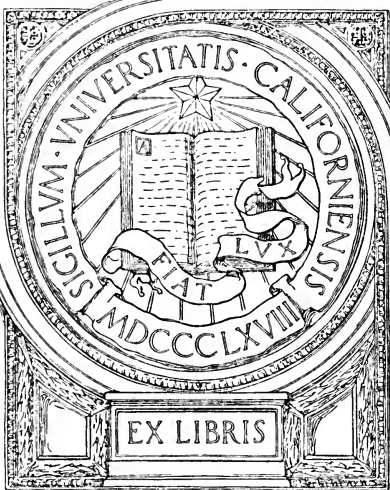




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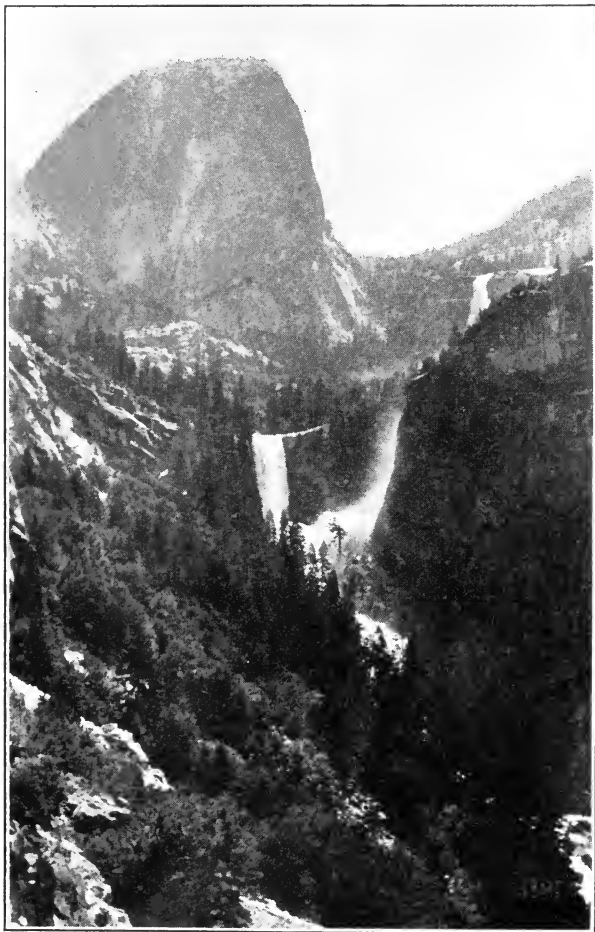




UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA

*A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW*



*Liberty Cap, Nevada and Vernal Falls*

# ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA

YESTERDAY

TODAY

AND

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

BY

JESSIE HEATON PARKINSON

With Memoirs of Bret Harte's  
*"Tennessee"*

Harr Wagner Publishing Company  
San Francisco  
California

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TO WHOM  
IT MAY COME

DEAR HOME FOLKS—

*Friends to whom this rambling letter of "YESTERDAY" was originally written, in the midst of Yosemite's grandeur, by the dusty roadside, and after our return home; other friends who remember the joys and the ups and downs of camping with horse and wagon in the peaceful time between the "days of gold" and the days of gasoline, and friendly strangers:*

*May these few echoes from the past bring to you only pleasant memories.*

*My "TO-DAY" is the record of a small part of what we found on our second trip into Yosemite.*

*Yours will be what you and your children may find if you read well the story of*

*"DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY," put your car in order, and follow with seeing eyes, the trail of the Pioneer in California.*





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# ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA

ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA  
*YESTERDAY*  
*TO-DAY*  
*and*  
*DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY*

\* \* \* \*

PRELUDE

“There’s a country famed in story,  
As you’ve oftentimes been told;  
’Tis a land of mighty rivers  
Running over sands of gold;  
The abode of peace and plenty,  
And with quietness ’tis blest;  
But this country that’s so famous  
Lies away off in the west,”

ran the words of an old song heard in early childhood.

Marvellous mental pictures accompanied the ecstatic thrill caused by the sound of these simple words, and all became inseparably associated in the child mind with the magic name, “California,” the Wonderland we were soon to explore.



*The Song and the Melodeon Accompanied us to California*

“Where the snow-crowned Golden Sierras  
Keep their watch o’er the valley’s bloom,  
It is there I would be in our land by the sea,  
Every breeze bearing rich perfume.  
It is here Nature gives of her rarest,  
It is Home Sweet Home to me.”

Between the days of the singing of these two songs stretch long years since we, descendants of settlers who blazed their trail through the forest to the guiding sound of great Niagara’s voice,



*Reminiscences. Pioneer Home Near Niagara Falls*

came "out west" over the first railroad constructed by California Pioneers.

Wonderful as seemed our first adventuring into the strange country, the thrill of adventure and the joy of achievement are renewed and intensified by the revelations of each new journey along pioneer paths.

With what strange wisdom and accuracy did the early builders of our State find the trail and follow where Nature's hand had marked it, from coast to heights, across broad, fertile valleys, along deep river cañons, through narrow mountain passes, and up and around the most accessible of the steep mountain slopes.



*First Welland Canal and Tow-path. Where Niagara's  
Voice Was Heard*

So bounteously blessed by Nature, the children of the California pioneer, with rare exception, have waited for the perfecting of the automobile and for good roads before seeking an intimate acquaintance with their great inheritance. They have seemed content to remain as blissfully ignorant of it as of their debt to the real civilization of the "back east" which made possible the achievements of their fathers; but, like the eastern automobile maker, just beginning to fashion cars suited to the climbing of our mountains, they are waking up.\*

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\* (1920) The "children" are now wide-awake.



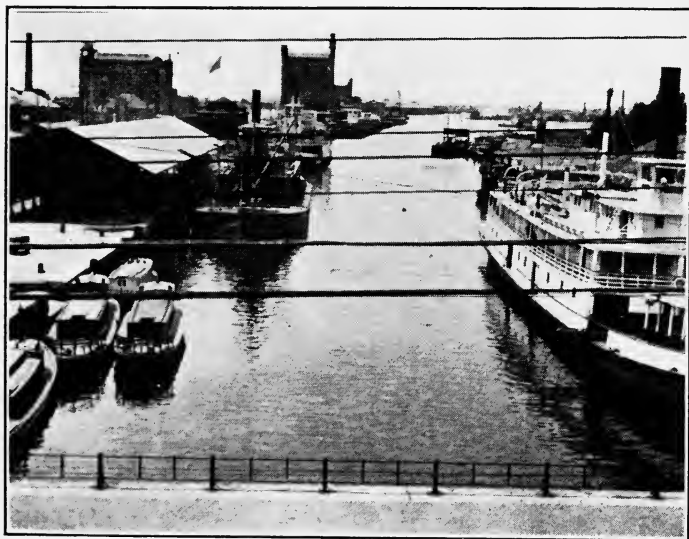
*"Places So Near Home" in Calaveras Hills*

How often, after our return from some brief, delightful gipsying in the vast out of doors, has some "native" exclaimed at the records of our little camera, "Why, I had no idea there were such places *so near home!*"

O you American motorist! Would you view a whole great country within the boundaries of one of its states? Then take your trusty tour book, with its maps, and instructions to "turn right at covered bridge, 10-15% grade here, altitude 4000 ft., excellent meals and accommodations at hotel, also gasoline and oil,"—and hasten on your way

if you must watch the calendar. You will be glad you came.

But if you have time to forget whether tomorrow be Wednesday or Friday, take some warm blankets and a well-filled "grub-box," and spin along the pioneer-trail boulevard from the Bay of St. Francis, via Livermore's grant, to the great Spanish land grant of Captain Weber—to the City of Stockton, once called the "Slough City," now re-named the "Gateway City."



*Stockton Channel Looking Down Toward the River*



✓ Start from the head of the Channel where, at twenty-three feet above sea level, the tides rise and fall. Pass slowly up Miner's Avenue, the broad thorofare once crowded with temporary camps of men and teams from the mines, then onward on the great State Highway thru orchard, vineyard and grainfield to the foothills, where, greeted by the quick, glad welcome of the meadow-lark—lyric rival of the eastern robin red-breast,—you draw a deep, free breath, for here you begin to sense the **BIGNESS** of it all.

When you reach the oak and digger pine country drive slowly. If you hail from New England you



*Stockton Channel as the Birdman Saw It in 1921*

will begin to feel at home, for surely none but New Englanders would have taken so many rocks from these vast acres and piled them up into miles of enclosing walls for their bands of sheep and cattle.

Drive on, to where the soil is yellow-red, and the creek beds are filled with earth and rock torn from the hillsides above by the devastating hydraulic pipe in its search for gold.



*Mariposa Lily Camp After Sunset*

Tarry awhile in the old mining towns; and when you have seen and learned all the interesting things your brain can hold and your note-book store, drive on and up, till you have found just the right camping place beneath the tall pines, firs, and cedars, up from the river.



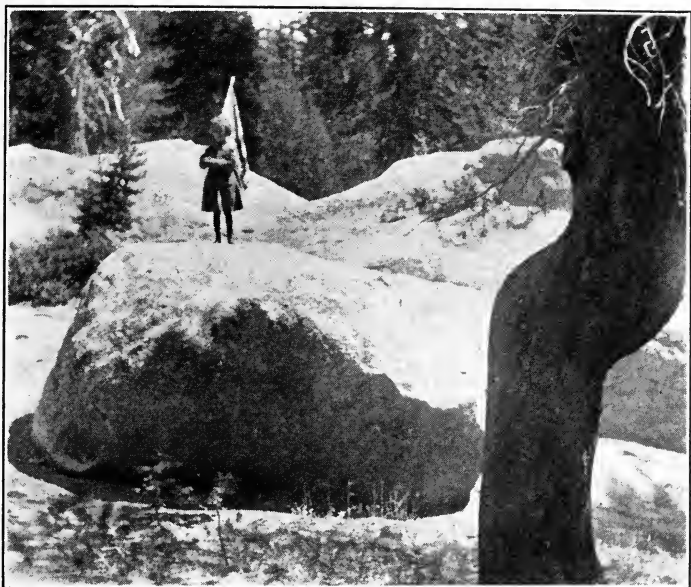
*Up from the River*

After what is left from your supper has been put back into the grub-box, and the camp-fire has been carefully extinguished in accordance with the rules posted by our brave, helpful Forest Rangers,



*The Banks of the Boulder*

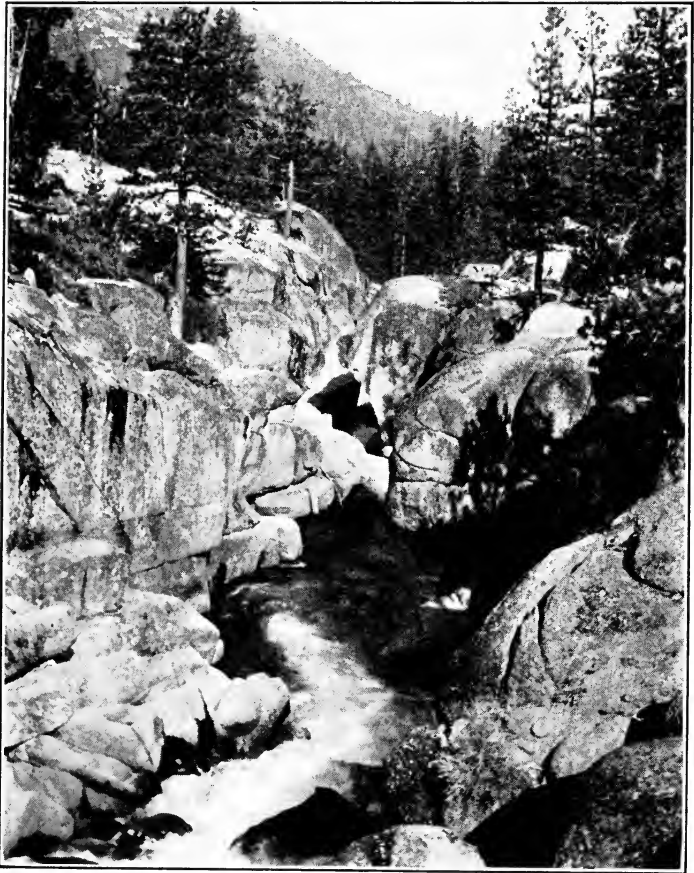
unroll your blankets and lie down close to mother earth, under the comfortable, protecting canopy of the bluest-blue sky, and look up to the goldest-golden stars you have ever seen, as they swarm out. Open your ears to the music of the river, as it washes the banks and boulders and to the deep, mysterious silences of the night, until—un-til—un—t-il—the spell of the Sierras enfolds you and you sleep the sleep of peace.



*"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Our "Jenny Lind" Who Trilled  
as the Birds Taught Her*

In the clear, crisp air of the morning, your soul will sing the "Doxology," and "My Country, 'tis of thee." You will be eager to tell your friends all about it; yet I think that some of you will understand a little of the selfish gratitude felt by some of us that there are still a few mountain places not thoroughly popularized by unseeing people.

Other lands have mammoth trees, but Califor-



*"I Love Thy Rocks*



*and Rills”*

nia alone, the Sequoia; others, high and snowy mountain peaks and cruel, awe-inspiring cañons; but our Sierras, having all these, from flower-bedecked plateaus to loftiest heights, are so vast, yet so *lovable*.

✂ Sublimely beautiful in nature; rich in history and poetic lore and strong in its power of achievement, is California.

Great writers have immortalized it in prose and verse; but in nothing has the every-day life and history of this part of early California been more

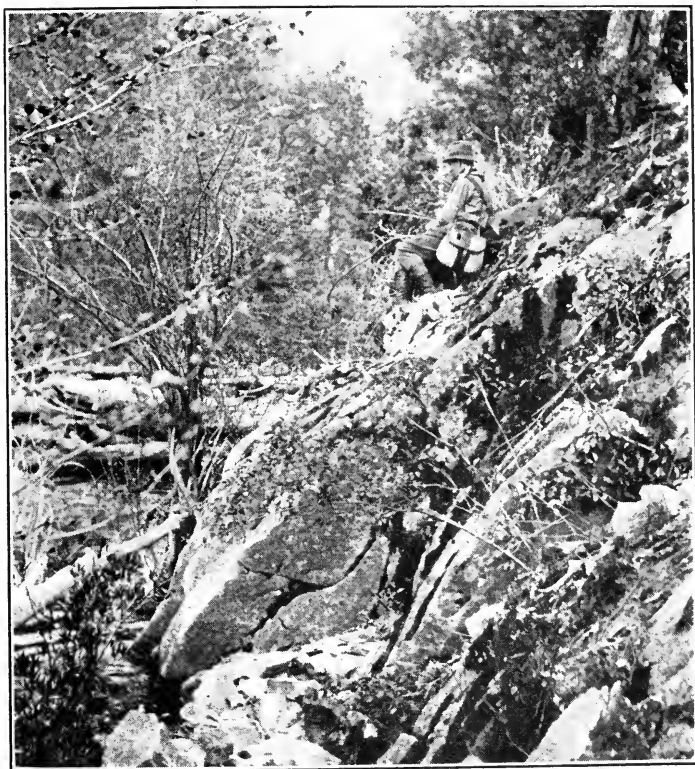
perfectly portrayed than in the simple, truthful narration by one of the two old mountaineers I called "David and Jonathan."

Before you read his story, let me tell you how we made their acquaintance:



*A Few Places Not Yet Popularized*





*An Expert Angler*



## ADVENTURE 1

### YESTERDAY

(1893)

#### IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

On the evening of the First of July the Man of the house and I, together with our horse and wagon and all the necessary equipment for a long camping trip, boarded the San Joaquin river boat at San Francisco and headed for Stockton, en route to Yosemite Valley.

An important part of said equipment was a small two-wick coal-oil stove, upon which we were to cook the germea mush prescribed for the Man, a small oil can, and some bottles for the "indispensable" milk we were told to buy from the farmers along the way.

Our cooking arrangements have thus far proved a success, though the restricted diet has already been agreeably varied. The farmers have been quite willing to let us camp in their yards, as we hasten to explain that we will build no camp fires.

As we drove off the boat at the "Slough City" early Sunday morning, we gave a passing glance to its stately Courthouse and its beautiful, elm-shaded streets, then hurried on into the country, near Lodi, where we visited the Morse family until Monday afternoon.

For the benefit of any readers who may contemplate taking the Yosemite trip for the first time, I will give the names of towns and post offices, with distances as nearly accurate as can be ascertained, considering that no two persons seem



*Stately Courthouse*

to agree concerning the number of miles between points.

Traveling for health and pleasure, we intended to rest whenever we felt the need, so made an early camp in the door-yard of a kind farmer named Cole, in the vicinity of Linden, whose family gave us a welcome fit for invited guests, filled our bottles with fresh, creamy milk in the morning, and sent us on our way refreshed in mind and body.

We rejoined the main road at Farmington, seventeen miles east of Stockton, and early Tuesday evening pitched our tent (in reality, a covered wagon) in a rocky creek bed on a large wheat ranch known as "The Locusts." Here we had our first setback. Our somewhat bulgy-eyed, but otherwise fine looking horse, guaranteed by the San Francisco dealer to be perfectly safe for our purpose, seemed locoed. Picketed above the creek bed where the feed was good, he soon managed to wind himself up in the rope, kicked out wildly, and his feet flying from under him, slid forcibly down the steep bank upon the rocks beneath.

I thought our mountain trip had surely come to an end, but when he was untangled he was found to be uninjured.

