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VOL. IV.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND

PIONEER REGISTER

Los Angeles

1897

Published by the Society

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
CALIFORNIA VOICE PRINT

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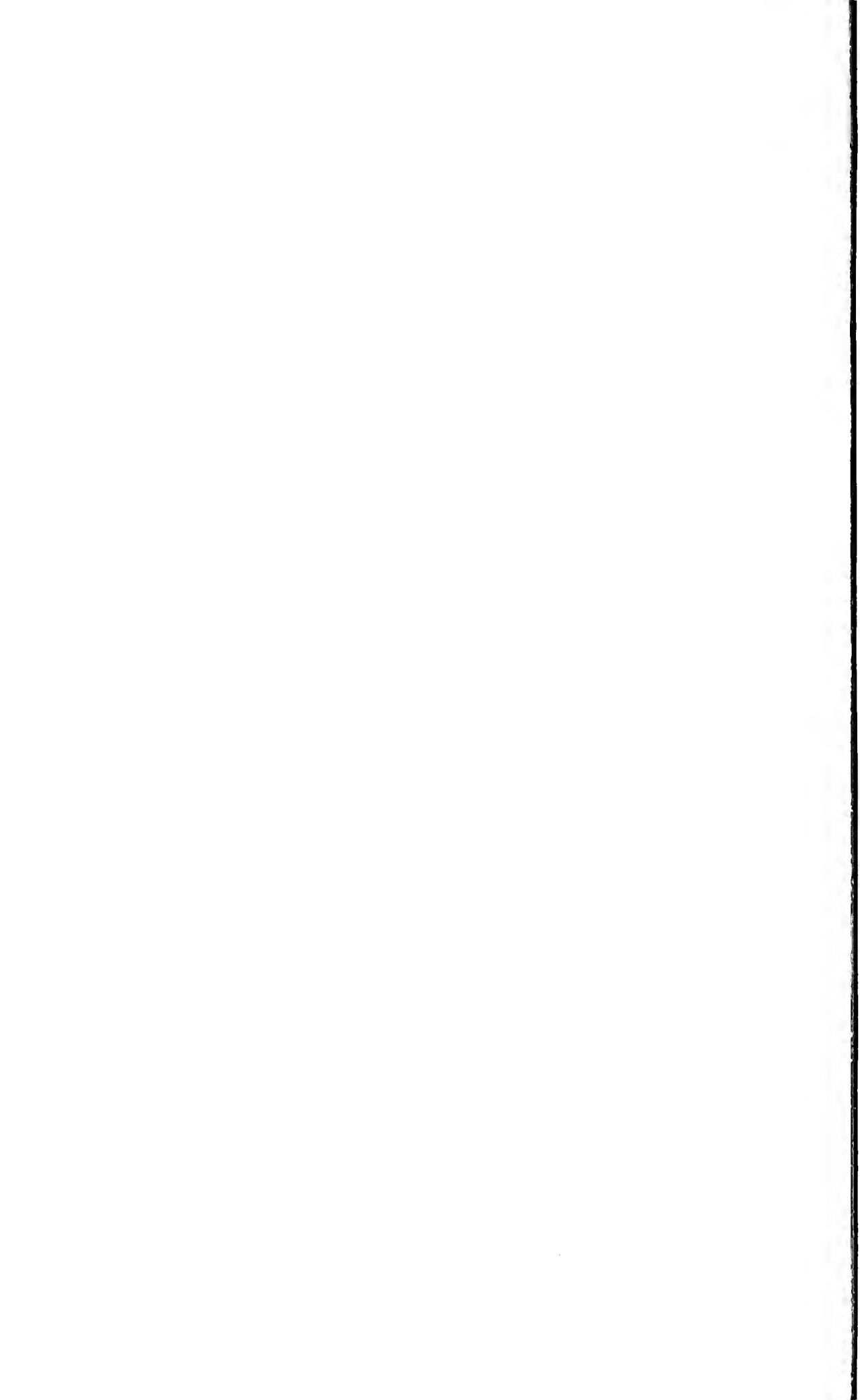
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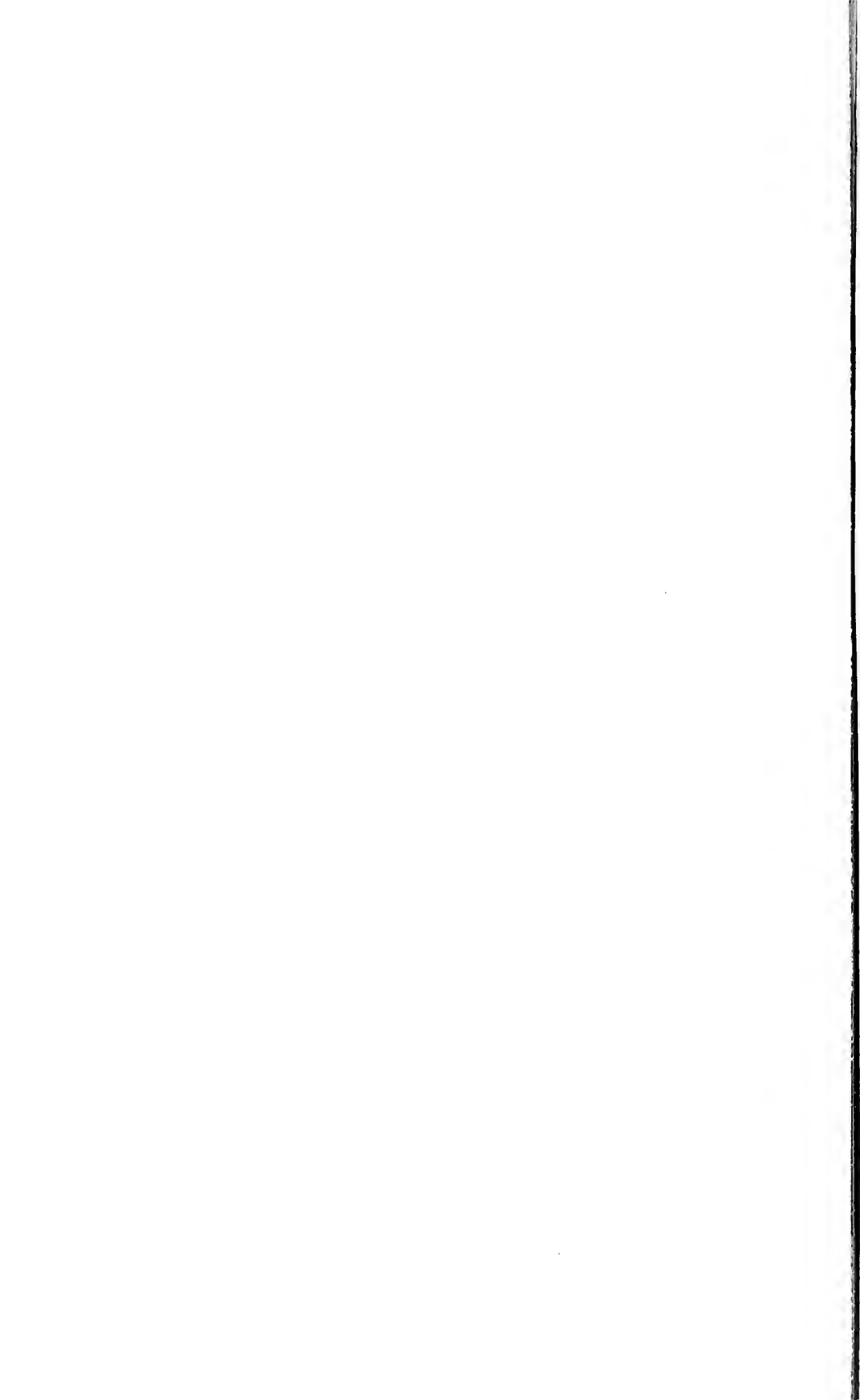
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
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COL. J. J. AYERS.



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1897.

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, 1897.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY DR. J. D. MOODY.

[Delivered February 1, 1897.]

Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:

Before entering upon our work for a new year, let us stop for a little while upon the threshold, look around, and see where we stand among the educational factors of our city. An historical society should be recognized as one of the educational institutions of the community, and should be appealed to as such. It should command both the respect and the attention of all intelligent citizens. If it is our aim to be one of the educational forces of our city, let us first try to get a proper understanding of the possibilities that lie in our way, if, haply, we may be stirred to newer life, both in our chosen field, and also out into broader lines. Among the many societies in Los Angeles, ours is the only one which in any way occupies the historical field, unless possible exception could be made in the case of the Society for Preserving Old Missions. We must occupy the field fully, or we will surely be supplanted by other less pretentious associations. Ours should be the center out from which these other organizations would grow. I confess to a little feeling of jealousy that the incentive to, or, at least, a prominent part in, this work among the old missions, should not have attached to this society.

A Folk-lore Society, an Ethnological Society, and kindred associations, should be formed in, or by our society. Instead of so-

cieties, we might form sections for the special study of these topics, in order to make them auxiliary to our work. It may be objected that we did have sections at one time with no profitable result. But I protest that geological and botanical studies do not properly come under an historical head. The Science Association is their proper home. But all studies having in their origin a human interest properly belong to our society. We should be looked up to as authority worth considering in all questions in any way touching upon historical subjects in our city and State.

In order to command attention, our society must be in some way, more prominently brought before the public. I will refer to this later. Of late years historical studies have assumed an importance which they never before had. Before this time, written history was full of events; now, it is full of human interest; then it was full of blood and death; now, it throbs with human life.

This is largely the result of the work along new lines, upon which these studies have been carried out. Prof. Green's "History of the English People" is a notable example of this newer method of historical study, as is also McMaster's history of our own people. When Prof. Green's book was first published the value of this method was at once recognized, and henceforth the acceptable history will be the one dealing with people and their social development, rather than with personal ambition and national wars. The citizen, rather than the soldier, will be the object of study. More attention will be given to the social and intellectual conditions which made it possible for a Napoleon or a Tweed to be, rather than to the detailed list of the wars of the one or the stealings of the other. It would even be possible to write a great history of our civil war, with hardly more than a mention of battle in it.

It was really the differences in the social characteristics and the resultant growth from these in the English settlements in the Carolinas, the Scotch in Georgia, and the mountain region; the French in Louisiana, the Puritans and the Germans in the North, that brought about the conflict and shaped its course. These racial differences, developing different social conditions and mental characteristics, and, becoming more firmly stamped in character as the years went by; these, along with the modifying influences each had on the other, are factors of prime importance, and intensely human in their interest and which must not for a moment be lost sight of in any conception of the development and duration of the struggle.

Our historical literature of recent date shows a tendency to base history upon the life of a people, rather than upon their wars. But to write such a history it is necessary to have the minutiae of the daily life, social and intellectual, of a people. In the historical classes of Johns Hopkins University the students are set at just such work. In further pursuance of these studies, old town records, church registers, colonial archives, and similar sources, are searched. Many of their students embody the results of such investigations in monographs, and histories of cities, towns, counties, families and institutions. These, in their turn, furnish the future historian with material for his work. I speak of these methods of treating historical studies because of the bearing it has upon our work. It is just the kind of work we should do.

The active period, embracing the time of transferal from Mexican to American authority, the brilliant achievements of Gen. Fremont and other early explorers, all have a very great interest for us. Yet, of far greater value would it be, did our records show a complete account of the communal life of our State from the earliest period; their social customs, their political fabric, their industrial habits, and their intellectual growth. It should be the aim of our society to do this work, and to do it in some systematic manner. For the future historian of California these facts would be of incomparable value. Much has been done in this line, but much more needs to be done. Much of just such information is scattered through the books and papers of the olden time, is easily overlooked, and liable to be lost. This should be secured before it is too late.

An almost perfect specimen of one kind of work we need to do was given us in a paper, "Christmas Week at San Juan Capistrano," (I believe this was the title,) by our former president Prof. Polley. Prof. Guinn has given us others in his articles in the Los Angeles Times. Such articles have a permanent value. We cannot have too many of them. My brief acquaintance in the city leads me to think that we must have others who are able, could they only be persuaded, to write such papers. It is our province as a society to collect the materials for, not to write, a history.

New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California occupy a unique place in our national life. This place is founded upon an older position, geographical and social, which is alike unique in our historical records. These States are linked together by this chain of historical events, that makes it impossible to treat of only a part without

doing violence to the whole. Are there associations kindred to ours, in these Territories? If so, we should cultivate relations with them that would be to our mutual benefit; if not, I believe we ought to aid in developing such. In the mean time, we should hold some kind of official relations with individuals in these States, thus making them tributary to our society, and so an aid to its usefulness. This Territory does not occupy the place in our school histories which its past history and its importance demands. In our State school history, California is given only twenty-five pages, and to the story of these other States, hardly a word. I believe this local history should occupy a much larger place in our school study, than is now given to it.

There is a vast country lying at our door, which is just emerging from a semi-barbaric state, but with such strides that she will soon be one of the great civilized countries of the world. We are destined to come into much closer relationship with her. New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, more than any other portion of the territory acquired from Mexico, retains much of the quaint history which attaches to the mother country, and along with it, and inherited from her, much of the old custom and family traits not to be found in any other portion of our country. This lends a peculiar interest to this region, which does not pertain to any other portion of our land. The laws and customs of the early Spanish emigrants have left a lasting impression on these States. Since the completion of the Santa Fé Railroad, making a direct communication with the East, a great rush of immigration to this southern country has taken a place. These new-comers are largely of the cultured class. They bring with them the rush and whirl of the East. The influx being so great and so sudden we are in danger of making the same mistake made by the early colonists of the Middle West, when they transplanted bodily the customs and ideas of their eastern homes, to the extent that the importance of the early and contemporaneous history was not fully recognized, much of it was lost and undue prominence given to the established history and customs of their old homes. These facts are being recognized by many of our later historians. In the December meeting of the American Historical Association, Prof. Turner of Wisconsin read a paper, on "The West as a Field for Historical Study." In this paper, quoting from the Associated Press reports, he says, "that too much stress has been laid on the work of the colonists of the East, while the settlement, progress and develop-

ment of the States of the West have been entirely overlooked. The expansion of the country into the unsettled tracts of the West has furnished some of the most fundamental characteristics." Substitute the words "Great Southwest" for the words "States of the West," in the above quotation, and the passage will be as applicable to us as to the Eastern States. We are building on different foundations than they, and are developing characteristics as peculiar in their way, as those of the dwellers on the Atlantic slope. It is of prime importance that these characteristics be recorded while in process of development. It is my conviction that the work of our society should proceed along two lines: First and foremost, the gathering of such information as suggested, in our Southwest, and secondly, broadening out into a fuller discussion of general history. By doing so we would enlist the sympathy and coöperation of all classes. I believe good would come of it.

May I not further outline my idea of our future work? First, can we not devise some plan by which, with united effort, we can enlist more of our intelligent and educated citizens in the work of the society. This would make our meetings more interesting, and more profitable, possibly, by arousing an interest in some one who, emulating the princely gift of Mr Griffith, may provide us with a permanent home for our meetings, and for our collection.

I really believe, however, that an historical society should bear a sort of semi-official relation to the State, or to the commercial center of that region where it is located, and by the State or such city, be provided with every facility for gathering and preserving the records of their locality.

A few public lectures during the year, by some citizen, or some visitor to our city, on some special or general historical subject that would be of popular interest, would keep our society before the public. The old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," has a good deal of wisdom in it.

If ever we should make a special effort to get out an audience, the papers of the evening should be popular in their nature, and full of human interest.

The Y.M.C.A. had a course of lectures, this past year, given by such men as our Postmaster, the Chief of Police, the electrician to the railroad company, etc. Two or three lectures on the history, ethnology or folk-lore of Southern California, might be just the means to awaken an interest in our history, in the minds of some of our young men.

The articles which our secretary has published from time to time in the city papers, have been exceedingly interesting, and have permanent value for historical study. I don't know whether Prof. Guinn has been filing these articles with the papers of the society or not, but I believe they should be, and I will take the liberty of asking him to do it. I don't want to take anything from Prof. Guinn's honor, but rather want to share that honor, justly belonging to one of our chief members, and would like if he could sign all such as a member or secretary of the Historical Society.

There should be, it seems to me, a closer relation between our schools and the society—between the public library and the society. Have we an historical scrap book? More than one member should be making such a book by culling from the papers of the day.

I believe we should make a special effort to collect the folk-lore of the Indians, the Spanish and the Mexicans of this region. This subject is today one of the most helpful auxiliaries to the student of history.

An historical day at our Long Beach Chautauqua might be made profitable to ourselves and to the audience.

Have the histories of the Pasadena, Ontario, Pomona, and other colonies in Southern California been written, and, if so, have we copies of them? We should have.

We also should have a catalogue of every manuscript or other documents in any way relating to Southern California, now in existence in our locality. A systematic effort should be made to obtain these papers, and where not possible to do that, to get a synopsis of their contents. I am aware that this has been done by outside parties to some extent, but we want it for ourselves for future use.

I believe we ought to appoint or procure some one or more persons, who would make a list of all old-time residents of this and other localities, and of the pioneers of the new order of things, and by personal interviews, based upon a prearranged plan, make exhaustive collections of early traditions, and accounts of events and social customs of those early days. This would take time. It ought to take time; but it would well repay the trouble.

The illness of our secretary prevented our making an exhibit at the Home Products Exhibition. But could we not have in the near future, either by ourselves, or in connection with some other body, a loan exhibition of historical books, papers, maps, charts, etc., etc.? Such exhibitions have been made profitable in other cities,

They have an educational value that we might well take advantage of.

Possibly the Chamber of Commerce would aid us by loaning a room for such a purpose at some fitting time. The Chamber of Commerce is accumulating the beginnings of an historical exhibit that may develop into a permanent institution. Cannot we make advances to them which will be mutually profitable?

California literature is fairly well-represented in our public library, but could we not help to make it more valuable by well-considered assistance?

If arrangements could be made by which the library would give temporary shelving for our books and papers, as a separate collection, for the use of the public, and under the direction of the library board, it would put to good use valuable matter now unattainable.

Through the ravages of time, old books of travel and history are being rapidly destroyed. I would like to see a collection of such books begun by this society, possibly in connection with the public library. The constant scanning of second-hand book catalogues would gradually give us a good collection.

Would it not be feasible to plan for a list of both active and associate members. the active to have voice in the direction of affairs, and the associate members to not have such voice, pay no dues, but to have an affiliation with us, for sake of influence and increasing interest on the part of the public. Had we but a good place of meeting it would be easier to carry out these suggestions. But not having this place of meeting, can we not make use of these suggestions or others which may be offered to hasten this desirable end?

I do not expect hasty acceptance of, or action upon any of these plans. Indeed, it would not be best to do so now. They are rather thrown out to stimulate us in this direction and with the hope that some good may grow out of them.

I am not unmindful of the efforts which have been made in this direction, but cannot we make another effort this year to place our society among the recognized educational factors of our city?

A PIONEER OF SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read March, 1895.]

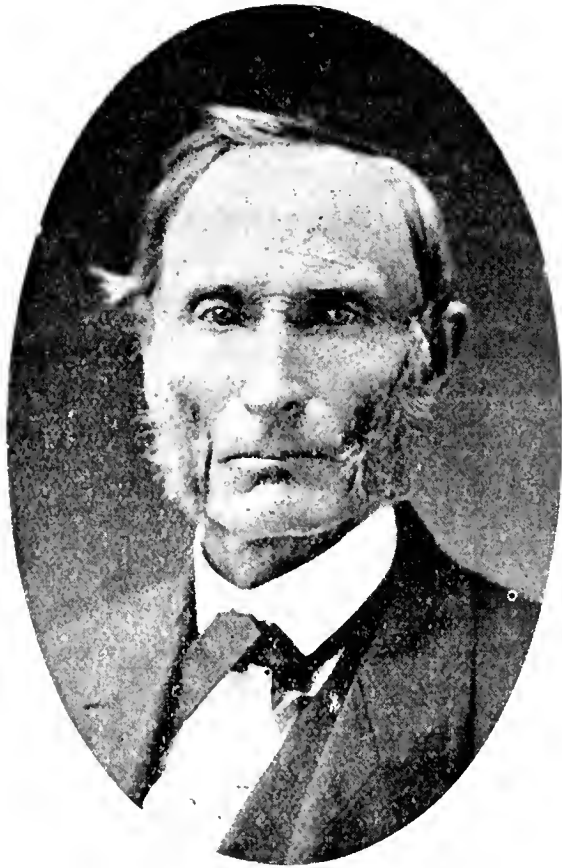
John Reid Wolfskill, the early (if not the first) American pioneer of the Sacramento Valley, was born near Richmond, Ky., September 16, 1804. He was the son of Joseph and Sarah Reid Wolfskill. His grandfather, Joseph Wolfskill, was a native of Germany, who settled in Philadelphia, afterwards he lived in North Carolina awhile, and from there he moved to Kentucky. His grandfather on his mother's side, John Reid, after whom Mr. W. was named, was a native of Ireland. He was taken prisoner by the British at Charleston, South Carolina, in the revolutionary war. He afterwards settled in Kentucky. Mr. Wolfskill remembers well both his grandfathers. The family of Mr. Wolfskill moved from Kentucky to Missouri in 1809, and settled at Boone's Lick, now in Howard county.

There were many Indians in that section at that time whom the English stirred up to hostilities against the settlers in the war of 1812.

In 1828 Mr. W. set out for Santa Fé, New Mexico, where his brother William had gone some time before. From there he went to Paris, Durango, and from thence to Chihuahua. From there he went, with others, as guard for the transport of treasure to Matamoras. He made eleven trips between these two latter places during the next four years. Then he went to the city of Durango, and on his return to Matamoras he took passage on a vessel for New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi River to his home in Missouri, where he remained two or three years.

In 1836 he returned to New Mexico, and from there he went to Oposura, Sonora, to buy mules to take to Santa Fé. But the Indians stole all his mules, which he had intended to take to Missouri and sell, and then, with the proceeds, start for Los Angeles, California, whither his brother William had gone some years before, but from whom he had only heard at long intervals, as letters from California at that period had to come on sailing vessels by way of Cape Horn.

Being left almost naked, with not a second shirt to his back, by the loss of his stock and all he possessed, he nevertheless determined to set out from Santa Fé for California.



JOHN R. WOLFSKILL.

A trader of Santa Fé by the name of Thompson furnished him with an outfit amounting to \$500 or \$600 to come to California with a party of twenty-five or thirty New Mexicans, together with an Italian and two Canadians. Afterward Mr. W., as he was able, gradually paid Thompson for his outfit with interest, or over \$3000 in all.

The company left Santa Fé October 17, 1837, and arrived in Los Angeles in the month of February, 1838. They came up the Del Norte River to the Great Bend, where they crossed the divide between the Del Norte and Arkansas rivers. The snow here in some places was four feet deep. From here they made their way to the waters of the Grand River, which is one of the tributaries of the Colorado of the West and then struck across to Green River and thence to the southern portion of Salt Lake Valley. It was then in mid-winter, and Mr. Wolfskill says they had some of the coldest weather he ever experienced. They came into Southern California through the Cajon Pass.

Mr. Wolfskill reached Los Angeles February 14, 1838. As he rode into the town on a mule he saw an American standing in the front door of his store, on the west side of Main street, between where the Downey Block and the St. Elmo Hotel now stand, who, he later learned, was J. J. Warner, and he inquired of him if he could tell him where "Billy Wolfskill" could be found. This information was readily given, although his brother was temporarily absent in the mountains getting out staves for vats to hold his wine. This brother "Billy" had lived here several years and was well known, and when it became known that a brother of his had arrived from the far away United States, the newcomer was as warmly welcomed by Samuel Prentice and the other Americans resident here, as if he had come from another world. Although none of them had ever seen John before, they were delighted to see him because he was the brother of their friend, William Wolfskill. And this feeling was shared, only in a less degree, by the latter's native Californian friends. Don Antonio Maria Lugo volunteered to go out to the mountains on horseback to inform William of his brother's arrival.

William soon came in, and, although he was not informed which of his brothers had arrived, he did not even know which one it was when he saw him. For John's sickness in Durango had changed his looks greatly, and, besides, his long journey and its hardships and privations, made it impossible for his brother to recognize him,

though John says he knew William as soon as he saw him, albeit he had not seen William for many years.

John stayed here with William, who had a vineyard, and worked in it nearly four years.

John says he made a trip up country to look for land in 1840. Land in this southern portion of the Territory had at that time been pretty generally taken up, and as he had no means with which to buy land of private parties, his only chance to get any was to obtain a grant of public land in the north. On this trip he went to Sonoma to see Gen. Vallejo, military commandante of the district north of San Francisco Bay and west of the Sacramento River, whose recommendation was required before the Governor would sign a grant of lands in that region. The general told Mr. W. he could look over the country as much as he liked, but he declined to recommend a concession, his reason evidently being that Mr. W. was not a Mexican citizen.

Mr. Wolfskill went north again in 1841, as also did his brother William, for both were very anxious to obtain land on which they could engage in stock-raising, and on which John especially could make himself a home. On this trip John did not himself go to see Vallejo, but sent an Englishman, Mark West, then living at Sonoma, to intercede for him. But Vallejo made the same reply to West that he had made to Mr. W. the year before, namely, that he could look over the country all he liked, but that he should not approve a grant to him. Finding it impossible to move Vallejo to favorable action, Mr. Wolfskill made up his mind to abandon further attempts to obtain land there or anywhere in California and to return South and leave the Territory. As he was about starting, Mr. Jacob P. Leese, Vallejo's brother-in-law, hailed him and inquired if it was still his wish to get land; and as he told him that it was, but that it seemed to be impossible for him to obtain any, Leese advised him not to leave till he saw him, Leese, again, and he would see what he could do. Leese finally succeeded in overcoming Vallejo's objections and obtained his approval of a grant of four square leagues, or about 17,000 acres, of public land on both sides of Puta Creek, in what are now Yolo and Solano counties, with the understanding that the concession should be made in the name of Mr. W.'s brother William, as grantee, as the latter had become a naturalized Mexican citizen at Santa Fé, New Mexico, in 1830. Under Mexican law a grant to a foreigner would be illegal. The official papers containing the

comandante's approval, were delivered by Leese to Wolfskill and he returned to Los Angeles.

As his friend, Mr. J. J. Warner, had business at Monterey the following spring, Mr. Wolfskill sent the papers by him, to have Gov. Alvarado issue the grant.

But it seems certain formalities were wanting in Vallejo's recommendation, and the Governor refused to consider the application till these technical defects were remedied. So, Mr. Warner sent the documents by Consul Larkin to Mr. Leese at Sonoma, who had the matter attended to, and Mr. Larkin brought the perfected papers back to Monterey, and kept them till John went up in 1842. He took his brother William's naturalization papers with him, and on his arrival at Monterey he secured the services of a competent interpreter, a Mr. Allen, a school teacher there, and appeared before the Governor, who then, without further objection, signed the grant.

Having taken along with him on this trip some stock (24 mares, 10 tame horses and three yoke of oxen and several milk cows,) he started at once, on the conclusion of his business with the Governor, with his animals, for his new rancho, but found that the San Joaquin River had flooded a wide extent of territory, and so he went to San José and up the west side of San Francisco Bay to where the city of San Francisco now is, and left his stock near the Mission Dolores in charge of his Mexican boy as herder, whilst he went on to Mr. Yount's, who was building a mill on Napa Creek, and worked for him till October. He then went back after his animals and took them to his ranch, by way of San José, Livermore, the San Joaquin, crossing at a place called "El Pescadero," swimming his animals there and also across the Sacramento River at Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento city. Arriving at his ranch, he lived there two years without a building of any kind, devoting himself exclusively to the care of his stock.

Meantime his brother William had arranged for William D. M. Howard of San Francisco to buy cattle for him around the bay; these he had taken to the rancho to stock it in about the year 1846. John lived on the rancho whilst William's home was in Los Angeles, the latter visiting the rancho at intervals.

Manuel Vaca, the ancestor of the families of that name in Solano county, and after whom the present town of Vacaville was named, had settled, about the year 1843, where the town is located, and gradually his stock, as it increased, ranged over the Wolfskill

grant, and, as the water dried up on his place, he applied to Gen. Vallejo to order Wolfskill off his own ranch; and as the military commandants in those times were often petty despots, Wolfskill was actually obliged to move his stock over to Gordon's on Cache Creek, where he staid about two years, Vaca having brought an order from Vallejo, through Alcalde Leese, to that effect. Mr. W. went over to Sonoma to protest against this order. But the Alcalde told him if he had any crops growing, he need not move till he had gathered them; otherwise, the order would have to be enforced. It seems that argument or protest, on the ground of injustice, was of no avail, Vallejo having practically supreme authority in all that jurisdiction north of San Francisco Bay, perpetrated arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical acts, because he had the power to do as he pleased. Mr. Wolfskill says that people at that time were required to show him, Vallejo, the utmost deference; that if, in passing his house, they did not take off their hats, he would have them thrust into the calaboose.

The strong contrast between the character of Gen. Vallejo of the Mexican régime and the character of the same man after the change of government, is apparently accounted for by the reply of Mr. Wolfskill, who, when asked in after years, if Gen. Vallejo was not a good man, said: "Yes, he was, when the Bear Flag boys made him a good man!" He says his arrest by them seemed to effect a radical change in his deportment toward others, and especially in his attitude toward Americans.

As Mr. Wolfskill's protest against Gen. Vallejo's arbitrary order was of no avail, an appeal was made in 1845 to Gov. Pico at Los Angeles, Mr. Warner attending to the matter here for Mr. Wolfskill, and Vaca was cited to appear before the Governor.

Meanwhile, John Bidwell had made a map of the Sacramento Valley, which he sent to Juan Bandini at Los Angeles. Mr. Warner took this map before Gov. Pico, and when the matter came up, the Governor plainly told Vaca that he had misrepresented the matter; in short, had lied to him, by saying that there were two rivers on the grant instead of one. (The Wolfskill grant is bisected by Puta Creek, but it does not extend to Cache Creek by several miles.) Vaca made the quibbling reply that he had said there were two places on the same river.

"No," said the Governor, "that is not what you said, and if you say so again I will send you to the guardhouse."

Gov. Pico decided the case in Wolfskill's favor, and the latter

moved back from Cache to Puta Creek, and he was not annoyed any more after that by Vaca.

In 1851, Mr. Wolfskill commenced to cultivate a few crops and to plant orchard and vineyard, coming to Los Angeles for fig, pear and English walnut trees and grape cuttings, etc.

The rancho was devoted to stock-raising mainly and very profitably during the early mining period, till the '60s; then to wheat-growing, when it became necessary to inclose the land with fences. About this time, Mr. Wolfskill and his brother, William, divided their interests in the rancho, each taking one-half.

John and Green McMahon fenced John's half together, the latter expending \$10,000, and building twenty-one miles of fence in a single year. John rented his half of the land to wheat farmers on shares, receiving one-fourth of the crop, the total amount of which, some years, amounted to 80,000 sacks of grain.

Within the last few years most of the ranch has been profitably devoted to fruit-culture. A branch railroad crosses the ranch not far from Mr. Wolfskill's old home, the nearest station being "Winters." Mr. Wolfskill has divided his ranch up among his children, and now makes his home with his son-in-law, Samuel Taylor, who married his daughter Frances.

Mr. Wolfskill has one son, Edward (who has two boys and one girl;) and three daughters, Melinda, married to Clay Goodyear; they have two boys; Jennie, married to Frank Bonney; and Frances, married to Samuel Taylor; they have two children.

Mr. Wolfskill, in 1858, married a daughter of Maj. Stephen Cooper, also a historical character in the early annals of California, and who, with his daughter, were with the Donner party, but who, pushed on, and thus escaped the tragic end of that unfortunate band; which, through delay and bad management, perished from cold and starvation in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

EARLY POSTAL SERVICE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[A Portion of this Paper was published in the Los Angeles Daily Times, March 7, 1897.]

It may be a surprise to persons who are accustomed to consider California as a comparatively new country to know that it had a postal system and an efficient mail service before the United States existed, as a nation. When the Continental Congress, in 1775, made Benjamin Franklin Postmaster-General of the United Colonies, soldier couriers were carrying their monthly budgets of mail between Monterey in Alta California and Loreto, near the southern end of the peninsula of Lower California. Even that much-abused privilege, the franking system, the perquisite of legislators and the plague of postmasters, was in full force and effect in California years and years before the lawmakers at Washington had been granted immunity to stuff the mail bags with garden seeds and patent-office reports.

Padre Junipero Serra, president of the California missions, in 1773, secured from the Viceroy of New Spain (Mexico,) for the friars under his charge, the privilege of sending their letters through the mails free. But the franking privilege on the Pacific shores, like its modern successor on the Atlantic Coast, gave no end of trouble. The padres were accused of abusing their privilege. In 1777, Gov. Fages refused to allow Serra's voluminous letters to be forwarded free, and Serra, pleading poverty, told the Inspector-General to keep the letters if they could not be sent without paying postage. President Lasuen complained that the refusal of the Governor to frank his letters had cost him \$18 postage. But the padres were triumphant in the end. The government franked their letters, and the government paid the bills, just as our beneficent government does and has been doing, lo, these many years, for its poor legislators.

At the beginning of Washington's administration, in 1789, the longest continuous mail route in the United States was from Fal-mouth in Maine to Savannah, Ga., a distance of 1100 miles. This was not a through service, but was made up of a number of short lines, or carries. At the same time on the shores of the far Pacific, the

soldier mail carriers of the Spanish King, starting from San Francisco on the first day of each month, rode over a continuous route of 1500 miles to Loreto, in Lower California, collecting as they went southward, from each mission, presidio and pueblo its little budget of mail, and returning brought back to the colonies of Alta California their mail from Mexico, making in all a round trip of 3000 miles.

When Franklin was Postmaster-General, the schedule time from Charleston, S. C., to Suffolk, Va. a distance of 433 miles, covered twenty-seven days, an average of sixteen miles a day. In 1793 a mail courier sent from Monterey, November 16, arrived at Loreto December 7, a ride of 1400 miles in twenty days. There was a regular schedule of the day and hour of the carrier's arrival and departure at each mission and presidio. An hour's stop was allowed the courier at each station. The postal revenues of California during the closing decade of the last century averaged \$700 a year. The *habilitados* (paymasters) acted as postmasters at the presidios, and received 8 per cent. of the gross receipts for their compensation.

While the through mail from California to Mexico was carried by soldier mail riders over the Camino del Rey (King's highway.) to Loreto and from there by sailing vessels across the Gulf of California to San Blas and thence overland to its destination, there was a local mail service in California entirely independent of the King and his soldier couriers. The mail between the missions was carried by Indian runners. There was no schedule time for the departure of the mail train—the carrier usually started when the letter or message was completed. His budget rarely consisted of more than one letter. The wardrobe of the old-time California Indian, which consisted of a breech-clout or a gee-string, did not admit of a place for a pocket, and, as his hands were always dirty, some device had to be contrived by which he could carry the letter without soiling it. In one end of a cane-shaped piece of wood a cleft or split was made, and in this the letter was inserted. The tenacity of the wood held it fast, and with this improvised mail pouch on his shoulder the Indian runner started for his destination on a dog trot. that carried him sixty or seventy miles between sunrise and sunset. An extra dish of atole (mush) compensated the carrier and paid the postage.

At the pueblos the *alcalde* or some officer detailed to act as *administrador de correos* (postmaster) received and distributed the small packages of mail. The compensation for his services was

small. It did not require much of a political pull to get a postoffice in those days.

It would be interesting to know the amount of revenue derived from the Los Angeles postoffice in 1797. As there were not more than half a dozen of the 200 inhabitants of the pueblo that could read and write at that time, the revenue of "La Casa de correos, la esafeta" (postoffice,) was not very large, and it is probable that there were not many aspirants for the position of postmaster of Los Angeles a century ago. How it would have astonished the postmaster of the old pueblo a century ago had some prophet foretold that a hundred years hence the revenues of the Los Angeles postoffice would be over \$200,000 a year.

Under Mexican rule the increased number of vessels plying between Mexican and Californian ports did away, to a considerable extent, with the necessity of carrying mail by land. The official bandos, reglamentos, pronunciamientos and other important documents requiring dispatch (haste was necessary because a revolution might overturn the government before the document reached its destination,) were carried by couriers over the old Camino real. We find in the old pueblo archives an order from Acting Governor Jimeno, dated August 24, 1839, authorizing the Prefect to appoint three collectors of duties on liquors—the revenues derived from such collections to be applied to the establishing of a monthly postal service to Lower California and thence to Mexico. The duties were not collected and the mail route was not established.

News from the outside world traveled slowly in those days. An American pioneer notes in his diary the receipt of the news of President W. H. Harrison's death in 1841. It took the news three months and twenty days to reach California. A newspaper from the States a year old was fresh and entertaining when Dana was hide droghing at San Pedro in 1835.

After the American conquest of California the military authorities established a regular service between San Francisco and San Diego. Soldier carriers starting from each end of the route, met half way, and, exchanging mail pouches, each then returned to his starting point. It took a fortnight for them to go and return.

After the soldiers were discharged, in the latter part of 1848, a semi-monthly, or perhaps it might be more in accordance with the facts to say a semi-occasional, mail service was established between San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. The mail was carried

by sailing vessels (there being no steamers on the coast.) Wind and weather permitting, a letter might reach its destination in four or five days, but with the elements against it, it might be delayed a fortnight. Masters and supercargoes of vessels took charge of letters and delivered them to the owners or agents of some shipping house at the port, and in some way the letters reached their destination.

There was no stage line for conveying passengers or mails from the embarcadero of San Pedro to Los Angeles previous to 1851. Before that time a caballada (band of horses,) was kept in pasture at the landing. When a vessel was sighted in the offing the mustangs were rounded up, driven into a corral, lassoed, saddled and bridled, and were ready for the conveyance of passengers to the city. As the horses were half broken broncos and the passengers were mostly newcomers from the States, unused to the tricks of bucking mustangs, the trip generally ended in the passenger arriving in the city on foot, the bronco having landed him at some point on the road most convenient to him—the bronco—not the passenger.

In '49, and perhaps before that time, Wilson & Packard, whose store was on Main street where the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank now stands, were the custodians of the letters for Los Angeles. A tub stood on the end of a counter. Into this the letters were dumped. Any one expecting a letter was at liberty to sort over the contents of the tub and take away his mail. The office or rather the postoffice tub, was run on an automatic free-delivery system. Col. John O. Wheeler, who had clerked for the firm in 1849, bought out the business in 1850, and continued the "Tale of a Tub," that is, continued to receive the letters and other literary contents of the mail bag and dump them into the tub. There was no regularly established postoffice, and, of course, no postmaster. An officious postal agent of San Francisco found fault with the tub postoffice, and the automatic free and easy delivery system. The Colonel, who had been accommodating the public free of charge, told the agent to take his postoffice elsewhere. The first postoffice in California, that of San Francisco, was established November 9, 1848, and the office at Monterey November 21, 1848. No other offices were established until November 8, 1849.

The postoffice at Los Angeles was established April 9, 1850, J. Pugh was the first postmaster. The second postmaster was W. T. B. Sanford, appointed November 6, 1851. (Sanford lost his life by the

explosion of the boilers of the little steamer *Ada Hancock* in Wilmington Bay, April 29, 1863.) The third, Dr. William B. Osburn, appointed October 12, 1853; James S. Waite was appointed November, 1855; J. D. Woodworth, May 19, 1858; Thomas J. White, May 9, 1860; William G. Still, June 8, 1861; Francisco P. Ramirez, October 22, 1864; Russell Sackett, May 5, 1865; George J. Clarke, June 25, 1866; H. K. W. Bent, February 14, 1873; Isaac R. Dunkelberger, February 14, 1877. (For the dates given above I am indebted to Gen. John R. Mathews, our present efficient postmaster.) John W. Green was appointed in 1885, Col. Dunkelberger having served two terms of four years each. Green was succeeded by E. A. Preuss, who in turn was succeeded by Green. Green died in office. H. V. Van Dusen filled out the term. The present incumbent, Gen. John R. Mathews, was appointed Dec. 20, 1895. Among the pioneer postmasters of Los Angeles Dr. William B. Osburn was perhaps the most noted. He was known as the "most useful man" and could turn his hand to almost anything that came along. He was a pioneer in many enterprises, some useful, others the community could have dispensed with. He started the first drug store, opened the first auction house, established the first nursery and introduced the first ornamental trees and shrubbery in Los Angeles. He was the first City Marshal, and the first political boss of Los Angeles. While filling the office of postmaster he also was City School Superintendent. He was a man of versatile genius and varied attainments. In the political battles of the Rosewaters, the Short Hairs and the Plugs—the political factions of that day—he often snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat, by adroitly holding back his reserves in some of the outlying precincts controlled by his faction and when it was known how many votes were needed he overpowered the opposition by an overwhelming vote.

The duties and the compensation of the postmaster were light. In the winter of 1852-3, no mail was received at the Los Angeles office for six weeks.

From the wash tub the Los Angeles postoffice gravitated to a soap box. It seemed in early days to keep in the laundry line. The office was kept in a little 7x9 room on Los Angeles street, between Commercial and Arcadia streets. The letters were kept in a soap box partitioned off into pigeon holes. When the postmaster was not attending to his auction room, or looking after his nursery, superintending the schools, or organizing his forces for a political cam-

paign, he attended to the duties of the office. At such times as his other duties called him away the office ran itself. If a citizen thought there ought to be a letter for him he did not hunt up the postmaster but went into the office and looked over the mail for himself.

Upon the arrival of a mail from the "States," there were no such scenes enacted at the Los Angeles office as took place at the San Francisco office; where men stood in line for hours and \$50 slugs were exchanged for places in the line near the window. There were but few Americans in Los Angeles in the early '50s, and most of these were old-timers, long since over their home sickness. Of the new-comers, some were not missed at home, or if missed, they were not anxious to let their friends know where they were. A favorite form of mail delivery in early days was by pitch and toss. When a mail arrived a concourse of the patrons gathered at the office and watched over the counter or bar, the postmaster sorting the letters. If he found a letter for a spectator, he called out the name and with a twirl of the wrist or an overhand toss, sent the letter into the outstretched hands of the expectant owner—a form of delivery not down in the postal regulations.

Just where the Los Angeles postoffice was first located, I am unable to say. In 1852 it was kept in an adobe building on Los Angeles street, between Commercial and Arcadia, adjoining Osburn's auction house.

In 1854 it was located in the Salazar Row, on Main street, just south of where the St. Elmo hotel now stands. In January, 1855, it was moved to Los Angeles street, one door above Commercial street.

From there, when Waite, publisher of the weekly Star, was postmaster, it was moved to Temple Block, now Downey Block, opposite Commercial street. From there it was moved to the present site of the Bullard Block and from there to the Lanfranco Block on Main street. In 1858, it moved up Main street to a building just south of the Pico House; then, after a time, it drifted down town to North Spring street, a few doors below Temple street. In 1861, it was kept in a frame building south of the St. Elmo, or Lafayette Hotel, as it was then called. In 1865, or '66, it again moved up Main street to a building opposite the Bella Union Hotel, now the St. Charles. In 1867, it was located in the Temple Block on North Spring street. H. K. W. Bent moved the office to Union Block, now Jones Block, on the west side of North

Spring street, From there, in 1879, when Dunkelberger was postmaster, it was moved to the Oxarart Block, on North Spring street, near First. In 1885 it was taken to the corner of North Main and Republic streets, from whence it migrated down Broadway below Sixth street. It made its last move in June, 1893, when it reached its present location, where after more than forty years of wandering through the wilderness of streets, at last it reached its Caanan—a home of its own.

The stage-coach era of mail-carrying continued later in California than in any State east of the Mississippi; and it may be said that it reached its greatest perfection in this State. Very early in the '50s Sacramento became the center of the numerous stage routes of Northern California. The old-time stage-driver has been immortalized by Bret Harte and Horace Greeley. The first stage ever seen in Southern California arrived in Los Angeles in 1851. It was "Gregory's Great Atlantic and Pacific Express" from San Francisco, and brought the eastern mails to Los Angeles in the hitherto unheard-of time of "one month and nineteen days." The first overland stage by a southern route started from San Antonio, Tex., and followed the extreme southern emigrant route through New Mexico and Arizona (or Gadsden Purchase) to California. The first stage by this route reached San Diego in August, 1857. The Indians contracted a bad habit of distributing the mails and the mail-carriers over the plains, and the route was abandoned. The Butterfield stage route was the longest continuous line ever organized and the best managed. Its eastern termini were St. Louis and Memphis; its western, San Francisco. Its length was 2880 miles. It began operation in September, 1858, and the first stage from the East reached Los Angeles, October 7, 1858. The schedule time at first between St. Louis and San Francisco was twenty-four days; afterward reduced to twenty-one days. The first service was two mail coaches each way a week, for which the government paid a subsidy of \$600,000 a year. Later on it was increased to six a week and a subsidy of \$1,000,000 a year. This was in 1861, when it was transferred to the central route. In 1859, when the government was paying a subsidy of \$600,000 for a semi-weekly service the receipts for the postal revenue of this route were only \$27,000, leaving Uncle Sam over half a million out of pocket.

The Butterfield route from San Francisco southward was by the way of San José, Gilroy, Pacheco's Pass, Visalia and Fort Tejon

to Los Angeles, 462 miles. Eastward from Los Angeles by El Monte, Temecula and Warner's ranch to Fort Yuma. From there by Tucson and El Paso, following the present route of the Southern Pacific Railroad; thence northward to St. Louis, branching at Fort Smith to Memphis.

Los Angeles was proud of its overland stage, and put on metropolitan airs. News from the States; fresh news, only twenty days old! The Weekly Star rushed out an extra with flaming headlines—"Ahead of Time," "A Hundred Guns for the Overland Mail," "Twenty Days from St. Louis." But, alas! the sleepy old ciudad could not keep awake. The next issue of the Star says: "The overland mail arrived at midnight. There was no one in the postoffice to receive it, and it was carried on to San Francisco," to be returned six days later, with all the freshness of the news gone. Los Angeles never had a mail service so prompt as the Butterfield was. The Star, in lauding it, says: "The arrival of the overland mail is as regular as the index on the clock points to the hour; as true to time as the dial is to the sun." Although the greater part of the route lay through an Indian country, the Indians, from sad experience, had learned to let it alone. After the civil war began in 1861 the route was abandoned. The Confederates got away with the stock on the eastern end and the Apaches destroyed the stock and the stations on the western end.

In 1861, a contract was made with Butterfield for a six-times-a-week mail by the central route, via Salt Lake City, with branch lines to Denver. The eastern terminus was at first St. Joseph, but on account of the war it was changed to Omaha. The western terminus was Placerville, Cal.; time, twenty days for eight months, and twenty-three days for the remaining four months. The contract was for three years, at \$1,000,000 a year.

The last overland stage contract was awarded to Wells, Fargo & Co., on October 1, 1868, for \$1,750,000 per annum, with deductions for carriage by the railway which was then pushing across the continent.

The mail route via Panama, which had been established in 1849, was discontinued in July, 1870. In 1851 the government was paying the Pacific Mail Steamship Company \$800,000 a year for a semi-monthly service. The postage on letters at first was fixed at 40 cents and papers 3 cents. Postage on letters to the interior of the State was 12½ cents. The pony express was established in 1860. The

first messenger left San Francisco, April 3, 1860, and the first one from the East arrived on the 14th. The time for letters to New York was reduced to thirteen days. The ride the "plains across" was made in about ten days. The stations were about twenty-five miles apart, and each rider was expected to span three stations in eight hours. The service was semi-weekly. A rider carried a budget of fifteen pounds. Letter postage was \$5 per half ounce. The enterprise did not pay, and was abandoned on the completion of the overland telegraph in November, 1861. The "pony express" is the romance era of the overland mail service. Its story has been told over and over again in prose and verse. The perils of the riders have been magnified and the average reader has been led to believe that never before or since were there such daring riders and such adventurous couriers, and yet their service was not one whit more perilous and was far less laborious than that of the soldier *correros* who carried the California mail from Monterey to Loreto nearly a century before.

DR. WILLIAM F. EDGAR.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read October 4, 1897.]

Again is our society called upon to mourn the decease of one of its honored members. Dr. William Francis Edgar died at his home on Washington street, this city, August 23, 1897, at the age of 73 years.

Dr. Edgar was born in Jessamine county, Ky., in 1823, but moved with his parents when a boy to Missouri. He was graduated from the University of Louisville in 1848, and was commissioned as assistant surgeon in the army, March 2, 1849. He was assigned to a regiment of Mounted Rifles, which was ordered to Oregon. The command reached Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, in July, 1850, remaining there a few months, a portion of the officers, mean while, being ordered East on recruiting service, the remainder of the regiment being transferred to the First Dragoons, under command of Maj. Philip Kearney, who had orders to organize an expedition by land to California. This expedition, after subduing the hostile Rogue River Indians, reached Benicia, Cal., the last of July, 1851; from there it went and joined the force at Sonoma, where there were stationed at that time Capt. (afterward Gen.) Joe Hooker; Maj. (afterward Gen.) Philip Kearney; Lieut. Derby, the gentle, genial humorist, who afterward was so well known by the old residents of San Diego, and who acquired a national reputation as "John Phoenix," and also two old Los Angelesños, namely, Lieut. (afterward Gen. and Governor) George Stoneman, and Dr. John S. Griffin. Of all that notable band of heroic officers, now that Dr. Edgar has just passed away, only the venerable pioneer, Dr. Griffin, already past four score, still survives.

In the latter part of 1851, Dr. Edgar was ordered to Camp (since Fort) Miller.

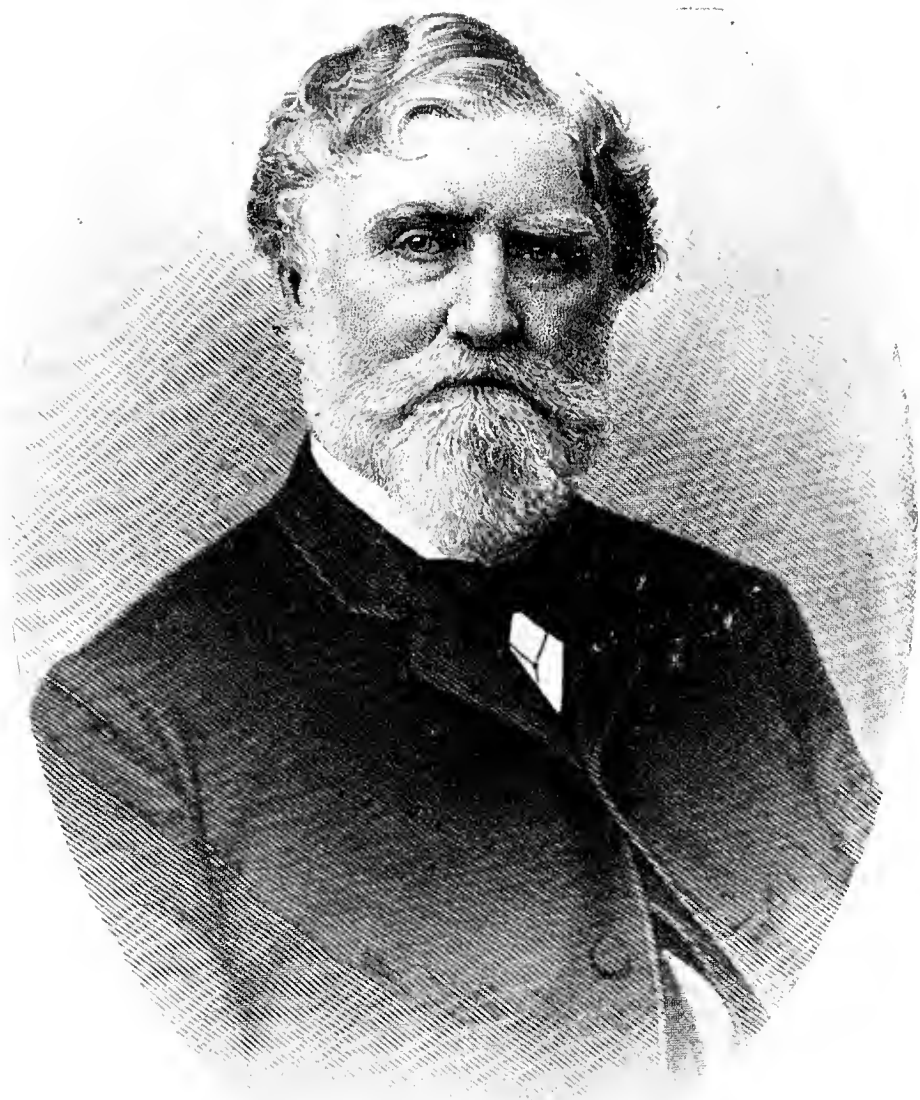
[NOTE: In the years 1890 and '91, Dr. Edgar contributed to our society a series of papers, recounting his experiences as an officer of the army in pioneer times at the various frontier forts of the Pacific Coast. These very interesting reminiscences were printed

in the annual publication of the society for 1893. There is also a sketch of Dr. Edgar's life, as dictated to the writer hereof, by himself, in the *Illustrated History of Los Angeles County*.]

In 1854, Dr. Edgar, as a member of a company of the First Dragoons, assisted in the establishment of Fort Tejon, which for many years was a very important frontier fort. A pathetic incident occurred about this time, which had a far-reaching influence on the Doctor's future, which I cannot forbear recounting here. One night in December, while camping in his tent under a tree, he was called from a sick bed to go out in the mountains in a blinding snow and sleet-storm to attend a wounded man of the fort. The night was dark and the ground slippery, causing his horse to lose his footing, whereby the doctor was seriously injured. At last, the man was found; one of his legs had been broken. A stretcher was improvised, and two men and the doctor carried him a couple of miles to an abandoned Indian hut, where his wound was dressed. The doctor returned to the fort about daylight, wet, cold and exhausted. Directly after his arrival at the fort, he was stricken with paralysis of the entire left side. Some four months after he was able to walk and speak, and, with a servant to assist him, he was ordered East on a three-months' leave of absence. Although Dr. Edgar lived many years afterward in apparent good health and performed complex and valuable services for the government, as an army officer, it is doubtful if he ever entirely recovered from the effects of his exposure and hurt on that terrible, stormy night in the Tejon Mountains.

On the expiration of his leave of absence, he reported for duty at Jefferson barracks, when he was ordered (with the Second Cavalry) to Texas and then to Florida, and from there, with a lot of invalid soldiers, to New York Harbor; and the next year, 1857, he returned with recruits to the Pacific Coast and to Fort Miller again. Afterward he went with troops to Oregon to quell Indian disturbances. The force was under Capt. Ord, whose name is not only famous in the history of his country as a soldier, but also in the early history of Los Angeles as the author of the first important official survey of the central portion of the city.

After being stationed a while at the San Francisco Presidio and at Benicia, Dr. Edgar was ordered to join an expedition, in 1858, that was to start from Los Angeles against the Mojave Indians. This was the first time he saw Los Angeles. After the Mojaves were conquered and a treaty of peace had been made, a part of the com-



DR. WILLIAM F. EDGAR.

mand remained to garrison Fort Mojave and the other part returned to Los Angeles and camped near the present site of Compton; and Dr. Edgar was ordered to San Diego, where he remained till November, 1861, when, with the balance of the regular troops on this Coast, he was ordered East to take part in the War of the Rebellion.

Dr. Edgar remained some time with the Army of the Potomac, and then was ordered to Buell's army in Kentucky, where he soon was engaged in organizing a large general hospital in Louisville, which he had charge of until his assignment as medical director at Cairo, where, from want of rest or incessant labor and from the oppressive climate of summer, he had a partial relapse of the former paralysis, which, with other troubles, rendered him unfit for the field at the time, and he was ordered before a retiring board in Washington. On examination he was retired from active service in the field. After recovering from the effects of a severe surgical operation he was assigned to duty in the medical director's office in the Department of the East, and a part of the time he was a member of a board to organize the Signal Corps in Washington. At the close of the war he was assigned the duty of disposing of the effects of the general hospitals of that department, and closing them up. After this he was again ordered to the Pacific Coast, and was stationed at Drumm barracks, Los Angeles county, in 1866, where he remained three years. Finding his health giving way, he was relieved from military duty one year, and he retired to his ranch at San Geronio, San Bernardino county, and while there Congress passed a law (January, 1870,) which provided that officers retired from active service should be relieved from all duty.

After remaining at his ranch a year or two, and his health improving, he came to Los Angeles and practiced his profession nearly five years. Since 1886, having sold his ranch, he made his home in Los Angeles till his death. After all his travels and explorations, he assured the writer that he considered Los Angeles the choice spot of the Pacific Coast, and of the entire country.

In 1865, Dr. Edgar was married to Miss Catherine L. Kennefick, a native of New York City, who survives him. The union was an ideal one, as all who were at all intimately acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Edgar, will agree. About two and a half years ago Dr. Edgar suffered another and third paralytic stroke, which rendered him both helpless and speechless, and from which he never recovered, though his mind remained clear to the last. The tender, sympathetic care

he received from his devoted wife during his last sickness immeasurably mitigated his affliction, if it did not effectively tend to prolong his life.

Dr. Edgar was a scholar and an earnest student, a thorough man of the world, a warm-hearted, genial gentleman, and an accomplished physician and surgeon. A considerable portion of his life was spent in the service of his country in the regular army. He was held in the highest estimation by his brother officers, as well as by civilians wherever he was known. His funeral was largely attended by the old-timers; his body was attired in the uniform of an officer of the United States army; on the coffin rested the beautiful sword presented to him many years ago by Gen. Phil. Kearney, and after his close friend, Dr. J. P. Widney, had pronounced a fitting and appreciative eulogy, and the friends present and his widow overwhelmed with grief, had taken a last look, his mortal remains were taken to Rosedale Cemetery, where, after "taps" had been sounded—"Good-night, good-night, good-night!"—they were deposited in their last resting place, their final home within the bosom of Mother Earth.

His spirit, we may hope, has risen to a higher and more ethereal sphere, where the possibilities of the soul's progress and development are, and, from the nature of things, must be altogether beyond mortal conception!

As was said by the intimate friends of the late Rev. Mr. Birdsall at his death, so I think it can be said with truth by those who knew Dr. Edgar intimately: "We really loved that man!"

Dr. Edgar during his residence in Southern California of over thirty years, mostly at Los Angeles, won the respect and genuine friendship of all who knew him well.

His sterling qualities, his eminent services as assistant medical director of the army in the civil war and his long and faithful services on the frontier, as well as his generous benefactions, are certainly worthy of being commended without reservation to all the world.

ECHOES FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY DR. J. D. MOODY.

[Delivered November 1, 1897.]

I have had the good fortune, lately, to pick up in an old book stall, two old books, one a copy of the *European Magazine*, published in London in 1782, the closing year of our war for independence, and the other, the *Political Magazine*, likewise published in London, but a few years later, in 1787.

The *European Magazine* contained every month a summary of parliamentary matters, the burden of which was the American war. How vividly those records called up school days in American history. How far away those old times seemed. And yet, here were the old familiar names, Washington, Greene, Marion, Cornwallis, Valley Forge, Yorktown, Eutaw Springs. A report of this latter battle read as if it might have occurred but yesterday.

These records disclose in the very words of the chief actors themselves, what a host of friends we had in the British Parliament; or rather, what a strong opposition the mad policy of a mad King, had in the councils of the government itself. The struggle on the part of Great Britain had been a costly one, in men and money. The opposition had been gaining ground in proportion as the reverses became greater. On the reception of the news of Cornwallis's surrender, this feeling culminated in fierce attacks on the government.

But I will let the books speak for themselves. On November 27, 1781, the King addressed the House of Lords, in which he used the following words: "No endeavors have been wanting on my part to extinguish that spirit of rebellion which our enemies have found means to foment and maintain in the colonies, and to restore to my deluded subjects in America that happy and prosperous condition which they formerly derived from a due obedience to the laws; but the late misfortune in that quarter calls loudly for your firm concurrence and assistance, to frustrate the designs of our enemies, equally prejudicial to the real interests of America and to those of Great Britain."

We smile when we read "deluded subjects." How well his ap-

peal was received, we learn from a statement that in the House of Commons, on that same day, William Pitt declared that a day would soon come, when the issue as to prolonging the war would be met. On being asked when that day would arrive, he replied: "When His Majesty's ministers came down and asked for 7000 men as a substitution for the army which we had lost." On January 23, 1782. Mr. Fox, in criticising the government, "then went over a regular succession of the principal naval events. He began with the system of sending out all of the frigates of this country to America, in order to plunder, burn and destroy all the trade and settlements of the Americans, so as from the infancy of the war to cut off all future hopes of a reconciliation." On February 22, in the House of Commons, Gen. Conway moved an address to the King, desiring His Majesty would discontinue the American war, and in which he said "he should not state the progress of the war, the large supplies which had been granted, the unfortunate applications of those supplies; neither should he take notice of the inhuman, cruel and uncharacteristical manner the war had been carried on, such as burning towns, ravaging countries, destroying commerce." February 27, continuing his attack on the government, he said: "In the name of God, what could be the motive of ministers, that they wished to drive every spark of love, every tie of the Americans, whom he would still call brethren, from us? Did we suppose that by the infernal plan of desolation, burning, ravaging, slaughtering and ravishing of these oppressed people, that we could ever make them love us?"

And yet there are writers who protest that American statements as to the excesses of the British and Tories during the revolutionary war, are overdrawn, and not reliable! Gilmore Sims never put it stronger than does Gen. Conway himself.

Substitute Spain for Great Britain in the above debate, and Cuba for America, and it would sound like an Associated Press dispatch of today. Under date of January 22, a news item states that "at 1 o'clock the Rt. Hon. the Earl Cornwallis arrived in the metropolis, accompanied by Gen. Arnold and his family." On March 6, in a debate in the House of Commons, Lord Surrey said, "it was a matter of great surprise to him, when he attended the Speaker of the House to His Majesty, with an address for peace with America, to see the man most obnoxious to the Americans, standing at the right hand of His Majesty." He spoke of Gen. Arnold.

