north and west of the former dominions of the Aztecs—California was a land of promise and of earthly delights where pearls and untold riches awaited the valiant.

But the romance of California was not confined to the days when the banner of Spain waved over its vast extent, nor to the Mexican period which followed and which ended with the raising of the American flag at Monterey on July 7, 1846, by Commodore Jonathan Drake Sloat. Until then the life of the padres and their neophytes at the missions they had founded, of the soldiery at their presidios, of the rancheros on their broad acres over which countless cattle roamed, and the carefree existence of the dwellers in the few coastal towns had provided the picturesqueness which has been so much written about and exploited.

California, however, was destined to continue to create romance. Towns and settlements were to spring up in its great central valley and along the streams flowing from the Sierra where neither Spanish nor Mexican civilization had dared to venture. There Americans were to set up a new order utterly alien to the social system that had made California the land of mañana under its Spanish and Mexican governors.

The magic word that brought this new era into being was GOLD. Marshall's discovery at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma on January 24, 1848, awoke the entire world with its clarion call to quickly gained wealth. What had been primeval wilderness, where grizzly bears and other beasts of the forest and scattered bands of Indians of a low order had roamed at will, soon echoed to the clamor of thousands in their feverish search for gold. Every stream was explored. Every dividing ridge was tramped by hosts of hopeful miners. Every river bar became the scene of frenzied digging for the precious metal. The footpath of today on the morrow was a highway. Every group of tents held within it the germ of a future town or city, for nothing was impossible in this new land of marvels.

Eighty years have now passed since those days of gold. Time and the exhaustion of the easily gathered golden grains have swept away the teeming life of the mines from the Sierran foothills. Today but a memory exists of many thriving communities where in the height of the Gold Rush men toiled and bargained, where reckless miners gambled away their hard-earned gains, where pick, shovel and pan brought the worker his ounce each day, where fortunes were won or lost on the turn of a card.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain both caught the spirit of those times, and so did Dame Shirley who lived with her doctor husband in 1851 and 1852 at Rich Bar on the Feather river and who preserved forever the daily life of the miners about her in the immortal letters she wrote to her sister. It is even said that the Shirley letters, printed in the *Pioneer Magazine* during 1854 and 1855, were the inspiration for many of Bret Harte's tales; notably one—The Luck of Roaring Camp. And yet however vivid these writers were in their perpetuation of the romance of the Gold Rush days, they have given us but a pale reflection of the actuality. Only in a hazy sort of way are we conscious today of the life that throbbed through the "diggin's" and the mining towns. The eighty years that have since rolled by have clouded the vision of all of us.

In our endeavor to recreate those golden days we turn to the fiction of Bret Harte with its characteristic scenes and figures or to Dame Shirley's pictures of real life in the hurly-burly for the search for gold, but there is something missing. We cannot visualize the *mise en scene*. The stage setting is lacking. To see the ebb and flow of the life of that time in its actual surroundings is denied us, unless in fancy we can stand at the side of some artist while his pencil sketches it for us as we look on. Due to an extraordinary chain of circumstances, this is now almost possible.

During the Fifties and Sixties of the last century there lived in San Francisco an architect of note whose plans, translated into brick, mortar and stone, gave the city its far-famed Lick House and the Masonic Temple, both of which faced Montgomery street between Post and Sutter streets. This man was Henry Kenitzer, and fortunately for us he had as intimate friends Charles C. Kuchel, Emil Dresel, Joseph Britton, J. J. Rey, pioneer lithographers and artists, and others of their craft who made San Francisco famous by their work. During the late Fifties, Kuchel and Dresel and others drew many a mining camp and California town on stone. From these lithographic prints were made. Their excellence astounded the craftsmen of the older centers of the United States. Boston, New York and Philadelphia hailed the work of the westerners as outstanding examples of the lithographic art, and even today collectors and critics find good reason to prefer San Francisco lithographs of that period to those made at the same time on the eastern seaboard.

In very few of our great libraries can there be found even incomplete files of these notable lithographic prints. Luckily the artists who drew the originals presented examples of their work as soon as it was possible to pull a proof to Henry Kenitzer. That this was the case it has only to be told that all the prints in Henry Kenitzer's great collection lack the title and other descriptive matter usually found on the lithographic prints of that period and which the known duplicates possess.

A secret compartment in an old-fashioned combination desk and bookcase held this priceless collection. The years went by. Henry Kenitzer passed away. The very existence of the lithographs was forgotten and in time the piece of furniture that held them came into the possession of an old friend of the family. Young children have a natural inclination for investigation. When the third generation, counting from Henry Kenitzer's day, grew to the age of supreme curiosity the old bookcase provided inspiration. Picture their delight when the secret compartment was discovered and made to disgorge its treasure. Imagine the youngsters' Ohs! and Ahs! as from it came dozens and dozens of bright, fresh lithographs picturing California's early days, the very views which make up this volume of *California in the Fifties*.

The Gold Rush transformed San Francisco almost over night from a sleepy village to a metropolis whither artists and craftsmen flocked to share in the opportunities the Golden State had to offer. Within the space of a few years every cultural attribute, the art of lithography among them, had found a place in the city's bustling life. As early as 1851 Joseph Britton and J. J. Rey had established themselves in business. Two years later these pioneer lithographers were followed by Charles C. Kuchel and Emil Dresel, and these in turn by Louis Nagel, Arthur and Charles Nahl, and other artists among whom were Eugene Camerer, J. B. Dunlap and George H. Baker.

The task of perpetuating California's mining camps and towns, together with a few of the settlements in Oregon Territory, fell largely to Kuchel and Dresel. They and Britton & Rey published most of these western prints, and it is now A. Carlisle & Company, the successor of the latter pioneer firm, that has reproduced for John Howell the marvelously complete collection of early lithographs, gathered by Henry Kenitzer, which fortunately came into his possession.

—DOUGLAS S. WATSON.

CALIFORNIA IN THE FIFTIES

Containing the Following Views of Cities and Towns in California and the West

1. ANGEL'S (now Angel's Camp), Calaveras County 1857
2. AUBURN, Placer County 1857
3. CHINESE (now Chinese Camp), Tuolumne County 1858
4. COLOMA, El Dorado County . . 1857
5. COLUMBIA, Tuolumne County . . 1856
6. CRESCENT CITY, Klamath County (now Del Norte County) . . . 1857
7. DOWNIEVILLE, Sierra County . . 1856
8. FORESTHILL, Placer County . . 1857
9. FRENCH BAR, Siskiyou County . . 1857
10. GOLDEN GATE, Sketched by T. A. Ayres 1855
11. GRASS VALLEY, Nevada County . 1858
12. JACKSON, Amador County . . . 1857
13. LOS ANGELES, Los Angeles County 1857
14. MAMMOTH TREE GROVE, Calaveras County. By T. A. Ayres . . 1855
15. MARYSVILLE, Yuba County . . 1856
16. MOKELUMNE HILL, Calaveras Co. 1856
17. MURPHY'S, Calaveras County . . 1857
18. NEVADA (now Nevada City), Nevada County 1856
19. NORTH SAN JUAN, Nevada Co. . 1858
20. PETALUMA, Sonoma County . . 1857
21. PLACERVILLE, El Dorado County . 1856
22. RABBIT CREEK (now La Porte), Sierra County 1856
23. SACRAMENTO. By George H. Baker *(Courtesy of Society of California Pioneers)* 1857
24. SAN FRANCISCO, Mission District. By C. B. Gifford 1860
25. SAN FRANCISCO, from Telegraph Hill. By E. Camerer *(Courtesy of Golden Gate Park Museum)* . . 1859
26. SAN JOSE, Santa Clara County . . 1856
27. SAN JOSE, Santa Clara County, Business District 1858
28. SANTA CLARA, Santa Clara County 1856
29. SCOTT'S BAR, Siskiyou County . . 1857
30. SHASTA, Shasta County 1856
31. SHASTA BUTTES (Mt. Shasta), Siskiyou County 1856–58
32. SONORA, Tuolumne County . . . 1856
33. STOCKTON, San Joaquin County . 1855
34. STOCKTON, San Joaquin County, Second View 1858
35. ST. LOUIS, Sierra County 1856–58
36. TODD'S VALLEY, Placer County . 1857
37. UNION (now Arcata), Humboldt County 1857
38. U. S. NAVY YARD AT MARE ISLAND. By J. P. Dunlap . . . 1856–58
39. VALLEJO'S HOME, "Lachryma Montis," Sonoma, Sonoma County 1856–58
40. WEAVERVILLE, Trinity County . 1856
41. YANKEE JIM'S, Placer County . . 1857
42. YOSEMITE VALLEY, General View. The first ever made. Sketched by T. A. Ayres, June 20 1855
43. YOSEMITE FALLS, Yosemite Valley. The first view ever made. By T. A. Ayres 1855
44. YREKA, Siskiyou County 1856

45. EUGENE CITY, Oregon (Territory) 1856–59
46. OREGON CITY, Oregon (Territory) 1857
47. PORTLAND, Oregon (Territory) . 1858
48. SALEM, Oregon (Territory) . . . 1858
49. VANCOUVER, Washington (Territory) 1858
50. VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada . . . 1861

TABLE OF DISTANCES

Towns illustrated in "CALIFORNIA IN THE FIFTIES" *mentioned in Hutchings' Table of Distances for the State of California, copyrighted in the year 1855, compiled from various sources.*

FROM THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO TO:
- Crescent City . . . . . 300 miles
- Portland (Oregon) 668

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO:
- Sonoma 52
- Petaluma 55
- Mare Island 29
- Sacramento City 125
- Stockton 127
- (Via Monterey Road):
  - Mission Dolores 2½
  - Santa Clara 48
  - San José 51
  - Los Angeles 409

FROM BENICIA TO:
- Sonoma 31
- Sacramento City 55

FROM OAKLAND TO:
- Stockton 70
- San José 43

FROM SACRAMENTO CITY TO:
- (Via Marysville Road):
  - Marysville 44

FROM MARYSVILLE TO:
- (Via Shasta, Weaverville and Yreka Road):
  - Shasta 132

FROM SHASTA TO:
- (Via Weaverville Road):
  - Weaverville 39
- (Via Yreka Road):
  - Yreka 116

FROM YREKA TO:
- (Via Jacksonville, O. T., Road):
  - Jackson, O. T. . . . . 16 miles

FROM JACKSONVILLE, O. T., TO:
- Crescent City 125

FROM YREKA TO:
- Scott's Bar 25
- Shasta Buttes 35

FROM MARYSVILLE TO:
- (Via Gibsonville Road):
  - St. Louis 73
  - Rabbit Creek 70
- (Via Downieville Road or Trail):
  - Downieville 66
- (Via Nevada Road):
  - Grass Valley 38
  - Nevada 42
- (Via Auburn Road):
  - Auburn 36

FROM SACRAMENTO TO:
- (Via Nevada Road):
  - Grass Valley 65
  - Nevada 69
- (Via Auburn Road):
  - Auburn 38½
  - Grass Valley 60
  - Nevada 64
  - Yankee Jim's 60
  - Todd's Valley 64
- (Via Coloma Road):
  - Coloma 52

FROM SACRAMENTO TO:
- (Via Placerville and Carson Valley Roads):
  - Placerville . . . . . 51 miles
- (Via Jackson Road):
  - Jackson 51

FROM STOCKTON TO:
- (Via Campo Seco and Mokelumne Hill Road):
  - Mokelumne Hill 49
- (Via Murphy's Camp Road):
  - Angel's Camp 61
  - Murphy's Camp 71
  - Mammoth Tree Grove 86
- (Via Sonora and Columbia Road):
  - French Bar (Tuolumne River) . 52
  - Chinese Camp 54
  - Sonora 65
  - Columbia 67
- (Via Mariposa Road):
  - Yo Hamite Falls (Yosemite) . . 142
- (Via Kern River Road):
  - Los Angeles 428

FROM SONORA TO:
- Angel's Camp 12
- Chinese Camp 12
- French Bar 28

FROM COLUMBIA TO:
- Sonora 4

FROM MURPHY'S CAMP TO:
- Mammoth Tree Grove 15
- Columbia 11
- Angel's Camp 9

FROM MOKELUMNE HILL TO:
- Big Trees . . . . . 26 miles

FROM JACKSON TO:
- Mokelumne Hill 8

FROM DRYTOWN TO:
- Jackson 11

FROM PLACERVILLE TO:
- Coloma 11

FROM GEORGETOWN TO:
- Placerville 15
- Coloma 12

FROM TODD'S VALLEY TO:
- Yankee Jim's 3

FROM MICHIGAN BLUFFS TO:
- Yankee Jim's 11
- Todd's Valley 12

FROM IOWA HILL TO:
- Yankee Jim's 9

FROM NEVADA TO:
- Downieville 35

FROM DOWNIEVILLE TO:
- Nevada 35
- St. Louis 20

FROM RABBIT CREEK TO:
- Grass Valley 3
- St. Louis 4
- Downieville 20

YO-SEMITE VALLEY

1855

THE GREAT YOSEMITE VALLEY, 1855

IF Thomas A. Ayres had waited a year before sitting down to his easel at Inspiration Point to give the world its first view of Yosemite Valley, he would have given thanks to the enterprising Mann brothers who ran the livery stable at the town of Mariposa, for it was in 1856 that they blazed a trail by the way of what is now Wawona and made it possible to reach the valley without the heart-breaking labor that he and his companions had undergone.

A mounted military force under Major James D. Savage and Captain John Boling, and of which Dr. L. H. Bunnell was a member, had camped in May, 1851, under the shadow of Tu-toc-a-nula, as El Capitan was called by the Indians who made the valley their home. The depredations of this tribe against the white miners on the lower Merced river the year before was the reason for the coming of this punitive expedition.

To Dr. Bunnell fell the honor of making public the wonders of this glacial paradise, but while his party of white men was without doubt the first to reach the valley floor another band of intrepid men had viewed the valley's awe-inspiring grandeur eighteen years before when Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker had led a detachment of Bonneville's trappers from the Rockies and over the Sierra to California. It was October, 1833, when Walker made his way along the ridge between the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, suffering great privations, and saw, as Zenas Leonard the clerk of the party recorded in his journal, published in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, in 1839: "Some of these great precipices . . . more than a mile high. Some of the men thought that if we could succeed in descending one of these precipices to the bottom we might thus work our way into the valley below."

In later years Walker was acknowledged as the discoverer of the Yosemite even by Dr. Bunnell, who up to that time had been given the credit along with Major Savage and Captain Boling. The Walker family felt so strongly about it all that they erected a huge sign board over the old Captain's grave in Alhambra Cemetery at Martinez to make public their claim.

However, to J. M. Hutchings and his three friends who were Yosemite's first tourist visitors—Thomas A. Ayres being one of them—and to the drawings of the latter, must go the credit for calling attention to its beauties and arousing public interest in this wonder of wonders.

The first house was built in the valley in 1856, the same year the Mann brothers opened their trail, and the year following a trickle of visitors made its way thither. A hotel received its first guests in 1859, the forerunner of the accommodations today available to take care of the mighty stream of tourists pouring in each year over perfectly paved highways.

ANGEL'S, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1857

ANGEL'S

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

In January, 1865, if bartender Ben Coon at Tryon's Hotel, which before being burned stood where the Angel's Hotel does now, hadn't leaned over to tell a tramp newspaper man a story, Angel's would not possess today a world-wide reputation. The journalist, who had unsuccessfully tried his hand at mining, listened eagerly. It was just such a tale as he had ground out when working on the *Territorial Enterprise* up in Virginia City, Nevada, only better; much better. Those few minutes of story-telling, climaxed with gusts of hearty laughter, were epochal. They made Mark Twain; and they gave to Angel's the atmosphere that still clings to the town.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County leaped into immediate fame and English-speaking people the world over hailed Samuel L. Clemens, under his pen name of Mark Twain, as the great American humorist. His path upward was sure from the moment of its publication. Mark wrote to his friend Jim Gillis, January 26, 1870: ". . . You remember how we quoted from the yarn and laughed over it . . . I published that story . . . and the reputation it made for me has paid me thousands and thousands of dollars since. I went heavily in debt—never could have dared do that, Jim, if we hadn't heard the Jumping Frog story that day."

Today people look forward to the jumping frog celebration that the Calaveras County mining town holds annually. Entries for this amusing contest come from all parts of the country. The newspapers and the radio herald the gala event, and the roads leading to Angel's over which red-shirted miners trudged in the 'Fifties, are crowded with motor cars carrying gay visitors to be its witnesses.

As early as the summer of 1848, gold had been found in the vicinity of Angel's; James H. Carson, led to the spot by friendly Indians, panned 180 ounces in ten days at the place now known as Carson Hill, four miles south; and the Murphy brothers, Daniel and John, had done almost as well at the camp still bearing their name, located on Angel's creek, and so called for Henry Angel who had entered the region with both Carson and themselves.

Some notion of the great influx of gold-seekers that poured into these diggings may be had from the amount of tolls collected for crossing the Stanislaus river at Robinson's Ferry, now Melones. There, during six weeks in the summer of 1849, over $10,000 was paid into the ferryman's coffers.

Angel's soon became the crossroads of travel between the scattered diggings along the foothills and the valley towns, but while the placers paid well in the early days it was only with the later discovery of the quartz ledges that the great output of gold began. The rich Utica mine was at Angel's and at nearby Carson Hill was the Morgan mine from which came the largest nugget ever mined in the United States. This was found in November, 1854, and contained over forty-three thousand dollars of precious metal.

Long after the mineral riches of Angel's are forgotten, the town will still be remembered, and all because Mark Twain, whiling away the tedious hours of a rainy day, listened to Ben Coon's recital of a yarn about a jumping frog.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

ANGEL'S, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1857

AUBURN, PLACER COUNTY

1857

AUBURN

PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

EAR-SIGHTED white settlers in the California of 1848 were not slow in taking advantage of Marshall's gold discovery. They reasoned correctly that what had been found at Coloma on January 24, 1848, could be duplicated elsewhere, provided conditions were similar. P. B. Reading, after a visit to Sutter's sawmill, returned to his ranch convinced that he could find gold. Charles M. Weber, Stockton's founder, thought likewise. Both these men gathered their Indians together and launched into mining; and both were successful. Another man of vision was Claude Chana, owner of the Nemsha grant on Bear river which he had purchased from Sicard, who, with others, had acquired the holdings of Theodore Cordua upon which Marysville, at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers, was soon to be founded. As early as May, 1848, Chana made camp in a ravine near the American river but twenty miles from the discovery location and put his Indians to work. The results were so extraordinary that rumors of the richness of the site came to the ears of Nicolaus Altgeier at his ranch on the Feather river. He, too, assembled his Indian retainers and marched off to join his friend Chana.

Other adventurers were not slow to find this spot where serfs were making their masters rich. The place began to be called the North Fork Dry Diggings and to it drifted a number of the discharged soldiers of Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. Among these new arrivals of early 1849 was John S. Wood, and for a time the diggings took his name, but before the end of the summer the two designations were dropped and the camp became known as Auburn, so christened for the old home town in New York State from which many of the soldier miners had come.

Returns to individual miners were enormous, many taking out as much as $1,000 a day, and legend has it that one man recovered as much as $16,000 from the panning of a half-dozen cartloads of dirt. Auburn found itself within the limits of Sutter County when the first legislature divided the state into counties. Its rival for the county's headship was challenged by the town of Nicolaus, and in the election which gave Auburn the coveted honor the votes cast by the settlement far exceeded its population of 1,500. This political device was spoken of at the time as Auburn's "inexhaustible power of voting." When Placer County was formed in 1851, Auburn retained the county seat.

Ditches and flumes hundreds of miles in length brought water to Auburn's dry diggings, making it possible for the town to boast that its mines added at least $75,000,000, during the years of their productiveness, to California's output of the precious metal.