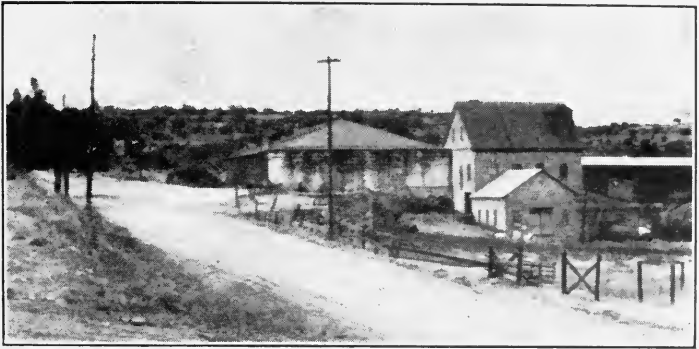
Next morning, after much balking, he broke into a run, and we had to let him go as he pleased, lest he might not start again if interfered with. Finally arriving at Knight's Ferry, about six miles distant, we slackened speed, drove through the town to an old stone flour mill, erected in 1852,\* then crossed the covered bridge over the Stanislaus River to Buena Vista.

About halfway up the hill the horse stopped again. All persuasive eloquence failing to move him, our handsome young "Colonel" was taken from the shafts, and a more plebeian animal hauled the wagon up the hill to the premises of the village blacksmith, where we camped until Saturday morning, by which time our aristocratic "Colonel" was traded for an older and a wiser horse. "Cassius Bonaparte," we have dubbed the latter. Thus far, he has proved a treasure. He is mountain born, and knows how to climb steep hills. His age is seventeen years, we are told.

From the deserted Keystone House, where the road forks, a misplaced fingerboard pointed us to the left fork, which really leads to Sonora. How-

---

\*(Yesterday) This old mill, now supplying electric power for many places, is one to which the ranchers for many miles down the great valley of the San Joaquin once brought their grain to be ground into flour and meal.



*Knight's Ferry Mill and Bridge*

ever, one of us has a keen sense of direction, and wisely took the right-hand road.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chinese Camp is a nearly defunct mining town with a post office, blacksmith shop, a store, saloons, a Catholic church, a school, with twenty-five in attendance, and a few dwellings. Several adobe and stone buildings, with heavy iron doors, remain, showing that this was once a prosperous mining town. An old dance hall bears the date, "1854."

At one place we saw a number of beehives. Bees ought to be very profitable in the foothills.

We crossed the Tuolumne river at Moffitt's toll bridge and followed that beautiful mountain stream to a point where the road turned at the mouth of

Moccasin creek, where we camped for the night.

Monday morning, a three-mile drive brought us to the foot of the much talked of terror of the road—Priest's Hill.\*

We had been solemnly assured that this famous grade was "just two miles long." We started up the hill at half past six in the morning and reached the top at ten minutes past ten of the same forenoon, both of us walking nearly all the way. ("Walking" included driving from beside the wagon and putting the brake on and off by one of us, and trudging through the deep dust with rock in hand, to aid in blocking the wheels, by the other.) From foot to top of this steady, winding up-grade, there is a rise of 1400 feet, but O, what scenery!

From Priest's Hotel, we drove on to Big Oak Flat, one mile distant—a place owing its name to an enormous fallen oak tree, which lies with its roots toward the road. This is another dead mining town. One man is postmaster, express agent, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. His sign failed to state what other offices he holds.

In a creek bottom beside the road, a Chinaman was washing the tailings from an old mine. In

\*This grade was built a piece at a time, by each Pioneer who had built his home beside this remarkable grade.



answer to our queries, he said he made from two to three bits a day. The mining fever seems to attack all races.

To the next post office, Groveland, known in early days as Garrote, is two miles. A little farther up the road, some lovely white flowers, unlike any we had seen before, filled the air with fragrance.

About two miles above Groveland, we came to Second Garrote, which consists of a few scattered houses. There, while resting in the shade of some oak trees, we were overtaken by an old gentleman who was bringing in some wood on a home-made cart drawn by an old black pony. He told us that "right here" was the best camping place on the road. Opening the gates, he led the way into an orchard of apple and pear trees, in a peaceful little valley encircled by hills covered with pines and oaks.

He informed us that he had formerly mined there. He and his old partner had lived there for forty years. Several times they had left in disgust, but always drifted back. Many years ago they planted the orchard, hoping to make their living from it in old age, but, owing to the great distance from market, it had never paid. They had

twenty tons of fruit in one year, and sold not more than three tons. They sold much of that to the ranchers by the wagon load, to feed to stock.

These two lonely old gentlemen (David and Jonathan, I call them) keep their place as neat as wax, and the *Century*, *Californian*, and other well-known periodicals are on their table.

We left the orchard camp on Tuesday morning, carrying with us a pretty garden bouquet graciously presented by one of the charming old gentlemen.

Tuesday noon, passing by Hamilton's Station\* we stopped for lunch at the Toll-gate. The toll charges are rather peculiar. If you have a one-horse rig, you are not charged toll for the horse, but one dollar for each person. For a large team, the charge is per animal,—nine dollars for six-horse team, twelve dollars for ten-horse team, etc. Rather steep.

From the Toll-gate to Crocker's, or Sequoia, is called eleven miles. We left the first-named place at 2:30 P. M. After passing a cabin known as "Harden's", where the frost was beginning to fall, we found no satisfactory camping place, so pushed on, up a steep hill, down a few feet into a cañon, then up and around another mountain, repeating

this until night overtook us. We walked up almost every hill and were quite tired out, when suddenly, from the cañon on our right came a long, shrill cry. For an instant, we listened. "Jump into the wagon!" came the command. "Wild cat"? I quavered. "It sounds like a woman or a boy screaming," was the reassuring reply. (I really didn't think he thought it was what he suggested.) The cry was repeated, and we jumped into the wagon in the nick of time, for our nearly exhausted old Cassius heard the second cry, and went galloping through the darkness, over bridges and gullies, not stopping till he had dashed through the gate flung open by someone who heard the clatter of our rig, and he slowed down before Crocker's Hotel. There we learned for a certainty that we had heard the never-to-be-forgotten cry of the California lion,\* or panther, whose lair was less than half a mile away.

It was half past eight when we turned into camp, firmly resolved never again to be found on the road after dark. As soon as Cassius had been provided with all the comforts a horse could have, we tumbled into the wagon, booted and clothed and coated

---

\*Lion killer Jay Bruce, who has to his credit the destruction of 100 mountain lions, says that the lion does not scream. Ours did.

with dust, and knew no more till the morning sun was high.

Strange to say, we awoke quite rested, and left the beautiful camp at Crocker's at half past nine. For about three miles, the road seemed comparatively level; then we commenced the ascent of what is spoken of as the seven-mile hill, intending to camp at Crane's Flat, five miles up the hill.

Riding a few yards, then plodding along on foot, on and on we toiled. We noticed the pines becoming larger and larger, and about a mile from the Flat we saw our first Sequoia. Next we saw a sign, "To the Tunnel," and turning to the left, we drove through the "Dead Giant." Its shortest diameter is twenty feet. I walked around it as close to the tree as possible, taking fifty-six steps. It must have been a magnificent sight when living.

We reached Crane's Flat, seven and a half(?) miles from Crocker's, after a journey of more than six hours, exclusive of the noon rest.

The present population of the Flat consists of two persons,—a young Mexican in charge of the stock range, and an older man, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, whose chief business, so he said, is to keep the fences in repair. He is also a cook, for he brought us a pan of first rate hot biscuits for

our breakfast. In the evening, the two men visited at our camp fire, and many an interesting tale of the mountains they told us. Then they spoke of their travels. The older man had been "all over the United States." The young man, an expert on horseback, and who could conceive of no real traveling in any other way, had once been "way down to Fresno." "To Fresno!" scornfully snorted the older, traveled man.

We decided that we needed to rest for a day or so in this ideal spot, nearly 7000 feet above sea level. We camped on the hillside overlooking the meadow, under a black oak tree which measured eighteen feet in circumference. We scarcely notice a smaller one,—in fact, the trees are all built on so stupendous a scale they soon cease to look so very large.

My husband and I had dinner at the same table, but he ate his meal in Mariposa County, while I dined in Tuolumne.

Thursday afternoon four girls—a teacher and her pupils—with two pack horses to carry the beds and provisions, passed on their way home from Yosemite. They live in the mountains near Coulterville, and had made the trip, fifty-four miles each way, on foot, besides walking to all points of in-

terest in the Valley,—even climbing to Cloud's Rest, they told us.

Friday morning we left Crane's Flat, and in an hour and a half reached the Summit, two miles distant and 1000 feet higher. There were rocks here as high as a house, and on the sandy ground, tiny, cushiony, pink and white flowers.

Soon we commenced going down, down,—the road winding down the mountain side like a snake track, so that from each section of the grade we were on, we could look straight down on the section below. From this place to the floor of the Valley is called twelve miles.

We had been told that at "O My! Point" the Valley bursts upon the sight like—well, no one could say just what, but anyway, it is supposed to be a startling sight. It didn't "burst" upon us at all. All along the road the scenery had been growing more and more wonderful, and, when we reached the climax, we seemed incapable of being startled.

But how it does grow upon one! Every mile of the way into camp (and there are four heavy miles of them) the walls of solid rock seem larger and grander. (My store of adjectives is about exhausted.) There is a rock before me now called

North Dome. Its top must be at least 5000 feet higher than where I am sitting, writing to you. I can scarcely look at it,—my eyes ache so from so much looking.



*Stoneman House, Later  
Destroyed by Fire*

We are camped on the bank of the Merced River, not far from the Stoneman House, in sight of the Royal Arches.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you come to Yosemite, do not bring a heavy wagon. If you haven't a light covered wagon, bring some goods for a tent. The dews are often quite heavy. You needn't bring a great load of provisions. Milk can be had, but vegetables are harder to get.

A woman should have a duster and one warm wrap. Her dress should be short. Bloomers would be much better. She could take a short skirt to wear over them upon reaching the village.

Last, but important suggestion. Come early enough in the season to see the Falls in all their beauty,—not later than the middle of July.

## SECOND LETTER

I would not presume to attempt to describe *Yosemite Valley*. I will say just as little as I can about it.

The evening after our arrival we had a call from Elder Nesbit and wife and Mrs. Cutler, of Colusa, and a large, happy party of their friends from Irvington,—near neighbors in Camp Sunshine. They invited us to attend a “Sunrise Service” at Mirror Lake on Sunday morning, telling us that the sun would not be up very early.

We were on hand in good time. We met other campers, and guests from the hotels, and together watched the reflection of rocks and trees and the towering Half Dome in that flawless mirror.

All other voices were hushed and men’s hats came off as the clear, reverent tones of Elder Nesbit were heard, telling of Jesus and the Sea of Gallilee.

At eight o’clock a faint, roseate light appeared in the water near a jutting knob of rock, growing brighter and more golden, till the sun burst over in a blaze of glory, and, led by the beautiful voices of Elder and Mrs. Nesbit, simultaneously rose the song, “There is sunshine in my soul.”

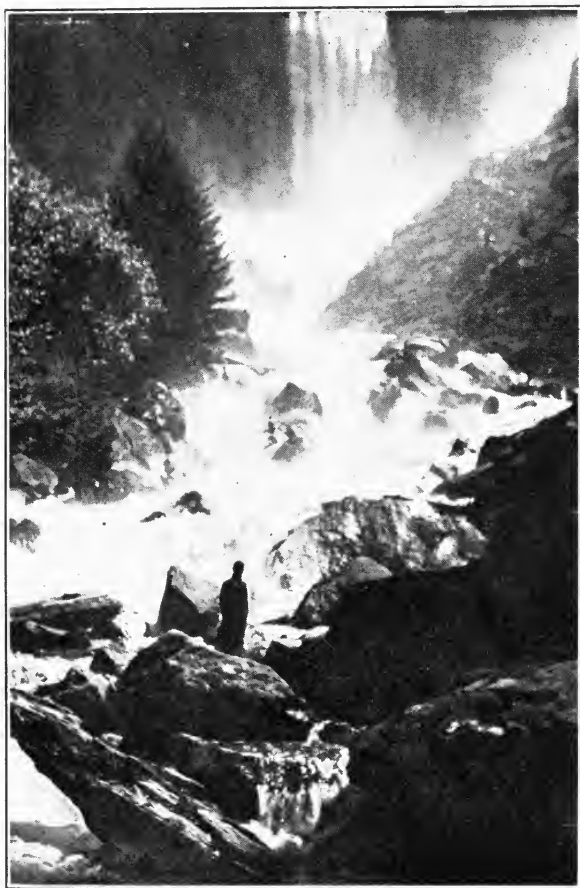


An onlooker afterward said to me, "I have been in nearly all the great cathedrals of Europe, but I have never been in one where the service impressed me as did that simple one on the shore of that wonderful lake. The Bible reading, the song, the prayer that followed, and all the surroundings were one perfect harmony."

One should see the lake before and at sunrise. Half an hour afterward, although the reflection is still good, the mirror is dusty and shows many flaws, and ripples appear on its surface.

June is considered the best month in which to visit Yosemite if people wish to see the falls at their best; but, owing to the late spring, we were early enough to see them before the volume of water had greatly decreased. Yosemite Fall, dashing down the mountain wall in three splendid leaps; beautiful, graceful Bridal Veil, swaying to right and left in the wind; Vernal and Nevada Falls in the Merced River, and the wildly magnificent Cascades, are alone well worth going a long distance to see.

\* \* \* \* \*



*Vernal Falls*

There are two hotels, owned by the government and leased to private parties. The Sentinel is the first reached after entering the Valley. Board and room can be had for \$3.50 per day. The Stoneman House is a fine, three-story building of a modern style. Rates are \$4 per day. Its register contains names of arrivals from England, France, Switzerland, Russia, Holland,—in fact, from almost every part of the civilized world. Uncle Sam's chariot comes to the hotel every day with mail for hotel guest and camper. It takes two and a half days for mail from San Francisco to reach the Valley.

The great register in the office of the Custodian of the Valley, containing names of visitors and remarks added by them, makes interesting reading. Numerous parties have walked all the way, some driving pack-horses or mules, some traveling without baggage and stopping at the wayside hotels. One man, writing for his party, said: "Hoofed it from Stockton, via Big Trees. No horses, mules, etc." To this, one of his tired companions had added, "but all asses."

In conspicuous places all over the Valley are posted "Rules and Regulations" bearing the signature of the Secretary of the Interior. One of these

rules states in very plain terms that "No intoxicating liquors shall be sold within the Park limits." A few yards from the Stoneman House is a building displaying this sign in large letters: "Store, Bar, and Billiards." On the ground beside and at the back of this place are hundreds of empty bottles, all labeled, as far as we observed, "Sarsaparilla and Iron." I do not for a moment suppose that intoxicating liquors are sold in the Valley, but the amount of Sarsaparilla and Iron consumed seems excessive.

Groceries are, no doubt, rather dear, but we have had occasion to patronize the store only once. A half gallon of oil for our diminutive cook-stove cost forty cents.

Excellent home-made bread, equal in size to three loaves of baker's bread, can be had for twenty-five cents a loaf; also, the best of meat at very reasonable prices. We pay fifteen cents a quart for rich, creamy milk—and the quart always measures at least three pints.

Hay costs fifty dollars a ton and barley four cents a pound.

We have met many campers who made the mistake of piling a four-horse load on a two-horse wagon, then, rushing their teams and their poor

tired selves along as fast as they could go, from daylight till dark, finally reached their destination "too foot-sore and disgusted to care about seeing anything"—as one told me. Some had brought tables, rocking chairs, washtubs and flatirons, and many changes of dress. One youth had his baseball and bat and felt quite out of sorts because "nobody seemed to care to play baseball"—in Yosemite!

\* \* \* \* \*

The lower end of the Valley is a deep jungle, and, in consequence, all the campers are to be found in the upper part near the hotels. It is a long, heavy pull through the sand to the foot of the grade near the middle part, so we camped there at the base of El Capitan (the great rock radiating heat like a Titanic furnace) the night of our departure, in order to get an early start and miss incoming teams on the narrow, winding grade. By so doing, we made Sequoia, better known as Crocker's, the afternoon of the same day.

We found many pleasant campers at Crocker's, among them a Judge Ogden and his interesting family, of Oakland.

On the way down from Crane's Flat, we again drove through the "Dead Giant," then tying together all our picket and baling rope, each took an end and carried it around the tree till we met. Afterward, we measured the rope and found that



*A Blind Washoe Centenarian Resembling Captain Lewis*

the circumference of that old tree, denuded of its bark and with one side partly burned away, is eighty-three and a half feet. One of our friends at Second Garrote later told us he had taken the first known measure of that "stump." I regret

that I have forgotten what he said its height was at that time. My husband's estimate now is seventy-five feet.

The second night we arrived at the apple orchard camp, and concluded to stay over for a day or so, for a rest and general "cleanup." The owners kindly helped by lending me their washtub.

While there we had a call from an old Indian whose feet had never known shoes,—Captain Lewis, once a big chief in the Sierras. In a broken jargon of Spanish, Indian and English he made us understand that he had been a great man and was very, very old. He did not know his age, but declared that he was a man when all the old white men in that region were "pickaninnies." Our hosts told us that when they came there forty years before, Captain Lewis looked just about as he does now, but could walk better. This once big chief, his wife and children gone, travels from place to place, getting his living by begging. He pathetically told us that his good friends all give him food and drink, then said "Vamos!" He got some tea and sugar from us, but was much disappointed to learn that we had no "demijohn."

We bade goodbye to our friends at Garrote, with

their interesting reminiscences of the Donner Party,\* Colonel Hutchings, and other famous pioneers, came down to Buena Vista, had a short visit with the good blacksmith and his family, then took the road on the left bank of the Stanislaus river toward Oakdale.