Benedict Arnold! How the boys' hearts beat faster and their

hands clenched, whenever reading that chapter of American history detailing Arnold's perfidy! And here, almost a lifetime from that study, and so unexpectedly, do we come across this old contemporaneous account of him. Even some British hearts rebelled at associating with him.

Under date of January 7, this incident was mentioned: "A French frigate, having on board troops for America, fell in with a British brig—captured it, put a prize crew on board, and went on her way. The Englishmen, who had been made prisoners, felt for the soft spot in the French, made them drunk, recaptured the brig and ran into the English port of Swansea."

On page 83 I find this very curious incident: "The new ninety-gun ship, the Atlas, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head, the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This happened to be no other than all North America, and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American."

I do not remember having seen this story in print before. It was certainly a very singular coincidence.

A certain Count O'Rourke of an ancient Irish family, and who had been for some time in French service, returned home on the breaking out of the American war, and, according to a biographical notice in the magazine, proposed to the British government to raise three regiments of Roman Catholics in Ireland to be employed against the Americans. His offer was declined.

On January 31, in the House of Lords, an inquiry was ordered as to the execution of Col. Haynes in Charleston. The execution was severely condemned as having been done without due process of law. All the papers in the case had been cast into the ocean by Lord Rawdon, when his vessel was captured, to escape capture by the Americans, so no action was taken. In the February number is a letter from Col. Stewart of the British army, giving an account of the battle of Eutaw Springs, in the September previous. A peculiar expression is found in the following extract: "I omitted to inform your lordship, in its proper place, of the army's having been for some time much in want of bread, there being no old corn or mills near me. I was therefore under the necessity of sending out rooting parties from each corps under an officer, to collect pota-

toes every morning at daybreak." "Rooting parties" is worth resurrecting. It will match Sherman's bummers. But, shades of Gen. Marion, what will we do with that potato story of his now?

These, and the following numbers, are largely taken up with bitter charges and counter-charges in relation to the American war, and principally inspired by the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

The following news item, under date of February 7, shows that the young republic had some sturdy representatives, who knew how to talk plain American, and did it, too: "The following requisition was delivered on the 9th inst., by Mr. Adams, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, at the Hague, to the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses: 'Sir—On the 14th of May, I had the honor of a conference with the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses, in which I informed him that I had received a commission from the United States of America, with full powers and instructions to propose and conclude a friendly and commercial treaty between the United States of America, and the United Provinces of the Netherlands. In the same conference I had the honor of demanding an audience of their High Mightinesses, for the purpose of presenting credential letters and my full powers. The president assured me that he would impart all that I had said to their High Mightinesses, that the affair might be transmitted to the different members of the sovereignty of this country, to undergo their deliberations and decisions. I have not yet been honored with an answer, and on that account I now have the honor of addressing myself to you, sir, to demand of you, as I now do demand, a categorical answer, which I may transmit to Congress. J. ADAMS.'

"High Mightinesses" sounds a good deal as though he were addressing the big mogul of some modern secret society.

On February 22 Gen. Conway, in an address to the King, desiring that His Majesty would discontinue the American war; plead for some attempt to conciliate the American people. He stated that they "had 76,000 men—on paper—in America, the expense of which was so great, that he was free to say, that not only this, but no country on earth could support it." The world must have grown somewhat richer since this 76,000 army was such a financial burden. The funny man was in evidence in those days, as well as now. The government had appointed a new Secretary of the

American Colonies, a Mr. Ellis. He made his maiden speech. Mr. Burke, in answer said "he expected to hear from a new Minister of the Cabinet, new measures; but sorry he was to find otherwise. The insect was the same when it crawled upon the leaves, as now that it had thrown off its skin, and blazed out in all the splendor of a butterfly—its doctrines were the same when it had sat, snug rolled up in its woolly coat, as now, that it had expanded its golden wings to the sunbeams." And more of the same sort.

After a heated discussion, a vote was taken on the motion to discontinue the American war; 193 votes were cast for the motion and 194 against it, a majority of only one to continue the war. That was an instance where mighty interests hung on only one vote.

On February 27, Gen. Conway renewed his motion. He stated that petitions had been received from the towns of London and Bristol against the war; also, that "you could not go into a coffee-house in any part of the town, but the universal cry was against the American war." He spoke of Washington as "that great Gen. Washington." He further said: "An honorable gentleman, in last Friday's debate, had declared that, lately on the continent he had been in company where it was asked of what country he was, and on being told he was an Englishman, they all sneered and turned up their noses; but afterward, in another company, it was whispered he was an American, and he was caressed by every one." "The Americans, he had been credily informed, wished for peace, but was it possible for any people to be weak enough to trust to men that were continually shifting their ground as our present Ministers were, calling the war one day a war of posts, another a defensive war, and at last a French-American war? He would not contend about mere words, for a rose, to be sure, called by any other name, would smell full as sweet as if called by its proper name, and on that head he would let them have the fragrant smell of the word, American."

"Mr. Hill, in a most laughable vein of ridicule and satire, reprobated the system of His Majesty's Ministers. He said they might each be entitled a Don Quixote; the American war was their Dulcinea del Tobosa. Mr. Secretary Ellis was the Rosiante, and he would no doubt be, in a short time, raised up to the stall in which his predecessor was now ranged, where, perhaps, a sword, found in the fields of Minden, would be laid across his chest to be dubbed a knight." This badinage could not go on forever. A crisis was

approaching. Gen. Conway offered the following motion on the 27th:

“Resolved, that it is the opinion of this House, that the further continuance of an offensive war in America, for the purpose of subduing by force, the revolted colonies, totally impracticable, inasmuch as it weakens that force which we ought to employ against our European enemies, etc., etc.”

Thus we see that it was not altogether our own prowess that gained us the victory.

At 1:30 o'clock in the morning a vote was taken on the government's motion to postpone further debate for a fortnight. It was lost by 19 votes; then the main question, to discontinue the war, was put and carried. The chronicler does not give the majority. For us, this was an eventful occasion. The passing of the night in England ushered in the dawn of peace in America.

In the Political Magazine, London, September, 1787, I notice the establishment of an Academy of Polite Arts, in Mexico, South America. Evidently geographical distinctions were not very well understood in those days.

In the same number, under the head “American Intelligence,” I find this remarkable statement: “We learn from Philadelphia that trade is nearly extinct; money very scarce, taxes almost insupportable, and the clamor against their feeble government almost universal.”

In the December number I find the following doleful statement, taken from a letter: “Baltimore is all going to decay. Most of the merchants and capital people are become insolvent. The newspapers have sometimes eighteen or twenty of their names in them of a day as insolvent. This country is ruined by the scarcity of money by the weight of taxes, which the people are unable to bear and the loss of that trade which she used to enjoy whilst connected with Great Britain. Most of the people with whom I am acquainted, many of whom were very zealous in the cause of independence, are now willing to be once more under British government.”

Like voices from the grave, these echoes from the revolutionary times come to us, and freighted with the hopes and the bitterness of human interests of those far-away times, they bring closer to us the men and people of that great struggle for national existence.

THE OLD PUEBLO ARCHIVES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Published in Los Angeles Daily Times, November 21, 1897.]

On a shelf in the vault of the City Hall of Los Angeles there stand three quaint old volumes, ragged, time-worn and brown with age. They are labeled "Angeles Archives, Vol. I, Vol. II, Vol. III," Their contents are written in provincial Spanish, or to describe the language more clearly, it might be called native Californian Spanish.

More than half a century has passed since the last line was written in these old volumes. The handwriting on some of the pages is faded and dim with age on others it stands out as bold and clear as the day it was written.

The books are rich in the autographs of the men who were making California history sixty or seventy years ago, when Dios y Libertad (God and liberty) was the motto, and the cactus-perched eagle the symbol of Mexican domination.

They abound, too, in wonderfully-constructed rubricas—those intricate flourishes of loops, circles and zigzag lines following each name, that in Spanish documents take the place of our English seal. Every man had one of his own, as distinct from his neighbor's as the brand on his cattle, and fully as necessary, for his signature was not legal without the rubrica.

These rubricas are wonders of the penman's art; and the mystery is how the writer could construct two alike, unless he kept a copy before him. Only among a people of illimitable patience in a land of poco tiempo would men go through life repeating such autographical monstrosities.

The subject matter of these old volumes is an olla-podrida—a mixture made up of the proceedings of the Ayuntamiento (Municipal Council,) election returns, applications for house lots and lands, the details of petty trials, treasury accounts, school reports, pronunciamientos, the story of a vigilance committee, and the skeletons of two or three defunct revolutions thrown into the stew. These old books contain, in brief, the story of the civic life of El Pueblo

and its successor. La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles (the City of Our Lady of the Angels) under Mexican rule. Their contents are not indexed, nor are they arranged in chronological order in regard to the occurrence of the events narrated. There are breaks in the story of civic life as told by these old volumes—interregnums when apparently the drowsy old ciudad had taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Then, after the lapse of months—sometimes years—the story goes on as if there were no missing links in the chain of events—as if the city had awakened from a refreshing sleep and begun business just where it left off months or years before.

Mingled amid the dry details of what the “Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento” did, and interspersed between the grandiloquent speeches that the garrulous old Dons uttered, and the conscientious secretary recorded, we find the record of customs long since obsolete, and of usages and sociological conditions now unknown. We find in these old records some characteristics of the old-time Californian that are in contradiction to our preconceived notions regarding him. We have been accustomed to regard him as a lover of pleasure, with nothing of the ascetic in his composition; giving his nights to dancing and sometimes his days, too. And yet, in these old records we find legal enactments against dancing that would fade the azure in the old blue laws of Connecticut. Proceedings of the Ayuntamiento; Ordinance Six (January 20, 1838:)
 “Every individual giving a dance at his house or at any other house, without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$5 for the first offense, and for the second and third punished according to law.”

Here is another of the blue laws of old Los Angeles that would have called forth approval from the grimmest old Puritan of New England in the days of Cotton Mather:

“Ordinance 5. All individuals serenading promiscuously around the street of the city at night without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$1.50 for the first offense, \$3 for the second offense, and for the third punished according to law.”

What the penalty of “punished according to law” was, the ordinances do not define. These old lawgivers, however, had a way of making the penalty fit the individual. It is safe to say that any serenader who had suffered for a first and second offense without law, was not anxious to experience a “punishment according to law” for the third.

The "Weary Willies" of that day were compelled to tramp for their living very much as they do now. Ordinance No 4, (January 20, 1838.) "Every person not having any apparent occupation in this city, or its jurisdiction, is hereby ordered to look for work within three days, counting from the day this ordinance is published, if not complied with, he will be fined \$2 for the first offense, \$4 for the second offense, and will be given compulsory work for the third."

If he only kept looking for work, but was careful not to find it, it would seem from the reading of the ordinance, there could be no offense, and consequently no fines or compulsory work for the tramp.

The Ayuntamiento, or Municipal Council, which legislated not only for the city, but for the country from San Juan on the south to San Fernando on the north, was composed of a first alcalde, a second alcalde, six regidores (or aldermen,) and a legal adviser. The alcalde acted as mayor and president of the council, and police judge, the second alcalde taking his place when he was ill or absent. As the regidores, or councilmen, received no pay, and were liable to a fine of \$3 for absence from meetings, the office was not sought after. Besides, when a man was elected to it, was next to impossible for him to resign. The tribulations of Regidor Pantoja well illustrate the difficulties of getting rid of an office in the good old days when the office sought the man. Francisco Pantoja was elected fourth regidor in the Ayuntamiento, of 1837. In those days wild horses were very numerous, and on account of their eating up the pasturage needed for the cattle, the rancheros slaughtered them. A large and strong corral was built, and a day set for a wild-horse drive. The band was driven into the corral, the best of the drove lassoed and taken out to be broken to the saddle, and the refuse slaughtered.

The Vejars petitioned the Ayuntamiento for permission to build a corral between the Cerritos and the Salinas, for the purpose of corraling wild horses for slaughter; and Tomas Talamantes made a similar request to build a corral on the Sierra San Pedro. When the corrals were built a time was appointed for a wild-horse rodeo. Pantoja, being something of a sport, petitioned his fellow-councilmen for a twenty days' leave of absence to join in a wild-horse chase. After many admonitions from his fellow-regidores to be careful not to get away with his neighbors' tame horses, he was granted a leave

of absence. A wild-horse chase was wild sport, and dangerous, too. Somebody was sure to get hurt, and Pantoja was one of the unfortunates.

“Of all the rides since the birth of Time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,”

none, perhaps, surpassed in mad recklessness that of Pantoja and his fellow-caballeros at the wild-horse chase of the Cerritos. When his twenty-day leave of absence was up, Pantoja did not return to the halls of legislation, but instead, sent his resignation on the plea of illness.

In those days the office sought the man, not the man the office, and it might be added that when the office caught the right man it refused to let go of him without good cause (at least that was the case when there was no pay in the office.) The president of the Council refused to accept his resignation, and appointed a committee to hold an investigation on his physical condition. There were no physicians in Los Angeles then, so the committee took along Santiago McKinley, a canny Scotch merchant, who was reputed to have some knowledge of surgery. The committee and the improvised surgeon held an ante-mortem inquest on what remained of Pantoja. The committee reported to the council that he was a physical wreck; that he could neither mount a horse nor ride one when mounted. A native Californian who had reached such a state of physical dilapidation that he could not mount a horse might well be excused from legislation. But there was danger of a precedent. The Council heard the report, pondered over it, smoked over it, and pondered again, then sent the resignation and the committee's report to the Governor. That functionary took it under advisement, and after studying over it for two or three months, accepted it. In the meantime, Pantoja's term had expired by limitation and he had recovered from his fall.

Unlike Romeo, the old-time native Californian believed there was something in a name. He seemed to think there was a kind of talismanic influence in a holy name that protected the bearer from evil. Therefore, it was with no thought of irreverence or disrespect that he named a favorite son Jesus, or interpolated the name of the deity in his family surname. The old pueblo records abound in quaint and curious family names.

Juan de Dios Bravo, John Valiant of God, was a well-known character who figured in the early history of the pueblo. Although

John may have been "Valiant for God" in his youth, in his later years he seems to have fallen from grace. He kept a saloon, and the records show that on several occasions he was fined—probably for selling brandy on Sunday during "the hour set apart for prayer for souls in purgatory."

Another family name that appears in the old records, and that discounts in fiery zeal the Praise-God Barebones and Out-of-Much-Tribulation-into-the-Glory of God Mugglestones, of Cromwell's time, is the de Dios Padillas (Little Frying Pans of God,) Juan de Dios Padilla—John Little Frying Pan of God—was a prominent citizen of Los Angeles sixty or seventy years ago. One of the family taught school at San Antonio, and doubtless made it hot for the bad boys, José de la Cruz Linares—Joseph Flax Fields of the Cross—was the first grantee of the Rancho Los Nogales.

Money was always a very scarce article in the early days of Los Angeles. What little business was transacted was done by exchange of products. In the revolutionary days of the early 30's, when California had from two to three rival governors running around loose and stirring up revolutions, the capitalists of the old pueblo hoarded up the few pesos and reales that had been in circulation, and the financial stringency in 1837 became so great that the Alcalde reported to the Ayuntamiento that he was compelled to take country produce for fines. He had already received eight colts, six fanegas (about 9 bushels) of corn, and 35 hides. The Syndic immediately laid claim to the colts on his back salary. The Alcalde put in a preferred claim of his own, and besides he said "he had boarded the colts." After considerable discussion, the Alcalde was ordered to turn the colts over to the City Treasurer to be appraised and paid out on claims against the city. In the mean time it was found that two of the colts had run away and the remaining six had demonetized the corn received for fines, by eating it up—a contraction of the currency that exceeded in heinousness the "Crime of '73."

Sixty years ago Los Angeles had but recently put on city airs. The supreme government of Mexico had decreed it the capital of California—a territory in area larger than that possessed by the thirteen colonies at the beginning of the revolutionary war. It was then the only city on the Pacific Coast north of Cape St. Lucas, and was the largest town in either of the Californias. José Antonio Carrillo estimated its population at 1500, and José Sepulveda stated in the Ayuntamiento that the city was experiencing a boom, or words

to that effect; and yet with all the city's importance it would have been hard to find a civilized community living in more primitive conditions than those which existed in the metropolis of California in the year of our Lord 1837. There was not within its jurisdiction a lawyer or a doctor nor a resident priest, or preacher of any kind. The schoolmaster was abroad, or if he was at home, he had taken a long vacation. The school had been closed for two years.

Money was almost unknown. Horses and cattle were the circulating medium of large denominations, and hides were the subsidiary coin or smallchange; corn had been demonetized by the crime of '37, and doubtless the calamity howlers of that day were bewailing the outrage. There was no hotel in the city, no schoolhouse and no public buildings except the church and the jail; no newspapers, no books and a mail but once a month.

How rapidly the wheels of progress have whirled in sixty years! How men's minds have broadened and their religious animosities softened. On the 17th of January, 1837, the members of the *Ayuntamiento* of Los Angeles, without a dissenting voice, promulgated this edict as part of their plan of government:

"Article 3., The Roman Catholic apostolic religion shall prevail throughout this jurisdiction; and any person professing publicly any other religion shall be prosecuted." The deeds of the old Dons who published that edict were better than their words. There is no record that they ever prosecuted any one for his belief or unbelief.

The old-time *Regidores* who legislated for the city in its earlier days may have been back numbers in many respects, but in one thing at least they were far in advance of our up-to-date Councilmen of late years; and that was in a conscientious regard for the best interests of their constituents. When there was a deadlock in their Council, or when some question of great importance to the welfare of the public came before them, and they were divided as to what was best to do, or when some designing politician was attempting to sway their decision so as to obtain personal gain at the expense of the community, then the "public alarm," as it was called, was sounded, the citizens assembled at the Council Hall, the president, "speaking in a loud voice," stated the question to the people. Every one had a chance to make a speech. Rivers of eloquence flowed; and when all who wished to speak had had their say, the question was decided by a show of hands, and all went home happy to think the country was saved and that they each and all, had had something to do in saving it. The clang of the bell or the roll of the drum that sounded the "public alarm" exorcised the malign influence of the political boss and thwarted the machinations of the scheming politician.

DON DAVID W. ALEXANDER.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read June, 1897.]

In October, 1863, Mr. Alexander recounted to me the main facts of the following brief sketch of his life. He said he was born in Ireland, June 22, 1812, and that he came to the United States with a brother in 1832, when he was 20 years old. He resided in Philadelphia some three or four years, and from there he went to Rochepport, Boone county, Mo., where he remained a couple years, and from thence, in 1837, he went with a trading company to Santa Fé, arriving there just after there had been an insurrection, in which the people had beheaded their Governor, Perez. He engaged in business there till 1842 with John Scully, who was well known in that country, buying goods in Chihuahua and wines in El Paso and selling them at Santa Fé.

A bad feeling having been engendered against foreigners because of the aggressions of Texans, Mr. Alexander concluded to leave for California, in company with John Rowland, John Reed, William Knight (of Knight's Ferry,) Maj. Loring (who afterward died at La Puente, in this county,) and others, who came to settle as rancheros. Not a single member of this party is now living. Three of their number, Rowland, Reed and Alexander, I knew very well. Mr. Alexander told me that they arrived at Cucamonga on the 12th of December, 1841. They were four months on the road in their journey hither from Santa Fé. They came by what was known as "the old Mexican trail," via the Wasatch Mountains and Little Salt Lake, the country along that route being at that time entirely uninhabited except by Indians.

Mr. Alexander settled and lived for some time on "the Rincon" Rancho, in what is now San Bernardino county. He then went to San Pedro and carried on the forwarding and lightering business at that port, from 1844 till 1849, or till after the great gold discoveries. He then went into the mercantile business with Francis Mellus at Los Angeles. His firm brought out several ship cargoes to San Pe-

dro direct from Boston. During this time he formed a co-partnership with Phineas Banning in the forwarding and commission business at San Pedro, continuing in the same till 1855, when he sold out his interest. Commodore Stockton, in 1846, appointed him Collector of the Port of San Pedro. At and prior to that time he had held the office of Captain de la Puerte under the Mexican government for a year or two. In the exciting times of 1846 he strongly favored the Americans and with a number of the latter he was made a prisoner by the Californians and held as such four months. The ranchos of Tejunga and La Providencia in this county were finally confirmed to Mr. Alexander by the United States courts. He was elected and served as Sheriff of Los Angeles county for the term of 1855-'56 and also of 1876-'77. He was three times elected a member of the Board of Supervisors, and was president of the board two terms. In 1856 or '57 he again became a ranchero, living on the San Emigdio Rancho several years. His brother, George Alexander, came to California via Honolulu in 1851. He lived for a considerable period in Los Angeles, and was well and favorably known by old-timers. He served with Gen. Carlton's command in California, Arizona and New Mexico during the civil war. He died some years ago.

"Don David Alexander," who was so widely and so favorably known, not only by Americans, but by the Spanish-speaking people of Southern California, was a man of sterling character, of amiable, genial temper, causing him to be generally respected and beloved. All old Californians still living who became acquainted with him at all intimately have only pleasant memories of him.

Don David was married to Doña Adalaida Mellus, widow of Don Pancho (Francis) Mellus, in 1864. Mrs. Alexander was the daughter of Santiago Johnson and not, as incorrectly stated in Bancroft's Pioneer Register, the daughter of Manuel Requena. Don Manuel had no children. His wife and the wives of Don Santiago (James) Johnson, and of Capt. Alexander Bell were sisters. Their family name was Guirado and they were sisters of Rafael Guirado, father of Gov. Downey's first wife, and of Bernardino and R. C. Guirado, still living, and of Maj. Frank Guirado, now deceased. Mr. Johnson had several daughters, one married, as above stated, Francis Mellus, and then Mr. Alexander. She is still living in this city. Another daughter married Henry Mellus, brother of Francis, and at one time Mayor of Los Angeles, and for her second husband,

J. B. Trudell; and a third daughter married James H. Lander, in early times a prominent lawyer of this city. All these persons, with the exceptions noted, are now dead, although they have numerous living descendants. I was personally acquainted with nearly every one of the former generation.

Mr. Alexander died at Wilmington, April 30, 1887, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mrs. Alexander possess a very life-like portrait of him, which all "old-timers" who survive him cannot fail, on sight, to quickly recognize.

THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OF THE COLORADO.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read November 1, 1897.]

(A part of this paper was published in the S. F. Call.)

In Southern California we seldom mention the size of our rivers. Excepting during the winter rains, our rivers are tabooed as a dry subject. The fact that the wonderful system of irrigation utilizes almost every drop of available river water, makes them seem to easterners little more than creeks in the summer time. Then, besides the irrigation drain of the rivers in Southern California, these streams have a habit of sinking below their sandy beds in the dry season.

But the river that marks the boundary between Southern California and Arizona, the Colorado River, is an exception. This river, after running through the most wonderful chasm or system of gorges known in the world, runs its course through the Colorado Desert down to the Gulf of California in Mexico.

At the foot of the Mohave Mountains, thirteen miles below the quaint little town called "The Needles"—so named because at this place there is a group of sharp spires in the Mohave Mountains—the cantilever bridge crosses the Colorado River between Arizona Territory and California.

Travelers bound for the Pacific Slope, crossing this bridge at the Needles, are often informed that they are entering the "Land of Sunshine" on the "longest single span cantilever bridge in the world, with one exception." Although this is taken as an extravagant bit of local pride, yet it was strictly true when the bridge was built. 17. James P. Booth, surgeon of the Bridge Company, says of the cantilever bridge of the Colorado River built in 1890, having a total length of 960 feet, with a single span 660 feet, that at the time of its completion it was the "longest unsupported bridge span in the world, excepting that of the bridge at the Firth of Forth," at Queen's Ferry, Scotland. According to the Glasgow Citizen, this bridge, at Queen's Ferry, is one of the wonders of the world. It has two spans, each of them 1700 feet, and the bridge cost 4,000,000 pounds.

The first cantilever bridge built in the United States was the Niagara bridge, built in 1883, at that time it was the first of any magnitude in the world, the Firth of Forth bridge not having been built. It was considered a marked advance in engineering. It may seem paradoxical, but the principle of the cantilever bridge is found in the simplest and earliest forms of bridge building. Chambers' Encyclopedia says the Japanese "would lay two balks of timber embedding one in one bank and the other in the other bank, with their ends projecting over the stream so as to form two cantilevers, and would then add a center balk, reaching from one to the other;" and that a good bridge of this kind was built in Japan over "two hundred years ago." So much for the simple form or principle of the cantilever. The term itself is defined as meaning a "bracket."

The long span of the present system of cantilever, illustrated in the Niagara bridge, having a total length of 910 feet, with its single span of 470 feet—according to the Scientific American—was out-rivaled by the cantilever bridge of the Colorado, whose span, as has been noted, was 660 feet.

There are other cantilever bridges in the United States, one crosses the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; one crosses the Ohio at Louisville, Ky.

Dr. James P. Booth, whom I have mentioned as surgeon of the Bridge Company, has very kindly furnished me with data on this subject. In a letter he says: "On account of the unsafe condition of the wooden bridge, which spanned the Colorado three miles directly east from the town of the Needles, it was resolved by the A. and P. Company to construct an iron bridge ten miles (thirteen miles from the Needles) further down the stream. This work was begun in September, 1889, and the first train crossed the bridge on May 10, 1890.

"The preliminary work consisted in sinking down to bed rock, which was done by caissons, and building up above the point of high-water mark on both sides of and in the river, two huge pillars of stone and cement. This work was done by Sooy, Smith & Co. of Chicago. The ends of the iron bridge are securely anchored by heavy masonry to the mainland on either side, while the greatest portion of the weight is thus brought to bear upon the two pillars. The bridge—that is, the iron work—was built and put up by the Phoenix Bridge Company of Phoenix, Pa., and is said to be one of the finest and most substantial bridges in the world." Dr. Booth gives the

length and cost of building this bridge, as noted before. He further says:

“In the photograph sent you, you will observe something resembling a platform near the center of the bridge. This photograph was taken before the bridge was completed and the platform is what the builders called ‘the traveler.’ This ‘traveler’ went ahead of the work, carrying material for the construction of the bridge, and paradoxical as it may appear, the bridge was built behind the ‘traveler.’ Two iron rails extended beyond the work upon which the wheels of the ‘traveler’ rolled, and thus it was that the ‘traveler’ was enabled to precede the bridge itself.

“The building of these bridges is usually very perilous work and the principal workmen are experts. Indeed, to one watching the progress of building, it appears a trade in itself. The management informed me that they usually lost from eight to twelve men in the construction of a bridge, but in the building of this bridge there were but three killed. One was blown up by a premature blast of rock, one had a hand car of heavy iron topple over and crush him, and the third fell from the top of the bridge to the ground on the California side just after the work was begun.

“Boats (steamers) pass under the bridge now during the high water season without any difficulty, and the expense of a draw bridge, which was a necessity with the old bridge, is entirely done away with.”

Is it any wonder that Arizonans and Californians join in calling the link that connects the Territory and the State “the great cantilever bridge?” It was an evolution in bridge building that no one could have contemplated a quarter of a century ago.

LOS ANGELES IN THE ADOBE AGE.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Published in Los Angeles Daily Times, Jan. 1, 1898.]

Cities in their growth and development pass through distinctive ages in the use of the material of which they are built. Most of the large cities of the United States began their existence in the wooden age, and have progressed successively through the brick and stone age, the iron age, and are entering upon the steel age. The cities of the extreme Southwest—those of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Southern California—like ancient Babylon and imperial Rome, began their existence in the clay or adobe age. It took our own city of Los Angeles three-quarters of a century to emerge from the adobe age.

At the time of the final conquest of the city by the United States troops (January 10, 1847,) there was not within its limits (if I am rightly informed,) a building built of any other material than adobe, or sun-dried brick. The first wooden building built in Los Angeles was erected in 1851. It was framed in Boston, and the material, all shaped ready for putting together, was shipped around the Horn—a sea voyage of 18,000 miles. The material was hauled from San Pedro to the city on old carretas or Mexican ox carts. This building was erected on the site now occupied by the old Merced Theater, on North Main street, just south of the Pico House, or National Hotel, as it is now called. Another wooden building, among the first built in the city, was the "Three Sisters," so called from its three gables and parallel roof ridges giving it the appearance of three separate houses. It was built by Henry Dalton. The material in it was mahogany, brought from Central America. It stood on the southern part of the present site of the Central Block on North Spring street. The first iron house was built in 1852. The material, shaped and numbered ready for putting together, was shipped from England to Los Angeles via Cape Horn. It stood on or near the corner of Court and North Spring street. The first brick burned in the city was made by Jesse Hunter in 1852. The first brick house was built by Hunter in 1853. It is still standing. It is the story-and-a-half dwelling just north of

the Van Nuys Hotel, on the Downey property, west side of Main street near Fourth street. It was considered in early days quite an aristocratic residence. Adobe as a building material continued to be used to a limited extent for at least a decade after the American conquest. It fell into disuse, not because it was expensive or because it was unsuited to the climate—an adobe house, well constructed, is one of the most comfortable of dwellings, warm in winter, cool in summer. It fell into disuse because the process of preparing and building with it was too tedious and too slow for a fast age. An adobe house, like Rome, was not built in a day. It took five years to build the Plaza Church. Having briefly sketched the transition period of our city's growth, when wood and brick came into use as building material, I turn back to my theme, the adobe age of the old pueblo.

A century ago Los Angeles was a walled town—its walls, like those of Rome in Romulus's day, were built of clay. A guard of the King's soldiers nightly kept watch and ward over the sleeping town. Every male inhabitant of military age was enrolled for duty. The Indians were numerous and predatory, if not blood-thirsty. Fifty years after the first settlement Indian scares still continued, and a guard was kept on duty at the cuartel that stood on the eastern side of the plaza vieja. By the beginning of the present century the town had grown beyond the walls. As it grew, it straggled off from its nucleus—the old plaza—in an irregular sort of a way, without plot or plan.

When a new house was needed—and a house was not built in those days until there was urgent need for it—the builder selected a site and applied to the Ayuntamiento for a grant of a piece of the pueblo lands. If no one claimed the lot asked for, he was granted it. If he did not build a house on it within a given time—usually a year from the time the grant was made—any citizen could denounce the property, and with permission of the Ayuntamiento take possession of it. The builder of a new house built it wherever it was most convenient to him without regard to streets. If the house did not align with the street the street could adjust itself to the house. Half a century after the founding of the pueblo, here was not a regularly-laid-out street within its limits. In 1849, when Lieut. Ord made his plan of the "Ciudad de Los Angeles," some of the houses stood in the middle of the newly-laid-off streets and others half way between two streets, with a frontage on neither. After much tribulation in try-

ing to adjust street lines and property lines, the City Council, in 1854, passed an ordinance allowing the owners of houses debarred of street frontage to take possession of the land between them and the nearest street.

The architecture of the adobe age had no freaks or fads in it. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it altered not. There was, with but very few exceptions, but one style of house—the square-walled, flat-roofed, one-story structure—looking, as a writer of early times says, “Like so many brick kilns ready for the burning.” Although there were picturesque homes in California under the Mexican régime, and the quaint mission buildings of the Spanish era were massive and imposing, yet the average town house of the native Californian, with its clay-colored adobe walls, its flat asphaltum-covered roof, its ground floor and its iron-barred windows, was as devoid of beauty without as it was of comfort and convenience within. Imaginative modern writers speak of the “quaint tiled roofs of old Los Angeles,” as if they were a prominent feature of the old pueblo.

Even in the palmiest days of its Mexican occupation tiled roofs were the exception. Besides the church and the cuartel the other buildings that obtained distinction of being roofed with tiles were the Carillo House, that stood on the present site of the Pico House; the house erected by José Maria Avila on Main street north of the church; Don Vicente Sanchez’s house, a two-story adobe on the east side of the Plaza; the Alvarado house, on First street between Main and Los Angeles streets, and the house of Antonio Rocha, on the present site of the Phillips Block. All these residences were erected between 1822 and 1828. The old cuartel (guardhouse) was built about 1790, and the Plaza Church was begun in 1818. At the time of the American conquest of California tile-making was practically a lost art. It died out with the decadence of the missions. It is to be regretted that the tiled roof of the Church of Our Lady of the Angels was replaced by a shingled one when the building was remodeled in 1861. “The fitness of things” was violated when the change was made. It was only the aristocrats of the old pueblo who could afford to indulge in tiled roofs. The prevailing roofing material was brea or crude asphaltum.

James O. Pattie, a Kentucky trapper, who visited Los Angeles in 1828, and wrote a narrative of his adventures in California, thus describes the buildings in it and the manner of roofing them:

“The houses have flat roofs, covered with bituminous pitch

brought from a place within four miles of the town, where this article boils up from the earth. As the liquid rises, hollow bubbles like a shell of large size are formed. When they burst the noise is heard distinctly in the town. The large pieces thus separated are laid on the roof, previously covered with earth, through which the pitch cannot penetrate when it is rendered liquid again by the heat of the sun."

This roof factory that Pattie describes seems to have ceased operations of late years; possibly because there is no demand for its product. This incipient volcano was still in operation when Fremont's battalion passed it in 1847. Lieut. Bryant, in his book, "What I Saw in California," says "on the march from Cahuenga Pass to the City of Angels we passed several warm springs which throw up large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar." These springs are located on the Hancock Rancho west of the city.

The adobe age was not an aesthetic age. The old pueblo was homely almost to ugliness. The clay-colored fronts of the houses that marked the lines of the irregular streets were gloomy and uninviting. There was no glass in the windows; no lawns in front; no sidewalks, and no shade trees. But even amid these homely surroundings there were aesthetic souls that dreamed dreams of beauty and yearned for better things. The famous speech of Regidor Leonardo Cota, delivered in the Ayuntamiento nearly sixty years ago, has come down to us in its entirety, and stamps its author as a man in advance of the age in which he lived. It has in it the hopefulness of boom literature, although somewhat saddened by the gloom of uncongenial surroundings.

"The time has arrived," said he, "when the city of Los Angeles begins to figure in the political world, as it now finds itself the capital of the department. Now to complete the necessary work that, although it is but a small town, it should proceed to show its beauty, its splendor and its magnificence in such a manner that when the traveler visits us he may say, 'I have seen the City of the Angels; I have seen the work of its sanitary commission, and all these demonstrate that it is a Mexican Paradise.' It is not so under the present conditions, for the majority of its buildings present a gloomy—a melancholy aspect, a dark and forbidding aspect, that resembles the catacombs of ancient Rome more than the habitations of a free people, I make these propositions: First, that the government be requested to enact measures so that within four months all the house-fronts shall be plastered and whitewashed; second, that all owners

be requested to repair the same or open the door for the denunciator. If you adopt and enforce these measures, I shall feel that I have done something for my city and my country."

Don Leonardo's eloquent appeal moved the department assembly to pass a law requiring the plastering and whitewashing of the house fronts, under penalty of fines ranging from \$5 to \$25 if the work was not done within a given time. For a while there was a whitening of house-fronts and a brightening of interiors. The *sindico's* account-book in the old archives contains a charge of twelve reales for a fanega (one and one-half bushels) of lime "to whitewash the court." Although lime is cheaper now, I doubt whether twelve reales' worth of it would give a coat of whitewash to some city officials.

Don Leonardo's dream of transforming the "City of the Angels" into a Mexican paradise was never realized. The fines were never collected. The whitewash faded from the house-fronts and was not renewed. The old pueblo again took on the gloom of the Catacombs.

In the adobe age every man owned his own house. No houses were built for rent, nor for sale on speculation. The real estate agent was unknown. When travelers or strangers from other towns paid a visit to the old pueblo they were entertained at private houses, or if no one opened his doors to them they moved on to the nearest mission, where they were sure of a night's lodging.

In 1834, Gov. Figueroa notified the *Ayuntamiento* that he was about to visit the pueblo and desired accommodations for himself and staff. The town council asked the priest to give up his house to the Governor, but the *padre* refused, saying that his rooms belonged to the church, and to surrender them to the civil power would be giving up his ecclesiastical rights. So the Governor gave up his projected visit because the town was too poor to entertain him. Notwithstanding the technical point urged by the *padre*, the civil power did make use of his house. When there was no resident priest in the pueblo, which frequently happened, the *padre's* house was put to a variety of uses. Several times it was used for a boys' school; once for a girls' school, and after a revolution, if the *cuartel* was not large enough to accommodate all the prisoners, the *curate's* house was taken for a jail. During the revolution of 1845 the school was turned out and the old house was used by Pico and Castro for army headquarters. This useful old building, which stood near the

northwest corner of the Plaza church, was burned down about forty years ago.

In 1835 the Mexican Congress proclaimed Los Angeles the capital of Alta California. Commissioners were appointed to find suitable quarters for government offices until a government house could be built. Don Louis Vignes's house, which stood on the present site of the Philadelphia Brewery, was offered at a yearly rental of \$400. Don Juan Temple's house later on was also offered. During the ten years that the capital question was agitated, periodical house hunts were made for governmental headquarters, but nothing came of them. The people of Monterey held on to the governors and the archives and added insult to injury by claiming that they were more moral and more cultured than the Angeleños. They claimed they had a fertile soil, a mild climate and that their women and useful animals were very productive—insinuations that enraged the Angeleños. The bitter feeling engendered between the arribeños (uppers) of the North and the abajeños (lowers) of the South over the capital question was the beginning of the jealousy between Northern and Southern California—a jealousy that has been kept alive for more than sixty years. The capital question was the principal cause of the civil war between the North and the South in 1837—a war which resulted in the subjugation of the South and the triumph of Monterey. It was not a very bloody war. At the battle of San Buenaventura, where for two days cannon “volley'd and thunder'd,” one man was killed on the northern side. At the battle of Las Flores the southern army was severely scared, driven into a cattle corral and captured—probably lassoed. In the revolution of 1845 the abajeños won. At the battle of Cahuenga—a battle that raged for two days, and resulted in the killing of a mule—Pico and Carillo of the South defeated Micheltorena of the North. The decisive battle of Cahuenga made Pico Governor of California and Los Angeles its capital. Next year the gringo army came, captured the country and carried the capital back to Monterey.

While Los Angeles was the capital, the government house was an adobe building that stood on the present site of the St. Charles Hotel. It was used in 1847 by two companies of the United States Dragoons as barracks, and when the county was organized in 1850 it became the first courthouse. The lot extended through to Los Angeles street. In an adobe building on the rear of this lot the first

newspaper—*La Estrella* (The Star)—ever issued in Los Angeles was printed.

The old adobe government house had rather an eventful history. It was built in the early thirties. Pico bought it for the government from Isaac Williams, agreeing to pay \$5000 for it. In 1846, when hostilities had broken out between the Americans and the native Californians in the North, Pico, "to meet urgent expenses necessary to be made by the government," mortgaged the house and lot to Eulogio de Celis for \$2000, "which sum shall be paid as soon as order shall be established in the department." The gringo invaders came down to Los Angeles shortly after the mortgage was made, and Pico fled. Several years after peace was restored Celis began suit against Wilson, Packard and Pico to foreclose the mortgage. The mortgage was satisfied, but through some strange oversight the case was not dismissed. It was a cloud on the title of the property, and nearly fifty years after the suit was begun it was brought up in Judge York's court and dismissed on the showing that the issues that gave it existence had long since been settled.

It was in the old government house that Lieut. Gillespie and his garrison were stationed when the Californians, under Varela and Flores, revolted. An attack was made on Gillespie's force on the night of September 22, 1846, by a party of Californians numbering about sixty men. Gillespie's riflemen drove them off, killing three of the assailants, so he claimed. But the dead were never found. Gillespie was compelled to abandon the government house and take position on Fort Hill. After a siege of five days he was forced to evacuate the city.

From its proud position as the Capitol of California, this historic old adobe descended in the scale of respectability until it ended its eventful career as a barroom. Within it were enacted some of the bloodiest tragedies of the early fifties.

Two Notable Pioneers—Col. J. J. Ayers and Geo. Hansen.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read December 6, 1897.]

It is fitting that this society should take some notice of the death of eminent citizens, and especially of pioneers, who, on any lines, have helped to build our commonwealth. Two such citizens and pioneers have passed away, their deaths having occurred within two days of each other.

George Hansen and Col. James J. Ayers, who died in this county last month, lived lives (mostly in California) of great practical usefulness, the one as a civil engineer and land surveyor, and the other as a journalist and litterateur, each attaining eminence of the higher sort in his chosen profession.

Having known both these gentlemen many years, and latterly quite intimately, I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to add to the records of our Historical Society my humble, sincere tribute to their memory.

I doubt if our citizens generally have any adequate conception of their obligations to Mr. Hansen or to Col. Ayers, or, rather, of the extent to which the former impressed his influence on the lines and configuration of the lots on which their homes are built, or of the farms and orchards which they cultivate, or of the ranchos in which their capital is invested, or the extent of the influence which James J. Ayers has exerted on the material and moral welfare of this community, this State and this Coast, since his coming hither nearly half a century ago.

A bare skeleton outline of the lives of our departed friends may be told in few words.

Mr. Hansen was a native of Fiume, Austria, where he was born in 1824. He came to California via Cape Horn and Peru in 1850, and to Los Angeles in 1853, since when his home was here till his death, which occurred November 10, 1897.

Col. Ayers was born in Glasgow, Scotland, August 27, 1830. His parents immigrated to the United States when he was an infant. His

boyhood was spent in New York, where he learned the printers' trade and also acquired a knowledge of the French language. After spending a year in St. Louis, he started in February, 1849, for California, by way of New Orleans and Honduras, arriving at San Francisco after a long, perilous journey of appalling hardships, in October of that year. After a varied and eventful career in Central California, Nevada and the Sandwich Islands, he came to Los Angeles in 1872. He died at his home at Azusa in this county, November 12, 1897.

A record in detail of the lives of these two notable men would fill a book. Nevertheless I will try to condense, in this paper, a few facts concerning each of them.

To those who can rightly interpret them, the records of land titles of Los Angeles county perhaps best tell the story of Mr. Hansen's long and useful life. He probably made more land surveys in this and adjoining counties than any other person. His maps are field notes, of early surveys especially, are extensive and extremely valuable. And if, from any calamity, by fire or other cause, the county records should be lost or destroyed, they could be reproduced, more nearly complete, from the private papers and maps which he left at his death containing records of his surveys, than from any other source.

Not only was Mr. Hansen a man of great intellectual ability and an accomplished civil engineer, but he was very methodical in his habits and possessed a sound judgment.

When he first came to Los Angeles from the mines, in 1853, mostly without means, he told me that he went to John Temple, then one of the moneyed men here, and, though a stranger and a newcomer, asked for the loan of \$100 with which to purchase surveying tools. Mr Temple, who was a shrewd business man, and himself a large land owner, and knowing that there was plenty of work to do here for a competent surveyor, asked him if that was his profession, etc., and then readily loaned him the money on his simple note, without security, at 2 per cent. a month, a very moderate rate for that period.

After sending to San Francisco for his needed surveyor's outfit he went to work, and for years his professional services were almost constantly in demand.

Mr. Hansen laid out Anaheim, the pioneer colony, in 1857, and planted and superintended the cultivation of the fifty twenty-acre

vineyards and orchards of the owners, of whom he was one. I remember that I supplied him some 80 M grape cuttings, in the winter of '58-9, which I obtained from the vineyards of Mr. William Wolfskill, and that I rode in a buggy with John Frohling in the spring of '59, from Los Angeles to the new colony, by way of Workman's and Rowland's, and that we staid one night as the guests of Mr. Hansen. This was the commencement of my intimate acquaintance with him, which subsisted thereafter till his death. Mr. Hansen practically had charge, under Maj. Henry Hancock, of the second official survey of this city known as "Hancock's survey." He surveyed many of the large ranchos of this, and I believe, San Bernardino counties.

He once argued with me, half humorously and half in earnest, in favor of the proposition that surveyors were more useful to society than preachers, as promoters of peace especially, because they were able often in defining boundary lines between conflicting claimants, to harmonize opposing views or illy-defined titles like those derived from Spanish and Mexican grants, and thereby avert or minimize litigation between neighbors.

After the establishment of "Drum Barracks" at Wilmington in this county during the civil war, it became necessary, in bringing water from the San Gabriel River, to build a flume several miles long to convey the water across the extensive depression between the Dominguez homestead range of hills and Wilmington, and Mr. Hansen was employed to superintend the construction of the work. After surveying the ground over which the flume was to run, he laid out in his office the work of construction. An immense quantity of lumber was ordered, and a very large force of men, including many soldiers from the barracks, were put to work on the lumber to get it ready to set up; but none of it was actually set up till a considerable portion of it was prepared to go into the flume, and as the work progressed Col. Curtiss, Gen. Banning and others became anxious lest the vast piles of timber already fitted to go together should fail to fit the places assigned them, or the unequal and irregular depression of the land over which the big flume must necessarily pass, the depression in some places being twenty feet or more. And they therefore begged Mr. Hansen to have the workmen stop getting out any more lumber till it was known whether that already prepared would actually fit together. And so finally he consented to this to please them; and as everything

went together, as he knew it would, like a well-devised piece of mechanism, their faith thereafter in the skill and judgment of Mr. Hansen as an engineer and mathematician was unbounded. At one time Mr. Hansen and myself were appointed appraisers of an estate, in which a person (a mother) had only a life interest, and as, according to standard life insurance tables she had probabilities of thirty odd years of life, it became necessary for us to compute what the value of the estate would amount to at, say, 3 per cent. interest, compounded annually—a somewhat formidable problem according to ordinary arithmetical methods. Mr. Hansen suggested that it be solved by logarithms—which I had not thought of—and straightway he figured out the proper solution almost instantly.

The Canal and Reservoir Company of this city was, I believe, originated and its extensive works were engineered by Mr. Hansen, who also donated to the company the land needed for its ditches, reservoirs, etc. It was he, who, when the city lands were surveyed, insisted, against much opposition at the time, on reserving the 400 or 500 acres north of the city now constituting our magnificent Elyian Park, for public uses. One object which he especially had in view was that all citizens, rich and poor alike, could freely go there and take out stone for building or other purposes, for at that period, before the advent of railroads, building stone within reach of the city was scarce.

In the early '80's, Mr Hansen, Leonardo Cota and the writer served as commissioners to partition the big San Pedro or Manuel Dominguez Rancho of 25,000 acres, which included Rattlesnake or Terminal Island, with its frontage on San Pedro Harbor, and also the site of the present town of Redondo with its deep-sea waterfront. As the rancho extended from the San Gabriel River to the "salt works" (Redondo) a distance of about eleven miles, we had an opportunity, in riding nights and mornings to and from the distant portions of the rancho, to discuss almost every conceivable subject that could interest the human mind. And a free discussion of philosophy, morals, sociology, economics, final causes, etc., with a profound philosopher and thinker like George Hansen, could not but prove edifying to any one who cared at all to get at the true theory of things.

Mr. Hansen was an omniverous reader in three languages, German, English and French. He had also an intimate acquaintance with the Spanish language. He was for years a regular subscriber

and reader of the four leading English reviews, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly* and the *Westminster Reviews*, and also the *Popular Science Monthly*. He was thoroughly familiar with the standard writers of his own language, both philosophers and poets, whose wise or striking sayings he used freely to quote and translate.

He was a sincere admirer of Darwin and Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and naturally, with them he believed in the general theory of evolution.

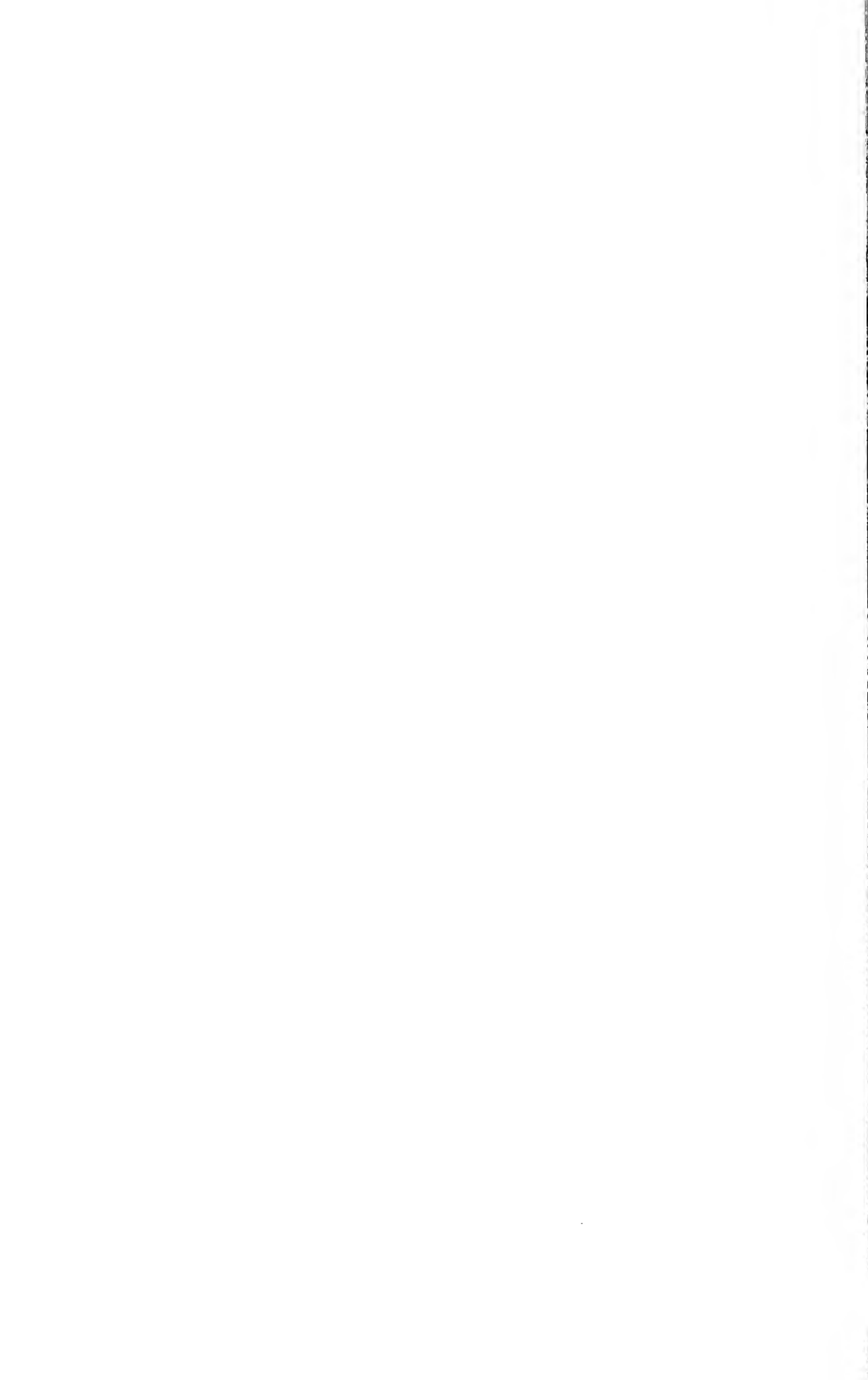
Mr. Hansen had a keen sense of humor though naturally a very serious man. One or two examples will suffice to illustrate this point. Years ago, when the "Fenians" attracted much attention, I met him one day and rallied him about some movement his "countrymen, the Fenians," had just been making, etc. The idea of classing him, a German of the Germans as an Irishman and a Fenian, struck him as so comical that whenever we met after that, for a long time, he could not refrain from referring to his "brethren" or his "countrymen" or to the "Fenian brotherhood" and their somewhat eccentric activities.

He pretended to have discovered an original and effective mode of "standing off" importunate creditors. He would relate with much seriousness how a man came to him to collect an account and how he treated him with great civility, and asked him to be seated, when he commenced reading to him some of his poetry. The man stood this for a while though plainly showing uneasiness, till finally he got up and said he must be going as he had to meet an engagement, to which Hansen effusively replied that he wanted him to listen to some very fine passages, asking him to take a cigar and not to be in a hurry. Then Hansen dosed him with more poetry—wooden poetry, like much of that which is dosed out to a suffering public in the newspapers and magazines—till at last the man started up in sheer desperation and rushed out of the office, and Hansen said he never saw him afterward. Of course the above was merely an imaginary episode; he probably never wrote a line of poetry in his life.

Mr. Hansen was of a quiet and retiring disposition, being naturally averse to anything like publicity; but he lived a very rich intellectual life and he was held in the highest esteem by his intimate friends. He was a man of progressive and far-reaching ideas, and was ever ready to help any one to build up the city; and, as one of the largest land owners of the city, he did not sell his lots in the



GEORGE HANSEN.



early times for gain, but rather almost gave them away to secure their settlement and improvement, and at the same time to aid worthy poor men. He donated both land and water to the woolen mill to encourage the building up of a useful local industry.

Leaving no relatives in this country, Mr. Hansen willed his property to Alfred Solano, his protégé, whom he had brought up from boyhood and educated as civil engineer. In accordance with his own request his body was incinerated.

I remember very well attending a meeting of citizens I think in '72 or '73 held to consider the question of purchasing the Evening Express of George Tiffany, who, it was understood, wished to sell his interest, the desire of our people being to prevent the paper from falling under the control of the railroad company, whose iron grip they had even then begun to feel. A joint stock company was formed, the purchase was made and the paper was placed under the editorial control of Messrs. Ayers and Lynch, who later bought out the other stockholders and became sole owners, and who made the Express a success and a powerful exponent of public opinion. Afterwards Mr. Lynch bought the Herald, Col. Ayers thereafter becoming sole manager of the Express.

As I look back and review the yeoman's service which Col. Ayers rendered to this community during those years, I ask myself the question—what was the main secret of his influence? to which I answer, that he had strong convictions and he was always loyal to those convictions.

In some incidental correspondence on other matters that I had with him last summer, I tried to get him to engage in correspondence in which I hoped to draw him out on many questions of general interest. To which, in reply, he wrote last July: "You have no idea how I have regretted that my health has been such that I have not been enabled to enter upon and keep up such a correspondence as you proposed. It would have been so mutually satisfying and beneficial, and we might have left some useful hints behind us."

Two or three years ago I urged Col. Ayers to write out his remembrances of events and of persons in California since the days of '49 and that, if written with any degree of fullness, such an autobiography, because of the active and prominent part he himself had taken in public affairs, would be in reality a history of California. I am glad to know that he acted on my suggestion. His manuscript autobiograph-

ical history of several hundred pages, which he permitted me to read before his death, is a graphic and exceedingly interesting work, which I hope may soon be published. It is really a valuable contribution to California history. In the mean time, those who desire to learn more of Col. Ayers' varied career, are referred to the *Illustrated History of Los Angeles County*, published in 1889, which contains a sketch of his life, dictated to the writer hereof by himself, and also to the local press which, on the occasion of his death, gave appreciative and interesting accounts of his life and character. The *Herald* eulogy by Mr. Spalding, who, as a newspaper man, knew Col. Ayers intimately, was most admirable and truthful.

I have only pleasant memories of Col. Ayers—such memories as one would naturally retain in associating with a thoroughly cultured man of the world like him, who was "honest to the core," whose heart was as gentle as that of a woman.

Col. Ayers was a fine Shakespearian scholar. He spoke French and Spanish fluently. But one of the highest compliments I can pay to his memory is to express my belief that in all his journalistic career, his influence was ever cast on the side of the people and in favor of human rights and of human freedom.

At the centennial celebration of our national independence by the people of Los Angeles July 4, 1876, Col. Ayers read a poem from which I quote the following lines:

* * * * *

"E'en as where wrecks on sunken rocks are cast,
 Show watchful pilots courses safe to trace,
 So we, by holding still in view the past,
 By public good may public ill replace.

"One hundred years, summed in a nation's life,
 Form but the childhood term—the tender age—
 When, with disease and heedless error rife,
 The coming man gropes thro' his infant stage.

"Passed are all these; in manhood's stalwart pride
 We sally forth with destiny to cope,
 And, daring adverse winds and threatening tide,
 Launch on the world a new career of hope.

“That hope is Freedom’s, here and everywhere
On this broad earth, where man, downtrod,
Sends up to heaven a supplicating prayer
To shield him from the tyrant’s ruthless rod!

“To us, entrusted by Almighty hand,
The ark of freedom, which our fathers bore
In safety from the dread oppressor’s land,
And planted on Columbia’s western shore;—

“To us is given the charge to guard it well;
And if from public vice the danger come,
Insidious though it be, and, growing, swell
With giant power as erst in olden Rome,

“Yet we will grapple with the monster’s might—
Place Virtue on our shields, and with the spear
Of Truth, firm set in place, bend to the fight,
And crush it under hoof, ’mid high career.

“Freedom is ours in trust—oh, priceless trust!
To guard with hearts that beat the Godward side—
With souls that feel the impulse of the just,
And rising, swell to Honor’s manly pride!

“In every votary’s breast she rears a shrine,
Where inward glows her quenchless vestal flame—
Enthroned she dwells in every patriot mind,
And blazons forth from fields of deathless fame.

“Out from thy pregnant womb, O, Time! bring forth
Men equal to our country’s future needs,
With faces skyward, hearts of purest worth,
And iron nerves strung to the bravest deeds.

“With these, we’ll bid defiance to the woes
That Fate may launch against our hallowed land—
Unyielding breasts will brave our open foes,
And Honor’s foot on prostrate Baseness stand.”

ISLA DE LOS MUERTOS.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Written for *Overland Monthly*.]

As an illustration of nature's progress in removing one of her own landmarks, a little island in San Pedro Bay, known as Dead Man's Island, or more properly *Isla de los Muertos*, exhibits a fine example. Within a few years the whole facies of this island has been changed by the erosive power of waves and tides, as well as by the winter rains. The base of Dead Man's Island, daily lashed by the rushing waves, shows the effect of waves and tides, in their action on Pliocene rock; and that of the upper stratum, or summit, tells the story of the destructive power of rain on the more recent or quaternary formation. In the transactions of the I. L. Chap. of the A. A., the Hon. Delos Arnold says of Dead Man's Island: "To one who has spent many pleasant and profitable hours in this lonely spot, it cannot but cause an abiding sorrow to witness the devastation that is constantly and rapidly going on by the relentless waves. Within the recollection of persons now living the island has diminished one-half or more, and there are now living those who will see the tides sweeping over the spot where the receding island now stands, unless some steps are taken to protect it."

A few years ago the ocean side on the west of the island could only be reached either by way of the inner harbor or by climbing to the top of the island then descending down the precipitous trail, but now one can walk all around it without obstruction. This has been made possible by an arch cut through the solid rock. A hole, that appeared to be an entrance to a small cave in the rock, has been rapidly enlarged by the waves and breakers which beat with prodigious force against the base of the island until an arch has been formed in the solid rock. When the tide is high the breakers sweep through the arch, but when the tide is low one can easily pass through it around the island.

Dead Man's Island or "*Isla de los Muertos*," is so small it appears only like a pile of sandy soil in the ocean when viewed from the mainland, but many islands of far greater dimensions are of less value

to history or to science. Historically it is identified with the retaking of the capital of California, at that time the Pueblo de Los Angeles, and scientifically it has a national reputation on account of its fossil shells.

At one time it was possible to wade in the low water from the town of San Pedro to the island, but the building of an inner harbor between these two places has brought on a stretch of water that can only be spanned by a skiff or boat. A breakwater, a mile and one quarter long, connects Dead Man's Island on the east with a long sandy beach, formerly known as "Rattlesnake Island," though now called Terminal Island.

On a clear day the view from the top of Dead Man's Island is fine. One can see, on the west, the little watering place, Santa Catalina, with its narrow isthmus plainly visible, from twenty-five to thirty miles out in the Pacific Ocean. On the mainland, jutting out from the Palos Verdes Hills, Point Firmin, the lighthouse, defines itself against the horizon, then stretched along, one after another on the high bluffs, the towns of San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach and Alamitos encircle the bay of San Pedro.

It is easy to conjecture why the island is given so gruesome a cognomen as "Dead Man's Island," or "Isla de los Muertos," by the Spanish in California, as the name hints at a legend. Mr. Stephen C. Foster says that Col. J. J. Warner, who came to this coast in 1831, told him the island got its name from the fact that a sailor who died on a vessel trading on the coast was buried on the island, this was before Col. Warner came, as it bore that name when he arrived.

Some years after, when R. H. Dana, Jr., was a sailor before the mast in the American merchant service, he sailed on the California coast, and he has given us a graphic picture of the island. He was in San Pedro on Sunday and his brig, the *Pilgrim*, "lay in the offing," as far out as he could see, he says, "the only other thing which broke the surface of the great bay was a small, desolate-looking island, steep and conical, of a clayey soil and without the sign of vegetable life upon it, yet which had a peculiar and melancholy interest to me, for on the top of it were buried the remains of an Englishman, the commander of a small merchant brig, who died while lying in this port. It was always a solemn and interesting spot to me. There it stood, desolate and in the midst of desolation; and there were the remains of one who died and was buried alone and friendless. Had it been a common burying place it would have been nothing. The

single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around." This was in 1835, a strong contrast to the town-studded bay of today! "It was the only thing in California from which I could ever extract anything like poetry. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him, by poison, it was suspected, and no one to inquire into it, and without proper funeral rites, the mate, as I was told, glad to have him out of the way and into the ground without a word of prayer."