Auburn early became a transportation center, roads and trails led from it in all directions. Like other camps it had its devastating fires. The old section of Auburn still possesses iron-shuttered structures of brick which show how well its pioneers rebuilt, while the newer part of the town with its thriving population of over 4,000 is housed in modern buildings, lining broad, tree-bowered streets.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

AUBURN, PLACER COUNTY

1857

CHINESE, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

1856-58

CHINESE CAMP

TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1858

TO THE impouring hordes of Celestials attracted by the magic lure of gold, this marvelous land of riches was not California. To them it was known as Gum Shan, or Gold Hills. Throughout the mining camps dotting the streams of the Sierran foothills, from the Feather to the Merced river, in the early days small companies of patient miners from the Flowery Kingdom were to be found, half-naked and glistening with sweat as they toiled in the icy waters of the mountain streams. They kept to themselves, minded their own business, giving offense to no one, and yet they were often the prey of both white renegades and Mexican bandits who killed ruthlessly in order to rob them of their hard-earned dust.

Nowhere, except at Chinese Camp, about ten miles south of Sonora and overlooking Woods' Creek, a tributary of the nearby Tuolumne river, did they gather in great numbers, but there in the early Fifties it is estimated that at least 5,000 of the inhabitants were almond-eyed and wore pig-tails. Many stories are told to account for this: according to one, the nucleus of the settlement was the coming of a ship's captain, who had deserted his vessel, bringing with him his entire Chinese crew. This would seem to be the version most likely to fit the facts. From this beginning the town grew, but in 1856 it had dwindled to a population of a little over one thousand, with a church, a bank, an express office, hotels, and several stores, and with its dry diggings served by a ditch and flume, bringing water from Woods' Creek. Today no Chinese are in evidence but old foundations of stone and a few iron-shuttered empty buildings scattered among a few modest cottages tell the tale of the past.

But from Chinese Camp on September 26, 1856, nine hundred of the yellow race sallied forth to the first Tong war fought on California soil. These members of the Yan Wo Tong, armed to the teeth with pikes, hastily fashioned by American blacksmiths, and with knives and daggers, met their opponents of the Sam Yap Tong, twelve hundred strong, at Crimea House. The battle raged furiously to the accompaniment of beating gongs and the occasional discharge of a few firearms. When American peace officers swooped down upon the fighters, arresting some two hundred and fifty warriors, it was found that the casualties amounted to four killed and four wounded.

This great campaign grew out of a small cause. At Two Mile Bar on the Stanislaus river twelve Sam Yaps were working a claim adjoining that of six Yan Wos. A great boulder rolled down from one claim to the other. Immediately there were angry words, these were followed by blows, and then the cry for help went out to the members of their respective Tongs which resulted in the gathering of the clans.

An old fort built by the home guard of Chinese miners in 1856 still stands near the once famous Eagle Shawmut mine, some two miles from the town, as a relic and a memorial of California's first Tong war.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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CHINESE, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

1856-58

COLOMA, EL DORADO COUNTY

1857

COLOMA

EL DORADO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

WHAT happened at Coloma on January 24, 1848, changed the whole course of history. From that day on the words "California" and "Gold" were indissolubly linked, while from every quarter of the globe men raced to join in the human avalanche we know as the Gold Rush.

The year before Johann August Sutter, lord of New Helvetia and pioneer settler in the wilderness of the Sacramento valley where he had established himself in August, 1839, had entered into a partnership with millwright James Wilson Marshall for the purpose of building a sawmill on the south fork of the American river in order to supply lumber for his numerous undertakings. In the late fall of 1847 Marshall with his fellow workers, many of whom were Mormons, and Peter Wimmer, his two boys and wife, she to act as cook, reached the chosen location and began operations. The mill rose on the spot indicated by the sign in Kuchel & Dresel's lithograph, and by the end of January neared completion. Marshall had difficulty with the millrace. In order to enlarge it, he allowed the water of the river to flow through it during the night, shutting it off each morning so that the Indians employed by him could throw out the loosened boulders.

Examining the result of his deepening method on the morning of January 24, 1848, he noticed glittering particles in the ditch and clambered down into it to find out what they were. This was the discovery that soon brought gold-mad miners of every nationality to the spot, built the town of Coloma and sent thousands into foothills of the Sierra to find new diggings, create new settlements and open California's golden era.

The Gold Rush ruined Sutter, and Marshall himself died in poverty. Today a bronze statue of the discoverer stands on the top of a hill behind the almost deserted town, its right hand pointing to the river where the famous mill once stood, and under its granite pedestal he lies buried.

Tense with excitement Marshall rode the forty-five miles to Sutter's Fort to tell his partner what he had found and to implore Sutter to return to the sawmill with him to see for himself, but the Captain put him off, promising to make the journey as soon as it was possible. Marshall raced back, gathered his men, announced Sutter's forthcoming arrival, and proposed a plan to make certain of a treat from the case-bottle the Captain always carried. All the gold picked up was collected and scattered in the millrace so that Sutter might find it. Thither he was conducted when he reached Coloma, but before the expected could happen, the Wimmer boys, not in the secret, rushed toward him, hands filled with the "salted" golden flakes they had gathered. Sutter, open-eyed, exclaimed, "By Jo! By Jo!" while Marshall and his men made wry faces at the failure of their scheme.

But the bottle was passed round, and thus ended the first salting of a California gold mine.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

COLOMA, EL DORADO COUNTY

1857

Site of Sutter's sawmill indicated above by ⊕

COLUMBIA, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

1856

COLUMBIA

TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

THE old saying that gold is where you find it is well exemplified in the case of Columbia. On the night of March 27, 1850, it rained, and the next morning Dr. Thaddeus Hildreth, his brother George, John Walker and other members of their prospecting party awoke to find that the oak tree under which they had slept had not kept the downpour from their bedding and that the blankets of all were sopping wet.

It was agreed that their journey toward some possible new diggings must be halted while the bed clothes were hung out to dry, and while this was in progress John Walker took a chance at panning dirt in a nearby gulch. The result showed more than a color. All concluding that gold was where you found it, they decided to stake out claims. The rush to what everybody at first called Hildreth's Diggings began. Four weeks later it is said that 6,000 gold diggers were at work on the three hundred acre flat surrounding the spot where the town shot up in 1852 which gloried in the designation of Columbia, its inhabitants boastfully referred to it as "Columbia, the gem of the southern mines."

At one time in its early history it was estimated that nearly 20,000 people made Columbia their headquarters. It had achieved sufficient importance by May, 1854, to be incorporated, but the following July it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Yet Phoenix-like it arose from its still hot ashes, buildings being started while the ground was still warm. Lack of water which held back the greater development of the rich placers was remedied by the building of miles of flumes and ditches which brought the flow of the upper Stanislaus from the high Sierra to the spot. Estimates vary concerning the amount of gold Columbia produced, but the lowest does not fall below $80,000,000 and the highest adds a quarter more than that sum for good measure.

Today Columbia is the most perfect example of a "ghost town" California possesses. Its well-built brick structures with heavy iron doors, the ancient locust trees shading its main street, its overhanging awnings of wood give the visitor some notion of what the town looked like when it was crowded with red-shirted miners in the days of its greatness. With the exhaustion of its placers, the peak of Columbia's prosperity was passed, and it went into a slow decline.

The Gold Dust Exchange Bank of D. O. Mills was once Columbia's chief financial institution. James G. Fair, who later made millions at Virginia City, is said to have gotten his start at Columbia. Columbia even aspired to the great honor of being California's capital, but some thief stole the petition with its thousands of signatures, attaching them to a plea to the governor for pardon for a convicted murderer. The story goes that the pardon was granted, and the capital idea was abandoned.

The flat from which so much of the yellow metal was dug is now overgrown with brush and small trees through which marble pinnacles rise drunkenly, giving it the look of an unkempt graveyard with monuments all awry.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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COLUMBIA, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

1856

CRESCENT CITY, KLAMATH COUNTY

1857

CRESCENT CITY

KLAMATH COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

NOTHING was improbable to the hopeful gold-diggers of '49 and '50. The merest rumor was believed. Over night there was a stampede. Two thousand hardy miners in El Dorado and Calaveras counties shouldered their picks and shovels and San Francisco went wild when news came that the riches of Midas had been found in far northwestern California. It was a second gold rush. Everybody wanted to be first on the ground to uncover the boundless treasure buried at the end of this new rainbow.

Caravans started overland. Men in crowded wagons, on horseback, on foot took up the march. Ships, hastily manned to reach the new Eldorado by sea, sailed out the Golden Gate bound for Trinidad where it was believed Trinity river entered the ocean, for Pearson B. Reading had so named the stream where he had found gold because of that mistaken notion.

The Trinidad roadstead was a disappointment, unprotected and open. Seeking a harbor some ships entered a more northern bight, among them the *Paragon,* which there met disaster and gave its name to the bay. But because of its new-moonlike shape it became known as Crescent Bay and there Crescent City sprang into life when a company led by R. Humphreys and J. F. Wendell took up land and laid out the town in 1853. The growth of the new settlement was remarkable. Within a year it boasted 200 houses and 800 inhabitants. It became the county seat of Klamath County, but lost that distinction in 1856, and thereupon began a successful agitation for the formation of a new county to be called Del Norte with Crescent City as its governing center, which it is today.

Dismembered Klamath County struggled with its destiny until 1874 when it was completely extinguished, being divided between Humboldt and Siskiyou.

The extravagant hopes of the town's founders were never realized. The rugged nature of the back country prevented the development of transportation to the rich Trinity mines, the lack of arable land discouraged farming, and the hoped-for mines nearby were disappointing. Crops, however, were raised in Smith's valley and a flour mill was built at Crescent City as early as 1854. This was followed by sawmills, but the back country yielded little, except cattle pasturage, and the town grew so slowly that by 1880 it had only 2584 people within its corporate limits.

The cliffs fronting the ocean from Crescent City almost to Humboldt Bay gave rise to the futile Gold Bluffs excitement of the winter of 1850–51. Many of Crescent City's first residents were among those who then came north, attracted by claims that the black sands of the beach and the cliffs themselves would yield untold billions of the yellow metal. One company advertised that a single share of its stock would produce for its owner the modest sum of $43,000,000!

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CRESCENT CITY, KLAMATH COUNTY

1857

DOWNIEVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY

1856

DOWNIEVILLE

SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

GOLD on the Yuba was the magnet that drew the Scotchman, known as "Major" William Downie, to Nye's Ranch at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers and about to become the town of Marysville, when he landed from the ship *Architect* in San Francisco, June 27, 1849. His arduous journey brought him at length to Bullard's Bar where he tried his hand at mining for a few days, but dreams of undiscovered riches urged him on, and on October 5, 1849, he set out again with as motley a crew as ever followed a leader—10 Negro sailors, Mike Deverney, an Irish youth, an Indian, and Jim Crow, a kanaka—to search the river's upper reaches.

It was November when they turned a bend in the stream and for the first time saw The Forks of the North Yuba, the site of the future county seat of Sierra County which was to bear the "Major's" name. In April, 1858, Downie described in the *Sierra Democrat* what he and his companions saw that day: "The spot where the town stands was then the handsomest I have ever seen in the mountains."

Before Downie's arrival, Frank Anderson on September 14th had dug gold at The Forks, but had returned to the lower diggings. The newcomers decided to winter in the mountains, and Downie sent nine of his party with Jim Crow and some of the newly dug gold down to the settlements for provisions. Only Jim Crow came back and when he did in the spring, followed by Anderson and his friends and a multitude to whom both had told of the rich strike, he found that the "Major" and his companions had barely survived starvation.

By 1851 Downieville had 5,000 population and was famous for the riches Frank Anderson and three men had dug in eleven days out of their claim 60 feet square at Durgin's Flat, where the Court House now stands; a total of $12,900.00. Zumwalt's Flat was producing its five ounces a day per man, and Tin Cup Diggings on the opposite bank was giving each of the three men who worked there a tin cupful of gold daily for three or four hours labor. Some two miles up the river a lump of solid gold weighing 25 pounds was found at Gold Bluff in 1850. News of such finds brought miners in hordes and their prospecting was responsible for the discovery of many new diggings.

John B. Weller, afterwards governor of California, was the orator of the day at the 1851 Fourth of July celebration at Downieville. The miners painted the town red and kept it up till late at night. Jack Cannon and his drunken companions broke in the doors of some of the houses, among them that of a Mexican girl, Juanita. Later he returned, forced himself upon the girl and was killed by her with a knife. For this a mob court condemned her to death, and she was hanged from the bridge over the Yuba before the eyes of three thousand excited people. Even in far-off London, *The Times* denounced this barbarous punishment, in which it was joined by the press throughout the civilized world.

Today Downieville is a quaint and delightful town with many old buildings to remind the visitor of its greatness and importance during the frenzied years of the Gold Rush.

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DOWNIEVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY

1856

FOREST HILL, PLACER COUNTY

1857

FOREST HILL

PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THE gold digger of 1849 wavered between disappointment and hope. His was an unstable state of mind. Even when he was able to get his ounce of dust a day, he wasn't satisfied. His ear was always cocked for rumor, and at the slightest and unconfirmed news of new and richer diggings he was up and off to join the stampede. Winter drove the miners from the river bars because of high water. Thus there was a slackening of effort, during which the crowds gathered in the towns to await the coming of spring when it was possible to go to work once more. This was a season for the telling of tall tales, all of which were given credence, for nothing was impossible in this magic gold land of California. One might say that the enforced idleness primed the red-shirted miner for the spring rushes to newly discovered locations.

At Coloma and at Auburn great numbers spent the rainy season of 1849–50. To them came word by underground telegraph that the ridge between the middle fork of the American river and Shirt Tail Gulch held a vast treasure. The stampede was on. From the west came one hurrying procession, from the south another. Some three miles to the northeast of Dr. F. W. Todd's store in Todd's valley these two hosts met and mingled; Forest Hill diggings were the result. This was the town's beginning. A hotel was built, stores were erected. Even today some of these brick structures with their iron shutters are to be seen on Forest Hill's main street, and they are still being used by the merchants of the community's 400 citizens.

Eighteen fifty-three saw Forest Hill at the height of its activity. The violent storms of the previous winter had brought down great masses of loose gravel at the head of Jenny Lind Canyon, exposing much gold-bearing material from the ancient Blue Lead channel, a preglacial river bed. In the renewed excitement which followed claims as small as 50 feet were located along the side hill into which tunnels were driven, varying in length from a bare 200 feet to upwards of a mile.

The Jenny Lind mine produced as much as $2,000 a day. Its yield up to 1880 was estimated to have reached $1,100,000, while the gold production of the entire camp by 1868 had mounted to a minimum of $10,000,000.

In its hey-day Forest Hill possessed a newspaper, several substantial hotels, banks, stores and a great number of "elegant saloons." Even as late as 1880 the community ranked among the larger of the Placer County towns, the census of that year giving it a population of nearly 700.

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FOREST HILL, PLACER COUNTY

1857

FRENCH BAR, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1857

FRENCH BAR

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THE restlessness of the '49ers, their eternal hopes of better diggings, and their sudden rushes to be first on the ground where new discoveries had been made, were characteristic of the years following Marshall's picking up of those first golden flakes at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma.

When news spread that Pearson B. Reading had found gold at Clear Creek Canyon on the upper Sacramento, and that later, when he crossed the mountains to the westward of his Buena Ventura rancho with his party of Indians, he had dug gold from a bar of the Trinity river, a stampede started for this new Eldorado. By land and sea eager miners made their way to the gold-bearing creeks and rivers. It was not long before the wild and mountainous country in the far northwest corner of California was overrun by groups of men from Oregon, from San Francisco by sea, and even from the already busy camps in the Sierra foothills. Those who landed on the coast, followed up the Klamath river and its tributaries, the Salmon and Trinity, and in their upper reaches met the other streams of miners who had toiled overland. Wherever gold was found, camps grew up. Somes' Bar came into being, and at the forks of the Salmon in the summer of 1850 there was a population of several hundred.

Among the men who prospected in this section was John W. Scott. In 1850 with a little group of miners he made his way over the rugged Salmon mountains and discovered the river, valley and diggings which still bear his name. Warlike Indians, however, soon drove the party away but not before they had gathered evidence of the richness of their find. Returning over the Salmon mountains they reached the camps along the Trinity and there spread the glad tidings. The result was that the following spring there was a rush to the spot which populated the deep canyon of Scott River, from the location of the discovery, since known as Scott's Bar, to its junction with the Klamath some three miles to the north.

Here camp after camp came into being. Wherever a twist or turn in the course of Scott river had thrown a shallow or bar, men with pick, shovel and rocker could have been seen during the summer of 1851 feverishly delving for gold.

Scott's Bar drew the largest population, but scattered along the lower river were a number of camps; French Bar, being the largest of these lesser settlements, and having as neighbors: Johnson's Bar, Poorman's Bar, Lytle's Bar, Slapjack Bar, Michigan Bar, and Junction Bar where Scott river flowed into the Klamath.

French Bar and the camps grouped about it in the Scott river gorge produced bountifully. Even as late as 1857 when Kuchel & Dresel visited the spot, the great water wheels were still pumping dry the deep diggings in the stream bed so that the last of the gold could be recovered.

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FRENCH BAR, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1857

THE GOLDEN GATE

1855

THE GOLDEN GATE

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1855

WHEN Captain Josiah Perkins Creesy of Salem sailed the clipper ship *Flying Cloud* through the Golden Gate on the morning of April 20, 1854, he duplicated the record run he had made with the same vessel three years previously; 89 days from New York. The speed of the *Flying Cloud* became a by-word. She was the fastest ship that sailed the seas and both her owners, Grinnell, Minturn & Company, and Donald McKay, her builder, hailed Captain Creesy as the foremost commander in the California trade.

Compared with vessels of today, the *Flying Cloud* was not a big boat. Her length was 225 feet, her beam 40 feet, and she registered only 1783 tons, but, with all sails set, the mountain of snowy canvas that rose from her deck drove her beautiful, yacht-like hull through the water at express speed. It is written in her log that one day on her initial voyage in 1851 she made 374 miles, a greater distance than the steamers of her time were capable of making.

It was not until 1860 that the *Andrew Jackson* under Captain John E. Williams equalled the record set by the *Flying Cloud,* and then only for one voyage, while Captain Creesy had to his credit two passages from New York to San Francisco of 89 days each.

The Gold Rush brought the California clipper ships into being. The demand for quick passages both for passengers and freight without transshipment across the isthmus of Panama provided a business that was profitable in spite of the competition of the steamers of the companies operating on the trans-isthmian route. As a result the most beautiful ships the world has even seen, all flying the American flag, sailed constantly between the eastern seaboard and the Golden Gate.

In commemorating the prowess of the *Flying Cloud,* Thomas A. Ayres also very properly pictured the mail steamer *John L. Stephens* making her entrance through the Golden Gate. Here was a prophecy of the future, of the day when steam would banish sail from the seven seas. But there was more to it than that, for the *John L. Stephens* was to take a part in the swiftly moving history of California. When the Vigilance Committee of 1856 undertook to clean up the political and criminal conditions in San Francisco, caused by the undesirables who came with the Gold Rush, it was this vessel that carried away a number of suspicious characters who had been banished with the admonition never to return.

Aside from the vessels and lighthouses in the Ayres drawing, the Golden Gate presented just what the Spanish captain, Juan de Ayala, of the *San Carlos* saw when he piloted that first ship to enter the harbor on August 5, 1775.

Sketched from nature by T. A. Ayres and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

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THE GOLDEN GATE

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, SUNRISE

1855

GRASS VALLEY, NEVADA COUNTY

1858

GRASS VALLEY

NEVADA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1858

If it had not been for George Knight and what he found in October, 1850, Grass Valley might have had a history similar to many another Gold Rush camp that today is but a ghost town.