At the promising little city of Modesto, we traded our wagon for a more satisfactory rig. It had been used as a light hotel bus, and had two convenient steps at the rear.

The manager of the Postal Telegraph office proved to be my young messenger-boy friend, Johnny Fitzgerald, formerly of Colusa, now grown up and as alert and ambitious as ever.

He told us with pride that Modesto was well supplied with pure drinking water, but that all the water needed for irrigation would soon be brought from the Tuolumne River, where "the largest dam in the world is under process of construction."

We waited until the sun's rays grew less melting, then we headed toward the Coast Range Mountains. For miles we drove through vast grain-fields, with houses far between. The grain looked

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\*The old gentleman had gone with Colonel Hutchings on his second trip into Yosemite.



fine, but what a dreary country!\* When each big ranch has been cut up into many small farms, Modesto will have a chance to grow. We drove for six miles without seeing an occupied dwelling.

We crossed the wide San Joaquin River for our night's camp at Crow's Landing, named for a southern pioneer family who settled there in the early '50's. The river mirrored the most wonderful sunset of purple and gold.

A pleasant memory of a hot July day was given us by a lonely housekeeper on an immense ranch, who invited us into the coolest room in her house, where we remained for several hours. When we left, she gave us from her scanty store of books a copy of Bill Nye's "Baled Hay," with which to while away our spare moments. Later in the day we almost circumnavigated the kingdom ("ranch" doesn't describe it) of the Miller and Lux cattle range. We were told that this firm has seventy-eight miles of unbroken fence along the San Joaquin River, besides its many possessions elsewhere.

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\*On February 6 of this year (1921) we plucked the first buttercups of the season, from the roadside, when on a delightful spin along the newly completed concrete highway, bordered by pretty homes set in fig and orange orchards, where good old Cassius had hauled us and our heavy rig thru deep and heavy sand.

The following day, having very plain instructions as to the road, we started for San Luis Ranch. After a drive of a few miles, we saw a lone blacksmith standing beside his shop door. He told us we would have to go back to the road we had left (about three miles) as Mr. Miller had nailed up the gates on the road usually taken. We were then to go a short distance and "take the first right-hand road." We did, but it was evidently not our road. Again we went back, and inquired of the next man we met. His answer was, "Go straight ahead till you get to the first right-hand road, then turn. You can't miss it. There is no other right-hand road."

These directions were repeated at intervals by different persons, each emphasizing, "You can't miss it."

The country was covered with right-hand roads as good as the one we were on, but we kept going ahead till after sunset, when we came to the base of a hill where stood a small schoolhouse, and we had to turn to the right, reaching San Luis Ranch after dark. (There were no panthers there. They couldn't compete with the land grabber.)

Next morning we crossed the first hills of the Coast Range at Pacheco Pass, and after a drive

of several miles found ourselves in a pleasant valley of which Hollister is the chief town.

The grain in this section was the finest we had seen, and the trees were heavy with luscious peaches, apricots and other fruits. Climate and soil are good, yet everywhere were deserted farms and orchards.

Hollister being on the edge of the fog belt, we bought some heavy unbleached muslin and thread, —materials for a curtain for the surrey top of our wagon.

Leaving the town, with its neatly kept, rather



*San Juan Bautista Mission, Founded in 1797*

quiet streets and cosy looking houses, for nine miles we drove over a road like a race-track to the tumble-down, very picturesque old Spanish town of San Juan. A strong, cold wind was blowing, and we sought shelter beneath the tiled roof of the piazza of the old adobe Mission, San Juan Bautista. (St. John the Baptist.)

The church proper, from a view of the interior, appears to be at least one hundred and twenty feet long. It is in good repair and in daily use. The adjoining wing measures three hundred and thirty. A few of the best preserved rooms serve as a dwelling for the parish Padre. He was absent, but we obtained permission from his housekeeper to prepare our meal on the long brick-tiled piazza.

In this historic setting, we placed our little oil stove in one of the deep, sheltered window ledges, and cooked successively, a rare, three-course feast of potatoes, tomatoes, and a very tender beefsteak.

Our night camp was about thirteen miles farther, in the oak-covered yard of a Danish family named Madsen. In the morning, kind Mrs. Madsen allowed me the use of her sewing machine for the stitching of the long seams and hems on our wagon curtains. With heavy linen thread, I worked some stout buttonholes in the top hem,

buttoned the goods around the surrey roof, tied it with tape at the rear, and we had the cosiest little tented wagon imaginable.

Three miles more and we were in Salinas,—next to Modesto the liveliest town we had seen. This is the land of beans and Burbank potatoes. Many acres are covered with sugar beets, and this year's wheat and barley crop cannot be surpassed. One business man told us of seventy acres of land that yielded one hundred and fourteen bushels of barley to the acre.

The soil of this region should grow fine fruit, yet little or none is grown, owing partly to the fact that grain, potatoes, etc., yield much sooner than fruit trees, but chiefly because Salinas has long been side-tracked as far as railroad communication is concerned. The people are greatly interested in a project to complete the line from Salinas to connect with the overland road near Santa Barbara.

After facing a cold wind for twenty miles along a heavy, sandy road, to the left of the beautiful, world-famed Hotel Del Monte, we hastened through the historic streets of Monterey to the post-office, eager for news of the wee laddie we had been obliged to leave at home.

We encamped at Monterey among some oak and

pine trees, whose branches dripped fog, but in our newly-curtained wagon, with the stove on its floor during supper getting, and the hay bed made up after the meal was over, we were quite comfortable.

Next day being Sunday, we attended service in the new Congregational church at Pacific Grove. I cannot repeat the text, but I know that the Pastor laid much stress upon "Hospitality."

After the service, we were recognized by a lady from Lodi, who invited us to her cottage for dinner. Her bread and baked beans were delicious—especially so, as, in our haste to get the letter from home, we had forgotten to buy any bread, and our larder was very scantily stocked that day.

It was a *wonderful* sermon.

We spent a week in the Grove and vicinity, enjoying the delightful seventeen-mile drive, the visit to the old Carmel Mission, founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1770 and to the San Carlos Mission in Monterey, founded in 1794,—in fact, enjoying everything but the weather, which we found as foggy as San Francisco at its foggiest.

The monument erected in honor of the good Padre Serra by Mrs. Leland Stanford, representing him in the act of stepping from a row boat,

Bible in hand, is a fine piece of statuary. It is on a high bluff overlooking the bay and but a few rods from the landing place of that brave-hearted missionary and his little band.

The Chinese fishermen's huts at New Monterey are all inhabited this season, owing to the unprecedented run of salmon.

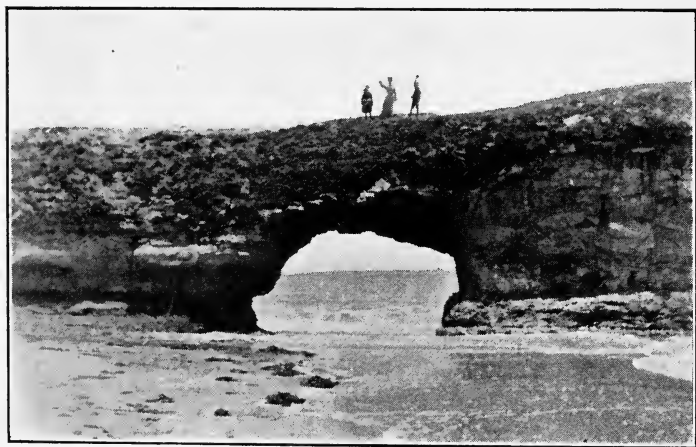
The drive back through Salinas to Castroville (a small town whose population is chiefly Spanish, Portuguese and Italian), thence through Moss Landing to one of our most pleasant camps, occupied a good part of the next day. Like the Cole family near Linden, the hospitable family, the Giberson's, in whose yard we stayed for the night, invited us into their house as honored guests. Incidentally, we learned that they had formerly lived in Los Angeles, where their best neighbors had been former friends of mine in the east.

A pleasant drive of a few miles over rolling hills, and Watsonville literally burst into view. A perfect little gem it appeared in a beautiful setting of green, orchards and gardens dotting every hillside.

Watsonville ships large quantities of fruit, especially the choicest of apples, to San Francisco, and many other places. Acres of sugar beets supply

the great sugar refinery established by Claus Spreckels.

About twelve miles from Watsonville is Aptos Ranch, the beautiful country home of the sugar king. This is in the redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains.



*Natural Bridge, Santa Cruz*

Four miles of easy driving brought us to Soquel, and another four miles over a well-sprinkled road to Santa Cruz, a city on many hills. It claims a population of six thousand yet has only one business street. Handsome residences, a wealth of beautiful flowers, a fine beach and a salubrious



climate, tend to make Santa Cruz an ideal summer resort, yet many places bear the sign, "For Sale."

We camped for two days at a spot near the town which someone has named "Seabright." It has three houses, I believe, and no stores.

We returned to Soquel by way of Camp Capitola, then, taking the San Jose road, went four miles farther on to Lasell and Rudy's saw-mill. The red-wood timber with which the hills are thickly covered is used for shingles and fruit boxes.

We spent a day in this delightful, health-giving climate, where it was neither too hot nor too cold and the sun shone all day, then found uphill work for the greater part of six miles till Hotel de Red-wood was reached. We thought, "What a climate for the sick to grow well!" and what a fine view of the bay we shall have in the morning!" Alas! In the night a forest fire, caused by some careless campers, started a few miles below us, filling the pure air with smoke and ashes and completely obscuring the anticipated view.

Two miles more brought us to the summit, which we were told has an elevation of *only* sixteen hundred feet. (We have been thinking of Sierra summits.) The drive down the mountain is a delightful one.

A picturesque place is Mountain Spring Ranch. Near the road is a novel fountain. A large redwood stump is striped in red and white with stars on the reservoir above. A big brown bear sits in the center of this, holding an open umbrella above his head. From the top of the handle water gushes forth and pours over the umbrella, keeping up a constant drip, drip on poor old Bruin's back. Large gilt letters, "N. S. G. W.," dedicate this unique fountain to the Native Sons of the Golden West.

Los Gatos (Spanish for The Gates) is an attractive little town. It is prettily situated at the foot of the grade in a prosperous fruit country.

It is a pleasant drive from this place to San Jose, over a well-graded road which is watered several times a day. For nearly the entire distance it is like driving through one large orchard. There are no fences.

San Jose is confidently expecting the removal of the State Capitol from Sacramento to her own city.

On Mt. Hamilton, overlooking San Jose, is the Lick Observatory, containing what is said to be the largest telescope in the world.

From San Jose to Santa Clara—in fact, throughout the county—not an open saloon is to be seen on Sunday, nor does anyone seem to be hanging

around a back entrance. "Prohibition does prohibit" on Sunday, apparently. Wonder if it wouldn't be worth trying the other six days.

Passing through Mountain View and Mayfield, we spent a half hour in the grounds of Stanford University. The Museum is nearing completion. Heavy bronze doors, having on each panel scenes from Egypt, France, Italy, Greece and other countries, open into a large room with floor and staircases O, so magnificently, *coldly* marble.

Hastening past the many beautiful country seats around Menlo Park and others in San Mateo County, we reached home, after an absence of seven weeks, during which time we had slept indoors just one night. We have driven five hundred miles and have gained a much better idea of the country than we could have done in six months travel by train. But the best gain of all is the gain in health.

It may interest some reader to know that we left home with two gold twenties and a little silver; that we paid ten dollars in our wagon trade, and reached home with a little silver in the purse.

## INTERLUDE (1913)

Wait a minute, Dear People! Postpone your reading of "Day Before Yesterday" for a little while. I've just received a telephone order to make ready for a "try-out" into Yosemite this afternoon, and may have something new to tell you upon our return.

*A GIFT*

*The Partners' Coffee Mill, from Connecticut*

## A LITTLE LATER (1913)

Well, folks, here we are! Now for our latest experience!

## ADVENTURE II

TO-DAY

(1913-1919)

On the twenty-second day of August, 1913, the United States government, by its Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, formally opened Yosemite Valley to automobiles.

Thursday afternoon, August 28, 1913, we two well-seasoned campers, with all the necessary



*Chinese Camp*

equipment for a limited motor trip, left the city of Stockton and headed for Yosemite.

Years of close friendship with our mountain roads and the accurate log kept by the master of his car helped to make our well arranged schedule appear perfect. Already, during the summer, two week-end trips over Coulterville roads had brought us midway to the Valley, but only the one route could satisfy us.

Our plans were well made: We would drive thru the San Joaquin Valley and the warm foothills when the sun was low; make a late camp somewhere near Moccasin Creek; climp Priest's Hill during the cool morning hours, and reach Garrote, or some other pleasant, shady spot in time for the noon rest,—and so forth.

We started. Spinning along the good roads of San Joaquin, we were soon in Stanislaus county, when,—shade of our balky, vindictive "Colonel!" with a vengeful "sis-s-s-s"!—out went a tire.

After the requisite rest(?) in the August sun, the journey was resumed, when soon,—"sis-s-s-s"!—and the operation was repeated. Another repetition, and another, until, at the turn of the road into Knight's Ferry, the "total depravity of inanimate objects was fully illustrated. It would have

been sheer folly to attempt the drive into Yosemite with but one spare inner tube, and thirty-six miles lay between us and home; and so, on a wearisome side trip to Oakdale, we limped on three sound tires, and the scene of the anticipated first night's camp in the cool out o'doors, was shifted to the warm, one-windowed room of a country hotel.

Next morning, tubes were vulcanized and extras secured, and we crossed the river, and returned to the main road at Buena Vista. Then on we sped over the rocky road to a railroad crossing at

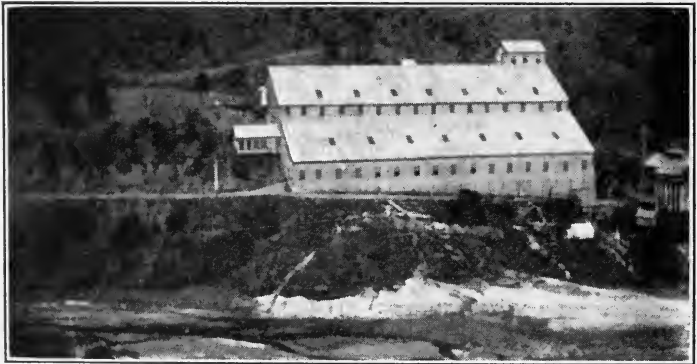


*Coulterville*

the Keystone House, and thru unchanged Chinese Camp, where, one mile distant, the shrill whistle of a locomotive shrieked a requiem to our long since departed "Cassius!"

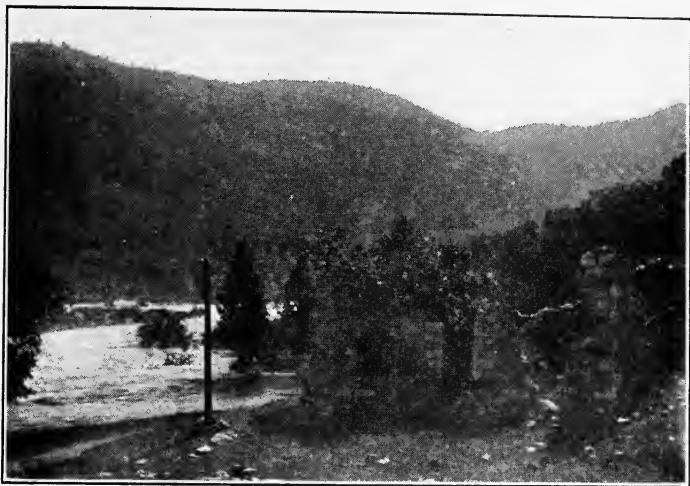
Soon we were descending a long, long grade, from which the head of a vast cañon across which came the clatter of machinery from the stamp mills of gold mines of fabulous wealth.

On this road of wonders, where every foot of the way had, thus far, seemed so familiar, how was it that we had failed to remember this one conspicuous place? Oh! these were the mines of famous old Jacksonville, of the "days of '49," revived, reconstructed, and painfully modern.



*Shawmut Mine*





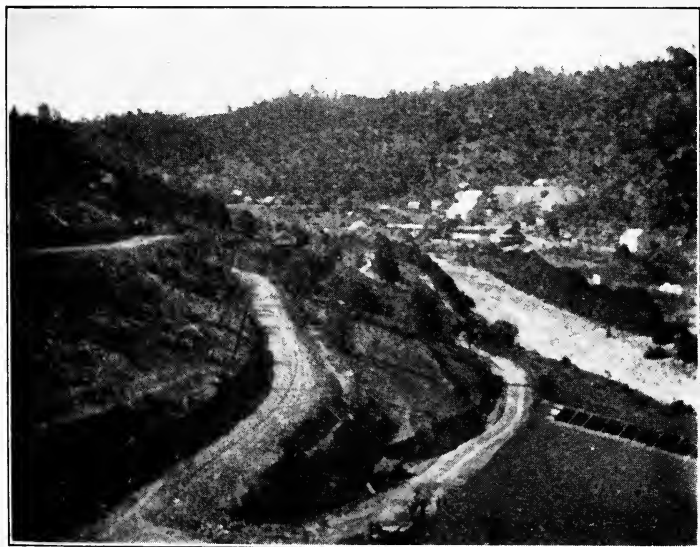
*Ruins of Hostelry at Steven's Bar*

At the foot of the grade, we crossed to the other side of the gray, slickens-filled creek; passed thru the old town, and espied the few remaining timbers of what had been Moffitt's bridge; followed up the bank of the clear, unpolluted waters of the Tuolumne River to the picturesque adobe castle ruins of the old hostelry of Steven's Bar, and felt that once again we were truly in Story-Book Land.