Although the sea gulls winged their flight for many years over the solitary and desolate grave of the Englishman, other victims, and this time of war, were carried up the hill and lowered into graves dug on its summit. In October, 1846, six American marines, who were killed or died of wounds in the fight at Dominguez ranch, were buried on this island, emphasizing it still more as the Isle of the Dead. As there is considerable variation in authorities in the given number of men killed in this fight, being variously estimated from "four" to "twelve" or "thirteen," as well as the number of graves on the island, I will give some notes copied from the log book of the U. S. S. Savannah for October, 1846. I am indebted to the Secretary of the Navy for this data: "In reply I have to inform you that the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to whom your letter was referred for an examination of the log book of the U. S. S. Savannah, reports as follows:

"The log book of the U. S. S. Savannah for 1846 shows that the vessel was at Monterey, Cal., during August, 1846.

"First arrived in the Bay of San Pedro October 7, on which date an expedition was landed for the purpose of retaking the town of Pueblo de los Angeles,' (in the earlier official papers of the United States Los Angeles was written Los Angelos,) 'capital of California.' On landing William Smith (I. C. B.) was killed. (This was before the battle) by the accidental discharge of a pistol.'

"The log for October 9 states that 'at 2 the Angelos expedition arrived at the landing, having been unable to effect their object owing to the very superior force of the enemy?'. . .

"The following dead and wounded were brought on board, viz: Michael Hoy (sea;) David Johnson (O. S.;) both dead; Charles Somers (musician,) mortally wounded. William Berry (sea,) severely wounded. . . . Charles Somers, who was mortally wounded in the action of yesterday, departed this life. At 9:30 sent the body of William Smith, who was accidentally killed, and the bodies of

Michael Hoy, James (?) Johnson and Charles Somers, who were killed in the action of yesterday, on an island for interment.'

"October 11 the log states that 'William B. Berry departed this life from wounds received in the action of the 8th. Buried body of W. H. Berry on Dead Man's Island.'

"On October 22 the log shows that 'Henry Lewis (marine) departed this life. . . . Buried on Dead Man's Island the remains of Henry S. Lewis (marine.)'

"No further deaths were reported up to November 4, 1846, when the Savannah left the Bay of San Pedro.' Nothing has been found on the records of the department showing the exact size of this island at the time to which you refer." These extracts from the log book settle the question of the number killed in the fight and buried on the island during the month of October, 1846.

Of the fight at Dominguez Ranch, I am indebted for data to Mr. Stephen Foster, who came to California in 1847. In a letter received from him he says of the fight: "In August, 1846, Commodore Stockton took possession of Los Angeles and left a small garrison here. The Californians rose and drove the Americans out, and they went aboard a vessel at anchor at San Pedro. Captain Mervine came from the Bay of San Francisco with the frigate Savannah and started with about two hundred and fifty men afoot for Los Angeles. He had no artillery, and the Californians, all mounted, with a small cannon, met him on Dominguez ranch, about where Compton now stands, and there was a running fight for some three miles. The cannon was quartered in the road and the Californians would make a feint to charge and Mervine would mass his men together to resist cavalry, when the canon would be discharged, and the lancers would wheel about. This was repeated four or five times. Some eight or ten Americans were killed or wounded, the exact number I have never heard, but the dead and wounded were loaded on a cart taken from the Dominguez ranch and sailors pulled the cart to the beach and the dead were buried on the island."

In the history of California by Hubert H. Bancroft, he says of the cannon in the fight: "When Mervine came near, the gun was fired by Ignacio Aguilar, and was immediately dragged away by riatas attached to the horsemen's saddles, to be reloaded at a safe distance. This operation was repeated some half a dozen times in less than an hour. The first discharge did no harm, since the home-made powder was used, but at last the gun was properly loaded and

the solid column affording an excellent target, each shot was effective. Six were killed and as many were wounded, if indeed the loss of Americans was not greater." As has been stated the official record settles the question of the number who died and were buried.

In his "Reminiscences of a Ranger," Major Horace Bell says of the gun used in the fight at Dominguez ranch that it was taken to Dead Man's Island on July 4, 1853, to fire off a national salute.

"Captain Sepulveda mustered and embarked his command on a large boat and proceeded up Wilmington Bay, where he embarked his artillery and sailed for Dead Man's Island, where, after infinite labor, he succeeded in mounting his battery on the highest point of the island, and all being ready we let loose such a thunder as was never exceeded by one gun. It seemed that we would wake the seven sleeping heroes who so quietly reposed on the little barren rock. Don Juan (Sepulveda) said the firing would serve a triple purpose, it would dissipate the last vestige of unfriendly feeling that may have lingered in the bosoms of the sons of the country toward the United States; that it would serve to express our gratitude to the great founders of modern liberty, and it would be an appropriate salute to the seven (six) brave marines who lost their lives in their country's service." . . .

"Don Juan proceeded to tell us how the seven" (there were seven graves, but not all of them killed at the fight at Dominguez Ranch,) "sailors came to be killed. Their wooden head-boards stood in line in front of us." After relating some incidents of the fight, Don Juan Sepulveda said: "The old gun was subsequently buried near my house, and after a nap of six years, here it is, and here am I, and others who dragged it away at the time; and here we are, all of us, the old gun, the old enemies, now friends, and here is brave Higuera, firing a salute of honor over our former foes, who fell in battle. Viva los Estados Unidos! Viva Mexico Somos Amigos.'" Another link in the history of this little island that connects it with the history of California.

A tangled growth of weeds on the summit of Dead Man's Island has made it impossible for me to distinguish more than five graves on the island, one, sunken two or three feet down, is, I presume, that of the unknown Englishman. One grave on the northwestern corner still has a number of chalk-white fossil shells mixed with yellow soil thrown up on either side of it. Fragments of fossil shells are strewn about the decaying foot and head-boards that mark other graves.

When I was on the island last spring, a companion "paced it." and fifty by one hundred feet proved to be its area. A few years ago a bed of white fossil shells, quaternary, was visible around its summit, but these have been washed down and lodged in the rock-pools at the base of the island. Nearly three hundred species and varieties of fossil shells have been collected on this island. The base of the island is a much older formation than on its loose, sandy summit. Here, near the base, we find fossil shells of the Pliocene, and possibly Miocene strata of rocks. To be able to pick up fossil shells while collecting living ones, is one of the unique experiences a collector can report from the island. And a few years ago conchologists could cut fossil shells from the soft, clayey soil at the bottom of a tide pool! The water would become roiled in tiny clouds as the knife dislodged the soil that formed a clayey matrix around the shell. A number of fine *Fusus barbarentis* and *Fusus corpulentus* were thus found embeded in rocks that formed the base of rock-pools, the home of numerous living mollusks. Dead Man's Island has supplied conchologists with many fossil mollusks now known only to inhabit, in any number, the waters of our northern coast; among these are *Chrysodomus tabulatus* and *Tritonium oregonensis*, the last-named being more especially a Puget Sound and Vancouver Island mollusk.

Identified with California in its history and its science, with all its inhabitants buried on the summit that rises a solitary pile above the ocean breakers, this little vanishing island should be considered as something more than a "desolate-looking island" on the Pacific Coast.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read December 6, 1896.]

The loss off Cape Hatteras of the steamer "Central America," with some 500 passengers, mostly from the Pacific Coast, Saturday night, November 12, 1857, was a disaster that caused a profound sensation at the time throughout the country, but especially in California, because so many of the passengers on board that ill-fated ship were Californians. The writer of these lines came very near being one of the number, as he had intended to have left San Francisco on the steamer that would have connected with the "Central America," but at the last moment he decided to take the next steamer, which he did, passing over the same route two weeks later. We first heard of the loss at Havana, off the mouth of the harbor where our steamer called to leave passengers destined for New Orleans, in case the connecting steamer had not left. We did not enter the harbor of Havana because of the existence there of yellow fever. The captain of the port came out and hailed us and informed our captain, who did not understand Spanish, in broken English, that the New Orleans steamer had left, and then immediately added in Spanish: "The 'Central America' has been lost with 500 passengers," which sad news was corroborated at Key West where we arrived next morning.

On my return from the East, in the following December, I made the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger on the steamer, who was on the "Central America" at the time she foundered, who was returning from his eastern trip to his home in Oregon.

In looking over my old papers lately, I came across the following account of his experiences and impressions of that terrible sea tragedy, as I took it down from his lips. My memorandum is dated and reads as follows:

Steamer "John L. Stephens,"
Off Lower California, Dec. 26, 1857.

I have made the acquaintance of a gentleman on board who was on the ill-fated "Central America" at the time of her wreck. He was 12 hours in the water after she went down, but was finally picked up by the Norwegian barque "Ellen," and is now on his way to Ore-

gon where he resides. His name is John D. Dement of Oregon City.

The experiences of an eye-witness of that awful calamity cannot but prove interesting. The public has a right to know all that can be known of the circumstances attending the disaster, so far as they indicate the causes that led to it.

Mr. Dement is a muscular, well-built man, rather above the average stature, with strong nerves, and apparently he is capable of retaining his presence of mind in emergencies—to which qualities he has been indebted under Providence for the preservation of his life on several occasions.

He was on the "Texas," a year ago, when she put into Norfolk in distress; and also on this same "John L. Stephens" last year, off the Gulf of Tehuantepec, in a heavy gale, when, in both cases, he thinks, the storm was fully as severe as that in which the "Central America" was lost. The "Stephens," a year ago this very upward trip, with our present Captain Pearson in command, was disabled by the breaking of the frame work which supported her engine, so that water rushed in at every revolution of her shaft. The passengers were ordered below, and Capt. Pearson remained above almost alone, being obliged to walk the deck in his stocking feet; the bulwarks were washed away, and a portion of one of her wheel houses was broken in; the cattle on board were washed overboard and lost, and the ship was kept to the wind with only enough steam on to keep her from drifting; she finally rode it out, but, of course, made no headway till the storm abated. If her shaft had broken, or her fires had been put out, she would still have had the resource left of sail to have scud before the wind; otherwise she must have laid in the trough of the sea and gone to the bottom—as did the "Central America."

Mr. Dement says that the foremast of the latter was cut away in the early part of the storm, as they said to him, "to keep her from blowing over on her side so much." That, in his opinion, was one fatal mistake among many others. He thinks that even the "George Law" need not have been lost, as it was, from similar causes, in this same storm. He believes the fault in the case of the "Central America" did not lie entirely nor principally with Captain Herndon, nor with his engineers—they were the faithful but straitened employés of a heartless, greedy, money-making company. When the steamer, on the same trip, was coaling at Havana, it came out in the presence of Mr. Dement and others that Captain Herndon could

not do what he would. When called on for more hands to assist, he was obliged to confess that he could not furnish them; that, in fact, he hardly had half a crew. It also came out during their distress, before the steamer went down, when some carpentering was needed, that there was no carpenter among the crew, nor even a set of tools worth the name! For one of the passengers, a western man, came forward, after bailing had been kept up for a long time, and said that he was a ship carpenter, and offered to make a pump, and it was with the greatest difficulty that tools and materials sufficient could be found to make one—a wooden one—but in which he finally succeeded. And the pump did good service, Mr. Dement said, as long as it lasted or till it wore out.

He says he saw but three axes, but other persons were using these. He was unable to get one to cut away some part of the upper works with which to construct a raft. He tried to wrench off some of the doors, but could not, so he waited, hoping to get one of the axes, but without success, when he finally gave it up. Afterwards he spoke to the mate about it, who told him that there had been more axes on board, but in using them to cut away the masts they had been spoilt and some had been dropped down in the hold or lost overboard.

Mr. Dement says that when water was first discovered in the hold by passengers, it was several feet deep, and trunks were floating about in every direction; the steamer was leaking around the lower portholes or "dead lights," which might have been tight at first, but as they were badly rust-eaten, or surrounded by verdigris between them and the wood, they had often been covered with paint, etc., they early began to let in water. Afterwards, on Saturday, when timbers and settees began to float about in the lower cabin, many of these dead-lights were knocked out altogether, and Mr. Dement saw large streams of water pouring in through the apertures. He is sure that the "donkey pump" was in working order, but the fires being out, of course it was useless, for the coal was wet, and, besides, it was dangerous to go down into the coal holds on account of floating timbers and heat, etc., and therefore they did not succeed in getting up steam in the donkey engine to do any good. Everything seemed to have been done when it was too late. The pumps fore and aft, he says, were not in order.

The usual precautions or provision for a wreck were made by the company in the most niggardly and careless manner, if, indeed,

they can be said to have provided at all for any such emergency.

And then, the management on board seems to have been bad, first, in permitting the water to fill the lower hold before it was known that the ship leaked dangerously, and then in not starting the donkey pump at once, and when it was found to be impossible to keep the water from putting out the fires (in which case she must inevitably fall into the trough of the sea,) to cut away her foremast. For she thus would have no means of keeping before the wind, nor of heading to it; no wonder that, in this helpless condition, she filled and sank.

Of Captain Herndon, Mr. Dement thinks that he was wholly unequal to such a terrible situation; that he was a good and brave man and had all the amiable qualities, and that he acted according to his best judgment, but that he was handicapped by the criminal, heartless stinginess of his company, the steamship owners. The passengers appeared to be doing each what he thought best. Bailing companies were formed; some busied themselves in trying to construct rafts; others, completely unmanned, went to their staterooms and shut themselves in. Mr. Dement saw but one attempt made under the direction of the officers of the ship, to construct a raft, though others may have been made.

On Friday (September 11,) about noon, a lunch was served, when the captain came down into the cabin and called on the waiters to come and help carry coal. Passengers soon after commenced bailing with buckets by passing them up from one to another. There was a scarcity of buckets; some had no handles and some soon broke; barrels were afterwards rigged to haul up with teacles, etc. Mr. Dement says he bailed thus Friday afternoon and all night and till Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, without a morsel to eat, when he concluded, as it was doing no good, to quit; that the ship must founder very soon, as the water inside was filling her cabins, and outside was nearly up to her guards; that it was time to take care of himself, and although he despaired of his life, he determined to do all that could be done to save it, for there was hope so long as there was life.

He went to his trunk, took out some papers of value and some money, and with his overcoat and life-preserver, went on deck and sat down on a trunk in one of the upper state rooms, and leaned back to get a little rest; he slept, he thinks, perhaps two hours, when he awoke, the water had covered the spar-deck and the ship rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. He awakened a man who was

asleep in the berth, and told him that the ship was sinking. He turned his feet out of the berth and said: "Oh, I guess not."

Mr. Dement stepped outside the stateroom, and the water was ankle high. He went to the wheel house and up on to the hurricane deck, to be as high as possible. It was then about 8 o'clock in the evening. A wave came from the leeward side and ran partly over the deck, washing him between the escape pipe and the smoke stack, and then receded, when another heavy wave from the windward side washed over her, throwing a man against him, which forced him out from between the 'scape pipe and smoke stack, at which she began to settle bodily, her stern going under first, until she was entirely submerged, when she sank—as Lucifer fell, "To rise no more!"

Everything near her was drawn down in her mighty wake. Mr. Dement felt her under his feet no more, but was drawn down a great distance—he knows not how far; but he did not lose his consciousness; he was aware when he ceased going down—he held his breath as long as he could. His life-preserver brought him up with tremendous velocity, but before he came to the surface he lost his breath and began to strangle. But as he reached the upper air and cleared his throat and nostrils of salt water, he saw a short plank near him which he got onto. He soon saw a longer one and swam to it and secured it. He was all this time surrounded by human beings shrieking for help, and struggling in sheer desperation with the surging waves and eddies amid the darkness for their lives, and clinging frantically to each other and going down in utter despair and exhaustion, while those who kept above water were gradually drifted from the scene of that dreadful maelstrom and from each other, to perish one by one, beneath the overwhelming waves.

Mr. Dement floated near what appeared to be one of the wheel houses, with the bowing or semi-circular side up. He swam to it and climbed on it and was thus better able to keep at least his head out of water. On this, he and a man named Brown of Sacramento remained all that Saturday night and until they were picked up. Dement says he had to keep most of the time partly in the water—for the wind was colder than the water—to keep him from getting chilled through. He had left his overcoat on the steamer, but Brown had on his overcoat and stood the cold pretty well and kept on top of the raft all the time. Each occupied a corner, and as they had a great tendency to sleep, they took turns in keeping each other awake

through the night. The waves washed over the raft almost constantly. They heard people halloing about them or in the distance most of the time till daylight.

Sunday morning they saw a sail—the Norwegian bark “Ellen,” making towards them, but it passed without seeing them. They tried to signal with a white handkerchief, but it was wet and of the color of the sea foam; they halloed themselves hoarse, but were not heard. She passed them twice, but finally by the aid of half a life-preserver, they had picked up, they were seen—it was their last chance! The barque made down towards them, and, after several attempts, got a line to them and hauled them onto her decks, and they were safe!

PIONEER SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS OF LOS ANGELES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read October 4, 1897.]

The annual reports of the successive Boards of Education of Los Angeles city for the past twelve years have carried forward in each yearly issue a list of the "persons who have been Superintendents of the Los Angeles city schools." These lists uniformly give Dr. W. T. Lucky, appointed in 1873, as the first Superintendent. There is no statement in any published report that our schools had a supervising officer before Dr. Lucky.

I recently made an extended search through the city archives for data in regard to the early schools of our city and their supervision. I find from the archives that the office of Superintendent was created twenty years before Dr. Lucky's time, and that fourteen persons filled the office before 1873, the date of Dr. Lucky's appointment.

While Los Angeles was under Mexican domination the Ayuntamiento (municipal council,) employed and dismissed teachers and gave the schools all the supervision they received. After the American conquest, the Ayuntamiento was continued for a time as the governing power of the city; and it exercised its former functions in regard to the schools. In July, 1850, the Ayuntamiento was superseded by the Common Council. That body assumed control of the schools, but who examined teachers and supervised their work, the records do not show. Up to 1853 the schools were supported in part by subscription, the Council apportioning a certain amount of the municipal fund to each school for the educating of poor children.

The first ordinance establishing public schools in Los Angeles city was passed by the Common Council, July 26, 1853. This ordinance provided for the appointment by the Council of three Commissioners of Public Schools, "who shall serve as a City Board of Education. The chairman of said board shall be Superintendent of the Public Schools of the city." The board was empowered to examine and appoint teachers and to build school houses. At the next meeting of the Council, J. Lancaster Brent, Lewis Granger and Stephen C. Foster were appointed a Board of Education, J. Lancaster Brent,

by virtue of his position as chairman of the board, becoming Superintendent.

In May, 1854, Hon. Stephen C. Foster, on assuming the office of Mayor, in his inaugural address, said: "First in importance among the needs of our city is education. Our last census shows more than 500 children within the corporate limits of age to attend school, three-fourths of whom have no means of procuring an education other than that afforded by the public schools." He urged the organization of a Board of Education to manage the schools, the appointment of a Superintendent, and the building of two school houses conveniently located.

At the next meeting of the Council an ordinance was presented and passed, providing for the appointment by the City Council of three school trustees or commissioners, a superintendent and a school marshal.

At a meeting of the City Council, held May 20, 1854, Lewis Grainger, a member of the Council moved that Stephen C. Foster be appointed City Superintendent of Common Schools. Manuel Requena, Francis Mellus and W. T. B. Sanford, trustees, and G. W. Cole, school marshal. The appointments were confirmed. Thus the Mayor of the city became its first School Superintendent, and three of the seven members of the Council constituted its first Board of Education.

The duties of Superintendent, as defined in the ordinance, were "to examine all persons wishing to teach in the common schools within the city, to grant certificates of approbation to such as are well qualified morally and intellectually to teach, and to revoke certificates for cause; to visit the schools monthly, making such suggestions for the improvement and welfare of the schools as he may think proper, and to hold a public examination once a year." The school board and the superintendent set vigorously to work to secure the erection of a school building. Before the close of the school year, schoolhouse No. 1, located on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets, on the lot now occupied by the Bryson Block and the old City Hall, was completed and occupied. It was a two-story brick building, and cost in the neighborhood of \$6000. It was well out in the suburbs then, the center of population at that time being in the neighborhood of the Plaza. To Stephen C. Foster belongs the credit of inaugurating the public school system of our city, and to him is due the honor of being its first School Superintendent. (J. Lancaster Brent was Superintendent ex-officio, only.)

From 1853 to 1866, the Common Council appointed the members of the Board of Education and the School Superintendents. The board in early times being a creation of the Council it would naturally be supposed that the relations between the two bodies would be harmonious. On the contrary, we find the relations were sometimes so strained that they snapped asunder.

In the minutes of the Council proceedings for July 7, 1856, appears this resolution: "Resolved, That page 7 of the School Commissioners' record be pasted down on page 8, so that the indecorous language written therein by the School Commissioners of 1855 can never again be read or seen, said language being couched in such terms that the present School Commissioners are not willing to use said record." What the provocation was that called forth such vigorous language from the members of the Board of Education does not appear. Doubtless the City Fathers deserved a verbal castigation, but as they had their innings last, they vindicated their reputations by a liberal use of the paste-pot.

From 1866 to 1870, the School Boards and the Superintendents were elected by popular vote at the city election. In 1870, the office was discontinued. The city in school affairs at that time was governed by three trustees, the same as a county district. There was no authority in the school law for the election or appointment of a Superintendent. In 1872, a special act of the Legislature created a City Board of Education, consisting of five members, and gave it power to appoint a Superintendent. In 1889, the new charter created a board of nine members, one from each ward. The appointment of the Superintendent and assistant remains with the board.

The following is the list of persons who have filled the office of Superintendent since its creation, in 1854, down to the present time:

Stephen C. Foster	1854 to 1855
Dr. William B. Osburn	1855 to 1856
Dr. John S. Griffin	1856 to 1857
J. Lancaster Brent	1857 to 1858
E. J. C. Kewen	1858 to 1859
Rev. W. E. Boardman	1859 to 1862
A. F. Hinchman	1862 to 1863
Gustavus L. Mix	1863 to 1864
R. F. Hayes	1864 to 1865
Rev. Elias Birdsell	1865 to 1866
Joseph Huber, Sr.	1866 to 1867

H. D. Barrows	1867 to 1868
Andrew Glassell	1868 to 1869
Dr. T. H. Rose	1869 to 1870
No Superintendent	1870 to 1873
Dr. W. T. Lucky	1873 to 1876
C. H. Kimball	1876 to 1880
Mrs. C. B. Jones	1880 to 1881
J. M. Guinn	1881 to 1883
L. D. Smith	1883 to 1885
William M. Freisner	1885 to 1893
Leroy D. Brown	1893 to 1894
P. W. Search	1894 to 1895
J. A. Foshay	1895 to

The pioneer Superintendents were men of education and standing in the community. Many of them were prominent in civic affairs other than educational.

Stephen C. Foster,* the first Superintendent, still living at a ripe old age, is a graduate of Yale College. He has filled many city offices, as well as several county and State positions. He is the best authority extant on the history of our city and county. He has been identified with their growth and progress for more than half a century.

Dr. William B. Osburn, the second City Superintendent, was a man of versatile genius and varied attainments. He came to the Coast in 1847, as hospital steward of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers. After the expiration of his term of service, he located in Los Angeles. He had a penchant for pioneering. He started the first drug store, opened the first auction house, established the first nursery and introduced the first ornamental trees and shubbery into Los Angeles. He had a genius, too, for office-holding. He was collectively Postmaster, School Supcrintendent, Coroner and City Marshal. Whether it was his familiarity with letters, or his experience in a nursery that suggested to the Council his fitness for School Superintendent, the records do not show. The doctor was the hero of one of the famous rides of history, or rather he would be the hero had the ride ever gotten into history. A Mexican outlaw attempted to assassinate Judge Hays. The Sheriff, his deputy and Osburn followed the desperado across the river and out to the hills beyond Boyle Heights, to where there was an adobe house, the resort of outlaws. As the trio approached the house in the darkness they

were greeted with a volley from the guns of the desperadoes inside. The doctor, fearing that the next volley might create a vacancy in the offices of postmaster, school superintendent, coroner and marshal, and at the same time deprive the city of a political boss, a horticulturist and an auctioneer, turned his horse's head toward the city and fled. The deputy, seeing the doctor depart, followed after, and the sheriff, finding his forces falling back, dashed after to rally them.

The doctor, hearing the clatter of hoofs following supposed he was pursued by all the desperadoes in the lower country, and the deputy, hearing the hoof thuds of the sheriff's horse, thought they were after him, too, and spurred his horse on to overtake the doctor. Wilder and more furious became the race. The doctor plunged the rowels into his steed in a mad effort to distance his pursuers, the deputy, with whip and rein, urged his to greater speed and the mesa resounded with the clatter of flying hoofs. There was no bridge across the river in those days. The road led down to the ford through a narrow cut. The doctor in his wild haste missed the road and went over the bank into the sand and water of the river. The deputy, like Jill in the famous nursery rhyme, "came tumbling after," and the sheriff, unable to check the speed of his racer plunged into the mingled mass of man and horse.

The three worthies extricated themselves from their fallen steeds, and faced each other in the river bed; and then and there it was revealed to each who was the pursuer and who was the pursued. They stole quietly back to the city, but the story of the famous ride, like "murder will out."

Dr. John S. Griffin, third in succession to the office of City Superintendent of Schools, still lives in the city, a hale old man of 81 years. He came to the Coast as surgeon on Gen. Kearney's staff in 1846. He married Miss Louisa Hayes, the first principal of the girls' department of the Spring-street school. His successor in office, J. Lancaster Brent, was an attorney and a noted politician. He was the leader of the Rosewaters in the political faction fights of forty years ago. He went South at the breaking out of the Civil War and linked his fortunes with the Confederacy. What his subsequent fortunes or misfortunes were, deponent saith not. The fifth Superintendent was E. J. C. Kewen, an attorney, noted for his eloquence. He was the first Attorney-General of California. At the time of his appointment he had recently returned from filibustering under Wal-

ker in Central America. His military training under the "Gray-eyed Man of Destiny" was doubtless deemed by the Council an essential requisite of a Superintendent in the days when filibustering was regarded as a legitimate outlet for the military ardor of the young Angeleños.

The Rev. W. E. Boardman, a Presbyterian clergyman, succeeded Kewen, and held the office for three terms, of one year each. He was the first Superintendent to be reelected. The early Councils apparently believed in rotation in office, and gave a Superintendent but one year of honor—as to emoluments, there were none connected with the office. Of the subsequent history of Mr. Boardman, I know nothing. Having experimented in school supervision, with law, medicine and theology in about equal proportions, the Council for a time took a practical turn, probably in response to the public demand for practical education, and appointed business men to the office.

A. F. Hinchman was engaged in transportation and shipping at the time of his appointment. His successor, G. L. Mix, was an accountant, clerk, book-keeper; also County Assessor and a general utility man in the clerical line. Then, the office gravitated back to the law, and for a time it was alternately law and gospel in the schools. Then the schools had a commercial training under merchant superintendents, another concession probably to the demand for a business education. Then the legal profession had one more trial, and that was the last.

It was not until 1869, fifteen years after the office was created, that a teacher, Dr. T. H. Rose, was elected to the position. Rose was an ex-physician. He had given up the practice of medicine and adopted teaching for a profession. He was a successful teacher. That he did not succeed as Superintendent was through no fault of his. At that time the sexes were educated separately in the higher grades of schools. Dr. Rose was principal of the boys' grammar school, and there was a lady principal of the girls' grammar school. The relations between the two principals were strained to the utmost before Dr. Rose's election, and after that event they snapped asunder. The lady principal defied his authority and refused to be supervised. An investigation of the law governing the schools revealed the fact that the office existed in name, but the incumbent had neither power nor authority to enforce his decrees. So the office died of inanition and the schools worried along for nearly three years without a Superintendent. In 1873, Dr. W. T. Lucky, a professional teacher, was appointed by the Board of Education. The succeeding Superintendents have all been selected from the educational ranks.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1897.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California :

Your secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held.....	9
Number of papers read.....	16
Number of new members admitted.....	7
Number of members died.....	2

In addition to the regular monthly meetings of the society a meeting was held conjointly with the California Society, Sons of the Revolution, and the Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on the evening of July 3 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first celebration of the Fourth of July held in California. The first public celebration of our nation's birthday in California was held in Fort Moore on Fort Hill, Los Angeles, July 4, 1847.

The following, taken from the Daily Times' report of the meeting, describes the hall decorations and gives a brief synopsis of the exercises:

"A large audience filled the hall of the Friday Morning Club last night for the purpose of assisting at a commemorative celebration of California's first Fourth of July, which occurred just half a century ago. The observance of this semi-centennial Independence day in the history of California was held under the auspices of the Historical Society of Southern California, the Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the California Society, Sons of the Revolution.

"The hall was draped with flags and red, white and blue bunting. The president's desk was hidden under the folds of the old flag, and above his head hung a large portrait of Washington. At the head of the hall hung the shield of the Historical Society, bearing in panels the insignia of the three governments which have ruled over the territory of California, Spain, Mexico and the United States. Beneath hung the silver shield of the Sons of the Revolution, with a golden-embossed center, surrounded by a horse shoe of gold stars, one for each of the thirteen original States, set in a dark-blue bed. Photographs and maps of old Fort Moore covered the walls and lent viv-

idness to the historical references of the speakers who dealt with the Golden State's first Fourth of July.

"As an introductory measure, a quartette, consisting of Misses Edna Foy, Beatrice Kohler, Vella Knox and Sarah Simonds, played Schubert's "Marche Militaire," which was enthusiastically received.

"After this musical call to order, Dr. J. D. Moody in a few introductory remarks spoke of the peculiar interest of the present day. Just fifty years ago today the first Fourth of July was celebrated in Southern California by Col. Stevenson and his soldiers. It was especially fitting at this half-century date to celebrate in proper form the anniversary of that event. It is the duty and work of the Historical Society to preserve all data bearing upon such occasions, and it is fortunately in possession of a perfect treasure house of historical information, upon which the present and future generation will satisfy their hunger for knowledge. Then referring to the peculiar interest of the day celebrated, and especially on this occasion from the Californian's standpoint, Dr. Moody introduced J. M. Guinn, secretary of the Historical Society, who gave an extremely interesting address on "July 4, 1847," in which he reviewed from a historical standpoint the events leading to the conquest of California. He gave a description of the building of old Fort Moore on Fort Hill, in this city, where the Fourth of July was first celebrated in California. He described the celebration—the soldiers drawn up in a hollow square and the native Californians seated on their horses beyond. The Declaration of Independence was read in Spanish by Stephen C. Foster for the benefit of the newly-made citizens, and in English by Capt. Stuart Taylor. A salute was fired from the guns of the fort and the day closed with a ball."

After the singing of the "Red, White and Blue" by Capt. J. A. Osgood, in the chorus of which the audience joined heartily, Col. S. O. Houghton was introduced. His subject was "California Fifty Years Ago." Col. Houghton came to the Coast as adjutant of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers, landing in California in March, 1847. He described the country and the manners and customs of the people as he saw them fifty years ago. He related a number of his early personal experiences which lent local color to his reminiscences. His address was exceedingly interesting.

Holdridge O. Collins, president of the California Society, Sons of the Revolution, delivered an interesting and instructive address on the purposes and work of that society. He introduced his subject by saying: "The society of Sons of the Revolution, existing in nearly

every State and Territory of our country, with an earnest and zealous membership of about twenty thousand gentlemen, has, as one of its principal objects the perpetuation of the records of those whose sacrifices of blood and treasure, wrested from the most powerful nation of the earth, an empire whose natal day, as an independent sovereignty we celebrate this evening." He outlined some of the needs of the present time that demand the cultivation of patriotism in the people. The regent of the Eschscholtzia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution made a short address on behalf of that organization. The closing address of the evening was delivered by Major J. A. Donnell, his subject being "Old and New England." He traced the growth of the sentiment of liberty from the days of Magna Charta in old England; its transfer to New England and its expansion and development in the new world.

A number of valuable donations have been received this year. Among the most valuable of these are bound files of the Los Angeles Daily Star, beginning July, 1873, and running consecutively to July, 1877; also the San Diego Weekly Bulletin from July, 1870, to February, 1873, and the Sacramento Daily Record, from December, 1873, to March, 1874. These constitute nine large volumes. They were donated to the society by Major Ben C. Truman, who was editor and publisher of the Bulletin and the Star between the dates mentioned. The society returns him its most sincere thanks for his valuable donation.

The volumes of the Star donated by Major Truman fill a break in our set of that paper; and taken in connection with sets of other city papers in our possession, give us an almost unbroken file of Los Angeles papers from July, 1854, down to the present time—the most nearly complete of any file in existence.

Dr. J. S. Cowen of Fort Jones, Siskiyou county, Cal., through Mr. Noah Levering, presented to the society a number of Indian relics for which the society returns its thanks.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

1897.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California :

We, the undersigned members of the society's Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that in accordance with the order of the board of directors, we have selected matter for and have printed the required number of the society's annual for 1897. In addition to the 500 copies ordered by the board of directors, we have had 200 printed for the Pioneers of Los Angeles county. These copies that organization takes at cost. The annual publication of the society bears in addition to the usual title—"Pioneer Register." It contains a sketch of the organization of the Pioneers of Los Angeles county, a list of the officers of that society, its constitution, bylaws and roll of members to February 1, 1898.

The present number contains half-tone cuts of four distinguished pioneers recently deceased. It is designed, in future issues of our annual, to make the biographies of noted pioneers a prominent feature.

During the year your committee has endeavored to provide for the different meetings of the society as varied a programme as possible. The papers presented cover a wide range of subjects, but all pertain to some phase of history.

In this, as well as in all previous publications of the society, it is understood the authors and not the society or the committee are responsible for the statements made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1897: (No meetings were held in the months of January, August and September.)

FEBRUARY.

President's Inaugural Address.....Dr. J. D. Moody

MARCH.

"Forgotten Landmarks".....J. M. Guinn

APRIL.

- Don David W. Alexander.....H. D. Barrows
 "Camping in Yosemite".....Dr. Kate C. Moody

MAY.

- "A Study of Carnivals".....Dr. J. D. Moody
 "Gov. Felipe de Neve".....H. D. Barrows

JUNE.

- "The Santa Barbara Indians.....Dr. Stephen Bowers, A. M., Ph. D.

JULY.

- "Old Fort Moore".....J. M. Guinn

OCTOBER.

- Biographical Sketch of Dr. Wm. F. Edgar.....H. D. Barrows
 "The California Indians".....Prof. A. E. Yerex
 "Pioneer School Superintendents of Los Angeles.....J. M. Guinn

NOVEMBER.

- "Echoes of the Revolution.....Dr. J. D. Moody
 "The Cantilever Bridge of the Colorado..Mrs. M. Burton Williamson
 "Our Society's Fourteenth Birthday".....J. M. Guinn

DECEMBER.

- "Two Notable Pioneers, Col. J. J. Ayers and George Hansen,
H. D. Barrows

Respectfully submitted.

H. D. BARROWS,
 J. M. GUINN,
 R. L. ASHLEY,
 Committee on Publication.

CURATOR'S REPORT.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	845
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	3755
Number of daily papers received and filed for binding.....	5
Number of weekly newspapers	5
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	7

The society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps and Spanish documents. On account of the cramped and inadequate quarters in which the society is compelled to store its library and other historical material (not having the means to procure more suitable rooms,) its collection has not been classified and catalogued. A large amount of our material is boxed up and is not easily accessible. We keep adding to our collection; and we live in hopes that some liberal-minded donor may sometime in the future donate us the means to fit up an historical museum.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Jan'y 4, 1897, to Jan'y 3, 1898.

1897.	RECEIPTS.	
Jan'y 4—Balance on hand as per Treasurer's Report of this date..		\$85 45
Dues paid to Jan'y 3, 1898.....		46 65
1897 Membership fees		10 00
Jan'y 3, 1898.		<u> </u>
Total receipts		\$142 10

1897.	DISBURSEMENTS.	
Feb'y 5—Printing Annual		\$82 00
" 13 Rent and gas, January and February meetings		1 50
Mch 22 Expenses of March meeting and entertain- ment		5 90
Secretary's expenses, viz., postage, envelopes, paper and postal cards.....		9 15
Express and drayage.....		2 25
Janitor's services cleaning Society rooms....		1 50
Lock and repairs on mail box.....		75
Binding 3 volumes Society's publications....		2 10
Balance on hand.....		36 95

\$142 10—\$142 10

Balance on hand..... \$36 95

E. BAXTER, Treasurer.

PIONEER REGISTER.

Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1897-98.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

B. S. EATON	LOUIS ROEDER
J. M. GRIFFITH	J. M. GUINN
WM. H. WORKMAN	H. D. BARROWS
HENRY W. O'MELVENY	

OFFICERS.

B. S. EATON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
J. M. GRIFFITH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Vice-President
WM. H. WORKMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

J. W. GILLETTE	WM. FERGUSON
AUGUST SCHMIDT	

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

HORACE HILLER	D. G. STEPHENS
JOEL B. PARKER	

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ORGANIZATION.

BY J. M. GUINN.

Although the first discovery of gold was made within the present limits of Los Angeles county, and the first miners' rush that ever took place on the Pacific Coast was to the gold placers of the Sierra Madre foothills, yet but very few of the Argonauts located in Los Angeles. The emigration to California by the southern routes across the plains brought thousands of gold-seekers into Los Angeles. Their stay here was brief; they hurried on to the gold fields of Northern California. Los Angeles was contemptuously spoken of as a cow county. Her genial climate and fertile soil had no attractions for men who were not looking for climate and who had no use for any soil not mixed with gold dust.

From these causes pioneers of the early American era have never been a numerous class in Los Angeles. No attempt seems to have been made in early days to form a Society of Pioneers similar to the societies formed in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, San José and other cities and towns of Northern and Central California.

About ten years ago an organization was effected of persons who came to California previous to its admission as a State. Hon. B. S. Eaton was the president and Francis Baker, secretary. The membership was small, and the society after a brief existence dissolved. There were not enough pioneers of the class entitled by its rules to membership to support a society.

For several years past the question of forming a Pioneer Society or an Old Settlers' Association has been discussed by old-timers, but no definite action was taken toward forming such an organization until the 2d of August, 1897, when in response to an editorial in the Daily Herald and an invitation sent to some of the old residents, a meeting was held on the afternoon of the above date in the business office of the Herald (then located on Third street, in the Bradbury Block,) to take the preliminary steps toward forming a Pioneer society. There were present J. M. Griffith, A. L. Both, H. H. S. Orme, M. Teed, J. M. Elliott, J. W. Gillette, J. M. Guinn, H.

W. O'Melveny and W. A. Spalding. J. M. Griffith acted as president and W. A. Spalding as secretary. The sentiment of the meeting was in favor of a large organization. No definite date of arrival in the county was fixed upon as a requisite for membership. A committee to formulate a plan of organization was appointed. The members of the committee were H. D. Barrows, J. W. Gillette, J. M. Guinn, Dr. H. S. Orme, Dr. J. S. Griffin, Harris Newmark, Henry W. O'Melveny and B. S. Eaton. The president of the meeting J. M. Griffith, was made a member of the committee. The meeting then adjourned.

August 5, 1897, in response to an invitation from Henry W. O'Melveny, Esq., the Committee on Organization met in the rooms of the California Club, Wilcox Block; present of the committee, J. M. Griffith B. S. Eaton, H. D. Barrows, J. W. Gillette, H. W. O'Melveny, J. M. Guinn and H. S. Orme.

On motion of J. M. Guinn, Judge B. S. Eaton was elected chairman. On motion of Dr. H. S. Orme, J. M. Guinn was chosen secretary. On motion of J. W. Gillette, "The Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County" was selected as the name of the organization. H. W. O'Melveny moved that persons arriving in the county of Los Angeles on or before December 31, 1870, be considered eligible to membership. The motion was seconded, and after considerable discussion, carried.

On motion, B. S. Eaton, H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn were appointed a sub-committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and submit the same for the approval of the general committee at a meeting to be held August 10. J. M. Griffith invited the committee and reporters of the daily papers present to join him in a dinner at the club rooms on the evening of the 10th. Adjourned.

August 10, the committee met in the club rooms, and after partaking of a sumptuous dinner given by Hon. J. M. Griffith proceeded to business. Present of the committee: J. M. Griffith, B. S. Eaton, J. W. Gillette, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Guinn and H. S. Orme.

The sub-committee appointed at the previous meeting submitted a draft of a constitution and by-laws. The committee recommended for the name of the organization, "Pioneers of Los Angeles County," and that the time of residence in the county to render a person eligible to membership be fixed at twenty-five years. It was argued that by adopting a movable date for eligibility to membership the society would continue to grow, whereas if a fixed date was adopted the so-

ciety would begin to decline as soon as all eligible had been enrolled. The constitution and by-laws, after a few changes, were adopted by the full committee. It was decided to call a meeting of persons eligible to membership under the clause of the constitution just adopted to assemble in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce, September 4, 1897, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws, electing officers and otherwise completing the organization.

At the meeting of September 4, twenty-four persons were present, and signed the roll and paid the annual fee. The constitution and by-laws prepared by the Committee on Organization were submitted, and, after a few changes, adopted. The following-named persons were chosen a Board of Directors: Louis Roeder, W. H. Workman, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Griffith, B. S. Eaton, H. W. O'Melveny and J. M. Guinn. The directors then proceeded to elect the officers of the society from their number. B. S. Eaton was chosen president, J. M. Griffith, first vice-president; W. H. Workman, second vice-president; J. M. Guinn, secretary, and Louis Roeder, treasurer. At the meeting of October 4, ninety-six applications were received. It was decided to keep the roll of charter members open to and including the first meeting in January, 1898. When the charter, or founders' roll, closed on January 4, 1898, 180 members had been enrolled in the organization.

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

CONSTITUTION.

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership. (Note.—At the meeting of January 4, 1898, it was decided by a vote of the society that persons born in the state are not eligible to membership.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to-wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

BY-LAWS.

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for mem-

bership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar,) and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

ROLL OF CHARTER MEMBERS.

Name.	Age.	Birthplace.	Occup'n.	Ar. in Co.	Res.	Ar. in State.
Abernethy, Wm. B.,	59	Missouri	Merchant	Apr '72	617 W. 9th	1853
Abernethy, Laura G.	46	Iowa	Apr '72	617 W. 9th	1866
Ayers, James J. *	67	Scotland	Editor	Aug 18, '72	Azusa	1849
* Died Nov. 10, 1897						
Bath, Albert L.	68	Nova Scotia	Retired	1871	508 W. 5th st	1851
Baker, Francis	69	Mass.	Speculator	Sep 17, '51	1333 Wright st	1849
Barclay, John H.	54	Canada	Carpenter	Aug '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	72	Conn.	Retired	Dec 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	67	Conn.	Retired	May '68	236 Jefferson	1868
Bayer, Joseph	51	Germany	Oil Producer	July 4, '70	746 Broadway	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	55	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan 14, '61	227 N. Hill	1861
Bent, Henry K. W.	66	Mass.	Retired	Oct. '98	Claremont	1858
Bixby, Jotham	66	Maine	Capitalist	June '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	59	Vt.	Attorney	May '72	226 S. Hill	1868
Bouton, Edward	93	New York	Real Estate	Aug '68	769 Castelar	1868
Brode, Charles	...	Germany	Merchant	Jan 19, 69	1229 S. Olive
Brossmer, Sig.	52	Germany	Builder	Nov 28, '68	129 Wilm'n	1867
Bush, Charles H.	62	Penn.	Jeweler	March '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	66	New York	Agent	Nov 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H	49	Penn.	Farmer	Aug '69	Burbank	1868
Caswell, Wm. M.	40	California	Cashier	Aug 3, '67	1093 E Wash.	1857
Conkelman, Bernard	65	Germany	Retired	Jan 3, '67	310 S. L. A. st	1864
Cohn, Kaspare	58	Germany	Merchant	Dec '59	1211 S. Hill	1659
Crimmins, John	46	Ireland	Mast Plumb	March '69	127 W. 25th	1869
Crawford, J. S.	60	N. Y.	Dentist	1866	Downey Blk	1858
Craig, James	56	Ireland	Civil Eng'r	April '69	Lamanda	1868
Currier, A. T.	57	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Dalton, W. T.	52	Ohio	Fruit Gro'er	1851	1900 Cen'l Ave	1851
Davis, A. E.	57	N. Y.	Supervisor	Nov '65	2904 Ver Ave	1857
Davis, John	57	N. Y.	Carpenter	April '72	University	1872
Dooner, P. W.	53	Canada	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broad'y	1872
Dohs, Fred	51	Germany	Capitalist	Sept '69	614 E. First st	1858
Dodson, Wm. R.	56	Arkansas	Hotel k'p'r	Sept '68	El Monte	1868
Dotter, John C.	60	Germany	Merchant	June 20, '59	608 Temple	1859
Desmond, D.	63	Ireland	Merchant	Sept 2, '69	937 S. Hill	1868
Desmond, C. C.	36	Mass.	Merchant	Sept '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	65	Pa.	Retired	Jan '66	1218 W. 9th	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	72	N. H.	Miner	Nov '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm.	61	N. Y.	Farmer	May '68	Los Angeles
Eaton, Benj. S.	73	Conn'	Manufact'r	1851	433 Sherman st	
Eaton, Frederick	42	California	Civil Eng'r	1855	460 West Lake	1855
Ebinger, Louis	53	Germany	Merchant	Oct 9, '71	755 Maple Ave

Elliott, J. M.	52	S. C.	Banker	Nov '70	Alhambra	1870
Foster, Stephen C.*	78	Maine	Retired	March 23, '47	221 E Second.	1846
Fleishman, Henry J.	35	California	Cashier	July 5, '62	221 W. Fourth	1862
Foy, Samuel C.	67	D. C.	Merchant	March '54	651 S. Figr'oa	1852
Ferguson, Wm.	66	Arkansas	Retired	April '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Ang 72	1103 Ingraham	1865
* Died Jan. 27, 1898.						
Garey, Thomas A.	67	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct 14, '52	2822 Maple Av	1852
Garvey, Richard	58	Ireland	Farmer	Dec '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	44	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug '72	1146 W. 28th	1872
Gillette, J. W.	60	N. Y.	Inspector	May '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	43	Illinois	Housewife	Aug '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	52	Vt.	Attorney	Feb 28, '72	Beaudry Av	1872
Glassell, Andrew	67	Va.	Attorney	Dec '65	352 Buena Vis	1853
Gollmer, Charles	47	Germany	Merchant	1868	1520 Flower	1868
Gibson, Frank A.	46	Iowa	Banker	Dec 1, '72	520 Court st	1866
Griffith, J. M.	68	Md.	Retired	April '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	57	N. Y.	Manufact'er	May '72	W. Ninth st	1872
Green, Floyd E.	...	Illinois	Manufact'er	May '72	W. Ninth st	1872
Guinn, James M.	62	Ohio	Retired	Oct 18, '69	115 S. Grand Av	1864
Goldsworthy, John	57	England	Surveyor	March 20, '69	790 E. 16th st	1852
Griffin, John S.	82	Va.	Physician	Jan 7, '47	1109 Dow'y Av	1846
Haines, Rufus R.	71	Maine	Telegrapher	June '71,	218 W. 27th	1857
Harris, Emil	58	Prussia	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. 8th st	1857
Hargett, C.	75	England	Carpenter	July '72	747 Yale	1871
Harper, C. F.	65	N. C.	Merchant	May '68	Laurel	1863
Harris, Leopold	62	Prussia	Merchant	Feb 4, '54	935 S. Hill	1858
Hazard, Geo. W.	55	Illinois	Clerk	Dec 25, '54	841 S Olive	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	54	Illinois	Attorney	Dec 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	53	Germany	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	56	Germany	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand Av	1868
Horgan, T.	63	Ireland	Plasterer	Sept 18, '70	320 Jackson	1858
Hunter, Jane E	54	N. Y.	Jan '66	327 S. Broadway.....	
Hiller, Horace	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct '69	147 W. 23d st	1869
Huber, C. E.	52	Ky.	Agent	July '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	68	Prussia	Merchant	July '61	739 Hope st	1861
Jacoby, Morris	48	Prussia	Merchant	1865	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	68	Ohio	Miner	April '68	101 N.B.Hill Av	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	58	Ohio	Dep Sheriff	March 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	68	Mass.	Accountant	1851	Los Angeles	1847
Keyes, Charles G.	50	Vt.	Clerk	Nov 25, '68	209 N. Workm'n	1852
Kremer, M.	74	France	Ins Agent	March '52	754 Hope	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	60	N. Y.	Sept '54	754 Hope	1858
Kuhrts, Jacob	65	Germany	Merchant	May 10, '58	107 W. First st	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	55	Germany	Physician	Feb 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. K.	63	N. Y.	Retired	April '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Lambourn, Fred	60	England	Grocer	Dec '59	804 Judson st	1859

ROLL CALL OF MEMBERS.

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Lankershim, J. B.	47	Missouri	Capitalist	1872	950 S. Olive st	1854
La Dow, S. W.	75	N. Y.	Farmer	May '52	Los Angeles	1852
Lazard, Solomon	72	France	Retired	1851	608 Seventh st	1851
Loeb, Leon	52	France	Merchant	Feb '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	38	California	Merchant	Dec 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembcke, Charles M.	68	Germany	Pickle wks	March 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Lecouvreur, Frank	68	Germany	Surveyor	March 6, '55	651 S. Main st	1851
Levy, Michel	63	France	Merchant	Oct '68	622 Kip st	1851
Macy, Oscar	68	Indiana	Farmer	1850	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	74	N. Y.	Search Rec	Nov '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	49	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	41	Ohio	Merchant	Sept '59	1706 Manitou Ave	1859
Messer, K.	73	Germany	Retired	Feb '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	67	Germany	Merchant	April '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	50	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Pearl	1868
Mitchell, Newell H	54	Ohio	Hotel k'p'r	Sept 26, '68	Pasadena	1869
Moore, Isaac N.	60	Illinois	Retired	Nov '69	130 Hancock	1863
Mullaly, Joseph	78	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1805
McLain, Geo. P.	50	Va.	Merchant	Jan 2, '68	446 N. Grand Av	1867
McLean, Wm.	55	Scotland	Contractor	1869	561 S. Hope	1869
McDonald, E. N.	67	N. Y.	Capitalist	Oct 23, '53	Wilmington	1853
McMullin, W. G.	49	Canada	Dep Sheriff	Jan '70	Station D	1867
Norton, Isaac	53	Poland	Sec Loan As	Nov '69	1364 Figueroa st	1169
Newmark, Harris	63	Germany	Merchant	Oct 22, '50	1051 Grand Av	1853
Newmark, M. J.	59	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept '54	1047 Grand Av	1853
Newell, J. G.	68	Canada	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W. 9th st	1850
Nichols, Thomas E	39	California	City Aud	1858	221 W. 31st st	1858
Orme, Henry S.	59	Georgia	Physician	July 4, '6g	175 S. Spring st	1868
Osborne, John	60	England	Retired	Nov 14, '68	322 W. 30th st	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	63	N. Y.	Livery	March '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Edw S.	41	Illinois	Pr Tran Co,	Nov '69	Melrose Ave	1869
O'Melveny, Henry W.	37	Illinois	Attorney	Nov 69	Baker Block	1869
Parker, Joel B.	57	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	78	Germany	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy st	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	62	Mass.	Retired	1867	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	78	Vt.	Farmer	Dec '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	61	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct '69	Alvarado st	1867
Pridham, Wm.	61	N. Y.	Sup W-F Co	Aug 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Quinn, Michael F.	61	N. Y.	Farmer	Marc 13, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	55	Germany	Dairyman	May 10, '69	South Pasadena
Raynes, Frank	47	England	Lumber'n	Aug '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	57	Ohio	Livery	July '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	57	Mo.	Manufact'r	Dec '66	1105 S. Olive st	1857
Richardson, E. W.	47	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	82	N. H.	Surveyor	1868	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	65	Germany	Retired	Nov 28, '56	319 Boyd st	1856
Rowan, Thomas E.	54	N. Y.	Broker	March 1860	Bryson Block	1854

Robin on, W. W.	63	Nova Sco	Clerk	Sept '68	115 S. Olive st	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	64	Pa.	Fruit Gro'r	1854	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	64	Germany	Horticult'st	April '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	60	England	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Sabichi, Frank	55	California	Attorney	1842	2437 Figueroa	1842
Schmidt, Gottfried L.	52	Denmark	Farmer	Aug '64	Los Angeles
Schmidt, August	58	Germany	Retired	May '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Schaffer, John	67	Holland	Retired	March '72	Los Angeles	1349
Shorb, A. S.	60	Ohio	Physician	June '71	652 Adams	1871
Schieck, Daniel	77	Germany	Retired	Oct 24, '55	224 Franklin	1852
Soward, Charles	54	Ky.	Teacher	Oct '71	El Monte	1868
Stoll, Simon	52	Ky.	Merchant	Aug '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	68	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. 30th st
Stephens, Daniel G.	64	N. J.	Orchardist	April '61	Station 7	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	...	Maine	1869	Station 7	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	65	N. Y.	M'g'r La Bu	Nov '71	219 N. Olive st	1859
Smith, Mrs. M. W. de	45	Texas	Housewife	Feb '59	701 Central Ave	1857
Strong, Robert	61	N. Y.	Broker	March '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	46	Indiana	Farmer	April '72	Tropico	1872
Teed, Mathew	69	England	Carpenter	Jan '63	513 California st	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	72	Va.	Attorney	April '54	118 E. Third st	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	58	Mich.	Housewife	Dec 25, '54	459 S. Hill st	1854
Thomas, John M.	61	Indiana	Farmer	Dec 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Thurman, S. D.	54	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Town, R. M.	53	Illinois	Farmer	Nov 1, '69	Toluca	1569
Truman, Ben C.	62	R. I.	Author	Feb 1, '72	Twenty-third st	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	58	Ohio	Grocer	May '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Ulyard, Augustus	81	Pa.	Baker	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower st	1852
Ulyard, Mrs. Mary	67	England	Housewife	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower st	1852
Vogt, Henry	70	Germany	Builder	Jan 4, '69	Castelar st	1854
Workman, Wm. H.	58	Mo.	Real Est	1854	357 Boyle Ave	1854
Workman, E. H.	60	Mo.	Real Est	1854	120 Boyle Av	1854
Wiley, Henry C.	68	Pa.	Speculator	July 3, '52	309 S. Hill	1852
Wise, Kenneth D.	63	Indiana	Physician	Sept '72	1351 S. Grand Ave	1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	39	Illinois	Capitalist	1871	Los Angeles	1872
Weyse, Rudolph G.	37	Cal.	Bookkee'r	Jan 29, '60	339 Bunker Hill	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	35	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	339 Bunker Hill	1862
Wright, Charles M.	61	Vt.	Farmer	July '59	Spadra	1859
White, Charles H.	44	Mass.	S P Co	Nov. '72	1137 Ingraham st	
Weid, Ivar A.	57	Denmark	Landlord	1872	741 S. Main
Wilson, C. N.	67	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Wilson, John T.	37	Pa.	Farmer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Yarnell, Jesse	60	Ohio	Printer	April '67	1808 W. First st	1862
Young, John D.	55	Mo.	Farmer	Oct '65	3607 Figueroa	1853

ROLL CALL OF MEMBERS.

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ADMITTED FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

Barrows, Cornelia S.	62	Ct.	May '63	W. Jefferson	1868
Clarke, N. J.	76	N. H.	Retired	1849	317 S. Hill	1849
Davis, Emily W.	47	Illinois	1865	2904 Vermont Ave	1856
French, Loring W.	57	Indiana	Dentist	Oct '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Newmark, Mrs. H.	57	N. Y.	Sept 16, '54	1051 S. Grand Ave	1854
Mott, Thomas D.	68	N. Y.	Retired	1852	645 S. Main st	1849
Scott, P. M.	75	Illinois	Real Est	Sept '72	222 Morton Ave
Mellus, J. J.	48	Mass.	Com Mer	1853	157 W. Adams	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	51	Wis.	Housewife	April '67	1808 W. First st	1856

Organized November 1, 1883.

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

PART II.

VOL. IV.

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HENRY C. WILEY

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OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1898

OFFICERS.

J. D. MOODY.....	President
A. E. YEREX.....	First Vice-President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary and Curator

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1899

OFFICERS (ELECT).

A. E. YEREX.....	President
H. D. BARROWS.....	First Vice-President
Rev. J. ADAM.....	Second Vice President
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Historical Society

OF

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, 1898

FIFTEEN YEARS OF LOCAL HISTORY WORK

BY J. M. GUINN.

On the first of November, 1898, the Historical Society of Southern California was fifteen years old. While comparatively young in years, yet it is the senior Historical Society of the Pacific Coast, and is the oldest literary society or association in Los Angeles. On the evening of November 1, 1883, in a room on the southwest corner of old Temple Block, the following-named gentlemen met for the purpose of organizing a historical society: Col. J. J. Warner, H. D. Barrows, N. Levering, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex-Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio, F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker.

Of the fifteen men who took part in that first meeting eight are dead—four have been lost by removal from the city or by withdrawal from the society; only three remain members of the society, viz., H. D. Barrows, N. Levering and J. M. Guinn. Weekly meetings were held throughout the month of November. A constitution and standing rules were drafted for the government of the society.

Although we date our organization Nov. 1, 1883, the organiza-

tion was not completed until Dec. 6, when a full list of officers was elected and a general committee to manage the affairs of the society. According to a resolution passed at the meeting of Dec. 17, the following-named persons were declared the founders of the society: Marcus Baker, J. J. Warner, A. F. Coronel, J. G. Downey, N. Levering J. M. Guinn, John Mansfield, John B. Niles, George Butler Griffin, Edwin Baxter, George Hansen, E. W. Jones, Volney E. Howard, Isaac Kinley, A. Kohler, Ira Moore, C. N. Wilson, J. P. Widney, J. Q. A. Stanley, Horatio N. Rust, J. W. Redway, A. J. Bradfield. The founders numbered twenty-two. The society as first organized led a sort of dual existence. There was the society proper at the meetings, of which papers were read and discussions held; then there was a general committee composed of the seven officers and ten elected members, which transacted all the business and elected new members.

The general public was not invited to attend our meetings. If an outsider wished to enter the arena where we wrestled with history and science, he had to make a written application to the secretary. The application was then submitted to the General Committee. That august body in solemn conclave decided whether the applicant was a fit subject to enter the sanctum sanctorum of our Historical Society. The by-laws or rules that provided for this arrangement were copied from those of the Philosophical Society of Washington, D. C. They proved altogether too aristocratic and exclusive for our western ideas of equality. The general public let us severely alone. A new code of by-laws was adopted in 1886, doing away with the General Committee and throwing our doors open to any one who might wish to enter.

The growth of the society at first was rapid. At the end of the first six months we had enrolled fifty members. There was a rush to get in on the ground floor—to be first. It was something new and it took with that class who are always sighing for something new;

“Still sighs the world for something new,
 For something new;
 Imploring me—imploring you
 Some Will-o-wisp to help pursue;
 Oh, hapless world, what will it do!
 Imploring me—imploring you,
 For something new.”

The newness wore off and then the reaction came. Before the close of the first year of the society's existence we could not get out a quorum. The minutes show the October, November and December meetings of 1884 adjourned for want of a quorum. Then the old wheel horses of the organization buckled down to work and pulled the society out of the slough of despond, and I might add they have been pulling at it ever since.

During the fifteen years of its existence 185 persons have been received into membership. Of these 28 are dead, about 60 have lost their membership through being dropped for non-payment of dues and by vountary withdrawal, leaving at the present time a nominal membership of nearly one hundred.

We have issued 14 annual publications of papers, read before the society. These make over 1100 octavo pages, and form three complete volumes of valuable history, and (including the present issue) parts 1 and 2 of volume IV. We have collected during the past fifteen years and expended in the publication of our annual, and in the purchase of books and newspaper files, nearly \$2500 in cash.

In addition to this, we have received in donations of books, curios, files of papers and periodicals, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, etc., historical material worth at least \$3000.

Had we been able ten or twelve years ago to have secured fire-proof rooms, centrally located and nicely fitted up, our collection by donations would doubtless ere this have been worth from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars.

Our society has been somewhat of a tramp in regard to a local habitation. Its first meetings were held in a room on the second floor of old Temple Block, corner of Main and Market streets. From there it moved to a room on the second floor of the Nadeau Block, fronting on First street, and occupied by Justice Morgan as a courtroom. The Nadeau was just completed and, being too large a hotel for the size of the town, a portion of it was fitted up for offices, a courtroom, and a hall for the Y.M.C.A. After remaining there to June, 1884, the society wandered away out to the State Normal School on Fifth street, which in those days was well out in the suburbs; but it soon got lonesome there and came back to the Nadeau, where it remained till 1886, when it took up its lodgings in the Council Chamber of the old City Hall on Second street.

In 1889 the City Board of Education evicted it, and it crossed the hall into the Police Court room over the jail, where for a time it dwelt in peace but not in prosperity. The surroundings were uncongenial and the associations unpleasant, and although there were considerable unwritten history and uncollected curios in its new quarters, they were of such a character that it did not desire to collect or preserve them. After a few months the educational solons moved to more comfortable quarters in the new City Hall on Broadway, and the society moved into its former quarters, which in the meantime had been transformed into a City Court room. There it remained until April, 1896, when it took to the road again—tramped out to Pasadena four times, and has put up for the night at the residence of various members in different parts of the city.

Notwithstanding the nomadic proclivities of our society, its general reputation is good both at home and abroad. Its publications are appreciated. They are to be found in many of the great public libraries of the United States. They have gone into libraries in Europe, Australia, Canada and New Zealand. The prospects of our society are good. Our collection of books and curios increase each year. Our standing among the historical societies of the country is first-class.

Our publications have done much toward advertising Southern California—not in the sense of puffing it for real-estate speculation, but in presenting its history, growth, development and resources in a dignified and conservative manner. Not a single cent of the money expended in the publication and circulation of more than seven thousand copies of our annuals has come out of the money raised by county and city taxation. The members of the society have contributed it out of their own pockets for the public good, and have done it without asking or expecting any pecuniary reward for their philanthropic work.