The first white man to reach the valley belonged to a party of which Claude Chana, the discoverer of gold in Auburn Ravine in May, 1848, was a member. This was in 1846 while Chana was nearing the end of the overland journey which landed him at Sutter's Fort.

And then in 1849 another party of emigrants fought their way over the Sierra. They made camp, but their gaunt and starving cattle wandered during the night, and were found in the lush grassy meadow where the town now stands. This circumstance gave the place its name.

The beginnings of the settlement, however, were laid by a Dr. Saunders and his four companions who came in August, 1849. They were soon joined by some fifteen others. Cabins were built and these men wintered there on what is now Badger Hill, the eastern rim of the present city. Another group under the Rev. H. H. Cummings' leadership, known as the Boston Company, arrived September 23, 1849, and built their cabins in what is still called Boston Ravine. They, too, spent the winter of 1849–50 in their camp. From these two groups of cabins the town grew. The placer diggings attracted others, and then came the great discovery which was to make Grass Valley one of the outstanding gold camps of the world, a producer of the yellow metal reaching undreamed of totals in value. For over eighty-four years Grass Valley mines have poured forth their golden stream; from the lode tapped by its two most famous ones, the North Star and the Empire, over $80,000,000 have been taken.

George Knight's discovery that October day, 1850, had almost more momentous consequences even than that of James Wilson Marshall's, whose finding of those first glittering particles at Coloma started the Gold Rush. What Knight found has made California indeed the golden state, for it continued the production of the yellow metal long after the placers were exhausted, generations after the law had shut down on the hydraulic diggings. Knight brought back to camp a specimen of quartz and in it was gold. He had uncovered an outcropping of gold-bearing quartz, in place. In a frenzy his fellows of the camp staked out claims. A second stampede was on. That fall of 1850 Grass Valley and its neighbor camp of Nevada became the most densely populated spot in California. The source of gold had been discovered!

Yet with all the bustle that ensued, the building of noisy stamp mills, the digging of shafts and tunnels to reach the hidden treasure house, Grass Valley had its picturesque side. Its prosperity brought to the town many notable characters; Lola Montez, who charmed the miners with her Spider Dance and was so charmed herself by the life of the camp that she remained nearly two years; Lotta Crabtree, then a child, but who later was to be California's darling of the stage, and many others.

It is said that Grass Valley has never known what depression meant. Prosperity has been the heritage of this delightful city whose foundations were literally laid in gold.

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GRASS VALLEY, NEVADA COUNTY

1858

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY

1857

JACKSON

AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THE first wave of gold seekers that swept over the countryside in 1848, feverishly hoping to find rich river bars which they might claim and work, apparently did not travel without liquid consolation in bottled form. A spring on the trail to the Mokelumne, a convenient over-night stopping place on the journey, took its name from this fact. There the travelers discarded their empty containers. The pile grew, and since many of the expectant miners were Mexicans, it was they who gave the spot the name of Botelleas; Americans translated this into Bottle Springs, and Bottle Springs it remained until 1850 when the inhabitants of the small settlement changed it to Jackson in honor of one of its leading citizens.

The placer diggings in the vicinity failed to produce the rich returns of other localities, but because of Jackson's central situation on the road connecting the mines to the north with those to the south, and the roads which joined it there, leading to the equally distant supply depots of Sacramento and Stockton, the town received the compensating benefit of the heavy traffic that flowed to and through it. From Jackson went the supplies needed by the river camps along both the Cosumnes and Mokelumne. Had it not been for the discovery of rich gold-bearing quartz veins in the neighborhood in 1851, Jackson might long since have joined the host of ghost towns scattered in the Sierran foothills. For a time when it lay within the limits of Calaveras County it was the county seat, and in 1854 when Amador County was organized, Jackson was made its head town.

The first attempts at quartz mining met with many discouragements due to lack of experience, but with time success grew out of those early failures so that today Amador County can point to a continuous gold production extending over eighty years and the possession of two of the deepest mines in the world; the Argonaut and Kennedy, both near Jackson.

In the late Fifties, Leland Stanford became an owner in the Lincoln mine, financing it and holding a controlling interest. The returns from this venture permitted him to take a leading part in the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. This mine, together with the Eureka, also at Sutter Creek, aided Jackson in maintaining its prosperity as one of the chief mining centers of the state.

The Jackson of today still retains the picturesque atmosphere of early times with its winding streets, solid stone buildings, and balconied upper stories. It has changed little from the mining camp of the Gold Rush period when the six horse stages from Sacramento passed through it on the way to Mokelumne Hill, Angels, Columbia, and Sonora. Over this route, it is estimated, that more than $275,000,000 in gold bullion was carried in the Fifties.

Like its great rival, Grass Valley, for first honors as a continuous gold producing center, Jackson is unacquainted with the meaning of the word "depression."

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JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY

1857

LOS ANGELES

1857

LOS ANGELES

THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN 1857

THE Los Angeles pictured by Kuchel & Dresel is that of the *Reminiscences of a Ranger* in which Major Horace Bell described it as the wildest frontier town of the time where hardly a day passed without its murder, its street brawl or the resulting funeral. The large proportion of Mexican inhabitants gave the place much picturesqueness. Spanish was heard almost as frequently on the streets as was English. The homes of the better class were all adobe dwellings with either interior patios or walled gardens laid out in the native Californian manner.

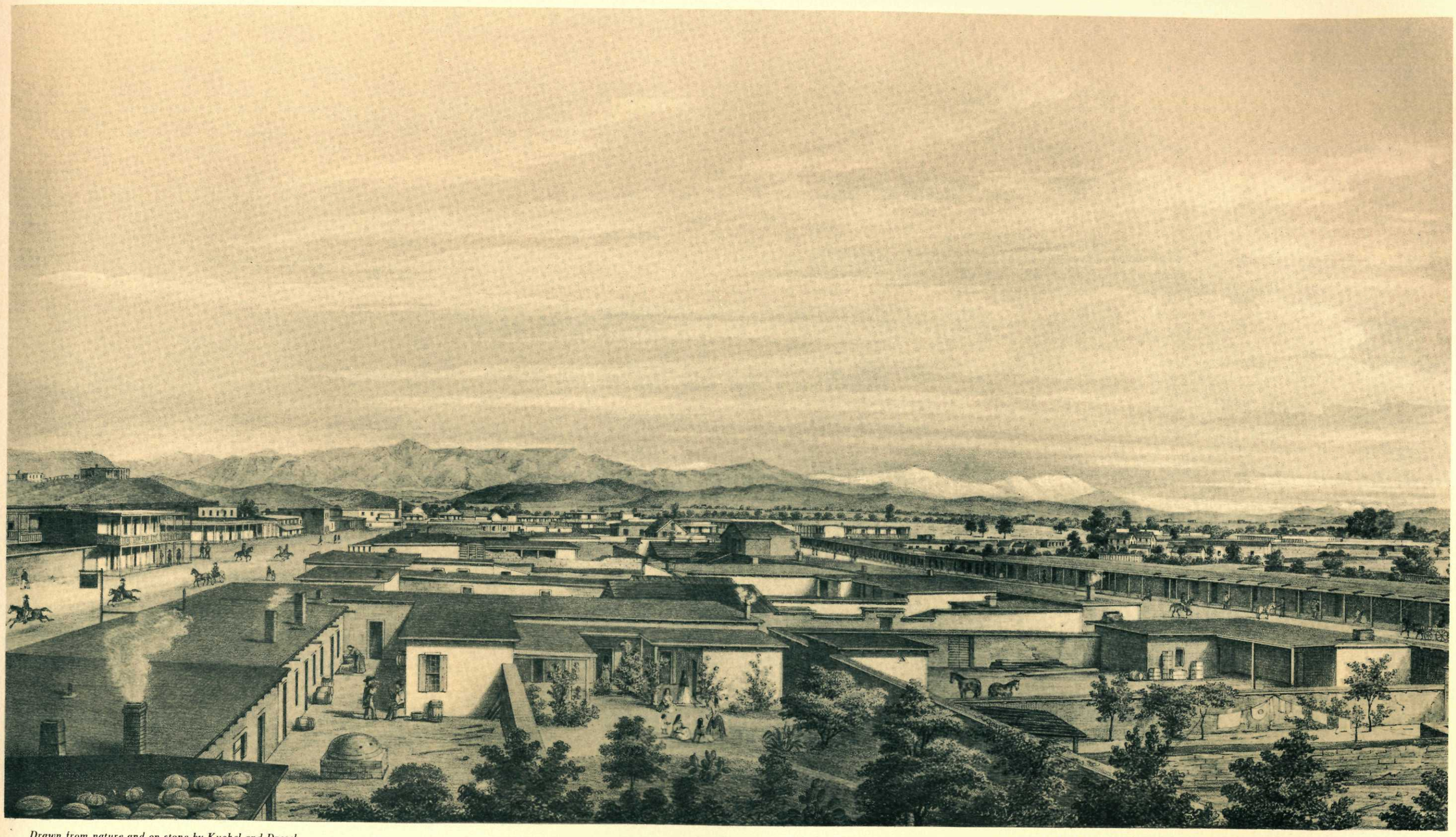
In making the drawing the artist stood at a point east of Main street and a block south of Requem street, looking north. The two-story building on the left—the thoroughfare is Main street—is the United States Hotel, the site of the present Post Office. The street on the right is Los Angeles street and the long row of one-story adobe buildings facing it was occupied in 1857 chiefly by Jewish merchants. The two-story adobe structure at the north end of Los Angeles street was the headquarters of John C. Fremont in 1847 when, under the appointment of Commodore Robert Field Stockton, he was acting as governor of California.

Banditry became rampant in the neighborhood of Los Angeles in 1857 after a period of comparative quiet following the killing of the arch-desperado Joaquin Murieta in 1853. Juan Flores, the black sheep of a respectable Californian family, and Pancho Daniel escaped from San Quentin, and moving south gathered a band of their former followers. Flores had vowed that he would kill a freighter named Hardy who was about to start with his teams from San Juan Capistrano for Los Angeles. To Hardy a Mexican woman disclosed the plot, and while he took a circuitous route to town, Don Juan Forster, a brother-in-law of Pio Pico, dispatched a messenger to Sheriff James R. Barton with the news. Immediately a posse was organized which included Alfred Hardy, a brother of the threatened man. On their way to Capistrano the sheriff and his four men were joined by a Frenchman named Frank Alexander and when they approached Santiago canyon the bandits were encountered. Only Hardy and the Frenchman escaped; Barton, Little, Baker and Daley lay dead on the field of battle. When Alfred Hardy reached Los Angeles the populace rose in anger, vowing that not one bandit should escape the noose. Three companies of avengers spread over the countryside. They made 53 arrests, but brought in few prisoners for most of the desperados were hanged immediately upon their capture.

The funeral of Sheriff Barton and his three deputies was the largest and most impressive Los Angeles ever witnessed.

In his *Annals of Los Angeles,* J. Gregg Layne insists that Los Angeles between 1856 and 1860 was the "Queen of the Cow Counties," and by figures proves his point. The cattle trade and the rapidly growing wine business—in 1860 Los Angeles shipped 66,000 cases of wine to all parts of the country—were then the principal sources of income for the people of Los Angeles.

The first overland stage sent westward from St. Louis in September, 1858, by the Butterfield Stage Line reached Los Angeles on the seventh of October. This brought the city another contact with the outside world, for hitherto communication had been limited to vessels sailing from San Pedro twenty miles away. A building boom followed, which with the subsequent coming of the railroad, did much toward transforming the once sleepy Mexican town with its listless *paisanos* into the most populous American city bordering on the Pacific Ocean.



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LOS ANGELES

1857

THE MAMMOTH TREE GROVE

1855

THE MAMMOTH TREE GROVE

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1855

STEVENSON called the California sequoia, "the giraffe of vegetables." Ever since their discovery these giants among growing things have excited the interest of scientists and laymen alike. It was soon found, however, that there were two species; one, the *Sequoia sempervirens,* with a habitat in the Coast Range, and the *Sequoia gigantea* found only in the Sierra Nevada.

As early as 1850 an engraving of the largest tree in the grove near Santa Cruz appeared in Hypolite Ferry's *Description de la Nouvelle California,* which was published in Paris. But it was not until 1855 that an adequate representation of the Sierran species was given to the public and then the honor of so doing fell to Thomas A. Ayres whose drawings of the marvels of the Yosemite had astounded the world.

In his *Echoes of the Past,* John Bidwell claims to be the discoverer of the Calaveras grove. He tells of encountering the Big Trees as early as 1841 when as a member of the Bartleson party, the first emigrants to reach California overland, he sought a way out of the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada. Another discoverer was A. T. Doud, a hunter and trapper, who found the Calaveras grove in 1852 and who had made his headquarters at Murphy's Camp shortly after its settlement in 1848. Doud, however, was the first to make his claims known and to call attention to what he had seen.

At Murphy's Camp, some twenty miles to the west of the Calaveras grove, James L. Sperry, who saw in these Big Trees a great opportunity, built a hotel which still stands. And at the grove itself were constructed accommodations for the visitors he felt certain the Big Trees would attract, and which they did by tens of thousands. The hotel at the grove which Ayres pictured did service until it was torn down in 1933.

For some years it was thought that the Calaveras groves were the only ones in existence, but, as the Sierra was explored, more and more stands of these wonderful sequoias were found until today they number thirty-two, extending from the North Placer grove two hundred and fifty miles southerly to those of the Kern river country.

European scientists insisted on calling the Sierran species the Sequoia Wellingtonia. American botanists countered by giving it the name of Sequoia Washingtonia, but finally by common consent the designation of Sequoia Gigantea was decided upon.

It is estimated that the largest of the Big Trees have a life span exceeding 2,000 years. A cross section cut from one of the fallen monarchs of the Converse Basin grove, and not the largest by any means, showed by its rings that it was alive when Alexander fought the Battle of Arbela in 331 B. C. The oldest living things on this planet of ours are these *Sequoia gigantea* which grow only in the Sierra Nevada in California at elevations from 4,000 to 8,000 feet.

Sketched from nature by T. A. Ayres and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

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THE MAMMOTH TREE GROVE

CALAVERAS COUNTY

1855

MARYSVILLE

1856

MARYSVILLE

YUBA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

WHILE Marysville owes its existence as a mercantile community to the Gold Rush, and the necessity for a center of supply for the northern diggings located on navigable waters, its history ante-dates that period as far as land ownership is concerned, involving such notable personages as Johann August Sutter, within whose grant the point of land at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers fell; Theodor Cordua, who established his New Mecklenburg rancho at that spot as Sutter's lessee in 1842; and Charles Covillaud, who in October, 1848, became Cordua's partner, and whose wife, Mary Murphy, a survivor of the ill-fated Donner Party of tragic memory, gave her name to the new settlement when the town was laid out in January, 1850.

But long before Adventurer Sutter left Bergsdorf in Switzerland to escape his creditors in 1834, leaving his wife and family there to shift for themselves, the first overland explorer to reach California from the settled section of the United States had camped with his trappers and fur traders at the very location where Marysville was later to come into being. March 16, 1828, Jedediah Strong Smith made the following entry in his journal:

> "Moved N E about 1 mile up the river and crossed over above the forks without any difficulty by the help of my skin canoe in which my goods were carried over, the horses swimming. The Indians near my camp still continue friendly and were singing when I left them. 12 beaver taken."

In January, 1849, Theodor Cordua sold his remaining interest, and in the following September Covillaud acquired the entire ownership of the site. In the *Placer Times* published at Sacramento on January 8, 1850, he offered Marysville lots for sale. A week later there stepped from the steamer *Lawrence* when it landed at the new town a young lawyer, who became the town's leading citizen, and whose subsequent career was of national scope; Stephen J. Field. A salesman approached the new arrival with, "Put your name down, all the lots you want." "But suppose a man puts his name down," said the almost penniless Field, "and afterward doesn't want the lots?" "Oh, you don't need to take them if you don't want them." Field with but twenty dollars in his pocket subscribed for 65 lots of a value exceeding $16,000. The rapid rise of realty in Marysville soon made him a tidy fortune.

The richness of the placers on the Yuba and Feather rivers was the backbone of Marysville's prosperity. Steamers landed their goods at the riverside where long lines of pack animals carried them off to the mining camps. The town became the acknowledged supply depot for the entire section, crowding out its mushroom competitors. Its citizens built solidly as can be seen from Kuchel & Dresel's 1856 lithograph. With the exhaustion of the placers and the stoppage of hydraulic mining, agriculture and fruit raising continued Marysville's importance, laying the foundation for the wealth its inhabitants enjoy today.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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MARYSVILLE

1856

MOKELUMNE HILL, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1856

MOKELUMNE HILL

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

WHEN the transports Loo Choo, Thomas H. Perkins and Susan Drew sailed into San Francisco bay in March 1847, the soldier colonists making up the regiment of New York Volunteers under the command of Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson found the Mexican War over as far as California was concerned. There was nothing spectacular for them to do. Garrison duty had little appeal, but for the year after their arrival only that was their portion. Yet if they were disappointed in not being able to signalize themselves on the field of battle, they did congratulate themselves on being on the spot when Marshall discovered gold and they made immediate plans to take advantage of it as soon as they were discharged from the army.

In small and large groups the men trooped off to the mines. Lieutenant E. Gould Buffum with a few companions tried his luck and wrote an entertaining book—*Six Months in the Gold Mines*—detailing his experiences. William Redmond Ryan, another member of the regiment, has left us his *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California in 1848-9*. And even the colonel of the regiment got the gold fever. In the fall of 1848 he gathered a large party of his former command and set out to make his fortune. The Stevenson gold diggers made their way to the Mokelumne river, scattered along its rich bars, and began operations. They numbered at least one hundred, and in order to avoid disputes which might naturally arise Stevenson drew up for their guidance what was without doubt the first code of mining laws to be observed in California.

The center of activity and trade of the Mokelumne diggings eventually gravitated to the river crossing at Big Bar, where as early as 1850 what was known as the Whale Boat Ferry was established, but when the river placers showed signs of depletion both miners and traders moved *en masse* to the newly discovered rich but deep dry diggings nearby which took the name of Mokelumne Hill.

By 1852 the new town had grown to such an extent that it was made the county seat of Calaveras County; and into it had poured eager arrivals from far off France. Feeling against all foreigners in the California mines ran high. Americans felt that all the gold was theirs to dig. General Persifer Smith in a public utterance had crystalized this sentiment upon his landing at Panama on his way to take command of the military in California. Even the legislature of the state had passed laws requiring aliens to pay for the privilege of digging gold. At Mokelumne Hill occurred one of the skirmishes of the so-called French War, and today the foundations of the fort erected by the French, at French Hill overlooking the town, in a futile effort to resist eviction are visible evidences of the struggle.

The picturesque Mokelumne Hill of the present is but the shell of a once thriving camp. Here and there can be seen solidly built stone buildings with iron doors and shutters that attest to its former importance, while in the neighboring graveyard ancient headstones reveal the names of the pioneers who in the Fifties thronged its busy streets.

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MOKELUMNE HILL, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1856

MURPHYS, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1857

MURPHYS

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

IN the Elisha Stevens party which the old mountaineer and trapper Caleb Greenwood piloted with their wagons over the Sierra in the fall of 1844 was the widowed Martin Murphy, his numerous children and their children. The introduction of this large family into California was destined to influence the State's history. Two of "Grandpa" Murphy's sons in their search for gold gave their name to the town which grew up about their camp, a daughter married Charles M. Weber, the founder of Stockton, and other sons became great landowners. All in all, the Murphy family left an imperishable imprint upon the land they had chosen for their new home.