Here, in this ancient Inn, had the miners stopped on the laborious journeys to and from the mountains and the Bay. Here, in its big fifty-foot ball-

room, had they gathered from far and near in social concourse.

The Bar, or Flat, is in litigation now. The caretaker, whose tent is pitched amid the castle ruins, told us, in soft Southern accents, that he had been up "oveh the Moccasin Creek road to Coultelville last week, and the road was vely good—but up and down some." We didn't try it—just then—but crossed the large steel bridge where, in earlier



*From Foot of Shawmut Grade*

days, Steven's Ferry had been, and stopped for the noon lunch very near to our one-time camp on Moccasin Creek; drove up the steep, neglected grade of Priest's Hill to the Hotel, and on thru Big Oak Flat, once more abustling mining town. We found that every vestige of the historic oak had been destroyed by vandals.



*Priest's Hotel, at Junction of Old and New Grades*

Soon came Groveland, and the first sight of snow on distant ridges. And then,—the place where beautiful white flowers (the azaleas) had “filled



*Azaleas in Bloom Mid Shadows*

the air with fragrance,"—and we needed no painted sign on the zig-zag rail fence to tell us that we were nearing Garrote and the apple orchard.

There was the long-neglected orchard, its trees filled with fresh young fruit; there stood the old

house, with its roomy fireplace and homely chairs, all fashioned by the honest hands of these builders of our state. But dear old "David and Jonathan," whom we had come to know so much better now, had long since crossed the "Great Divide."



• *Home of Tennessee and His Partner*

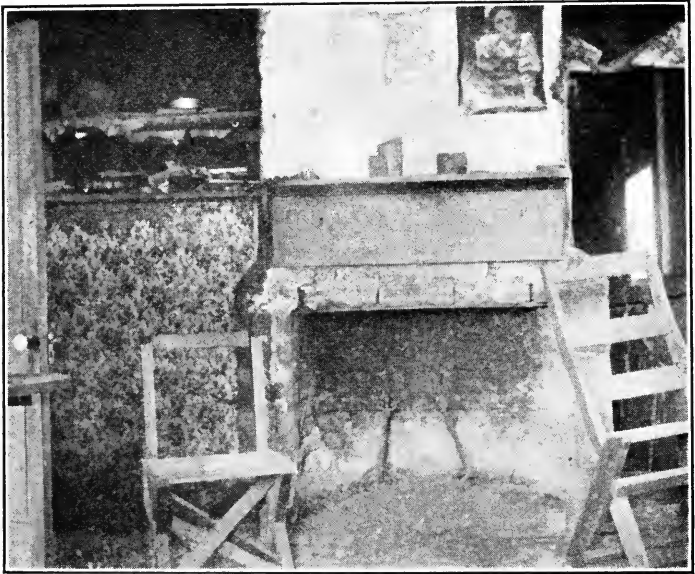
A lilac, and a few of the New England flowers of their planting still bloomed with the wild flowers among the tall weeds.

Not long could we tarry, and on and up we went, past Hamilton's Station, where a modern bathtub, waiting beside a brand-new house, gave an air of incongruity with the surrounding scenery.

No time for a chat with the old-time keeper of the toll-gate. Just beyond was the toll-bridge,

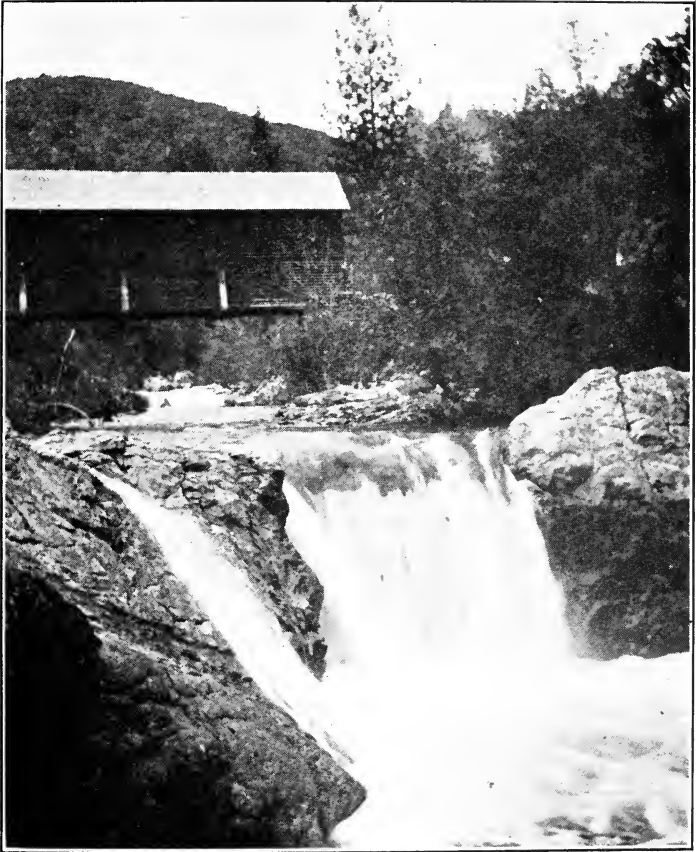
where the tax of one dollar for ourselves and car was collected.

In the late afternoon of the second day, as we



*The Partners' Living Room*

traversed the road up and around mountain after mountain, our thoughts reverted to good old Cassius, and to the blind faith, or blissful ignorance, with which we had undertaken the first arduous journey. Overhead, the trees met in well-remem-



*Toll-Bridge*

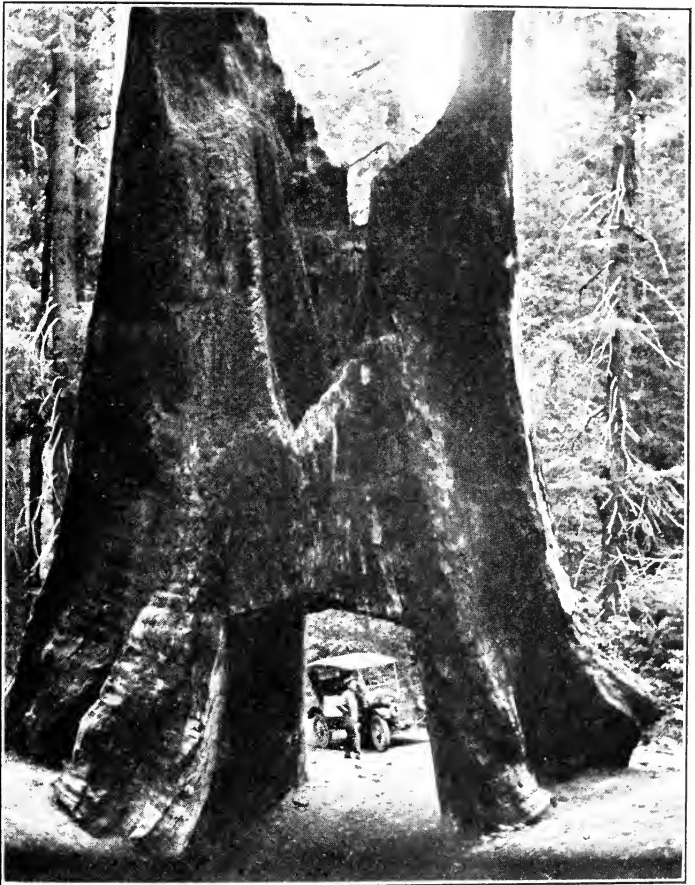
bered graceful arch, and their dense shadows brought early darkness, but no terrifying cry was heard "from the cañon on our right."

It was quite dark when we entered the open gate at Sequoia, or Crocker's. "*Firmly resolved never again to be found on the road after dark*" sang sleepily thru my mind when, a little later, our second night's camp was made beside a rippling stream, and two tired people rested peacefully beneath the friendly stars.

In this rapid transit age, there is scant time given to loitering by the way, and, our simple breakfast over, we were soon rolling along the Enchanted Road. We reached the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees,—we again read the sign, "To the Tunnel," and, "turning to the left,"—a patient man halted his car, while the camera was hurried to a spot on the steep hillside and, at 8:15 A. M., caught its first glimpse of our stanch, upright old friend, the so-called "Dead Giant."

The tour book's advice ended with Crocker's, a distance of ninety-five miles. From this point, the driver made his own log. Crane's Flat, two miles within the boundary of the National Park, and the same ideal spot for a camp that it was in '93, was now occupied by army tents, and almost before I





*The "Dead Giant," Tuolumne Grove*

had time to spy out the big oak up on the hill to the left, one of Uncle Sam's boys in khaki stood beside our car to make sure that we read and obeyed the forbidding sign, "Autos Take Right-Hand Road." We did.

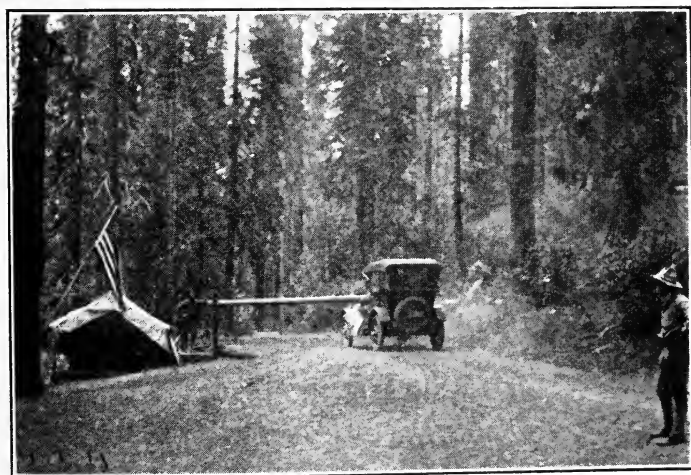
Here, for the first time, we found ourselves in an unknown country. The matchless view from "O MY! Point,"—the half-scared thrill in gliding down the serpentine grade,—were denied to us. "Carriages without horses" might not yet enter the Enchanted Valley at the foot of El Capitan. That restriction has been removed by a recent order from the Department of the Interior, therefore let the unwritten report of the ingenuity and hard labor called for in overcoming the peculiar construction to progress on the 27 per cent grade between Crane's Flat and Hazel Green be buried in—the archives of the—Department of the Interior. Just one "remark" here: Crocker's having been out of hay,—no, of gasoline, Cassius,—no, the car, went up and around the hardest turn on reverse. It had gravity feed, and was short on fuel, but did the best it could, under the circumstances.

Soon no longer lone mountain travelers were we, but actors in a vast moving picture rehearsal in which the stunts were most strenuous. Scenes of

“Yesterday,” “To-day,” and “Day Before Yesterday” appeared, blended and dissolved like the “transformations” of the “Movies.”

Mounted soldiers came into the picture as if by magic, and escorted us to the Merced Grove of Big Trees, where was another camp of soldiery at “First Control.”

We were now under strict military rule, and, having answered a score or more of questions to the satisfaction of the Alcalde—chief inquisitor—and “skidded” the wheels to show the condition



*“First Control,” in Merced Grove*

of the brakes, we were duly numbered, given our passports (after paying the fee of five dollars), and permitted to enter by the only gate as the telephone in the first tent gave news of our departure to the officials at "Second Control."

During this brief halt, an automobile party "registering disgust and anger" retreated toward Hazel Green, because one of the passengers was a little pet dog, and "cats, dogs and traps" were wisely barred by rules intended for the protection of the few wild animals still to be found in the lower end of the Valley.

Another automobile owner, coming out from the Valley, failed to make the First Control on schedule time, and, being very warm and weary, tried to coerce the sentries into opening the magic gate. Finding these guardians of the place as immovable as the Sequoias, he "registered" so much visible and audible anger that the result was notice of perpetual banishment from the National Parks,—an order revokable only upon proper application to the Department of the Interior. After much parley, he was permitted to drive out. As we made our entrance thru the gateway, we heard an exultant shout: "Wait till we pass that line!! Then

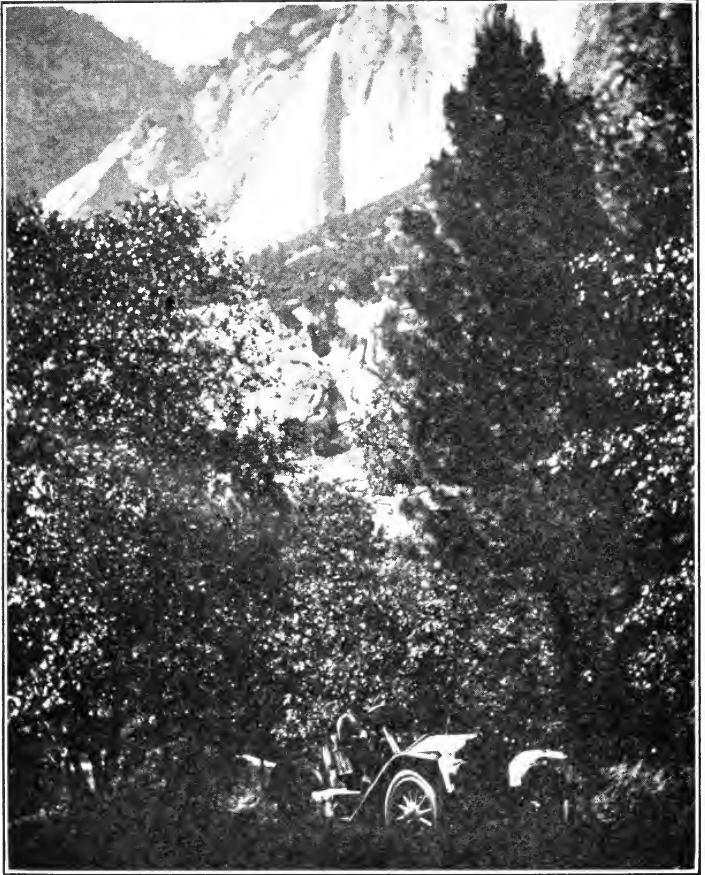
we'll be out of the United States and back in California—ni-a!!!”

The next scene,—down, down, down steep and winding grades of granite sand to the undescribable Cascades and “Second Control,” demanded steady, careful work on the part of the chief actor, who had little opportunity for enjoying the glorious panorama.

At last we were on the floor of the Valley. El Capitan looked kindly down upon us as we hastened to the first garage set up in Yosemite,—a modern automobile shop, with Upper Yosemite Fall in the rear and about three thousand feet above.

Time for one of the Valley's artists to photograph us in our car, with Bridal Veil Fall for a background, could not even be considered, and Permit 37 was O. K'd. and surrendered to the official at “Third Control,”—Yosemite Station, well within the scheduled time. The car was sent back to the garage for “parking,” and a horse-drawn carryall finally gathered us up with other passengers for Camp Curry, which proved to be very close to the site of our camp of “Yesterday.”

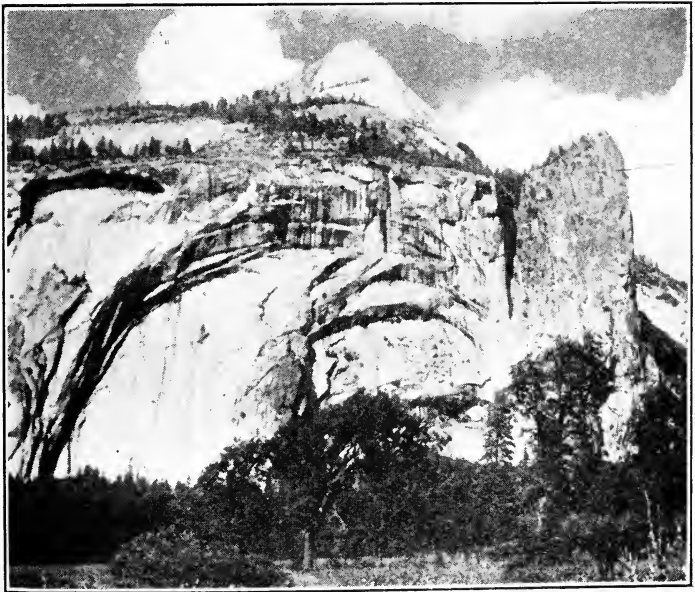
To our left, toward majestic North Dome above the wonderfully chiseled sculpture of the Royal Arches. Far, far below gleamed the limpid, em-



*Upper Yosemite Fall*

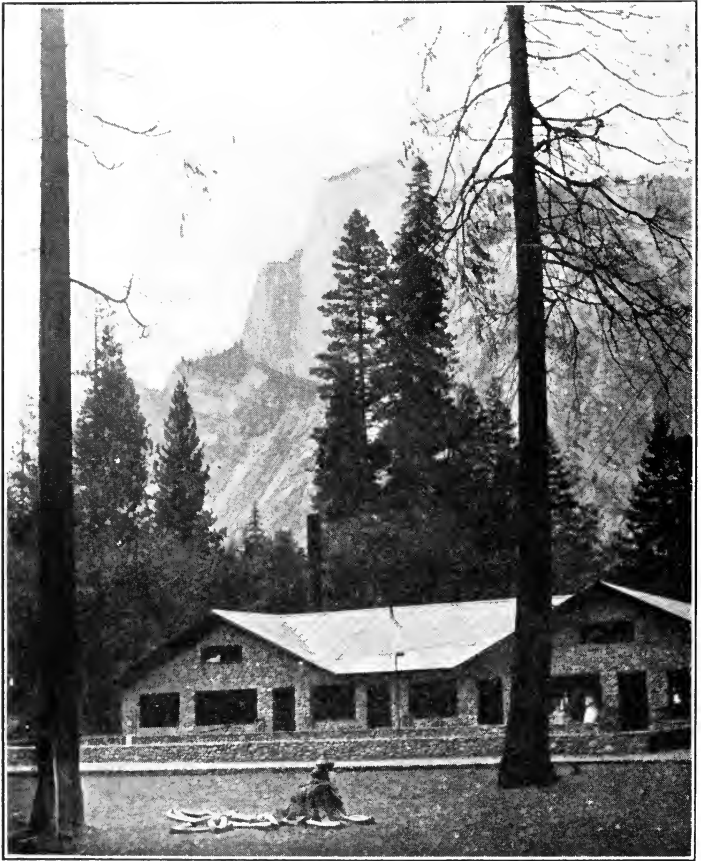
erald-tinted waters of the Merced River, and on its bank (so quickly shifted the kaleidoscopic scenes of past and present) was—ungainly, faithful old Cassius, and the wagon, and the sack of barley and bundle of hay that served as chair and writing desk for my first letter from Yosemite, twenty years ago.