Looking backward to Nov. 1st, 1883, the date of our society's organization, and comparing the city as it was then with what it is today, its wonderful growth and development in the fifteen years past seem more like some trick of magic than stern reality. Then its population was about 14,000, today 110,000. Then there was not a business block of any pretensions south of First street except the Nadeau. South of the Nadeau on Spring street was a wagon factory;

south of that Scovill's planing mill, and next, on the corner of Spring and Second, where the Bryson Block stands, was the old brick schoolhouse built in 1854. Across Second street, where the Hollenbeck stands, was a horse corral, surrounded by a high board fence. South of Second, on Spring street, where now stretches a mile of business blocks, was then principally built up with one-story residences. Just below Third street on Main stood the old Roundhouse, and back of it extending to Spring was Lehman's Garden of Paradise, a pleasure resort—Adam and Eve, however, had taken their departure. The old serpent was scotched and the "Tree of Knowledge" had been cut down to prevent bad little boys from breaking windows in their attempts to stone the fruit off it. The finest residence portion of the city, and the most aristocratic, was Fort street, now Broadway, between Second and Third. There was not a business house of any kind on Broadway, where now there is a mile of them.

The city had but two parks—the old Plaza, which was in a sadly demoralized condition, and Sixth-street Park, which was inclosed by a dilapidated picket fence. An open water ditch ran through it. There were a few stunted trees in it that seemed ashamed of their surroundings. No flowers, and no signs "Keep off the grass." There was no grass to keep off. A sign at the Olive-street corner warned heavy teams not to cross the park.

There were but two principal street-car lines and one branch. The Main-street line turned on Washington street and ran to Figueroa, then on to the city limits. The Spring-street line extended from Sixth and Pearl to Johnson street in East Los Angeles. The cars ran every twenty minutes—three trips to the hour—providing always that the mules did not object. There was a branch line that ran on Arcadia street and Aliso to Boyle Heights. It made a trip every hour. There were no paved streets in the city, and with a few trifling exceptions, nothing except graveled sidewalks. Street cars propelled by electricity had not been dreamed of, and the lighting of the city by electricity was a bugaboo to frighten the gas company. There was not a telephone in the city, and no free mail delivery. Everybody went to the postoffice to receive and deposit his mail. If my recollections are correct, there were no mail boxes at the street corners, nor any place except at the postoffice. The City Hall was a

straggling old adobe at the corner of North Spring and Franklin streets, where the Phillips Block now stands. The old house had been built for a dwelling by Antonio Rocha away back about 1825. It was demolished about 1885, aged 60 years. In the rear of it was the city and county jail, inclosed by a board fence 15 feet high. Fifty teachers were then sufficient to dispense mental pabulum to the school children of the city—now it requires the services of 500. The Los Angeles High School was then the only high school in Southern California; now there are eight in this county alone. The contrast in the conditions existing in the country districts then compared with the present were as marked as in the city. The city of Pasadena, with its palatial private residences, its massive business blocks and paved streets, had no existence. It was a colony devoted to orange growing. The nucleus of the future city was then a small grocery store and blacksmith shop, located at the corner of Colorado street and Fair Oaks. The settlement was trying to forget its primitive name—Indiana Colony. It had recently christened itself Pasadena. An express wagon carried the few passengers who cared to make the journey to Pasadena at the rate of one dollar the round trip. Now it can be made for 20 cents. The cities of New San Pedro, Redondo and Long Beach had neither a local habitation nor a name. The site of Monrovia was a cattle range, and Alhambra a sheep pasture. Fifteen years is but little more than one-fifth of the allotted three score and ten of a human life, and but a fleeting moment in the life of a city or a nation, and yet behold what history our city and county have made in that time!

How often have we, the workers of our society, when we have asked some intelligent and public-spirited citizen to join our ranks and aid us in our work, been answered thus: "Oh, I have not been here long enough to know much about the history of the city or county," and yet that same person, although his residence here may reach back less than a decade, has lived, and is living, in the most eventful years of our city's history. It is certainly fully as important to preserve the history we are making every day as it is to collect that which was made long since by our predecessors.

HUGO REID AND HIS INDIAN WIFE

BY LAURA EVERTSON KING,

(Read March 7, 1898.)

In Thompson & West's History of Los Angeles County we find the following short sketch of Mr. Reid:

"Hugo Reid, a native of Scotland, came to Los Angeles in 1834, and was a merchant there in company with Wm. Keith and Jacob P. Læse. He had formerly resided in New Mexico, and disappointment in a love affair while there is supposed to have soured him. He is said to have been very eccentric, and finally retired to San Gabriel, where he married an Indian woman, and devoted himself to the study of the aborigines. He has left to posterity some very valuable essays on the language, history, customs, and legends of the Cahuilla Indians, which we have made use of in preparing our chapter on "The Aborigines." He at one time owned the Santa Anita Ranch, and also a large part of the property subsequently acquired by Mr. B. D. Wilson, and now held by that gentleman's widow, and by his son-in-law, J. de Barth Shorb, Esq. Mr. Reid died at Los Angeles, December 12, 1852."

There are some corrections to be made in the foregoing sketch of his life. If my memory does not play me false, he was not eccentric, unless his marriage with an Indian woman could have been considered an eccentricity. He might have "gone farther and fared worse," as she was a noble woman in many respects, but being an Indian, her noblest characteristics were left to be discovered by those who loved her and who knew her best. It was through her that he acquired his wealth, and through her he was enabled to write his essays on the life and customs of the Indians of the San Gabriel Valley. His wife, "Doña Victoria," as everyone knew her, owned the Santa Anita Rancho; also the property now known as Lake Vineyards, bought by Mr. B. D. Wilson. My recollection of Mr. Hugo Reid is that he was a quiet, unassuming gentleman of literary tastes.

It was in the old garret of his house that I saw my first English periodicals. Seated on the floor, with London Punches strewn

around the great, rough-hewn beams overhead, strung with ropes of "Piñones" and "Coras" filled with dried fruit, I whiled away the long spring afternoon, regardless of the outside world until aroused from my books by Doña Victoria calling me to come down from among the spiders and sup with her. Descending I would find her seated on the ground just outside the corridor of the house, directing her Indian servant to make "tortillas." Seated before a small fire, dressed in a costly gown of black satin, with an embroidered shawl of crepe around her shapely shoulders, daintily taking the broiled beef in her fingers, she would give me a lesson in Indian etiquette. Not all the dainty dishes of a king's banquet could equal the unforgotten flavor of that simple supper. While eating she would tell me stories, and give me rules for social life, the principles of which might well be engrafted among the rules of social life today.

Losing her only daughter a year before, and I coming upon the scene after her death, the first white child in her world, doubly endeared me to her. Generous to a fault, she would have loaded me with her daughter's jewelry, and if I did not come to visit her every day she would send her servant to see what kept me from her.

Then Mr. Reid educated their son and daughter in English, Spanish and French. She considered it time thrown away. With mind like a child and manners like a queen, she deemed it a waste of life to learn from books what she had already learned from nature. She always said that her possessions were more than her husband's, and she knew nothing about letters. That study had killed her daughter, she was firmly convinced, and so I was never allowed to remain in peace among the books. Mr. Reid made frequent visits to far-away countries, sometimes to China and the Sandwich Islands, bringing home fine and beautiful things, strings of pearls, diamonds, silks, embroidered shawls and sweets from foreign places. His literary tastes were seen in the quantity and quality of his books, and you have all read his papers on the Indians in the Los Angeles Star. I have played many times in my childhood days on the soap works described by him, and gathered many bunches of grapes from the vineyards around the Mission San Gabriel. Mr. Reid built his house of adobe, with walls four feet thick and clapboards hauled from San Bernardino covered the roof. But Doña

Victoria never climbed the stairs, dread of earthquakes always kept her on the ground floor. Two things she held in dread—horses and a carriage, and an earthquake. A “carta” was safe, and oxen never ran away, was a firm conviction with her. In one instance she was correct, in 1855 her house was ruined by an earthquake. And on a bright spring day, as we were crawling along over the road to Los Angeles in her “carreta” her “bueys,” (oxen) feeling spring in the air, put springs to their heels, and gamboled indiscreetly and indiscriminately over the undulating plains to the disquiet and disgust of the naked Indian driver, who was left far in the rear. Thus she lived to see one of her convictions, as well as the rest of us upset. Mr. Reid’s fine library was scattered after his death, the greater portion came into the possession of J. Lancaster Brent. The guardian he had selected for his wife proved dishonest and she was robbed of her fortune, even her personal ornaments were taken from her. I saw her for the last time in 1863, when attended by one faithful servant she came to see her “Lalita” (as she always called me.) Instead of her satins and silk she wore a dress of common print, and a quilt covered her shoulders in place of her crepe shawl. But she was the same grand, proud, cheerful woman. She would accept no favors, only wanted to see and embrace me once more. I never saw her again. She fell a victim of that dreaded disease, smallpox. And so passed from my life one upon whom could be written pages of praise for the grandest and most self-sacrificing life I ever knew.

THE STORY OF A NATIVE CALIFORNIAN

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read Nov. 7, 1898.)

There is living in this city a native Californian now in his 84th year, and still hale and hearty, whom I have known since 1855, or for more than 40 years. Last year (1897) I took down for the Historical Society some of his recollections of the olden time, together with a few items of personal history, which I herewith present for preservation in the archives of our society:

Ramon Valenzuela, whose present residence is on Seventh street, near the historical Coronel homestead, was born at the Mission San Gabriel, August 31, 1815. His father was Don Gaspar Valenzuela, a native of Santa Barbara, and his mother's name before marriage was Maria Ygnacia Lopez; she was a daughter of Claudio Lopez, for many years principal manager or mayordomo of the then immense missionary establishment of San Gabriel, and right-hand man of Fathers Sanchez and Salvadea. This Claudio Lopez was a very capable man, and he was entrusted with the general management of the various ranchos that were in those days subject to the San Gabriel Mission, including San Bernardino, Ucaipe, El Chino, San Jose, Cucamonga, Santa Anita, Rosa de Castilla, San Pasqual, etc.

Don Ramon, the subject of this sketch, who lived during his boyhood at the Mission, remembers well his grandfather Lopez, and that, as a boy, he used often to go around with him in the vineyards and orchards of the mission, which were extensive. He says his grandfather planted the orange orchard south of the church, which is still in existence and is still, I believe, productive; as well as the large vineyards that flourished in the time of Father Sanchez, but which since have died out; also the "Tuna" (prickly-pear) hedges, portions of which still exist. Large areas of land were cultivated in grain and other crops each year during his long administration of the temporal affairs of the mission. Great numbers of Indians were then under the control of the Friars; and they were made to work in all manner

of useful occupations. Of these laborers Don Claudio had general charge, as well as of the capacious adobe warehouses at the mission, which were the scenes of a busy life, but which, like the actors—overseers and laborers—have entirely disappeared; indeed, to the greater portion of the present generation they are as if they had never existed.

Don Ramon says that they used to slaughter some twelve or fifteen bullocks each Saturday to feed the Indian laborers of the mission alone, besides those killed at the several ranchos.

The plains at that period were covered with cattle, horses, sheep, goats, swine, etc., i.e. con ganado mayor y menor.

The various industries carried on at the mission at that period were the making of saddles, fabrics of wool, such as coarse blankets, stuffs to clothe the Indians, etc., and the manufacturing of wine, brandy, oil, soap, blacksmithing, etc. Near the mission there was a large "Jaboneria," where whole hogs were dressed and tried out for conversion into soap.

Don Gaspar, father of Ramon, was a soldier from San Diego, stationed with the small force of eight men and a sergeant at San Gabriel, where he married a daughter of Claudio Lopez. Of the eleven children of Gaspar, five are still living, namely: Ramon, in this city, and Jose Ygnacio at La Ballona; Maria, married to Pedro Ybarra; Estéfana, widow of José Sepulveda of San José; Cesaria, widow, first of Ygnacio Aguilar and second of Lorenzana of this city.

Ramon, the subject of this sketch, was married to Asencion Serano, by Father Tomas Esténega, in 1840, at San Gabriel Mission. To them 14 children were born, of whom 5 sons and 4 daughters are still living, mostly in Los Angeles.

In 1828 Don Gaspar, father of Ramon, after many years of faithful service at the mission, was discharged from military service, and came to the Pueblo as a citizen, and was granted a lot on the east side of San Pedro street, northeast corner of what is now Fifth street, where he planted a vineyard and orchard, and where he lived till his death, which occurred in 1849.

Claudio Lopez (Ramon Valenzuela's maternal grandfather) while still mayordomo at the mission, had commenced planting an orchard and vineyard in the Pueblo on the west side of San Pedro street, opposite the place of his son-in-law, Gaspar, and between the huertas

of Eugenio Valdez on the north and of Encarnacion Urquidez on the south. Other early settlers on the east side of San Pedro street and north of Gaspar's place, were Guillermo Cota and Antonio Maria Lugo. What was the vineyard of the latter is now crossed by Second street, and his residence was the long adobe building, still standing, north of the present home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Woodworth.

Mrs. Valenzuela, wife of Ramon, who still enjoys excellent health, was born at San Gabriel in 1827. Her father was Tomas Serrano, a rancho, and her mother's maiden name was Nicolasa Navaja.

When Don Pio Pico took possession of San Luis Rey, he placed Serrano in charge as mayordomo, and later Serrano was appointed as administrator of the rancho of Santa Margarita.

When Don Ramon and his prospective bride were about to be married, Father Tomas Esténeza, who was to solemnize the nuptials, remarked her youthfulness, and concluded that before performing the ceremony, he would consult the record of the date of her baptism, and he found that she was just 13 years 3 months and 3 days old. But Ramon says her parents thought well of him, etc., and so consented to her marriage thus early.

Though Ramon Valenzuela is past the age of four score years, his memory of past events continues unimpaired. His remembrances of the part he took in military actions pending the change of government are very vivid. He was a cavalryman at the Dominguez rancho affair, where the Californians compelled the Americans to retreat with considerable loss. José Antonio Carrillo was commandante of the Californians, about 60 in number, who were mounted but without arms, except the small cannon known as the "old woman's gun." But as the Americans had no cannon, they were compelled in self-defense to maneuver in solid column, which enabled the Californians to draw up their cannon by means of their riatas hitched to the horns of their saddles, fire into a compact mass of infantry at comparatively close range, with deadly effect, and then turn and ride rapidly to the rear, where, out of range, they could load again, and so repeat the operation indefinitely, without serious loss on their side. The Americans were forced to withdraw, carrying their dead with them, which they buried on "Dead Man's Island." And so ended that incident.

Afterwards Valenzuela went with the force commanded by Gen. Andres Pico to San Diego, and engaged the Americans at San Pasqual, the Californians at this time being armed with lances and riatas, which California horsemen always carried when mounted. The Californians captured one cannon from the Americans at San Pasqual. From thence the Californians retired to San Bernardino, and then to San Bartolo, where the final action of the war took place.

The Californians did not possess the resources or arms to enable them to contend with any hope of success against the Americans.

Later, Col. Fremont and Gen. Pico made a treaty of peace, known as the "Treaty of Cahuenga," thus ending the war.

Valenzuela says that the failure to prevent the passage by the Americans of the San Gabriel River at the Pass of San Bartolo, made it clear to the Californians that a further struggle was absolutely hopeless, so he, with others, came to town and gave up the contest.

After California became a permanent portion of the United States the native Californians, inheritors of Spanish civilization, adjusted themselves, as best they could, to the new regime, i.e., to American ways, manners and customs, to American laws; in short, to American domination. In this difficult transition a portion of the native Californians were fortunate in having one or more American friends whom they could look to for counsel, while others trusted false friends to their undoing.

Of the former class of Americans—too rarely few in numbers—William Wolfskill and Benjamin D. Wilson, the pioneers, are two notable examples. Speaking from considerable personal knowledge and from the uniform testimony of many native Californians, I think I can say with truth that those two—possibly other—noble pioneers always and without exception, gave good and honest and disinterested advice to the paisanos, i.e., to the Spanish-speaking people of the country, whenever the latter came to them asking for counsel, under the new order of things. Ramon Valenzuela's admiration, even veneration, for Mr. Wolfskill—for "Don Guillermo," as he was known by all the Californians—was unbounded. He and Mr. Wolfskill were for many years, both before and after the change of government, near neighbors and near friends. And, knowing Mr. Wolfskill intimately, as I did, it afforded me pleasure to hear Señor

Valenzuela, now a venerable octogenarian, say, when I was taking down these notes, that "Don Guillermo" Wolfskill had been like a father to him.

And so I have often heard the older native Californians uniformly speak with warm affection of "Don Benito" Wilson, whose friendship for them and for their race had ever been so disinterested and so honorable.

The Californians, as well as the Americans, who took part in the stirring events connected with the change of government, now more than half a century ago, will soon all have passed away.

PACIFIC COAST DISCOVERIES

BY ALBERT E. YEREX, A.M. L.L.B.

(Read Oct. 7, 1898.)

The Cartographical History of the Pacific Coast of North America is one of vague, shadowy and unstable surmise of long duration.

The views of Columbus and his cotemporaries are best shown in what are known as the La Cosa map and the Ruisch map, which simply delineate very inaccurately a few of the West Indian Islands, a part of the Gulf of Mexico, Florida and the coast line a few hundred miles northward. These maps prevented for a long time after the coming of the Europeans the possibility of the very existence of a Pacific Coast; and I might add, that the Asiatic theory of the new-found lands was maintained with more or less modification for a full century after Columbus. In many of the earliest maps the Pacific Coast was avoided by cutting off the western extension of the new continent by the edge of the sheet, but the confession of an Asiatic belief was still made sometimes in other ways, as when in a certain Portuguese map made between 1516 and 1520 showing Mahometan flags on the coasts of Venezuela and Nicaragua. This map is now being preserved in the Royal Library at Munich. In 1526 a rare book of the Monk Franciscus contained a map which represented South America as a huge island, disjoined from the Asiatic Coast by a strait in the neighborhood of Tehuantepec which as you know is located a little north of the boundary line between Mexico and Guatemala, with the legend "*hoc orbis hemisphaerium cedit regi Hispaniae*" (New Spain extends to this place.) A few years later we find two other maps showing this Asiatic connection, one of which, the Orontius Finaeus Globe, is well known, and is the earliest engraved map showing a return to the ideas of Columbus. This map was made in the year 1531, and was quite extensively circulated. It is formed on a cordiform or heart-shaped projection, and is entitled "*Nova et integra universi orbis descriptio*," (a description of the new-found land.) This map was published quite extensively up to 1572. In 1533 Francis I., in

commissioning Cartier for his exploration, called the St. Lawrence Valley a part of Asia.

The same view is maintained in a manuscript map of Roscelli, the Italian geographer, preserved in the British Museum. At this time it was generally supposed that North America and Europe were united by land. By reference to maps appearing during the latter part of the 15th century, Greenland, then known as Bacallao, was made a prolongation of Northwestern Europe. A map called the Carta Marina, published by Gostaldi at Venice in 1543, shows most clearly the prevailing theories as to the overland connection with both Asia and Europe, as well as a designation of geographical and political divisions on this continent. About the year 1550 we find the first objection to the Asiatic theory by Gostaldi, who only two years earlier made the Carta Marina map above described. In his second map he disjoined the Western Coast of America from the Asiatic by a narrow strait. This theory was followed by Roscelli (previously referred to,) in 1561.

No discoveries, however, had actually been made up to this time to guide these latter gentlemen, their statements being purely theoretical. Two maps now preserved at Florence which belonged to about the year 1550, show an Asiatic connection, and extend the California Coast to the Ganges. The Italian cartographer, Paul de Furlani, made a map in 1560, which is preserved in the British Museum, and depicts Chinamen and elephants in the region of the Mississippi Valley.

A land connection with Asia is again adhered to by Johannes Myritus in a map drawn by him in 1587. In 1590 Livio Sanuto loudly disputed the Asiatic theory on the ground that the Mexicans would not have shown surprise at horses in Cortes' time if they formerly had been inhabitants of a continent like Asia, where horses are common. The latest use of the type of map shown in the Carta Marina was just a half century later, viz., in 1598. The belief, however, still lingered for many years in some quarters, and Thomas Morton, in 1636, showed that in New England it was not yet decided whether the continent of America did not border upon the country of the Tartars. Indeed, the last trace of this theory was not blown away until Behring, in 1728, passed from the Pacific to the Arctic Sea.

Such in brief is the history of the inception and decline of the

belief in the prolongation of Asia over against this Western Coast. And, as has been suspected by geographers at intervals since the time of Erastosthenes, third century, B.C., who accepted the spherical theory and had advanced the identical notion which nearly 1700 years later impelled Columbus to his voyage. The beginning of the decline of such belief is traced to the movements of Cortes. Balboa in 1513 by his discovery of the South Sea, later to be called the Pacific Ocean, which name was given to it by Magellan in 1520, had established the continental form of South America, whose limits southward were fixed by Magellan, but it was left for Cortes to It may be interesting to note right here that the Portuguese had pushed on eastward beyond the great peninsula of India and had reached the Moluccas in 1511, where they satisfied themselves begin the exploration to the North which Behring consummated. there was a long space intervening yet before they would confront the Spaniards pursuing their westerly route. The voyage of Magellan, as we shall see, seems to bring the solution near. and if we may believe Scotto, the Genoese geographer, at about the same date, 1520, the Portuguese had crossed the Pacific easterly and struck our Northwest Coast. A new understanding between the rival crowns of Spain and Portugal closed the question rather abruptly through a sale in 1529 by Spain to Portugal of all her rights to the Moluccas for 350,000 ducats; this was known as the treaty of Saragossa. Cortes on his return from Spain, in 1530, resolved to push his discoveries up the coast. The Spaniards now occupied Theuantepec, Acapulco and Zacatula on the sea, and Spaniards were also to be found at Caliacan, just within the Gulf of California on its eastern shore. Up to this time the Spaniards had not succeeded in developing the coast farther north than the Gulf of California; and here Cortes' discoveries on the Pacific Coast ends; for Mendoza, the newly-appointed Viceroy, had visions of his own, and thwarted him in all his subsequent attempts, till finally Cortes himself went to Spain. The name which Cortes Captains gave to the gulf, "the Sea of Cortes," failed to abide. It grew to be generally called the "Red Sea," out of some fancied resemblance to the Red Sea of the Old World. This appellation was supplanted in turn by the name of California, which it is contended, was given to the peninsula by Cortes himself. The origin of the name, however, has been a cause of dispute. Prof. Jules Marcou claims that it was

simply a designation used by Cortes to distinguish a land which we now know to be the hottest in the two Americas, Tierra California, derived from Calida Forna, meaning "fiery furnace." Bancroft points out a variety of equivalent derivations.

Edward E. Hale, in 1862, traced the name to a romance published it is supposed, in 1510, which might easily enough have been a popular book with the Spanish followers of Cortes. In this romance a certain Emperor of the Greeks defends Constantinople against the infidels of the East. A pagan Queen of Amazons brings an army of Amazons to the succor of the infidels. This imaginary Queen is named Calafia, and her kingdom is called California, a name possibly derived from Calif, which to the readers of such a book would be associated with the East. California in the romance is represented as an island rich with gold and diamonds and pearls. That this name as an omen of wealth struck the fancy of Cortes is the theory of Dr. Hale, who adds "that as a western pioneer now gives the name of Eden to his new home, so Cortes called his new discovery California." It was not until 1542 that an effort was made to reach farther north than what is now Lower California. At this time Cabrillo, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, explored the coast as far as 44 degrees north, which would take us to about the boundary line between Washington and Oregon. Thus from the time Balboa discovered the Pacific the Spanish had taken 30 years to develop the coast northerly to the latitude of Oregon. In this distance they had found nothing of the Straits of Anian, which, if Humbolt is correct, had begun to take form in people's minds ever since Cortoreal in 1500 had supposed Hudson's Straits to be the easterly entrance of a westerly passage. The earliest maps up to as late a date as 1757 showed California to be an island.

Companius, in speaking of California, remarked about 1694, that it is the largest island which the Spaniards possess in America. And it was not until 1750 that California was at last defined in its real geographical relations. The lingering suspicion of the northerly connection of the California Gulf with the ocean had now nearly vanished; and the peninsula which had been an island under Cortes, then for nearly a century connected with the main land, and then again for more than a century in many minds an island

again, was at last defined as we now know it. The coast line, however, long remained shadowy in a higher latitude.

EARLIEST MAPS AND CONSECUTIVE DATES.

La Cosa, year 1500; Ruysch, 1508; The Pacific, 1513; Homen, 1540; Castilles, 1541; Cabot, 1544; Carta Marina, 1548; Ptolemy, 1548; Martines, 1555—the first to give complete outline of coast; Paule de Furlani, 1574; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 1576.

Sir Francis Drake visited the Coast, including Oregon, as early as 1579, and claimed the country for England under the name of New Albion.

SOME FAMOUS GOLD RUSHES

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read April 4, 1898.)

Mining rushes are eccentric, erratic and epidemic. They break out in unlikely places when least expected, become contagious, then disappear as suddenly as they came.

In the Klondike excitement the old-time "gold rush" has come again. It is more than a third of a century since we had a genuine epidemic gold rush. The gold fever of early California days was popularly supposed to be one of the lost epidemics. But an old-time rush is on, and symptoms of gold fever are prevalent even among Silver Republicans.

Most of the old-time miners who were wont to rush on the first rumor of a rich strike in some new region have passed over the divide to—"The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"—and no prospector either. The few of the old rushers who remain this side of the divide, broken in health or borne down with the infirmities of age are no longer able to rush; but the rumor of a rich strike still stirs the blood in their veins and each pathetically sighs "Oh, if I were only young again, I would go too."

The gold rush came early in the history of California placer mining. Some were fakes, pure and simple, others were the direct causes of opening up extensive gold fields that added immensely to the world's store of the precious metal. It is not of the fakes that I write. The stories of the quests for the "Lost Cabin," the "Cement Lode," the "wagon-tire diggings" and the many other ignes fatui that lured honest miners over mountains and deserts are interesting but do not pertain to the subject of this paper. Klondike is not a fake, not an illusion, but many a rush with as substantial a base as Klondike ended as the Klondike rush will end, in disappointment to the many and fortunes to a very few.

One of the earliest of California mining rushes was the Gold Bluff excitement. On the Northwest Coast of California, near the

mouth of the Klamath River, precipitous bluffs, 400 feet high, mark the coast line of the ocean. A party of prospectors in the fall of 1850, who had been up in the Del Norte country, were making their way down to the little trading and trapping station of Trinidad to procure provisions. On reaching the Bluffs, thirty miles above Trinidad, they were astonished to find stretching out before them a beach glittering with golden sands. They could not stop to gather gold; they were starving. So, scraping up a few handfuls of the glittering sands they hastened on. In due time they reached San Francisco, where they exhibited their sand, which proved to be nearly half gold. The excitement began. Companies were formed and claims located at long range. One company of nine locators sent an expert to examine their claims. He, by a careful mathematical calculation, ascertained that the claim would yield forty-three million dollars to each partner. As there was 15 miles of gold beach, the amount of gold in the sands was sufficient to demonetize the precious metal. A laudable desire to benefit the human race possessed some of the claim owners. They formed a joint stock company, with shares at \$100 each. This was the first of those joint stock schemes for dividing profits of mining ventures that became so common later on in California, and are today very popular in the Klondike craze—schemes that usually end in dividing the shoreholders' money among the projectors of the swindle. Gold Bluff mining stock went off like the proverbial hot cakes, and prospectors went off as rapidly. Within two days after the expert's wonderful story was spread abroad nine ships were fitted out for Gold Bluff. The first to arrive off the Bluffs was the vessel containing a party of the original discoverers. In attempting to land in a boat, the boat was upset in the breakers and five of the six occupants drowned. Bertram, the leader of the party making the discovery, alone escaping. The vessel put back to Trinidad and the gold hunters made their way up the coast to the Bluffs. But alas! for their golden dreams. Where they had hoped to gather gold by the shipload no gold was to be seen. Old ocean had gathered it back to his treasure vaults.

The bubble burst as suddenly as it had expanded. And yet there was gold at Gold Bluffs, and there is gold there yet. If the ocean could be drained or coffer-dammed for two hundred miles along the gold coast of Northern California and Oregon all the wealth of

Klondike would be but the panning out of a prospect hole compared to the richness that lies hidden in the sands off Gold Beach. For years after the bursting of the Gold Bluff bubble, when the tide was low the sands along Gold Beach were mined with profit.

The Kern River excitement in the spring of 1855 surpassed everything that had preceded it. Seven years of mining had skimmed the richness of the placers. The northern and central gold fields of California had been thoroughly prospected. The miners who had been accustomed to the rich strikes of early years could not content themselves with moderate returns. They were ready for a rush. The first discoveries on the Kern River were made in the summer of 1854, but no excitement followed the first reports. But during the fall and winter rumors were set afloat of rich strikes on the headwaters of that stream. The stories grew as they traveled on. One that had a wide circulation and was readily accepted ran about as follows: A Mexican doctor had appeared in Mariposa loaded down with nuggets. He reported that he and four companions had found a region paved with gold. The very hills were yellow with outcroppings. While gloating over such wealth and loading it into sacks the Indians attacked them and killed his four companions. He escaped with one sack of gold. He proposed to organize a company large enough to exterminate the Indians and then bring out the gold on pack mules.

This, as well as other stories, equally as improbable, were spread broadcast throughout the State. Many of the reports of wonderful strikes were purposely magnified by merchants and dealers in miners' supplies who were overstocked with unsalable goods; and by transportation companies with whom business was slack. Their purpose was accomplished and the rush was on. It was the first rush that had profited Los Angeles. It came at an opportune time for the town. It was hard times in the old pueblo; business was dull and money scarce. The Southern Californian of December 24, 1854, says: "The great scarcity of money is seen in the present exorbitant rates of interest which it commands, 8, 10 and even 15 per cent. a month is freely paid, and the supply even at these rates is too meager to meet the demand." Think of it, 180 per cent. a year for the use of money, and the crime of '73 had not then been committed. (Bimetallism was in full force and effect and the dollar of the daddies current coin of the realm.) In January the rush began. It

struck the old pueblo like a cyclone. Every steamer down the coast was loaded to the guards with adventurers for the mines. The sleepy old metropolis of the cow counties found itself suddenly transformed into a bustling mining camp. The Southern Californian of Feb. 8, 1855, thus describes the situation. "The road from our valley is literally thronged with people on their way to the mines. Hundreds of people have been leaving not only the city, but every portion of the county. Every description of vehicle and animal have been brought into requisition to take the exultant seekers after wealth to the goal of their hopes. Immense ten-mule wagons strung out one after another; long trains of pack mules and men mounted and on foot, with picks and shovels; boarding-house keepers with their tents; merchants with their stocks of miners' necessaries and gamblers with their "papers" are constantly leaving for the Kern River mines. The wildest stories are afloat. We do not place implicit reliance, however, upon these stories. If the mines turn out ten dollars a day to the man everybody ought to be satisfied. The opening of these mines has been a godsend to all of us, as the business of the entire country was on the point of taking to a tree." As the boom increased our editor grows more jubilant. In his issue of March 7th he throws out these headlines:

"Stop the Press! Glorious News from Kern River! Bring out the Big Gun! There are a thousand gulches rich with gold and room for ten thousand miners. Miners averaging \$50 a day. One man with his own hands took out \$160 in a day. Five men in ten days took out \$4500."

Another stream of miners and adventurers was pouring into the mines by way of the San Joaquin Valley. From Stockton to Kern River, a distance of 300 miles, the road was crowded with men on foot, on stages, on horseback and on every form of conveyance that would take them to the new El Dorado. In four months five or six thousand men had found their way into the Kern River Valley. There was gold there, but not enough to go round. A few struck it rich, the many struck nothing but "hard luck," and the rush out began. Those who had ridden into the valley footed it out and those who footed it in on sole leather footed it out on their natural soles or depended on sackcloth or charity. Seven years have passed since the first discovery of gold in California, and in that time the grand army of gold seekers has swept back and forth from Klamath in the

north to Kern in the south in search for new gold fields to conquer, while detachments from this army have plodded in the snows of British Columbia, have penetrated the jungles of Panama, have sailed down to Peru and climbed the Andes to the head waters of the Amazon—and the survivors of these detachments have rejoined the main army rich in experience but poor in everything else.

After the wild frenzy of Kern River the press of the State congratulated the public with the assurance that the era of wild rushes was past—"what had been lost in money had been gained in experience." As if a prospector ever profited by experience. Scarcely had the victims of Kern River resumed work in the old creeks and canons they had deserted when a rumor comes, faint at first, but gathering strength at each repetition, that rich diggings have been struck in the far North. This time it is Frazer River. True, Frazer River is in British Columbia, but what of that! There are enough miners in California to seize the country and hold it until the cream of the mines has been skimmed. Rumors of the richness of the mines increased with every arrival of a steamer from the north. Captains, pursers, mates, cooks and waiters confirmed the stories of rich strikes. Doubters asserted that the dust and nuggets exhibited had made the round trip from San Francisco to Victoria and back. But they were silenced by the assurance that the transportation company was preparing to double the number of its vessels. Commodore Wright was too smart to run his steamers on fake reports. And the very thing that should have caused suspicion was used to confirm the truth of the rumors. The doubters doubted no more, but packed their outfits for Frazer River.

California was played out. Where could an honest miner pan out a hundred dollars a day in California? He could do it every day in Frazer—the papers said so. The first notice of the mines was published in March, 1858. The rush began in the latter part of April, and in four months thirty thousand men—one-sixth of the voting population of the State—had rushed to the mines.

The effect of the craze was disastrous to business in California. Farms were abandoned and crops lost for want of hands to harvest them. Rich claims in the old diggings were sold for a trifle of their value. Lots on Montgomery street that ten years later were worth \$1500 a front foot, were sold for \$100. Real estate in the interior towns was sacrificed at 50 to 75 per cent. less than it was worth

before the rush began. But a halt was called in the rush. The returns were not coming in satisfactorily. By the middle of July less than a hundred thousand dollars in dust had reached San Francisco—only \$3 for each man who had gone to the diggings. There was gold there and plenty of it, so those interested in keeping up the excitement said. The Frazer River was high; wait till it subsides. But it did not subside, and it has not subsided since. It is always on a high. If the Frazer did not subside the excitement did, and that suddenly. Those who had money or could borrow enough from their friends got away at once. Those who had none hung around Victoria and New Westminster until they were shipped back at the government's expense.

After Frazer River came Washoe; but that was a silver craze. In its earlier manifestations it was similar to the gold rushes, but it soon degenerated into corners, freeze-outs and stock gambling. The tragic side of Washoe stock gambling has never been portrayed. The ruined lives, the impoverished homes, the heartaches, the wretchedness and the suicides left in the wake of the bonanza kings' march to wealth are subjects upon which no Californian cares to dwell. No disaster that ever struck the State was so prolific of evil as the mania of thirty years ago for gambling in the stocks of the Washoe silver mines—a gambling mania that made the fortunes of the vulgar silver barons and parvenu bonanza kings of San Francisco. The last of the great gold rushes before Klondike began was the "Ho for Idaho" of 1862-'63-'64. This consisted of a series of rushes, first to the northern part of the territory in 1861-'62, when what is now Idaho was part of Washington. The mining district in the north consisted of a number of small camps or basins such as Florence, Oro Fino, Miller's, etc., rich while they lasted, but soon worked out. The principal rush was to Boise Basin in 1864. The Boise mines were what were called "poor man's diggings." There were no big strikes or rich pockets, but instead a considerable extent of gold-bearing territory that paid good wages. Those of the mining population who settled down to business and kept away from gambling dens and whiskey mills usually made a small raise before their claims were worked out. The first discovery of gold in Boise Basin was made by a party under the leadership of "Old Grimes," (not, however, the one whose "coat was buttoned down before.")

Grimes was killed by the Indians. The survivors of the party built a fort and stood a long siege by the redskins before they made their escape. The creek where the first discovery was made was named after Grimes and the camp where the fort was built was called Hog'em, because the first locators tried to "hog" all the claims on the creek; later on it became "Pioneer City," but no old Boise pioneer ever recognized it by that name.

NOTES ON THE MISSION SAN GABRIEL

BY REV. J. ADAM, V.G.

(Read Dec. 6, 1898.)

Among the old books, I have found one that says (translated into English:) "Book in which are entered the most notable things for the direction of the Missionary Fathers of this Mission of the Archangel St. Gabriel, established on the eighth of September, 1771."

The book is written by Father Francisco Palou, bosom friend and companion of Very Rev. Father Junipero Serra. He says on the first page: "In September, 1767, all the fathers being gathered together in our house of Santa Cruz of Tepic, who had left the college of San Fernando, Mex., to go to the Californias, and knowing the great distance that would exist between said missions, and our college, we agreed that on the death of one of our number at the missions, the others would offer 20 masses for the repose of his soul, and it is signed by Father Palou in the Mission of San Gabriel on the 9th of October, 1773. The first suffrage was made for Father Luis Jaume, who was killed by the Indians of San Diego at the commencement of the mission. Then suffrages were made for Father John Chrisostom Gil and Felipe Guitlon, both killed by the Apaches. We read also the masses of Father Juan Diaz, Franco Garces, Joseph Matias Moreno and Juan Barnenecke, who were killed by the Indians of the Colorado.

Masses were also said for the soul of Father Franco Pujol of the Mission of San Miguel. "It is suspected," says the writer, "that he was poisoned." We find the names of 42 missionaries for whom requiem masses were said from 1773 to 1803. Among the last we find the name of Very Rev. Father Fermin Francisco Lasuen, president of these missions (who succeeded Father Palou,) who died June 26, 1803, and also of Father Miguel Sanchez, for many years missionary at San Gabriel, who died on the 27th of July, 1803. He had been a constant sufferer from the asthma.

On page 11 we read that the Viceroy of New Spain, His Excel-

lency, Don Antonio Maria Bucareli, in a decree of May, 1772, approved the withdrawal from Lower California of the Franciscan Fathers in favor of the Dominicans, who assumed charge of said missions, while the Franciscans took charge of those of Upper California. The Viceroy and their superior general in Mexico, required each missionary to give a report of the temporal and spiritual state of his mission each year. "It being impossible," says Palou, "for the president of these missions to visit each locality, I therefore beg each missionary to send, at the end of the year, said report to the president of the missions. For this purpose I require the Rev. missionaries of this church and Mission of San Gabriel to send every year in December all information or exact report of the state of their mission, showing the number of baptisms, marriages and deaths, and the number of families, and what hopes they have of the conversion of the other gentiles of the neighboring ranchos; and if there is any obstacle in the way preventing said conversion, and that they should express themselves freely, so that the superiors may apply the remedy for the evil. They are cautioned in case of any grievance not to have recourse to the Royal Judge, but let the complaint be presented or forwarded to the Rev. president, who acts as judge for these missions; and if recourse must be made to the Viceroy, let it be made by the guardian of his council. Father Palou requires them also, in this book to report the treasures or furniture of church or sacristy, and of their houses; the number of cattle, and the number of new buildings erected since the last report; how many acres of land have been cultivated and with what results; and if their crops have failed they should report the causes thereof. If anything should happen during the year worth noticing, they are directed to include it in the report. The document should be signed by both resident missionaries and one copy should be sent to the president, and another retained for safe keeping in their archives. This document is signed by Father Palou in the Mission of the Archangel St. Gabriel on the 9th of October, 1773.

On page 12 we find the report given in December of the year 1773, of the spiritual increase in said Mission of San Gabriel since it had been founded in September, 1771, two years before. There were in that year 80 Christians, 30 adults and forty-three children. There was one marriage, and three children had died. Then it mentions among the sacred vessels, a chalice of silver, a bell of silver,

a thimble of silver; also a shell of the same material for baptismal purposes, five chosubles, etc. The number of sacred pictures is also given. Then the record describes the first church built in what is called Mission Vieja—Old Mission—whose ruins can yet be seen on the ranch of Mr. Richard Garvey, about a league distant in a southerly direction from the present mission.

This primitive church was 45 feet long and 18 feet wide, built of logs and covered with tule. There was a sacristy behind the altar. Second, a house made also of logs, 45 feet long and 17 feet wide, covered also with tule, divided into two rooms, with doors of wood separating them. Third, a storehouse of logs, 36 feet long by 15 wide, covered also with tule. Fourth, another room, 36 feet long by 18 wide, to keep seed and other things, made also of logs and covered with mud or adobe. Fifth, another room 15 feet square, of lumber, and the room covered with clay or mud, was used for a kitchen. All these buildings were inclosed within a palisade 60 yards square. Besides there were nine small houses of lumber, with mud roof, for the neophytes. The inclosure had two gates. There was another small frame house in which to keep the corn, and two other frame houses for the soldiers. Besides there was another enclosure or corral for the cattle. Then follows a list of wares for the kitchen, for the carpenter shop, and for tilling the fields. They began with eighteen yokes of oxen, plows, etc., etc. The King gave 18 head of cattle; 2 years after, in October, '73, these had increased to 38. They also had 16 saddle horses. They sowed that year one bushel and a half of corn, which bore 21 bushels (or fanegas.)

On page 17 I find that in the year 1776 (the year the United States declared their independence) the mission was moved from the old place to the location where we now see it. The change was made, says the book, because the new place was better adapted for a mission. The buildings could not, of course, be moved, so they began at once with great zeal to erect the needed edifices, at the new site. They first built a house of adobe 50 yards long and 6 yards wide, three and a half yards high, divided into three rooms, one for keeping the seeds, another for tools and the third for the Fathers to dwell in. They built also a chapel ten varas long by six wide, roofed with tule. A corral was erected not far away for the cattle. In 1796 the chapel gave way to a larger church, with walls of adobe, 108 feet long by 21 feet wide, with a roof of tiles.

SOME AFRICAN FOLK LORE

DR. J. D. MOODY.

Dr. Silas F. Johnson, a young physician of our city, has been laboring for several years as a medical missionary in Western Africa.

Being now at home on a vacation, I have taken advantage of the fact and have spent considerable time with him, gathering facts about African folk-lore and superstitions. Two of these stories which I give, I believe have not before been recorded, at least in relation to these people.

Dr. Johnson's work has been among the Bule tribe, a member of the Fan branch of the great Bantu family of Central and Southern Africa.

Just south of the Sahara Desert is a wide strip of a fertile and densely-populated country, stretching clear across the continent. The central and eastern portion of this territory is called the Sudan. The Fan family occupy the southwestern portion of this region, and the Bule tribe the extreme western portion of this part, near the coast. This lies within German territory, Batanga being the seaport for this region. This is about the northern limit of the Bantu race.

Whether there is a migration now going on towards the south from the eastern portion of the country, I am unable to say, but the Fan branch of this family have been pushing to the west for a long time, the outposts being occupied by the Bules. These are slowly but surely dispossessing the coast people of their ancestral homes. These people, the Bules, in talking about the old times, their traditions, which are few and recent, or about their God, always refer to the East. Some of the old people can remember the last station they occupied to the east of their present location. Among all this great Bantu family certain folk-lore is common property. Much of it suggests contact with the white race in the past, and much of it is of a nature common to themselves and

all aboriginal peoples. The Bules have scarcely any history or any traditions, but they have an interminable number of folk-lore stories having for their central interest the cunning of some animal as displayed in its contests with other animals. The tortoise, the leopard, the python and the monkey family are almost exclusively so used. The tortoise is always the wise one. The fables generally have for their climax the overreaching cunning of this slow creature. Aesop's fable of the hare and tortoise has a singular interest in the light of these stories.

The people delight in these stories. They will gather about a log fire at night, or in their palaver house and listen for hours to their story teller going over his narrative. These stories have no element of history in them, but are fables pure and simple. The reciter will act out the story as he goes along with appropriate gestures. When the climax is reached the interest is gone and the story abruptly ends.

A favorite story is that of the leopard and tortoise, and runs in this wise: Once upon a time the leopard and the tortoise, being together, became very hungry. The tortoise said to the leopard, "let us kill our mothers and eat them." The leopard readily agreed to this, and they further agreed to get their mothers in the morning and kill them and eat them for breakfast. The tortoise that same night gathered a basketful of a fruit of that region which contains a blood-red juice, and took it to a stream and hid it among the bushes on the banks. The next morning they took their mothers to this stream. The tortoise proposed to take his mother up stream a little ways, and that the leopard should take his down stream a little ways and then each kill their mother and have a feast. They each took their stations. The tortoise then took a club and pounded on a log as hard as he could, then taking his basket of fruit, he squeezed the juice into the water, which, running down stream, looked like bloody water. The leopard in the meanwhile waited before killing his mother to see whether the tortoise would carry out his part of the compact or not. Hearing the pounding and seeing the bloody water floating by, he thought the tortoise was surely doing his part, so he took a club and killed his mother. The tortoise in the meanwhile had sent his mother home

by a roundabout way, and now went down to the leopard and helped him devour his mother.

In this story the subterfuges of the tortoise are so transparent that none but the most childish mind would find any interest in it, and it shows something of the childish or childlike workings of the savage mind.

The Bule has no conception of a deity in our sense of God, but they refer to a being whom they call Zambe, who lives far back in the interior. They believe that Zambe made all things, that he has all power, that he is a spirit, and yet while referring him to the interior, that he has no location. They do not think that Zambe has any supervision over their daily lives here or in the future state. They also believe him to have two sons, who also have all power, one living in the interior of Africa and the other in the white man's country. The African one catches elephants and gets ivory and manufactures articles of commerce and trades them to his brother in the white man's country; and he in turn manufactures goods and trades them to his African brother. This seems to be their idea of the origin of trade. They see that articles, manufactured they know not how nor where, pass through their lands. Some one being must have been the guiding force in their making, and this being they call Zambe. As it is evident to them that there are two distinct classes of goods made, they reason that there must have been more than one maker, so they take refuge in two sons as the respective makers.

They believe that there is a town of ghosts down under the ground—probably from the fact of burial in the ground. They believe that at death they will go to this town and that they will see their fathers and all their people there; that they will be living in villages just as in this life, and that the same moral conditions exist there as here. If a spirit does wrong there it will be "caused to die from there," as they quaintly express it, meaning that it will leave this ghost town, and that one of two things will happen to it, either it will become a chimpanzee or some such animal, or else go to a place the name of which means total extinction. As they express it, "he is all gone, there is nothing more of him." Then if an animal which is a transformed spirit, is killed, it, too, goes to this place of extinction.

Another fable gives their idea of the origin of man's superiority to the rest of the animal creation.

It is as follows: Zambe lived back in the interior of the country. One day he called to him man, dwarf—(The Bule consider the dwarf The men will, however, occasionally take a dwarf woman for a wife)—gorilla, chimpanzee, and monkey.

Zambe gave to each one one of their large garden baskets, and in each basket he put seeds of various kinds of vegetables and cuttings of food plants, also an ax, a cutlass and fire, and sent them forth in the world to start homes for themselves. On parting with them he gave such advice as a father would to his sons under similar circumstances.

They started out along the forest path, probably going towards the coast. As they went along the monkey, becoming hungry, plucked some berries or nuts from the bushes by the side of the path. These tasted so good to him that he dropped his basket with its contents, and wandered off into the forest eating what he could find. The others in the meantime went on their way. Soon the chimpanzee became hungry. Gathering some nuts and eating them, he was so well satisfied that he too dropped his basket and went off into the forest, while the others went on. The gorilla was the next to become hungry, and, seeing some fruit growing on the trees near by, plucked and ate it. He too seemed satisfied with this food, and, dropping his basket, wandered off into the forest.

The dwarf saw some bees going into a hole in a tree. He climbed the tree, got the honey and ate it. The taste of it pleased him so well that, looking around and seeing a snail on a tree, knocked it off and ate it also.

(There is a species of land snail in that country, as large as a small plate, which, instead of living in its shell, carries a small conical spiral shell on its back. These snails attach themselves to trees and the natives knock them off and eat them. They make implements out of the shells.)

He was so pleased with these foods that he stopped by the side of the path, took the coals of fire out of his basket and kindled a fire. Then holding the shell in the fire the flesh was easily detached. He then rolled it up tightly in a leaf, and after roasting it in the fire, ate it. He thought the snail and the honey good enough for him, so he left the basket, ax, cutlass and seeds, only taking the fire, and went off into the forest.

Only man was left. Coming to a pretty stream where the soil looked good, he built a shelter, began to clear the forest, burning the brush when dried, and planted the seeds. While the crops were growing he got some bark and built himself a hut.

After a time Zambe started out to look after these children of his and to see how they were getting along. He found the baskets one after another just where they had been dropped. He bewailed the folly of those he had sent out, saying they were not of his children. He went until he came to man's village. He was greatly pleased thereat, and said: "Yes, this man is my child," and ever since man has been Zambe's child.

Dr. Johnson was showing how to make a "cat's cradle" with a string when one of the boys took it and made a great many different kinds, such as the doctor had never seen.

Alfred Wallace makes a similar statement in regard to the children in Borneo.

The natives have a singular game played with tops. They cut off the end of the snail shell, spoken of before, making it about an inch and a half long. One man will lay his top on the hard-beaten ground; another man will take his station a few feet away, and, holding his top with the fingers, with the point in the hollow of the hand, then giving a throwing motion of the arm, together with a peculiar twist of the fingers, he sends it spinning along the ground like a top towards the other one, which, if it touches, he claims as his own.

The rainbow by them is regarded as a huge python; when one appears they at once begin to attack it with guns and bows.

CAPITAN AND TIN TIN

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

(Read April 7, 1898.)

In the words of Polonius, "Still harping on my daughter," you will perhaps say, but the subject of the Mission Indians has always been an interesting one to me. Taught in my early youth to seek that which was best in human nature, I naturally saw only the good in the Indian. In disposition like a child, easily led, but stubborn if driven, he could be managed by those who were kind to him without difficulty. Always looking with reverence upon those whom he considered his superiors, I was free to go and come among them in perfect safety, not safety from bodily harm, but immunity from coarseness or vulgarity. And "hush! there comes Lalita," was the password. In the early fifties, the main street or roadway of the Mission San Gabriel ran about a mile and three-quarters from the church in shape like a reclining letter L, the lines of the long shank of the letter-shaped street vanishing among the live-oak trees to the north of the Mission. On one side and between rows of willows, ran the zanja which watered the "milpas" of the Indians. And on either side of the street were the "jacals" or huts built of adobe and thatched with tule, which was cut in the lake near Pasadena, tied in bundles, dried in the sun, and bound on the roofs with thongs of the same, making a picturesque and weather-proof covering. There dwelt the remnant of the Mission Indians. They planted corn, beans, pumpkins, peas and chiles, and flowers of the brightest hues nodded to their reflections in the rippling zanja.

I passed every morning and evening along this road to school, and was always greeted with a "buenos dias Lalita" from such as were sitting sunning themselves outside their doors. Quiet and gentle old Capitan and his wife raised mocking birds for market. In the spaces between the walls and thatched roof of his house the birds built their nests, and at the proper age for selling he carefully packed his young birds in an old tin pail some one had given him, and walked to Los Angeles, carrying his pail on his arm. Or if from necessity he sometimes sacrificed an old bird it rose to the dignity of a cage made of reeds or cane. Old Capitan was very reliable in

his dealings with customers, and one could always be sure that his bird was a singer; there being but a very slight difference in the feathers of the wings, it was an easy matter to pass upon a novice a female bird. The females do not sing. His birds were his pets, and ate from his hands and sat upon his shoulders. They also came at his call. I remember distinctly, my mother had bought a bird from him, and, escaping from its cage, it flew to the topmost bough of an olive tree. The bird was given up as lost, until some one suggested sending for old Capitan. He came with an old cage, and, setting it upon the ground near by, gave a peculiar cry, which the bird answered, and to the astonishment of all, flew down from his perch and quietly entered the cage. Then he handed the bird to his mistress and returned home, not expecting any more reward than to have shown his influence over his pets.

Then there was "Tin-Tin." Poor "Tin-Tin," whose worst fault was his love of "Agua Ardiente." But then, the Americans were the cause of his downfall, which occurred every Saturday night. All the week he labored faithfully and conscientiously, but on Sunday morning he would be seen by those on their way to the church with his head in the ditch, dragged there by some friend, to cool him off for Monday's work. He was a fine specimen of the Indian, as he was, and should be but for the civilization of the white man; being tall and straight, and well built. But what constitution could stand "fire water" and exposure week after week? In his prime he was taken to the ditch for the last time a victim of his appetite, and the greed of the white man.

I must not forget the church choir, which made the round of every house on Sunday after services. It was composed of four musical instruments, flute, violin, (some were rude enough to call it a fiddle,) triangle and drum. The principal object of the choir was the collection of tithes, which everyone was very willing to pay after listening to the music for an hour. The poet sang "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast." It may have been that looking upon us as "aliens," they wished to impress us with the force of the quotation. The music was wild and weird, and helped to pass an otherwise long and lonely Sunday afternoon. I think that we all felt sad to see the "church choir" gradually transferred from this to the "choir invisible." And let us hope that in their "happy hunting grounds" they have exchanged the fiddle for the bow, and in exchanging their triangle have received the "horn of plenty," and all is on the "square."

OLD FORT MOORE

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Part of an address delivered July 4, 1897, at the semi-centennial of the first Fourth of July celebration in California.)

It is an historical fact, but one that seems to be unknown to writers of California history, that there were two forts planned and partially built upon Fort Hill, in Los Angeles, during the war for the conquest of California. The first was planned by Lieut. William H. Emory, topographical engineer of Gen. Kearney's staff, and work begun upon it by Commodore Stockton's sailors and marines. The second was planned by Lieut. J. W. Davidson of the First United States Dragoons, and was built by the Mormon Battalion. The first was not completed and was not named. The second was named Fort Moore. Their location seems to have been identical. The first was designed to hold 100 men, the second was much larger. A brief review of some of the events preceding the building of the fort will not be out of place.

After the defeat of the Californians under Gens. Flores and Andres Pico at the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa, on the 8th and 9th of January, 1847, the American forces under Stockton and Kearney marched into the city and took possession of it.

Lieut. Emory says: "Not altogether trusting to the honesty of Gen. Flores, who had once before broken his parole, we moved into town in line of battle. (The city, under flag of truce, had been surrendered by a committee of citizens to Commodore Stockton.) It was a wise precaution, for the streets were full of drunken fellows, who brandished their arms and saluted us with every term of reproach. The crest of the hill overlooking the town, in rifle range, was covered with horsemen engaged in the same hospitable manner. Our men marched steadily on until crossing the ravine leading into the public square (the plaza) when a fight took place among the Californians on the hill. One became disarmed and, to avoid death, rolled down the hill toward us, his adversary pursuing and lancing him in the most cold-blooded manner. The man tumbling

down the hill was supposed to be one of our vaqueros, and the cry was raised 'rescue him!' The crew of the Cyane, nearest the scene, at once and without orders halted and gave the man that was lancing him a volley. Strange to say, he did not fall." The commodore gave the jack tars a cursing, not so much for firing without orders as for their bad marksmanship.

Shortly after the above episode the Californians did open fire from the hill on the vaqueros in charge of the cattle. (These vaqueros were Californians in the employ of the Americans, and were regarded by their countrymen as traitors.) A company of riflemen was ordered to clear the hill. A single volley effected this, killing two of the enemy. This was the last blood shed in the war; and the second conquest of California was completed as the first had been, by the capture of Los Angeles. Two hundred men with two pieces of artillery were stationed on the hill.

The Angelenos did not exactly welcome the invaders with "bloody hands to inhospitable graves," but they did their best to let them know they were not wanted. The better class of the native inhabitants closed their houses and took refuge with foreign residents or went to the ranchos of their friends in the country. The fellows of the baser sort who were in the possession of the city exhausted their vocabularies of abuse on the invading gringos.

There was one paisano who excelled all his countrymen in this species of warfare. It is a pity his name has not been preserved in history with that of other famous scolds and kickers. He rode by the side of the advancing column up Main street firing volleys of invective and denunciation at the hated gringos. At certain points in his tirade he worked himself up to such a pitch of indignation that language failed him, then he would solemnly go through the motions of "make ready; take aim," with an old shotgun he carried, but when it came to the order "fire!" discretion got the better of his valor; he lowered his gun and began again firing invective at the gringo soldiers; his mouth would go off if his gun would not.

Commodore Stockton's headquarters were in the Abila House, the second house on Gracia street, north of the Plaza. The building is still standing, but has undergone many changes in fifty years.

An amusing account was recently given me by an old pioneer of how Commodore Stockton got possession of the house. The widow

Abila and her daughters, at the approach of the Americans, had abandoned their home and taken refuge with Don Luis Vignes of the Aliso. Vignes was a Frenchman and friendly to both sides. The widow had left a young Californian in charge of her house, which was finely furnished, with strict orders to keep it closed. Stockton had with him a fine brass band, probably the best ever heard in California. When the troops halted on the Plaza the band began to play. The boyish guardian of the Abila Casa could not resist the temptation to open the door and look out. The strains of music drew him to the Plaza. Stockton and his staff, passing by, found the door invitingly open, entered and took possession. The recreant watchman returned when the band ceased to play to find himself dispossessed and the house in the hands of the enemy.

Flores' army was supposed to be hovering around the city, and Stockton determined to fortify. On January 11, Lieut. Emory says: "I was ordered to select a site and place a fort capable of containing a hundred men. With this in view, a rapid reconnoissance of the town was made, and the plan of a fort sketched; so placed as to enable a small garrison to command the town and the principal avenues to it. The plan was approved. January 12, I laid off the work, and before night broke ground." The sailors and marines were detailed by companies to work on the fort, "which work," the lieutenant says, "they performed bravely and gave me great hopes of success." On the 14th, Fremont with his battalion arrived from Cahuenga. There were then about one thousand troops in the city, and the old ciudad put on military airs. On the 18th, Kearney, having quarreled with Stockton about who should be Governor of the conquered territory, left for San Diego, taking with him Lieut. Emory and other members of his staff. Emory was sent East by way of Panama, with dispatches. Stockton appointed Col. Fremont Governor, and Col. Russel of the battalion, Secretary of State of the newly-acquired territory, and then took his departure for San Diego, where his ship, the Congress, was lying. The sailors and marines, on the 20th, took up their line of march to San Pedro to rejoin their ships, and work on the fort was abandoned. Lieut. Emory, in a footnote to his published diary, says "Subsequently to my leaving the Ciudad de Los Angeles, the entire plan of the fort was changed, and I am not the projector of the work finally adopted for defense of that town."

Fremont's battalion was left in charge of the city. The Governor had established his headquarters in the Bell Block, corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets, that being the finest building in the city. Just before the arrival of Col. Cooke's Mormon Battalion, Capt. Owens, in command of Fremont's battalion, moved it with ten pieces of artillery to the Mission San Gabriel. Col. Cooke was an adherent of Gen. Kearney's, and Owens was a friend of Fremont. The removal was made probably to avoid unpleasantness between the two commanding officers.

The quarrel for superiority between Stockton, Kearney, Fremont and Mason continued, and waxed hotter. Kearney had removed to Monterey, and Col. Cooke with his Mormon Battalion had arrived and been stationed at San Luis Rey. On March 12, Col. Cooke thus defines the situation: "Gen. Kearney is supreme somewhere up the coast; Col. Fremont is supreme at Los Angeles; Commodore Shubrick, the same at Monterey, and I at San Luis Rey; and we are all supremely poor, the government having no money and no credit, and we hold the territory because Mexico is the poorest of all."

On March 23 the Mormon battalion arrived in Los Angeles. Fremont's battalion was mustered out, and the artillery removed to Los Angeles. Fremont shortly afterward left for Monterey to report to Kearney, who had established his claim to the Governorship, and then returned to St. Louis. Col. P. St. George Cooke was in command of the southern military district. On the 20th of April rumors reached the city that the Mexican general, Bustamente, was advancing on California with a force of 1500 men.

"Positive information," writes Col. Cooke, "was received that the Mexican government had appropriated \$600,000 toward fitting out this force." It was also reported that cannon and military stores had been landed at San Vicente, in Lower California, just below the line, and that the Californians were preparing for an insurrection. Precautions were taken against a surprise. A troop of dragoons was sent to Warner's Rancho to patrol the Sonora road as far as the desert. "The construction of a fort on the hill fully commanding the town, which had been previously determined upon, was begun, and a company of infantry was posted on the hill."

On the 23rd of April, three months after work had ceased on Emory's fort, the construction of the second fort was begun, and pushed

vigorously. Rumors came thick and fast of the approach of the enemy. On May 3, Col. Cooke writes: "A report was received through the most available sources of information, that Gen. Bustamente had crossed the gulf near the head in boats of the pearl fishers, and at last information was at a rancho on the western road, 70 leagues below San Diego." Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers had arrived in California and two companies of it had been sent to Los Angeles. The report that Col. Cooke had received reinforcement and that the place was fortified was supposed to have frightened Bustamente and his invading army into abandoning the recapture of Los Angeles.

On May 13, Col. Cooke was superseded by Col. J. B. Stevenson, in command of the southern military district. Work still continued on the fort. As work on it approached completion, Col. Stevenson was exercised about a suitable flag staff for his field works. He wanted one at least 150 feet high. There was no tall timber in the vicinity of Los Angeles. A contract was let to a native of California, Juan Ramirez, to bring timber from the San Bernardino Mountains of a suitable length to make a flag pole. Juan Ramirez, with a number of carretas, a small army of Indian laborers and an escort of ten Mormon soldiers to protect him against the mountain Indians, repaired to the headwaters of Mill Creek in the mountains, where he found suitable timber. He brought down two tree trunks, one about ninety feet and the other seventy-five to eighty feet long, fastened on the axles of a dozen old carretas, each trunk drawn by twenty yoke of oxen and an Indian driver to each ox. The carpenters among the volunteers spliced the timbers and fashioned a beautiful pole 150 feet long, which was raised in the rear of the field work, near what is now the southeast corner of North Broadway and Rock street, or Fort Moore Place.