When the news of Marshall's discovery spread, John M. Murphy and his brother Daniel, with Henry Angel and James Carson, started for the foothills of the Sierra to try their luck. Three placenames resulted from this expedition; Carson Hill, Angel's Camp, and Murphy's Camp. Upon the party's arrival in the Calaveras area, they separated, each going his own way. The Murphy brothers found a location on what has since been known as Angel's Creek, and started digging. This was in July, 1848. Success attended the Murphy efforts. Others joined them, and it was not long before Murphy's Diggings became known far and wide as a rich camp where more than the usual ounce of dust a day could be had without too much exertion. Murphy's Camp made the brothers John and Daniel rich men, the latter retained his wealth; the former, however, was not so fortunate.

From mining John launched into trade, associating himself with his future brother-in-law Charles M. Weber, who with his Indian retainers had dug a fortune from Weber Creek, near Coloma.

In the Donner Party which was caught in the snows of the Sierra in the winter of 1846-7, resulting in the awful death of some thirty of its members, was the daughter of James Reed, named Virginia. She was saved, and on January 26, 1850, was married to John M. Murphy.

Murphy's Camp did not die out as so many other early diggings. Solid structures took the place of the first rough buildings. It remained for years a place of importance, and with the discovery of the Big Tree Grove by A. T. Dowd in 1852, it became the gateway to that wonder of wonders but eighteen miles away.

Today the town with its tree-shaded streets, its iron-shuttered buildings and its old hotel, built to accommodate the increasing number of visitors to the Calaveras Big Trees by J. L. Sperry, and still in use, presents a picture of the past equalled only by Columbia among the communities along the Mother Lode.

And to add spice to the history of this delightful spot it is claimed that the arch-bandit Joaquin Murietta made Bear Mountain in its vicinity one of his hideouts. In proof of this assertion the sceptic is shown a stone barricade, and is asked to believe that Murietta here began his career of crime which challenged the California authorities in the early Fifties.

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MURPHYS, CALAVERAS COUNTY

1857

NEVADA, CALIFORNIA

1856

NEVADA

NEVADA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

THE oft-repeated saying, "There's gold in them thar hills," was not in use as early as the summer of 1848. At that time the presence of the precious metal in many localities was not even suspected. For six months after James Wilson Marshall picked up those first flakes at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma, the possibilities of gold-bearing sites were being tested by intrepid explorers with pick and pan. These men, singly and in groups, wandered along the streams and over the divides and ridges of the Sierra foothills bent on uncovering the buried treasure. At times their labors were futile. A pan or two, washed in haste, showed but a color, and disgustedly they passed on. Others were more fortunate, and their finds, passed on by the mysterious telegraph of rumor, led to stampedes and the overnight settlement of bustling camps.

Marshall himself tried his hand at exploration. The Coloma sawmill was finished. A few boards were sawed. The influx of miners swarmed over the nearby countryside, taking up the likeliest spots. There was no place where the discoverer of gold could stake out a claim, so he marched off to the northward. At Deer Creek, which flows into the Yuba, he stopped to try his luck. What he found did not appeal to him and he passed on. Could he have but looked into the future he would have been amazed, for right where he halted, a mere two years hence, he would have beheld a teeming gold camp with ten thousand eager miners digging feverishly within a radius of three miles. Thus it was that Marshall missed being the discoverer of the riches of Nevada. This honor fell to Captain John Pennington and his two companions, who early in September, 1849, built the first cabin on Gold Run near that stream's junction with Deer Creek.

The next month these first settlers had a neighbor, one Dr. A. B. Caldwell. The doctor not only built himself a cabin but opened a store, and on account of his previous mercantile enterprise some seven miles down-stream on Deer Creek, the new camp first took the name of Caldwell's Upper Store, then of Deer Creek Dry Diggings. By March, 1850, the camp had grown. Some sort of government was necessary. A meeting was called at Caldwell's store. The miners, after electing a man named Stamps, as alcalde, turned to a discussion of a name for the camp. By acclamation the designation, Nevada, was chosen. Years later when Utah Territory was divided and the western portion given the name Nevada, the men of Nevada in California rose in their wrath. They told Congress that to them belonged the name, Nevada; that the country in which they lived had been Nevada since its formation in 1851, but despite their protest the new territory was christened, and when it became a state the name was retained. To avoid some of the foreseen confusion, the dwellers in Nevada, California, thereupon added the word City to their town name, and Nevada City it has been ever since. Quartz mining, following on the heels of the placers and the later stoppage of hydraulicking, has maintained Nevada City's position as a mining center to the present day.

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NEVADA, CALIFORNIA

1856

NORTH SAN JUAN, NEVADA COUNTY

1858

NORTH SAN JUAN

NEVADA COUNTY, 1858

TRADITION has it that a veteran of the Mexican war named Christian Kientz first mined on the slopes of San Juan Hill in 1853, giving it that designation which was later applied to the town that became the most populous mining center of the so-called Ridge district. When San Juan was granted a postoffice in 1857 the name was changed to North San Juan to avoid confusing it with the older mission settlement of San Juan Bautista in San Benito County.

In the days of its greatest prosperity when hydraulic mining was tearing away the immensely rich Ridge, North San Juan had several thousand inhabitants and a network of ditches which brought water to the mines of the section from streams and reservoirs miles away in the Sierra. Three companies, owning the largest of the mines in the region, operated this system of canals and flumes, totaling in length over three hundred miles and costing at least five million dollars. Engineers still marvel at the completeness of the work of these early miners who attacked the task with no better equipment than pick, shovel, level and ordinary carpenter's tools.

It was not long after the first miners started digging that it was realized that rockers and "long toms" could not extract the vast deposits hidden in the Ridge and that success could only be attained by hydraulic operations. Here as in no other part of California were they carried on on such a gigantic scale. The Ridge was found to be an ancient river channel, the remnant of the drainage system of a former geologic age, which had torn through quartz veins and left the gold scattered unevenly throughout the gravels composing it.

Today as one drives along the highway from Nevada City to Downieville on the upper Yuba River, the stupendous scars in the hillsides about North San Juan are visual but mute evidence that not faith but water has moved mountains in the search for gold.

The death knell for the hydraulic method of mining was sounded by the passage by Congress of the Anti-Debris Act in 1883. For years the farmers of the Sacramento valley had raised their voices in violent protest against the pollution of the streams and the ruin to their lands caused by the immense quantities of silt from the hydraulic mining operations. On top of this came Judge Sawyer's famous decision of January 23, 1884, which closed the mines, putting an end to the enormous profits the San Juan Ridge had provided. In 1893 the Caminetti Act was passed. This permitted a resumption of hydraulicking but under such rigid and strict conditions that but few have availed themselves of its provisions. Competent authorities estimate that there is still left in the Ridge at least $400,000,000 which can only be mined under restrictions imposed by the California Debris Commission.

The North San Juan of today with its three hundred-odd inhabitants is constantly reminded of its glamorous past by the old buildings standing in its midst, among them the old and picturesque frame hotel where the prosperous mine owners of former days were wont to lodge on their occasional visits from San Francisco to inspect their rich holdings.

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NORTH SAN JUAN, NEVADA COUNTY

1858

PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY

1857

PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

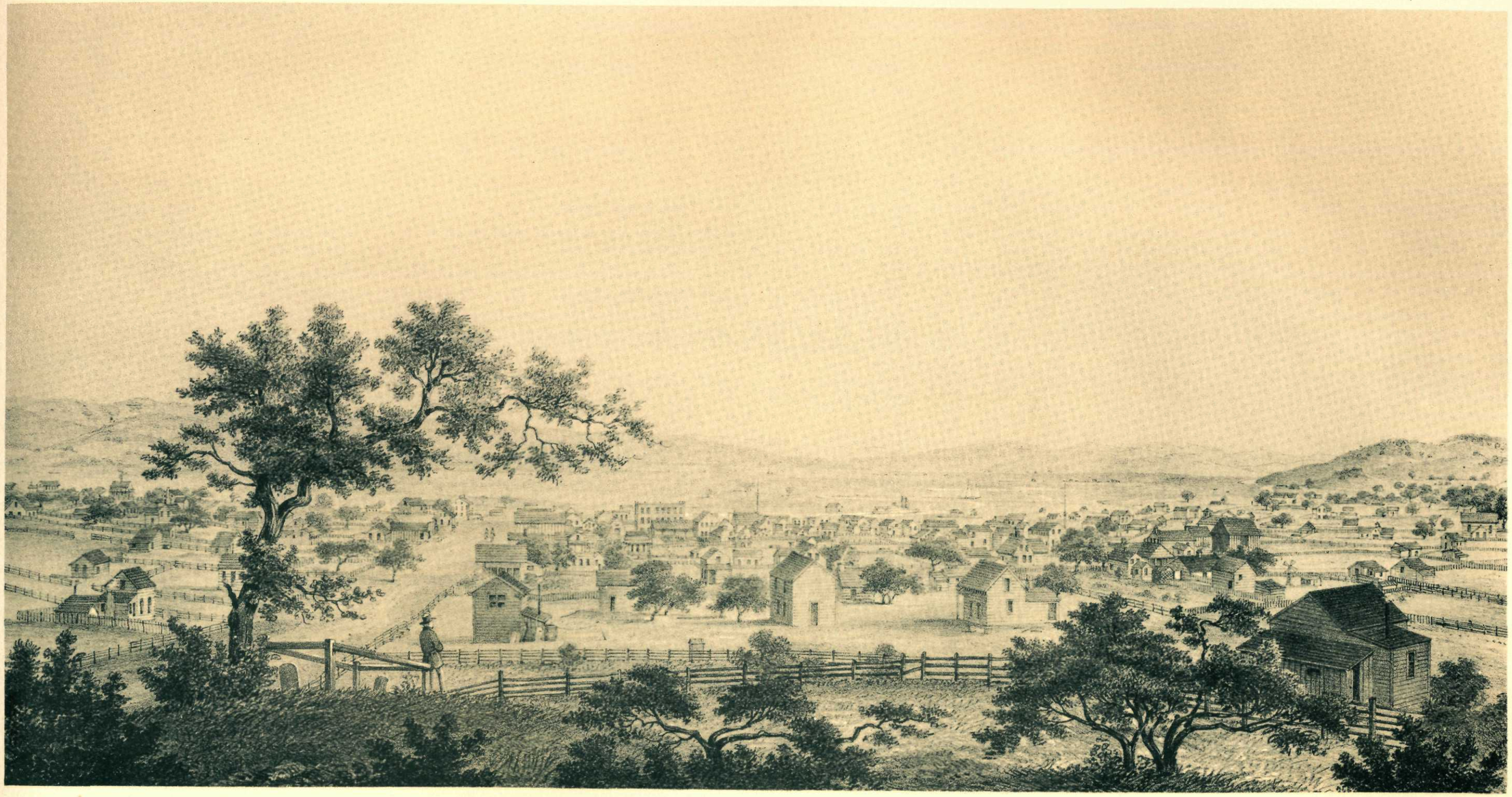
WHETHER Petaluma derives its name from two Miwok Indian words; *peta* meaning flat, and *luma* meaning back, the combination having reference to a topographic feature of the landscape, as both Professor Kroeber and S. A. Barrett believe, or to three Suysun Indian words; pe-talu-ma, signifying according to Doctor Platon Vallejo, son of the General, "Oh, Fair Valley!" is still a matter of controversy. The name was in use as early as 1834, however, for in that year the Mexican government granted the Rancho Petaluma to Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. In 1836 he built the old adobe on his new holding, an immense two-story structure which still stands overlooking the present town from the hills several miles north of Petaluma creek, which formed the southwestern boundary of his grant.

The Gold Rush was indirectly responsible for the settlement that grew up on the south bank of the Arroyo Petaluma, at the head of navigation. There in October, 1850, a market hunter named Tom Lockwood stepped from his whaleboat and decided that it would be a good place to pursue his occupation of supplying game to the many restaurants which catered to the open-handed miners who came to San Francisco to spend their hard-earned dust.

In January, 1851, Lockwood was joined by others, some coming to recuperate from the hard life in the placers, others to follow the same trade as himself. It will be noted that the first settlers all bore American and English names, such as: John Linus, Lemarcus Wiatt, Thomas Baylis, David Flogdell, Levi Pyburn. Upon their arrival they found that a man named Keller had preceded them and that he had preempted land at a bend of the creek. There he built a queer combination of eating place and warehouse, for he realized that he had chosen a spot by which all the produce of the Sonoma Valley would have to pass, as it was situated on the region's only navigable stream.

Keller's foresight attracted others, among them James M. Hudspeth, and it was not long before hay and lumber were being shipped to market together with vegetables raised by Sonoma Valley farmers and so much needed both in San Francisco and the mines. The growth of the settlement was so rapid that in January, 1852, Keller thought the time ripe to subdivide his land. A surveyor was engaged, and tradition has it that Tom Lockwood, the town's first founder, acted as one of his chainmen.

The year after Kuchel & Dresel made their view of the town, Petaluma was incorporated. At that date (1858) it was claimed that the inhabitants numbered 1300, and when the Federal Census was taken in 1880, the returns showed that 3,326 people called Petaluma their home. Mills and various industries had added to its prosperity, among them the raising of poultry, for which the city of today is world famous. Petaluma cannot boast of either Spanish or Mexican beginnings; from its birth in the time of the Gold Rush it has been an American community.



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PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY

1857

PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO COUNTY

1856

PLACERVILLE

EL DORADO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

MAJOR READING, Captain Weber and Claude Chana were not the only ones to organize a company of Indians to help them dig gold immediately after Marshall's discovery at Coloma. William Daylor, ranchero on the Cosumnes, together with the Perry McCoon and Jared Sheldon did the same thing. Their exploration led them to a nearly dry creek, not far from Coloma, whether with their native helpers they were able to extract from a tiny ravine the ample sum of $17,000 in a week's time. When Governor Mason made his famous journey of inspection of the gold placers in July, 1848, the spot where this treasure was found was pointed out to him, and in his report to the President mention was made of both Daylor and McCoon. Thus these men have gone down in history as the discoverers of the camp that first took the name of Old Dry Diggings, although Jim Marshall, during his lifetime, claimed that he was responsible for the find.

The success of Daylor and his friends soon brought them a host of companions, and almost over night a town came into existence, which for lawlessness had few equals during the times of the Gold Rush. The attempts to put down the epidemic of murders and robberies by citizens' courts, which meted out floggings, exile and hangings to offenders, gave the camp the designation of Hangtown, which it held until late in 1850 when the name Placerville was officially chosen. At that date the population of the settlement was at least 2,000.

Ditches constructed at this time brought much needed water to the diggings and likewise gave the town its permanence. Churches, schools and a newspaper served the inhabitants in 1854, while in 1856, after a great conflagration had wiped out the settlement, the rebuilding was upon such a solid basis that many of the structures then erected still are in use.

In 1857 the county seat was moved from Coloma to Placerville. During this period the mines in the neighborhood were producing from 6,000 to 8,000 ounces of gold each week. Placerville did not share the fate of so many placer towns, for as the gold output decreased the opening of the silver mines of the Comstock Lode in Nevada and the building of the cities of Virginia City and Gold Hill made Placerville a place of great traffic activity. It was estimated that over 300 tons of freight left the town daily bound for the Washoe mines in 1863 and the years following and that at least 5,000 teams of mules and horses were employed in the traffic.

J. B. Crandall initiated his stage line over the Sierra to Genoa in Nevada in 1858, and the same year George Chorpenning began a service between Salt Lake City and Placerville. The first mail over this route reached California July 19, 1858. Between 1858 and the completion of the railroad over the Sierra Nevada, the Placerville road was the busiest artery of communication in California. Mark Twain in his *Roughing It* amusingly describes the trip Horace Greeley took over this same Placerville road under the famous Hank Monk's guidance. "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time," Twain makes the driver say to the great editor, and then slyly remarks, "And you bet he did, too, what was left of him!"

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PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO COUNTY

1856

RABBIT CREEK, SIERRA COUNTY

1856

RABBIT CREEK

SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

One by one the tributaries of the Yuba river were explored by the advance guard of the army of gold-seekers that invaded their solitudes. By the fall of 1850 every little stream had been panned by pioneer prospectors with varying success. Hamilton Ward, his brother, and James Murry heading for the divide between the Yuba and Feather rivers tried their luck on the banks of Rabbit Creek, from which discovery grew the settlement known for years as the Rabbit Creek Diggings. The early placer mining brought good though not startling results. With the completion of the ditches and flumes which carried an abundant supply of water to this location in 1855, hydraulic mining was responsible for the section's real prosperity. Two years later Rabbit Creek had assumed a position of importance and the inhabitants began to be ashamed of the name by which it was known. Something more dignified was needed as an appelation, and Frank Evarts, one of its foremost citizens and the head of the express firm of Evarts, Snell & Company until he sold out to Adams & Company, and afterwards the town's banker, almost single-handed wrought a change. Rabbit Creek in 1857 became La Porte in honor of the banker's old home back in Indiana.

La Porte was shifted from Sierra County to Plumas when the latter county was formed in 1861, and possibly as a protest a destructive fire swept the town July 27, 1861, destroying nine-tenths of its buildings with a loss of over $160,000.00, only $30,000.00 of which was covered by insurance.

But the former Rabbit Creek rose from its ashes like so many another California mining camp. By 1862, when its zenith in both gold production and population was reached, the town advertised that it possessed three hotels, six large stores, a bowling alley, a Methodist Episcopal church, a Catholic church, many small shops, many cabins, several livery stables, and fourteen saloons!

About the time that Kuchel & Dresel made their view of Rabbit Creek, the people both of the town and the surrounding mines turned out in force and journeyed to Slug Canyon to watch Sheriff Ford and his deputies hang Mordecai Harlow, a man on whose cheek the citizens of Goodyear's Bar on the Yuba had branded a "T" three years before. Harlow had killed a man named Smith in October, 1854, in Rabbit Creek, had run away, come back, been caught and regularly tried. When the trap was sprung the rope stretched, and Harlow's feet touched the ground. However, willing hands grasped the hangman's rope and succeeded in hauling the prisoner to a more elevated position.

Today La Porte shows visitors the chimney of a house where actress Lotta Crabtree spent some of her youthful years, and owns up to a population not exceeding forty.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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RABBIT CREEK, SIERRA COUNTY

1856

SACRAMENTO

1857

SACRAMENTO

THE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA, 1857

WHEN Johann August Sutter landed his goods, cannon and supplies in August, 1839, at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers to found his settlement of New Helvetia, the Sacramento valley was a wilderness. Two years later his fort was started on a rise of ground some two miles back from the larger stream. A grant from the Mexican governor, Juan Bautista Alvarado, put him in possession of a vast domain, upon a part of which the city of Sacramento was to come into being shortly after the Gold Rush started.

In June, 1849, a town of tents spread through the trees bordering the river. Steamers were landing gold-seekers in hordes at this main gateway to the mines. Knowingly Sutter shook his head, he knew that the Sacramento in flood would inundate the chosen site, which it did that very winter of 1849-50. But neither floods nor fires deterred the city's pioneers. Against the waters of the Sacramento levees were raised; to overcome the hazards of fire, substantial structures of brick were built, and the city grew.

Sacramento had a destiny that man and nature might guide but not obstruct. Located on a navigable stream, with radiating roads spreading out from it as a focus to the diggings, it was but natural that wise merchants should choose it as the principal base of supply for the many mining camps to be served.

It takes but a glance at George H. Baker's view to realize what the citizens of Sacramento had achieved in the short nine years that had elapsed between 1849 and 1850. They were enterprising, they let nothing stand in the way of progress. The first railroad in California was one of their accomplishments; this was the Sacramento Valley Railroad, built at a cost of $1,000,000, every bit of equipment having come 18,000 miles around the Horn from Boston. It ran 22 miles eastward to Folsom and was completed on February 3, 1856. Its success was immediate, daily earnings mounting to $600 a day from the start.

Sacramento was the great stage center. Concord coaches rolled from it to every known destination, provided an accessible road led thither. Here was established the first stage line in California, September, 1849, which ran to Mormon Island, charging $16 as fare.