Only a scant hour's rest upon a comfortable bed,



*North Dome and Regal Arches*

Royce



*Half Dome in Thunder Storm*



—for the tent door opened out toward Half Dome, in the gray haze of a passing thunder storm, which soon reached the Camp. The tripod was hastily set up beside the dining hall, and the camera's shutter clicked in unison with the six o'clock dinner bell.

After the storm, the evening was spent out-of-doors, with pilgrims from our own and other lands, while David Curry, Stentor of the Valley, told of



*Mirror Lake*

its origin and its many wonders. Glacier Point, illuminated, rose high before our eyes; and we knew that, not very far away in the darkness still lay—Mirror Lake, or—Galilee.

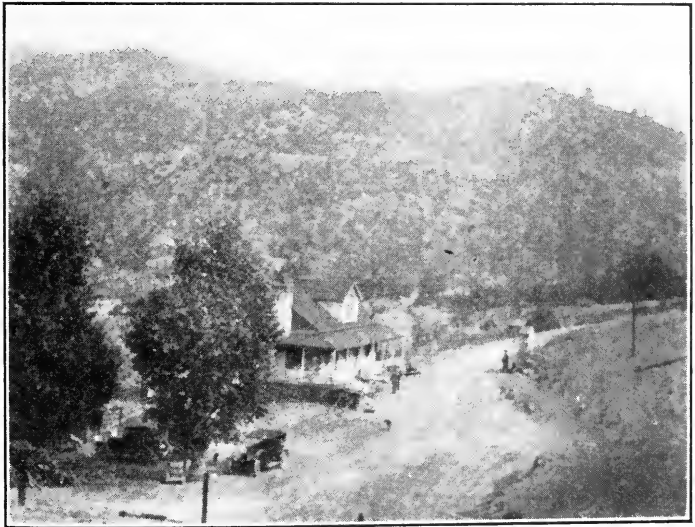
Next morning (Sunday) we climbed into our car at Yosemite Station at six o'clock, drove thru heavy mud on the Valley's floor, made our way up the steep, sandy grades to surrender Permit 36 at "First Control," returning via the Coulterville road as far as Coulterville.

At this place, we relied upon the opinion given by our Southern friend of Steven's Bar, made a new turn, and descended the narrow, tortuous, "up and down some" Moccasin Creek road,—a new trail to us, but one oft traversed by the early generation of miners. Great mounds of rock and yellow earth bore testimony to the mining operations of our friends of Second Garrote.

One more night's camp on the plains, great weariness o'ertaking us where, twenty years before, our balky "Colonel" had given such proof of his evil disposition; an early drive into Stockton, and on Monday morning, September 1, our second Yosemite journey—of 254 miles,—exclusive of the side trip into Oakdale—came to an end.

1914

Postscript: The rough, rocky way from Knight's Ferry to Chinese Camp is now, by comparison, a boulevard. A fine new 5 per cent grade to Priest's Hotel winds around the hillside for seven miles on the opposite side of the cañon, from which the passenger can see the old road and look down into the little green valleys below, upon Munn's spring house, the wayside shrine at Ferretti's, the Hughes' place, and Cavagnaro's,—once Culbertson's,—rest



*Ferretti's Pioneer Home. Hetch Hetchy Road Above*

places all well-known to old-timers. Other new roads are being constructed and the hard places made easier. Still, we are rather glad we had to work our way up the old Priest Hill, and glad to know that motorists, too, may now enjoy the glorious view from "O MY! Point."

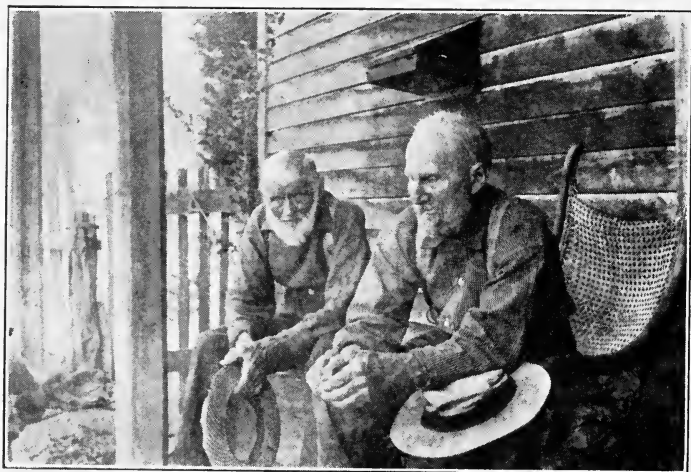
1919

Another Postscript: At the beginning of this new era, the traveler by land needs only to follow the numerous signs along the way. Week-end visits to Yosemite are of common occurrence. Automobile stages from Stockton make daily trips there during the summer season.

On May 27 of this year, a wonderful ship of the air glided safely down from its uncrowded path in the blue sky, over the Delectable Mountains and into the Valley Beautiful.

FINIS.

And now for the  
BIG ADVENTURE



*The Partners*

## DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

(THE SEARCH FOR GOLD)

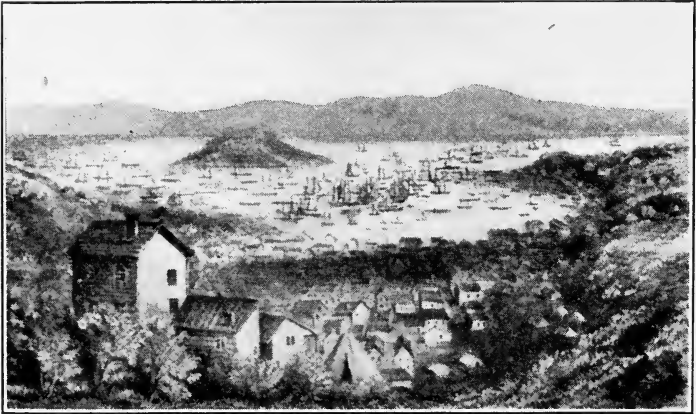
(Beginning 1849)

Nov. 26, 1901.

At the request of a Dear Friend, I write a few things that have occurred by and between J. A. Chaffee & J. P. Chamberlain since the year 1849. On the 24 of Jan. of that year, we sailed from the city of Boston in the Ship Capitol, with 250 passengers, Monckton Proctor, Capt., who, by the way, was a perfect gentleman, but had the usual growlers that have been with most all vessels since Noah entered the Ark.

Nothing remarkable occurred during a voyage of 176 days to San Francisco, at which place we arrived July 19.

We found a very great change from the staid and steady habits of our New England home. Here gambling was the prevailing amusement. Men just returned from the mines would bet their last dollar on the turn of a card. Suicides and murders were of frequent occurrence.



*San Francisco and Yerba Buena Island in 1849*

There were six of us Worcester boys in company. Their names were, Mr. Patch and son, A. E. Arnold, E. A. Putney, Chaffee and I. We had a tent, and camped in Happy Valley, near where the Palace Hotel is now. In the daytime, each one struck out for himself. There was plenty of work and wages high. Common laborers had from \$5 to \$7 per day. Chaffee was a wheelwright, I was a carpenter, and we worked at carpentering at \$12 per day. And were well off, but didn't know it.

On the arrival of news from the mines, great mining news would be posted and big nuggets exhibited. And finally we got the mining fever, and



all six of us started for the mines, and took passage in a sloop that was going to Stockton; and, after the pleasant occupation of fighting mosquitoes 3 days, landed in the Slough City, as Stockton was called at that time. Upon our arrival, we cast about for a good place to camp, desiring to find out the best place to go.

It was just at this time an incident occurred that was characteristic of the times. One night after supper, Chaffee and I took a stroll to the water front, where a prison brig was moored and prisoners were confined for murder. While standing there, a man tapped me on the shoulder, asking my name. I told him. He said, "I want you," "I guess you have made some mistake," said I. "You love law and order," said he. "I do; but what do you want?" He said, "Follow me and you will find out." He led and I followed into the hold of the prison brig, where a criminal was being guarded. Placing a gun in my hands, he told me to guard that man, & should he attempt to escape to shoot him, or should an attempt at rescue be made, to shoot them.

I took the gun and began my march up and down the deck. Soon the prisoner began to get uneasy and wanted to talk. I told him to keep

still, as I was a guard, not a lawyer. "You know my instructions are to shoot, if you attempt to escape, and I shall surely do it."

He then said he had a favor to ask. He owned up that he was guilty, doubly guilty, of the crime charged, but he had relatives back in the States who were respectable people, and he did not want them to know the fate that had overtaken him in his criminal career. He then asked me to see the Judge and ask him for three days' grace, which I did, the request being readily granted. Some curiosity was excited, to account for such a request, and extra precautions were taken, in case (of) an attempt to rescue him by his friends. Nothing of the kind occurred, and on the passing of the fourth day he was brought out and seated on a rude coffin in a cart, and slowly driven to a tree near by, when a rope was thrown over a limb and a noose placed over his head, when, with a strong pull on the rope, the cart was driven from under him, and his soul was launched into eternity.

This, to me, was a new trial and execution, but as he was a self-confessed murderer, I thought it just, and in accord with law and evidence. He went by the name of Redhead Davis, and told me

he belonged to a gang of desperadoes that thought no more of murder than eating a meal.

After staying a week in Stockton, we concluded to go to the Mokelumne River. A train of fifty mules was going to Big Bar and we shipped our freight by them. Before leaving Boston, we were told that we had better take provisions, as they might be scarce in the mines. We took beef, pork, flour, and so forth, for which we had paid freight to Stockton, and from there to the mines we had to pay 25 cents per pound more; and, upon arriving at the mines, we found we could buy the best of fresh beef for 25 cents per pound,—showing a foolish transaction of a wise foresight in a moneyless transaction.

We landed at Big Bar in three days from Stockton, and the sight of at least 500 men rocking cradles in a most vigorous manner was almost staggering. If the cradles contained babies, their brains would surely have been dashed out. This was our first sight of gold mining in this land of gold. We had shovels, picks, and pans, but no cradle, and to buy one would cost \$64, which was beyond our pile. But we were Yankees, and set our wits to work out a plan for a cradle. One of our company had been a fish peddler at home and

had a chest 3 feet long, 18 inches square, lined with zinc. We cut the chest in halves, making two cradles in the form of a V, with a 3-inch strip in the bottom, and with the zinc punched with holes for a screen, for the gravel to pass off. We could wash more dirt than the other miners, and, I suppose, lost more gold; but we saved \$8 per day washing sand. We worked two or three days and thought the pay too small.

And our first Sunday in the mine was spent in cleaning up camp, getting wood, and so on, for cooking.

The elder Mr. Patch was a man 65 years old, and we told him if he would cook he should share with us in the gold; and he very readily agreed to that. When our camp duties were done, we went to the grocery store to see the sights. Here was a variety of occupations. The grocer was busy selling goods, and the miners were card playing for amusement and money, with drinks, when they were thirsty, but I didn't see a drunken man during the day.

Monday morning, Arnold and I went up the river about a mile with a pick, pan and shovel. We came to an old Mexican, washing dirt in a wooden bowl that would hold more dirt than our

iron pan. At that point in the river was an eddy, & at short intervals, a big cave in the bank would occur; and, to show how green I was, I put a pan under the bank and broke off a pan of dirt and washed it rapidly, & had a piece of gold worth one dollar. I was not disappointed, so I tried another pan of black loam, & on washing the dirt away, had a piece of gold weighing 8 pennyweights, at 80 cts. per pwt., was worth \$6.40. The old Mexican was still washing his pan of dirt, and Arnold and I struck for camp too quick, & upon showing our find to the boys, it didn't take long to get our two cradles and tools and start for the new dig-gins; & our afternoon work in black loam turned out \$32 gold. This muck hole had been worked previously, I think by Capt. Weber,—of Stockton, for the roots had been cut and the hole was filled with loose material.

We worked 4 days & had \$200. Then Mr. Putney started out to see what he could find, and found an old river bed, high & dry & rich, but most of it claimed. He finally secured one small claim of 8 feet. At that time, mining camps were governed by an Alcalde, and his law was supreme. Any company paying him \$16 could turn the river at any point that was not claimed for that pur-

pose, & a company of very wise men got permission to turn the river where we & others were at work with our little claims. There were some 6 or 8 of these claims of 8 ft. each.

At the same time, parties were starting out by moonlight for the forks of the river, some 10 miles above by river & 15 overland, that was supposed to be very rich. Arnold and I thought we would try & find those parties, so we took up our cradle, pick, shovel and blankets, 15 lbs. salt pork from Boston, which, by the way, was better than any Calif. pork for frying, or (for) cooking beans, and started on foot overland. The day was hot & no trail, & we didn't know which was the right ridge that would lead to the forks of the river; but as good luck was with us, we took the right one and landed at sundown at a big camp of our former shipmates, with a man standing sentry with a gun. We inquired the meaning of this. The answer was, "Indians," and that we must spend the night with them; but we were not imbued with much fear of Indians. We went down the river about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile, made a fire and tea, & toasted pork on a stick, which we enjoyed with the keenest relish; spread our blankets & slept like logs.

In the morning, after our superb repast of pork

& sea-biscuits, we went up to see the boys. They made a big mistake in landing here. They said they only made \$3 per day.

Arnold and I went down the river, over the roughest kind of going, with our loads, & after going what we called 4 miles, we saw a lone miner, and I never was so glad to see a man before. He proved to be one of our shipmates from Nantucket. He had a brother that had gone to the Big Bar for grub, and he soon came with the necessary article. They told us they made an ounce a day—\$16.

There was no laws & we made laws to govern that Bar. We called 40 foot front a claim, & A— & I went to work, and in the afternoon we cleaned up an ounce. We worked till Saturday noon and our grub gave out, and we started for the Big Bar for a supply, with \$200 for our 4 days work. We were benighted on our way & stayed at a big Mexican camp over night. They treated us very kindly & wouldn't take a cent.

Sunday morning we made our own camp, found the boys growling with the prospect of being turned out of their diggings. Monday morning we started back with pork, beans, and sea biscuits. We found our blankets & tools. As we left there, about the middle of the week, we saw a train of mules a ziiiz-

zagging down the hill on the opposite side of a river, & turned out to be over 100 men from Oregon.

They came into camp, inquired if we had laws. We refer(r)ed them to a page torn from a pass book that had our laws written in pencil, with 40 foot front. They liked the laws & said they would support them.

Arnold & I worked till Sat. noon, and as our grub was gone we quit, & thought we would try the overland route home. We took our blankets, thinking we might camp. The day was hot, and the hill steep & dry & almost destitute of trees. We found a little scrub oak about half way up. The scrub was not big enough to fully shade both of us. We threw our blankets down, mad, & then ourselves on our blankets. We were so mad we couldn't speak. And finally, after the bile was exhausted, Arnold said, "How do you like this mining business?" I told him I had seen enough of it & was going to make a straight track to the Bay. He said that was his fix. Then we felt better & started for our camp right cheerfully & arrived some time in the night. Found the boys stirred up like a nest of hornets. They had been driven from their claim by that thieving Co. that had a



permit from the Alcalde. Our boys & the others had excavated a hole 8 ft. wide & 2 or 3 ft. deep, which made a fine canal for the river, when turned, but they spent \$1000. on their dam to turn the river, and the floods came & tore their works away, and they never got a cent.

We told the boys we were going to the Bay, and Chaffee & Putney said they would go, too. Mr. Patch & son concluded to winter in the mines. We had worked 26 days & had made clear eleven dollars per day per man; & Monday morning we took a team that was going to Stockton & in two days landed in a town that was bustling. Plenty of work. Carpenters got \$12 per day. Buildings were going up in all directions. Teams all were busy.



*Colton Hall, Monterey, First Capital of California*

Being here informed that the State had formed a constitution at Monterey, and located the Capitol at San Jose, we thought San Jose would be a good point for carpenters. We bought an old horse to pack our outfit and started overland, via Livermore's pass.

The first night out was passed at French Camp,\* kept by a man that owned cows, & sold milk in Stockton. He told us we would have a 25 mile desert to cross, with no water fit to drink. So, in the morning, after bidding our host goodbye, he kindly gave each of us a bottle of milk, which we fastened in the pack saddle. The day was warm, & after awhile we became thirsty & unfastened a bottle of milk to quench our thirst; when, "presto, change!" The motion of the horse & the hot sun had soured the milk, &, as we had not learned to drink sour milk, we foolishly threw it away, for before night we would have been glad to have it to drink.

On our way, we were all sadly fooled by the deceptive mirage. We would see cities in the distance with beautiful lakes of water, & would hurry up the more to reach the much desired water, but

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\*El Rancho del Campo de los Franceses. The ranch of the Camp of the Frenchmen.

it kept just so far away. We finally met a traveller that told us we would get no water fit to drink till we got near Livermore's, 10 or 15 miles away.

We were in the home of the wild horse, and saw bands of these wild mustangs playing together; but when they saw us, they broke and ran, making the ground tremble with their clatter.