By the 1st of July work had so far progressed on the fort that Col. Stevenson decided to dedicate and name it on the Fourth. He issued an official order for the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of American independence at this post, as he called Los Angeles.

The following is a synopsis of the order:

"At sunrise a Federal salute will be fired from the field work on the hill which commands this town, and for the first time from this point the American standard is displayed.

"At 10 o'clock every soldier at this post will be under arms. The

detachment of the Seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, and First Regiment, U. S. Dragoons (dismounted,) will be marched to the field work on the hill, when, together with the Mormon Battalion, the whole will be formed at 11 o'clock a.m. into a hollow square, when the Declaration of Independence will be read. At the close of this ceremony the field works will be dedicated and appropriately named, and at 12 o'clock a national salute will be fired.

"The field work at this post having been planned and the work conducted entirely by Lieut. Davidson of the First Dragoons, he is requested to hoist upon it for the first time, on the morning of the 4th, the American standard.

"It is the custom of our country to confer on its fortifications the name of some distinguished individual who has rendered important services to his country, either in the councils of the nation or on the battlefield. The commandant has therefore determined, unless the Department of War shall otherwise direct, to confer upon the field work erected at the post of Los Angeles the name of one who was regarded by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance as a perfect specimen of an American officer, and whose character, for every virtue and accomplishment that adorns a gentleman, was only equaled by the reputation he had acquired in the field for his gallantry as an officer and soldier, and his life was sacrificed in the conquest of this territory at the battle of San Pasqual. The commander directs that from and after the 4th inst. it shall bear the name of Moore."

(It was named after Capt. Benjamin D. Moore of the First United States Dragoons.)

The fort was never entirely completed. On the 15th of July the Mormon Battalion was mustered out of service and work on the fort ceased.

It was located along what is now the easterly line of North Broadway at its intersection of Rock street, directly in front of the High School building. It extended southerly from near the northerly line of Dr. Wills's lot across Rock street to about the middle of the fourth lot south of Rock street—or Fort Moore Place—a distance of nearly four hundred feet.

It was not inclosed in the rear. It was a strong position, and two hundred men (about its capacity) could have held it against a thousand if attacked from the front, but its defenders could easily have been outflanked. In the rear of the fortifications was a deep ravine extending from the cemetery diagonally down across North Hill street, and the block between Hill street and Fort street, or Broad-

way, and crossing Temple street at New High street, it came out on Spring street south of the Allen Block. For many years the only road to the old cemetery led up the bottom of this ravine. Many an old-timer has been carried to his last resting place up the cemetery ravine. It was called the Cañada de Los Muertos—the Cañon of the Dead. During the occupation of Los Angeles by the United States troops in 1847, there were frequent rumors of impending insurrections. One of these was the indirect cause of a serious catastrophe and loss of life. On the afternoon of December 7, 1847, an old lady called upon Col. Stevenson and informed him that a large body of Californians had secretly organized and fixed upon that night for a general uprising to capture the city and massacre the garrison. The information was supposed to be reliable. Precautions were taken against a surprise. The guard was doubled and a strong reserve stationed at the guardhouse, which stood on the hillside in the rear of the St. Elmo, about where Beaudry's stone wall is now. A piece of artillery was kept at the guardhouse. About midnight one of the outpost pickets saw, or thought he saw, a horseman approaching him. He challenged, but receiving no reply, fired. The guard at the caurtel formed to repel an attack. Investigation proved the picket's horseman to be a cow. The guard was ordered to break ranks. One of the cannoneers had lighted a port fire (a sort of fuse formerly used for firing cannon.) He was ordered to extinguish it and return it to the armchest. He stamped out the fire and threw the fuse into the chest filled with ammunition. A spark rekindled and a terrific explosion followed that shook the city like an earthquake. The guardhouse was blown to pieces and the roof timbers thrown into Main street. The wildest confusion reigned. The long roll sounded and the troops flew to arms. Four men were killed by the explosion and ten or twelve wounded, several quite seriously.

After peace was declared in 1848, the old fort was abandoned and it fell to ruins. The Historical Society some fourteen years ago, when the land belonged to the city, made an effort to secure its site for a historical building and museum. Although the land had but little value then, the Mayor and City Council were too short-sighted to grant the society's request. The site was sold for a few hundred dollars, and the old fort became one of our lost landmarks.

The regular army officers stationed here fifty years ago all attained high rank in the civil war. Lieut.-Col. Cooke and Lieuts. A. J. Smith, Stoneman, Emory and Davidson were made major-generals. Lieut. Davidson's original plan contemplated the erection of another fort on the south side of the hill now known as Mt. Lookout, and also the cutting away of a jutting point of Fort Hill that interfered with the range of his guns, but these projects were abandoned.

PIONEER SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Only pioneers or children of pioneers can understand the difficulties of obtaining an education in the early days of any State, particularly California; stranded thousands of miles from civilization upon an almost unknown shore, surrounded by dangers, forgotten by friends and neglected by relatives; with no hope of returning home, for the thought of facing the dangers and hardships of crossing the plains a second time would have appalled the strongest heart. But there are compensating phases in the lives of every one, and the prospect of a school for their children was compensation for the difficulties overcome in obtaining teachers suitable for the position. Among the many who came to the Golden State in its early days were men and women of education, but, like angels' visits, scattered few and far between. To find them was no easy task, as some did not possess every virtue, and few were—like Chevalier Bayard—without fear and without reproach.

The first schoolhouse of San Gabriel was built of wild mustard stalks, under the spreading boughs of an oak. As three months was the longest term, and that in the summer, mustard walls were considered sufficient, being cool and airy, the children were not oppressed by the heat nor in want of ventilation. The Board of Trustees was composed of William R. Stockton, Asa Lane, C. C. Twitchel and J. S. Waite. Some of the trustees being teachers, they served in both capacities. The position of teacher was more difficult than that of a general. As the parents of unruly children were in the majority, the punishment of a child directed the wrath of the parents to the board, and charges of ignorance in putting such a man in office generally resulted in a dismissal of the teacher on the ground of cruelty. More immigrants arriving in 1855, it was decided to enlarge the school, so an adobe house was bought of an old Californian. As it was not more than two or three miles distant from the different families and from the Mission, it was considered very central and easy of access. This building consisted of a room about twenty-five feet long, with desks and seats of rough lumber—stakes driven into

the floors with boards upon them were the desks, slanted at an angle which necessitated the children hastening through their writing lessons in as short a time as possible. I am sure that Spain in her hall of inquisition never possessed seats like these; the pupils being nailed to their benches by the quantity and quality of the splinters, were compelled to be on their best behavior. A dirt floor, which four children were detailed every Friday evening to sprinkle and sweep, was the best the school afforded. There were no windows to clean, the two that the building contained were closed by heavy wooden shutters, thrown open during study hours, with the soft summer breezes floating in and the song of the mocking bird filling the air, we studied our sometimes audible lessons. The first teacher I remember was William A. Wallace, sent by the Department of California to study the flora of the State. His meek and mild character could not stand the thorns of adversity which came in the shape of complaints made by the boys to their parents, and the parents, as usual, to the board, that the schoolmaster did not know fractions. His time was so taken up on Saturday and Sundays in the foothills among the flowers that he had no time to do their sums.

The next teacher's forte was recitations; on Friday all learned pieces; none were exempt, from the youngest child to the grown-up man. He even went to the extent of giving a prize of five dollars for the best recitation, and on the last day of the week the walls of our adobe hall echoed to the inspiring lines of "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and "Lord Ullen's Daughter." This teacher's name was Claudius Caesar Twitchel, said by the men who knew him to be a fine scholar; to those who did not know him he seemed a tall, ungainly, unkempt man; and as water ran by the roadside and brushes, such as the Indians used, grew on the bushes the board demanded something more than intellect. He, not caring to comply with their wishes, went the way of the former teachers.

As his successor is still seen on the streets, perhaps it would be wise for me to confine myself to an anecdote which will illustrate one phase of his character. Among his scholars were young men (boys as they were called,) devoted to the only forms of amusement available in the early days, such as horse racing and cock fighting, on Sundays. This side of the teacher's character being still untarnished by his advent to the new El Dorado, he felt it his duty to cor-

rect the morals of his pupils and put before them in so hideous a light their breaking of the Sabbath that, being so much impressed by his sermon, there is no telling where his influence might have extended, had he only remained true to his convictions. But the result only shows how we are all open to temptation, and that the mote in our own eye so distorts our vision that we can see only the beam in the eye of our brother.

In the early days of California there were other entertainments besides dancing and picnics, and these were days when some desperado was to be hung. On such days the public was invited to attend and this teacher, unable to withstand the temptation of seeing a fellow-man swung high in air, dismissed his school that he might attend the sport; the only regret he felt was that he was there too late.

In strange contrast to this teacher was a Baptist minister of stern aspect. He began by reforming our principles; everything was a sin, even a laugh; but he created a discipline in our school which it had never before known. Just as we had begun to like it, a boy who had been expelled for insubordination complained to the board, (which meant his parents) and Mr. Pendleton was given his walking papers.

And now I come to my last, but not least, teacher—a woman. The first advent among us of a woman, whose softening influence was felt for two years, the longest term ever held in our school. She ruled by love alone; being small in stature and delicate in health, she called forth the rough sentiment of the boys and they were always on her side. Mrs. Foster has seen the darkest hours and known the severest sorrows that woman can know—those caused by a drunken husband, and necessity had sent her to us; but I think that even after she had left us and entered upon a more lucrative position, she had a loving memory for our little adobe house under the live oaks. She boarded with us, and she and I walked to school together in the early mornings through the wild flowers, which glistened with dew on every side. The walk through the lanes of willows and the soft greetings of Mission Indians, still make a picture in my memory which time cannot efface.

GOV. FELEPE DE NEVE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read May 3, 1897.)

The appointment of Felipe de Neve as Governor of the Californias by Viceroy Bucareli was in every respect an admirable one. The Viceroy, himself an officer of enlarged views, had seen the evil effects of the petty quarrels and obstructive tactics that had signalized the administration of Gov. Barri; and he therefore exercised the utmost care in the selection of the latter's successor; and in the preparation of instructions for his guidance, in his relation both with the commandante and with the padres.

Gov. De Neve, who had been a major of cavalry, came to Loreto, Baja, California, and assumed the duties of Gefe Politico or Governor of the two Californias, March 4, 1775. The military commandante, Rivera y Moncada, for a time practically administered the affairs of the northern province, but as the extent and importance of this newly-settled region were better appreciated, an order was issued by the King, during this year, directing that Gov. de Neve should reside at Monterey, and that Commandante Rivera y Moncada should reside at Loreto and act as Governor of the peninsula. De Neve arrived by land at Monterey in the early part of 1777, and Rivera y Moncada soon after set out for Lower California. During Gov. de Neve's administration many important events in California history took place, including the founding of five missions, two presidios and two pueblos, or towns.

The missions and the dates of their establishment were as follows, to wit: Dolores (San Francisco,) Oct. 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1, 1776; Santa Clara, July 18, 1777; San Gabriel, Archangel, Sept. 8, 1778; San Buenaventura, March 31, 1782.

The presidios, or military posts, established were: San Francisco, 1776; Santa Barbara, 1780. And the pueblos were: San José de Guadalupe, Nov. 29, 1777; Los Angeles, Sept. 4, 1781.

It was under de Neve's Governorship that steps were taken to lay the foundations of civil or secular institutions in the newly-settled territory. Almost from the first occupation the desirability of en-

encouraging agricultural and other useful industries, whereby the necessities of the military establishments might be supplied at home instead of from abroad, was forced on the authorities, Gov. de Neve's attention having been called to this matter by Viceroy Bucareli. He selected two valleys, one on the Porciuncula (Los Angeles) River, and the other on the Guadalupe, through which valleys he had passed on his journey north in 1777, as being well adapted to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, and also as eligible sites for the location of permanent pueblos or towns.

As showing the constructive statesmanship of Gov. de Neve, as well as the high estimate of his character and ability held by his superiors in authority, it may be noted that, not only was he invited to formulate a reglamento and general plan for the government of the presidios, and of pueblos to be established, etc., but his comprehensive plan, including provisions for colonization and for the distribution of pueblo lands, etc., was approved and adopted almost without change, by decree of the King of Spain, and ordered carried into effect by Croix, Commandante-General of Provincias Internas del Occidente. The far-reaching effect of some of these "regulations" of Gov. de Neve are felt even by the Anglo-American citizens of Alta California to this day.

Many interesting episodes occurred during Gov. de Neve's administration which are too voluminous for detailed insertion here. Among these may be mentioned the contention that arose between him and President Serra concerning the technical power of the latter to administer the rite of confirmation, in which both the Governor and the President of the missions held out stoutly, and eke conscientiously—as so many representatives of church and state, before and since, have done—for their respective prerogatives. While the differences between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were earnest, even at times to the point of bitterness, during the rule of de Neve, the contest was carried on at least more decorously and in a more manly fashion than it had been under the rule of his predecessor, de Barri.

Gov. de Neve showed statesmanship of a high order in his recommendations and regulations for the government of the new province, which were carried into effect, partly in his own time, and partly by his successors, and whose influence on the material and social well-being of the settlers was of a permanent and most beneficent

character. Evidently he clearly saw that the missionaries would never be able to convert the Digger Indians of Alta California into self-governing citizens. Therefore he early took steps towards the founding of a civil State by establishing towns or pueblos, which should be entirely separate from and independent of the missionary establishments, and also providing, as an essential part of the plan, for the distribution of pueblo lands to actual settlers, etc.

In September, 1782, de Neve was promoted to the office of Inspector-General de Provincias Internas, and received also the cross of the Order of San Carlos; on the 10th of the same month he was succeeded as Governor by Pedro Fages; and the next year he was appointed Commandante-General de Provincias Internas. He died Nov. 3, 1784.

Gov. de Neve's services and ability were duly appreciated by the governing authorities of New Spain, as is evidenced by the honors conferred upon him as above noted. During the latter portion of his term as Governor of California he resided at San Gabriel, directing the founding of the new pueblo of Los Angeles. Considering its location in the midst of a magnificent and fertile valley, with one of the finest and most genial climates in the world, he must have foreseen with prophetic eye that the modest civic settlement whose foundations he had laid, and in which he apparently took a deep interest, was to have a great future.

Gov. de Neve had no family. In manners he was courteous; and Bancroft with fine antithesis pays him this just compliment, that while other officials followed, more or less faithfully, the policy laid down in superior instructions, he largely dictated that policy; and he further finely says of him: "Finding that the friars would not submit to amicable recognition of the secular authorities, he proposed to restrict their control of the mission temporalities and of the natives, in the interests of colonization, of real civilization and the rights of man."

RARE OLD BOOKS IN THE BISHOP'S LIBRARY

BY THE REV. J. ADAM, V.G.

(Read Dec. 5, 1898.)

In Bishop Montgomery's library are found some rare old books. Many of those have no duplicates in existence. These books formerly belonged to the mission libraries.

One book gives in alphabetical order a list of the Indians baptized at the Mission San Antonio de Padua. It gives very little that is interesting. Here are some examples of the Indian names found in it: Higuaichi, Talehuc, Teage, Tizecolmi, and one is named Bon, which has an English sound.

Among these books are several on music. One of these is dated as far back as 1770, a year after the first explorer set foot in Upper California. If I were a musician I might entertain you by giving a concert of this old music, and since I have mentioned a concert, allow me to suggest an idea that occurs to me as I write: Could we not engage some lovers of music to study these old music books and give a concert for the benefit of our Historical Society? We might realize handsomely from such an entertainment. One of these books of music is written in Italian and is called "Caccolta Armonica," namely, a collection or selection of harmony. In the first page some one that signs himself Peoria has written the following words in English: "Behold how I loved! Behold how you are loved! Behold how much you are loved! Behold how you are loved!" Poor Peoria! if he had lived in our time he could have written "Behold how little people love! Behold how little you are loved!" However, the book is not composed of profuse love songs, but all the hymns seem to be sacred, beginning with these beautiful words, "Mandarni im raggio al meno di pieti lignure to the sperc l mio Auore,"—which means "Send me at least a rag of mercy o Lord; in Thee my heart puts its trust."

Among these music papers I find one called a mass for four voices, with violin, tromb, organ and bajo (bass viol,) written by Ygnacio Jerusalem. Some of you, perhaps, are not aware that in the old

times every mission had a set choir of musicians selected from among the Indian neophytes. These sang mass and vespers and hymns accompanied by string and wind instruments. Some years ago while pastor of Santa Cruz I had the pleasure of hearing three survivors of the old mission musicians—Lorenzo, Bustico and another whose name I cannot recollect. They sang for me on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, and it was a treat to hear them. They sang and played their violins. After service Saturday morning one of them came to my house to know if their services would be needed for Easter Sunday. I told him no; he asked the same question three or four times. I could not see then what his object was in asking so often. I paid them and soon after one of the altar boys ran to me saying: "Father, one of the Indian singers is lying down drunk outside the church door. Then I understood why he insisted on knowing whether their services were wanted or not. As soon as they found out they were free they indulged in their old habit. Another priest told me that when he wanted to secure the Indian musicians for the choir he had to lock them up in a room a day or two before in order to be sure of their services. And the amusing part of it was that, knowing their weak points, they would present themselves and say: "Father, here we are, lock us up if you wish to have us sing on such a day," etc.

In some missions they had as many as one hundred players and singers, but they have nearly all disappeared. Once a year at least each one of them was given a new suit, and other privileges were granted to them to encourage them to serve in the choir. Among the old books are fragments of the so-called "Mise Catalona"—Catalonian mass—which used to be sung by the Indians on great feast days. It is believed these were copied by the Indians themselves. Strange to say, that after being here for more than 15 years, I have never come across any of these old books in our library. Another manuscript found is called "General Information or Statement of the Mission of Soledad," taken December 31, 1834. Said mission was situated in Monterey county, a few miles from Salinas City. I visited Paraiso Springs last summer. Part of the mission property was sold by Bishop Amat about 25 or 30 years ago. I passed close by the ruins of the old mission, and nothing remained of it except a few adobes. This statement says that up to that time—namely 1834—there had been 2234 baptisms, 675 marriages and 1724 deaths.

At that time there were 350 Indians living at the mission. They had 4500 head of cattle, 4950 sheep, and horses, mules and burros, 163. Crops in wheat, sowed 84 bushels, harvested 163; in barley, 25 bushels, harvested 120; in Spanish peas, 20 bushels, harvested 31; in horse peas, 2.2 bushels, harvested 22; in corn, 2 bushles, harvested 60; in beans, 2 bushels, harvested 8; total, 406 bushels.

It finishes the statement by saying that in that year no improvements were made, but that the Indians were occupied in the field and their domestic duties; that the church was well supplied of things for divine worship, and that the tools for tilling the soil were almost useless.

While at Santa Cruz I collected from the attic of my house some papers of the old missions, and from them could see that each missionary was obliged every year to send a report to his superior in Mexico of the temporal and spiritual state of his mission. Boxes were filled with these reports in the convent of San Fernando, Mexico. When I visited the capital ten years ago and asked the one venerable Franciscan left to take care of the church to show me some of those papers, with a sigh he said they exist no more. The government confiscated our convent and opened a street through our property, seized all papers and, thinking them not worth keeping, burned them. Many things we might know of the dealings of the Fathers in missionary times if our modern vandals had spared these documents. As it is, they should be gathered up from the different missions for safe keeping; otherwise in a few years nothing will be known of them, as to my own knowledge in our time they have been used to light the fire in some places.

HOW A WOMAN'S WIT SAVED CALIFORNIA

DR. J. D. MOODY.

For centuries the longing eyes of Europe had been turned toward India and the Far East. The glowing reports of the few adventurous travelers who had penetrated these regions from time to time aroused the cupidity of the people of Europe and fired them with an intense desire to share in this marvelous wealth.

India was a word to conjure with. It was this dream of the wealth of the Indies which led Columbus to brave the dangers of an unknown sea. His supposed success aroused the world and soon ships of every nation were pointing their prows towards this golden magnet.

When it was realized that the new-found world was not India, strenuous efforts were made to find a waterway across this continental barrier. Out of these centuries of fruitless search it slowly dawned upon the commercial world that the great highway to India lay directly across the continent.

From the first conception of this idea began the struggle for the possession of the Pacific Coast.

The commercial instinct of Great Britain early led her to secure a foothold on this coast, and once having a foothold she coveted the whole coast for her own. It was not the trade of these regions alone, great though it was, that led to this move, but she felt that the power holding the seaboard both on the Atlantic and the Pacific held within its grasp the key to the trade with the Orient.

In the beginning of this century Russia held all of Alaska and a station on the coast a little way above San Francisco. England possessed the mainland adjacent to Vancouver Island, and disputed with the United States for the possession of the Oregon country. The rest of the coast belonged to Spain.

Already some American statesman had dreamed of a great empire on the Pacific Coast growing out of the development of our western frontier, and some, at least, looking into futurity, saw the necessity of directing this stream of Oriental wealth to our own

shores—a dream which is only just now about to be fulfilled.

At the beginning of this century the Pacific Coast and all the intervening territory between that and the Mississippi River was a veritable terra incognita. But from time to time hunters, trappers and other adventurous spirits penetrated these wilds, and, coming back, told marvelous tales of eternal sunshine and fertile lands. Restless humanity turned longing eyes towards these regions. This spirit of territorial expansion crept into Congressional debate and began to educate our statesmen in the possibilities that lay before us.

Our thinking men were beginning to feel that all of the Pacific Coast opposite our eastern border, with all of the intervening territory naturally did, and eventually should, belong to us. This idea led them to keep a jealous eye on England's movements in the Pacific.

The Spanish possessions of Alta California were far from the home government, and held by a fiction of colonial authority that could easily be broken—and even after the independence of Mexico made this Mexican territory, it was practically as far from the then home government and as lightly held; and it was evident that at no distant day it would be owned by a stronger government. After a time the Russians abandoned their California settlements and retired to the extreme north.

Great Britain and France were understood to be watching for a pretext to interfere and take possession of the country. American statesmen, however, were alert to foil, if possible, any such attempt. Under government auspices and by private enterprise expedition after expedition had crossed the deserts and penetrated the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. At the time of our story, in 1842-3, the Oregon question was not yet settled, but was a source of great anxiety, and the cause of frequent communications between the governments.

St. Louis was at this time the great emporium of the West. It was here that traders and expeditions were fitted out, and it was here that returned trappers and travelers congregated. The stories of the wonders they saw, the rich plains, immense herds of buffalo and other game, great mountains, and golden opportunities, fired with enthusiasm the already restless population of the Eastern States. Emigrants began pouring into the Oregon country and were looking to the government for sympathy and for substantial aid. Thos. H.

Benton, Senator from Missouri, had his home here. He was a man of wide culture and of great influence in the national councils. There were none of the statesmen of that day who saw the possibilities of our country's future and who could plan for it as he.

His home was the center in which gathered men who held in common with him one great zeal for western expansion. Here travelers from the West met statesmen and tradesmen from the East and talked of the wonders of this newest world, and planned for this great consummation.

His daughter, Jessie Benton, was at this time but a miss in her teens, but of far greater average intelligence than most of her age. She was her father's amanuensis, and as such she listened with wonder and delight to these conversations, and early became enthused with their far-reaching plans.

The Mexican war was beginning to loom up on the political horizon. Causes growing out of the social conditions in the South were urging it on. This to many seemed the great question of the day, and, strange to relate, many of the New England men of influence joined with the southern men in their opposition to this western expansion. Western interests were by them relegated to the future. It is amusing in the light of today to read some of the debates in Congress on this subject. The whole country beyond St. Louis to the Pacific was declared valueless and that it could never be populated. It was feared that a strong stand by our government on the Oregon question would be resented by Great Britain, and it was to their interest in this junction in Mexican affairs to placate her, so they threw every obstacle in the way of this western movement. But Senator Benton threw the whole weight of his influence, political and social, in favor of this extension. He gathered about him in his Washington home a group of men who thought as he did. They not only saw with the mind's eye a great nation in the future, but also the necessity for a great commerce to sustain that nation in its greatness.

On the tombstone of Senator Benton at St. Louis is carved a hand with the finger pointing to the West, and underneath these words:

“There is the East,

“There is the road to India.”

The dream of Columbus was still haunting the minds of men. About this time John C. Fremont, a young lieutenant of engineers,

became an inmate of Senator Benton's family, and was destined to play a considerable part in this opening of the West.

In 1842 Whitman, a missionary to Oregon, learned definitely of an attempt soon to be made by the British to fully occupy Oregon, which up to this time had been under the joint control of Great Britain and the United States.

His wonderful ride to Washington and its results is a matter of history. It aroused the country and lent an additional interest to this discussion. Lieut. Fremont had lately been engaged in an expedition into the Indian country, and this contact with its wild activities but whetted an appetite already keen with the explorer's enthusiasm.

This was a period of great excitement in our country. Trouble with Mexico was brewing. James Buchanan was Secretary of State. Much of the correspondence and many of the public documents coming to his office were in the Spanish language. These he took to Senator Benton's house for translation. His young daughter did much of this work and thus came to have a comprehensive knowledge of these national questions, a knowledge which she soon made good use of. The necessity for a better acquaintance with this western territory became imperative. In 1842 western influence secured the fitting out of an expedition to the "frontier beyond the Mississippi," as the orders read, and with Lieut. Fremont as its leader. As the government did not wish to have any trouble with England arise at this time, and possibly fearing some hidden reason for its going, insisted that it be conducted as a peaceful, geographical expedition. The western men had to proceed cautiously.

Lieut. Fremont did not like these orders, and with Senator Benton's influence, secured a modification allowing it to go to the Rocky Mountains, with South Pass, the gateway to Oregon, as the particular point to be examined. Those in the secret meant that it should be more than this; that in fact, it should lend a direct aid to the emigration into Oregon in order that we should possess the land ourselves. Miss Benton had now become Lieut. Fremont's wife, and as his secretary, accompanied him to St. Louis, where he was to fit out the expedition. Among other things he added a howitzer to his equipment. This coming to the notice of the department at Washington, the chief of the Topographical Bureau sent an order at once for his return to Washington to explain why, in fitting out a scien-

tific expedition, he had added this military equipment.

Fremont in the meantime, having gotten his party together, had moved to Kaw's Landing (near where Kansas City now stands,) in order that his horses might feed on the tender new grass as a better preparation for the long journey before them. His wife, as his secretary, was to open his mail and forward such as concerned him, together with such supplies as were needed to complete the organization. In this capacity she opened the letter from Washington. When she read its contents she instinctively saw that it would delay and hinder the plans formed with so much care and circumspection, and she also felt that in this order a hidden hand was at work. Her woman's wit grasped the situation, she retained the order and wrote her husband to start at once and ask no questions.

Attached to Fremont's party was a Frenchman, De Rosier, one of his most trusty men. His wife was in St. Louis and soon to be confined. He was with her at this time. Mrs. Fremont feared that duplicate orders might have been sent by some other means. In her quandary she thought of De Rosier, and felt that she could trust him. She sent for him and asked him how soon he could start with a message to Lieut. Fremont. He said "at once." She explained to him the necessity for hurry, and directed him to go overland and by the most direct way, taking advantage of every cut-off he could make. The route this way would be shorter than by the river, the route on which any duplicate orders would probably be sent. In her letter she told Lieut. Fremont that there was need of hurry, and to start at once with the horses in such condition as they were and not to await further supplies. On receipt of her letter he moved at once to Bent's Ford, a long ways westward and quite out of reach of any orders from Washington.

When Mrs. Fremont received this order she was sitting in her room with her work basket by her side doing some sewing for a little daughter. Instead of forwarding this with the rest of the mail, she tucked the order underneath the baby clothes in the basket and sent instead the now famous order. Lieut. Fremont did not know the reasons for her vague but imperative command until eighteen months after, when he returned from this trip. He had faith in his wife and went without a question.

Mrs. Fremont at once wrote to his chief in Washington just what she had done, and giving as her reason the forward state of the

preparations for the expedition, and the lateness of the season which would make necessary a wait of a whole year, if now delayed.

Her father, Senator Benton, approved of her action and defended her so successfully that nothing more was said about it.

In this expedition Lieut. Fremont was accidentally turned into California and traversed a good portion of that Territory. The reports of this expedition electrified the whole country, and aroused a great interest in Europe. In 1842 one thousand emigrants crossed the mountains into Oregon and in 1843 two thousand more went through the pass explored by Fremont. Those living at the time report the excitement both in this country and in Europe as something wonderful. The reports of this expedition led to a third just in time to snatch the golden California from the hands of the British, ready to clutch it (Benton.) Had this second expedition been abandoned at this time, under these orders from Washington, undoubtedly the British would have gained possession, not only of Oregon, but of the whole Pacific Coast.

It was a brave thing for Mrs. Fremont to do, the retaining of this order and the sending the expedition off, but she had faith in her husband, in her father's protection, and in a great western empire for this country.

Thus it was that a woman's wit saved to us California—and the Orient as well.

EL ESTADO LIBRE DE ALTA CALIFORNIA

THE FREE STATE OF UPPER CALIFORNIA

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read March 5, 1898.)

There is no other State or Territory in our Federal Union that, during its civic life, has lived under so many different forms of government as California has.

First a semi-civic semi-ecclesiastical colony of Spain; from that it changes to a province of the empire of Mexico, next a Territory of the Mexican republic, then the free and sovereign State of Alta California—an independent government—a nation all by itself; back again as a department of the supreme government of Mexico; next the California republic, with the Bear Flag as its emblem; then a Territory of the United States, with a military Governor, and lastly a sovereign State of the Federal Union. The story of the California republic and its emblem, the Bear Flag, has been told many times; and by dramatic historians magnified beyond its real importance, but the story of the rise and fall of *El Estado Libre y Soberano de Alta California* (The Free and Sovereign State of Upper California) under its self-constituted Governor, Juan Bautista Alvarado, is almost an unknown chapter of California history. Written in quaint provincial Spanish on the pages of the old pueblo archives in fragmentary chapters is told the story of its stormy life and untimely death; or rather, is told the part that Los Angeles played in the life drama of *El Estado Libre* (The Free State.)

The effort to free California from the domination of Mexico and make her an independent government was one of those spasmodic blows for liberty the records of which are scattered thickly over the pages of history. The origin of the movement to make California independent and the causes that led to an outbreak against the governing power were very similar to those which led to our separation from our own mother country—England—namely, bad Governors. Between 1831 and 1836, when Alvarado, a native-born Californian, became Governor, the Territory had had six Mexican-born Governors.

Two of these the Californians deposed and deported out of the country, and a third was made so uncomfortable that he exiled himself. Many of the acts of these Governros were as despotic as those of the royal Governors of the colonies before the revolution. California was a fertile field for Mexican adventurers of broken fortunes. Mexican officers commanded the troops, Mexican officials looked after the revenues and embezzled them. There was no outlet for the ambitious native-born sons of California. There was no chance for them to obtain office. And one of the most treasured prerogatives of the free-born citizen of any republic is the privilege of holding office.

A series of petty arrogances court scandals, overbearing acts of officials, arbitrary arrests, and banishments and imprisonments of prominent men running through the administrations of Governors Victoria, Gutierrez and Chico resulting in several petty revolutions, finally culminating in an uprising or revolt at Monterey in Nov., 1836, headed by Castro and Alvarado. They collected an army of 75 natives and an auxiliary force of 25 American hunters and trappers under the command of Graham, a backwoodsman from Tennessee. By a strategic movement, Alvarado and Castro captured the Castillo which commanded the presidio where Gutierrez and the Mexican army officers were stationed. The patriots demanded the surrender of the fort and the arms. The Governor refused to surrender. A shot from the cannon of the castillo was fired into the commandante's house, scattering the Governor and his staff. This, and the desertion of most of his soldiers to the patriots, brought the Governor to terms. On the 5th of November, 1836, he surrendered the presidio. He and about 70 of his adherents were placed aboard a vessel in the harbor and shortly afterward shipped to Mexico. With the Mexican Governor and his officers out of the Territory the next move of Castro and Alvarado was to call a meeting of the diputacion or Territorial Congress. A plan for the independence of California was adopted in which it was declared that "California is erected into a free and sovereign State, establishing a Congress which shall pass all the special laws of the country; also assume the other necessary supreme powers." "The religion will be Roman Catholic apostolic, without admitting the public worship of any other, but the government will molest no one for his private religious opinions."

The diputacion issued a declaration of independence that arraigned the mother country, Mexico, and her officials very much in the style that our own declaration gives it to King George III.

Castro issued a pronunciamiento ending with *viva la federacion, viva la libertad, viva el estado Libre y Soberano de Alta California!* (The Free and Sovereign State of Alta California.)

Thus amid vivas and pronunciamientos, with the beating of drums and the booming of cannon, Estado Libre de California was launched on the political sea. But it was rough sailing for the little craft. Her ship of state struck a rock and for a time shipwreck was threatened. For years there had been a growing jealousy between Northern and Southern California. Los Angeles through the efforts of José Antonio Carrillo had succeeded in obtaining a decree from the Mexican Congress in 1835 making it the capital of the Territory. Monterey had persistently refused to give up the Governor and the archives. In the movement to make California a free and independent State, the Angelenos recognized an attempt on the part of the people of the north to deprive them of the capital. Although as bitterly opposed to Mexican Governors and as active in fomenting revolutions against them as the people of Monterey, the Angelenos chose to profess loyalty to the mother country. They opposed the plan of government adopted by the Congress at Monterey and formulated a plan of their own in which they declared California was not free; that "the Roman Catholic apostolic religion shall prevail in this jurisdiction and any person publicly professing any other shall be prosecuted as has been the custom heretofore;" and closed by professing their loyalty to Mexico.

San Diego and San Luis Rey sided with Los Angeles, Sonoma and San José with Monterey, while Santa Barbara, always conservative, was undecided, but finally issued a plan of her own.

Alvarado and Castro determined to suppress the revolutionary Angeleños. They collected an army of 80 natives and 25 American riflemen under Graham and Coppinger and with this force prepared to move against the recalcitrant sureños (southerners.) The Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles began preparations to resist the invaders. A force of 270 men was enrolled, part of which was Indian neophytes. To secure the sinews of war, José Sepulveda, second alcalde, was sent to the Mission San Fernando to seize what money there was in

the hands of Mayordomo. He returned with two packages which, when counted, were found to contain \$2000. Scouts patrolled the Canimo del Rey as far as San Buenaventura and pickets guarded the Pass of the Cahuenga and the Rodeo de las Aguas to prevent northern spies from entering and southern traitors from getting out of the pueblo. The southern army was stationed at San Fernando under the command of Alferez Rocha. Alvarado, pushing rapidly down the coast, reached Santa Barbara, where he was kindly received and his force recruited to 120 men, with two pieces of artillery. On the 16th of January, 1837, from San Buenaventura he dispatched a conciliatory letter to the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles, but intimated in it that he had a large force which he would use against their army if it became necessary. The hint had the desired effect. The Ayuntamiento concluded that Juan Bautista was not such a very bad fellow, after all. Commissioners were sent to treat with him. After considerable parleying no decision was reached. Alvarado cut short the negotiations by demanding the immediate surrender of the Mission San Fernando, intimating that if his demand was not complied with at once he would take it by force. The Angelenos had a wholesome fear of Graham's riflemen. These fellows, armed with long Kentucky rifles, shot to kill, and should they be turned loose on the southerners, the male population of Los Angeles would be greatly reduced, so the Commissioners with very bad grace ordered the mission vacated and their soldiers to return to Los Angeles. Rocha, the commander of the southern army, swore more terribly than "the army in Flanders."

The day after the surrender of the mission, Jan. 22, 1837, the Ayuntamiento held a session, and the members were as obdurate and belligerent as ever. They resolved that it was only in the interests of humanity, and to avoid bloodshed that the mission had been surrendered to the enemy; and declared that California was not a free and sovereign State; that Juan Bautista was not its Governor, and that Los Angeles was ready to defend the national integrity and maintain the laws of the supreme government. Next day Alvarado entered the city without opposition, the Angelenian soldiers retiring to San Gabriel, and from there scattering to their homes.

An extraordinary session of the most illustrious Ayuntamiento was called. A treaty of amity was agreed upon by which Alvarado was recognized as Governor. The belligerent sureños vied with each

other in expressing their admiration for the new order of things. Pio Pico wished to express the pleasure it gave him to see an hijo del pais—a son of the country—in office; and Antonio Osio, the most belligerent of the southerners, declared “that sooner than again submit to a Mexican dictator as Governor, he would flee to the forest and be devoured by wild beasts.” Alvarado made a conciliatory speech, in which he thanked Pico and the Council for the good opinion they had expressed of the Territorial government and himself. He promised that he would see to it that offices were conferred on native sons. Hereafter they would examine into the character of government officials. The supreme government had sent men here who had in many cases turned out to be “either knaves or fools.” He begged their pardon for using such harsh terms, but they were indicative of his frankness. Then he intimated to the members of Council that it took money to support a standing army, but under certain circumstances such an army was necessary; therefore would they please turn over to him the money they had taken from the Mission San Fernando. With a wry face very much such as a boy wears when he is told that he has been spanked for his own good, the alcalde paid over the balance of the mission money to Juan Bautista; and the Governor took his departure, leaving, however, Col. José Castro at the Mission San Gabriel with part of the army to watch the Angeleños. Peace had apparently been established throughout the realm. And Estado Libre de California took her place among the nations of the earth. But the reign of peace was brief. At the meeting of the Ayuntamiento, May 27, 1837, Juan Bandini and Santiago E. Arguello of San Diego appeared with a pronunciamiento and a plan—San Diego’s plan of government. Monterey, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles had each formulated a plan of government for the Territory, and now it was San Diego’s turn. Agustin V. Zamarano, who had been exiled with Gov. Gutierrez, had crossed the frontier and was made Commandante-General and Territorial Political Chief ad interim by the San Diego revolutionists.

The San Diego plan restored California to obedience to the supreme government. All acts of the diputacion and the Monterey plan were annulled, and the northern rebels were to be arraigned and tried for their part in the revolution, and so on through twenty articles. On the plea of an Indian outbreak near San Diego in

which the red men it was reported "were to make an end of the white race," the big cannon and a number of men were secured at Los Angeles to assist in suppressing the Indians, but in reality to reinforce the army of the San Diego revolutionists. With a force of 125 men under Zamorano and Portilla, "the army of the supreme government" moved against Castro at Los Angeles. Castro retreated to Santa Barbara and Portilla's army took up its position at San Fernando. The civil and military officials of Los Angeles took the oath to support the Mexican Constitution of 1836, and this absolved them from all allegiance to Juan Bautista and his Monterey plan, at least so they thought. Alvarado hurried reinforcements to Castro at Santa Barbara and Portilla called loudly for "men, arms and horses" to march against and conquer the northern rebels. But neither military chief advanced beyond his own frontier, and the summer wore away without a battle. There were rumors that Mexico was preparing to send an army of 1000 men to subjugate the rebellious Californians.

In October came the news that José Antonio Carrillo, the Machavelli of California politics, had persuaded President Bustamente of Mexico to appoint Carlos Carrillo, José's brother, Governor of California.

Then consternation seized the Free-State men of the north and the sureños (southerners) of Los Angeles went wild with joy. They illuminated the town that night and the big cannon boomed. It was not that they loved Carlos Carrillo, for he was a Santa Barbara man, and had opposed them in the late unpleasantness, but they saw in his appointment an opportunity to get revenge on Juan Bautista for the way he had humiliated them. They congratulated Carrillo on his appointment and invited him to make Los Angeles the seat of his government. Carrillo was flattered by their attentions and consented. The 6th of December, 1837, was set for his inauguration, and great preparations were made for the event. The big cannon was brought over from San Gabriel and the city was ordered illuminated on the nights of the 6th, 7th and 8th of December. Cards of invitation were issued, and the people from the city and country were invited to attend the inauguration ceremonies "dressed as decent as possible," so read the invitations.

The widow Josefa Alvarado's house, the finest in the city, was secured for the Governor's palacio (palace.) The largest hall in the

city was secured for the services and "decorated as well as it was possible." The city treasury being in its usual state of collapse, a subscription for defraying the expenses was opened and horses, hides and tallow, the current coin of the pueblo, were liberally contributed. On the appointed day "The Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento and the citizens of the neighborhood," so the old archives read, "met His Excellency, the Governor, Don Carlos Carrillo, who made his appearance with a magnificent accompaniment." The secretary, Narciso Botillo, "read in a loud, clear and intelligible voice the oath, and the Governor repeated it after him." At the moment the oath was completed the artillery thundered forth a salute and the bells rang out a merry peal. The Governor made a speech, when all adjourned to the church, where a mass was said and a solemn Te Deum sung; after which the citizens repaired to the house of His Excellency, where the southern patriots drank his health in bumpers of wine and shouted themselves hoarse in vivas to the new government. An inauguration ball was held. The "beauty and the chivalry" of the south were gathered there, "The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men," and it was

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The tallow dips flared and flickered from the porticos of the houses, bonfires blazed in the streets, and the big cannon boomed salvos from the old Plaza. Los Angeles was the capital at last, and had a Governor all to itself, for Santa Barbara, always conservative, refused to recognize Carrillo, although he was a citizen of that place. The Angeleños determined to subjugate the Barbareños. An army of 150 men under Casteñada was sent to capture their city. After a few futile demonstrations Casteñada fell back to San Buenaventura. Then Alvarado determined to punish the recalcitrants of the south. Gathering together an army of 200 men by forced marches he and Castro reached San Buenaventura and by a strategic movement captured all of Casteñada's horses and drove his army into the Mission Church. For two days the battle raged, and cannon to the right of them and cannon in front of them at long intervals "volleyed and thundered." One man was killed on the northern side, and the blood of several mustangs watered the soil of their native land. Indeed, in the California revolutions the bronco was

frequently called upon to die for his country. It was easier for the native marksman to hit the horse than the rider. The southerners slipped out of the church at night and fled up the valley on foot. Next day Castro's caballeros captured about 70 prisoners. Pio Pico, with reinforcements from San Diego, met the demoralized remnant of Casteñada's army at the Santa Clara River and the southern army, or what was left of it, fell back to Los Angeles. Then there was wailing in the old pueblo, where so lately there had been rejoicing, and curses not loud but deep against Juan Bautista. Gov. Carlos Carrillo gathered together what men he could get to go with him and retreated to San Diego. Alvarado's army took possession of the southern capital and some of the leading conspirators were sent as prisoners to Vellejo's bastille at Sonoma. Carrillo received a small reinforcement from Mexico under a Capt. Tobar. Tobar was made general and given command of the southern army. Carrillo, having recovered from his fright, sent an order to the northern rebels to surrender within fifteen days under the penalty of being shot as traitors if they refused.

Instead of surrendering, Castro and Alvarado, with a force of 200 men, advanced against Carrillo. The two armies met at Campo de Flores. Gen. Tobar had fortified a cattle corral with rawhides, carretas and cottonwood poles. A few shots from Alvarado's artillery scattered Tobar's rawhide fortifications and convinced Carrillo of the error of his ways. He surrendered. Gen. Tobar made his escape to Mexico. Alvarado ordered the misguided Angeleñan soldiers to go home and behave themselves, and brought back with him their captive Governor; but unwilling to humiliate him by taking him through his former capital, Los Angeles, he passed through San Gabriel, San Pasqual and the Verdugos and thence on to Carrillo's rancho, near Ventura, where he left him in charge of his (Carrillo's) wife, who became surety for the deposed ruler. Carrillo after a time again claimed the Governorship on the plea that he, having been appointed by the supreme government, was the only legal Governor, but the Angeleños had had "too much Carrillo." Disgusted with his incompetency, Juan Gallardo, at the session of May 14, 1838, presented a petition praying that this Ayuntamiento do not recognize Carlos Carrillo as Governor because he had recently "compromised all the country from San Buenaventura south into the declaration of a war the incalculable calamities of which

will never be forgotten to the remotest ages, not even by the most ignorant. Seventy citizens signed the petition, but the City Attorney, who had done time in Vallejo's bastile, decided the petition illegal because it was written on common paper, when paper with the proper seal could be obtained. Gallardo presented his petition on legal paper at the next meeting. Then the Ayuntamiento decided to sound the public alarm and call the people together to give them "public speech" on the all-important question. The public alarm was sounded, the people gathered at the City Hall, speeches were made on both sides. When the vote was taken 22 were in favor of the northern Governor, 5 in favor of whatever the Ayuntamiento decides, and Sebulo Vareles, the recalcitrant agitator of the pueblo, alone favored Carlos Carrillo. So the Council decided to recognize Don Juan Bautista Alvarado as Governor and leave the supreme government to settle the contest between him and Carrillo.

Notwithstanding this apparent burying of the hatchet there were rumors of plots and intrigues in Los Angeles and San Diego against Alvarado. At length, aggravated beyond endurance, the Governor sent word to the sureños that if they did not behave themselves he would shoot ten of the leading men of the south "full of large and irregular holes," or words to that effect. As he had about that number locked up in the Castillo at Sonoma, his was no idle threat.

His threat so terrified the deposed Governor, Carlos Carrillo, that he took to sea in an open boat with three of his retainers, doubtless with the intention of escaping to Lower California, but "unmerciful disaster followed him fast and followed him faster." He was wrecked the first day out, cast ashore on the Malibu Coast, and compelled to ignominiously foot it home to his wife, who, in all probability, took the nonsense out of him. At least he gave Alvarado no more trouble.

One by one Alvarado's prisoners of state were released from Vallejo bastile at Sonoma and returned to the old pueblo sadder if not wiser men. At the session of the Ayuntamiento, October 20, 1838, the President announced that the senior regidor, José Palomares, had returned from Sonoma, where he had been compelled to go by reason of "political differences," and that he should be allowed his seat in the Council. It was granted unanimously. "Political differences" for a civil war is as good a term, and indeed more expressive, than our "late unpleasantness." At the next session of the Ayunta-

miento Narciso Botello, its former secretary, after five and a half months' imprisonment at Sonoma, put in an appearance and claimed his office. The Council decided that since he had been forced to be absent by circumstances beyond his control, he had not forfeited his secretaryship. Then Narciso claimed his back salary for the five and a half months that he was a prisoner, \$220 in all. The demand struck terror into the hearts of the regidores. The treasury was empty.

The last horse and the last hide had been paid out to defray the expenses of the inauguration festivities of Carlos, the pretender, and of the civil war that followed. Indeed, there was a treasury deficit of whole caballadas of horses and bales of hides. A financial panic threatened the old pueblo if the demand was enforced. But the old regidores were equal to the emergency. They postponed action and referred the case to the Governor to decide. He decided in favor of Narciso; then it went to committee after committee. The case is still pending in the Court of Claims of El Estado Libre—at least I know of no decision.

The sureños of Los Angeles and San Diego, finding that in Alvarado they had a man of courage and determination to deal with, submitted to the inevitable and ceased from troubling him. He was invited to visit Los Angeles and peace once more reigned in the old pueblo. A few months later he was commissioned Governor by the supreme government. El Estado Libre de California was a nation no more. Indeed, Alvarado months before had abandoned the idea of founding a new nation, and had made his peace with the supreme government by taking the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of 1836.

Thus ended California's war of independence. The loyalists of Southern California received no thanks from Mexico for all their professions of loyalty, while the rebellious northerners obtained all the rewards—the capital, the Governor and the offices. The supreme government of Mexico gave the deposed Governor, Carlos Carrillo, a grant of the island of Santa Rosa in the Santa Barbara Channel, but whether it was given him as a salve to his wounded dignity or as an Elba or St. Helena, where in event of his stirring up another revolution Alvarado might banish him a la Napoleon, the archives do not inform us.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1898.

To the Officers and Members, Historical Society of Southern California:

I beg leave to submit the following report—

Number of meetings held.....	8
Number of papers read.....	18
Number of new members elected.....	7

Titles to papers presented:

JANUARY.

1 Who Were the Aborigines of America.....	Prof. A. E. Yerex
2 Isla de Los Muertos.....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson
February—No meeting held.	
March—Held in Pasadena.	
3 Hugo Reid and His Indian Wife, Dona Victoria.....	Laura Evertsen King
4 El Estado Libre de Alta California.....	J. M. Guinn

APRIL.

5 Stephen C. Foster.....	H. D. Barrows
6 Capitan and Tin Tin, Types of Mission Indians.....	Laura Evertsen King
7 Some Famous Gold Rushes.....	J. M. Guinn

MAY.

How a Woman's Wit Saved California.....	Dr. J. D. Moody
John G. Nichols.....	H. D. Barrows
June—Held in Pasadena.	
Key West.....	M. M. Meyers

OCTOBER.

Pacific Coast Discoveries.....	A. E. Yerex
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NOVEMBER.

Pioneer Teachers and their Schools.....	Laura Evertsen King
A Native Californian's Story.....	H. D. Barrows
The Evolution of the Pueblo de Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn

DECEMBER.

My Travels in Switzerland.....	Rev. J. Adam
Coronado's Journey.....	A. E. Yerex
Notes on San Gabriel Mission.....	Rev. J. Adam
Rare Books in Bishop Montgomery's Library.....	Rev. J. Adam

The society continues this year the publication of the Pioneer Register. Several biographical sketches, read before the Society of Pioneers, appear in this issue. The Society of Pioneers takes 200 copies of our Annual, for distribution among its members.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

BOOKS.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	905
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	4115

PAPERS AND MAGAZINES FILED FOR BINDING.

Number of daily newspapers.....	4
Number of weekly newspapers.....	9
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	9

The society has received from the Royal College of Belles Letters of Stockholm, Sweden, a number of books in the Swedish language. The society has also received three handsomely illustrated volumes, the titles of which are *Ustica*, *Canosa* and *Bensert*. These volumes were donated to the society by their author, His Royal and Imperial Highness Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Austria, through his publishers, Heinrick Mercy & Sons, Prague, Austria.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

TREASURER'S REPORT

JANUARY 3, 1898, to JANUARY 3, 1899,

1898.

RECEIPTS.

January 3.	Balance on hand as per Treasurer's Report.....	\$ 36 45
	Dues collected to January 1, 1899.....	94 50
	Membership, eight members	16 00
	Paid by Pioneer Society.....	40 00
	Received from individuals, account, publication.....	45 00
	Total receipts to January 2, 1899.....	\$232 45

1898.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Feb. & March.	Paid printer's bill (Bowers & Son) for publication of Annual of 1897.....	\$129 00	
	Paid Photograph company for portraits, etc...	10 30	
December 31.	For postal card notices of meetings.....	5 00	
	For postage, express and other incidentals, as per Secretary's bill and statement.....	6 60	
	By errors and omission in last year's report— one check for payment of incidentals.....	5 85	
	Balance.....	75 70	
		\$232 45	\$232 45
	Balance in hands of Treasurer.....		75 70

January 2, 1899.

E. BAXTER, Treasurer.

PIONEER REGISTER

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1898-99.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WM. H. WORKMAN, J. W. GILLETTE,
H. D. BARROWS, J. M. GUINN,
B. S. EATON, M. KREMER,
LOUIS ROEDER.

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H. D. BARROWS.....First Vice President
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PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

EX-MAYOR JOHN G. NICHOLS.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before the Pioneers, Feb. 1, 1898.)

John Gregg Nichols, who served several terms as Mayor of Los Angeles in the early fifties, was born in Canandaigua, Ontario county, New York, December 29, 1812. His father, Wm. Nichols, was a native of Edinboro, Scotland, who came to America with his parents when a child, settling in Middlebury, Vt., and his mother, whose maiden name was Fanning, was a native of Stonington, Ct.

The subject of this sketch went with his parents in the winter of 1827-8 to Fulton county, Ill., where he remained till he attained his majority. He served through the Blackhawk Indian war in 1832. In 1833 he went to the Galena lead mines, where he remained till 1842. In 1838 he was married to Florida Cox, by whom he had nine children, six of whom are still (1898) living, one of them, T. H. Nichols, being now Auditor of the city of Los Angeles.

In 1842 Mr. Nichols moved with his family to Jackson Co., Iowa. He served as Sheriff of that county two terms. In May, 1849, with his family he started for California, across the plains via Great Salt Lake and the Cajon Pass, arriving where the town of San Bernardino now is Dec. 31, 1849.

In crossing the plains Mr. Nichols commanded a large train of about 100 wagons, which he brought into the Great Salt Lake Valley in good shape about the first of September. There the train disbanded, many of the members having in view the late terrible experiences of the Donner party, feared to proceed on to California by the northern route.

Having consulted with some mountaineers and with returned Mormons as to the feasibility of the southern route, it was thought that a train could be taken through to Los Angeles at that time of year at far less risk than by the northern route. Accordingly a train of nearly a hundred wagons was made up, and under the leadership of Mr. Nichols, set out for that place. After traveling some

300 miles, two mule (pack) trains overtook and passed them, and their animals ate up the grass along the line. The animals of Mr. Nichols commenced dying for want of forage; most of the wagons were stranded along the route, and many of the people were compelled to come into California on foot, or on pack animals.

It had been thought that the train, with no bad luck, could come through from Salt Lake in twenty-five days; instead, the main body was on the road three months, and some members of the party, falling behind, were still longer in reaching their destination.

The valley of San Bernardino at the time of Mr. Nichols' arrival was occupied mainly by the Lugos as a stock ranch. Mr. Nichols remained there a couple of months on account of illness in his family, he meanwhile making several trips to Los Angeles, where he made the acquaintance of the American residents, Stearns, John Temple, Alexander and Mellus, Wilson and Packard, etc., his intention being to go on to San Francisco as soon as his family had regained their health. But on consulting with the above-named Americans, they advised him to settle in Los Angeles and aid them in establishing the American régime here; and he finally concluded to do so. Although California had come under American rule in 1846, local government here as elsewhere throughout the Territory, was carried on largely according to Mexican laws and customs, as they had existed before the change.

A city election was held in May, 1850, the first under the Constitution of 1849, and Mr. Nichols was elected Recorder and Hodges as Mayor, as also was a Common Council of five members, consisting of John Temple, Manuel Requena, Ygnacio del Valle, Julian Chaves and B. D. Wilson. The office of Recorder then corresponded nearly to that of Police Judge; it had jurisdiction in criminal but not in civil cases. The Legislature of '50-'51 merged the offices of Mayor and Recorder, making the former ex-officio Police Judge, as well as Mayor.

In May, '51, Mr. Nichols was elected Mayor, and he performed the duties of both offices. During the period of eleven years from 1851 to 1862 he was elected as Mayor three times. During this time also he was elected as a member of the City Council and of the School Board. He aided in starting the first American private school in 1850, on Los Angeles street, which was taught by Dr.

Weeks, a Congregational minister, and his wife. Afterwards the public schools were organized, and Mr. Nichols and John O. Wheeler were elected trustees, and they built the first two two-story brick schoolhouses, the one long known as the Bath-street Schoolhouse, and the other, which stood on the site of the present Bryson Block, corner of Spring and Second streets, both of which for so many years were familiar landmarks, and centers of our city educational interests, but which have been since demolished.

Mr. Nichols says he built in 1854 the first brick dwelling house in Los Angeles, namely his two-story residence on the west side of Main street, next south of the present site of the Bullard Block. He says he paid the maker of the bricks. Capt. Jesse Hunter, \$30 per thousand for them. Capt. Hunter built another brick house, which is still standing, adjoining the residence of the late Gov. Downey. Capt. Hunter's brick kiln was somewhere in the rear of the present Potomac Block, near the foot of the hills.

Mr. Nichols, during his incumbency as Mayor, inaugurated the plan of granting what were known as "donation lots" to actual settlers on the Pueblo vacant lands. It was on his official recommendation that the Common Council authorized Maj. Henry Hancock to subdivide these lands outside of Ord's Survey, into 35-acre lots; and that in order to secure the actual settlement and improvement of these unoccupied city lands, they should be donated to any person who would go upon them and make improvements to the extent of two hundred dollars.

While he was Mayor, Mr. Nichols strongly (though unsuccessfully) urged the Council to adopt the scheme of bringing the water from up the river to the top of Fort Hill to a reservoir for the supply of the city for domestic use and the extinguishment of fires by gravity, etc. Afterward a company, known as the Canal and Reservoir Company, took up the idea, and, going well up the river, brought the water over the hills to reservoirs within the city for irrigation.

After 1862 Mr. Nichols turned his attention to farming and to mining, etc.

A son of Mr. Nichols, John Gregg, Jr., was the first American child born in Los Angeles, i.e., whose parents were both Americans. The date of this youngster's birth was April 24, 1851.

Mr. Nichols remembered well a striking saying of Wm. H. Sew-

ard, the great Secretary, which he made when he visited Los Angeles soon after the close of the war, and which he has never seen published. It was uttered at a dinner tendered to Mr. Seward at the Bella Union Hotel, then the leading inn of Los Angeles, but which is now known as the St. Charles. After he had eulogized California, and especially Southern California, very highly, saying it had a bright future, etc., some one observed "but we very much

FIVE HISTORY CREGO
need a railroad." Mr. Seward replied: "Be patient, you will soon have four railroads, one by the southern route, one by the 35th parallel, one by the central route and one by the northern route."

As Mr. Nichols said: "How literally this prophecy has come true."

During the last few years Mr. Nichols has resided with his son in this city, enjoying, notwithstanding his great age, fair health and a clear intellect, almost to the last. He died January 22, 1898, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Nichols died May 31, 1878.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER,

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read April 4, 1898.)

Away back in December, 1863, Mr. Foster, at my request, gave me a brief sketch, both of his own life and of his brother-in-law by marriage, Col. Isaac Williams of El Rancho del Chino. And again in November, 1896, he gave me fuller details relating to himself, together with some account of the early Alcaldes and Mayors of Los Angeles who preceded him and who succeeded him as the chief executive officers of our city during that period.

I hope to be able to give some account of these latter officials as recounted by Mr. Foster, in a future paper. Mr. Foster had a wonderfully retentive memory, of the minutest details of life in California 50 years ago. More than that, being an educated man, and having an eye for the picturesque, his description of events and persons, and of manners and customs of the pastoral period of California history possesses a peculiar charm. And above all, the kindly, sympathetic spirit towards the Spanish-speaking Californians and others of the olden times which pervaded all that he wrote or said concerning them, is worthy of unreserved commenda-

tion and admiration. These characteristics are well illustrated in the two papers contributed to our society by Mr. Foster and published in our Annual for 1887, entitled "The Earliest Kentucky Pioneers of Los Angeles," and "My First Procession in Los Angeles, March 16, 1847." Also in other writings of his as quoted in our annual of 1896, in the sketch of Don Antonio M. Lugo.

Mr. Foster was born in East Machias, Washington county, Maine, December 17, 1820, of English ancestry. He was educated, first in the district school, and then at Washington Academy; and he entered Yale College in 1836, graduating in the class of 1840, after which he taught school nearly four years in Virginia and Alabama. In 1843 he went to New Orleans and attended lectures at the Louisiana Medical College. In '44 he went to Jackson county, Missouri, where he practiced medicine with a Dr. Harlan.

In 1845 he crossed the plains to Santa Fé, N. M., in company with an Irish schoolmaster by the name of A. J. Murphy, with a small invoice of goods. In October, 1845, he sold out to Murphy, and started for California, by way of Chihuahua and Sonora. On his arrival at Oposura, the news was received of the breaking out of the Mexican war. He remained there till June, 1846, being unable to find any party coming to California; for it was out of the question for him to undertake the journey alone.

He then returned to Santa Fé, in company with a man and his wife named Kennedy, from Lowell, Mass. Kennedy had charge of the putting up and keeping in order of the machinery of a cotton mill at San Miguel, near Hermosillo, and Mrs. Kennedy had charge of the girls who worked in the factory. Kennedy and wife were going home by way of Santa Fé.

Soon after Mr. Foster and his party reached Santa Fé, the American military forces under Gen. S. W. Kearney arrived there, (August, '46.) Mr. Foster obtained employment as clerk in a store until the month of October. About that time the "Mormon Battalion" of infantry, 500 strong, under Lieut. A. J. Smith, was formed. Mr. Foster was employed as interpreter of this force, of which Lieut.-Col. Philip St. George Cooke then assumed command.

The battalion set out for San Diego by way of the unsettled portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, (now Arizona.) The only towns

they passed between the Rio Grande and the Pacific Ocean were Tucson and the Pima villages.

The journey was attended with many hardships, including short rations; for the battalion was only provisioned for sixty days, whereas the journey consumed 110 days.

The force arrived at San Diego about the 20th of January, 1847. From there they were ordered to San Luis Rey, where they occupied the Mission buildings, which were in much better condition than those of the Mission of San Diego.

The command reached Los Angeles March 16, 1847. It marched into the city on the day of the funeral of Señora Sanchez, wife of Pedro Sanchez, and mother of Tomas A. Sanchez, whom many of our older citizens still well remember.

As Mr. Foster understood the Spanish language well, he immediately and for many years, took a prominent part in public affairs, both as a private citizen and in various official positions.

He was appointed Alcalde of this city January 1, 1848, by the military Governor of the Territory, Col. R. B. Mason, and served in that capacity and as interpreter, until May 17, 1849. On the 3rd of June of this year Gov. Riley, under instructions from Washington, issued a proclamation to the people of California to elect delegates, to meet at Monterey Sept. 1, 1849, to form a State Constitution; and Capt. H. W. Halleck, captain of engineers, U.S.A., and Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Foster, requesting him to use his influence to have the people of the Los Angeles district hold an election of delegates, to represent them in the convention.

The election was duly held, and Abel Stearns, Manuel Dominguez, Pedro C. Carrillo, S. C. Foster and Hugo Reid, natives, respectively, of Massachusetts, California, Maine and Scotland, were chosen, and at the appointed time they were on hand, and assisted in forming a Constitution, under which California was rescued almost from a state of anarchy, incident to a change of government and the derangement caused by the wonderful gold discoveries that occurred immediately thereafter, and under which she prospered for nearly thirty years.