It was the merchants of Sacramento who built the Central Pacific, the western link of the first transcontinental railroad. In 1857 the names of Crocker, Stanford, Hopkins and Huntington were familiar as mercantile designations. C. Crocker & Co. were doing business as wholesale and retail dealers in drygoods at 246 "J" street; Charles Crocker was likewise a councilman for the year ending April, 1856. Huntington & Hopkins sold hardware at 54 "K" street, and next door Leland Stanford, under the firm name of Stanford Bros., dealt in "provisions, groceries, wines, liquors, cigars, flour, grain, produce." At 58 "J" street D. O. Mills had his bank which he had established in October, 1849.

It was men of this type who made Sacramento the great city that it is. Times changed; agriculture supplanted mining and the town grew until today Sutter's Fort, once miles away, is within the city's thickly settled limits.

Drawn, designed and published by Geo. H. Baker. Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SACRAMENTO

THE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA

1857

MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

1860

MISSION DOLORES

SAN FRANCISCO, 1860

WHEN C. B. Gifford sketched his view of Mission Dolores it was not only located in an isolated section of San Francisco, but its situation differed greatly from what it was when the cavalcade led by Lieutenant José Joaquin Moraga and Padres Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon made camp on the spot on the afternoon of June 27, 1776. After their long and arduous journey of ten days from Monterey with the settlers, their wives and families, the soldiers and the cattle and supplies for the mission and the presidio they had come to found, the shores of the placid lake, fed by streams from the higher ground to the north and west and emptying into a creek that flowed into San Francisco bay, which then covered the floor of the sheltered valley, made an ideal and restful camp ground.

On the fourth of the following October the first mission church was dedicated with great ceremony, the soldiers from the Presidio which had been founded on the 17th of the previous month taking part and firing joyous salutes to make up for the lack of musical accompaniment. In addition to the wooden church, a building for the Franciscan friars had been built; such were the beginnings of the Mission de San Francisco de Asis, later to be known affectionately as Mission Dolores.

Diversion of the streams for irrigation, shut off the supply of water flowing into the lake, or Laguna Dolores, as it was called from the fact that explorer Anza picked the spot for the mission establishment on the Friday before Palm Sunday, the Spanish *Viernes de los Dolores*. This sheet of water once occupied the land now bounded by Guerrero and Howard streets, between 15th and 19th streets.

The present mission church was begun on April 25, 1782, Padre Palou laying the corner stone. From the founding of the mission until 1785, Palou remained in charge, and during that time he wrote two books which are the source of most of knowledge of those early days; *Las Noticias de Californias* and *The Life of Junipero Serra.* In the latter work he declared as a sort of apology, "I wrote this among the Barbarian heathen at the Puerto de San Francisco in its new Mission, the most northerly of Nueva California, where books and the counsel of learned men are lacking; on this account I beg you to pardon and overlook its faults."

Palou was thus San Francisco's and California's first author, and the church he built for the mission he founded stands today as a monument to his memory. It is now no longer isolated, for the growth of San Francisco has surrounded it on all sides, and it serves also as a constant reminder of the hardihood and fidelity of purpose of those brave men and women who first dwelt in what was to become a great and thriving city.

Sketched from nature by C. B. Gifford and drawn on stone by Nahl Bros.

Lithographed by L. Nagel and reproduced by A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

1860

SAN FRANCISCO

1859

SAN FRANCISCO, 1859

FROM GREEN STREET, TELEGRAPH HILL, LOOKING SOUTH

WHEN Camerer sat in Mr. Larco's garden on Telegraph Hill and sketched the city below him, a bare ten years had passed since news of Marshall's discovery of gold had been broadcast to the world. The town of Yerba Buena, of which Captain William A. Richardson was the founder and lone resident in 1835, could not count over 200 inhabitants when the American flag was raised there on July 9, 1846, by Captain John B. Montgomery. On the last day of that same July the ship *Brooklyn* sailed into the cove with Sam Brannan and his Mormons, some 230 in number, and the following January Washington A. Bartlett, the lieutenant of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* and first American alcalde, ordained that the growing town should be thereafter known as San Francisco instead of Yerba Buena.

The Gold Rush almost depopulated it. Every able-bodied man left for the mines to try his luck, but with the dawn of the year 1849 eager adventurers began to arrive, while by mid-summer the influx had assumed the proportions of an inundation. San Francisco and California were known everywhere. What had been a mere village was transformed into a metropolis, sending off into the interior party after party to found new settlements. Fire after fire swept over the hastily built city only to see it rise again with finer structures. It was a mad house where fortunes grew almost over night. Every civilized tongue was spoken in its streets. Ships of every nation, deserted by their crews, rotted at their anchorages. Without warehouses, goods were piled wherever a space could be found, and covered with sails. Miners poured their gold into the city, spending it like water. Despite the constant departures for the diggings the city grew and grew. Lacking level land, these early San Franciscans tore down mountains of sand to fill the bay. Wharves were run out into deeper water, and many of the grounded vessels found themselves far inland, being converted into stores or serving as foundations for needed buildings.

The city that Camerer drew and Kuchel & Dresel lithographed had passed through its trials and turbulences. Decent citizens had cowed the criminal element in 1849; had risen as Vigilantes in 1851; and again in 1856. In 1859 San Francisco was prosperous and could boast that it was the most economically run city in America, and the best governed.

It had its libraries, its theatres. Social order was established. No longer was it a city of men alone. Fine homes dotted the hills. The San Francisco that a decade before had been filled with red-shirted miners, gamblers and the rough element from all quarters of the globe, in 1859 was a center of culture, with its churches, schools, literary gatherings and clubs, the forerunner of the San Francisco of today.

Sketched from nature by E. Camerer and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SAN FRANCISCO

FROM GREEN STREET, TELEGRAPH HILL, LOOKING SOUTH

1859

SAN JOSE

1856

SAN JOSE

SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

WHEN Kuchel & Dresel made their view of San Jose in 1856, the city had been in existence the same length of time that has elapsed since, and doubtless the changes that had taken place in its appearance between its founding in 1777 and 1856 were no more startling than those between the latter date and the present year 1935.

Few of the first settlers would have recognized what the artist pictured, and not many of the town's dwellers in 1856 would see much resemblance to the community in which they lived if they looked upon the city today from the identical view point, which is the present location of the Southern Pacific Company's freight sheds.

The street to the left is still called Pacheco, and the hills to the east and west have not changed. The old City Hall which stood on Market street north of Santa Clara, the most prominent structure in the picture to the southward, has disappeared, and the building to the right which housed the Academy of Notre Dame has also gone. The stage with its four horses, leaving town for Alviso, Oakland and the settlements then springing up along the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, has given place to motor buses, and the railroad, then only a dream, has been an actuality for nearly three-quarters of a century. The artesian well gracing the front yard of the house in the foreground is reminiscent of those long gone days when the underground water supply bubbled to the surface. The lowering of the water table to the danger point throughout the Santa Clara valley, due to the thousands of wells required for irrigation, is now the most serious problem to be solved.

The San Jose of 1856 has grown from a scant 4,000 population to 60,000. Tall modern office buildings give the city a picturesque skyline. Thronged streets tell the story of a busy, bustling American community, making it difficult for the onlooker to realize that it was once a sleepy Spanish-Mexican town, where William Gulnac's grist mill, turned by water power from Guadalupe creek, provided it with flour, where *acequias,* or irrigation ditches, meandered here and there to supply water, and where Charles M. Weber, later to be the founder of Stockton, struggled not too successfully to serve the population from his general merchandise store.

Into San Jose during its later Mexican days drifted a few Americans. The first overland emigrant company, known as the Bartleson party of 1841, numbered among its members, besides Charles M. Weber, Josiah Belden who became the town's first mayor after the raising of the American flag. Another of the same group was Nicholas Dawson, better known as "Cheyenne" Dawson; he, however, did not remain, but has left us a description of Mexican San Jose that is none too flattering. It took the Gold Rush with its inpouring hosts to lay the foundations of the San Jose we now know. Many returned from the mines to till the fertile soil of the Santa Clara valley and thus created a permanent wealth which eventually made the city one of California's richest communities.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SAN JOSE

1856

SAN JOSE, FROM CITY HALL

1858

SAN JOSE

SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1858

THERE is no guess work about San Jose's beginnings. Every step taken was dutifully recorded. Even the names and ages of the first settlers have come down to us, likewise an inventory of each individual's possessions; so many cows, horses, goats, pigs, and further than that the color of every colonist is noted, for some had admixtures of both Indian and Negro blood.

When Governor Felipe de Neve moved his headquarters from Loreto in Lower California to what is now our California, one of the first problems to confront him was the lack of home-grown produce for the support of the colony, separated by such great distances from Mexico. His solution required the founding of civil communities where agriculture and the raising of foodstuffs apart from the mission establishments would be fostered. The Padres looked askance at the proposal, but the Governor started at once to put his plan into operation. In November, 1777, ten months after the founding of Mission Santa Clara, the Pueblo de San José de Guadalupe was officially launched. On the twenty-ninth of that month the first spadeful of earth was turned in the the presence of the assembled population of 68; San Jose's first citizens, 15 men, 13 women, 27 boys and 13 girls.

Guadalupe creek was chosen as a source of irrigation and as soon as temporary housing was provided work was begun on a dam to divert the stream's flow. Winter rains washed away this obstruction, but the colonists persisted. They had their trials and tribulations, but out of it all came the first town in California.

For sixty-nine years San Jose acknowledged the sovereignty of Spain and Mexico. The Spanish flag flew over it until 1822, and from that date until the American occupation of California in 1846 the town was loyal to Mexico. During the eighty-nine years since Sloat took possession of Monterey, San Jose has lost much of its Hispanic atmosphere. Aside from the name, which Americans curtailed by the dropping of *Guadalupe,* there is not today a noticeable difference between San Jose and any other American community of the same size.

The great fertile valley that surrounds the city and from which it draws its wealth and prosperity continues to rely upon irrigation, just as the first settlers did, and the fruitfulness that Governor de Neve hoped for, from what he knew as the plains of San Bernardino but what we call the Santa Clara valley, is a fact attested by shipments of its products to every quarter of the world.

Levi Goodrich, when he drew his sketch, stood on the roof of the old San Jose City Hall and looked south. The high hills to his left were those of the Mount Hamilton range, those to the right the Coast Range back of Los Gatos. The crossing of Market street with Santa Clara is in the middle foreground, while the Plaza, where the present City Hall stands, can be seen in the distance. There stood the first capitol of the State of California where the first legislature, "the legislature of 1,000 drinks," assembled in December, 1849, when San Jose for a brief period was California's capitol.

Sketched from nature by Levi Goodrich and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SAN JOSE, FROM CITY HALL

1858

SANTA CLARA

1856

SANTA CLARA

SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

CALIFORNIA'S military chief, Comandante Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, read the Viceroy's letter with misgivings. He was visibly shaken. Procrastination was his great fault, and now he learned that the Spanish king's representative in Mexico City took it for granted that both the Missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara had been founded as he had ordered. Something had to be done, and that quickly. It was September, 1776, and since late June Lieutenant José Joaquin Moraga with Padres Palou and Cambon and the soldiers and settlers for the San Francisco Bay establishments had been on the ground. It behooved Rivera to take immediate action, and so with Padre Tomas de la Peña he set off from Monterey, bound for what were then known as the plains of San Bernardino, to choose a site for the Santa Clara Mission. He knew full well that he could rely upon Moraga and Palou to found both the mission and presidio at San Francisco, which they did in mid-September and early October.

Dark green mantles of forest covered the western hills, while those to the eastward were sere and tawny as the searchers rode through the valley's tangle of dry wild mustard. At length they found what they sought; stretches of level, fertile land and water. Marking the spot, soldier and priest continued on their way to the newly established mission and presidio at San Francisco, but there was more delay and it was not until the first of the year that Moraga with the founding party, of which Padre Peña was spiritual head, set out. They reached their destination January 6, 1777. Ramadas, or brush shelters, were erected, and in one of these on January twelfth Padre Peña said mass and conducted the ceremonies which founded the Mission of Santa Clara, first, however, having raised a great wooden cross with all solemnity. A few days later, when Padre Murguia arrived from Monterey with a soldier escort, supplies, cattle and the establishment's furniture, to join his brother Franciscan, he found the Mission of Santa Clara an actuality. Under their care it grew to be one of the richest in California, its vast herds and extensive holdings being tended by increasing numbers of Indian neophytes. Today's Stanford campus was once its matanza ground where thousands of cattle were killed annually for their hides and tallow.

Secularization stripped Santa Clara of its wealth. Only the mission buildings and church remained, and about these the town was built up after the Gold Rush. Here later was lodged the institution which was to become the University of Santa Clara where many prominent Californians have received their education.

The mission gave its name to the valley, the county, and the present city, but to nearby San Jose, California's oldest civil settlement, founded by Governor Felipe de Neve in November, 1777, has fallen the headship of the great fruit-raising community that now occupies the fertile stretches of the former plains of San Bernardino.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SANTA CLARA

1856

SCOTT'S BAR, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1857

SCOTT'S BAR

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

"Our road was a mere trail and the hill was tremendous. We descended the steep slope nearly three thousand feet and struck the river again and followed it down to Scott's Bar. This was once an important town. Placers, rich and abundant, called together a busy and thriving population... Half the houses are empty, four-fifths of the population gone, business has decayed and the town is dilapidated . . . The mines are not all exhausted, the deeper bars still pay. Deep excavations are dug below the river bed, large water wheels turned by the swift current pump the water out of these claims. One piece was found this day weighing some two or three pounds. The big wheels creaked dolefully all night and seemed to bewail the decline of the decaying town." So wrote William H. Brewer in his journal under date of October 22, 1864.

Gold was discovered at the Bar by John W. Scott and his companions in 1850 and the name of the leader of the party was given not only to the Bar but to the river and the valley through which it flowed to join the Klamath some three miles below the site of the town which grew up at the "diggin's."

Lucius Fairchild wrote to his family from Scott's Bar, October 16, 1853, at the height of its prosperity: "Now I have something to tell you which will please you, I know. You know the old saying, 'A fool for Luck'—well, I think I have turned fool at last. Two weeks ago a man came to Mr. Jones, a merchant here, and wanted to sell a Bank claim for $25.00 as he was broke and could not work in the water. Well we done it, fool like; put a hired hand to work in it five days. When they got down to the bedrock in the evening after sundown they took out in an hour 73 oz gold or $1260.00. Next day they took out 122 oz or $2086.00. Next 100 oz or $1675.00. Next $560.00. Next 373 oz or $6360.00, in all five days work, $11,941.00. The claim has three shares, one of which Jones and I own—giving us the snug little sum of $2000.00 apiece on an investment of $12.50. . . We have for a town, 15 houses, one garden 10 by 12, one beef gallows and numerous deep holes. There are 4 stores, 3 Pie shops, one bowling alley, one Hotel (a one horse one) and my market, all of which except myself keep liquor for sale, in fact, it is the staple article here, the very staff of life... The diggings extend for three miles down the river to the Klamath river and are worked now by about three hundred men, and they are doing well on an average . . ."

These two word pictures separated by eleven years and Kuchel & Dresel's view of 1857 recreate for us the foremost and first Siskiyou mining settlement whose riches led to other discoveries at French Bar, Johnson's Bar, Slapjack Bar and Poorman's Bar along the course of Scott's river.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SCOTT'S BAR, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1857

SHASTA

1856

SHASTA

SHASTA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

THE story of the beginnings of Shasta County and the extension of the Gold Rush into the rich diggings of northwestern California is likewise the story of Pearson B. Reading, a native of New Jersey, who came west with the Chiles-Walker party in 1843. After his arrival, Reading worked for Sutter at New Helvetia and largely through the latter's influence he obtained from Micheltorena, the Mexican governor, in December, 1844, a grant of 26,000 acres which he called the Rancho Buena Ventura and of which he took possession in 1845. This huge holding three miles in width extended northward along the west bank of the Sacramento river for nineteen miles from its southerly boundary at Cottonwood Creek, near which Reading built his ranch house.

In June, 1846, Reading joined the Bear Flaggers in their raid upon Sonoma and in July enlisted in Fremont's California Battalion, of which he was later paymaster with the rank of major. At the completion of the conquest of California in June, 1847, he returned to his ranch. Hearing of Marshall's discovery of gold at Coloma, he journeyed thither in February, 1848, and was one of the first to examine the location. Greatly impressed by what he saw, and certain that gold could also be found on his land, he hastened home, where in March with the aid of some of his Indians he washed the first gold in Shasta County at the mouth of Clear Creek Canyon, afterwards known as Reading's Bar.

In July he prospected the Trinity river, returning the next year to follow up his discoveries. That same summer of 1849 he located claims on the present site of Shasta City, then called Reading's Springs. When Shasta County was organized in 1850, the Major's ranch house was made the county seat, but on February, 1851, it was removed to Shasta City, the head of wagon transportation, which had almost over night become the supply center for the many new diggings Major Reading's gold discoveries had brought about, for when word reached San Francisco and Sacramento that a new Eldorado was being opened in the north, thousands of miners poured into the section, resulting in the uncovering of the great riches of Shasta, Trinity, and Siskiyou counties.

In 1856 when the gold production of the district had reached its height, Shasta City boasted a population of 6,000 and its main street was lined with substantial brick buildings, many of which still stand as a reminder to today's handful of inhabitants that theirs was once "no mean city." Its Masonic Lodge is the oldest in California, the charter having been brought west in 1848 by Peter Lassen, who instituted it at Benton City on his ranch. On May 9, 1851, however, it was transferred to Shasta City. The building now housing this Western Star Lodge, No. 2, has been in continuous use for that purpose since 1853.

Six miles west of the present town of Redding, named for a railroad man and not to be confused with Major Reading, stands what the building of wagon roads and the exhaustion of the mines have left of the once populous community of Shasta City.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SHASTA

1856

SHASTA BUTTE & SHASTA VALLEY

1856-58

SHASTA BUTTE & SHASTA VALLEY

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856–58

As long ago as the winter of 1826–27, Peter Skene Ogden, one of the trappers and traders working out from the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river, camped on the streams to the north and east of the snow-capped peak he mentions in his journal under date of February 14, 1827: "There is a mountain equal in height to Mount Hood or Vancouver I have named Mt. Shaste."

The name is doubtless of Indian origin, though its meaning has never been ascertained. Early explorers varied the spelling of the word. Lieutenant Emmons of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition of 1841 named it in his reports and on his map as "Mt. Shaste." Fremont spelled it both "Shastl" and "Tsashtl," while Lieutenant R. S. Williamson of the United States Topographical Engineers, while surveying a railroad route from Oregon to the Sacramento Valley in 1851 and in 1855 designates the mountain as "Shasta Butte," the name Kuchel & Dresel used as a caption for their lithograph of the drawing of Eugene Camerer.

Ascents of the mountain seem to have begun in 1854 when Captain E. D. Pearce led a party of thirteen men from Yreka to the summit. Joaquin Miller made the climb several times, the last as a lad of seventeen in 1858. To him the credit must be given for making its beauties known to the world, which he did in his *Life Amongst The Modocs,* published in London in 1873.

The first scientific party to reach Mt. Shasta's summit was the Whitney-Brewer expedition of September, 1862, which fixed its height at 14,440 feet. Estimates before that date ranged from 13,905 to 18,000 feet, Fremont's figure being 15,000 feet. It has since been determined that the true height is 14,142 feet.

Mt. Shasta belongs neither to the Sierra Nevada, a hundred miles to the southeast, the Cascades fifty miles to the north, nor to the Klamath mountains to the west. More properly it may be spoken of as a connecting link between these three great masses.

Recalling the ascent he made of Mt. Shasta with Josiah Dwight Whitney in 1862, Professor Brewer, addressing the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club in Boston on March 5, 1886, said: "When we got to the top we found people had been there before us. There was a liberal distribution of 'California conglomerate,' a mixture of tin cans and broken bottles, a newspaper, a Methodist hymn-book, a pack of cards, an empty bottle, and various other evidences of a bygone civilization."