Our old plug was so very slow that Chaffee & Putney struck out for Livermore's, leaving Arnold, I, & the old horse to get along the best we could. The day was one of those brassy ones in Sept. We had an umbrella in the pack that we took out and hoisted. It was a great relief to us & an object of curiosity to a band of some 150 or 200 little animals about the size of a goat. They approached us cautiously, till they were quite close, when a few flirts of the umbrella sent them off too quick. Antelopes.

At length the sun left us & darkness was approaching. We had no idea which was to go. I was in favor of camping, but Arnold was quite a horseman; said "we will let the horse go his way, for very likely the horse knew every step of the way between Stockton and San Jose," & he was right, for, soon after midnight, he landed us safely

at Livermore's, where Chaffee & Put. had been some 2 hours.

We soon had a little lunch & was ready for sleep. Livermore gave us a bullock's hide apiece to sleep on. It being an old Spanish ranch, with fleas innumerable, sleep was out of the question, for fleas were ravenous for Yankee gore, & they had it to satiety; and when the day began to dawn, we arose & went out to view the country, which is beautiful.

This man Livermore was an English sailor that married a native daughter some 20 years past, who brought him leagues & leagues of land & thousands of cattle & horses. They used to kill the cattle for their hides and tallow, but now they sold them for beef at \$16 apiece.

We also had peaches and grapes by the quantity. We had often heard of the excellence of the Cal. grape, but had no idea it was such a lucious luxury as it proved to be. He gave us all the peaches & grapes we could eat for one dollar.

We lingered around this delightful place till about noon, and should have staid longer or started earlier, for this day we had 15 miles to go; and, with the 2 mile gait of our horse, we failed to reach the old Mission of San Jose till past mid-

night. We camped in the street & took an early start for the Capitol of Cal., San Jose. We had another 15 mile drive, & were too late to find a camping place, & put up at the City Hotel, with meals \$2, & spread our blankets on floor, \$1.50. Everything & everybody was booming; plenty of work for carpenters at \$12 per day, & we agreed to work for a man at that price, but our tools were in the City. And Monday morning, Oct. 1, 1849, we start for the City to get our tools, and had the exquisite pleasure of riding after wild horses that were only 2 weeks from their native plains.

The first move in the operation was, driver & all hands aboard; then 6 horses were handled by 12 men, one to hitch & one to hold. The driver had his lines all ready, & said, "Let them go!" & they went on a keen run for 10 or 12 miles; then a relay, & so on, till we reached the City.

We thought Stockton & San Jose were boom towns, but they were baby booms compared with this rampant, bustling city; & here is where we should have staid instead of going to San Jose. But "there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may." We had engaged to work for a man in San Jose, & our word was as good as our bond. The rains commenced the 6 of

Oct. that year, & every few days a fresh supply from the clouds would appear, & 'twasn't long before the roads were so bad it was nearly impossible to haul lumber, & carpenters had to stop work for want of material.

We thought it a good idea to buy a lot & build a house to sell or rent. We bought a 50 vara lot for \$1000 of James F. Reed & agreed to pay for the lot in work at \$12 per day. We also boarded with Reed's family for \$12 per week. This Mr. Reed was one of the Donner Party, that, nearly all of them, perished in the mountains in the winter of 1846. It was heart-rending to hear Mr. Reed tell of sufferings they endured.

We bought lumber for \$70 per 1000 feet, & worked on our house when we could not get work from others.

The 15 of Dec. the Legislature convened, with nothing at all adequate for their convenience, & still raining. The members were in a disgruntled state at the accommodation prepared for them. In fact, it was rain, mud, & madness that prevailed. Several attempts were made to remove the Capitol during the winter. Some wanted to remove back to Monterey. Some wanted it in Frisco; & General Vallejo offered very liberal terms if they would

move to Benicia, & the people of San Jose done their utmost to keep it, & for the present it seemed all right.

Chaffee & I managed to keep along just about even during the winter, &, in the spring of '50, a stage Co. wanted a station 12 miles from San Jose, on the road to Frisco, & sent me to the city to buy a house ready to put together & ship to Alviso. I bought a building 14x30, 1½ stories. Then the question as to shipping to a point above Alviso to the Santa Clara Landing. The steamer wouldn't take the lumber, & finally I struck 2 men that owned a sloop & agreed to take the lumber to the Santa Clara Landing for \$300. They said they knew all about the way to get there, & started. I was with them, of course, to see that all was delivered at the proper place, but it proved our navigators were at fault. One thing, they were cautious, & went into every inlet on the south side of the Bay. They got into one inlet, & the tide left us high & dry, & (we) had to stay 24 hours to get out; but finally, after three days, we made the landing, which was not rapid transit, for it was only about 50 miles from the city.

Then we had a month's work putting the house up. The place is now called Mountain View. Dur-

ing the summer of '50, Emigrants brought the cholera into San Jose, but it was a mild type, so no deaths occurred, that I know of. Chaffee had it, & in a western phrase, "It kept him powerful weak" for a long time. The man & wife we boarded with had (it) & both were sick in one bed. They had a China cook, & I was nurse & chambermaid. After awhile, the man & wife were able to leave the bed, but were tottering about in a weak state for some time. In the fall, Chaffee was able to do a little work, & went to the stage station to recuperate & do work enough to a little more than pay for his board.

The winter of 50 & 51, the Legislature got an extra mad on, & moved the whole business to Vallejo. The breath of life had been barely perceptible for some time in San Jose, but this was the bursting point. The Capitol moved around like a restless dog; but finally settled in Sacramento. We now were fully convinced that we made a fatal mistake in locating here, & a greater mistake in commencing a building on such an elaborate scale. We had spent most of our means for materials & were now stranded. We nailed up the doors & windows & started for the mines, to recuperate.

On the 24 of March, 1851, an ox team was going



to Stockton that kindly agreed to take our blankets & cooking things. There were six of us forlorn pilgrims, & our purses were as flat as if an elephant had stepped on them with his whole weight.

During our travel to Stockton, an incident occurred that came near being fatal to Caffee. We were short of blankets. After crossing the San Joaquin river, we made a field bed, & all six of us bundled in, Chaffee on one side & I on the other. In the night he lost his cover & thought there should be some where I was. The ferryman had a lot of dogs, & Chaffee tried to be as still as possible & not to waken either dog or man; but, C. stepping on a crackling stick, the dogs set up a perfect dog Babel, & we were all awake & Chaffee was at my head, which I took to be an Indian after my scalp. I out (with a) 6 shooter & would have shot if he had not told me not to. I knew his voice, & desisted from being a murderer, so, after having a good laugh all round, we arranged the blankets & slept finely till morning.

When we entered Stockton it was raining, & the adobe soil of those days made mud as sticky as wax. We were looking for cheap quarters, & finally saw a card on a window, "Room to rent, 25 cts. per day." We secured that room, spread

our blankets on the floor, got crackers & cheese for grub, & were comparatively comfortable. The next day it cleared off, & we saw a teamster loading for the mines & told him we would like for him to take our dunnage along, but we were short of cash. He said if we would help him with his mules on the road, it would be all right.

The roads were heavy, but we made Swett's Bar, on the Tuolumne river, on the first day of April, 1851. Here two of our road partners left us, with Swain & Cates for mining partners. We take account of cash on hand, & find 50 cts. to be the sum total. We get grub & mining tools & commence fixing a place to roost. Timber is scarce for a log cabin, & we dig in the sidehill till 6 ft. deep, set up 8 ft. posts in front & run rafters back, cover with boughs, then a foot of dirt, build a fireplace & chimney, make a field bed 8 ft. square, & think we have quite a comfortable dugout.

Commence mining, & make \$3 a day, & so keep along till the middle of April. Then it commenced raining, & kept it up for 3 days. Moist spots began to appear in our roof, with now and then a little mud dropping, till it came down by the basket full—then we left. Chaffee & I crawled into an old leaky tent, but the water was clean. Swain &

Cates went into the store. It cleared off in the night, & in the morning we began to repair damage, which took three days, then began mining with better pay than before. It was now \$5 per day, & continued 2 weeks; then hot weather came & the river rose so high we couldn't make much of anything. Then the boys thought best to try & find better pay, & left me to take care of the camp.

The second day, I thought I would cook up something good for the boys when they came back. I had cooked beans before but never had tried pastry. Chaffee had been making biscuits all along. I thought to have a change, & make a loaf of raised bread & make at least one apple pie. Miners, in those days, wanted beans 21 times a week; so I picked over a mess of beans & set cooking. I also started some dried apples for pie & sauce, then commenced mixing bread for dough & pie crust; & was so absorbed in this delicate task that I forgot to look at the beans. The water boiled away & they burned. I took them from the fire & attended the dough I had in hand, which consisted of flour & water straight, & it didn't work to suit me.

I moved it to a warmer place to raise up a little, then commenced a new lot of beans. The apple was now cooked, & I cut off a piece of bread dough

for pie crust, rolled it out in the proper shape, filled with apple & set baking in Dutch oven, & when I thought it was cooked, took out, & it didn't look bad; but my bread dough was full of cracks on top, & it hadn't raised a particle. I wet my hands & smoothed the loaf over as a mason would smooth mortar with a trowel, & set it baking; & in a short time, my conceit began to weaken; & if I had thrown it away then I would have saved some of my reputation; but it was my first loaf, & I was in hopes it would turn out better than it looked. The pie looked middling well, & I thought it was all right. By & by the boys came, hungry, & pitched into the beans, which were all right. The bread they looked at with one eye, as a blue jay would look at an acorn; but when it came to pie—they knew more about that pie than I did. They lifted the top cover as they would a pot lid; scooped out the apple & returned the crust for another filling.

In regard to the bread I had made, I must admit that, as an article of food, (it) was an entire failure. It might have been a good foundation for an emery wheel. I gave it a brisk roll down the hill towards the river, & it kept its perpendicular as long as I could see it, & if it reached the river, it must be petrified long ago.

After the boys got through with their sumptuous repast of beans & the inside of a pie, they took their pipes & were in a talking mood. They had found splendid diggings at Chinese Camp, & we prepared to move as quick as possible. Swain took what he could on his mule. Chaffee & I took the balance on a wheelbarrow. The distance to Chinese was only 8 miles but the trail a most villainous route, & took about 10 hours to make the trip; & June 15, 1851, we landed in Chinese Camp.

This is a dry camp & water scarce & a very important article. We pay \$100 for a water privilege that now affords water to wash 400 buckets of dirt. Sat. we hire a mule & cart & wash 300 buckets, & have \$50, which is a great improvement in our finances. Monday, 16, we start bright & early, with a hired team at \$3, haul one mile, & wash 400 buckets, & have \$80.

June 18. The whole camp was aroused this morning by the news of a man brutally murdered within half mile of the Empire saloon, by Mexicans. He was a German named Charley Houk, & was robbed of \$500 that was with him. Parties started in pursuit of the villainous scoundrels & caught them at Hornitos & killed 2; the others escaped.

Sat., June 22, we clean our gold, & find we have taken, the past week, 30 oz., at \$16 to the ounce is \$480, & we feel quite satisfied & hope it will continue.

The week ending July 29, weather hot & dries the water up fast. We have taken \$425.

The week ending July 6(?). We have not done much the past week, owing to hot weather, & the 4th. we take account of our gold dust & find we have cleared \$1008 since the 15 of June.

Chaffee & I, having some unfinished business in San Jose, & thinking that short settlements make long friends, he thinks best for me to go down & settle up, & Monday I take passage with Walker, the teamster, for Stockton. We drove to the blue tent & stop for the night, & while there, Swain came up with his mule. He thought he would go to San Jose & see if we couldn't get a team, & save by having a team of our own.

Got into Stockton at 2 P. M. & took the boat for the City, & arrived on the 9th. Fell in with Capt. Ham, an old shipmate, that owned & was running a schooner to Alviso. He insisted on my going up with him. I was easily persuaded, & went. I paid him \$350 that we were owing his brother.

Arrived at Alviso at 6 A. M. I walked to Moun-

tain View & staid over night with a man that was owing us \$229. I found him as usual, without money, but full of very fair promises. He thought he would have the money in 3 or 4 days. I then went to San Jose. Found nothing new except a gallows that had been recently erected for the benefit of horse thieves, murderers, &c. On the next day was Friday, & quite a concourse of spectators to witness the execution of a Mexican.

July 14, I started for the horse ranch to see what I could do with my man. Found him still without money, but said he had a plenty of horses and would give me a bargain. I told him I knew nothing about horses and would depend on his word. He had a fine looking horse brought up for my inspection. I asked the price of him. He said he could sell him in the city for \$225, but would let me have him for \$200. I liked the looks of him. He was kind and gentle and I took him, and changed the note to \$29, hunted the tallest fence I could to mount, and without saddle, and a rope for a bridle, started off, proud of my bargain.

After going a short distance, I noticed he went a little lame, and kept getting worse. I supposed it was nothing serious, as he didn't show any lame-

ness when I started. I dismounted, and examined his feet. I found nothing the matter with them. I couldn't mount again without a high fence, so I trudged along on foot into San Jose and there met loafers at every corner, asking me what I was doing with that three-legged horse, for he didn't step on his off fore foot. Finally, a friend of mine told me the horse had the sweeny and was incurable. I was mad, and took his halter off and told him to get, and he went home during the night, and the next day the man came charging into town and told me my horse came back. I told him he could stay back, and I would not have him at any rate; and, further, I would have him arrested for swindling. He saw that I was in earnest, and offered to take him back and give me the span he was driving for \$150. I told him there was only one way to settle, and that was, to give me a new note of \$229, which he did, with interest at 3 per cent a month.

In the meantime, Swain had bought a wagon. I went to a man I could trust and bought a mule, and (we) soon rigged him out with harness and were ready to start. This being Friday, there was another hanging to come off, and after seeing that we started with five passengers for Chinese Camp.



On our way to the old Mission, we came to the first toll bridge I had seen in the country. It was a catchpenny affair with a little whiskey shanty on one side. Fifty cents, the price. We soon convinced him he had met the wrong party. We took the mules out of the wagon, led them across, then pulled the wagon over and started on our way rejoicing, and so kept along till we landed in Chinese Camp.

July 22, found Chaffee and Cates well, but our golden prospects not near as good as when we left. The water had failed, so we couldn't wash much dirt, and the dirt had diminished in value, so we couldn't make over \$5 per day; and, taking into consideration that three or four months must pass before we had rains to raise the springs, we thought best to hunt other quarters; and, after prospecting a part of the month of August for better digging here, we make a start for Second Garrote, twenty miles southeast of Chinese.

We pack our goods and chattels on our two mules, and pass through Jacksonville, a very lively camp, and up Moccasin Creek, and up, up, up, to Big Oak Flat, named from a big and beautiful oak tree that grew there. We stepped around it

and made 39 steps to 13 feet diameter, and as perfect a tree as ever grew.

We pass along through First Garrote (from a man that was garroted here), and September 4th, 1851, landed in what was and is called by the Euphonious name of Second Garrote. It had no reason to be called by that horrid name, for never a man was hung here in the world. The Mexicans called it San Ignacio. Winslow Hubbard was here at the christening, and he tells us in his reminiscences how it was named. James Shoto, a St. Louis French (man) again made his appearance; wanted to know the name of our camp. We told him. He said, "I call it Second Garrote"; and it is still Second Garrote, and no doubt will always retain that name.

It is a beautiful little basin, surrounded by pine-clad hills. The valley, at that time, was covered with very large oak trees that have since fallen by the woodman's axe. There is one standing on the Yosemite road, near our home, that is unique from its ugliness. They have a sign, "Hangman's Tree," nailed on to a limb.

September 8 and 9, Monday and Tuesday, fitted up an old log cabin for winter. While we were



*"Hangman's Tree" in 1913*

at work, a man came along, asked us if we wanted a post office. We said "Yes." He said the postal agent for the Pacific Coast was a friend of his, and if we would give him a petition with thirty names we would have an office inside of thirty

days; and sure enough, it was so. Garrote was the name, and Micager Tucker was postmaster. Oak Flat and Garrote (first) had to come here for their mail. Oak Flat was very indignant, but soon after had an office of their own. The office was kept here till the spring of '52. No one here would have the office and they moved the whole business to what is now called Groveland (First Garrote).

September 10 we begin mining, and find it a different place altogether from Chinese. There, gold is generally diffused among the soil; here, it is generally a foot or so from bedrock, and in some places ten or twelve feet to throw away,—which makes much work for small pay. We have worked four days and have taken \$12.

The week ending September 14, we have sunk five holes the past week that would average six feet square and nine feet deep, and only one of them paid anything, and that only paid \$40.

The boys begin to growl about the diggings. There is one thing that makes it pleasant to stay. The Tuolumne river is full of big salmon. The Indians bring them in and sell them cheap. I

have seen them four feet long, that you could buy for one dollar.

One night our mules were missing. We used to feed them nights. They had never failed to come home before, & the next day we gathered a big posse to help hunt for them. An old Texas Indian fighter commanded the expedition. We were prepared & expected to have a fight, & I must say, I felt kind of creepy about it. I was well to the rear—a position I liked, because if a retreat was ordered, I would be well advanced, & would march in double quick time. It was like a funeral march. Not a word was said above a whisper. If I had (had) anything to give away, I would have made my will. After awhile, we saw two squaws gathering acorns in one of their conical baskets. When they saw us they ran, & we knew we were near their camp, which we found in a few minutes, & consisted of these two squaws & one very old man. Our Commander talked with him. He asked where the braves were. The old man said, “on the river, fishing.” He asked them about the mules. He said the chiefs had ridden them to the river, then let them go.

Then our courage was big, & we thought we

might find the mules; & in an hour or so we found them & led them home; & this ended my first & only Indian fight.