Mr. Foster, in the Evening Express of March 8, 1878, gave an exceedingly interesting and picturesque account of how he helped to make the Constitution of California and of his journey to Mont-

crey, etc., which I hope to read some day, before this society.

Of course, his services came to be very valuable to the community in those early years immediately after the change of government, when a large proportion of the people of this city and section spoke only the Spanish language, and whose laws and ancient archives were almost wholly in that language, and therefore inaccessible to the newly arrived English-speaking settlers. Mr. Foster served as State Senator during 1851-'53, and was twice elected Mayor of Los Angeles, in 1854 and in 1856, but resigned in September of the latter year to take charge of the estate of his brother-in-law, Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino Rancho, who had just died.

August 18, 1848, Mr. Foster was married to Doña Maria Merced, daughter of Don Antonio Maria Lugo, and widow of José Perez. From this marriage five children were born, three of whom died in infancy and two sons are now living.

Mr. Foster was in his 78th year at the time of his death, which occurred in this city on the 28th of January, 1898.

During the latter years of his life he was quite infirm, although he was able to walk about, and his bent, venerable figure was familiar to many of our citizens. While his wife, who is one of the kindest-hearted and most sympathetic of women, and his dutiful sons, would have been delighted to have had him remain at their home at San Antonio on the San Gabriel River, where they could have ministered to his wants in his old age, he seemed to prefer without any quarrel or real cause of dissatisfaction with them or anybody, so far as I can learn, to live in town rather than out in the country. He had lived so long in the thick of active life in the city that it apparently became irksome to him to pass his time in the quietude and isolation and monotony of ranch life. His intimate acquaintance with the old Spanish archives of the Pueblo, and with old land titles, enabled him to earn a small stipend from title searchers, and thus modestly maintain himself and at the same time gratify his liking for city life in preference to the monotony of life in the country.

Like Hugo Reid, the pioneer of San Gabriel, Stephen C. Foster, was in many respects a remarkable man. Both these men were scholars, and scholars who spend their lives on the frontier are likely to develop peculiarities. While both were genial and "cor-

riente," as the Spanish say, with their intimates, they were inclined to reticence towards strangers and towards the world in general. From this cause probably they acquired the reputation with some people of being eccentric. With scholarly instincts, they may be said to have lived lives apart from their ordinary outward lives, as seen in their intercourse with their fellows. I think this view accounts sufficiently for any eccentricities they may have seemed to exhibit.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF DR. JOHN S. GRIFFIN,

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Another good man is gone. Dr. John Strother Griffin, for many years an eminent physician and surgeon of Los Angeles and a pioneer of 1846, died August 23, 1898, at his home in East Los Angeles, at the advanced age of 82 years, nearly 50 of which were passed in this city. Dr. Griffin was the second pioneer educated physician to arrive in Los Angeles, Dr. Richard Den, who came in 1843, being the first. Both of these doctors being men of high personal character, as well as skilled in their profession, were naturally esteemed most highly, both by the native Californians and by the foreigners who settled here in early times; for the extensive demand for their professional services caused them to be widely known throughout Southern California. For many years, or till the infirmities of age compelled him to withdraw from active practice, Dr. Griffin stood among the very foremost physicians and surgeons of Los Angeles and of California, and as a citizen his standing was no less prominent. He more than any other one was the father of East Los Angeles. He was one of the original incorporators and a stockholder of both the Los Angeles City Water Co. and the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank.

When this city and section were terrorized by an organized banditti which killed Sheriff James R. Barton and party in January, 1857, and the city was placed under quasi martial law, Dr. Griffin by general consent was placed at the head of the semi-military defensive organization of our citizens.

On his social side Dr. Griffin was one of the most genial of men. He comforted and consoled his patients, as well as cured their physical ailments, when they were curable. Many of the older pioneers

of this society know well how genuine was the respect and friendship which were universally felt for such men as Dr. Griffin and Don Benito Wilson and a few others like them, by the Californians and Americans who lived here in the olden time, but who now have nearly all passed away. It is indeed worth more than mere material riches to die with the respect and affection of one's neighbors, although the sordid are not always able to grasp this view of the matter until too late or until the crisis comes that ends for them the drama of human life. They pile up vulgar riches as the chief good, which they cannot take with them either into the grave or into another world; and neglect a good name only to learn when compelled to make their exit, that they have none—or only the hollow mask of a good name, to leave behind them.

Some eight or nine years ago the writer of these lines took down from Dr. Griffin's own lips some notes of his life which were published, with a fine tipple steel engraving, in the Illustrated History of Los Angeles County. A few salient facts condensed from that sketch may not be without interest in this connection.

Dr. Griffin was born at Fincastle, Virginia, in 1816. His father, John Caswell Griffin, who died in 1823, was a native of Virginia, as was his father before him. His mother, Mary Hancock, was a daughter of George and Margaret (Strother) Hancock, both of prominent Virginia families. She died in 1825.

Being thus deprived of both his parents in early boyhood, he went to Louisville, Ky., where he lived until maturity with his maternal uncle, George Hancock, who gave him a classical education. In 1837 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, after which he practiced his profession at Louisville until 1840, when he entered the United States army as assistant surgeon and served as such under Gen. Worth in Florida, and at Fort Gibson on the southwest frontier. In 1846, being attached to the Army of the West under Gen. Kearny, with rank of captain, he proceeded to Santa Fé with the command, which set out from this place in September for California, arriving at the river Colorado in November, and at Warner's Ranch, in what is now San Diego county, Cal., Dec. 3, 1846. Dec. 6, the battle San Pasqual was fought with the Mexican forces, and on the 10th the command, with its wounded, arrived at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton with his squadron had arrived a short time before.

On the 1st of January, 1847, the two commands, being united, with Dr. Griffin, the doctor as ranking medical officer, set out for Los Angeles.

On the 8th the Americans met and repulsed the Mexican forces at the San Gabriel River, and crossed that stream some ten miles southeast of Los Angeles; and on the 9th another engagement took place at La Mesa, and on the 10th they took possession of Los Angeles, which then contained a population of only 3000 or 4000 souls.

About the 12th or 13th of Jan. Gen. Fremont's forces arrived at Los Angeles from the north. Gen. Kearny's command was transferred to San Diego, where Dr. Griffin was given charge of the general hospital.

In May, 1847, he was ordered to report for duty at Los Angeles, under Col. J. D. Stevenson, where he remained a year, when he was transferred to the staff as medical officer of Gen. Persifer F. Smith. From 1850 to '52 he was stationed at Benicia; he was then ordered to accompany Maj. Heintzelman in an expedition from San Diego against the Yuma Indians on the Colorado River; after which he returned to duty at Benicia. In '53 he was ordered to report for duty at Washington, D. C., where he remained till 1854, when he resigned his commission in the army and returned to California, and permanently located at Los Angeles, where he resided till his death.

In 1856 Dr. Griffin was married to Miss Louisa Hays, native of Maryland, sister of Judge Benjamin Hays, an historical character of Southern California. She died May 2, 1888. at the age of sixty-seven.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston married a sister of Dr. Griffin. After his death at the battle of Shiloh Mrs. Johnston resided for many years and until her death recently, with her brother and children in this city, where she was universally held in the highest estimation.

HENRY CLAY WILEY.

Dr. J. C. Fletcher, a graduate of Brown University in 1846, and for many years a resident of Rio de Janeiro and of Naples, Italy, but now a citizen of Los Angeles, contributes the following data concerning Mr. Wiley's boyhood. He says:

"My earliest recollections of him were in the thirties, about 1832. He was a small boy when his father came to Indianapolis. His father was a merchant tailor, and he was a fine-looking man. I went to school with two of Henry's brothers. His eldest brother was a man of fine parts, and a well-known citizen (now deceased) of Indianapolis, whose daughter married the son of Gov. Wright of Indiana. The next older brother, James, entered the navy; and I last saw him as an officer, in 1853, on the U. S. steam man-of-war Saránac at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He was distinguished as a good officer and a fine, benevolent man.

"When in 1890 I came to Los Angeles, one of the first persons to greet me was H. C. Wiley, and never did I have more cordial greeting or, afterward, more kindly treatment.

"As Henry C. Wiley was contemporary with my younger brothers, I did not see so much of him in his boyhood days as I did of his elder brothers with whom I went to school."

Of his later years, J. F. Burns, an early pioneer of Los Angeles, says:

"Henry C. Wiley, a member of this society, passed away on Tuesday, October 25, 1898, which takes away another of the old pioneers of Southern California who lived nearly half a century of his allotted 69 years in this sun-kissed country. He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1829; here, and later at Indianapolis, he received a liberal education, when, at the age of 18 years, he joined the commissary department of the United States army in the campaign against Mexico; and he faithfully served his country until the close of the Mexican war. Leaving the army, he resided and traveled in all the coast States of Mexico, till 1852, when he arrived at San Diego, Cal., where he resided during the 50's. He was elected and served as Sheriff of said county, with ability and honorably discharged the duties of his office. In the 60's, after his term expired, he removed to Los Angeles county, where he permanently settled. He soon became noted among his friends for his

traits of true friendship, frankness and liberality. He loved outdoor active life and sports, and was a generous giver to the needy. In 1868 to 1872 he was Under-Sheriff, serving with J. F. Burns, Sheriff of this county. In the discharge of his official duties he was brave and fearless, just and generous. In 1872 Mr. Wiley formed a partnership with D. M. Berry in the real-estate business; and they were the resident agents for the "Indiana Colony," now Pasadena, "The Crown of the Valley." Through their energy and activity and foresight they laid the foundation of the fairest city in our land. Mr. Wiley was always a consistent Republican in politics, and ever ready to render valuable service to his party. He was one of the pioneers who from the first saw that Los Angeles would be a great city, and was a judicious investor in Los Angeles realties.

"He leaves a devoted widow and two daughters to mourn his demise. He was kind in word and manner and gained a wide circle of friends and very few, if any, enemies."

HORACE HILLER.

(Read before Pioneer Society June 7, 1898.)

Since the last stated meeting of our Pioneer Society an honored charter member has passed away. It is fitting that a brief memorial sketch of his life should be placed among the records of the society.

Horace Hiller was a native of Hudson, New York. He was born in 1844, and was the son of Henry and Henrietta Winans Hiller. He came to Los Angeles by rail via the southern route in 1870. He was engaged in the lumber business during all his residence in Los Angeles; at the time of his death he was the president and manager of the Los Angeles Lumber Company.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Abby Pearce; she with three children, one daughter and two sons, survive Mr. Hiller. He left two living brothers; one, Sidney Hiller, succeeds his brother as manager of the lumber company, and the other, Henry, is now in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Horace Hiller was a man of sterling character, as all you who knew him well can testify. Though he was modest and quiet in his ways, he had strong convictions, to which he was thoroughly

loyal; he was a man of fine business habits and won the respect of the community and of all with whom he had dealings. He responded to all the manifold duties of good citizenship, and in his demise he is sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

His death occurred as the result of a lamentable accident, May 20, 1898.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE ABERNETHY.

William Blackstone Abernethy, son of James R. and Rosa Abernethy, was, on his father's side, a direct descendant of the eccentric but celebrated English surgeon, Dr. John Abernethy, (a great-grandson) and on the mother's of the great English scholar, John Locke. His father went when but a boy to Missouri, where he laid out the town of Paris in Monroe Co., whose growth and progress he carefully watched and materially assisted. Here he taught school, studied law (in which he made himself so thorough that he was for three consecutive terms elected to the office of Circuit Judge.) Here too he established his home and raised a large family of children, of whom Wm. B. was one. His father was identified with the old-time Whig party, his belief in its principles being strong enough to prove itself by works. Several negro slaves coming into his possession by inheritance, he, some years before the civil war, gave them their freedom.

W. B. Abernethy was raised in an ideal home, one of a very happy family, surrounded by the best and most cultured people of the day. His father being a "born" musician, and an enthusiast in the art, which he also studied to the limit of his opportunities, his children were given every possible advantage in that direction, and "old settlers" there will speak in glowing terms of their proficiency both vocally and instrumentally, "but especially Willie, who used to be carried when but a little boy to sing in neighboring towns." He had two brothers-in-law, Messrs. H. J. Glenn and S. E. Wilson, who made yearly trips across the plains bringing large bands of horses and mules, which they would sell at Sacramento, returning home by steamer to make ready for another trip. When he was about 16 years old his sisters, Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Wilson, with whom he had always been a great favorite, decided to come across the plains "for the trip, and Will must come with them," so in March, 1853, he bade

farewell to the East and came "over the Rockies" to California, reaching Sacramento, which was then almost the beginning and ending of everything in the State, late in August of that year. The Indians were numerous on the plains then, and the journey could only be made with large trains. The stories told by Mr. Abernethy of the experiences of their train were of most thrilling interest, as were also his sketches of early days in the mines and on the great cattle ranches of Northern California, for, being a boy, with all a boy's enthusiasm and love of adventure, he wore spurs and learned to throw a lasso like the cowboys, and went prospecting with old miners with the greatest zeal. In 1864 he first engaged in mercantile pursuits on the Sacramento River, going afterward to the San Joaquin Valley, where he married Miss Laura Gibson, daughter of Rev. Hugh Gibson.

In April, 1872, they came to Los Angeles. Things prospered, the world went well until the breaking of the "boom," when reverses began coming, one by one, and then thick and fast. Business cares and crosses grew heavy, plans and purposes were wrecked, deep bereavement came, but he never lost one iota of his gentle sweetness, courage or faith. That he was a true Christian no one who knew him ever doubted. In talking with his wife not long before he was taken away he said: "Financially things have gone very hard with us, but I am not discouraged . . . I do want to have the love and esteem of my fellow-men . . . to be honest and true is better than any amount of wealth . . . I think, my dear, if I could only feel square with the world; that I owed no man anything, I would be ready to go to my long home"—and God took him, very swiftly; before the dawn of November 1st, 1898, while talking with his wife in his cheeriest way. There was no time for "sadness of farewell, no moaning of the bar when he put out to sea"—and there will never be any sorrow or sighing "in the presence of the King."

NAMES OF MEMBERS ELECTED

Since the last Roll of Membership was published, Feb. 1, 1898.

NAMES	AGE.	BIR H PLACE.	ARRIVAL IN CO.	RESIDENCE.	AR. IN STATE
Anderson, Mrs. David.....	69	Ky.....	Jan. 1, 1853	641 S. Grand ave.	1852
Austin Henry C.....	62	Mass....	Aug. 30, 1869	3118 Figueroa st.	1869
Anderson, John C.....	54	Ohio	May 24, 1873	Monrovia	1873
Bell, Horace.....	67	Ind.....	Oct., 1852	1337 Figueroa st.	1850
Biles, Albert.....	62	England.	July, 1873	141 S. Olive st..	1873
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.....	62	England.	July, 1873	141 S. Olive st..	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.....	55	Germany	May 16, 1868	1712 Brooklyn av.	
Carter, N. C.....	58	Mass.... 1871	Sierre Madre...	1871
Clark, Frank S.....	55	Conn....	Feb. 23, 1869	Hyde Park.....	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate.....	60	Germany	June 22, 1871	1054 S. Grand av.	
Chapman, A. B.....	68	Alabama.	April 1857	San Gabriel....	1855
Durfee, James D.....	58	Illinois..	Sept. 15, 1858	El Monte.	1855
Ensign, Elizabeth L.....	53	Missouri.	Nov. 15, 1860	1525 Rockwood.	
Evarts, Myron E.....	68	N. Y....	Oct. 26, 1858	Los Angeles....	1852
Franklin, Mrs. Mary A.....	51	Ky.....	Jan. 1, 1853	253 Avenue 32..	1852
Gilbert, Harlow.....	58	N. Y....	Nov. 1, 1869	Bell Station....	1869
Gerkins, Jacob.....	58	Germany 1854	Glendale.....	1854
Hamilton, A. N.....	54	Mich....	Jan. 24, 1872	611 Temple.....	1872
Holbrook, J. F.....	52	Indiana...	May 20, 1873	155 Vine.....	1873
Judson, A. H.....	59	N. Y....	May 1870	Pasadena ave....	1870
Moulton, Elijah.....	78	Canada..	May 12, 1845	East Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Joseph E.....	64	Virginia.	Oct. 1872	Pomona.....	1853
Newell, Mrs. J. G.....	52	Indiana...	Jan. 1, 1853	2417 W. Ninth..	1852
Prager, Samuel.....	66	Prussia..	Feb. 1854	Los Angeles....	1854
Proctor, A. A.....	67	Dec. 1872	416 E. Pico.	
Quinn, Richard.....	68	Ireland..	Jan'y 1861	El Monte	1861
Raphael. Hyman.....	60	Germany	Sept. 1871	451 West Lake..	1871
Rose, L. J.....	71	Germany 1860	Grand av & 4th	1860
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.....	67	Ohio	Dec. 1859	589 Mission road	1859
Stoll, H. W.....	59	Germany	Oct, 1, 1867	844 S. Hill.....	1867
Slaughter, John L.....	63	La.....	Jan. 10, 1861	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Sumner, C. A.....	52	England.	May 8, 1873	1301 Orange....	1873
Toberman, J. R.....	62	Virginia..	April, 1863	615 S. Figueroa..	1859
Udell, Joseph C.....	78	Vermont. 1860	St. George Hotel	1850
Ward, James F.....	62	N. Y....	Jan. 1, 1872	1121 S. Grand av.	
Workman, Alfred.....	55	England.	Nov. 28, 1868	212 Boyle ave.	
White, Caleb E.....	68	Mass....	Dec. 24, 1868	Pomona.....	1849
Weil, Jacob.....	69	Germany 1854	Pasadena.....	1853
Wiggins, Thomas J.....	63	Missouri.	Sept. 14, 1854	El Monte.	



Organized November 1, 1883
PART III

Incorporated February 13, 1891
VOL. IV

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND

PIONEER REGISTER

Los Angeles

1899

Published by the Society

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1900

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND PIONEER REGISTER

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1900

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1899

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Historical Society

OF

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, 1899.

ABEL STEARNS

BY H. D. BARROWS.

One of the very earliest American settlers of California, and for many years one of the most prominent and influential citizens of Los Angeles, was Abel Stearns.

Mr. Stearns, or "Don Abel," as he was called both by the native Californians and by the Americans—(in Spanish-speaking countries people, high or low, rich or poor, are called by their Christian names, with the prefix Don or Dona)—was a native of Salem, Mass., where he was born in the year 1799, just one hundred years ago.

He came to Mexico in 1826, where in 1828 he was naturalized; and to Monterey, California, in 1829. In 1833 he settled in Los Angeles, which remained his home till his death, which occurred at San Francisco in 1871, at the age of 72 years.

His residence was on the site of the present Baker Block; and it was for many years, both before and after the change of government, a prominent social center for Southern California. It was here that the beautiful daughters of Don Juan Bandini entertained their wide circle of acquaintances from San Diego, Santa Barbara, etc., at grand balls and other charming social functions characteristic of life in Spanish countries. Here Commodore Jones in 1842, and Captain Fremont in 1846 and '47, and other distinguished his-

torical characters at various periods were hospitably entertained.

The house was a one-story adobe, as were all the houses here in the olden time, and covered the entire ground occupied by the present block, with an extensive "patio," or inner court in the center.

At once on his arrival in California, Mr. Stearns took an interest in the material and political welfare of the community in which he became an enterprising member. And because he joined with others, Californians and Americans, including Alvarado, Castro, Captain Cooper, Hartwell, etc., in energetic opposition to the flagrant misgovernment or mal-administration of Mexican Governors sent here; and to the sending hither of felons as soldiers in large numbers; and also because he joined actively in a general movement of the people, wherein they demanded of Governor Victoria that he should call together the Departmental Assembly in order that it might put in force the law of 1824, and the "*Reglamento*" of 1828, providing for the granting of public lands to citizens—he, Stearns, incurred the enmity of Victoria, who attempted to expel him from the country. Whereupon the people became so exasperated with the Governor's arbitrary course, that they arose in their wrath and drove him from office, compelling him to resign, and to leave the country. And, as if by the irony of fate, the same vessel on which Stearns was to have been transported, carried Victoria himself from San Diego to Mazatlan.

If ever a people were justified in resisting oppression by revolution, the people of California of that period had just cause for their action in opposing the making by Mexico a "Botany Bay" of California; and in protesting against the high-handed nullification of a national law by Governor Victoria.

Forcible resistance to tyranny, especially after all peaceful remedies fail, is generally accounted commendable in any people. And certainly no reason can be assigned why Californians should be judged by any different rule. (See Bancroft, vol. 3, pp. 193 et seq., for the admirable manifesto of Pico, Bandini and Carrillo.)

After settling at Los Angeles, Don Abel engaged in trading at the Pueblo and at San Pedro. In 1836 he was Sindico or fiscal agent of the town.

In 1842 Mr. Stearns sent gold (about twenty ounces) from the first placer mines discovered in California (to wit, on the San Francisco rancho in this county) to the Philadelphia mint, by Mr. Alfred Robinson. The particulars of this matter are related in letters

written by Stearns and Robinson, as printed on pages 20-21 of the Centennial History of Los Angeles County published in 1876.

At about this period Mr. Stearns purchased the Alamitos rancho with its live stock for \$6000, as a foundation for his future landed wealth. He subsequently acquired large tracts of land, including the ranchos Los Alamitos, Las Bolas, La Laguna de Los Angeles, and a half interest in Los Coyotes.

The first real estate acquired by him soon after his arrival, was the tract in this city on which the Arcadia and Baker blocks now stand.

In 1845 he was active with many others against Governor Micheltorana and his "cholos," whom as convict soldiers the Governor had brought with him from Mexico. The full details of this movement furnish ample justification for the action taken by the people in the premises.

In 1846 Mr. Stearns was Sub-Prefect and was appointed agent of the United States government by Consul Thos. O. Larkin, with whose plans he earnestly co-operated.

In 1849 he was one of the members of the first Constitutional Convention, representing the Los Angeles district, and later he served as Assemblyman, Supervisor, City Councilman, etc.

Don Abel Stearns eventually became one of the largest land and cattle owners in California, and although he lost stock heavily by the great two years drouth of 1863-4, and by other reverses, he left at his death an immense estate to his widow, now Mrs. Arcadia de Baker.

Before the greath drouth of the 60's he branded some 20,000 calves annually, which indicated that he owned as high as 60,000 head of cattle.

At one time the extensive Arcadia Block, built in '58, which, it was reported, cost some \$80,000, was mortgaged for something like \$30,000, for which it was sold under foreclosure late in the 60's. But better times came in about '68, and he redeemed the block, having sold, as was reported, five ranches for \$250,000, he still retaining one-fifth interest in the said ranches.

Mrs. Stearns (Dona Arcadia, now Mrs. Baker,) was the daughter of Don Juan Bandini and his wife Dona Dolores de Bandini, daughter of Captain Jose M. Estudillo of San Diego. Mr. and Mrs Stearns had no children.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND CANYON

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

We are told that the shrill whistle of the engine and the bustle of railroad cars will soon penetrate the Coconino forest that leads to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Anything that hints at a "timetable" is entirely out of place in the presence of this solemn, silent and magnificent exhibition of the prodigality of time. And after the railroad we shall expect to find trolley cars running up and down the canyon, claiming the distinction of running down the steepest grade of any electric road in the world, and air-line bridges spanning the distance from one dome or spur of granite to another. The railroad indicates progress, yet does it not seem a desecration, an insult to centuries of solitude?

With its various canyons the Grand Canyon covers an area of several hundred miles in length. Dutton says its total length "as the river runs," is about 218 miles.

The Grand Canyon is entered, in Arizona, by way of the Colorado Plateau. This leads into the Kaibab division, considered the sublimest part of the canyon. It is reached by three routes, but the favorite one in summer is by way of the little lumber town of Flagstaff. This town lies almost at the foot of the San Francisco mountains and is reached by the railroad. Leaving Flagstaff in the early morning a stage ride of sixty-five or seventy miles conveys the travelers to the rim of the Grand Canyon.

On a day in June in 1895, a large party of Californians started from Flagstaff for the canyon. We occupied three large stages, some of the party being outside with the driver. A stage ride that occupies something like twelve or thirteen hours, may seem a tedious journey, but such did not prove the case. The ascent was gradual. The first half of the trip was through the Coconino forest, which occupies a large portion of the Colorado plateau.

The entrance along the road presented charming vistas, with valleys green with verdure, groves of dark green pines alternating with groves of the quaking aspen whose slim white trunks and branches contrasted with their glossy light green leaves that trembled with each breeze, and, in the background the snow-capped

peaks of Mt. Agassiz and Mt. Humphrey of the San Francisco mountains. All these give an enchanting beauty to the journey. Add to this landscape the glorious mountain air, odorous of pine, of a high altitude, and it is no wonder that buoyancy rather than discomfort is felt by the party.

Along the stage line were relays where fresh horses were in waiting and tired ones were watered and rested. Although we had thoroughly enjoyed the ride so far, yet we were glad to dismount and stand or walk about under the shade of the pines as soon as the stages arrived at the first relay.

Farther along the road was a small frame building. This was the half-way house where we could take a longer rest. At this house a hot luncheon had been prepared for us by a woman whose husband had been killed only two or three weeks previous. He and another shepherder had quarreled over their herds. To the lonely woman, who could not leave the premises immediately, the advent of a party of hungry travelers was hailed as a relief from the solitude of surroundings that were now gruesome to her. The house was simply furnished and clean, as were also the two tiny children of her family of four. But, amid all her hurry of serving a party of almost twenty-five, including the three drivers, the hostess had noticed a bunch of green pods, spotted with brown, that was fastened in lieu of a bouquet in front of my jacket. These pods, gathered because they looked pretty by the wayside, she declared were the "loco weed" (*Astragalus*) considered "dangerous for man or beast, especially horses, to eat," so in a few moments I had thrown the decorative pods in the stove.

After a slight ablution, a little of the dust was brushed off hats, coats and skirts. Luncheon was eaten and a trip was made to the little petrified forest just back of the house; for the half-way house stood near the edge of the forest. While the horses rested we started for it. As the time was limited, I walked at a brisk rate of speed, or rather began to walk, but in a moment's time I found myself out of breath and it was some time before I was able to breathe without panting!

In this little petrified forest we saw long trunks of trees of agatized wood (silicified wood) lying on the ground while around us were strewn logs and chips of the agatized wood. Trees were also growing in this petrified forest. In a short time specimens of agatized wood were collected and the stage ride was resumed.

And now the view has changed; off at a distance extinct volcanoes are visible and the road is strewn with volcanic rocks. These

rocks, called in Arizona "malpais," add to the desolation. Here and there clumps of cactus bloom and lonely-looking wild flowers dot the almost barren plain. But at a distance are pictures of attractive landscapes. After some time the Jack-oak appears and again tall pines outskirt a forest that with every mile grows more wooded, as we near our destination.

Occasionally a tiny pile of stones are seen on the roadside. They tell the story of the mines, for in such places, we are told, some miner has pre-empted his claim, and the pile of stones is erected above his prospective gold mine.

The wind sighing through the trees journeyed with us, the sun set, the night came on. At times some of the party imagined the canyon in view, but others saw only the golden rays of the setting sun as it glimmered through the pine trees.

At nine o'clock as a lower grade was reached the Hotel with its many lights suddenly appeared. The hotel comprised a group of white tents, seventeen in number, including one long dining tent and one little log cabin where we all stopped to register, formed a romantic picture nestled in a little pine covered glen between the hills. Below these hills, not more than three hundred feet away was the Grand Canyon.

After eating our dinner, the guide, with a lantern to light the way through the pine trees, took us up one of the cliffs to take a view by moonlight of one of the smaller canyons into which this immense canyon is subdivided. After a walk of two or three moments the small pine covered hill was ascended and we stood upon the brink of the canyon. The Grand canyon was a surprise in every way. Instead of entering a stupendous gorge and gazing upward we were above and the canyon was below. We enjoyed the glimpse by moonlight and rose early the following morning to get a better view by daylight. We were surprised to find that the pine trees grow so close to the brink that their cones fall into the abyss below. And as you stand on the edge of the rim and look down you see a deep gorge below that is so near one is in danger of falling into it. And stretching from thirteen to eighteen miles across, you see a panorama of jasper cities, a series of gorges and mountain ranges of solid rock. Each naked mountain has a different peak or summit, no two alike. The mountains themselves are individual in their shape. The prevailing color of the Grand canyon is red, a bright rose red, vermilion red, Indian red and varying shades of pink. But as the eyes become more accustomed to the color effect, green, gray and other colors are visible. The sublimity of the Grand can-

yon cannot be felt at the first sight; it increases with every view of it, new forms present themselves. The mind is not prepared to appreciate the infinite variety at first, it is too colossal. Its immensity is felt immediately, but the grandeur of these jasper cities grows more majestic as the mind becomes accustomed to the unfamiliar vision. We know that in order to appreciate the best music the ear must be trained to distinguish musical harmonies, the rhythm appeals to us naturally, but the soul of music comes to us through musical training as well as natural endowment. The eye must be educated in order to appreciate art in its highest sense. I was reminded of this when viewing the canyon. Each view of it only enhanced my admiration of it. This proved that the limitations of sight and color perception had prevented a full appreciation of this stupendous system of gorges. As I have said there are solid rocks elevated into spurs, domes and buttes with here a sharp pinnacle, there a broad amphitheater, a castle not far away and varying forms in every direction.

We are told that water and frost have been the main forces that have carved out this system of canyons. The eroding power of the Colorado river, during perhaps thousands of centuries has cut its way in the form of one rocky gorge after another. It seems incredible that this river, seldom, at the present time, 300 feet wide from shore to shore, could have been such an agent.

As we looked down one of the deep gorges the river looked only like a roily brook about six feet across. Now we began to realize the depth of the gorge that walls the river. Although the Colorado river is about a mile and a quarter below the rim of the canyon it is necessary, in order to reach it, to go down a trail of over seven miles in length.

At an altitude of seven thousand feet the descent down the trail appears no small undertaking. Only a small proportion of those who go to the Grand canyon ever make the descent. Visitors usually content themselves with walking around the rim of the canyon. Of our party of 23 who started down only 12 made the descent to the river and ten of these were gentlemen. On the third day of our arrival we made the descent down the trail.

After an early breakfast our party started, first taking a walk through the pine woods across beds of blue lupines in full bloom and all met at the log cabin of Hance, the guide, who was waiting at the rim of the canyon with his mules saddled for the journey. Besides the mounted travelers there were foot passengers. As the old trail, near the guide's cabin, had been abandoned a ride around part of the

rim was necessary before the descent was made, then single file, mules, men and women began the downward journey, for none were mounted at first, as the zigzag trail was too steep to go down otherwise than on foot. At a signal from the guide the mules are mounted. On the way the precipitous trail is dotted here and there with flowers. The shallow soil on the hard, red sandstone is sufficient for the scarlet lobelia, painted cup (*Castilleja*), blue flax (*linum*), and other red, blue, purple and yellow flowers. Out on rocky ledges the ever present prickly pear cactus (*opuntia*) and the bright scarlet flowers of the mamillaria cactus are seen.

For almost a mile down the trail the view of this part of the Kaibab plateau is indescribably rich in color effect. There is still the predominance of pink and vermilion red. With every curve downward of the serpentine trail the view is changed. We are filled with reverential awe as we see before us the work of a thousand centuries of physical energy exhibited in the dynamic power of stream and rain erosion.

As the defile is now made from one mountain side to another the scene narrows, the broad vistas of rocky ranges are hidden by stupendous mountains of granite that rise abruptly on either side. Down, down the rocky gorge our eyes try to scan below until the brain grows dizzy at the depth visible.

"Do you see," says the guide, "those little green bushes at the foot of that gorge on the left?" "They are cottonwood trees three feet in diameter. I know for I have been there." No wonder we can hardly keep our seat on the saddle as we scan the distance below us.

And now the zigzag trail gives place to long circling trails that outline the base of one mountain after another. The foot travelers are nowhere visible, only the riders are seen following each other in single file deeper and deeper down the mountain road.

The river is nearing, we hear its roar and the splashing of the water-falls.

And now the Colorado river is before us.

To one accustomed to the Father of Waters, the Colorado river appears but a narrow stream. It is not red, but muddy enough to compare favorably with the Missouri in its muddiest passages. The thought of navigators going down the stream through the canyon makes one tremble, for it is so rocky, so turbulent, so shut in by one canyon after another that the wonder grows how anyone could navigate its waters and live to tell the tale.

Juniper and mesquite (*prosopsis rubescens*) trees, the kind our

guide calls "cat's claws"—because this species of mesquite has sharp thorns on it—plenty of hot sand, a deserted looking tent belonging to the guide, a wooden bench, two hungry looking cats, these are the local surroundings at the foot of the trail by the river. Above and around us are the mountains.

We wash our hands in the Colorado river, bathe our faces, collect a few pebbles from the shore, and all repair to such shade as the juniper trees afford us, near the old tent. We sit on the bench and try to eat a luncheon prepared for us at the hotel at the rim of the canyon. It may be we are not hungry, only thirsty, for the water from the river is more acceptable than the luncheon, consisting as it does of bread, ham spread with mustard, hard boiled eggs and olives. We feed some of it to the cats.

The journey down has been a continued pleasure, a picnic, but the journey back again was for the most part a labored effort. The high altitude caused a shortness of breath, a rapid beating of the heart and aching of the limbs whenever some steep ascent made it necessary to dismount from the mules and climb the trail. Sometimes when riding, Stephen, the gray mule, would forage for food, sage brush (*artemisia*) and bunch grass, in the most hazardous parts of the incline trail, often as he turned a sharp corner down and out would go his head, but where his hind feet could find a resting place no one could tell, fear suggested that it might be at the bottom of the canyon, but the sure-footed beast never lost the beat of the trail.

Each traveler had filled his bottle with water at the river and the guide had filled his canteen, but hollow bottomed wine bottles can contain but a small supply of water, and many of our party realized as never before what thirst was. At five o'clock in the afternoon the last rider had gained the summit, having been below the rim of the canyon since half-past eight o'clock in the morning.

MUY ILUSTRE AYUNTAMIENTO

(Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento, or Municipal Council of Los Angeles)

BY J. M. GUINN.

How was the municipality or corporation of Los Angeles governed under Spanish and Mexican rule? Very few of its present inhabitants, I presume, have examined into its form of government and the laws in force before it came into possession of the United States. And yet its early laws and government have an important bearing on many questions in our civic affairs. The original titles to the waters of the river that supplies our city; to the lots that some of us own, and to the acres that we till, date away back to the days when King Carlos III swayed the destinies of the mighty Spanish empire; or to that later time when the cactus perched eagle of Mexico spread its wings over California. There is a vague impression in the minds of many, derived, perhaps from Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and kindred works, or from the tales and reminiscences of pioneers who came here after the discovery of gold that the old pueblo had very little government except mob rule; and that California was given over to revolution and anarchy under the Mexican regime. Such impressions are as false as are unjust. There were but comparatively few capital crimes committed in California under the Spanish domination or under the Mexican rule.

The era of crime in California began with the discovery of gold. There were no Joaquin Murietas or Tiburcio Vasquezes before the days of '49. It is true there were many revolutions during the Mexican regime, but these, in nearly every case, were protests against the petty tyrannies of Mexican-born governors. California, during the time it was a Mexican province, suffered from bad governors very much as the American colonies did before our revolutionary war. The descendants of revolutionary sires would resent as an insult the imputation that their forefathers were the promoters of anarchy. The California revolutions were more in the nature of political protests than real revolutions. They were usually bloodless affairs. In the half dozen or more revolutions occurring in the

twenty years preceding the American conquest, and resulting in four battles, there were but three men killed and six or seven wounded.

While there were political disturbances in the territory, and several governors were deposed and sent back to Mexico, the municipal governments were well administered. I doubt whether the municipality of Los Angeles has ever been governed better or more economically under American rule, than it was during the last twenty-five years that the most illustrious Ayuntamiento controlled the civic affairs of the town. Los Angeles had an Ayuntamiento under Spanish rule, organized in the first years of her existence, but it had very little power. The Ayuntamiento or Municipal Council at first consisted of an Alcalde (Mayor), and two Regidores (Councilmen); over them was a quasi-military officer, called a comisionado—a sort of petty dictator or military despot, who, when occasion required or inclination moved him, embodied within himself all three departments of government—judiciary, legislative and executive. After Mexico became a republic, the office of comisionado of the pueblo was abolished. The membership of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles was increased until at the height of its power it consisted of a first Alcalde, a second Alcalde, six Regidores, a secretary and a Sindico. The Sindico seems to have been a general utility man. He acted as City Attorney, Tax and License Collector and Treasurer. The Alcalde was president of the Council, Judge and Mayor. The second Alcalde took his place when the first was ill or absent. The Regidores were numbered from one to six, and ranked according to number. The Secretary was an important personage. He kept the records, and was the only paid member except the Sindico, who received a commission on his collections.

The jurisdiction of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles, after the secularization of the missions, extended from the limits of San Juan Capistrano on the south to and including San Fernando on the north, and eastward to the San Bernardino mountains—extending over an area now comprised in four counties and covering a territory as large as the State of Massachusetts. Its authority was as extensive as its jurisdiction. It granted town lots and recommended to the governor grants of lands from the public domain. In addition to passing ordinances for the government of the pueblo, its members acted as the executive officers to enforce them. It combined within itself the powers of a Board of Health, a Board of Education, a Police Commission, and a Street Department. During the civil war between Northern and Southern California, it raised and equipped an army and declared itself the superior gov-

erning power of the southern half of the territory. The members served without pay, but if a member was absent from a meeting without a good excuse he was fined \$3. The sessions were conducted with great dignity and decorum. The members were required to attend their public functions "attired in black apparel, so as to add solemnity to the meetings."

The Ayuntamiento was spoken of as the "Most Illustrious" in the same sense that we speak of the "Honorable City Council," but it was a very much more dignified body than our City Council. Taking the oath of office was a solemn and impressive affair. The junior Regidor and the Secretary introduced the member to be sworn. "When he shall kneel before a crucifix placed on a table or dais, with his right hand on the Holy Bible, then all the members of the Ayuntamiento shall rise and remain standing with bowed heads, while the Secretary reads from the oath prescribed by law; and on the member saying, 'I swear to do, etc.' the President will answer: 'If thou so doest, God will reward thee; if thou doest not, may He call thee to account.'" As there was no pay in the office, and its duties were numerous and onerous, there was not a very large crop of aspirants for Councilmen in those days, and the office usually sought the man. It might be added that when it caught the right man it was loath to let go of him.

Notwithstanding the great dignity and formality of the old-time Regidores, they were not above seeking the advice of their constituents, nor did they assume superior airs, as some of our later statesmen do. There was in their legislative system an upper house or court of last appeal, and that was the people themselves. When there was a deadlock in their Council or when some question of great importance to the community came before them, and they were divided as to what was best to do, or when some crafty politician was attempting to sway their decision to obtain personal gain at the expense of the general public, then the "alarma publica," or the "public alarm" was sounded by beating the long roll on the drum, the citizens were thus summoned to the Hall of Sessions, and any one hearing the alarm and not heeding it was fined \$3. When the citizens were convened, the President of the Ayuntamiento, speaking in a loud voice, stated the question, and the people were given "public speech." Every one had an opportunity to make a speech. Torrents of eloquence flowed, and when all who wished to speak had had their say the question was decided by a show of hands. The majority ruled, and all went home happy to think the country was safe, and they had helped save it.

Some of the ordinances for the government of the pueblo passed by the old Regidores were quaint, but not amusing to the culprits against whom they were directed. The "Weary Willies" of that day were compelled to tramp very much as they are now; and if they did not find work in three days from the time they were ordered to look for it, they were fined \$2 for the first offense; \$4 for the second, and for the third they were provided with a job. Article 2 of an ordinance passed in 1844 says: "All persons without occupation or known means of living shall be deemed to come under the law of vagabonds, and shall be punished as the law directs." The Ayuntamiento ordered a census taken of the vagabonds. The census report showed twenty-two vagabonds, eight genuine and fourteen ordinary. It is to be regretted that the Regidores did not define what constituted a genuine and what an ordinary vag.

The Ayuntamiento also regulated the social functions of the old pueblo. Ordinance 19: "A license of \$2 shall be paid for all dances, except marriage dances, for which permission shall be obtained from the Alcalde." The festive lover who went forth to serenade his lady love without a permit from the Alcalde was subject to a fine of \$1.50. If he tried it a second time the fine was doubled, and the third offense landed him in the guard house. Here is a trade union regulation nearly sixty years old: Ordinance 7: "All grocery, clothing and liquor houses are prohibited from employing any class of servants foreign to the business without verbal or written stipulation from their former employers. Any one acting contrary to the above shall forfeit all right to claim reimbursement." Occasionally the Ayuntamiento had lists of impecunious debtors and dead beats made out and published. Merchants and tradesmen were warned not to give these fellows credit.

The old pueblo had its periodical smallpox scares. Then the Councilmen had to act as a Board of Health; there were no physicians in the town. In 1844 the disease became epidemic, and the Ayuntamiento issued a proclamation to the people, and formulated a long list of hygienic rules and regulations to be observed. The object of the proclamation seemed to be to paint the horrors of the plague in such vivid colors that the people would be frightened into observing the Council's rules. Some of the Ayuntamiento's rules might be adopted and enforced now with good effect. The proclamation and the rules were ordered read by a guard at each house and before the Indian huts. I give a portion of the proclamation and a few of the rules:

"That destructive power of the Almighty, which occasionally

punishes man for his numerous faults, destroys not only kingdoms, cities and towns, leaving many persons in orphanage and devoid of protection, but goes forth with an exterminating hand, and preys upon science, art and agriculture—this terrible plague threatens this unfortunate department of the grand Mexican nation, and seems more fearful by reason of the small population which cannot fill one-twentieth part of its territory. What would become of her if this eminently philanthropic Ayuntamiento had not provided a remedy partly to counteract these ills? It would bereave the town of the arms dedicated to agriculture (the only industry of the country), which would cease to be useful, and in consequence misery would prevail among the rest. The present Ayuntamiento is deserving of praise as it is the first to take steps beneficial to the community and the country."

Among the hygienic rules were orders to the "people to refrain from eating peppers, and spices that stimulate," "to wash all salted meats before using," "all residents in good health to bathe and cleanse themselves once in eight days," "to refrain from eating unripe fruit," "to burn sulphur on a hot iron in their houses for fumigation." Rule 4: "All saloon-keepers shall be notified not to allow the gathering of inebriates in their saloons under penalty of \$5 fine for the first offense, and closing the place by law for the second offense." "All travelers on inland roads were compelled to halt at the distance of four leagues from the town and remain in quarantine three days, during which time they shall wash their clothes." Vaccination was enforced then as now.

The Alcalde's powers were as unlimited as those of the Ayuntamiento. They judged all kinds of cases and settled all manner of disputes. There were no lawyers in the old pueblo to worry the judges, and no juries to subvert justice and common sense by anomalous verdicts.

Sometimes the Alcalde was Judge, jury and executioner—all in one.

At the session of the Ayuntamiento, March 6, 1837, Jose Sepulveda, Second Alcalde, informed the members "that the prisoners Juliano and Timoteo had confessed to the murder of Ygnacio Ortega, which was deliberated and premeditated." "He said he had decided to sentence them to be shot and also to execute them tomorrow, it being a holiday when the neighborhood assembles in town. He asked the members of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento to express their opinion in the matter, which they did, and all were of the same opinion "

“Senor Sepulveda said he had already solicited the services of the Reverend Father at San Gabriel, so that he may come today and administer spiritual consolation to the prisoners.”

At the meeting of the Ayuntamiento, two weeks later—March 20, 1837, the record reads: “Second Alcalde Jose Sepulveda thanked the members for acquiescing in his decision to shoot the prisoners Juliano and Timoteo, but after sending his decision to the Governor, he was ordered to send the prisoners to the general government, to be tried according to law by a council of war; and he had complied with the order.”

The prisoners, I infer, were Indians. While the Indians of the pueblo were virtually slaves to the rancheros and vineyardists, they had certain rights which white men were compelled to respect. The Ayuntamiento had granted to the Indians a portion of the pueblo lands near the river for a *rancheria*. At a meeting of the Ayuntamiento the Indians presented a petition stating that the foreigner Juan Domingo (John Sunday), had fenced in part of their land; and praying that it be returned to them. The members of the Council investigated the cause of the complaint and found John Sunday guilty as charged. So they fined Juan \$12 and compelled him to set this fence back to the line.

The Indians were a source of annoyance to the Regidores and the people. There was always a number of the neophytes or Mission Indians under sentence for petty misdemeanors and drunkenness. They filled the chain gang of the pueblo. Each Regidor had to take his weekly turn as Captain of the chain gang and superintend the work of the prisoners.

The Indian village known as the Pueblito, or little town, down by the river, between what are now First street and Aliso, was the plague spot of the body politic in the old pueblo days. Petition after petition came to the Council praying for the removal of the Indians beyond the limits of the town. Finally, in 1846, the Ayuntamiento ordered their removal across the river to a place known as the “Aguage de Los Avilas”—the spring of the Avilas—and the site of their former village was sold to their old-time enemy and persecutor, John Sunday, the foreigner, for \$200, which was to be expended for the benefit of the Indians. Governor Pico, on the authority of the territorial government, borrowed the \$200 from the Council to pay the expenses of raising troops to suppress Castro, who, from his headquarters at Monterey, was supposed to be fomenting another revolution, with the design of overthrowing Pico and making himself Governor. If Castro had any such designs, the

American frustrated them by taking possession of the country for themselves. Pico and Castro, with their respective armies, retreated to Los Angeles, but the Indians' money never came back any more. "The foreign adventurers of the United States of the north," when they gained possession of the old pueblo abated the Indian nuisance by exterminating the Indian.

The last recorded meeting of the Ayuntamiento under Mexican rule was held July 4, 1846, and its last recorded act was to give Juan Domingo, the foreigner, a title to the pueblito—the lands on which the Indian village stood. Could the irony of fate have a sharper sting? The Mexican, on the birthday of American liberty, robbed the Indian of the last acre of his ancestral lands, and the American, a few days later, robbed the Mexican that robbed the Indian. The Ayuntamiento was revived in 1847 after the conquest of the city by the Americans, but it was not the "Most Illustrious" of former times. The heel of the conqueror was on the neck of the native; and it is not strange that the old motto of Mexico which appears so often in the early archives, Dios y Libertad (God and Liberty) was sometimes abbreviated in the later records to "God and etc." The Secretary was sure of Dios but uncertain about Libertad.

DON YGNACIO DEL VALLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Among the many interesting characters of early Los Angeles whom I knew, was Don Ygnacio del Valle. Although, comparatively speaking, I had only a slight acquaintance with Don Ygnacio, I saw him frequently. I knew of his general character and the warm regard in which he was held by his intimates and by the community in which he was prominent for so many years, to greatly admire and respect him for his sterling qualities as a man and a citizen. In person, he was of medium height, rather stout, with pleasing features, and his manners, dignified, courteous and gentle. He has been dead almost twenty years, but I venture to say that all who knew him who survive him retain only pleasant memories concerning him.

Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, a former District Judge of Los Angeles county, who knew Mr. del Valle well, wrote a memorial sketch of him on the occasion of his death, which occurred in April, 1880. And, though this sketch was published at the time, it will doubtless be of interest to many others of today, besides the members of our Historical Society, to learn what Judge Sepulveda had to say of his friend, inasmuch as something like 90,000 people have come to Los Angeles since Mr. del Valle's death.

Judge Sepulveda says:

" * * * Don Ygnacio del Valle was born in the State of Jalisco, Mexico, on the first of July, 1808. He received a liberal education, his parents having been persons of wealth and position. In the year 1818 depredations were committed on the coast towns of California by pirates under the command of a desperado named Bouchard. To protect the country two military companies, one from San Blas, were sent to California by the Mexican government in 1819. Don Antonio del Valle, father of Don Ygnacio, was Lieutenant of the San Blas company. Six years after the arrival of Don Antonio in California, he sent for his son, Ygnacio, who landed in Monterey on the 27th of July, 1825. In March, 1828, Don Ygnacio entered the service as Second Lieutenant, being attached to the

staff of General Echeandia, Governor of California, with headquarters at San Diego, remaining there until 1833, discharging various functions at that place, as Captain in command of the place and chief custom house officer.

"On the arrival of Governor Figueroa in 1833 Lieutenant del Valle was transferred to Monterey, where he continued to discharge his duties on the staff of Governor Figueroa until the latter's death in 1836, when, on account of the insurrection led by Castro and Alvarado against the government represented by Gutierrez, Lieutenant del Valle, unwilling to take part in the movement, remained separated from the service until 1840, when he obtained his discharge.

"In 1834, Don Ygnacio was appointed Commissioner by Governor Figueroa in the secularization of the missions. He fully carried out his orders with respect to the missions of San Gabriel, Santa Cruz and Dolores. In '42 he was appointed juez of the mining district of San Francisquito. In 1845 he was a member of the Junta Departmental, or Departmental Assembly of California, and in 1846 he was appointed Treasurer of the Department, occupying said office until the United States took possession of the country. In 1850 he was Alcalde of Los Angeles, and on the first election under American rule, he was elected Recorder of the county, and in 1852 was member of the Assembly from Los Angeles county."

After 1861 Don Ygnacio resided on his rancho at Camulos with his family, "devoting his time to the rearing and proper education of his children, and to the development of his beautiful domain."

Don Ygnacio was twice married, his second wife being a daughter of Cerbol Varelas. No issue of the first marriage survives. His widow still resides on Camulos rancho. The eldest of their six children is Hon. Reginaldo F. del Valle, an attorney of this city, who since the death of his father has successively represented Los Angeles county in both the Assembly and the State Senate. A daughter of Don Ygnacio is married to J. F. Forster, son of the Pioneer, Mr. John Forster, formerly of the rancho of Santa Margarita.

All who knew Mr. del Valle in his lifetime will sympathize with and indorse the following eloquent and true words of Judge Sepulveda concerning his friend, the subject of this sketch:

"There was much in his life to engage our affection and respect. Few men have impressed upon the memory of their friends a livelier sense of excellence and unsullied virtue. In the private and domestic circle he was greatly beloved. He was confiding and affec-

tionate. He possessed an enlightened benevolence and a warm sensibility, always eager to advance those who were within the sphere of his influence. He was a man of inflexible honor and integrity, a devout lover of truth, and conscientiously scrupulous in the discharge of his duties. * * * The tears that fall upon his grave are unstained by any mixture of bitterness for frailty or for vice. He lived as a true man would wish to live. He died as a good man would wish to die."

EARLY CLUB LIFE IN LOS ANGELES

BY JANE E. COLLIER.

(Read before the Friday Morning Club, October 4, 1895, by Miss Jane E. Collier.—Published by permission of the author.)

The Friday Morning Club is scarcely yet old enough to toast itself on its birthdays or banquet itself on anniversaries. Modesty forbids such demonstrations in one so young. But while we are waiting for time to make fast our foundations, strengthen our wavering wills and make clear our purposes, it might not be amiss for us to be also looking about for some reputable ancestors. If we could by searching find out a few club grandmothers who would be a credit to us and upon whose shoulders we might lay at least some of the burdens as well as the honors of our club life it might ease our minds of any fears of a mushroom existence and encourage us to believe that there is in us life eternal. If we can find any trace of having evolved from those early Woman's Clubs of Los Angeles we are entitled to rejoice in the discovery, as one rejoices in finding a long-lost parent. It furnishes us a family tree at once, and having found a branch upon which to hang the Friday Morning Club we can proceed at once to reckon our birthdays and make preparations for mild festivities, befitting one who, having ancestors, is not to be looked upon lightly or frowned down unceremoniously.

We are entitled to claim some kinship, I think, to what was, I believe, the first woman's club of Los Angeles, organized April 13th, 1878, seventeen years ago, in Dr. Lockhart's parlors. Mrs. C. M. Severance was made President; Mrs. B. C. Whiting, Vice-President; and Mrs. M. D. Spalding, Secretary and Treasurer. All three of these ladies are at present officers of the Friday Morning Club. The Treasurer's book shows a membership of twenty-five at the beginning. Many of the names may also be found on the books of the Friday Morning Club. Among them are: M. Seymour, Mrs. S. D. Furrey, Mrs. C. B. Jones, Miss Pigne (now Mrs. Wood), Miss Brousseau, Mrs. M. C. Graham and Miss Collier.

What this Woman's Club was for and what it was going to do were as vital questions then as they are now in reference to our own

club. It was accused of being progressive, and there was a suspicion at least in the "legal male mind" that its members might at any moment adopt bloomers as a club costume. Yet the constitution and by-laws were inoffensively feminine and conservative, there being no hint in them of that deadly reformatory spirit that is so ruinous to the peace and stagnation of society in general. The constitution simply recited that "the object of this association shall be, primarily, to become an organized social center for united thought and action, and, ultimately, to furnish a central resting place for the convenience of its members."

The first meetings were held in the parlor of Union Hall, which was on Spring street nearly opposite the old Court House site. The place of meeting was at that time considered a trifle suburban. I remember that I entered the club hall for the first time with considerable fear and trembling as it was my first acquaintance with a certain "eminent woman of our age" except as I had known her through the pages of a bulky green book in my mother's library: Mrs. C. M. Severance. She was the central figure and moving spirit in those early club days. From her many of us got our first ideas of what club life ought to be and might be. If we have not yet reached either her ideal or our own we trust that we are at least in the morning of realization, and that the full light of success may soon break upon us. The club work of those early days did not vary materially from the work of today, though our numbers were small and our programmes did not materialize with unvarying certainty.

I believe the first paper I heard read in that club was one by Mrs. Chapin on "The Importance of Protecting Home Industries." The Southern California Fruit Packing Company was then just struggling into existence and the writer urged us to take it under our fostering care. I doubt not that it owes its present prosperity to our timely interest.

Mrs. Whiting was kinder to us then than she is now, and read papers to us on the importance of cultivating a love of agricultural pursuits: Industrial Education, in fact. But that was before Mrs. Wills had deserted art and taken to work of which we will speak later. We have reason to congratulate ourselves that labor has always had able advocates among us.

And I remember that Miss Stevens gave us a paper on dress reform with practical illustrations. She had evolved some sort of a Greek gown from her classical brain and, producing this wonderful creation, she subjugated Miss Seymour into a dummy upon which

to display its charms. It was supposed to be less objectionable than the short skirts, the bicycle not having yet appeared as a reason for their existence, and, of course, the mere matter of health and convenience counted for nothing in their favor. It was not until pleasure demanded them that they dared to appear upon our streets. But let us not lose heart though a reform in street dress is brought about by love of a pastime rather than by force of common sense; at least the result is good; let us clasp that fast to our fainting hearts and be comforted. Miss Stevens bent her energies toward compromise, but today proves that it was a bicycle and not compromise that was needed.

One of the reformatory measures undertaken by the Woman's Club of '78 was an attempt to have a competent, and in every way desirable woman made librarian of the city library. Miss Pigne, now Mrs. Wood, was our candidate. We went in full force, twenty in all, before the honorable body having the power to make the appointment, with our petition. They listened to us in respectful silence and then requested us to retire, which we did, gracefully, of course. They then promptly elected Pat Connolly librarian, as previously "fixed." While we could not approve of the appointment we took what cold comfort we might in an approving conscience and continued our fight as we have done to this day without effective ammunition, which is the ballot. We may not always use it when once it is granted, but I think we will occasionally be able to bring down some game with it. Some advance has certainly been made in our city library, however, since the reign of Mr. Connolly, fifteen years ago, for since that time its work has been confided to the care of capable women who, we hope, may continue to administer it with satisfaction to the public and credit to themselves.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy social events in our early club life occurred January 9th, 1879, in Union Hall. On that occasion the club members gave a dramatic burlesque of their meetings. The burlesque was written by one of the most talented members, Miss Stevens, now a teacher in Oakland. The club was at that time divided into four sections: art, education, work and discussion, with an occasional fifth day for recreation. Each section was most royally travestied. In the old programme which I have before me the names of those who took part are so skillfully disguised that I am thrown back upon my memory to recall them: Mrs. Bradfield, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Chloe B. Jones, Miss Seymour, Mrs. M. C. Graham and Miss Collier occur to me. If the audience took the

travesty seriously the fault could not have been due to the acting, though, strange to say, none of these ladies have since attained to any eminence in dramatic art.

This pioneer club must have had frequent leanings toward things in "lighter vein," for in addition to its efforts in the dramatic art I find in searching through old club manuscript that they once perpetrated the startling innovation of electing a man to associate membership. The gentleman was Mr. C. W. Gibson, and the honor was doubtless conferred for love and affection: qualities rare in men toward women's clubs. The paper conferring the degree has fallen into my hands and reads as follows:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Mr. C. W. Gibson has been examined as to his genealogical, physiological, psychical and phrenological character and found worthy, and as there is a presumption that equal satisfaction would follow the investigation of his biology, osteology, neurology, plutocracy and representative democracy:—we, the ladies of the Woman's Club of Los Angeles, have, "in full conclave, unanimously, *in maxima concordia*, and full regalia, elected him by our most sacred rites of *hic, haec, hoc; hocus, pocus, locus; andsum, es, est*, to membership associate of the most ancient and honorable body, known in history as the Woman's Club of Los Angeles, and we call upon the thirty-two points of the compass, the zenith and nadir, and the universe in general, to recognize said Mr. C. W. Gibson as entitled to all the honors and privileges of our society. In proof of genuineness we append our seal. Mrs. Lucy Jenkins, President. Mrs. Baxter, Secretary."

Alas! there is no record of the Friday Morning Club ever having admitted men as associate members, but we offer as excuse for this neglect the same one that they offer for not granting us the ballot: "They do not want it."

I have not been so fortunate as to find the minutes of those early meetings in '79 and '80 and have therefore had to fall back upon my treacherous memory for many of these incidents, but there are doubtless a number of ladies here this morning who can recall many things of interest that I have omitted.

It is certain that the Friday Morning Club has in it some of the same blood that flowed in the veins of that early Woman's Club, and is entitled to claim relationship with it. So far as the books show which I have access to, this venerable club grandmother must have died somewhere in 1880. Death was probably caused by Mrs. C. M. Severance going east; that was a chock that early club life was scarcely strong enough to resist.

From 1880 to 1885 there seems to have been a break in club life in Los Angeles. At least I have failed to secure any records of that time, but a revival seems to have taken place on January 8th, 1885. On that date thirty ladies met in Bryson's hall to discuss organization. Dr. Fay, who was always an advance guard when a liberal movement was on foot, led the meeting, and with the masculine element to give them a start, the ladies once more set forth on permanent organization.

The object as stated in article 2 of the constitution is: "the intellectual and social improvement of its members, and any kindred work approved by the club. The President was Mrs. C. M. Severance; Vice-Presidents—Mrs. M. C. Graham, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. H. M. Ross; Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Willard; Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Gibson; Board—Mesdames Frank Gibson, D. G. Stephens, F. C. Howes, Pigne, Bath, and Wills. This club grandmother seems to have had an excellent constitution and great vitality, as she entered at once upon a successful career.

The club first turned its thoughts toward an exhibit of woman's work at the world's fair at New Orleans, but after hearing a report from their committee, Mrs. D. G. Stephens and Mrs. Hagan, they withdrew suddenly, appalled at the discouragements.

The first formal address before this club was made by Mrs. Jeanne Carr on "Women in Business," and was full of interest. Miss Clark and Miss Macy kept them informed on kindergartens. But the chief interest doubtless centered around the Art Committee, of which Miss Willis was chairman, and her paper on Michael Angelo, illustrated by a large collection of photographs, must have been a treat indeed. This of course was before Mrs. Wills had deserted art and taken to cooking schools and work, but these things show that the world moves, and doubtless cooking will become an art if artistic people take hold of it.

The Flower Festival Home, which is one of the most creditable and successful institutions of our city, had in a measure its origin in this woman's club of 1885. The work section, consisting of Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Howes, announced as their subject for March 7th, 1885, the "Condition and wages of working women of Los Angeles." Committees were appointed to inquire into the subject and report on that date. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Frank Gibson investigated the matter thoroughly and reported that the most urgent need was for a well-conducted, inexpensive family boarding-house, a home where young women on small salaries could have the comforts and protection of a home at slight expense. Con-

siderable enthusiasm was aroused, and the ladies, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Stephens—we all know of what stuff they are made—having once taken up a cause were not disposed to desert it hastily. The subject was continued for several meetings and finally culminated in Flower Festival being given to raise funds toward establishing a home for working girls. Its success was beyond all expectation, and as the enthusiasm grew and the work increased a separate society was formed under the name of the "Flower Festival Society," making the Home their special work. The new society drew largely from the working element of the Woman's Club, but they could not have been enlisted in a better cause. And it seems to me that in no way can a woman's club better fulfill its mission than as a center from which collective thought crystallizes into individual action. If our club life succeeds in suggesting to any of us a field for efficient individual work it certainly has not been in vain. But effective work to be done by a society must be specific, must be clearly defined. It cannot be effectively done by forming a society and selecting the work afterward. The society must be formed for the work—not the work for the society. Such was the method of the Flower Festival Society, and its work has long since ceased to be an experiment, it has become history. You all know it, or may know it if you are interested to look it up.

One other thing inaugurated by this club and successfully carried out was the nomination and election of Mrs. Anna S. Averill as a member of the School Board of Los Angeles in November, 1886. The work was done almost entirely through the primaries. A committee of ladies, three in number, called upon the leading politicians of each party and asked them to present Mrs. Averill's name for nomination. The gentlemen took hold of the matter not only cheerfully but with enthusiasm and carried it forward to success without it being necessary for the women to patrol even the outskirts of the political campaign.

These are only a few of the many things our club grandmothers busied themselves about, and as I look through the records of their deeds and misdeeds I am struck with the courage of their convictions and am surprised that Los Angeles does not come nearer being a model city when we consider all their efforts in her behalf.