Joaquin Miller's description of the mountain will never be surpassed: "Lonely as God and white as a winter moon, Mount Shasta starts up sudden and solitary from the heart of the great black forests of Northern California."

Sketched from nature by E. Camerer and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

Lithographed by L. Nagel and reproduced by A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SHASTA BUTTE & SHASTA VALLEY

SISKIYOU COUNTY

1856-58

SONORA, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

1856-58

SONORA

TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

On Jackass Hill on the outskirts of Tuttletown, six miles west of Sonora, lived William R. Gillis, the brother of Jim and Steve, the latter of whom was Mark Twain's bosom friend when the two worked for Joe Goodman on the *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City. For five months during the winter of 1864-5 the author of *Roughing It* was Bill Gillis' guest. The results of his stay paved Mark Twain's road to fame, for it was while there and in the neighborhood that he gathered the material for the *Jumping Frog* and the chapters in *Roughing It,* having to do with his amateur mining experiences.

But ten years before Bill Gillis had had another guest who also wrote. Bill was away from home, but his brother Jim welcomed the stranger, dead-beat with fatigue, who limped to the cabin door. He was attired in city clothes, wore patent leather shoes, and had a hard luck story to tell. With true mountain hospitality he was invited in, fed and bedded for a day or two, and then with a present of twenty dollars to see him through, he went his way, but not before telling his host his name, Bret Harte.

Today the visitor to Sonora is told that he is in the heart of the Mark Twain and Bret Harte country. Fact has been mixed with legend and legend has almost submerged fact. Table Mountain and Jackass Hill are pointed out, the tales of both authors are cited and the stranger is impressed that the Gold Rush was just a lucky circumstance that peopled the foothill mining camps with the fictitious characters of these two authors. The actuality is largely forgotten.

No one tells about the band of Sonorians, rough and Spanish speaking, that headed up Woods Creek after gold discovery there in August, 1848, nor of the nineteen Americans who followed them in the spring of 1849. By July of that year 5,000 people had swarmed into Sonora camp—Mexicans, Chileans, Americans and men from every nation under the sun. The narrow main street thronged with excited gold seekers. One had to fight a way through the babel. Here were diggings richer than dreamed of. Authorities say that within a four-mile circle over $400,000,000 has been the amount of gold produced to date! In June, 1850, half the population left, driven out by the tax foreign miners had to pay, but Sonora thrived nevertheless, and July 4th celebrated the event with the initial issue of the *Sonora Herald* which was printed on the same press that gave California its first newspaper, *The Californian,* at Monterey, on August 15, 1846.

The romance of Sonora is not fictional, it is the story of real men combatting nature and their fellows in the struggle for wealth, and while both Mark Twain and Bret Harte have given their readers endless enjoyment with their delightful tales, these must not be taken as fact. What really happened during the hurly-burly of Sonora's beginnings, though largely forgotten, is epic in comparison.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

SONORA, TUOLUMNE COUNTY

SOUTHERN MINES

1856-58

STOCKTON

1855

STOCKTON

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1855

In the fall of 1841 the members of the first emigrant party, which had set out for California in May from Sapling Grove in what is now the State of Kansas, reached the valley of the San Joaquin after a terrific struggle in the trackless heights of the Sierra Nevada. Charles M. Weber was one of this Bartleson company, so named for the man who had been elected captain, and when he found himself, after his heartbreaking experience of the Sierra crossing, surrounded by majestic oaks which dotted the plains of the San Joaquin whose fertile stretches seemed illimitable, the impression the scene made on him was indelible. Ever after he longed to possess at least a part of that delightful prospect. In but a few years his wish was to be gratified.

Weber drifted finally to San Jose. There he became acquainted with William Gulnac, a blacksmith who had reached California with a party of French-Canadian trappers. These two formed a partnership, and opened a store. Gulnac had married a Mexican woman and had become naturalized. With such credentials he was able to apply for and receive a grant of land, and the broad acres given him in 1844 by the Mexican government bore the name of Rancho del Campo de los Franceses, so called because Hudson's Bay trappers from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia annually made the spot their summer camp. It was the very land Weber coveted.

Gulnac and Weber made ineffectual efforts to colonize the grant, offering as much as a square mile to any pioneer who would settle upon it. Indians were hostile, mosquitoes were a plague, and the extreme loneliness of the situation all combined to defeat their plans. Gulnac became disgusted. He owed Weber a bill of $60 for groceries. In settlement he transferred the entire grant to his partner.

The deed from Gulnac to Weber was dated April 3, 1845, and two years later the now sole owner laid out Tuleburg four miles north of the old trappers' rendezvous, since known as French Camp. The site of Tuleburg was on the south of the Laguna, the Stockton Channel of the present day. Weber gave away land with a free hand to attract settlers. A few houses were built, and the proprietor of the hoped-for community, who still lived at San Jose, visited the spot occasionally. Shortly came the news of Marshall's discovery of gold at Coloma. Weber organized a band of friendly Indians under the leadership of José Jesus, their chief, and the result of their digging at Weber Creek, not far from Sutter's sawmill, made Weber a wealthy man.

The possibilities of creating a supply center for the many gold camps springing up, and the advantageous situation of his Tuleburg townsite led Weber to abandon mining. In the spring of 1849 the ground was resurveyed, and since its owner had met and formed a great attachment for the American naval commander, Robert Field Stockton, the name of the city-to-be was changed from Tuleburg to Stockton.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

STOCKTON

1855

STOCKTON

1858

STOCKTON

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1858

WHEN Charles M. Weber died in 1881 the dream he had had in 1847 when he laid out Tuleburg, resurveyed and renamed Stockton in 1849, was fully realized. The city of which he was not only the founder but its foremost citizen continued to flourish even after the Gold Rush, during which, however, it had assumed the position of chief supply point for the Southern Mines.

Busy river steamers landed their cargoes of provisions on the banks of Stockton Channel in the heart of the city where packtrains, later wagon trains, loaded with necessities for the mines, took their departure for the foothill camps.

When the placer diggings neared exhaustion, quartz mining came into being and Stockton continued to furnish the needed supplies. With the spread of wheat farming in the San Joaquin valley, the city became the natural outlet. Flour mills were built, and industries having to do with agriculture were started. Due to its magnificent back country, Stockton's prosperity was laid upon a secure foundation. All this, together with the building of the railroad and its feeders, Captain Weber, as he was affectionately called, lived to see.

The town had a population of 1,000 by December, 1849, and the year following was chosen as the county seat of San Joaquin County. When Weber made it his permanent residence in 1848 he erected an adobe home on what was called Weber Point, overlooking the waterway by which the river traffic reached the town. Here he built a frame house later with lumber that had come to California by way of Cape Horn. It was to this that he brought his bride, Ellen Murphy, the daughter of the pioneer Martin Murphy, who had come to California in 1844 and who had settled in the Santa Clara valley where he acquired vast land holdings. The orchard and gardens surrounding the Weber home made it the town's show place.

The artist, Eugene Camerer, who drew the picture of Stockton in 1858 was careful to include in it many interesting details. At the right may be seen the rear of the Weber home place, and at the extreme left the sturdy brick Weber House rises above the lower buildings of the town. This hostelry, erected in 1853, was famous. Its furnishings, like the lumber for the Weber home, had come around the Horn. The late C. E. Grunsky whose mother and father were early residents of Stockton was able to identify four of the figures in the foreground of the Camerer sketch. Mr. Grunsky said, "The man walking toward the right is Julius George, secretary of Captain Charles M. Weber, the founder of Stockton. The other man in the foreground is Friedman, a very popular early citizen of Stockton, while the two girls are the McGuire girls."

The Stockton of today with its deep water channel permitting ocean going steamers to reach California's only inland port, its fine buildings and streets and its busy population far surpasses even the fondest hopes of its pioneer founder.

Sketched from nature by E. Camerer and drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel

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STOCKTON

1858

ST LOUIS, SIERRA COUNTY

1856-58

ST LOUIS

SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THE spring of 1850 saw the sweep of the Gold Rush reach the upper tributaries of the streams feeding the Yuba river. Until that time Slate Creek had flowed through the mountain wilderness to join the North Fork of the Yuba undisturbed by the presence of the white man. The advance guard of the gold seekers to explore this secluded region were Harvey Wilcox and P. A. Havens. They panned dirt along the creek, and moved on because the showings fell below their expectations. When some time afterwards they retraced their steps, they found the scene of their prospecting crowded with eager miners who had been led there by an old salt named Captain Sears, after whom the camp had been called Sears Diggings. Later a company of Missourians made their appearance, in deference to whom the name was changed to St Louis and in 1852 a townsite with that designation was laid out.

By the time that the presidential year 1856 had rolled around, although a destructive fire two years previously had swept away all its buildings except three stone structures, St Louis was able to cast 398 votes and was a thriving community surrounded by mining camps which bore such descriptive names as Port Wine, Brandy City, Rattlesnake Diggings, Poker Flat and Whisky Diggings.

Early Sunday morning, July 26, 1857, St Louis was visited by another destructive conflagration which destroyed property to the value of $200,000 and thereafter began its decline. As a result, it was destined to join the long list of ghost towns now scattered over the length and breadth of the mining regions of California.

Murder and sudden death enlivened the monotony of gold digging in this far off camp nestling in the Sierra. In 1854 a Jewish peddler wandered into town with his pack. In one of the town's saloons he displayed his wares to the crowd of women who had gathered. At this point a former patron of the place entered and demanded a drink. The bartender instantly recognized the man as one who had left town some time before without settling his score. Payment was asked. With unnecessary profanity the debt was denied. Pistols were drawn, and, in the words of an onlooker who recorded the event, "during the friendly exchange of shots the Jew was accidentally killed."

On Sunday morning in September, 1855, a Chinaman, breathless and wounded, rushed to the home of a certain Dr. Jump who was then practicing medicine in St Louis. In pidgin English he babbled out a tale of wholesale murder. Five of his fellows had been done to death by a crowd of desperadoes, and their treasure amounting to one hundred ounces of gold, that they had amassed by patient labor, had been stolen. Three Mexicans who had hung about town and who were regarded as suspicious characters were arrested. A citizens' court was assembled to try them. The surviving Chinaman's evidence was heard but was considered insufficient to warrant punishment and the three prisoners were freed.

What with fires and murders St Louis wrote a lurid history for itself during the few years of its existence.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

ST. LOUIS, SIERRA COUNTY

1856-58

TODD'S VALLEY, PLACER COUNTY

1857

TODD'S VALLEY

PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

An old brick store built by Alfred A. Pond, which survived the fire of 1859 which wiped out the settlement, stands today as a memorial to the handful of men who wintered with Dr. F. W. Todd on the Forest Hill ridge in 1849-1850. In June of 1849 the doctor had established a store on his ranch which occupied the valley bearing his name. Old timers averred that Todd's Valley was one of California's beauty spots before it was seized upon by the gold-hungry miners. First to go were the forests of pine, maple, and dogwood. These the early placer miners ruthlessly destroyed. Later tunnels and drifts marred the hillsides, and at length came the devastation wrought by hydraulic mining.

Todd's store was the stopping place for hosts of gold seekers hunting for rich locations on the ridges and in the canyons in the vicinity of the old pack train trail which passed its door. It became a place of great activity, growing quickly into the dignity of a real mining camp center.

In time the old trail gave way to a road which connected Sacramento, Auburn and Georgetown with Forest Hill, Yankee Jim's, and the numerous camps beyond. Now the once thriving settlement is but a memory like so many other California foothill mining towns.

E. Haines writing to his brother from Todd's Valley, on April 10, 1853, gives the following description of the "inside of my abode. It is 12 by 14; made of slats set up on end covered with slabs. In one end is the fire-place made of clay, on the right hand side between the door and end of the house, are two shelves, the upper one contains a tin can of lard a piece of pork and bacon, a pair of gloves and tin cup. The lower one, a ham, sack potatoes, a camp kettle, and bucket. On the left hand side hangs a frying pan, dish cloth, coffee pot and bake pan, between that and the bed, sets the table, on it 5 tin cups, 6 plates, 2 loaves bread, a segar box with butter in it, a tin can with sugar, a paper of salt, bottle of vinegar, a pipe, a plate of fried beef, and one of fried potatoes.

"Two feet from the end of the table is the bed made of hay, with a blanket spread over it, and blankets to cover with. Under the bed are some things of more value than are generally found under beds at home (to wit) 500 lbs. barley meal, to feed oxen, 50 lbs. sugar, 20 lbs. butter, 100 lbs. flour, saddle and ox bows. Over the bed lying lengthways with the house, is a board 12 inches wide. It contains 8 shirts, 3 hats, 1 bottle cream tartar, paper of saleratus, 2 lbs. candles, a bread pan, a Bible, a dirk and box of tea. Our pillows are clothes not in use. Such dear brother is my abode in the land of gold."

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

TODD'S VALLEY, PLACER COUNTY

1857

UNION, ON HUMBOLDT BAY

1857

UNION

(NOW ARCATA), ON HUMBOLDT BAY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THE founding of the towns on the extreme northern coast of California takes its inspiration, in almost every case, from the gold discovery by Major Pearson B. Reading on Trinity river in 1848. Everyone wanted to know where this river emptied into the Pacific, for if it debouched at Trinidad bay, which was Reading's mistaken idea and the cause of his naming it Trinity, the English equivalent of the Spanish Trinidad, a sea route to the mines would be opened.

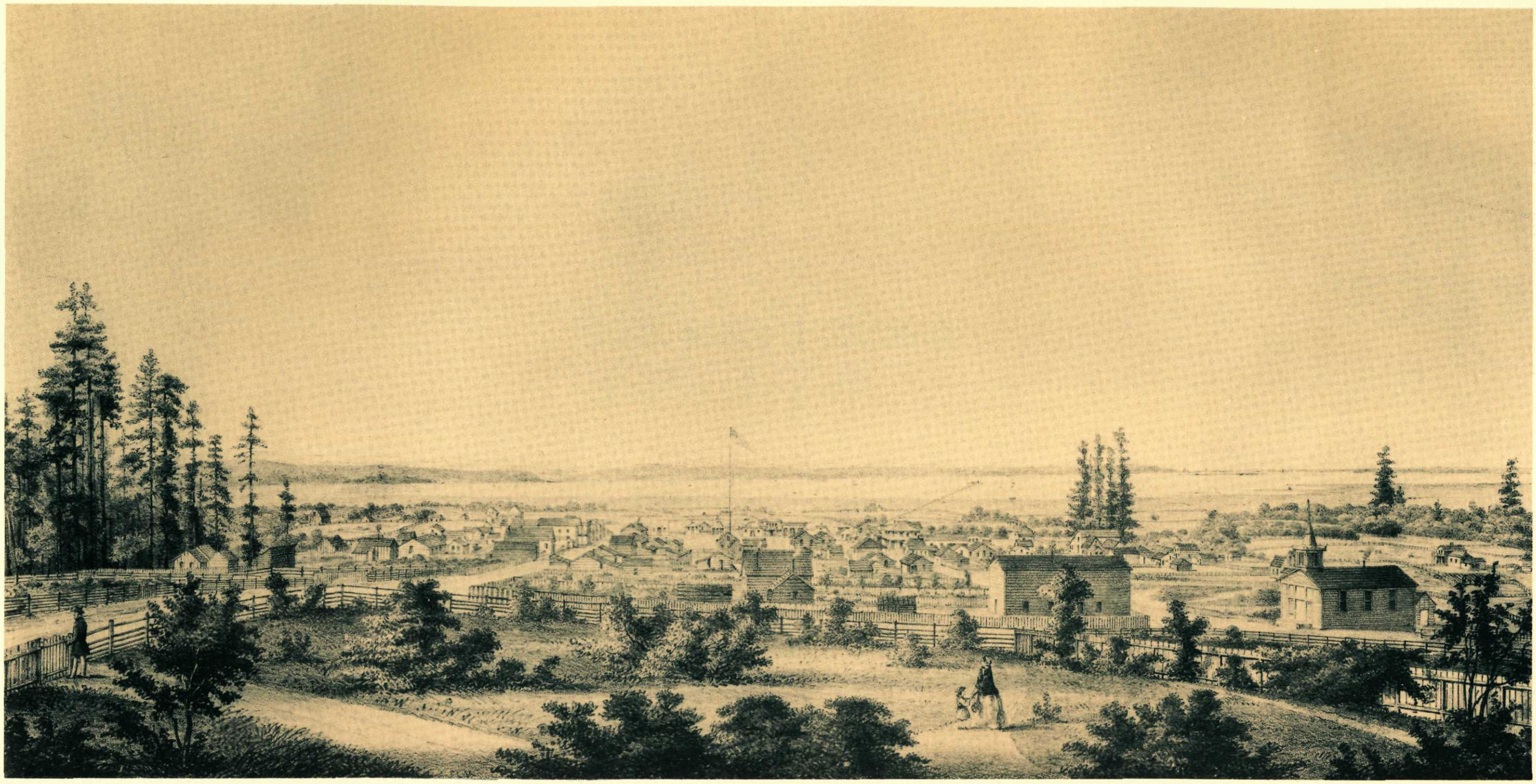
To determine the truth or falsity of this, Josiah Gregg, the gifted author of *Commerce of the Prairies* which had aroused intense interest in the east because of its vivid descriptions of the far west, left Rich Bar on November 5, 1849, with several companions, among whom were Woods, Buck and Van Duzen. December 7th they reached Trinidad Head, after experiencing much hardship, leaving there an inscription which designated the spot as Gregg's Point. They had found that Trinity river emptied into the Klamath and that it in turn poured its waters into the ocean many miles to the north.

The discoverers turned to the south, crossed Mad river, so named to commemorate their leader's bad temper, and on December 20, 1849, came in sight of Humboldt bay, which they called Trinity, although the Indians knew it as Qual-a-waloo. They thought they were the first white men to visit this haven, but a Russian map of 1848 shows its situation, the cartographers getting their information from the crew of an early American fur-trading craft.

Gregg's party camped on the site of the future town of Union, which changed its name to Arcata in 1860, and celebrated Christmas with a feast of elk meat on the banks of the stream now bearing the name of the animal which provided the repast. Soon after the party split up, some followed the course of the Eel river, eventually reaching Sonoma, while Gregg and three companions, after vainly trying to make their way down the coast, swerved to the eastward into the Sacramento valley where Gregg died of exhaustion and exposure.

The news of their discoveries brought about the settlement of the lands about Humboldt bay. Union was founded, and upon the formation of Humboldt County, became the county seat. The town grew. In 1854 it could count 14 stores, and was the acknowledged center of both farming and timber interests in the section. Two years later Eureka wrested the county seat from Union, and because of better shipping facilities forged ahead.

For three years between 1855 and 1858 Union harbored a young printer who set type and occasionally wrote an article for Colonel S. G. Whipple's paper, *The Northern Californian*. While there his outstanding achievement and his last, was a gruesome but vivid description of the massacre of Indians by the whites. This so angered the general public and Whipple that the latter dismissed its author on the spot. The young writer, however, rose to fame, as Bret Harte.



Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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UNION, ON HUMBOLDT BAY

1857

U. S. NAVY YARD

1855

U. S. NAVY YARD

MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, 1856-58

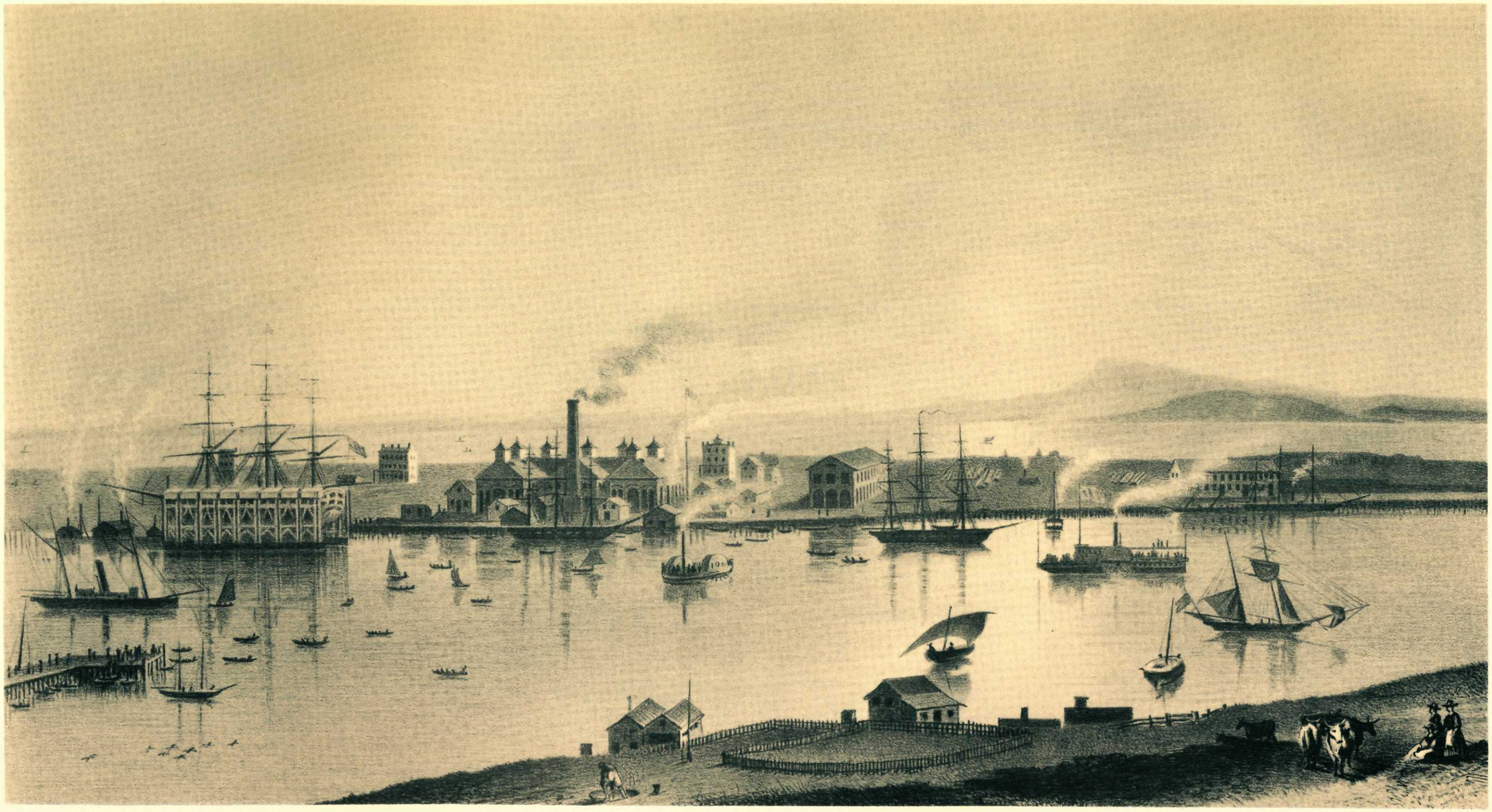
BEHIND a place-name there is often a story. Such is the case with Mare Island. Before American occupation of California, Victor Castro owned both the island and a part of the mainland across the bay from it. In those days the Indians regarded horse flesh as superior to beef, and accordingly they often raided the immense holdings of the rich rancheros to obtain supplies. To circumvent this, Castro transported his band of brood mares to the island, and thereafter it was known as Isla de la Yegua, the Spanish of Mare Island.

As early as 1850 the need for a proper naval station and repair depot on San Francisco bay engaged the attention of the Navy Department, and Captain Blunt was commissioned to report upon possible sites. Mare Island received his recommendation, but nothing was done. The next year Commodore McCauley was instructed to look into the matter; his selection was Sausalito, but as this did not meet with the approval of the navy men in Washington, Commodore Sloat was asked for his choice of eligible sites with the result that Mare Island was finally bought for $50,000 in 1852 from Castro's successors.

To Senator Gwin must be given the credit for the establishment of the Navy Yard. From 1851 until 1855 he was chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the United States Senate, from which a bill was reported in January, 1852, authorizing its construction. A floating drydock was contracted for. This was built in the east and was shipped in sections. Upon arrival these were assembled, and by December, 1853, were ready for use. The first vessel to test the drydock was the steamer Pacific, but it was not until two years later that a government ship did so. At the time Captain, afterwards Admiral, Farragut was commandant of the Navy Yard. Under his supervision the frigate *Independence,* with all her stores, battery and crew of 500 aboard, was successfully lifted from the water for repairs, as represented in the lithograph.

By the end of 1856 Congress had appropriated a total of $1,791,000 for buildings and equipment, and the editor of the *California Register* for 1857 rather boastfully called attention to the fact that in his opinion between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 more would be required to complete the Navy Yard as then planned.

From the small beginnings which Artist J. B. Dunlap sketched and which Britton & Rey lithographed the Mare Island Navy Yard has grown to great proportions, employing thousands of men, and capable of building and repairing naval vessels of every description. The thriving city of Vallejo owes its prosperity almost entirely to its near proximity to what is today the largest plant of its kind maintained on the Pacific Coast by the United States Navy.



Sketched from nature and drawn on stone by J. B. Dunlap

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

U. S. NAVY YARD

AT MARE ISLAND

1855

VALLEJO'S RESIDENCE

1856-58

LACHRYMA MONTIS

NEAR SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

MARIANO GUADALUPE VALLEJO, during the eighty-two years of his colorful life, saw three flags float over his native California. When he was born in Monterey in 1808, the eighth of thirteen children sired by his soldier father, Ignacio Vallejo, the banner of Spain flew above the Presidio guarding the provincial capital. At sixteen when he entered the army, Mexico asserted its sovereignty from San Diego to San Francisco, while in 1849 when he took his seat as a member of the Constitutional Convention called by the American military governor, General Bennett Riley, to meet at Monterey and there frame the charter of the new state about to be admitted to the Union, Vallejo was a citizen of the United States.

Fear of Russian encroachments from their settlements at Fort Ross and Bodega made the Californian authorities move the garrison from the San Francisco Presidio to Sonoma in 1835, placing Vallejo in command. Sonoma soon became the most northerly point where Mexican authority was in evidence. A town was built, barracks for the troops were constructed, and the surrounding lands were put under cultivation.

Three weeks before Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey, July 7, 1846, Sonoma was the scene of the Bear Flag revolt. On the morning of June 14th General Vallejo's home on the plaza was entered by the revolters and he was taken prisoner. Upon his release from Sutter's Fort, where he had been held, he joined heartily in the upbuilding of American California.

During the years of his residence at Sonoma he had grown steadily in prominence and wealth. He had held many of the most important positions in the gift of the Mexican government and was acknowledged not only as the foremost citizen of the province, and its wealthiest, but as its most intellectual and best educated man of affairs.

In 1850 and 1851 he built Lachryma Montis on the outskirts of Sonoma at a cost of $60,000, and there passed the remainder of his days. A chalet imported from Switzerland was erected in the grounds. The spring on the mountain side, which gave the mansion its name, for Lachryma Montis may be translated as Tears of the Mountain, was walled in to supply his gardens and the town of Sonoma with water.

At Lachryma Montis Vallejo entertained all the notables of his day, but gradually his great wealth in land and cattle diminished. Squatters and adverse decisions of the United States Courts stripped him of his Petaluma and Soscol ranchos. He died a poor man.

Today Lachryma Montis is owned by the State of California and is preserved as a monument and a memorial to Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, one of her greatest sons.

Drawn on stone by Kuchel & Dresel after a painting by S. W. Shaw

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

VALLEJO'S RESIDENCE

"LACHRYMA MONTIS," NEAR SONOMA

1856-58

WEAVERVILLE, TRINITY COUNTY

1856

WEAVERVILLE

TRINITY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

FRANKLIN A. BUCK wrote to his family back in Maine, June 9, 1852: "I have settled down once more and intend to stay settled if the town I have selected does not die out as a great many places do in this mushroom country, but I suppose the locality of this place is unknown to you. Look on the map and find Shasta [City], on the headwaters of the Sacramento, and forty miles north [west], ten miles from Trinity river, is Weaverville."

He went on to say that the town was situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains, those to the north being still covered with snow. He added: "This is the best mining country in California as the dirt all pays from the surface in most places." The town then had forty buildings and a population of 1,200, including the close vicinity. Of the cost of freightage, he complained: "It costs 13c a pound to get goods here from Sacramento City, 150 miles by steamboat, 275 by wagon, and 40 on the backs of mules."

Weaverville owes its origin to the rush into northwestern California which the discoveries of Pearson B. Reading started. By the summer of 1851 it was a thriving mining center, inhabited largely by Missourians, and had a reputation of being the roughest camp in California. And for years afterwards this reputation held.

John Carr, the town's first blacksmith who went by the nickname of "Vulcan" and who set up his shop there in the spring of 1851 has left a picture of the sort of justice meted out by a Weaverville miners' court. A man named Seymour was accused of robbing his pal Hardgreaves while both were drunk, but protested his innocence. However, the verdict was *guilty* and Seymour was taken out to be hanged at sundown. Three times the accused was elevated by the rope and let down with the hope of forcing a confession. Finally some of the jury had qualms about his guilt and the execution was postponed. Carr, who was certain of Seymour's innocence, was given the prisoner and told to lodge him in his cabin for the night. He resolved to let him escape, which Seymour did after his jailor had given the penniless man ten dollars in gold and a parcel of food.

William H. Brewer was in Weaverville in September, 1862. He, like Buck, comments on the high cost of freights, and says further: "Sluices run through the town... There are multitudes of Chinese . . . There are twenty-eight saloons and liquor holes in the place and fighting and gambling are favorite pastimes. After the third fight had come off in the streets, Rémond remarked to me, 'I teenk dat de mineeng customs are petter preserved in dees plaze dan in any town I yet see in dees state.' He was quite right."

Today Weaverville, Trinity's county seat since its organization, is a quiet and prosperous town with extensive interests in gold mining.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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WEAVERVILLE, TRINITY COUNTY

1856

YANKEE JIM'S, PLACER COUNTY

1857

YANKEE JIM'S

PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1857

THREE miles north from Forest Hill a scattering of weather-beaten houses is all that exists today of Yankee Jim's, once a populous mining camp on the ridge between the north and middle forks of the American river. In its hey-day it boasted the largest population of any community in Placer County.

Shakespeare once asked, "What's in a name?" And ever since 1849 Californians have been puzzled about Yankee Jim's. There are three versions to account for the peculiar designation of this early mining town. Without the other two, any one would be satisfactory, but when the three explanations are presented to the reader the resulting confusion leaves no choice.

About a year after James Wilson Marshall started the Gold Rush by his find at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma, an Irishman, shrewd and cagey, wandered northeast some fifteen miles from Coloma. There he found glittering particles of the precious metal at the grass roots. With Yankee astuteness he kept his counsel and dug, and because his name was James, and also because he displayed the cunningness of the sons of New England, those who penetrated his secret dubbed him Yankee Jim and the site of his labors, Yankee Jim's.

Then there is the yarn about Jim Goodland. He, too, was known as Yankee Jim, and he, too, made a discovery, so runs the tale. The location is the same but the central character somewhat different. In any event, the riches of the ridge were uncovered and a town grew up on the spot.

Lastly, there was a horse-thief and bandit whose name was likewise Jim, but whose patronymic was Robinson. This Jim was a Sydneyite, a bad man from Australia. A natural corral formed of trees growing on the ridge provided this Yankee Jim with a convenient place to hide out the animals he had purloined. Their hoofs scraped away the top dirt, uncovering something more valuable than horseflesh. Jim, the Australian bad man, was a clever trader, so much so that he once sold back a horse to the man from whom he had previously stolen it. Such finesse deserved a title; hence the Yankee affixed to his name.

In 1852 Yankee Jim's was visited by a devastating fire, the bugbear of all mushroom mining towns, and legend has it that that same year horse-thief Yankee Jim met his fate at the end of a rope.

The rebuilt town prospered for a number of years, but the selection of the proposed route for the transcontinental railroad ended its hopes. Yankee Jimites had expected that their ridge would be chosen. Slowly its greatness diminished. When the locomotive finally did pierce the Sierra, rival towns through which it passed grew at the expense of their less fortunate neighbors. Exhaustion of dry diggings and stoppage of hydraulicking closed the story, but left us the riddle of the name which no one seems to be able to solve with certainty.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

Lithographed by Britton and Rey and reproduced by their successors, A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

YANKEE JIM'S, PLACER COUNTY

1857

THE YO-SEMITE FALLS

1855

THE YO-SEMITE FALLS, 1855

"BUT the crowning glory of the valley is the Yosemite Falls . . . I question if the world furnishes a parallel —certainly there is none known." So wrote William H. Brewer in his journal on June 17, 1863.

And so also thought Thomas A. Ayres and J. M. Hutchings when they reached the valley with their two companions and two Indian guides in 1855, Yosemite's first tourists, for besides the general view which displayed most of the beauties of this wondrous spot, Ayres was content to astound the world with his vivid drawing of the Yosemite Falls.

A stream of water three feet deep and fifteen feet arose plunging madly over a precipitous cliff to fall a total of 2565 feet to the valley floor in three great leaps, the first of which is a sheer drop of 1430 feet, is breathtaking, something never to be forgotten. Imagine the incredulous smiles when the Ayres drawing in lithograph form met the public gaze, even though the artist pictured his companions in the foreground to give scale!

But the beauty of it. Nothing escaped the artist's pencil. The initial leap, the middle cascades, the final drop; all are portrayed with great faithfulness and perfect artistry. It is no wonder that Hutchings afterwards spoke of their all to short stay as "a banquet of delights."

In his general view Ayres had delineated the massiveness of Tu-toc-a-nu-la or El Capitan; Bridal Veil Falls which the Indians knew as Po-ho-no; and Tis-sa-ac, familiar to us as Half Dome, "seen in the distance . . . 4593 feet in height." Here were marvels to make the beholder gasp, but when America and Europe saw his Yosemite Falls, the fame of the glacial gorge nestling amid the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada was fixed for all time.

Pages of description, even the many books since written about the Yosemite, could not have thrilled the world half as much as the drawings of Ayres, which the enterprise of Hutchings translated into lithographs that everybody might possess.

Since those days in 1855 when the Hutchings party revelled in the marvels the Yosemite presented to their astonished eyes, millions have stared at the tumbling waters of the Falls, artists have sketched and painted them, and hundreds of thousands of tourists have clicked the shutters of their cameras at this wonder of wonders, but none has accomplished what Thomas A. Ayres did. He was the first to tell visually of Yosemite's beauties and to assure the world that their existence was a positive fact.

Sketched from nature by T. A. Ayres

Published by Hutchings & Rosenfield and reproduced by A. Carlisle & Co., by Lithotone, for John Howell, San Francisco, 1935

THE YO-SEMITE FALLS

1855

YREKA, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1856

YREKA

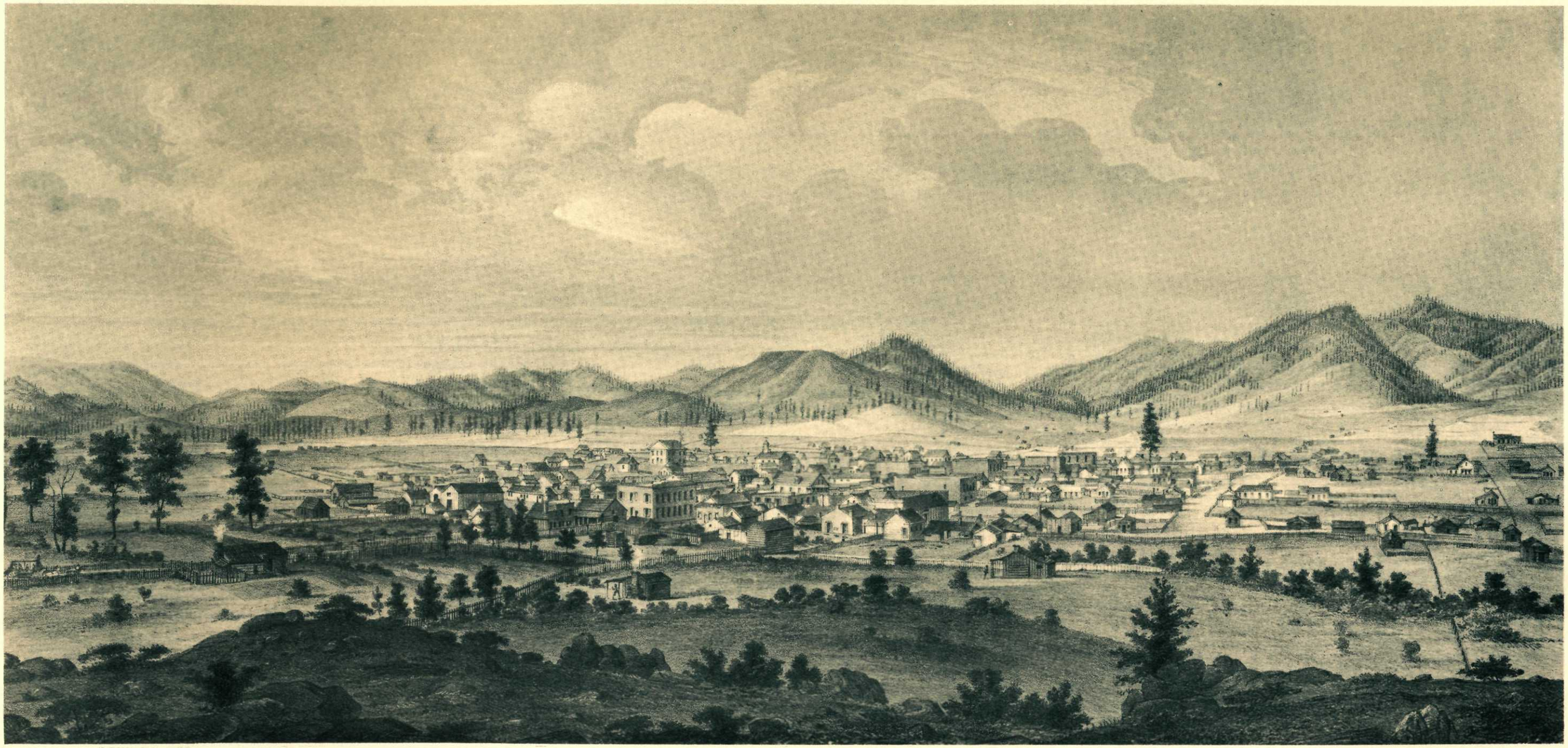
SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1856

THE foundation of the charming county seat of Siskiyou County, with its tree-lined streets and mingling of old and modern buildings, like the mining camp settlements of the lower Sierra, was gold. The first discovery was made in its vicinity in 1850 but it was not until March, 1851, when Abraham Thompson uncovered rich diggings near the site of the present town that the Yreka gold rush began. At first this new strike was known as Thompson's Dry Diggings but in May, 1851, Shasta Butte City was laid out a half mile southeast of Black Gulch where Abraham Thompson's lucky strike had brought over two thousand miners to the spot in a short six weeks. Because of the similarity of the new town's name to that of Shasta City, the then bustling supply center of the neighboring county on the south and the head of wagon transportation to the Trinity mines, it was changed in 1852, upon the organization of Siskiyou County, to Yreka.