The week ending Sept. 21. We have been prospecting all the week & have found nothing that we thought would pay.

The week ending Sept. 28. We made up our minds we would leave this place. We had some things to dispose of. I went to an Italian that had always been friendly. I told him we were about to leave, & would like to sell a few things we had. He said, "What for you go?" I said, "Poor pay." "No, you no go. I show you good claim, pay \$8 per day;" & he showed' a ravine close by, & we commenced panning & found, with water, we could make \$8 per day, & commenced throwing out dirt, to wash when the rains came.

Oct. 8 Chaffee found a nugget that weighed 7.70. This would pay for a number of buckets; & the next day Chaffee found another piece of 5.90.

The week ending Oct. 12. We have thrown out dirt all the week, till yesterday we prospected another ravine that will pay as well as this,—& no water.

The week ending Oct. 19. We are still throw-

ing out dirt. Rec'd San Jose papers & a letter from Sister, which is very acceptable, as I haven't heard from home in a long time.

The week ending Oct. 26. We must now try to make something to live on, as our funds are nearly gone. Monday, Swain started for Stockton to ranch our mules & to buy our winter stock of provisions. Cates & I commenced a hole in a new place. Tuesday, we got down. It being 12 ft. deep, this has paid us better than any we have dug. We took out \$75 in a space of 10 ft. square. We then sank 4 holes close by, but none of them paid.

The week ending Nov. 2. Swain came back Monday. Cates & I have been sinking holes in different places, but none paid. Chaffee has been getting out lumber for toms.

The week ending Nov. 9, Monday. I commenced a hole in a new place, on a ridge leading from Slap Jack ravine. It was hard digging. I had 2 ft. of cemented gravel, nearly as hard as rock. Tuesday, Chaffee took hold with me. We got \$4 fine, & one piece of \$2.30; which induced us to think there was more near by. We extended our hole 10 ft. in length, which took till Saturday

to get down. We found one piece of 11.50 & \$4 in fine gold. Swain & Cates have been washing with rocker & made \$5 apiece. Sat. it commenced to rain, & at night rained quite hard. High wind.

The week ending Nov. 16. Mon., Tues., & Wedn. Chaffee worked making toms. Splitting lumber out of logs is slow work. Swain, Cates & self have been panning & done very well.

The week ending Dec. 7. The past 2 weeks we haven't done much. Swain killed & brought in a deer, which was an acceptable change in our bill of fare. News came of a man being horribly chawed up by a bear. The same bear killed an Indian the same time.

The year ending Dec. 31, 1851. Were it not for the castle building & dazzling hopes that haunt the gold hunter, he would give up in despair. For 2 weeks we watched the clouds as they passed over, hoping they would let out enough to wash our dirt; & finally the spell was broken. 23, it rained in torrents,—in fact, it rained so hard we were glad to keep the house.

24. It still rained, but we couldn't see the precious fluid pass unheeded any longer. We started 2 toms, & at night had \$40, which, with the clos-



ing days of the month, we had \$137. As the water had run down so we could only run one tom, it was thought best to divide our force, & Thursday, Jan. 1, 1852, Chaffee & I commenced moving over the hill, 3 miles distant. It was over a rough country, & no trail, & a tom 10 ft. long, mining tools, grub, & so on, we packed by hand & foot power. We find it a hard road to travel. I pack the loads we have to pack. We put up our tent & commence fireplace & chimneys.

Friday, Jan. 2, finished our camp. Sat., had a hard day's work moving over. We have made 3 trips, equal to 18 miles.

The week ending Jan. 11. The Fates are against us. When we came over here, we expected to have plenty of water, but it hasn't rained since we have been here, & our partners at Garrote are no better off; & all we can do now is to watch & wait for more water.

The week ending Feb. 1, 1852. It is now 4 weeks that we have been camping here waiting for water, just barely making expenses. For a week at a time we see no one, & we have come to the conclusion to go back to Garrote & wait there till we have water to work here. So we pack our

blankets, & leave tools here, to work when we have water.

The week ending Feb. 8. Swain found a loose quartz rock about 3 ft. long, & would average about 18 inches in the middle. It was rich in gold, & within 10 ft. of our cabin. We broke it up into pieces from the size of a man's fist to the size of a man's head, & it showed gold all through it. We were not looking for quartz & was not excited over it at all. Cates & I sank a shaft at that point 25 ft. deep. We once in a while saw a little gold, but not much. The rock became tight & hard picking, & we quit. At the same time, made with a rocker, \$20.

Swain was laid up with a cut on his knee, & at this time, Dec. 2, 1851, Dr. Roberts is sinking a double compartment shaft, including our old shaft.

The week ending Feb. 15, 1852, all 4 of ous have been placer mining & have made \$30.

The week ending Feb. 22, Wm. Wyat joined us in a claim on Second Garrote creek. We had 3 ft. of water to bail, & I made a pump to keep the water so we could work the claim. We took \$46.

The week ending Feb. 29. We have washed out 5 ounces; an ounce apiece, the past week.

The week ending Mar. 9. Our claim has petered out, for we only took 5.70. Wednesday it commenced raining & kept it up till Saturday, then held up, & Chaffee & I shouldered our blankets & cooking utensils & started for our ravine over the hill. Chaffee and I took out 95.75, & picked our dirt, & Swain & Cates & an Indian washed dirt that was thrown out, & had \$140.

The week ending Mar. 21. All 4 of us have taken \$164 & have washed all the dirt we had thrown up. Our partners, Swain & Cates, take their departure for Rattlesnake creek, & Chaffee & I think of leaving the mines & of going to Jimtown & start a wheelwright shop; but finally bought 4 men out of a claim on the main creek for \$63.

The week ending April 4. Weather inclement. We took out during the week, \$75; & the week ending April 11, we had \$100, which is really good. April 18, \$66. April 25, \$110. Wednesday, I picked up a \$40 nugget. To-day, we clean our gold, & have 345.50 for our first 26 days work on the claim we bought for \$63. The week ending May 2, we took \$65.

May 9. Spring is here with all its beauty.

Birds are happy & so are we, for we have taken \$70 of bullion.

The week ending May 23,—\$80 is this week's showing. Chaffee was the lucky one this time, for he found a beautiful nugget. The week ending May 30,—\$80 is the figure for this week. The week ending June 6,—the water is failing fast. There is not enough now to run a tom, & no one throwing out dirt to wash when we have water. The week ending July 11,—we washed 65 buckets of dirt & had \$24, which is good pay.

July 15. We start for San Jose to have a little rest. We walk 26 miles & stop at Irving House, this side of Knight's Ferry. 16,—take passage with a teamster for Stockton, & at 4 P. M. take the steamer American Eagle for the City. 18,—Sunday, attend church on the Plaza & in the streets. July 19. Came across our old friend Arnold. He is keeping a livery stable, & with one of his best teams, takes us all over the City, & orders as good a dinner as Barnum's Hotel can afford. We enjoy his kind hospitality very much.

July 20.—We take the steamer Archer Roy for Alviso, thence, by stage, (go) to San Jose, which is still dull; & 3 days lets us out on visiting &

we go to City by stage, thence by steamer Kate Kearny to Stockton. She ran aground, & the American Eagle was 12 hours pulling us off.

From Stockton we take stage for Chinese Camp, then walk to Steven's Bar & stop for the night. The next day we finish our journey to Second Garrote, which we find nearly deserted. They have mostly gone to the rivers, where they can get water to work with. We have been throwing out dirt, which is disagreeable business.

Now I will skip along through the hot, dry summer, to Sept. 19.

I have been throwing out dirt, Chaffee has been washing with a cradle & washed out \$82, which is decidedly the best dirt we have found in this place. The week ending Oct. 10. We are throwing out dirt & have washed out \$25. The week ending Oct. 22,—we are still throwing out dirt.

Yesterday I was agreeably surprised to meet Geo. H. Pratt, an old acquaintance from Worcester, Mass. We sold him a third interest in our claims for \$150. We fix up our log cabin & prepare for winter. In 2 or 3 days after Pratt came, one of his fellow passengers came along & took a vacant cabin not 10 ft. from ours. He complained of being sick. He had some fever, &

wanted I should bleed him, which I tried to do; & at the sight of blood, he fainted away.

Our nearest Dr. lived in Oak Flat. I went for him, as soon as I could go, on foot. The Dr. wanted to know how the man appeared. I told him he complained of pains all over him & had a high fever. The Dr. said it might be smallpox. He came to see him & called it smallpox, & as I was in for it, I might as well tend him during his illness.

It was a mild case, but no one caught the disease; but our friend Pratt was very much frightened. Our neighbors, & tramps, gave us a wide berth during his illness, & when it was all over, Pratt, Chaffee & I, commenced throwing out dirt, to wash when we had water.

We picked our ground & found pay enough for expenses; & so we keep along till Christmas, & 24 inches of snow fell that day, & went off with a warm rain. And then we had more water than we could handle; we had to hire men at \$5 per day.

The heavy rains setting in so early rendered the roads impassable, & the merchants had failed to get in provisions. The consequence was, high prices for goods,—flour 60 cts. per pound & everything in proportion.

Pratt, Chaffee & one man was washing dirt that was thrown up in summer. Another man & I was washing dirt from the little gulch the Italian told me of, & it came up to the standard. The other ground was spotted, & between the high price of labor & grub we didn't make much, but kept along till March; then we discharged our men. We supposed there was a lead of gold above us that hadn't been found, & our work during the winter was to cut it off. We now had it cut off, except about 50 feet, & we dug 3 holes, 12 or 15 ft. long & 3 ft. wide, & about 7 ft. deep. Chaffee's hole was in the middle, & he struck the lead.

We now had 200 feet of tail race to dig, 7 ft. deep. As good luck would have it, we had a big rain, & we commanded all the water at the head of Second Garrote Creek & commenced ground-slucing our tail race, 5 ft. wide. We worked steady for 24 hrs. & finished the race. We rested 2 days, then hired 2 Irishmen, at \$4.50 a day, to throw off 5 ft. of dirt, & the first half day had \$32.

The week ending April 10. We have taken \$162.

The week ending April 17. Our lead is crooked, & we have only taken \$60.

The week ending April 24, have taken \$348.

The week ending May 1st, have taken \$170.

The week ending May 8, have taken \$250. Pratt went to Sonora. On his way back, bought 2 cows. Paid \$150 for them.

The week ending May 15, only take \$91.

The week ending May 22, have taken \$367.

The week ending May 29, have taken \$218. I found a nugget worth \$72.

The week ending June 5, only have \$33.

The week ending June 12, \$100.

The week ending June 19, \$140.

The water has failed. We discharge our men & give up washing for the season, & June 26, 1853, Chaffee & I start for San Jose, to see what the prospects are in that burg. We walk 20 miles & stop at Shoemakes.(?) We were disappointed in getting a seat out of 3 stages, & finally take passage in a team; go to Blue Cottage & stay over night. 28, take one of the stages, & it whirled us into Stockton in a hurry. At 4 P. M., take steamer American Eagle for the City.

July 1, go to San Jose via Alviso. Found the place improving; everybody busy. The week ending July 10.—After a week's survey, we think it a good idea to finish our house. The week ending—July 17,—have spent the past week in getting materials to finish the house. Wednesday, went to



the City; & Chaffee went to the mines to prospect for another gold mine.

The week ending July 24.—I worked for J. F. Reed, 5 days, at \$6 per day. San Jose, week ending Aug. 7, 1853.—I have worked on the house all the week.

An awful tragedy has occurred here the past week between Edward & Thomas Pyle & Dunham & Whitlock. Tom Pyle was instantly killed, leaving a wife & family to mourn his loss. Edward Pyle was seriously wounded. Dunham was wounded in the thigh. Whitlock escaped harm.

The week ending Aug. 14.—I have worked all the week on our house. Here I will skip over to Sept. 25. This quiet city was confused last Monday morning, in consequence of a man being murdered the night before. He was a stranger, in the employ of Mr. Mar., threshing grain. The cause of his murder none can tell.

2 other murders have been committed near this place. The state of society is getting as bad as (in) the memorable days of '50 & '51. A committee of Vigilance have organized themselves & are determined to put a stop to such high handed crime. I worked for Cotrill 3 days.

The week ending Oct. 23.—I have worked all

the week hanging doors. Woodnutt finished plastering, making 544 yards, for which we pay him \$544. The house is all finished, & cost \$7500. A man came along,—inquired the price. I told him \$6000. He offered \$4000. It was no sale.

I have earned at carpentry up to Dec. 5, \$213. At this date there is not much demand for carpenters, & the 12th, take the stage for Gilroy, which is 30 miles south of San Jose. At 9 P. M., I arrive at J. B. Allen's, & accept of his hospitality, to stop with him as long as I like. I stayed one day, & we agree on the price of some work he wants done, & I go to San Jose for my tools, & came back the 17, & went to work for Mr. Allen the 20th.

J. D. Davis & I signed a contract to build a church, 24x30, 14 ft. studding, for \$500.

Jan. 7, 1854.—In our agreement, the church folks were to have materials on the ground by the first of the month, & at this date there is not a stick in sight, & I receive a letter from Chaffee stating that he & Pratt had found something good, & I had better come quick & share with them the pleasure of taking it out.

Jan. 10, I start for Frisco, & G. W. Warren goes along to see what he can find. We land at the City

Hotel in Sonora the 11, & the 12 start for Garrote, by way of Ward's Ferry, on foot, & pack our blankets. It commenced raining, & we became water-logged at Deer Flat, & stayed over night. The 13, start for Garrote No. 2, drenched with rain. We found Chaffee & Pratt well & our mining prospects good. 14.—Warren & I keep still, to recuperate.

Jan. 20, 1854. The past week has been stormy, & now there is 12 inches of snow on the ground & very cold. 22,—cloudy, with prospect of another storm; but we cannot stay in the house longer, & work a short time,—have \$45. 23.—All three of us worked & had \$67. We worked as long as we could see, & Chaffee wanted to try a pan where I was at work, & had \$36, & in 5 days, up to 28th., had \$122.25. The week ending Feb. 5, 1854.—We have taken out of the claim, \$405, & now she has gone back on us, & Pratt, Chaffee & I dig in every direction & can find no trace of the old jade.

Feb. 19.—I propose to Chaffee to go with me to Gilroy, & maybe the church folks have got some lumber on hand & we will build that church. We sell all right, title, & interest to G. R. Pratt for \$50 & start for the lower country, packing blankets, via Pacheco's Pass. We have two reasons

for taking this course to San Jose. The principal one is to see the country.

In 2 days we reach Hill's Ferry, on the San Joaquin. Feb. 21.—We stay at the Ferry, then have a chance to ride 12 miles to Brown & Baker's ranch. 23.—It rains so hard we lay over till the 23, then walk 8 miles to Ogden's ranch & inquire the distance to Pacheco's ranch. They tell us 25 or 30 miles, & on our way (we) come across an old grizzly. We are not anxious to make his acquaintance; pass along, & as he seems willing to let us alone, we most cordially reciprocate.

After traveling some 15 miles from Ogden's, we reach the Pacheco Creek, which at this time is running boldly, & have to ford the creek 4 times; & finally select an island, to camp, build up a rousing fire, & turn in as hungry as wolves, as we have had nothing to eat since morning.

We start bright & early for Pacheco's Ranch, some 8 miles distant, where we find a lot of Greasers playing Monte on a bullock's hide. We tell them we are hungry & want something to eat. They say, "Poco tempo."

One of them starts to make a fire. We wait awhile longer & tell them to hurry up.

One of them says, "Poco tempo."

After waiting 2 hours, we get some Spanish slapjacks thin as wafers & dry as chips, & some black, muddy coffee. We then travel some 10 miles to J. B. Allen's, Gilroy.

The second reason for coming this way was, we didn't know but they had lumber for the church; but they couldn't raise the means, & gave up the church. We stay at J. B. Allen's all night, & he takes us to San Jose.

Feb. 25, at 3 P. M.—We now have a house of our own & soon equip for boarding ourselves. Get a cook stove & provisions. From Garrote 155 miles & on foot 112 miles.(?) And now we will sing the chorus of "Stay at home, boys, stay."

The first news we heard of was, that Akenhead, County Treasurer, had decamped with \$7000 county money. The next thing is, that Merrit & Brothers had made a complete success in boring the first Artesian well in this county. They went down 80 ft. & struck a stream of flowing water that would make a miner smile, if he could control it in the dry diggings.

This is the commencement of a new era in the Santa Clara valley, & Meyers, Sheppard & Yontz have bored 2 others, & either of them is 4 times as strong as Merrit & Brothers.

The week ending March 5, 1854.—Chaffee & I have been resting after our jaunt from the mines on foot & in the floods of Pacheco Creek. We have leased our house to Dr. G. B. Crane, at \$40 per month in advance.

The week ending March 12, 1854. We have worked all the week, fixing up about the house. A most brutal murder in this vicinity. An American lady was most inhumanly butchered, while her husband was in town. Her throat was cut from ear to ear. The party committing this brutal act is unknown.

April 2.—We have been painting house. Friday, took a ride with Dr. Crane to Gilroy. Tuesday, the murderer of Mrs. Mills was brought into town by a Greaser that had shot him for insulting his wife. It was thought the deceased was the actual murderer of Mrs. Mills, & on these grounds, the Greaser was acquitted.

May 21.—We have worked 69 days apiece for Jake Pyle, at \$6 per day, \$414.

We have received intelligence the past week of the declaration of war between Russia & Turkey, France & England.

June 14.—We commenced work for Morgan Schroeder, doing the woodwork of a house 48x29,

2 stories, with a porch all round, by the day, at \$6 per day.