This club grandmother, born January 8th, 1885, lived until May 5th, 1888. She seems to have expired on that date in the middle of a sentence, evidently from exhaustion brought on by too violent work at a flower festival.

And so passed away two loved and honored societies, but their

works do follow them, and from their ashes has sprung the Friday Morning Club, fully armed for battle when a principle is involved, but loving peace more than war, yet ever ready to extend the hand of fellowship to earnest effort in any good cause. But the world moves only so fast as the individual moves, and if we each push on a little every year to better thinking, we will have made our largest contribution to the world's betterment; for it is what we make of ourselves rather than what we make others do that counts for real growth. And if the Friday Morning Club makes three hundred women thoughtful, fair minded, joyous, loving justice as well as mercy, it has done a work of which it need not feel ashamed.

IN THE OLD PUEBLO DAYS

(Homes and Home Life in Old Los Angeles.)

BY J. M. GUINN.

In its old pueblo (or village) days Los Angeles was not a thing of beauty; indeed it was homely almost to ugliness. There were no freaks or fads in its architecture; no external ornamentation of its dwellings, and but little attempt at variety in house building. The houses were nearly all of one style—square walled, flat roofed and one story high.

In the old pueblo days every man was his own architect and master builder. He had no choice of material, or, rather with his ease loving disposition he chose to use that which was most convenient; and that was adobe clay, made into sun-dried brick. Time was the essence of building contracts then. When a prospective house builder was granted a lot from the public domain, the Ayuntamiento (town council) usually gave him a year's time in which to complete his house; if it was not convenient for him to finish it in that time it was easy to get an extension.

The Indian was the brick-maker and he toiled for his task-masters like the Hebrews of old for the Egyptian, making bricks without straw—and without pay. There were no labor strikes in the building trades then. The Indian was the builder and he did not know how to strike for higher wages. The adobe bricks were moulded into form and set up to dry. Through the long summer days, they baked in the hot sun, first on one side, then on the other; and when dried through they were laid in the wall with mud mortar. Then the walls had to dry and dry perhaps through another summer before the house was habitable.

The prevailing roofing material was bituminous pitch or "brea," brought from the mineral tar springs west of the city, where it boiled up from the earth. There was but little wood used in house construction then. It was only the aristocrats who could indulge in the luxury of wooden floors. Most of the houses had floors of the beaten earth. Such floors were cheap and durable. A door of rawhide shut out intruders and wooden-barred windows admitted sunshine and air. Nails were not essential in house building.

Thongs of rawhide took their place as fasteners. It took time but it cost very little money to build a house in the old pueblo days.

There were some comfortable and commodious houses in the old town. The "Palacio de Don Abel," (Palace of Don Abel Stearns) as the natives called it, which covered the present site of the Baker block was large; and it was luxurious in its appointments within; and so was the Carrillo house, and the "casa" of Alvarado and some others; but externally even these were not handsome or imposing.

In its old pueblo days Los Angeles was not aesthetic. Beauty was sacrificed to utility and ease. "The majority of its buildings," said Don Leonardo Cota in the Ayuntamiento, sixty years ago, "present a gloomy, a melancholy aspect, a dark and forbidding aspect that resembles the Catacombs of Ancient Rome more than the habitations of a free people." There was no glass in the windows of the houses. There were no lawns in front, no sidewalks and no shade trees. The streets were ungraded and unsprinkled, and when the dashing "caballeros" used them for race courses, dense clouds of yellow dust enveloped the houses. There were no slaughter-houses and each family had its own "matanza" in close proximity to the kitchen where the bullocks were converted into beef. In the course of time the ghastly skulls of the slaughtered bovines formed veritable Golgothas in the back yards. The crows acted as scavengers and when not employed in the street department removing garbage, sat on the roofs of the houses and cawed dismally. They increased and multiplied until the "Plague of the Crows" compelled the Ayuntamiento to offer a bounty for their destruction.

The legendary of the hearth stone and the fireside, which fills so large a place in the home life and literature of the Anglo-Saxon, had no part in the domestic system of the old time Californian. He had no hearth-stone and no fireside; nor could that pleasing fiction of Santa Claus coming down the chimney with toys on Christmas eve, that so delights the children of today, have been understood by the youthful Angelenos of long ago. There were no chimneys in the old pueblo. The only means of warming the houses by artificial heat was a pan (brasero) of coals set on the floor. The people lived out of doors, in the open air and invigorating sunshine; and they were healthy and long-lived. Their houses were places to sleep in or shelter from rain.

The furniture was meagre and mostly home-made. A few benches or rawhide bottomed chairs to sit on; a rough table; a

chest or two to keep the family finery in; a few cheap prints of saints on the walls; these formed the decorations and furnishing of the living rooms of the common people. The bed was the pride and the ambition of the house-wife. Even in humble dwellings, sometimes, a snowy counterpane and lace-trimmed pillows decorated a couch whose base was a dried bullock's hide stretched on a rough frame of wood. A shrine dedicated to the patron saint of the household was a very essential part of a well-regulated home.

In old pueblo days the fashions in dress did not change every year. A man could wear his grandfather's hat and his coat, too, and not be out of the fashion. Robinson, writing of California in 1829, says, "The people were still adhering to the costumes of the past century." It was not until after 1834, when the "Hijar Colonists" brought the latest fashions from the City of Mexico, that the style of dress for men and women began to change. The next change took place after the American conquest. Only two changes in half a century—a garment had to be very durable to become unfashionable then.

Filial obedience and respect for parental authority were early impressed upon the minds of the children. A child was never too old or too large to be exempt from punishment.

Stephen C. Foster used to relate an amusing case of parental disciplining he once saw. An old lady, a grandmother, was belaboring, with a barrel stave, her son, a man 30 years of age. The son had done something of which the mother did not approve. She sent for him to come over to the maternal home to receive his punishment. He came. She took him out to the metaphorical woodshed, which in this case was the portico of her house, where she stood him up and proceeded to administer corporal punishment. With the resounding thwacks of the stave she would exclaim: "I'll teach you to behave yourself." "I'll mend your manners, sir." "Now you'll be good, won't you?" The big man took his punishment without a thought of resisting or rebelling. In fact, he seemed to enjoy it. It was, no doubt, to him, a forcible and feeling reminder of his boyhood days.

In the earlier years of the pueblo, great respect was shown those in authority and the authorities were strict in requiring deference from their constituents. In the pueblo archives of 1828, are the records of the impeachment trial of a certain "Judge of the Plains." The principal duty of such a judge was to decide cases of disputed ownership of stray cattle. This judge seems to have had a very exalted opinion of the dignity of his office. Among other com-

plaints of his arbitrary actions, was as one from young Pedro Sanchez, who testified that the judge had tried to ride his horse over him in the street, because he, Sanchez, would not take off his hat and stand uncovered while the "Juez del Campo" rode past.

In these days when municipal and state taxation have become so excessive, it is pleasant to know that there was a time in our city's history, when there were no taxes on land and improvements, that there was a time when men's pleasures and vices paid the cost of governing. Under Mexican rule the municipal funds were obtained from the revenue on wine and brandy; from the licenses of saloons and other business houses; from the tariff on imports; from permits to give dances; from fines and from the fees of bull-rings and cock-pits. Although in the early "40's" the pueblo or the ciudad, for it had become a city then, had a population of 2,000, and although the municipal council exercised jurisdiction over 6,000 square miles outside, the revenues rarely exceeded \$1,000 a year; yet with this small amount the municipal authorities ran a city and county government and kept out of debt. It did not cost much to run a government in those days. There was no army of high salaried officials then, with a camp following of political heelers quartered on the municipality and fed from the public crib at the expense of the taxpayer. Politicians may have been no more honest then than now, but where there was nothing to steal there was no stealing. The old *alcaldes* and *regidores* were wise enough not to put temptation in the way of the politicians and thus they kept them reasonably honest, or least, they kept them from plundering the taxpayers by the simple expedient of having no taxpayers.

The only salaried officers in the days when the most illustrious *Ayuntamiento* was the ruling power in Los Angeles, were the Secretary of that body, the *Sindico* or Tax Collector, and the Schoolmaster. Forty dollars was the monthly salary paid the Secretary, who was also clerk of the *Alcalde's* court; the *Sindico* received a commission on collections; and the Schoolmaster was paid \$15 per month. If like *Oliver Twist*, he cried for more, he was dismissed "for evident unfitness for his duties." The other officials took their pay in the glory of holding office.

The functions of the various departments of the city government were most economically performed. Street cleaning and the lighting of the city were provided for on a sort of automatic or self-acting principle. There was an ordinance that required each owner of a house, every Saturday, to sweep in front of his premises to the middle of the street, His neighbor, on the opposite side doing the

same, met him half way, and so the street was cleaned without expense to the city. There was another ordinance that required each owner of a house of more than two rooms on a travelled street to hang a lighted lantern in front at his door at night from dark to eight o'clock in winter and to nine in summer. So the city was at no expense for lighting. There were fines for the neglect of these duties. The crows had a contract for removing the garbage. There were no fines imposed on them. Evidently they were efficient city officials. It is said that "every dog has his day." There was one day each week that the dogs of the old pueblo did not have, on which to roam about, and that was Monday. Every Monday was dog catcher's day; and was set apart by ordinance for the killing of tramp dogs. Woe betide the unfortunate canine which, on that day, escaped from his kennel or broke loose from his tether and took to the street. A swift flying lasso encircled his neck and the breath was quickly choked out of his body. Monday was a "dies irae," an evil day, to the boy with a dog; and the dog-catcher was properly abhorred and despised then as now by every boy who possessed a canine pet.

There was no paid police department in the old pueblo. Every houses with their clay walls, earthen floors and rawhide doors were as nearly fireproof as a human habitation could be made. So there was no need of a fire department. I doubt whether any "muchacho" of the old regime ever saw a house on fire. The boys of that day never experienced the thrilling pleasure of running to a fire. What boys sometimes miss by being born too soon!

There was no paid police department in the old pueblo. Every able bodied young man was subject to military duty and had to take his turn at standing guard. These guards policed the city but were not paid.

Viewed from our standpoint of high civilization, life in the old pueblo was a monotonous round of wearying sameness—uneventful and uninteresting. Yet the people of that day seem to have extracted a great deal of pleasure from it. Undoubtedly they missed, by living so long ago, many things that we, in this highly enlightened age, have come to regard as necessities of our existence; but they also missed the harrowing cares, the vexations and the excessive taxation both mental and municipal, that prematurely furrow our brows and whiten our locks.

THE PIOUS FUND

BY REV. FATHER ADAM, V. G.

In 1857 Hon. John T. Doyle was authorized by the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco, and the Right Rev. Bishop Amat of Monterey and Los Angeles, to take steps to recover for them as official trustees for the Catholic church and Catholic people of this state, the sums due by the government of Mexico to the church on account of the "Pious Fund of California"—the property belonging to which had been appropriated by Santa Anna, in 1842, to the use of the public treasury.

It is my purpose this evening to show how the Pious Fund originated and what vicissitudes it was subject to.

The Spanish monarchs, from the time of the discovery of California in 1542 by the expedition fitted out by Cortez, cherished the object of colonizing this country and of converting its inhabitants to the Catholic faith.

Many expeditions were set on foot at the expense of the crown, for a century and a half, at an enormous expense, but without permanent result. Venegas tells us that down to 1697 the kings of Spain really had no permanent foothold in the vast territory which they claimed under the name of California.

The Spanish government as early as 1643 invited the Jesuits to accompany Admiral Pedro Portal de Casanate in his expedition to California, which, like others attempted previously, failed.

The last expedition undertaken by the crown was equipped in pursuance of a royal cedula in 1697; but it did not sail till 1683. It was confided to the command of Admiral Otondo, and the spiritual administration of the country was again entrusted to the Jesuits, the celebrated Father Kino accompanying the expedition. In spite of many precautions taken and an expenditure of \$225,000, it failed. No wonder that in a Junta general (a public meeting under the auspices of the viceroy) it was determined that "the reduction of California by the means theretofore relied on was simply an impossibility, and that the only mode of accomplishing it was to invite the Jesuits to undertake its whole charge, at the expense of the crown."

The fathers declined the offer, believing as they probably did, that the conduct of the royal officers, civil and military, was the probable cause of the failure of former expeditions. However, their services as missionaries were freely placed at the disposal of the government.

Venegas tells us that individual members of the society, animated by a zeal for the spread of the Christian faith in California, proposed to undertake the whole charge of the conversion of the country and its reduction to Christianity and civilization; and this without expense to the crown, on condition that they might themselves select the civil and military officers to be employed. This plan was finally agreed to, and on the 5th of February, 1697, the necessary authority was conferred on Father Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino. Two conditions were required by the government, viz: (1) that possession of the country was to be taken in the name of the Spanish crown, and (2) that the royal treasury was not to be called on for any of the expenses of the enterprise without the express order of the king.

Fathers Kino and Salvatierra solicited and received from various individuals and religious bodies voluntary donations, called limosnas, or alms. The funds thus collected were placed in their hands, in trust, to be applied to the propagation of the Catholic faith in California, by preaching, erection of church edifices, the founding of religious schools and the like, and under the same system as that pursued by the Jesuits in Paraguay, Northern Mexico, Canada, India and elsewhere.

Details of the earliest contributions obtained can be found in Venegas' "Notice de la California," volume 2. Besides sums given to defray immediate expenses, it was determined to establish a fund or capital, whose income should form a permanent endowment for the missions.

The first contributions seem to have been by the congregation of "Nuestra de los Dolores," which contributed \$10,000; and Don Juan Caballero y Ozio gave \$20,000 more. These donations formed the nucleus of the "Pious Fund." It was increased from time to time by others, and in a few years it attained great magnitude and importance.

For more explicit details, one could read a "Papal Anonimo," or Father Palou, with "The Informe del Director General de Temporalidades y Fondo Piadoso," "Documento para la Historia de Mexico," in series, Vol. VI, and other authors.

Among the most important contributions to the fund was one

by the Marquis de Villa Puente and his wife, who in 1735, besides money donations, conveyed to the Society of Jesus, by deed, their estates and property of great value.

With Fathers Kino and Salvatierra were associated Fathers Juan Ugarte and Francisco Maria Piccolo; the former a missionary of singular talent and aptitude for the management of business affairs, having been made *procurator*, or man of business for the missions located in Mexico. Father Kino was unable to accompany his associates to the scene of their labors, and the mission was commenced by Fathers Salvatierra and Piccolo—who, three years later, were joined by Father Ugarte. These missionaries landed in an unknown country remote from all supplies and communications, accompanied by a corporal and five men, with three Indian servants, aiming at no less an object than the spiritual conquest of the whole peninsula, and the country to the north of it, as far as Cape Mendocino. The chronicles of the obstacles they surmounted, the privations, sufferings and perils to which they were exposed, read like a romance, and is full of instruction. Besides the chief object of bringing the native population into the fold of the church, these men never lost sight of the interests of learning and science. They observed and chronicled in the new country all that was of interest in any branch of human knowledge.

It is more than one hundred years since the Jesuits were expelled from Lower California, yet to this day most that we know of its geography, climate and natural history is derived from the relations of these early missionaries.

The "Pious Fund" continued to be managed by the Jesuits till 1768, in which year they were expelled from Mexico by royal order. The missions of Lower California were confided to the "Dominicans" and those of upper California to the "Franciscans." The income and product of the "Pious Fund" was thereafter appropriated to the missions of both orders. The missions were designed, when the population should be sufficiently instructed, to be converted into parish churches, as had been done in other parts of New Spain.

Father Junipero Serra, as all know, was the first President of the missions of Upper California, and these missions were governed by him and his successors down to the year 1836, when Francisco Garcia Diego, the last President of the missions, was appointed the first Bishop of the new diocese.

The royal decree against the Jesuits says: "And let all their temporalities be seized in my name." The Crown then took all the

estates of the order, including those of the "Pious Fund," which, however, was held in trust by duly appointed officers. The income and product of the same continued to be devoted, through the instrumentality of the ecclesiastical authorities, to the religious uses for which they were dedicated by the donors.

On the declaration of Mexican independence, Mexico succeeded to the crown of Spain as trustee of the "Pious Fund," and it continued to be managed, and its income to be applied as before, down to September 19, 1836. The Catholic religion being the established religion of Mexico, a law was passed in 1836 by the Mexican Congress endowing the new Bishopric of California with \$6,000 per year and leaving the administration of the "Pious Fund" to said first Bishop and his successors. On February 8, 1842, the law of 1836 was abrogated by a decree of Santa Ana, then President of the republic, and the trust was again devolved to the State, for the purpose of carrying out the trust as established by its donors and founders.

On October 24, 1842, the same President went a step farther and had all the property belonging to the "Pious Fund" sold, capitalizing on the basis of six per cent. per annum; that the proceeds should be paid into the public treasury, and an obligation be assumed by the government to pay six per cent. on the capital. So far no attempt had been made to destroy or confiscate the property or impair the trust.

At that time, namely 1842, the "Pious Fund" property was sold for about two million dollars. The Bishop of California remonstrated earnestly against the decree of October 24, 1842, as violation of his rights and the sacredness of a contract with the Holy See. In 1845 the General Congress passed an act restoring to him and his successors the properties of the fund yet remaining unsold.

There is no doubt that the Republic of Mexico is indebted to the Catholic church of the State of California for due proportion of the interest accrued since the treaty of Queretaro on the capital of the fund which was taken into the national treasury by the Act of October, 1842.

Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Amat claimed from the government of Mexico, as American citizens, not only the twenty-one installments that became due from 1849 to 1868, with interest from the year last named, but also to interest on these installments from the time they became payable. According to Mr. Wadsworth, the fund amounted to \$1,436,033; the interest at six per cent. per annum would be \$86,161.98; of which the missions of Upper Cali-

ifornia were entitled to one-half, that is to say, \$43,080.99 per annum, commencing with the year 1849 to 1868. The claim against Mexico was entered by Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Amat as corporations sole. It was proved by their lawyers that the nature of the "Pious Fund" was that of a trust for religious objects, namely, the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion amongst the Indians of both Californias. It was a perpetual trust. Mexico never attempted to deny or impair the trust, but throughout expressed by her laws its sacredness, its religious character and her obligation as a civilized State to respect it accordingly.

The fund was founded in 1735. It was administered by the Jesuits until 1762, and for ten years by the Franciscans. In 1772 it was assumed by the King of Spain. In 1832 Mexico recognized the trust and its religious character; in 1836 Mexico transferred the administration of the fund to the Bishop of the Californias.

The "Pious Fund," with all its receipts and disbursements, was kept not only on a separate account, but as one of its outside bureaus, in which, though administered by the government, the government itself claimed no interest. Finally, in 1845, Mexico passed an act for restoring the fund and all unsold property to the Bishop of California. This was the last legislative act of Mexico dealing with the "Pious Fund."

Against all this body of proofs, the opponents asserted that the fund and its object were more political than religious; that the donors contributed in that view; and that the acts of Mexico in dealing with the fund were for national and political objects. But their assertions had never been heard before, and no proof to substantiate them is offered by them or can be offered; they turned their backs upon the history, not only of Spain but still more of Mexico herself.

AMOUNT DUE BY MEXICO.

So long ago as November 16, 1792, the total capital money and property of the "Pious Fund" was almost \$829,000, with a net annual income over expenditures of almost \$8,500. In 1842 it had amounted to \$1,700,000.

The Umpire awarded that the Mexican government on account of the above claim had to pay the sum of \$904,700.79.

By the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, the Roman Catholic church of Upper California acquired the political status of American citizenship, and its portion of income of the "Pious Fund" thereafter becoming due was of course payable to American citizens. The claim thus became cognizable before the mixed commission

holding its labors in Washington. It was presented in the name of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Roman Catholic church, representing their flocks. The litigation lasted some years. The argument in behalf of Mexico was conducted by Hon. Caleb Cushing and Don Manuel Aspiroz, an eminent Mexican jurisconsult, and by John T. Doyle on behalf of the claimants. The Commissioners differed in their judgments, the Mexicans holding that the California missions were mere political establishments and the funds provided for their support merely public funds. Mr. Wadsworth, as American Commissioner, held the "Pious Fund" to be a charity of private formulation, and a sacred trust put into the hands of Mexico which she had no right to divert for other purposes.

By this difference of opinion the case of the claimants was nearly won, when put into the hands of such an umpire as Sir Edward Thornton, who could not by a judicial decision sanction a spoliation of property devoted by its owners to works of piety and charity. His decision gave to the church of California judgment against Mexico for over 900,000 dollars! This decision in behalf of claimants was given in Washington November 11, 1875.

ALFRED ROBINSON

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In the recent death at San Francisco of the venerable pioneer, Don Alfredo Robinson at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, sixty-six of which he had lived in California, we are reminded that the last member of that notable first group of Argonauts who settled in California about the year 1830 has passed away. Col. J. J. Warner, who was born the same year as Mr. Robinson (1807), and who reached California soon after the arrival of Mr. Robinson, died also in this same year in which the death of his friend took place. Very few, indeed, even of the second group who came a decade or more or less later, now remain.

Mr. Robinson was probably one of the best known, both by Californians and Americans, of the early English-speaking settlers; and he was held in high estimation by all who knew him, for his thoroughly sterling character.

He was born in Boston in 1807, and he died in San Francisco October 19, 1895. He made several trips to the West Indies whilst yet a boy; and at the age of twenty-one he sailed as shipping clerk on the "Brookline" from Boston, bound on a trading expedition for distant California, where he arrived in February, 1829. The "Brookline," of which Capt. Wm. A. Gale (father of the wife of Col. J. J. Warner) was master, and Bryant & Sturgis, of Boston, were owners, brought probably one of the largest and best assorted cargoes of miscellaneous goods that had ever been offered to the Californians. Mr. Robinson remained in California, acting for some years, as agent of the Boston firm, which sent him out.

In 1846 he published anonymously his "Life in California," giving an account of his voyage, and of the quaint, primitive life of the inhabitants of this then isolated province of Mexico, as he found it in those early days. This book, a copy of which is in our Public Library, will be found to possess an extraordinary charm for those who take any interest in early California annals. It is a standard work, and is followed by most writers who treat on California history, or of the period extending from 1829 to 1842. His intimate business and social relations with the best people of the Territory afforded him excellent opportunities for the acquirement of accu-

rate information. His duties as agent for the Boston firm required him to travel more or less up and down the coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, to bargain for the purchase of hides and tallow, and for the sale of goods. He also purchased otter skins; buying, he says, about 3000 in one year, which he sent to China, the best of them being worth \$60 apiece.

In the early part of 1836 he married Anna Maria, a daughter of Captain Jose de la Guerra y Noriega of Santa Barbara. In October of the next year he sailed with his wife for Boston by way of Honolulu on the "California," James Arther, master. He left his wife in Boston, in order that she might acquire an English education, while he made another trip to California in 1840, resuming his former agency, remaining till December, 1842, when he went East again, on the American ship "Alert," via Mazatlan, carrying dispatches to the U. S. Government from Commodore Catesby Jones; and also taking gold dust from the placers in this county, which had been discovered the year before, to the Philadelphia Mint, for Don Abel Stearns.

From 1848 or '49 he became the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It is said that it was mainly owing to his advice that that company decided finally to locate in San Francisco, their preference being Angel Island, Mare Island, or Benecia. After selecting the latter site and spending a large amount of money there, contrary to his advice, they at last concluded to purchase their present location in San Francisco, which is but a very small portion of the donation which the city had previously offered through him to the company gratuitously, the same property now being worth several millions of dollars.

In after years Mr. Robinson acted for a long time as agent for the extensive Stearns estate of this county. Mrs. Robinson died in 1855. I remember seeing her that year when she came here on a visit. She was a splendid looking woman, then in the flower of her youth, and possessing all the characteristic charms that distinguished the Noriegas.

The elaborate account given by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," of the ceremonies of the grand wedding at Santa Barbara is in fact an account of the marriage of Mr. Robinson and Senorita de la Guerra y Noriega. There were born to this union eight children, of whom but one, a son, I believe, is now living. The Noriega family was one of the most prominent in California in the early part of this century.

Mr. Robinson witnessed the transition of California from a

sparsely settled province of Mexico to a great State of this Union of nearly a million and a half inhabitants. He saw the gradual changes from the mission era to the pastoral period; from the pastoral to the mining, from the mining to the agricultural and horticultural and commercial epochs, from the Spanish to the Anglo-American regime; from the dominance of Mexican to that of American laws, and from the principal use by the people of the Spanish language, to that used by the Anglo-Saxon races. Indeed, but very few of the present residents of California have any idea of the wondrous changes he saw, from the time the ship in which he came 65 years ago entered the placid waters of San Diego and San Francisco bays, until his death last month in San Francisco. Of all those of mature age, men or women, Californians or foreigners, whom he found here on his first arrival, very few indeed have survived him. The scenes in which he participated and the actors thereof, have passed away, and seem to us of today, almost as unreal as the unsubstantial stuff which dreams are made of.

Mr. Charles R. Johnson, also an early pioneer and still a resident of this city, is a nephew of Mr. Robinson.

VALUE OF A HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WALTER R. BACON

The study and preservation of the History of California is the chief object of this society, and I present you these few words for the purpose of fixing attention upon this object, and demonstrating the utility of the society, as one of the conservators of good government, and a considerable factor in the advancement of civilization, and if this is shown, each member should require himself to devote such share of his time and energy to its advancement as is proportionate to the importance of the object and results.

No country or community advances except through the patriotism of its people; it might be said, the *intelligent* patriotism of its people. Patriotism is love of country, and intelligent patriotism is only possible when the patriot knows of the lives, deeds and characters of the citizens of his country who have served it as to make it worthy of his patriotic love. Love of home is inherent in humanity whether savage or civilized, but love of country is the property only of those peoples who have so far advanced as to make realities of abstract ideas, and then should only be present when something in the history of that country and its people has placed it in a position entitling it to be held as an example worthy of emulation by civilized men.

We love our country because certain men in humble station more than three hundred and fifty years ago chose it as a place in which to set up and put in force the simple doctrine that men must be allowed freedom of conscience in the worship of God, and because the descendants of these men and others of kindred belief taking hold of that doctrine as a verity and as established of God himself, added to it certain concomitant deductions including the declaration that "all men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and in this land of ours, with singleness of purpose, fought out the fight against the doctrines conceived of old by devils in the human form of Kings and self-appointed spiritual rulers to which their short creed was opposed.

They triumphed, but it only through history that we know of it; it is only through history and tradition which is one form of history, that we even know that George Washington ever lived and

by his military genius and steadfastness wrested the political control of this country from the Crown of England, and as President afterwards, set an example of the ruler great enough to efface itself; do nothing but for the present welfare and future glory of his country, and silently endure the malicious carping of small critics, in order that his far-reaching plans of state might be discussed and adopted by the people out of self-knowledge—only exercised by free men. The great deeds of those gone before have ever been the inspiration to good deeds by the living, but without history to chronicle and hand them down, so far as the later generations go, they may as well never have been enacted, for without knowledge of them there can be no incentive drawn from them. Herodotus has been called the Father of History; he it was who first refused to be content with the chronicle of the names of reigning Kings, and survivors of battles, but supplemented these by philosophical deductions, showing what led up to and what flowed from these battles, and with reflections upon the effect upon his people of the acts or line of policy of the King.

In forecasting results of state policy, we judge largely, almost solely, of what the future will bring forth by what the past has accomplished, and this we can only know by consulting history. The fine flower of endeavor is best nourished in the light of accomplishment of others, and these are the things seized upon by history and by it crystallized—preserved, as in the clear amber, and held up to us to be forever emulated.

“If at first you don’t succeed, try again,” is a trite saying and contains good advice, but without example and illustration, is absolutely without value to the great majority, and for these examples and illustrations we turn almost solely to history. Who has ever read Xenophen’s account of the march of the ten thousand Greeks without feeling the thrill of emulation always excited by the recitation of brave deeds, and without retaining something which in the time of trial rises within him and gives him courage.

As I have intimated, abstract ideas are verities; we are guided by them, in fact we worship them. The deeds of great men gone, in time come to represent ideas; in fact become ideas, and under the clarifying and refining treatment of history we treat them in the abstract. It is the faculty of doing this that marks the line between brute instinct and human intelligence; in the knowledge of this faculty the great dramatists write and present their plays. There are none of us but can enjoy and appreciate the dramatic or tragic play in which but a mere suggestion of a point is made by the words of

the actor, but which with the aid of the cultivated imagination of the hearer, becomes a living sentient idea embracing the whole range of man's life and the entire scope of his passions. It is this faculty that enables us to personify freedom and typify patriotism in our flag, so that while in view of the stars and stripes on any occasion, a mere suggestion of its origin and office, sets in motion a train of thought that sends burning impulses from head to heart and stirs the soul to its very foundations.

Our society is engaged in searching out and preserving the history of this corner of the United States. This means the correct chronicling of the lives of the early explorers, who by their hardihood and perseverance first reached and spied out the land, and in almost inspired prophecy foretold something of its future glory. It means looking into the lives of those later comers, some of whom are still with us and are known by the honorable title of pioneers; it means the faithful recounting of their deeds accomplished under difficulties; the analysis of their steadfast characters and robust personalities, and the holding up to us in an intelligent manner an epitomized statement of the results of their trials, their labors, their sacrifices, and their triumphs, to be an inspiration to us, their contemporaries and eventually their successors, to go forward in the straight path of unwearied effort.

And the lives of these have a special significance to us. They lived under the same skies that we now see; we see the same mountains as shadowed them, and while the face of the country now has no resemblance to its condition as they found it, we need only take a short journey to the eastward to find one that has, and be made forcibly to realize something of the effort involved in producing the change.

So local history has special local significance, and its study and knowledge will be of special value to those of this land, and a faithful chronicle of the lives and deeds of the discoverers and pioneers of this country can have but one effect upon those who read it, *i. e.*, to be an inspiration to follow their virtues and avoid their mistakes and vices.

History is at once scientific and philosophic. Its chief province is the fashioning and formulation out of past events, rules for future guidance in the administration of the state, and its chief beauty as a philosophy is that it is eclectic, in that it sets before its disciples the examples of the past and leaves to the cultivated intelligence of each their interpretation and future application.

Until after Herodotus and Thucydides history was but a more

or less accurate statement of the wonderful acts of individuals, the great public convulsions or picturesque occurrences, and it was only as far away as the latter part of the eighteenth century that the humane philosophy of that period evolved the idea, that the intrigues and scandals of courts and the shock of armies, are only important in proportion to their effect on the well being of the entire community, so that now these things instead of being considered the sole object of historical inquiry, are only of value for the indications they give of the primal causes on which the march of history depends, and now a writer of general history must exhibit the moral and social conditions of a nation with the same clearness and certainty as that pertaining to his dates of the changes in dynasties.

This change in the scope and purpose of history has made necessary, important modifications in historical composition and greatly extended the range of accomplishments requisite for the historian, until now to write passable history the writer must first be a person of broad general knowledge and culture, thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of universal or general history, possessed of the philosophical faculty, and in addition, have the capacity for hard work and infinite painstaking.

Without the aid of the vivid pictures of the great English writers, of the policies, conditions and events, that lead up to the meeting of the barons and King John at Runnymede, the value of the great charter escapes us, and without knowing something of the lives of Nathaniel Bacon, Patrick Henry, Sam Adams and their contemporaries, the Declaration of Independence is but a mass of inane platitudes, but read in the light of their enunciations and contentions and in view of a critical knowledge of the wide difference in physical conditions and social and political pretensions of the colonists and their oppressors, it at once takes on its aspect of sublimity and uniqueness among all the written declarations of the civil and religious rights of man in all his history. So we hold that there is and must be a philosophy of history.

From the discovery of the tables of Justinian in the thirteenth century dates the beginning of the present period of intellectual activity, but hampered by traditions of conservatism, four centuries of effort of the great thinkers of the race were required to so leaven the mass of human knowledge, as to bring us to that perfection in ways of thinking, and in conception of civil rights that allow full swing to individual effort, which has culminated in achievements during the century just closing of such incalculable advan-

tage to the race, as to almost stagger our power of comprehension when we attempt to forecast the future in its light.

A complete inventory of the good points gained in that century of advancement can only be made by philosophical historical appliances. Historical philosophy alone can tabulate the mistakes, point out the pitfalls to be avoided, fully appraise the advantages gained and mark a course for future pursuit which will preserve to us the best and discard the valueless. The limits of a paper to be read in fifteen minutes proscribe further examples of my meaning, but I think that small reflection will convince us all of the value of history, and that in local history a society is the only means for its collection and preservation, the extent of its interest is determined by local boundaries, which limitation will not warrant the publication by private enterprise of purely local histories.

The Society fosters interest in the subject among the people, and develops power of historic research and statement among its members; it defrays the expense of publication of local historical sketches, and thus preserves to the future the early history of the country, and at the same time renders it available for study in the present. In addition, our society owes a duty to the future of more than local importance, it is now or soon will be the conservator of historic articles more fully illustrating the domestic life of the pastoral period of Southern California, than any other collection in existence; it will be the duty of this society to find a permanent abiding place for these which will form an historical Museum that will constitute a primal fountain of information respecting one of the most interesting historic periods of the near past. Upon this society will also fall the labor of cataloguing this museum so that the future student of history may there readily find an illustrated statement of past industrial and domestic art, chronologically arranged and indexed for reference. This society is now also the conservator of a great number of newspaper files, books, pamphlets and manuscripts, which owing to lack of proper storage are in some confusion and in danger of loss, which must be preserved, catalogued, and indexed for future use. For this purpose some spacious, properly arranged and fire proof rooms are necessary. The city should furnish them, but never will until we have a society with the energy and membership sufficient for a long, strong pull. There are other things which will devolve on this society for the doing, in fact, the list is so long that we will not try to itemize the general statement of its objects, purposes and uses.

I think that the mere calling to your attention of the existence

and resources of this society is sufficient to excite your friendly interest in its future. The poorest and meanest of our citizens have a direct interest in its success, how much more imperative then that the more intelligent and capable should manifest by their works an interest commensurate with their responsibilities. One of our chief resources and equipments for work has been and is our honored Secretary, Mr. J. M. Guinn, who, with his gift of concentration of energy and his genius for hard work, has evolved order out of chaos in our local history, has set before us in logical sequence the significant events which make history, and with his faculty for scientific discernment has analyzed and portrayed the characters who made the events. His hands have been loyally upheld for years by our associates of long standing membership, with Mr. H. D. Barrows at their head. Let us later members join heartily in this work and assume our share of the burden, let us advertise the society and exploit its schemes, let us excite public interest to the increase of our membership and the funds in our treasury, in short, let us do those things that will demonstrate our belief in the value of the historical society to the community, and when this is done the future historian cannot complain of us that we scattered the landmarks and historical material intrusted to us, which we should have preserved and handed down to him for illustration of his lesson in history to the people yet unborn.

JUAN BANDINI

BY H. D. BARROWS.

One of the most prominent and picturesque characters of early California was Juan Bandini. His father, Don Jose Bandini, was a native of Spain (born 1771), who settled first in Arica, Peru, where on the 5th day of May, 1776, he married Ysidora Blanca y Rivera. He afterwards, or about 1820, came with his family to San Diego, California, where he resided till his death, which occurred at Guapa, or San Juan Del Rio, now in San Bernardino county, April 28, 1841. He was buried at the Mission of San Gabriel.

Juan Bandini, or, according to his full baptismal name, Juan Lorenzo Bruno Bandini, was born in the city of San Marcos de Arica, Peru, October 4, 1800. He came to San Diego with his father about the time he attained his majority. He early, or whilst still a young man, took an interest in public affairs, and during his career held many important positions. In 1827-8, he was a member of the Territorial Assembly; he then was appointed a commissioner of revenue at San Diego. He took a very active part in fomenting resistance to the mal-administration of Gov. Victoria, and to the counter revolution of Zamorano in '32. In 1833 he went to the City of Mexico as a member of Congress; and the next year he returned to California as Vice-President of the Hijar and Padres Colonization and Commercial Company and supercargo of the company's vessel, the "Natalie," and also as Inspector of Customs for California. In 1836-8 he was an active leader of the southern opposition to the Alvarado administration. He was the owner of "Tecate" rancho on the frontier, which was sacked by the Indians in 1837-8, by which he lost everything. But Gov. Alvarado made him administrator of San Gabriel mission in 1838-40, granting him also in 1838 "Jurupa," in 1839 "Rincon," and "Cajon de Muscupiaibe;" and other lands at San Juan Capistrano in 1841. He was appointed Fiscal of the Tribunal Superior in 1840-2; and "Sindico" at Los Angeles in 1844—all of which indicates that he was a capable and popular official.

In 1845-6 Don Juan was Gov. Pico's secretary and was a zealous supporter of his administration and especially of his mission policy. He was at the time a member of the Departmental Assembly, and

he was the originator of the projected "Consejo General." He early espoused the cause of the United States and furnished supplies for Stockton's force. His daughters, who were married to Americans, assisted in making the first American flag in California, which was constructed by Dona Refugio, his second wife.

After the change of government, or in 1847, Don Juan was named as member of the Legislative Council, and in 1848 he was Alcalde of San Diego. In 1850 he erected a costly building at that place and engaged in merchandizing. Later he devoted his time to stock-raising in La Baja California, where in 1852 he served as Juez. In 1855 he brought his stock back to San Diego.

He died at Los Angeles November 4, 1859, in his 60th year.

The foregoing are some of the more important events of Mr. Bandini's career.

Perhaps other matters of minor, or less importance might be briefly recounted.

Mr. Bandini introduced into the Departmental Assembly a proposal to make this pueblo the capital of Alta California under the name of "Villa Victoria de la Reina de Los Angeles," which was approved by the Assembly and by the Governor but failed of approval by the national government, although some years afterwards Los Angeles was made the capital by authority of the Mexican government. He also introduced a resolution asking the supreme government to supply teachers for a college or academy in California.

As one of three commissioners appointed for the purpose, Don Juan met with the two others, Governor Echeandia and Jimeno, at Monterey, October 21, 1830, and organized the Custom House at Monterey.

Mr. Bandini was twice married. His first wife, Dolores, was the daughter of Captain Jose M. Estudillo. The children of this marriage were Dona Arcadia, who married, first, Don Abel Stearns, and second, Col. R. S. Baker; Ysidora, who married Col. C. J. Coutts; Josefa, married to Pedro C. Carrillo; Jose M., and Juan, Jr. Of these, only Mrs. Baker and Don Juan, Jr., are now living. Mr. Bandini's second wife was Dona Refugio, daughter of Santiago Arguello. The children of this union now living are: Mrs. Charles R. Johnson, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Winston and Arturo Bandini. Their mother, Dona Refugio, whom many old timers well and favorably knew, died in this city June 29, 1891.

Mr. Bandini and other early California public men have been criticised by Americans because they frequently resisted oppressive laws and corrupt administrations. But critics should remember

that those who took part in this resistance to oppression, generally had good cause for their acts. With equal reason might these same carpners find fault with the opposition of our American revolutionary forefathers to the oppression of Great Britain a century and more ago. A close and impartial study of the causes which drove both the Californians and the American colonists into organized and revolutionary resistance to the constituted authority, will show that the former as well as the latter, not only were justified, but that they were entitled to commendation for their heroic and self-respecting defence of their rights. The native or Spanish-speaking Californians, as a race, were lovers of liberty.

Their great distance, under both Spanish and Mexican rule, from the central government, caused them to be neglected, and often to be sadly misgoverned; and, moreover, not infrequently, it seemed impossible for them to obtain redress for the many and chronic grievances of a political and economic nature which they were compelled to endure, except by resorting to revolution.

The insurrection of 1831 against Gov. Victoria, headed by Pico, Bandini, Carrillo, Stearns and others, well illustrates the truth of the foregoing statement. The Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens in conformity with regulations which were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828. But as under this law and those regulations the cooperation of the local legislative department of the government of California was necessary to make grants of lands to citizens; and, as Gov. Victoria neglected or refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the legislative body together, the people very naturally and justly became impatient that the beneficent land laws of the republic, so far as they related to California, should thus be rendered inoperative. Furthermore, the people especially of Los Angeles, had become exasperated with the Governor, because of their belief that the acts of the Alcalde of Los Angeles, Vicente Sanchez, who during the year 1831 had kept a large number of the most influential citizens under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority or for some trivial offense, etc., were inspired by Gov. Victoria. As a result of the stand taken by the revolutionists, Victoria was driven out of the country; but it was not till 1833, when Figueroa became Governor that the laws of 1824 and the "reglamento" of 1828 were carried into effect; and that able and patriotic Governor made grants of land under them, which were duly approved by the Territorial Legislature.

If the considerate judgment of mankind commended the American revolutionists for their contention that "taxation and representation should go together," it can no less approve the stand of the California revolutionists in favor of the execution of laws on which the material welfare of the Territory so closely depended.

In opposing political and other abuses, as Don Juan Bandini and other influential Californians were frequently compelled to do, those gentlemen acted as good citizens and patriots who had the welfare of California at heart.

Bancroft's estimate of the personal qualities of Don Juan Bandini is in the main just. He says of him: "He was a man of fair abilities and education, of generous impulses, of jovial temperament; a most interesting man socially, famous for his gentlemanly manners, of good courage in the midst of personal misfortunes, and always well liked and respected; indeed his record as a citizen was an excellent one. He also performed honestly and efficiently the duties of his various official positions. He was an eloquent speaker and fluent writer."

Don Juan left a valuable collection of "Documentary History of California;" also an original MS., "Historia de California," which are in Bancroft's possession.

THE STORY OF A PLAZA

BY J. M. GUINN.

In Spanish-American countries the plaza is the center of community life—the heart from which the arterial blood of the pueblo or ciudad circulates. Around the plaza are usually grouped the government buildings and the principal churches. Like the forum of old Rome it is a place where questions of state are discussed and where sometimes revolutionary plots are hatched. It is a meeting place of the people to exchange gossip and to retail the day's doings.

Los Angeles, being a town of Spanish birth, has its plaza, but its royal square has long since ceased to be the center of communal life or a political hotbed for the germinating of revolutions. When Governor Felipe de Neve, nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, founded the pueblo of our Lady of the Angels his first act was to locate a plaza for the geographical center from which his town should radiate. De Neve's plaza was rectangular in form—seventy-five varas wide by one hundred in length. It was located north of the church; its southerly line very nearly coincided with what is now the northerly line of West Marchessault street. On this, the cuartel, or guard house, the public granary, the government house and the capilla or chapel, fronted.

In 1814, when the foundation of the Nueva Iglesia, or new church, was laid, it, too, fronted on the old Plaza; but the great flood of 1815 changed the river's channel from the eastern side of the valley to the western and the waters came up to the foundations; the location of the church was changed to higher ground—its present site. When the final location of the Nueva Iglesia had been decided upon by Gov. Sola in 1818, next in importance was a plaza on which the church should front and since there was none, the evolution of plaza from the ejidos or common land and house lots began. There were evidently some buildings on the designated area, for we find in the old records that the pueblo authorities, in 1825, ordered a house torn down that stood on the Plaza.

Previous to 1818, the trend of the pueblo's growth had been to the northward, but after the location of a site for the new church had been determined the movement to the southward began. June

21, 1821, Jose Antonio Carrillo, one of the aristocrats of the ancient pueblo regime, petitioned the Comisionado for a house lot near the "new temple which is being built for the benefit of our holy religion." A lot 40x60 varas (the present site of the Pico House or National Hotel as it is now called) was granted him. On this lot between 1821 and 1823 Carrillo built, for that time, quite an aristocratic residence, fronting it on the Plaza. It had a wing extending along the line of Main street and one running back from its eastern end to a cross wall, thus inclosing a patio or inner court. Its high gabled roof of red tiles and its white walls gave it an imposing appearance. Its spacious ballroom witnessed many a gay assemblage of the beauty and the chivalry of the pueblo.

Plaza fronts became the fashion with the pueblo aristocracy; and in course of time the homes of the Picos, the Carrillos, the Sepulvedas, the Olveras, the Lugos, and the Abilas were clustered around the square.

There seems to have been no "plano" or plot made of the new Plaza. The building line zigzagged. A moderate deviation was not noticed, but if some one built out too far the authorities pulled down his casa. In 1838, the city authorities ordered Santiago Rubio's house demolished "to maintain the Plaza line." Santiago seems to have been fired with an ambition to outdo his neighbors in Plaza front or rather by building out to obtain three Plaza fronts, but his pride got a fall and so did his house.

When the vacant lots with Plaza fronts were all built upon, the irregular shape of what was originally intended to be a square became more noticeable. So the Ayuntamiento (Council) set to work to solve the problem of squaring the Plaza, but it proved to be as difficult a problem as squaring the circle. Commissioners were appointed and they labored faithfully to evolve plans to remedy "certain imperfections which have been allowed to creep into the form of the Plaza through carelessness; and to add to the beauty of the town by embellishing the Plaza." But like many a commission since then they encountered opposition to their laudable efforts.

Pedro Cabrera's house lot fell within the line of a street that it was proposed to open out to the westward from the Plaza. The Commissioners offered him a larger and better lot in exchange, but Pedro would none of it. He wanted a Plaza front and the new lot had none. Then the Commissioners offered him another lot and for damages the labor of the chain gang for a certain number of days. The pueblo treasury was empty—there was neither a horse nor a hide in the street fund and the prisoners' labor was all

the compensation they could offer. But Pedro was inexorable. He did not propose to be sidetracked in the social scale by losing his Plaza front, so the street had to take a twist around his lot, and half a century has not untwined the twist that Pedro's pride gave the Calle Iglesia (Church street), now West Marchessault. By reducing its dimensions and by giving the lot owners who had built back the land between them and the new building line the Ayuntamiento succeeded in partially squaring the Plaza. The north, south and west lines, after squaring, were each 134 varas or about 380 feet in length and the east line was 112 varas or 330 feet long. At that time Los Angeles street (or Vineyard street, as it was then called) ended at Arcadia and the principal entrance into the Plaza from the south was the Calle de Los Negros—the street of the blacks—vulgarily known in later times as Nigger Alley.

The Old Plaza has been the scene of many a tragedy and of comedies not a few. In the stormy days of Mexican rule when revolutions and pronunciamientos were the escape valves of the pent-up patriotism of California politicians, many a time has it echoed the tread of armed men. Many a gaily-caparisoned cavalcade has ridden forth from it to do battle for the country or rather a part of it; for in most of these contests it was Californian against Californian—the patriots of the south against the rebels of the north and vice versa.

In the Civil War of 1837-38, the "Surenos" (Southerners) were defeated by the Northerners of Monterey at the bloodless battle of San Buenaventura, with a heavy loss of mustangs; and the unfortunates of the southern army who had escaped capture were compelled to foot it home to Los Angeles—an insult too grievous to be tamely borne by the proud caballeros of the south. But greater indignities were in store for them. While footsore and weary they slumbered; in the thick darkness of night—there were no street lamps in the pueblo then—Capt. Espinoza, with a detachment of the northern army stole into the sleeping town. Capturing the drowsy picket guard, he encamped on the Plaza. In the morning when the artistocrats of the Plaza fronts opened their doors they were confronted by armed men. From headquarters on the Plaza, Espinoza began a search for the concealed statesmen and warriors of the pueblo; and ere the set of sun, a dozen or more of the leading men of the south were forced to begin a weary march (or ride) of 600 miles to Vallejo bastille at Sonoma, where as prisoners of state—Alvarado's free State of Alta California—they whiled away the long summer days in durance vile.

In the revolution of 1845, from their military headquarters in the curate's house, Pico and Castro mobilized their allies on the Plaza and in command of 400 caballeros they rode forth to battle against Micheltorena's army of chicken-stealing cholos and Sutter's warriors in bronze. Victorious over Mexican and Indian on the battlefield of Caluenga, they returned again to the Plaza to receive the plaudits of mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts.

But the old Plaza long ago ceased to be a storm center of political disturbance. Across the plains of the Laguna came the Saxon invader and from the mesa his cannon sounded the death knell of Mexican domination in California.

The Plaza beheld its last military pageant when in 1847 Stockton's invading army, 600 strong, entered the subjugated city and marching up the Calle Principal to the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," it camped on the public square. The music of Stockton's famous brass band as it floated out on the evening air, did more, it is said, to smooth the creases out of "war's wrinkled front" than all the treaties and conciliatory proclamations of the gringo commanders.

But peace hath her pageants as well as war; and the old Plaza has been the scene of many a gay fiesta, many a brilliant civic parade, and many a solemn church procession, as well. During the Mexican era it witnessed the inauguration ceremonies of two Governors of California. The first were those of Carlos Carrillo, sometimes called the Pretender. On the 6th of December, 1837, Governor Don Carlos Carrillo, "accompanied by a magnificent cavalcade" (so an old record says), entered the city and crossing the Plaza took the oath of office in the Juzgado or Hall of Sessions and at the head of his retinue he repaired to the church, where he listened to a solemn mass. For three nights, in honor of the occasion, the Plaza fronts were brilliantly illuminated and the big cannon on the square boomed forth the glad tidings that Los Angeles was the capital of California, and that she had a Governor of her own. Then Alvarado, the *de facto* Governor, came down from Monterey with his northern hordes and Carlos, the Pretender, fled to the wilds of San Diego. Later on he was captured, and a prisoner was taken back to his rancho and to his wife at San Buenaventura, where he lived happily ever afterwards. Los Angeles mourned a lost Governor and a lost capital, but she, too, was happier for the loss of both if she only could have realized it.

The next inaugural services held on the Plaza were those of Manuel Micheltorena, the last of the Mexican-born Governors of

California. He took the oath of office New Year's eve, 1842, in Sanchez Hall, which until quite recently stood on the eastern side of the square. An inauguration ball, that lasted a week, followed. The Plaza fronts were again brilliantly illuminated and cannon boomed forth a glad welcome to the new Governor—cannon that but two years later sounded the trump of his doom at the battle of Caluenga.

One of the most imposing of the church festivals in which the Plaza figured in the olden time was the festival of Corpus Christi. Corpus Christi is celebrated forty days after Easter; and is intended to commemorate the ascension of the Body of Christ into Heaven. Every year, before the festival, the Plaza was swept and cleansed of rubbish, and enramadas, or booths, of boughs constructed in front of the principal houses; and altars erected. The celebration of this festival by processions on the Plaza was continued after the American occupation—indeed, down to within the past 25 years. From the Weekly Star of June 5, 1858, I extract the following description of the celebration of that year:

“Immediately after Pontifical Vespers, which were held in the church at 4 p. m., a solemn procession was formed which made the circuit of the Plaza, stopping at the various altars which with great cost, elegance and taste had been erected in front of the houses where the sacred offices of the church were solemnly performed. The order of the procession was as follows: Music—Young Ladies of the Sisters' School bearing the banner of the school, followed by the children of the school to the number of 120 in two ranks. They were elegantly dressed in white, wearing white veils and carrying baskets filled with flowers which during the procession were scattered before the Bishop and the clergy. Next came the boys of the church choir. Then twelve men bearing candles; these represented the twelve apostles. Then came Father Raho and Bishop Amat, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, supported on each side by the clergy, marching under a gorgeous canopy carried by four prominent citizens. These were followed by a long procession of men, women and children marching two and two. The procession was escorted by the California Lancers, Captain Juan Sepulveda commanding, and the Southern Rifles, Captain W. W. Twist in command.

“Very elaborate and costly preparations had been made by the citizens resident on the Plaza for the reception of the Holy Eucharist; among the most prominent of which we noticed the residence of Don Jesus Dominguez, Don Ignacio Del Valle, Don Vin-

cente Lugo and Don Augustin Olvera. These altars were elegantly designed and tastefully decorated, being ornamented with laces, silks, satins and diamonds. In front of each the procession stopped whilst sacred offices appropriate to the occasion were performed.

"Having made the circuit of the Plaza, the procession returned to the church, where the services were concluded. After which the immense assemblage dispersed, and the military escorted the young ladies of the Sisters' School on their return home."

Patroness Day or the fiesta of Our Lady of the Angels was another occasion in which the Plaza played a most important part. It is celebrated August 15th. The Mother of Christ, according to the Catholic doctrine, did not die but was taken up into Heaven, where she is continually adored by all the heavenly throng of angels and archangels as their queen. The following description of the celebration of that festival I take from the Star of August 22, 1857:

"At the conclusion of mass the pupils of the female school headed by their instructresses, the Sisters of Charity, come out of the church in procession bearing the image Our Lady under a canopy. They were joined by the Lancers and passing around the public square re-entered the church. The appearance of the procession as it left the church and during its march was imposing. The canopy covering the representation of the angelic queen, tastefully ornamented, was borne by girls dressed in white. The girls of the school with their heads uncovered and in uniform white dresses, followed; then came the lancers, the rear of the company being brought up by a mounted division armed with lances. There was an evening procession on the Plaza. A bull-fight took place in the upper part of town in the afternoon, which was attended by a dense crowd. One hombre attempting to perform some exploits on foot which are usual at bull-fights in Lima and Mexico, was caught and tossed high in air a number of times by an infuriated bull and left for dead. A number of horses were badly gored and some killed outright. This branch of amusement was kept up for three days to the evident delight of the boys and great suffering and ruin of many a noble steed."

In the olden times, before gringo influence had wrought changes in social customs, when the Christmas festivities broke the monotony of pueblo life and the "Pastores"—(the shepherds)—a fragment of the passion plays of the Middle Ages, that had survived the lapse of time and crossed the wide expanse of sea and land between Europe and the western shores of the sunset sea—were played by amateur actors, often has the old Plaza resounded with shouts of mirth

at the undoing of the arch fiend, Satan, by the archangel, Michael. But after the change of rulers, in the days of gold Satan had his innings and the Plaza was given over to lawlessness, and vice ran riot on its borders. The Calle de Los Negros was as black in character as in name. For its length and opportunities it was the wickedest street on earth. Saloons, dance houses and gambling hells lined its walks and the high tide of its iniquities swept over the Plaza.

In 1854 it is said that Los Angeles averaged a homicide for each day of that year. The Plaza borders and the Calle de Los Negros were the principal battle fields where most of the victims bit the dust.

The criminal element became bold and defiant; robbers and murderers terrorized the community. Then the law-abiding citizens arose in their might and in the shape of vigilance committees and military organization put an end to the saturnalia of crime, and to many of the criminals as well. The gallows tree on Fort Hill bore gruesome fruit and the beams over corral gates were sometimes festooned with the hangman's noose. In less than a year twenty-two criminals, bandits, murderers and thieves, were hung in accordance with the laws or without law whichever was most convenient or most expeditious; and more than twice that number expatriated themselves for the country's good, and their own. After its purification by hemp, the Old Plaza became a thing of utility, and was made the distributing point for a water system. In 1857, the City Council granted to Judge William G. Dryden the right to convey the water from his springs, located on the low ground southeast of where the River Station now is, "over, under and through the streets, lanes, alleys and roads of the city, and distribute it for domestic purposes."

Dryden raised the water by means of a pump propelled by a current wheel placed in the Zanja Madre into a reservoir on the Plaza, from whence it was distributed by pipes to the houses in the neighborhood. When Messrs. Griffin, Beaudry and their associates obtained the thirty years' lease of the city water works, one of the conditions of that lease was the building within a year at a cost not to exceed \$1000 of an ornamental spring fountain on the Plaza. Another condition was the payment by the company to the city of \$1500 a year for the rent of the water works.

Juan Bernard and Patrick McFadden, who had acquired possession of the Dryden franchise and water works, disposed of their system and the old brick reservoir on the Plaza came into the

possession of the City Water Company, the successors of Griffin, Beaudry, et al.

A year passed and no fountain played on the Plaza, another year waned and passed away and still the Plaza was fountainless. A third year was passing and still the unsightly debris of the old reservoir disfigured the center of the square. At a meeting of the Council, Dec. 2, 1870, the late Judge Brunson, attorney of the City Water Company, submitted the following propositions as a settlement of what he styled "the much vexed question of the reservoir and Plaza improvements:"

The Water Company will remove the reservoir from the Plaza and deed all its rights and interests in and to the Plaza to the city of Los Angeles; will build a good and substantial fence around said Plaza; will lay it off in ornamental walks and grounds; will erect on it an ornamental fountain at a cost not to exceed \$1,000 and will surrender to the city all city water scrip (about \$3,000) now held by the company; provided said city will for the considerations named above reduce the rent (\$1,500 a year) now paid by the company to said city under a certain contract made July 22, 1868, to the sum of \$300 per annum. Some of the Councilmen demurred to giving up \$1,200 a year "for very little return."

Then Judge Brunson executed one of those brilliant legal "coup de etats" for which he was famous. He threatened to bring suit against the city to defend the Water Company's rights. McFadden, one of the former owners of the reservoir, stated to the Council that the Water Company had no right to the Plaza except the right to use it as a reservoir site, and since the company had ceased to use the reservoir the Plaza reverted to the city. But the Council, frightened at the prospect of a law suit and fearful of losing the Plaza, hastened to compromise on the basis of \$400 a year rental instead of the \$1,500 specified in the original contract.

The fence was built, the walks were laid, and the ornamental fountain, too, was erected by the company, and for nearly thirty years it has spurted the crystal river water into the moss-covered basin where the gold fish play.

During the time of Spanish and Mexican domination in California, the Plaza was a treeless common; its surface pawed into ridges or trodden into dust by the hoofs of the numerous mustangs tethered on it or ridden over it. It had, however, its annual spring cleaning and decoration for the festival of Corpus Christi.

For a decade or more after the American occupation its appearance was unchanged. The first attempt at its improvement was

made by the city authorities in 1859. It was enclosed by a picket fence, walks were laid off and some shrubbery planted. But in those days the city exchequer was in a chronic state of collapse and the improvements made were not kept up. The tethered mustangs gnawed the pickets and wandering goats nibbled the shrubbery. The Plaza gradually lapsed into its former state of dilapidation. In 1870 the City Water Company took it in hand and made the improvements named above. Its form was changed from a square to a circle.

In the four score years that have passed since the old Plaza was evolved from a chaos of ejidos and house lots, the flags of kingdoms, empires and republics have floated over it. In the beginning of its history the imperial banner of Spain waved on its borders. It was supplanted by the tri-color of the Mexican empire. Next was raised the cactus-perched eagle flag of the Mexican republic; on its downfall up rose the Stars and Stripes; and now above the ruined homes of the old Dons floats in the breeze the dragon flag of China.

Three distinct forms of civilization and several forms of savages as well have met on its borders. The pastoral Latin with his easy-going manners and customs and mode of life long since gave way to the aggressive Saxon; and the Saxon in turn has been pushed aside by the Mongol. There have been race wars on the Plaza borders. Many of our older citizens will recall the incipient revolution of 1856, when a number of the Mexican population rose in protest against a grievous wrong done one of their people and, armed, they assembled on the Plaza with cries of down with the Americans, and "Viva Mexico!" The uprising ended with the exchange of a number of shots between the combatants, the wounding of the City Marshal and the death of a horse. But the Mongolian massacre of 1871 was a more sanguinary affair. One American was shot to death and eighteen Chinamen were either shot or hanged on that wild night of mob rule.

The Plaza offers many an object lesson in the cosmopolitan characteristics of our population. There the civilizations and religions of the Occident and the Orient meet but do not mingle. Each maintains its own customs and beliefs and scorns those of the other. From the eastern border of the old Plaza a heathen temple devoted to the worship of the Chinese god, Joss, confronts one, on the western side of the square a Christian church dedicated to the worship of the Christian God. The little brown man of the Orient staggers along the streets of the public square weighed down

by the burdens he carries balanced from the end of a bamboo pole brought from his native land—burdens carried today as his ancestors bore them in ages long past; while the white man's burdens, (or at least a part of them), and himself, too, are borne along by electricity and steam—motive powers which the man of the Occident has harnessed down to do his bidding. The flash of the one and the roar of the other as they "swish" their burdens past the borders of the old Plaza dissipate the romantic fantasies of its bygone days and leave to the memory of the passerby instead only a hasty glimpse of a common meeting place of two civilizations—the one living, the other dying.

EARLY GOVERNORS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

It would seem desirable that the Historical Society of Southern California should have a consecutive list of the Governors of California, with dates of their incumbency, together with some account in briefest outline of the personality of each and of the more important events of their several administrations. Such a list would be useful in many ways. It would enable our members to readily and conveniently locate each one historically by dates, and by the salient characteristics of each administration respectively. To supply this desideratum is the object of this paper. The completed list will cover three regimes, namely (1) that of Spain, extending from the settlement of Alta California in 1796 to 1822; (2) that of Mexico from 1822 to 1846; and (3) that of the United States, which commenced in 1846 and extends to the present time. I may supplement this by giving, later, brief biographical sketches of each Governor in separate papers.

I have already read before the society sketches of two notable Governors, namely, of the first Governor, de Portola, and of the founder of this city, Governor Felipe de Neve.

SPANISH GOVERNORS.

The first Spanish Governor, under whom Alta California was first settled by civilized people, in 1769, and who at that time was also Governor of old or Baja California, was Gaspar de Portola, a captain of the Spanish army, whose term as Governor of the new territory extended from 1769 to July 9, 1770, when he turned over the government to Pedro Fages as military commandante.

Two missions were founded during the term of Governor de Portola, viz: that of San Diego, July 16, 1769, and that of San Carlos de Monterey, July 14, 1771; also two Presidios or military posts, one at San Diego, in 1769, and the other at Monterey in 1770.

Governor de Portola headed an exploring expedition by land from San Diego to the bay of San Francisco, soon after his arrival in the new territory.

Friar Junipero Serra was at the head of the missionary establishments during the administration of Governor de Portola and of

two or three of the Governors who succeeded him.

The successor of de Portola as Civil Governor was Felipe de Barri, whose jurisdiction extended over both the Californias, though he never resided in the new province. His term expired in 1775. The missions founded during his administration were: San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, Arcangel, Sept. 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, Sept. 1, 1772. Personally, Governor de Barri exerted but little influence on the affairs of Alta California.