When Kuchel & Dresel made their view of Yreka in 1856, the town was still excited over the locally famous Greenhorn War of 1855. This was a struggle of miners over the waters of Greenhorn Creek, south of the county seat, which the Yreka Flats Ditch Association had diverted, leaving their fellows along its banks without the very necessary means of washing their gold-bearing dirt. The Greenhorners cut the flume; the case was taken to court, and an injunction followed. Disregarding this, the flume was again cut, and the guilty party was arrested and lodged in jail. Great was the wrath of the Greenhorn Creek miners. They marched in a body to Yreka, overpowered the sheriff's men, and released their friend; but the order of the court held and the men on the flat continued to enjoy the flow of the stream.

In the early days of the settlement, the Klamath Indians, alarmed at the encroachment of the whites, planned to wipe it out. This came to the ears of an Indian girl. Klamath Peggy, as she was afterward called by the grateful people of Yreka, secretly left the camp of the savages, journeyed over twenty miles through the rugged mountain country and warned the inhabitants of the impending massacre. Armed sentries guarding every approach to the town met the tribesmen as they emerged from the trails of the surrounding brush-covered hills and turned them back. Fearing to return to her people, Klamath Peggy remained in Yreka. Until her death at 105 she was cared for and pensioned in recognition of her self-sacrifice and bravery. At her funeral all Yreka turned out to do her honor and followed the cortege to her grave on the slopes of the Greenhorn where the government had gathered the remnant of her people on an Indian Reservation.

The Yreka of today on the main highway to Oregon is a beautiful and thriving place and the possessor of the only bakery in the United States—Yreka Bakery—which, either forwards or backwards, is spelled the same.



Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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YREKA, SISKIYOU COUNTY

1856

VIEWS OF TOWNS IN

OREGON, WASHINGTON & NEVADA

1856-61

EUGENE CITY, OREGON TERRITORY

1856-59

EUGENE

OREGON TERRITORY, 1858

THE story of the settlement of the Willamette valley and the founding of its first towns has as a background a picture in which the hunters and trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, Methodists missionaries, Indians and land-hungry Americans are prominent figures.

When Jason Lee brought his people into Oregon in 1834 that vast territory was claimed by both Great Britain and the United States, but a little over a decade later, the ownership being settled, a second wave of immigration poured into its fertile valleys, among which the Willamette stood foremost. Then it was that urban settlements arose at favorable spots. One of these was the head of navigation of the Willamette river, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the town of Portland which was founded in in 1845. Here in 1854 a group of pioneers, numbering among them Felix Scott, Jacob Spores, Hilyard Shaw, Elijah Bristow and Benjamin Richardson, gathered and laid the foundations of the city of Eugene.

At the time that Kuchel & Dresel made their view, Eugene could not claim a population of 1,000. Slowly the rich lands surrounding the new town were taken up and the products from these farms found an outlet there. A flour mill was built, for the pioneer crop in the Willamette valley was wheat. To this was added a trade in cattle, wool, and lumber.

As the county seat of Lane County, Eugene quite naturally became the cultural center of the district. This, joined with its river shipping, gave it added importance. During the first ten years the growth of the town was slow but steady. It experienced no boom, but as the farms increased in number in its neighborhood, Eugene by 1864 was of sufficient size to warrant incorporation as a city.

By an act of the legislature in 1872 Eugene was chosen as the site for the University of Oregon. Four years later this institution admitted its first students. Upon its campus are housed the various schools making up a modern university with the exception of those of law and medicine. These are located at Portland.

The Eugene of today is quite different from that the San Francisco lithographers pictured in 1858. From a settlement of scattered houses on the bank of the Willamette it has become a handsome city of some fifteen thousand people. Its university has likewise grown both in size and importance. And while the coming of the railroad diminished its dependence upon its river traffic, Eugene still maintains its position as the shipping point for the varied products of its extensive farming districts.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON TERRITORY

1856-59

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY

1857

OREGON CITY

OREGON TERRITORY, 1857

FIFTEEN miles south of Portland the waters of the Willamette pour over a basalt dyke, a drop of forty feet. Dr. John McLoughlin, the head factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose headquarters were at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, early recognized the importance of this spot. In 1829 he made a claim of ownership and there began a mill to utilize the tremendous power of the falls. He built a number of houses at the site, calling it Oregon City. In this fashion Oregon's second settlement came into being; only preceded by Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river.

The location was ideal and should have grown into Oregon's largest city, but fate in the shape of title litigation intervened. The Methodist missionaries and their people who had followed Jason Lee settled on the spot and disputed McLoughlin's right. It must be remembered that the Hudson's Bay man was a British subject, while those of the Lee party were Americans. When Great Britain and the United States finally came to an understanding about their conflicting claims to Oregon and Washington in 1846, the Americans had all to say regarding the land embraced in the territory awarded to them. From 1840 until 1862 the McLoughlin title was in the courts. In the latter year the legislature of the state reconveyed the land in question to McLoughlin's heirs, he having died in 1857, with the proviso that they should give $1,000 to the endowment fund of the University of Oregon.

The town was chartered in 1850, and that same year Congress, at the instigation of the pioneer American settlers of Oregon, gave a large part of McLoughlin's claim as an endowment to a university to be organized in the future. This then is the reason why Oregon City languished and did not attain the position its natural advantages warranted.

Locks at the falls made navigation possible up the Willamette as far as Eugene. But the business which the river steamers developed passed by Oregon City and it was Portland that received the benefit.

However, Oregon City did make full use of the waters of the Willamette. Factories and mills were located there. There much of the grain raised in the fertile Willamette valley was ground into flour and still is. Very early a woolen mill was established which sold the wool from Oregon sheep, manufactured into blankets and cloth, to the ever increasing market the entire west coast provided.

Paper mills there today turn the wood from Oregon's forests into the huge rolls which supply many a western newspaper, and by the irony of fate Oregon City's early rival, Portland, is lit and motivated by electricity generated at the Falls of the Willamette.

Drawn from nature and on stone by Kuchel and Dresel

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OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY

1857

PORTLAND, OREGON TERRITORY

1858

PORTLAND

OREGON TERRITORY, 1858

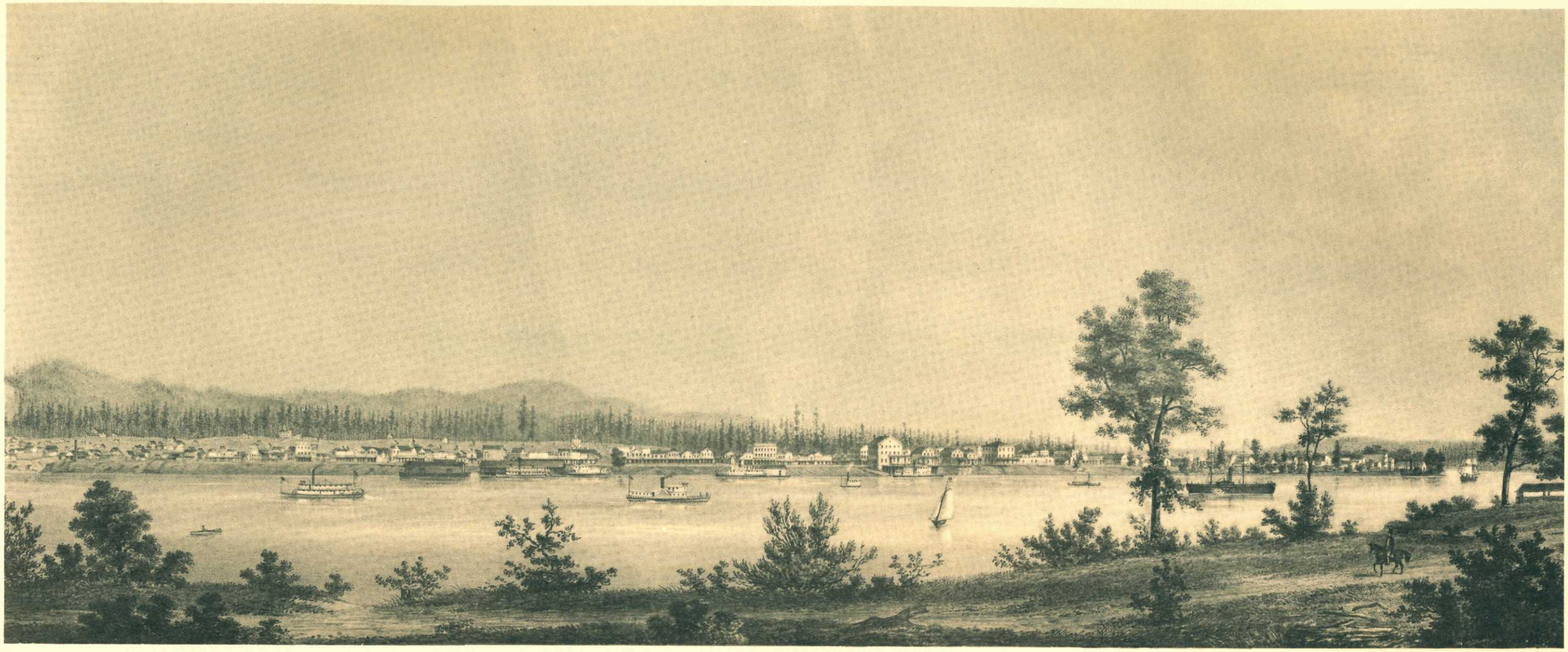
In the early days William Overton staked out a large acreage on the west bank of the Willamette twelve miles up that river from its junction with the Columbia. He felt that the site might have future possibilities, and in this he was not mistaken, nor did he have long to wait, for in 1845 he sold out to two real estate men from New England, at a profit. These pioneer land promoters were A. L. Lovejoy and F. W. Pettygrove, and after naming their new subdivision Portland, in honor of the older town in Maine, they cut it up into lots and were ready for business.

A sufficient number of inhabitants had settled there by the end of 1850 to justify incorporation, which was done in January, and April 15, 1851, the city government was organized with Hugo D. O'Bryant as its first mayor. At the end of its initial year of official life, Portland, due to its superior advantages had 2,000 people within its limits, while Oregon City, the oldest settlement on the Willamette could count only half that number.

The town flourished from the start, even though a forest of fir covered the spot which had to be felled to clear both streets and lots. The California Gold Rush had much to do with this early prosperity. Food supplies, especially flour, were needed, and Oregon raised the necessary commodities. Thus regular communication was established between San Francisco and this river port a hundred and twenty miles from the ocean. Portland likewise began its export business in 1850 when the ship *Emma Preston* sailed for China with a cargo of flour. Another happening of extreme importance was the printing of the town's first newspaper. Thomas J. Dryer brought out the first issue of the *Weekly Oregonian* on December 4, 1850, and the following March the steamer *Columbia* was put on the run to San Francisco to carry the mail.

Up to 1853 all the buildings in the town were wooden, but in that year W. S. Ladd, who was to become the leading banker, erected a brick structure for his own use. And in spite of the strong religious leanings of the inhabitants, C. P. Stewart put up the first theatre the same year Kuchel & Dresel made their drawing. When the census of 1860 was taken, Portland was credited with 3,000 people, but when the railroad reached the city in 1883 the population had grown to 20,000.

The Portland of today with its harbor serving deep sea vessels up to draughts of 26 feet, its strategic situation controlling the trade of the vast inland empire tapped by the Columbia and Willamette, not only leads the world in timber export but is the largest city in Oregon, the state's principal manufacturing center, and has a population of over 300,000.



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PORTLAND, OREGON TERRITORY

1858

SALEM, MARION COUNTY, OREGON

1858

SALEM

OREGON TERRITORY, 1858

SALEM, Oregon's capital, takes its name from a mistaken translation of Chemeketa, the designation the Indians applied to the locality. An early Methodist missionary believed that Chemeketa meant *peace,* and so from the Hebrew word in the Old Testament Salem was evolved as being an equivalet. Modern scholars are uncertain of the true meaning of Chemeketa, which has now disappeared as a place name, although the electric railway running south from Portland made an endeavor to perpetuate it, but local sentiment brought about a substitution of designation for the station so named on Salem's outskirts.

In the center of the Willamette valley fifty-two miles up the river of the same name from the site of Portland, and on its east bank, a man named Skinner is said to have built a cabin as early as 1841. Close at hand a Methodist mission farm and training school was built where the Indians were taught the elements of several crafts. This had entailed an outlay of $10,000 by the year 1844 when it was sold to the Oregon Institute which had been established in 1834 at Wallace Prairie, some ten miles south, by Oregon's great missionary pioneer Jason Lee. The price paid for the Chemeketa institution was $4,000, and the Oregon Institute took possession in the autumn of 1844. Today's Willamette University is the outgrowth of the school founded by Jason Lee in 1834.

In addition to the broad stretches of fertile land surrounding the Salem settlement, which soon became the center of one of Oregon's richest farming and fruitgrowing sections, the new town had the advantage of abundant water power, for the Santiam, an affluent of the Willamette, joined the parent river at that point.

Salem was chartered as a city in 1853, and was chosen in 1857 as the meeting place for the Constitutional Convention which framed Oregon's fundamental law. In 1864 it was made the permanent capital.

Salem is renowned for its wide and tree-shaded streets, and its beautiful situation. Besides the Capitol buildings, it possesses many other important structures housing the state's activities,such as the State Library, the School for the Blind and the Asylum for the Insane.

From the time that it was known as Chemeketa until the present day, Salem has had a steady growth. With a population exceeding twenty-five thousand, it continues to serve the needs of the rich territory tributary to it. Its history has been that of a prosperous American town, unmarred by untoward incidents, and with a cultural background due to the institution of which it is the outgrowth.

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SALEM, MARION COUNTY, OREGON

1858

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY

1858

VANCOUVER

WASHINGTON TERRITORY, 1858

THE present city of Vancouver in the State of Washington is the out-growth of the old trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company built in 1825, by that ancient association of gentlemen adventurers to which a charter had been granted by Charles II, on the north bank of the Columbia river six miles above the easterly mouth of the Willamette.

Between the date of its founding and the settlement of the British and American claims, by which the United States obtained sole possession of both Washington and Oregon in 1846, Fort Vancouver had grown from an outpost, armed against Indian attacks, to a vast farming and industrial establishment. The fort itself was constructed of timbers set in the ground, twenty feet in height, and had a length of 750 feet with a breadth of 500 feet. Within this enclosure some forty wooden buildings were built to house its great number of employees and for the warehousing of goods. A Roman Catholic chapel was one of these structures, and the only stone building was the magazine for powder storage. Opposite the main gate, fronting the river, was the mansion of the head factor, Dr. John McLoughlin, who for many years guided the destinies of this station and whom the Indians called "White Eagle."

Along the river front without stood a village of 60 houses in which those working on the farms lived, while further away were the sawmill, grist mill, barns and dairy. The whole plain surrounding the fort, about nine square miles in extent, was laid off in fields and pastures, 1500 aces of which were under intensive cultivation. The livestock consisted of 3,000 horned cattle, 2500 sheep and 300 brood mares, in addition to which there were over 100 milch cows at the dairy.

The produce from this great farm supplied the needs of other Hudson's Bay posts, while the surplus was shipped to their agency at Honolulu where it was sold to whalers and other ships putting in there to restock. The sawmill cut boards from which many a house in the Hawaiian Islands was built. The barreled salmon and flour found its way into the stores of numbers of vessels sailing the Pacific. At the heighth of its prosperity this agricultural and industrial enterprise extended along the north bank of the Columbia thirty-one miles downstream from a point two miles above the sawmill, with a breadth varying from three to fifteen miles.

All of this was seized upon by land-hungry Americans almost before the ink of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain was dry. Their claims were based upon the donation land laws of the United States, and no regard was paid to the company's rights. When the Hudson's Bay headquarters were moved in 1847 to Victoria, the town was laid out, lots being sold for the benefit of the newly formed county, but because of title litigation the hoped-for city did not become the leading Columbia river town. Portland in Oregon, but a few miles away, prospered, while Vancouver struggled in the courts with its law suits.

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VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY

1858

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA TERRITORY

1861

VIRGINIA CITY

NEVADA TERRITORY, 1861

THE Virginia City that Grafton T. Brown drew, cupped in its amphitheatre on the flank of Mount Davidson, was the same that welcomed two men whose books have perpetuated the life and spirit of bonanza days; William H. Wright, who as Dan de Quille wrote of the great silver mines, and Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain of American literature, who pictured not only the life of the town but his own in his greatest book, "Roughing It."

Virginia City was proud of its fabulously rich mines, likewise it was proud of its great newspaper, *The Territorial Enterprise,* for which both Dan de Quille and Mark Twain worked diligently at times, fitfully at others. Although its mines gave to the world six or seven hundred millions of new wealth, and a score of millionaires, the more prominent of whom were Fair, Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, all this will be but a hazy memory or forgotten in years to come, while "Bonanza Days" and "Roughing It" will be read by succeeding generations with intense interest.

The story of Virginia City is the story of many a western mining town, only multiplied a hundred fold. On the heels of the discovery of its rich lode, came the usual stampede and excitement. Then followed what might be called the consolidation of its position when the men who profited most appeared and organized the industry upon a solid basis. Years of steady production, a peak, and then a slow decline finally found the mines exhausted, the population scattered, and the city but the ghost of its once prosperous self. Streets lined with pretentious but empty buildings, falling into decay, today tell the tale better than volumes.

Engineering triumphs performed there raised many to the forefront of their professions. Water for this camp on a mountainside in a desert country was piped from the distant Sierra Nevada. Timber for its mines came from miles away. The great Sutro Tunnel was driven into the mountain to drain the workings. Silver was king, and nothing was impossible when it was commanded in its name.

In 1875 a destructive fire swept this magic desert camp, but as its deep workings were still productive, buildings were rebuilt and the town went forward with renewed energy.

To Virginia City must go the credit for keeping the Federal Treasury replenished when the great drains made upon it by the expenditures of the Civil War threatened disaster, while the influx of population drawn by the mines to Nevada made possible the admission of the territory as a state in 1863 thus strengthening the northern cause in the Senate of the United States by its two senators.

Lack of communication with the eastern states—the transcontinental railroad was not completed until 1869—made San Francisco the headquarters of Virginia City's mines. Thither went their bullion, and there were built the palatial homes of its newly-made millionaires.

Drawn from nature by Grafton T. Brown

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VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA TERRITORY

1861

CALIFORNIA IN THE FIFTIES

is issued by JOHN HOWELL *in an edition of 1,000 copies, as follows:*

850 copies upon Highway Text, bound in deep wine buckram; 100 copies upon Alexandra Japan paper, with an accompanying portfolio containing an extra set of plates, an original California newspaper of the period, and an original document or letter, also of the period, bound in half morocco; 50 special copies upon Alexandra Japan, specially bound in half morocco, with an accompanying portfolio containing a duplicate set of plates, an original California newspaper and an original letter or document of the period. With each of these Special Copies is one of the original lithographs reproduced in the volume, CALIFORNIA IN THE FIFTIES, the printing of which was done in San Francisco by A. Carlisle & Co., the successors of the pioneer firm of Britton & Rey from whose establishment most of the lithographs here reproduced were originally issued.

ERRATA

THE GOLDEN GATE . . .	5th ¶ :	read "has ever seen" for "has even seen."
MURPHYS	7th ¶ :	read "Murieta" for "Murietta."
MAMMOTH TREE GROVE	2nd ¶ :	read "Nouvelle Californie" for "Nouvelle California."
	3rd ¶ :	read "A. T. Dowd" and "Dowd" for "A. T. Doud" and "Doud."
PLACERVILLE	1st ¶ :	read "where with" for "whether with."
SACRAMENTO	4th ¶ :	read "1857" for "1850."
SAN JOSE, 1858	6th ¶ :	read "capital" for "capitol" in last line.
SHASTA	3rd ¶ :	read "but in February" for "but on February."
YO-SEMITE FALLS . . .	2nd ¶ :	read "fifteen feet across" for "fifteen feet arose."