The week ending July 9.—We have worked 5 days each. The glorious Fourth we spent with the crowd, & (it) has passed off very well.

July 16.—Hot weather has prevailed, the mercury running from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $104^{\circ}$  in (the) shade. Destructive fires have occurred in Frisco, Sacramento, & Columbia.

July 25.—Yester morn, on our way to work, we saw a man hung by the neck to the limb of a tree. Supposed to be the work of Vigilantes.

Aug. 6.—Another brutal murder has been committed. A Spanish woman & 2 children were the victims. As present, no trace of the criminals.

Mercury going up  $106^{\circ}$  &  $108^{\circ}$ .

Received of Morgan Schroeder \$500, which we let Julian Hanks have for a year, interest 3 per cent per month.

Sept. 17.—Artesian wells seem to be all the rage. Cotrell succeeded in getting one of the finest streams in the county by boring 64 ft.

Oct. 15.—Finished work for Shroeder, & our wages amount to \$1042.

Another murder. A woman & 3 children were killed at the crossing of the Salinas river.

During the past summer, we have been collecting materials for a first-class mining fever, & at this date, Nov. 19, was the culminating point & we start for the mines again. If we knew when we were well off we would stay here, but we must learn it all over again. The 20, we start for Frisco on the old land route; & 4 P. M. take the Walhanet(?) for Sacramento. 22,—take the stage for Sonora, via Mokelumne Hill, & arrive about sundown. 23,—Take stage, pass through San Andreas, Curson (must be "Burson"), Rob(inson's) Ferry, Soldier's Gulch, Shaw's Flat, & arrive in Sonora at half past 4, & stop at City Hotel.

25,—We start for Garrote No. 2, & arrive at 4 P. M.

Dec. 5, 1854,—This camp is plum(b) full of men waiting for water. In coming from Sonora, we left our blankets at Kincaid's Flat, & Monday I went with a donkey to get them. We board with Harry Kraft, & prospect around for 3 weeks. Where we wish to work is claimed by other parties, & we move to Moccasin Creek with our blankets, about one mile above Culbertson's. We get some cloth to fix up a kind of tent; have a fireplace & chimney; get some lumber from Oak Flat to make a tom, & get a Chinaman to pack it down; make a



tom & go to work, but the wages are light. The fact is, dirt is scarce. It is all rocks. If we could get the same prospects in Garrote we get here, we could make \$10 a day.

We have nothing to read, & spend our evenings at the grocery store, kept by George Johnson. The miners gather in here & tell what they have made, which ranges from 75 cts. to a dollar a day. We don't brag about our wages.

The week ending Feb. 4.—We have worked with a tom all the week and have \$23. 2 days ago we received a letter from Dr. Crane. He says times are dull in San Jose. To-day, I received a big bundle of papers from father.

The week ending Feb. 25, 1855.—Great excitement in the city by the failure of Page, Bacon, & Co., & of Adams & Co., & the Bankers generally closed their doors. We are still at work, making a dollar or two a day.

The week ending March 18.—We have worked here for 3 months & have \$134, & conclude we will go back to our old stamping ground, 2nd Garrote.

The week ending Mar. 25.—Have been fixing a place to try making a start, &c.

The week ending April 8.—For the past 2 weeks

we have made \$76. From April 24 to August 26, 4 months, we only take \$275.

We have received several letters from Dr. Crane of San Jose during that time. He says times are very dull, & many failures have occurred. The times were so hard, he had to find a place with cheaper rent, but would still act as our agent.

Aug. 26, 1855.—Now we are up to the foundation of Bret Harte's *Story of Tennessee's Partner*, & from now on, our mining operations take a different color.

On the other side of the Tuolumne River, quite an excitement has existed in regard to an ancient river bed that has been found. Is called the gravel range; & evidently the same range exists on this side of the river. It has been traced some 5 miles from Kanaka to above Hamilton's. A company is formed here of 17 men, Chaffee & I included. Chaffee & I work through the winter of '55 & '56. We have faith in it & want more money, & we write to Dr. Crane to sell our property in San Jose for what he can get, & March 5, 1856, we receive a letter from the Dr. stating he had sold the property for \$2100 to J. B. Price; & we go to San Jose, make out the papers, receive our cash, & come back.

In the meantime, we find the gravel range a little too heavy for our purse. The company had divided before the scarcity of cash. The new Co. was called the Pioneers, with 9 men, as follows: Fred & Frank Stocking, R. & L. Thomas, J. Courly(?), Ben Dudley, G. R. Pratt, & Chaffee & I. We kept together 2 months & found we had bitten off more than we could chew, & disbanded. The claim & tools were put up at a raffle, the winner to furnish an oyster supper, & April 13, 1856, was the time. The place was over in the Slapjack country, near Fred Stocking's house.

Chaffee & Mrs. Stocking just spread themselves on the occasion. Mrs. Stocking done the pastry part, & Chaffee done what he could to help her in other ways.

We had a glorious time, under a spreading oak tree with the virgin leaves just putting out. It was a time never to be forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Stocking are now in the City & have raised a large family.

The week ending May 26, 1856.—The past has been an exciting week in San Francisco. The 14, James King of Wm. was shot by James P. Casey in broad daylight, for an article that appeared in the Evening Bulletin. And the people, not having

much confidence in the civil authorities, formed themselves into a Vigilante committee, & Sunday took Cory & Casey from the jail & conveyed them to the committee rooms on Sacramento St., & they were hung in front of the committee rooms.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco are making a clean sweep of shoulder strikers, ballot box stuffers, & other bad characters that have been gnawing at the vitals of California ever since she was a state.

I received two letters from home; one from sister, and one from Brother Edwin.

We have commenced a house for Pratt, 12x24, with wings on each side for bedrooms.

The week ending June 29, 1856.—We commenced a house & shop, 18x30, 1½ stories high. We intend to work at carpentering (&) wheelwright work.

The week ending July 13.—We have made up our minds to try another speculation. A party has applied to us to put in a wheel & pump for them on the river, & take an interest in the claim for pay. The claim has never been tested. The claim adjoining above paid well last year, & we have every reason to think ours will pay as well.

Aug. 10.—I went down the river to put in a wheel & pump for Mc.Grath.

Aug. 17.—I worked  $5\frac{1}{2}$  days on wheel, then went down the river some 4 miles, where Chaffee was at work. Wheels & pumps are being put in at every available point on the river.

Aug. 23.—I finished my job for Ned McGrath. About noon, started the pump, & it worked fine, throwing the water out of the hole in about an hour. Another party has applied to me to do a similar job for them up the river about a mile. I worked for Stoltze(?) 9 days, & try the pump. It don't go quick enough to take out the water, & I put in a counter shaft to gain speed, & then the pump worked fine. I worked 14 days at \$6 a day. They gave me a note payable in 60 days.

The week ending Sept. 21.—I have been doing small jobs on the river at \$6 per day. Yesterday I came to Garrote.

The week ending Sept. 28,—I went to Blythe's store, on the river. I found Chaffee & the boys on the point of pulling out, for the season. That was unfortunate as a speculation, for we were out \$200, besides Chaffee's labor.

So it goes, with a seesaw motion, up & down. Sometimes we think we have a fortune within our

grasp; then it will disappear like a Jack o'lantern in a meadow.

\* \* \* \*

## HOW BRET HARTE GOT THE FOUNDATION FOR HIS STORY

This is the substance of the information as to the story in which the partners figured, as added by Mr. Chamberlain: In 1868, Bret Harte, whose unique tales of the mines had been enthusiastically welcomed, cast about for material for a new story that he had in mind. From a former mining partner of theirs, then living in San Francisco, he learned of an occurrence of the year 1855—a fiendish crime committed by a man who was pursued, arrested in Chinese Camp, brought back and tried by “Judge Lynch.” He admitted his guilt, was taken out at night and would doubtless have been lynched on the spot by the crowd of angry men, had not Mr. Chaffee, whose regard for law and order was well-known, succeeded in persuading them to turn the wretched fellow over to the civil authorities for trial.

The account of this crime and trial, and the description of the place and of the beautiful comradeship of our “David and Jonathan,” served Bret

Harte (who never met the two men or saw their home) as the foundation for his pathetic and picturesque story of "Tennessee's Partner."

Several years after its publication, Mr. Chaffee visited the "City" and was soon located and interviewed by an enterprising newspaper woman. A copy of the interview was brought to Mr. Chamberlain. As the latter tells it, "I was anxious to see who Tennessee was, and sent to the City for a little book of Bret Harte's novels, and was not at all flattered with the character Bret Harte gave me."

Into the sunset of the earth-life of this quaint old couple came a young friend, who found in their chats about the past far more of interest than fiction writers had gleaned.

"Please, please try to write what you have told me and I will copy it, so it may be preserved," was the urgent request.

The one addressed modestly demurred: "They were only every-day occurrences;" and he could not write in "literary style," was his answer. At last the "please, please try" was rewarded, and for friendship's sake, old account books and diaries,—aids to the remarkable memory of the two men, were gathered together, and in the long winter

months the trembling old fingers painstakingly penciled the true story of the "Partners" in the land of "Once-upon-a-time."

But the query, "What about the things that happened after 1856?" was dismissed with a final "That is really all. Since then, there has been nothing of consequence."

\* \* \* \*

### "THE SOUL OF JONATHAN WAS KNIT WITH THE SOUL OF DAVID"

The Partners had selected for their final resting place a peaceful little spot on the beautiful hillside overlooking their home; but once more their plans were over-ruled. At the age of eighty, Jason A. Chaffee gave a last earthly hand-clasp to his lifelong comrade, and, following a surgical operation in a distant hospital, "crossed the Great Divide."

James P. Chamberlain, eighty-three years old, also failing in health and bereft of his companion, would accept but little of the kindly ministrations of his neighbors. "I had one Partner," was his answer to their offers of "someone to stay with"



and help him; "I will never have another."

Alone, practically helpless and penniless and in intense physical pain he mourned for his friend. One morning he brought out his one weapon, an old army musket, and seating himself outside the door of his lonely house, "Tennessee" went to find his "Partner."

The kind neighbors buried his body in the little cemetery near the town. A friend, Mr. Charles H. Burden, the undertaker of Sonora, read the burial service,—and the only music was the gentle, pitying voice of the soft breeze sighing through the tops of the tall pines.

## POSTLUDE

And time speeds on, and others will travel in the paths of the Pioneers and tell their stories in simple, homely chat or in language of eloquent beauty; and they, in turn, may become new pioneers.

I have seen a small cedar growing from the crumbling trunk of the long-since fallen Father of the Forest in the Calaveras Grove, a different tree, yet none the less wonderful. And we know that in both these, as in the tiny forget-me-not down in the foothills, is a seed-thought of the

Creator, visibly expressed for us to read. In the soul of mankind and in the tree and the flower we can find it.

With questioning eyes we look up to the Sequoia, the pine and the cedar, and, like little children, kneel close to the earth to gather the forget-me-not.

For "The Greatest of These" is in and about them all.

*Sequoia Gigantea*  
Cone



*"The Greatest of These Is Love"*

ADVENTURING IN CALIFORNIA

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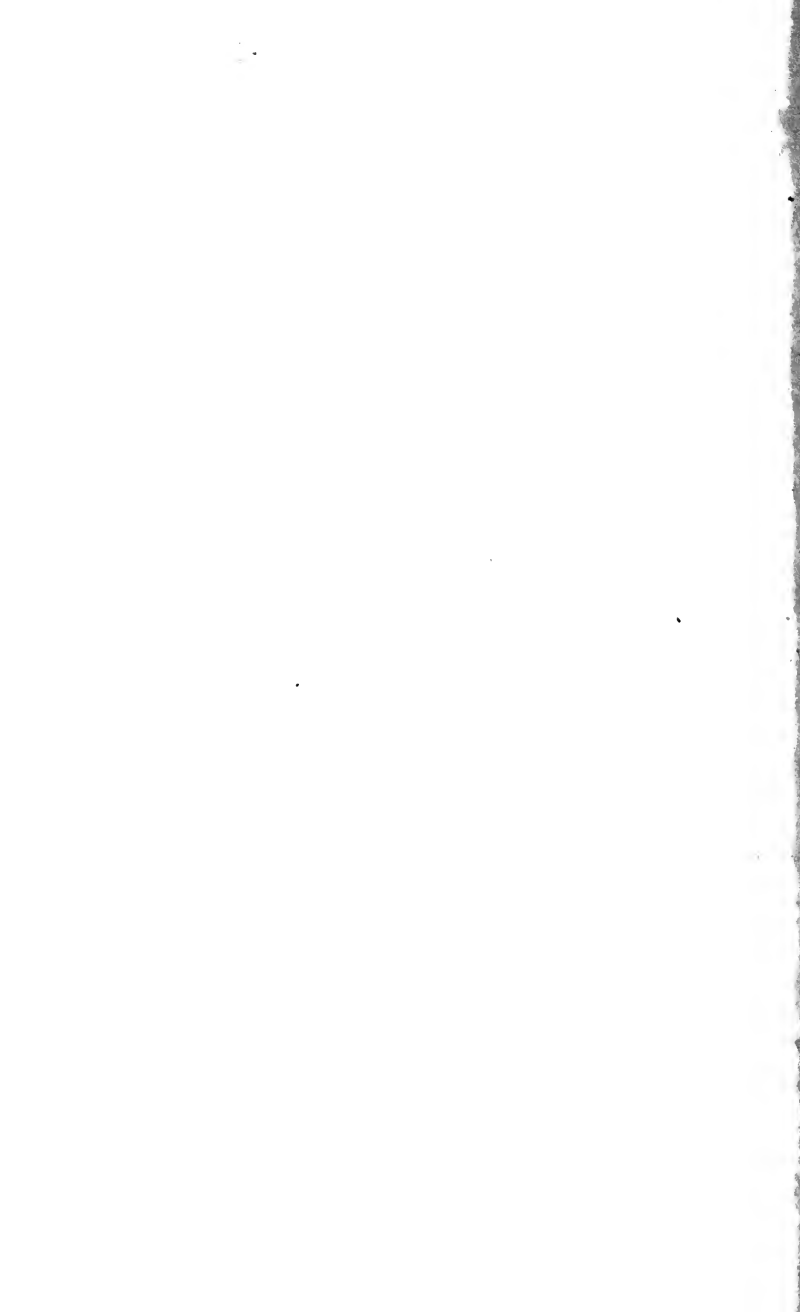


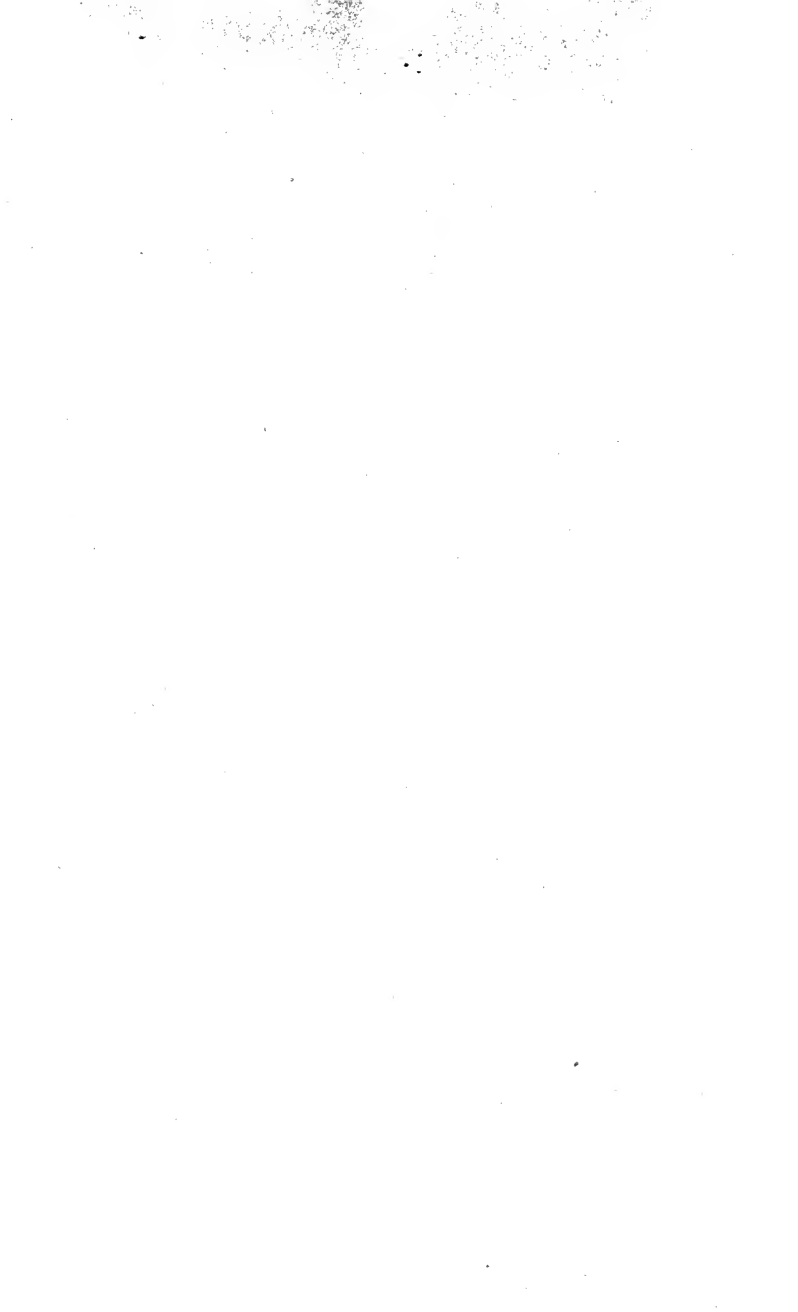












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