The next Governor was Felipe de Neve, the founder of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, whose term extended from March 4, 1775, to Sept. 10, 1782, or for about seven and a half years. Governor de Neve was, at the time of his appointment, a major of Spanish cavalry, being thereafter promoted successively to the offices of colonel, brigadier general, inspector general, and commandante general of Provincias Internas. He was one of California's ablest Governors, and a constructive statesman who would have commanded respect in any country.

He inaugurated in California the policy of founding civic as distinguished from religious institutions, in the form of pueblos wherein the people, instead of clericals, should govern. His "Reglamento" or system for the government of California remained in force from his time till the coming of the Americans, and in fact, in some qualified form, to this day.

The two pueblos or secular towns founded by him, and the dates thereof were: San Jose, Nov. 29, 1777; Los Angeles, Sept. 4, 1781; besides, under the energetic policy of Father Junipero, the following missions were established during his term: Dolores (at San Francisco), Oct. 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1, 1776; Santa Clara, July 18, 1777; San Gabriel, Archangel, Sept. 8, 1778; San Buenaventura, March 3, 1782, together with these two presidios or military posts: San Francisco, 1776; Santa Barbara, 1780.

In fact, the founding of these two secular pueblos was the commencement of the foundation of a civil state. The utter failure of the missionaries, despite their strenuous labors, to make self-governing citizens of the California Indians, compelled the government in after years to follow up the good beginning made by the father of Los Angeles, Governor de Neve, and thoroughly secularize the entire system of local government of the territory.

Don Pedro Fages, a Spanish lieutenant of Catalan volunteers, who had served in various official capacities in Alta California, succeeded de Neve as Governor, his term extending from Sept. 10, 1782, to April 16, 1790, or nearly eight years. Fages, like de

Neve, was an able officer, and a man of great decision and force of character. During his official term the Santa Barbara mission was established Dec. 4, 1786, and La Purisima, Dec. 8, 1787.

On the death of the president of the missions, Junipero Serra, Aug. 28, 1784, Father Tomas Estenega became the president.

JOSE ANTONIO ROMEU

was the next civil Governor of California, his term commencing April 16, 1791, and terminating at his death, April 9, 1792. During his administration a mission was founded Sept. 25, 1791, at Santa Cruz, and another at La Soledad, Oct. 9, 1791.

Romeu's occupancy of the Governorship was brief, and his influence, like that of Governor de Barri, on the affairs of the province, was, compared with that of others, unimportant.

On the death of Governor Romeu, the Lieutenant Governor of the Californias, Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga, then residing at Loreto, Baja California, became Governor ad interim, and, by order of the Viceroy he came to Monterey in July 1793. He performed the duties of Governor till the arrival at Monterey of his successor, Governor Borica, in October, 1794, when he returned to Loreto, and to his old duties of Lieutenant Governor.

But on the resignation of Borica in 1800 on account of ill health, de Arrillaga again became Governor ad interim of the Californias; and in 1804 he was appointed military and political Governor of Alta California, which office he continued to fill till his death, which occurred at La Soledad mission, July 24, 1814.

Taking into account the time Governor de Arrillaga served as Governor, and as acting or ad interim Governor by virtue of his official position as Lieutenant Governor, his services extended over a longer period than that of any other incumbent. And, according to all accounts, he was in every respect a model Governor. During his term Santa Ynez mission was founded, Sept. 17, 1804.

The seventh Spanish Governor of California was Diego Borica, whose official term began in October, 1794, and closed January 16, 1800. His administration was memorable in many respects. As Bancroft truly says: "He was one of the ablest and best rulers the country ever had, always striving for progress in different directions, avoiding controversy, and personally interesting himself in the welfare of all classes," etc.

The following missions were established whilst he was Governor, viz: San Jose, June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797; San Miguel, July 25, 1797; San Fernando, Sept. 8, 1797; San Luis Rey, June 13, 1798.

All the foregoing officials were, I believe, natives of Spain. But the next Governor—successor of de Arrillaga—under the Spanish regime in California, Jose Dario Arguello, was a native of Quere-taro, Mexico. On the death of Governor de Arrillaga in July, 1814, Arguello, being the ranking officer in California, became act-ing Governor, serving in that capacity till October, 1815, when, having been appointed Governor of Baja California, he gave way to his successor, Pablo Vicente de Sola, the tenth and last Governor of Alta California under the rule of Spain. De Sola was a native of Spain. His term of office as Governor of California extended from August, 1815, to November, 1822, or till the establishment of Mexican independence; and he remained Governor till the next year (1823). The missions founded during this period were: San Rafael, Dec. 14, 1817; San Francisco Solano, Aug. 25, 1823.

I append a tabular list of Spanish Governors:

1.	Gaspar de Portola	1769 to 1771
2.	Felipe de Barri	1771 to 1775
3.	Felipe de Neve	1775 to 1782
4.	Pedro Fages	1782 to 1791
5.	Jose Antonio Romeu	1791 to 1782
6.	Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga (ad int.)	1792 to 1794
7.	Diego de Borica	1794 to 1800
8.	Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga	1800 to 1814
9.	Jose Dario Arguello (ad int.)	1814 to 1815
10.	Pablo Vicente de Sola	1815 to 1822

BATTLE OF DOMINGUEZ RANCH

BY J. M. GUINN.

Of the notable events occurring during the conquest of California there are few others of which there are so contradictory accounts as that known as the battle of Dominguez Ranch.

Captain William Mervine, who commanded the American forces in the fight, made no official report, or if he did it was not published. Historians in their accounts of the battle have collected their data from hearsay and not from written reports of officers engaged in it. In regard to the number engaged and the number killed and wounded even Bancroft, usually the most reliable of California historians, has no accurate report. The reports of the number engaged on the American side varies with different authors from 250 to 400, and the number killed from four to fifteen. It has been my good fortune, through the kindness of Dr. J. E. Cowles of this city, to obtain for the Historical Society a log book of the U. S. frigate Savannah kept by his uncle, Robert C. Duvall, who was an officer on that vessel. Lieutenant Duvall had command of a company of Colt's riflemen in the battle. After his return to the ship he wrote a full, clear and accurate report of the march, battle and retreat. I transcribe the greater portion of his account. It is undoubtedly the best report of that affair in existence.

It will be recollected that Lieutenant Gillespie had been left by Commodore Stockton with a force of fifty men to garrison Los Angeles. An insurrection headed by Flores and Varela broke out. After a siege of five or six days Gillespie and his men evacuated the city and retreated to San Pedro. Lieut. Gillespie, during the siege, sent a messenger to Stockton at San Francisco for reinforcements. Juan Flaco, the courier, reached San Francisco after a ride of 600 miles in five days—one of the most wonderful rides in history. Commodore Stockton received the dispatches or rather the message of Gillespie's courier on the 30th of September. Early on the morning of October 1st the Savannah, Capt. William Mervine, was ordered to get under way for San Pedro with a force to relieve Lieut. Gillespie. "At 9:30 a. m.," says Lieut. Duvall, "we commenced working out of the harbor of San Francisco on the ebb tide. The ship anchored at Sausalito, where on account of a dense

fog it remained until the 4th, when it put to sea. On the 7th the ship entered the harbor of San Pedro. At 6:30 p. m., as we were standing in for anchorage, we made out the American merchant ship *Vandalia*, having on her decks a body of men. On passing she saluted with two guns which was repeated with three cheers, which we returned. Brevet Captain Archibald Gillespie came on board and reported that he had evacuated the Pueblo de Los Angeles on account of the overpowering force of the enemy, and had retired with his men on board the *Vandalia*, after having spiked his guns, one of which he threw into the water. He also reported that the whole of California below the pueblo had risen in arms against our authorities, headed by Flores, a Mexican captain on furlough in this country, who had but a few days ago given his parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States. We made preparations to land a force to march to the pueblo at daylight."

Oct. 8 at 6 a. m. all the boats left the ship for the purpose of landing the forces, numbering in all 299 men, including the volunteers under command of Capt. Gillespie. At 6:30 all were landed without opposition, the enemy in small detachments retreating toward the pueblo. From their movements we apprehended that their large force was near. Capt. Mervine sent on board ship for a reinforcement of eighty men under command of Lieut. R. B. Hitchcock. At 8 a. m. the several companies, all under command of Captain William Mervine, took up the line of march for the purpose of retaking the pueblo. The enemy retreated as our forces advanced. (On landing Wm. A. Smith, first cabin boy, was killed by the accidental discharge of a Colt's pistol). The reinforcements under the command of Lieut. R. B. Hitchcock returned on board ship. For the first four miles our march was through hills and ravines which the enemy might have taken advantage of, but preferred to occupy as spectators only, until our approach. A few shots from our flankers (who were the volunteer riflemen) would start them off; they returning the compliment before going. The remainder of our march was performed over a continuous plain overgrown with wild mustard, rising in places to six or eight feet in height. The ground was excessively dry, the clouds of dust were suffocating and there was not a breath of wind in motion. There was no water on our line of march for ten or twelve miles and we suffered greatly from thirst.

"At 2:30 p. m. we reached our camping ground. The enemy appeared in considerable numbers. Their numbers continued to increase until towards sun down, when they formed on a hill near

us, gradually inclining towards our camp. They were admirably formed for a cavalry charge. We drew up our forces to meet them, but finding they were disposed to remain stationary the marines under command of Capt. Marston, the Colt's riflemen under command of Lieut. I. B. Carter and myself, and the volunteers under command of Capt. A. Gillespie, were ordered to charge on them, which we did. They stood their ground until our shots commenced "telling" on them, when they took to flight in every direction. They continued to annoy us by firing into our camp through the night. About 2 a. m. they brought a piece of artillery and fired into our camp, the shot striking the ground near us. The marines, riflemen and volunteers were sent in pursuit of the gun, but could see or hear nothing of it.

"We left our camp the next morning at 6 a. m. Our plan of march was in columns by platoon. We had not proceeded far before the enemy appeared before us, drawn up on each side of the road, mounted on fine horses each man armed with a lance and carbine. They also had a field piece (a four-pounder) to which were hitched eight or ten horses, placed on the road ahead of us.

"Capt. Mervine, thinking that it was the enemy's intention to throw us into confusion by using their gun on us loaded with round shot and copper grape shot, and then charge us with their cavalry, ordered us to form a square—which was the order of march throughout the battle. When within about four hundred yards of them the enemy opened fire on us with their artillery. We made frequent charges, driving them before us, and at one time causing them to leave some of their cannon balls and cartridges; but owing to the rapidity with which they could carry off the gun, using their lassos on every part, enabled them to choose their own distance, entirely out of all range of our muskets. Their horsemen kept out of danger, apparently content to let the gun do the fighting. They kept up a constant fire with their carbines but these did no harm. The enemy numbered between 175 and 200 strong.

"Finding it impossible to capture the gun, the retreat was sounded. The captain consulted with his officers on the best steps to be taken. It was decided unanimously to return on board ship. To continue the march would sacrifice a number of lives to no purpose, for, admitting we could have reached the pueblo all communications would be cut off with the ship and we would further be constantly annoyed by their artillery without the least chance of capturing it. It was reported that the enemy were between five and six hundred strong at the city and it was thought he had moreartil-

lery. On retreating they got the gun planted on a hill ahead of us. The captain made us an address saying to the troops that it was his intention to march straight ahead in the same orderly manner in which we had advanced and that sooner than he would surrender to such an enemy he would sacrifice himself and every other man in his command. The enemy fired into us four times on the retreat, the fourth shot falling short, the report of the gun indicating a small quantity of powder, after which they remained stationary and manifested no further disposition to molest us. We proceeded quietly on our march to the landing, where we found a body of men under command of Lieut. Hitchcock with two nine-pounder cannon got from the *Vandalia* to render us assistance in case we should need it.

"We presented truly a pitiable condition, many being barely able to drag one foot after the other from excessive fatigue, having gone through the exertions and excitement in battle and afterwards performing a march of eighteen or twenty miles without rest.

"This is the first battle I have ever been engaged in and having particular notice of those around me I can assert that no men could have acted more bravely. Even when their shipmates were falling by their sides I saw but one impulse and that was to push forward, and when the retreat was ordered I noticed a general reluctance to turn their backs to the enemy.

"The following is a list of the killed and wounded: Michael Hoey (ordinary seaman), killed; David Johnson (ordinary seaman), killed; William H. Berry (ordinary seaman), mortally wounded; Charles Sommers (musician), mortally wounded; John Tyre (seaman), severely wounded; John Anderson (seaman), severely wounded, recovery doubtful. The following named were slightly wounded: William Couland (marine), Hiram Rockvill (marine), H. Sinland (marine), Jas. Smith (marine).

"On the following morning we buried the bodies of William A. Smith, Charles Sommers, David Johnson and Michael Hoey on an island in the harbor. At 11 a. m. the captain called a council of commissioned officers regarding the proper course to adopt in the present crisis, which decided that no force should be landed and that the ship remain here until further orders from the Commodore, who is daily expected." Entry in the log for Sunday, 11th: "William H. Berry (ordinary seaman) departed this life from the effect of wounds received in battle. Sent his body for interment to Dead Man's Island—so named by us. Mustered the command at quarters, after which performed divine service."

From this account it will be seen that the number killed and

died of wounds received in battle was four; number wounded, six; and one accidentally killed before the battle. On October 22d Henry Lewis died and was buried on the island. Lewis's name does not appear in the list of the wounded. It is presumed that he died of disease. Six of the crew of the Savannah were buried on Dead Man's Island—four of whom were killed in battle. Lieut. Duvall gives the following list of the officers in the "Expedition on the march to retake the Pueblo de Los Angeles:" Captain William Mervine, commanding; Captain Ward Marston, commanding marines; Brevet Captain A. H. Gillespie, commanding volunteers; Lieut. Henry W. Queen, adjutant; Lieut. B. F. Pinckney, commanding first company; Lieut. W. Rinckindoff, commanding second company; Lieut. I. B. Carter, commanding Colt's riflemen; Midshipman R. D. Minor, acting lieutenant second company; Midshipman S. P. Griffin, acting lieutenant first company; Midshipman P. G. Walmough, acting lieutenant second company; Midshipman R. C. Duvall, acting lieutenant Colt's riflemen; Captain Clark and Captain Goodsall, commanding pikemen; Lieut. Hensley, first lieutenant volunteers; Lieut. Rousseau, second lieutenant volunteers.

The piece of artillery that did such deadly execution on the Americans was the famous Old Woman's gun. It was a bronze four-pounder or pedrero (swivel gun) that for a number of years had stood on the Plaza in front of the church and was used for firing salutes on feast days and other occasions. When on the approach of Stockton's and Fremont's forces Castro abandoned his artillery and fled, an old lady, Dona Clara Cota de Reyes, declared that the gringos should not have the church's gun. So, with the assistance of her daughters, she buried it in a cane patch near her residence, which stood on the east side of Alameda street near First. When the Californians revolted against Gillespie's rule the gun was unearthed and used against him.

The Historical Society of Southern California has in its possession a brass grape shot—one of a charge that was fired into the face of Fort Hill at Gillespie's men when they were posted on the hill. This old gun was in the exhibit of trophies at the New Orleans Exposition in 1885. The label on it read: "Trophy 53, No. 63, Class 7. Used by Mexico against the United States at the battle of Dominguez Ranch, October 9, 1846; at San Gabriel and the Mesa Jan. 8 and 9, 1847. Used by the United States forces against Mexico at Mazatlan, November 11, 1847; Urios, (crew all killed or wounded), Palos Prietos, December 13, 1847, and Lower California, Feb. 15, 1848." It should be obtained from the government

and brought back to Los Angeles. Before the battle the old gun had been mounted on the forward axle of a Jersey wagon which a man by the name of Hunt had brought across the plains the year before. It was lashed to the axle by means of rawhide thongs and was drawn by riatas as described by Lieut. Duvall. The range was obtained by raising or lowering the pole of the wagon. Ignacio Aguilar acted as gunner, and having neither lanvard nor pentstock to fire it, he touched off the gun with the lighted end of a cigarette. Never before or since perhaps was a battle won with such crude artillery. Jose Antonio Carrillo was in command of the Californians. During the skirmishing of the first day he had between eighty and ninety men. During the night of the 8th Flores joined him with a force of sixty men. Next morning Flores returned to Los Angeles, taking with him twenty men. Carrillo's force in the battle numbered about 120 men.

Had Mervine known that the Californians had fired their last shot—their powder being exhausted—he could have pushed on and captured the pueblo.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1899.

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:
I beg leave to submit the following report:*

Number of Meetings Held..... 8
Number of Papers Read 16

JANUARY.

Inaugural AddressPresident A. E. Yerex
Some African Folk Lore.....J. D. Moody

FEBRUARY.

Ygnacio Del Valle.....H. D. Barrows
Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento.....J. M. Guinn

APRIL.

The Early Spanish Governors of CaliforniaH. D. Barrows
How the Earth Was PeopledA. E. Yerex

MAY.

Early Missions and Missionaries of California.....Rev. J. Adam
The Rise and Fall of the California Missions.....F. J. Polley

JUNE.

The Pious Fund.....Rev. J. Adam
The Battle of Dominguez Ranch.....J. M. Guinn

OCTOBER.

Don Abel Stearns.....H. D. Barrows
Homes and Home Life in Old Los Angeles.....J. M. Guinn

NOVEMBER.

Juan Bandini.....H. D. Barrows
Across the Colorado Desert Fifty Years AgoEdward Coker
(Read by Edwin Baxter)

DECEMBER.

The Value of an Historical Society.....Walter R. Bacon
The Story of a Plaza.....J. M. Guinn

The Society in this issue publishes a complete list of the names of the Pioneers; also, by request, republishes the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society of Pioneers. In this, as well as in all previous publications of the Society, it is understood the authors and not the Society are responsible for the statements made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

Whole number of bound volumes and pamphlets in the Library, 5425.

The Society has received from Dr. J. E. Cowles of this city, the donation of a very valuable Historical Manuscript Volume. It is a Log book of the U. S. Frigate Savannah, Flagship of Commodore John D. Sloat, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Pacific Squadron. It begins when the ship was lying in the harbor of Callao, Peru, March 24, 1845, and ends March 8, 1847, with the ship's arrival in New York harbor, after a cruise of 3 years 11 months and 19 days. This Log book was kept by Midshipman and Acting Lieut. Robert C. Duvall, an uncle of Dr. J. E. Cowles. The important historical part of it pertaining to California begins with the arrival of the Savannah in the harbor of Monterey, July 2, 1846. It contains a full and accurate account of the battle of Dominguez Ranch; of the expedition from San Diego to rescue Gen. Kearny and his men after the disastrous battle of San Pasqual; and of the march of Stockton's and Kearny's forces from San Diego to Los Angeles in January 1847, which resulted in the capture of the city. In all these movements Lieut. Duvall participated and describes them from the standpoint of an eye witness.

The thanks of the Society are tendered to Dr. J. E. Cowles and to his uncle, Capt. H. C. Cowles, of Statesville, N. C., for this valuable donation.

The Rev. J. Adam, an old valued member of the Society, before his departure for Spain last summer, presented to the Society a collection of old Spanish manuscripts pertaining to the Missions and the early days of California.

The thanks of the Society are tendered to the Rev. J. Adam for his valuable donation.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

TREASURER'S REPORT

1899

RECEIPTS.

January 2—Balance on hand at this date as per last report.....	\$ 75 70
Feb'y. 9—Received from Pioneers Society	40 00
Donations.....	10 00
To Dec. 31—Received dues from Members Historical Society	59 25
Received membership fee	2 00
Oct. 11—Received for publications sold (Sutter document)	5 00
Total Receipts	\$ 191 95

1899

DISBURSEMENTS.

March 4—Paid for photographic work (Annual of 1898)	\$ 2 50
“ 15—Paid for printing Annual.....	112 00
“ 28—Sundries expenses of Secretary.....	5 40
May 18—Postal cards and printing.....	1 75
Dec. 30—Secretary's bill, postage, express etc . . .	8 90
“ Postage 70 cents, rubber stamp 25, two.....	95
Total Disbursements	\$ 131 50
Total Receipts	\$191 95
Total Disbursements	131 50
Balance on hand.....	\$ 60 45

January 1, 1900.

E. BAXTER,
Treasurer.

PIONEER REGISTER

Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

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1899-1900.

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H. D. BARROWS,	J. W. GILLETTE,	WM. H. WORKMAN,	J. M. GUINN
	B. S. EATON,	MRS. MARY FRANKLIN.	

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

LOUIS ROEDER,	J. C. DOTTER,	M. KREMER,	DR. K. D. WISE,	M. F. QUINN,
	WM. F. GROSSER,		MRS. S. C. YARNELL.	

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. J. W. GILLETTE,	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK,	MRS. K. D. WISE,	
MRS. M. TEED,	GEO. W. HAZARD,	JOHN L. SLAUGHTER,	GEO. T. MCLAIN.

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CONSTITUTION.

[ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.]

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendships among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

All persons of good moral character, thirty five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership. (Note.—At the meeting of January 4, 1898, it was decided by a vote of the society that persons born in the state are not eligible to membership.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurers may be elected from the members outside the board of directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to-wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct, may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the board of directors for cause; pro-

vided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the board of directors at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

BY-LAWS.

[ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for membership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar) and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25.

Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

STEPHEN W. LA DOW.

Stephen W. La Dow died at his home on Rosedale avenue, near Los Angeles city, January 6, 1899, aged 76 years. He was a charter member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles. He first came to Los Angeles in May, 1852, but after a brief stay he left for the northern part of the state, where he engaged in mining. He returned to Los Angeles in 1863 and settled on a tract of land, which now forms part of the La Dow school district adjoining the southwestern boundary of the city, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death. The following biographical sketch is taken from the History of Los Angeles published in 1890:

STEPHEN W. LA DOW.

"Of all who are represented in this work, none are more deserving, none are more worthy, than he whose name stands at the head of this biographical notice. He was born in Milton, Saratoga county, New York, in 1824. His parents were Daniel and Laura (St. John) La Dow. His grandfather had twenty-three children, by two wives, and his father was a native of France. Mr. La Dow's maternal ancestors were of English origin. The subject of this sketch is the fifth of seven children. His mother was a first cousin of P. T. Barnum, her mother, Ruhanna Taylor, being a sister of Barnum's mother. Laura St. John had but one brother, Taylor St. John, a well known clergyman in New York. Mr. La Dow was married in 1846 in his native state to Margaret Williams of Galway, New York. By that marriage he had two sons, Charles and John. In 1852 he left his family at the old home and came to California via Panama as a seeker of gold. He arrived in Los Angeles in May, and in July received the sad intelligence of his wife's death. His home was then broken up in the east, and his boys were taken care of by their grandmother, Mrs. McWilliams. Mr. La Dow went to the northern part of the state where he engaged in mining till 1863, when he returned and bought twenty-five acres of land near Los

Angeles and soon added thirty-five more acres. On this farm he lived until 1868, when he pre-empted 160 acres, where he lived, southwest of Los Angeles City, and erected a new residence near the La Dow schoolhouse. In 1860 he married Miss Harriet Dorman of Stanford, Maine, and they have one daughter, Hattie M., who has recently graduated at the Los Angeles high school. It is altogether proper in this connection to state that Mr. La Dow's sons by his first wife are very successful business men. Charles is an inventor and machinist, well known throughout the country. He is at Albany, N. Y., has accumulated wealth and recently beautified the old homestead in New York. John is an inventor, now located in Denver. Mr. La Dow gave one acre of land to the school district in which he lived and which was named in his honor the La Dow district, and he has been a trustee of the district twelve years and upwards. He was the first person to take water for irrigating purposes to that locality, which had a very beneficial effect on the material prosperity of the community living there."

It is ten years since the above sketch was written. Mr. La Dow was one of the best citizens of Los Angeles county and lived a quiet life on his place up to his death.

H. D. BARROWS,
GEO. W. HAZARD,
F. W. PESCHKE,
Committee.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. E. N. McDONALD.

Once more our Society of Pioneers is called upon to mourn the loss of one of its members, one highly honored and respected—Mr. E. N. McDonald of Wilmington.

Edward Nathaniel McDonald was born in Oswego, New York, May 9th, 1832. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage and son of Colon and Jane Winslow McDonald. He was the youngest of eleven children.

When twelve years old he went to Canada, where he remained until he was sixteen years old, when he returned to Washington county, New York, where he learned the blacksmith trade. He came to California, arriving in San Francisco October 17th, 1853, and in San Pedro the 25th of the same month. He worked at blacksmithing for Alexander & Banning until 1858, when he went into the mercantile business at San Pedro. Soon after he moved his

stock of goods to Wilmington, where he sold out and entered the employ of Banning & Company as superintendent of the building of wharves and warehouses, etc. In 1859 in company with S. H. Wilson, he went into the sheep raising business on Catalina Island and continued in that business until 1862, when, by the dry season and low prices he lost all his property. Commencing again at the foot of the ladder, he entered the employment of Banning & Co., as wagon master, and soon had general charge of their freight business and workshops, where he continued until after the civil war. In 1865 he engaged in the butcher business in Wilmington. October 19, 1865, Mr. McDonald married Miss Mary Hamilton Winslow of Washington county, New York. In 1866 he went to Arizona to fill a government contract, where he netted \$15,000 in one year. Returning to his home in Wilmington in 1867, he invested his money in land and sheep with good success, and continued in the sheep business for fourteen years. From 1886 to 1890, during the land boom, he sold much of his land at a large profit, and invested largely in Los Angeles city property. In 1876 he built the McDonald block on North Main street, Los Angeles. In 1892 he built another block across the street from the first one. During the later years of his life he was engaged in the grain business, and built several fine warehouses for storing grain. He was the principal stockholder and president of the Globe Mills, of which he was justly proud. In speaking of this mill he would say "The Globe Mill makes the best flour in California," and so it does. He spared no pains nor cost in the building material and machinery for the mill, and always used the best of wheat for the flour. He was a man of good business habits, temperate in all things. He had the confidence and respect of all with whom he had dealings. Though he was mild mannered and quiet he had strong convictions of right and wrong between man and man. He paid strict attention to his own business, and very little attention to the business of others, unless it conflicted with his. He was shrewd and straightforward in business and honest to the core. His heart was as pure and tender as a child, and his influence was ever cast on the side of justice, and especially so for the unfortunate and needy. His friends will miss him and mourn their loss, his enemies did not know him. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had two sons, Winfred Savage, born March 1st, 1871, died June 22d, 1896; Ransom Waldon, born October 26th, 1872, died November 26th, 1886. Mr. McDonald amassed quite a large fortune, valued at about \$160,000. He died after a lingering illness, at his home in Wilmington, June 10th, 1899, leaving no descendants to

enjoy the benefit of his success business career, his wife alone surviving him. To his devoted wife we extend our deepest sympathy.

M. F. QUINN,

MATTHEW TEED,

H. D. BARROWS,

Committee.

Dated September 5th, 1899.

FRANCIS BAKER.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County, California: Your committee appointed upon learning of the death of our respected fellow member, Francis Baker, who died in the city of Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of May, 1899, would respectfully report: That our esteemed fellow member was born in New Bedford, Mass., October 28th, 1828; his parental ancestors for several generations were natives of Massachusetts. His mother, a Green, traced her ancestry back to Dr. John Green, of Salisbury, England, who came to America in 1736, and who, in company with Roger Williams, bought Rhode Island from Miantonomi, the Indian chief, and founded the town of Warwick in that state. General Nathaniel Green of the Revolutionary war was a descendant of this same Dr. Green. Francis Baker, our comrade, at the age of 16 years, went on a whaling voyage to the Indian ocean. On his return in 1849 he shipped around Cape Horn for California, arriving in San Francisco in September of that year. He went to the mines on the Stanislaus and worked for a time. He came to Los Angeles in September of the following year. His life in Los Angeles of nearly fifty years was crowded with stirring incidents, both of a public and personal nature. He served as deputy under Sheriff Getman and shot down the desperado Reed, who killed Getman, Jan. 8, 1858. From 1868 to 1870 he was deputy under City Marshal William C. Warren, who was killed by Joe Dye Nov. 1870, and was elected City Marshal in December, 1870, to fill the vacancy in the office caused by the death of Marshal Warren. He was elected City Tax Collector the two years next following.

In 1861 Mr. Baker clerked for V. Beaudry, sutler of the two companies of dragoons stationed in Los Angeles, of which Captain (afterwards General) Davidson was commander, and Captain (afterwards General) W. S. Hancock was quartermaster. In 1871 Mr. Baker married Hannah K. Ryals, who died in May, 1887, leaving no children. Mr. Baker leaves two sisters—Mrs. Cornelia G.

Winslow, living in New Bedford, Mass., and a sister living in Plymouth, Mass. His niece, Cornelia B. Pierce, and her daughter, Lila Pierce, are the only relatives of Mr. Baker living in this city.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN OSBORNE,
C. N. WILSON,
J. B. PARKER,

Committee.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF HYMAN RAPHAEL.

H. Raphael was born August, 1838, in Germany. In about 1868 he left for Great Britain, residing there a few years. He then came to the United States, arriving in New York, where he stayed but a short time, leaving for California by the way of the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco, reaching there about 1870. Shortly afterwards he came to Los Angeles and associated himself in business with his brother, the firm being, at that time, Raphael & Witeltschoefer, which firm did business for a great many years on Requena and Los Angeles streets.

In 1878 he went to San Francisco, where he remained a number of years, again returning to Los Angeles in 1882, when he formed a co-partnership with his brother under the name of Raphael Bros., which was located on Main street, near First. Later on the firm of H. Raphael & Co., consisting of himself and his two sons, was started on South Spring street, between Fourth and Fifth. The present business is now at 509-511 South Main street, where he erected his present building.

He has always taken the greatest interest in trying to assist all charitable and worthy purposes and leaves many friends whom he has befriended and assisted. He had been sick for a year past, and his final taking off, which occurred April 14th, 1899, was very unexpected. He leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter, who is married.

F. W. PESCHKE,
JOHN C. DOTTER,
LOUIS ROEDER,

Committee.

LEONARD JOHN ROSE.

In the death of L. J. Rose on the 17th of May, 1899, Los Angeles and the state of California lost an enlightened, enterprising and most useful citizen, and this Society of Pioneers lost an honored member.

Mr. Rose in many respects was a remarkable man. Very few men, as all you Pioneers who survive him so well know, have done so much as he to develop the resources of this imperial section of Southern California.

It is fitting that the archives of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county should contain at least a brief summary of his life. For a fuller account, and for an estimate of his character members are referred to the "Illustrated History of Los Angeles County," published in 1889, which also contains a fine steel portrait of Mr. Rose.

From that sketch, the data of which were taken down from his own lips, are condensed the following facts:

Mr. Rose was born in Bavaria, Germany, in 1827. He came with his parents to the United States when he was twelve years old. He spent his youth and received his education in Illinois, and later moved to Iowa. In the spring of 1858, with two hundred head of fine cattle and fifty horses, he set out, with nineteen other young men, for California by the thirty-fifth parallel route. After suffering immense hardships, including attacks by hostile Indians, in which numbers of the party were killed, the survivors reached Santa Fe. Here Mr. Rose and his family remained a couple of years. From thence they continued their journey, by what was known as the "Butterfield Stage Route," reaching Los Angeles in November, 1860.

Mr. Rose's record and great success as a vineyardist and orchardist on a large scale, and as a raiser of fine stock, is well known to the "old-timers" of this society. Early American settlers in Los Angeles gravitated naturally enough to the moist lands on which corn could be raised without irrigation. But Mr. Rose, with a clear judgment that after results amply justified, following the example of Don Benito Wilson and one or two others, went to the foothills, where abundant water could be saved or developed, before it sank into the plains, and where heavy frosts were unknown, and demonstrated on a magnificent scale the possibilities of the citrus and grape industries on those foothills lands, by an object lesson that has since been worth millions to the people of Southern California. Mr. Rose was married to a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jones in the 50's. Mrs. Rose and a large family of children survive, as does also Mrs. Rose's venerable mother, Mrs. Jones, now a nongenerian.

Mr. Rose was not without faults, as who is? But he had good qualities of a positive kind, which all who knew him well will freely

concede; and no class will more heartily assent to this than those who for nearly forty years were his near friends and neighbors. Mr. Rose served Los Angeles county as state senator for the term commencing in 1887, and also as a member of the State Viticultural Society, and of the State Board of Agriculture. His life was an active one, as well as a useful one, both to himself and to his neighbors; and naturally they rejoiced in his successes and grieved at his misfortunes.

He was ambitious and enterprising, but California's usurious interest often—alas! too often—neutralizes the most heroic struggles of ambition, and brings to naught the most carefully planned enterprises. Usurious interest was one of the prime causes, in Mr. Rose's case, as in that of so many others, of his undoing.

Peace be to the ashes of our good friend and fellow-Pioneer, L. J. Rose!

We recommend that the respectful and sincere condolences of this Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county be extended to the bereaved family of our deceased associate, and that a copy of this slight memorial sketch be transmitted to them by the secretary.

H. D. BARROWS,
B. S. EATON,

Committee.

Los Angeles, August 1, 1899.

Unanimously adopted on this date by the society.

MRS. GEORGIA HERRICK BELL.

REPORT OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Again is our society called upon to mourn the death of an honored pioneer and to extend its sympathetic condolences to the bereaved family of the deceased.

Mrs. Georgia Herrick Bell, wife of Major Horace Bell, at the time of her decease had been a respected resident of Los Angeles for more than thirty-four years. The following brief memorial sketch of Mrs. Bell's life is based on data furnished to your committee at their request, by her husband:

Mrs. Bell was born at Springfield, Mass., April 23, 1845. She was the daughter of Albert and Virginia (Crocker) Herrick. Both the Herrick and the Crocker families were of colonial and revolutionary stock, the former of New York and New England, and the latter of Virginia.

Major and Mrs. Bell were married Dec. 14, 1862, in New York city, whither the former, after the battle of Antietam, had been sta-

tioned to recruit sharpshooters. Afterwards her husband served under General Banks in Louisiana, where in April she joined him and where they both remained until September, 1865. From there they went to Texas, and in the spring of 1866 they started overland for California, reaching El Monte, Los Angeles county, on the 31st day of July, 1866. Their trip across the plains from Texas to California the time referred to was fraught with great hardship and still greater danger. In the memoranda furnished us by her husband (accompanying this report) numerous interesting and exciting episodes are recounted, which occurred on this trip, and also in their army life during the civil war.

Mrs. Bell was of a kindly and dignified disposition, and she was universally loved and respected by all who knew her. She was domestic in her habits and manner of life, and thoroughly devoted to her family. She reared eleven children—five boys and six girls—the youngest of whom was sixteen years old at the time of her death.

On the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bell in Los Angeles they settled where the family homestead still stands, corner of Figueroa and Pico streets. Their residence was the first built south of Eighth street and west of what is now Grand avenue. Georgia Bell street was given that name years ago by the City Council in honor of Mrs. Bell.

Her husband, Major Bell, was a nephew of Capt. Alexander Bell, one of Los Angeles's early Pioneers, who settled here in the early forties and who, in 1856, was a Fremont presidential elector.

M. F. QUINN,
H. D. BARROWS,
B. S. EATON,

Committee.

Los Angeles, Sept. 5, 1899.

MRS. CORDELIA MALLARD.

(FROM THE WESTERN GRAPHIC.)

The work of the grim reaper is now frequently felt among the pioneer families of Los Angeles, the latest to be taken being Mrs. Cordelia Mallard, widow of the late Judge Joseph S. Mallard, who died at her home on West Ninth street, on Sunday morning last, aged 76, surrounded by all her sons and daughters and many of her grandchildren.

Mrs. Mallard came with her husband, and a large party, across the plains in 1849, and after a pilgrimage of eight months, fraught with many dangers and other vicissitudes, arrived at San Bernardino

on January 1, 1850. Soon afterward most of the party came to Los Angeles and here Mrs. Mallard had lived for nearly fifty years, more than thirty of which were spent at her embowered home on West Ninth street, where she breathed her last.

For many years Mrs. Mallard was foremost in charities and church work, at a time when Jew and Catholic and Protestant all labored together and when there were no pronounced church or social coteries, and when all the inhabitants of Los Angeles pulled together in a common cause. For more than a quarter of a century, though, this good woman had left to others those active social and religious cares that had been so fondly fostered by her hand and purse, although she had never lost her interest in the growth and magnificence of our fair city, and bestowed her entire attention on her family which had increased to a fourth generation since the deceased looked from the mouth of the Cajon Pass upon the flower-decked mesas of the upper Santa Ana that auspicious New Year's morning of nearly fifty years ago. She was the embodiment of magnificent womanhood then, being admittedly one of the most beautiful and ruddy looking women that had ever come into the state, although the same could be said of the three sisters that accompanied her, one of whom now survives her—Miss Phoebe Cox, who lives with her brother S. B. Cox, at Hollywood.

Her mother also accompanied her, a woman of superior stock and attainments, who died in this city a few years ago at the advanced age of 89. Her other sisters were the wives of Hon. John Nichols, the third American mayor of Los Angeles, and Hon. Jonathan R. Scott, an attorney of great ability and mind. Like Mrs. Mallard, these two sisters had raised large families of children, whose names are familiar to even all the newer residents of this section of the country.

The father of Mrs. Mallard was a staff officer of General William Henry Harrison, and whose deeds of valor are on record in Washington and Kentucky, his native state.

At the bedside of Mrs. Mallard, when she peacefully and happily passed over into that "undiscovered country," were her two sons, Walter Mallard, deputy city assessor, and Clarence, a deputy in the office of County Auditor Nichols, his cousin. There were also Mary, wife of Colonel I. R. Dunkelberger; Augusta, wife of Major B. C. Truman; Isabella, widow of James Fulton, late paymaster general U. S. N., and an unmarried daughter, Miss Josephine, who was in constant attendance on her invalid mother for the past three years.

Mrs. Mallard died as she had always lived—with an unerring

faith in an eternal life beyond the grave, and with an unshaken belief that He who directs the birds through an immeasurable void in search of distant food and who marks the constellations in that unfathomable vault where forever burn the steady lamps of heaven, is never unmindful of those who have been created in His image, however inscrutable may be His pilotship and care. She never doubted for a moment the divinity of our Savior and that there was ineffable beatitude beyond the tumults and strifes of the tempestuous world.

“O, Death of Death! Through whom alone
All perfect gifts descend,
Give us that steadfast faith in Thee
Which brings a peaceful end.”

JOSE MASCAREL.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before Los Angeles Pioneers, Nov. 7, 1899.)

Jose Antonio Mascarel, one of the first French pioneers of Los Angeles, who died October 6, 1899, was born in Marseilles, France, April 1, 1816. He had lived in Los Angeles nearly 55 years, under Mexican and United States rule, and at the time of his death, he was in the 84th year of his age. He arrived at San Pedro harbor, first in May, 1844, and after trading up and down the coast, he settled in Los Angeles the next year. With the exception of our associate member, Elijah Moulton, who arrived here in 1845, he was before his death, the oldest foreigner in Los Angeles, if not in California.

When eleven years old, Mr. Mascarel went to sea in the merchant service, and on attaining his majority, in 1837, he entered the French navy, in which service he continued four years.

In about the year 1840, he sailed from Gibraltar for Valparaiso. In passing Cape Horn he had both feet frozen, from which he was ill when he arrived at Valparaiso. After recovering his health Captain Mascarel engaged in coasting trade off the western coast of South America, he and another party having purchased a vessel, a Chilean schooner, “La Joven Fanita.”

A brother of Don Louis Vignes the Pioneer, and father of Fernando Vignes (who is still a resident of this city), Pedro Vignes, chartered this vessel, with Mr. Mascarel, as master, to come to San Pedro, California, bringing him (Vignes), together with several other persons. On arrival at Mazatlan, Jose y Limantour bought the vessel with the agreement that the voyage, with Mascarel as Captain, should be continued to California. This Limantour, who

was a Frenchman, who had extensive dealings with Mexicans and the Mexican government, was the same person who afterward laid claim to a considerable portion of the present site of San Francisco, under an alleged grant from the government of Mexico. The grant was, after a vigorous contest in the United States courts, finally rejected. A son of this Limantour, who was born in Mexico, but who was educated in Europe, is now Minister of Finance of the Mexican republic under the administration of President Porfirio Diaz.

Captain Mascarel arrived with his vessel and the owner and the other passengers at San Pedro in May, 1844. Don Juan Forster, brother-in-law of Gov. Pio Pico, and father of Marcos Foster, of San Juan Capistrano, and of "Juanon" F. Forster of this city, was, at that time, customs officer at San Pedro.

From there the vessel proceeded to Santa Barbara, where they remained two or three weeks; and from thence to Monterey, where Limantour, who owned both the vessels and the cargo, sold the cargo to Governor Micheltorena for some \$50,000.

From there they went on to the Presidio of San Francisco, anchoring at the small settlement of "Yerba Buena"—the latter not being known then as San Francisco. Here they made their rendezvous for about six months, making sundry trips to the various arms of San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

At Sonoma and Petaluma, Limantour obtained in payment of debt due him from Gen. Vallejo two cargoes of wheat, amounting to some 11,000 fanegas (each about 135 lbs), which he sold to a Russian man-of-war, then lying at Sausalito., Mr. Mascarel delivered the wheat and Limantour, who remained meanwhile at Yerba Buena, received drafts on the Russian government for 50,000 pesos duros Espanolas, which he afterwards collected in the city of Mexico. At that time there were but two houses at Yerba Buena, viz: the Custom House and another owned by English traders. After the conclusion of these transactions, Mr. Mascarel and the owner of the vessel, Limantour, sailed for San Pedro, where they arrived in the month of January, 1845. Before sailing from San Pedro south, Limantour collected moneys due him from the estate of Tiburcio Tapia, through the administrator, Juan Bauchet, and then after arriving at San Diego, a quantity of tallow was received on board with which and other cargo that had been gathered up, the vessel proceeded to Mazatlan. Here Limantour sold his brandy (aguardiente) and tallow, etc., and then went to the City of Mexico, and Mr. Mascarel returned later to California.

Mr. Mascarel then settled in Los Angeles, which was his home

from that time till his death, or for more than half a century. Mr. Mascarel saw the small isolated Mexican pueblo (or ciudad) of Los Angeles grow to a modern American or cosmopolitan city of 120,000 inhabitants, whose enterprise and activity, coupled with its wondrous natural advantages, have made it equal to any city of its size in the world.

While Mr. Mascarel was naturally of a retiring disposition, inclining him to shun publicity, he was in many respects a remarkable man. He had clear-cut and eminently practical views, strong convictions and a sound judgment in business matters, which enabled him to accumulate a handsome fortune, though he gave away for charitable and other purposes, considerable sums during his lifetime. His charities, which in his later years amounted to several hundred dollars a month, were, as a rule, unknown to outsiders, i. e., to any one except himself and the beneficiaries.

He served the city faithfully and honestly, both as Mayor and Councilman. When at one period he was a member of the finance committee of the City Council, a sewer was laid in Commercial street that cost in coin about \$7,000. As a member of that committee he did his best to have that claim paid by as small a discount on the city's paper as possible—not to exceed ten or at most fifteen per cent. But without his knowledge, and to his astonishment, other members actually negotiated a sale of the city's scrip at the unconscionable discount of from 65 to 70 per cent, so that the cost to the city of this short sewer, instead of \$7,000 was \$21,000 or \$22,000.

Mr. Mascarel, as an official, sought to manage the affairs of the city, with the same carefulness and honesty that actuated him in the management of his own private business. Mr. Mascarel spoke French and Spanish, but like so many natives of France who came to California, he was never able to quite master the English language. When General Irwin McDowell was commander of the army on this coast, after the close of the civil war, he made Los Angeles a visit, and our people were anxious to have him receive due honors by the Mayor, which office was at the time filled by Mr. Mascarel; and they feared his unfamiliarity with the English language might cause embarrassment. But as it happened, General McDowell spoke French fluently, and so the official courtesies between him and the Mayor passed off felicitously, greatly to the gratification of our people.

In the olden time, and even for a long period after the change of government, almost everybody here knew more or less Spanish,

and it was possible to transact business with an official who might be unacquainted with English if he only knew Spanish. Mr. Aguilar, e. g. who could not speak English, made a good and acceptable Mayor because of the general familiarity of citizens of all nationalities then residing here, with the Spanish tongue.

I have myself been accustomed for years to transact business and to communicate freely with Frenchmen through that medium, although they did not understand English and I did not understand French.

Mr. Mascarel was physically of stalwart proportions, being over six feet in height and weighing over 200 pounds. He was of a kindly disposition and though scarcely known by the newcomers he will be, in his decease, sincerely mourned by all the Pioneers of Los Angeles who knew him, whatever may have been their nationality, and especially will he be mourned by the native Californians, amongst whom he lived so many years. He was buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic church, from the old church on the Plaza, where a large concourse assisted at the obsequies.

Mr. Moulton tells me that among the passengers who came up from Mazatlan to San Pedro in 1844 with Mr. Mascarel were several Frenchmen, whom old Don Louis Vignes had sent for to France, to come out here and work for him at various trades. Several of these settled here permanently, whom some of you will remember; they were: P. Domec, who was years ago an extensive lime maker at "El Escorpion" rancho; Antonio Labory, who had a vineyard south of the "Aliso" vineyard; two Manon brothers; and Don Pedro Vignes, who soon after went back to France. Mr. Mascarel, on his return from Mazatlan in May, '45, went to work as cooper for Don Louis Vignes; and later, with one of the Manon brothers, started a bakery. All these earliest French settlers have now passed away.

JAMES CRAIG.

James Craig, a pioneer of Lamanda Park, was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1841. He was educated for a civil engineer in which profession he attained distinction. He was employed in the construction of important works in Great Britain and afterwards in India. He served as a government engineer in Morocco. Exposure in these tropical countries injured his health. He came to California in 1868 for the purpose of recuperating his health. He purchased land in what is now Lamanda Park, at one time owning about four thousand acres, extending from near where Marengo avenue now is up to the mountains. He sold the greater portion

of this, but retained his home place, known as the "Hermitage." He engaged in ranching and fruit growing, in which occupations he was quite successful.

He married a daughter of the late Judge Volney E. Howard. Seven children have been born to them. He had, for some time, been interested in developing water in the foothills. He came to his death December 30, 1899, by falling down the shaft of a tunnel which he was engaged in drifting into the side of the mountain in Eaton canon. He was a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of Great Britain. He joined the Society of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County at its organization.

PALMER MILTON SCOTT.

Palmer Milton Scott was born in Kentucky, May 30, 1822. He was the fifth son of Anna and the Rev. John Scott, a minister of the Christian church. His parents, while he was quite young, removed to Indiana, and from there to Springfield, Illinois, where he grew to manhood. Being of an adventurous disposition the news of the discovery of gold in California induced him to make a trip to the Golden State. He came by way of Panama, reaching San Francisco early in 1851. From there he proceeded to the mines. Not succeeding equal to his expectations in the mines he returned to Illinois. From there he moved to Des Moines, Iowa. He took an active part in building up that city and was interested in its municipal affairs. He served several terms as a member of the Council of that city. He assisted actively in the building of the first Christian church in Des Moines, donating the lot on which it was built. When Pike's Peak gold excitement broke out he was one of the first to join in that "gold rush." On his return he decided to try his fortune once more in California.

Through his influence, in April, 1862, a company of about twenty-five families banded together to make the trip across the plains. It was a long and tedious trip and to him a very painful one. At Salt Lake his wife and two children died. After six months of weary travel he reached his favorite city of Sacramento with the remainder of his little family. Here he located for a time. From Sacramento he removed to San Luis Obispo county and in 1871 he came to Los Angeles. He located on what is known as the P. M. Scott tract, a portion of which he subdivided during the "boom." He aided in building a schoolhouse on this tract and also a church. He took an active interest in municipal affairs and was one of the fifteen freeholders who framed the present city charter. He died January 3, 1900. He leaves three children by his first wife and a widow to mourn his loss.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
*Abernethy, Wm. B.	59	Mo.	Merchant	April '72	617 W. 9th	1853
Abernethy, Laura G.	48	Iowa	April '72	617 W. 9th	1866
*Ayers, James J.	67	Scot.	Editor	Aug 18, '72	Azusa	1849
Anderson, L. M.	35	Pa.	Collector	July, 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	69	Ky.	Housewife	Jan 1, '53	641 S. Grand Av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	62	Mass.	Attorney	Aug 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Anderson, John C.	54	Ohio	Builder	May 29, '73	Monrovia	1873
Bath, Albert L.	70	N. Sco.	Retired	1871	508 W. 5th	1851
*Baker, Francis	70	Mass.	Speculator	Sept 17, '51	1333 Wright	1849
Barclay, John H.	56	Can.	Carpenter	Aug '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	74	Conn.	Retired	Dec 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	69	Conn.	Retired	May '68	236 Jefferson	1868
Bayer, Joseph	53	Germ.	Oil Producer	July 4, '70	746 Broadway	1858
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	57	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan 14, '61	227 N. Hill	1861
Bent, Henry K. W.	68	Mass.	Retired	Oct '98	Claremont	1858
Bixby, Jotham	68	Maine	Capitalist	June '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	61	Vt.	Attorney	May '72	226 S. Hill	1870
Bouton, Edward	65	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug '68	769 Castelar	1868
Brode, Charles	56	Germ.	Merchant	Jan 19, '69	1229 S. Olive
Brossmer, Sig.	54	Germ.	Builder	Nov 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	64	Penn.	Jeweler	March '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	68	N. Y.	Agent	Nov 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	51	Penn.	Farmer	Aug '69	Burbank	1868
Bell, Horace	68	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	63	Eng.	Housewife	July '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	63	Eng.	Contractor	July '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	55	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	53	Mich.	Attorney	April '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	70	Ire	Retired	April '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	50	Pa.	Attorney	Aug 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph C	39	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	Los Angeles	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	63	Conn.	Housewife	May '68	W. Jefferson	1868
Caswell, Wm. M.	42	Cal.	Cashier	Aug 3, '67	1093 E. Wash	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	55	Italy	Restauranter	Nov 24, '74	811 San Fern'do	1874
Conkelman, Bernard	67	Germ.	Retired	Jan 3, '67	310 S. Los An'les	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	60	Germ.	Merchant	Dec '59	1211 S. Hill	1859
Colonel, Mrs. M. W. de	47	Texas	Housewife	Feb. '59	701 Central Av	1857
Crimmins, John	46	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March '69	127 W. 25th	1869
Crawford, J. S.	62	N. Y.	Dentist	1866	Downey Block	1858

* Dead.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN TATE
*Craig, James	58	Ire.	Civil Engineer	April '69	Lamanda	1868
Currier, A. T.	59	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Carter, N. C.	58	Mass.	Farmer	Nov '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Clark, Frank B.	55	Conn.	Farmer	Feb 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate	60	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand
Chapman, A. B.	69	Ala.	Attorney	April '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cummings, Geo.	65	Aus.	Stockman	March '53	First street	1853
Cunningham, Robt. G.	60	Ind.	Dentist	Nov 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	77	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Dalton, W. T.	54	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central av	1851
Davis, A. E.	59	N. Y.	Supervisor	Nov '65	2904 Vermont	1857
Davis, John	59	N. Y.	Carpenter	April '72	University	1872
Dooner, P. W.	55	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broad'y	1872
Dohs, Fred	53	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept '69	614 E. First	1858
Dodson, Wm. R.	58	Ark.	Hotel-keeper	Sept '68	El Monte	1868
Dotter, John C.	62	Germ.	Merchant	June 20, '59	608 Temple	1859
Desmond, D.	65	Ire.	Merchant	Sept 2, '69	937 S. Hill	1868
Desmond, C. C.	38	Mass.	Merchant	Sept '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	67	Pa.	Retired	Jan '66	1218 W. 9th	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	74	N. H.	Miner	Nov '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	May '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	59	Ill.	Farmer	Sept 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	48	Ill.	Housewife	'65	2904 Vermont	1856
Eaton, Benj. S.	75	Conn.	Hyd. engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eaton, Fred	44	Cal.	Mayor	'55	460 West Lake	1855
Ebinger, Louis	55	Germ.	Merchant	Oct 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Elliott, J. M.	54	S. C.	Bauker	Nov '70	Alhambra	1870
Ensign, Elisabeth L.	54	Mo.	Housewife	Nov 15, '60	1525 Rockwood
Evarts, Myron E.	69	N. Y.	Painter	Oct 26, '58	Los Angeles	1852
Edleman, A. W.	67	Pol.	Rabbi	June '62	1343 Flower	1859
*Foster, Stephen C.	78	Maine	Retired	March 23, '47	221 E. Second	1846
Fleishman, Henry J.	37	Cal.	Cashier	July 5, '62	221 W. Fourth	1862
Foy, Samuel C.	69	D. C.	Merchant	March '54	651 S. Figueroa	1852
Ferguson, Wm.	63	Ark.	Retired	April '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	55	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
French, Loring W.	58	Ind.	Dentist	Oct '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	52	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	62	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	68	Ky.	Publisher	Mar 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Fleishman, Henry F.	52	S. C.	Caterer	Oct '68	1288 Main	1868
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	55	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
Garey, Thomas A.	69	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct 14, '52	2822 Maple av	1852
Garvey, Richard	60	Ire.	Farmer	Dec '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	46	N. Y.	Gov. State	Aug '74	1146 W. 28th	1874
Gillette, J. W.	62	N. Y.	Inspector	May '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	45	Ill.	Housewife	Aug '68	322 Temple	1861
Gould, Will D.	54	Vt.	Attorney	Feb 28, '72	Beaudry av	1872

* Dead.

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NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Glassell, Andrew	69	Va.	Attorney	Dec '65	252 Buena Vista	1853
Gollmer, Charles	49	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Gibson, Frank A.	48	Iowa	Banker	Dec 1, '72	520 Court	1866
Griffith, J. M.	70	Md.	Retired	April '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	59	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	..	Ill.	Manufacturer	May '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	64	Ohio	Retired	Oct 18, '69	115 S. Grand av	1864
Goldsworthy, John	59	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar 20, '69	790 E. 16th	1852
*Griffin, John S.	82	Va.	Physician	Jan 7, '47	1109 Downey av	1846
Gilbert, Harlow	59	N. Y.	Fruit grower	Nov 1, 69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	59	Germ.	Farmer	Jan '54	Glendale	1854
Grosser, Wm. F.	64	Germ.	Merchant	Jan '74	1825 E. First	1873
Garrett, Robert L.	56	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov 5, '62	701 N. Grand av	1862
Grebe, Christian	54	Germ.	Restauranter	Jan 2, '74	811 San Fernan.	1868
Haines, Rufus R.	73	Maine	Telegrapher	June '71	218 W. 27th	1857
Harris, Emil	60	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. 8th	1857
Hargitt, C.	77	Eng.	Carpenter	July '72	747 Yale	1871
Harper, C. F.	67	N. C.	Merchant	May '68	Laurel	1863
Harris, Leopold	64	Prus.	Merchant	Feb 4, '54	935 S. Hill	1853
Hazard, Geo. W.	57	Ill.	Clerk	Dec 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	55	Ill.	Attorney	Dec 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	55	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	58	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand av	1868
Horgan, T.	65	Ire.	Plasterer	Sept. 18, '70	320 Jackson	1858
Hunter, Jane E.	55	N. Y.	Jan '66	327 S. Broadway	
*Hiller, Horace	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct '69	147 W. 23rd	1869
Huber, C. E.	54	Ky.	Agent	July '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	55	Mich.	Miner	Jan 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	53	Ind.	Manuf'r	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	46	Aust.	Banker	July '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	51	Ala.	Attorney	Aug 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	50	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct '69	147 W. 23rd	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	65	Prus.	Farmer	Dec 25, '53	729 Wall	1853
Hough, A. M.	69	N. Y.	Minister	Nov '68	1049 Orange	1868
Hubbell, Stephen C.	59	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant av	1869
Illich, Jerry	47	Aust.	Restauranter	Dec '74	1018 Hill	1870
Jacoby, Nathan	70	Prus.	Merchant	July '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	50	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	70	Ohio	Miner	April '68	101 N. B. Hill av	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	60	Ohio	Dep. Sheriff	Mar 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	70	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	69	N. Y.	Attorney	May '70	Pasadena av	1870
Jordon, Joseph	61	Aust.	Retired	June '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	50	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	64	Ohio	Miner	Mar 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Junkin, Joseph W.	72	Maine	Carpenter	'58	619 E. Wash.	1858

* Dead.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Keyes, Charles G.	52	Vt.	Clerk	Nov 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	76	France	Ins. agent	March '52	754 Hope	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	61	N. Y.	Sept '54	754 Hope	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	67	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '58	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	57	Germ.	Physician	Feb 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	67	N. Y.	Retired	April '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	52	Pa.	Dep. Co. Clerk	Oct 29, '74	317 S. Soto	1874
Lambourn, Fred	62	Eng.	Grocer	Dec '59	804 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	49	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
*La Dow, S. W.	75	N. Y.	Farmer	May '52	Los Angeles	1852
Lazard, Solomon	74	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	54	France	Merchant	Feb '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	40	Cal.	Merchant	Dec 11, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembcke, Charles M.	70	Germ.	Pickle wks	Mar 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Lecouvreur, Frank	70	Germ.	Surveyor	Mar 6, '55	651 S. Main	1851
Levy, Michael	65	France	Merchant	Oct '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	37	Me.	Book-keeper	Oct. '68	542 Ruth av	1868
Lechler, George W.	67	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov '58	Newhall	1858
Lenz, Edmund	52	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope
Macy, Oscar	70	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	76	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov '64	Los Angeles	1854
Mercadante, N.	51	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	43	Ohio	Merchant	Sept '59	1706 Manitou av	1859
Messer, K.	75	Germ.	Retired	Feb. '54	226 Jackson	1-51
Meyer, Samuel	69	Germ.	Merchant	April '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	52	Bohe.	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Pearl	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	56	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	62	Ill.	Retired	Nov '69	130 Hancock	1869
Mullally, Joseph	80	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLain, Geo. P.	52	Va.	Merchant	Jan 2, '68	446 N. Grand av	1867
McLean, Wm.	57	Scot.	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
*McDonald, E. N.	67	N. Y.	Capitalist	Oct 23, '53	Wilmington	1853
McMullin, W. G.	51	Can.	Dep. Sheriff	Jan '70	Station D	1867
Moulton, Elijah	79	Can.	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Jos. E.	65	Va.	Retired	Oct '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	69	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Mellus, Jas. J.	49	Mass.	Ins.	'53	157 W. Adams	1853
Miller, William	66	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov 22, '60	Santa Monica
Norton, Isaac	55	Pol.	Sec. Loan As.	Nov, '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	65	Germ.	Merchant	Oct 22, '53	1051 Grand Av.	1853
Newmark, M. J.	61	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept, '54	1047 Grand Av.	1853
Newell, J. G.	70	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W 9th	1850
Nichols, Thomas E.	41	Cal.	Co. Auditor	'58	221 W 31st	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	53	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W 9th	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	49	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence
Newmark, Mrs. H.	58	N. Y.	Sept 16, '54	1051 S. Graud	1854
Orme, Henry S.	61	Ga.	Physician	July 4, '66	175 S Spring	1868

* Dead.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Osborne, John	62	Eng.	Retired	Nov 14, '68	322 W 30th	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	65	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. 12th	1855
O'Melveny, Edw. S	41	Ill.	Pr Tran Co	Nov, '69	Melrose Av	1869
O'Melveny, Henry W.	39	Ill.	Attorney	Nov, '69	Baker Brock	1869
Owens, Edward H.	53	Ala.	C'k U. S. Court	Oct, '70	Garvanza	1870
Parker, Joel B.	59	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E 12th	1870
Peschke, William	80	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	64	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	80	Vt.	Farmer	Dec, '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	63	Belg.	Capitalist	Oct, '69	Alvarado	1867
Pridham, Wm.	63	N. Y.	Supt. W F Co	Aug 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	67	Prus.	Notary	Feb, '54	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	68	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec 22, '72	1501 Maple Av	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	59	Eng.	Gardner	'73	218 N Cummings	1873
Quinn, Richard	69	Ire.	Farmer	Jan, '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn Michael F.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	57	Germ.	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1866
Raynes, Frank	49	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug, '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	59	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	59	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec, '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	49	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept, '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	84	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	67	Germ.	Retired	Nov 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Rowan, Thomas E.	56	N. Y.	Broker	March, '60	Bryson Block	1854
Robinson, W. W.	65	No Sco	Clerk	Sept, '68	115 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	66	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	66	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	62	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	58	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Bou	1859
*Raphael, Hyman	60	Germ.	Merchant	Sept, '71	451 W. Lake	1871
*Rose, Leonard J.	72	Germ.	Farmer	'60	406 Grand Ave	1860
Rogers, Alex. H.	70	Md.	Retired	Aug '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	48	Mo.	Attorney	Dec 18, '73	San Pedro st	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	54	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell Wm. H.	59	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Sabichi, Frank	57	Cal.	Attorney	'42	2437 Figueroa	1842
Schmidt, Gottfried	59	Den.	Farmer	Aug, '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	60	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S Olive	1869
Schaffer, John	69	Hol.	Retired	March, '72	Los Angeles	1849
Shorb, A. S.	62	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Schieck, Daniel	79	Germ.	Retired	Oct 24, '55	224 Franklin	1852
Soward, Charles	56	Ky.	Teacher	Oct, '73	El Monte	1868
Stoll, Simon	54	Ky.	Merchant	Aug, '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	70	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W 30th	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	66	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Station 7	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	..	Maine	'69	Station 7	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	67	N. Y.	Sec Oil Co	Nov, '71	219 N. Olive	1856

* Dead.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Strong, Robert	63	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	48	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
*Scott, Palmer M.	75	Ill.	Real Estate	Sept, '72	222 Morton Ave	1850
Slaughter, John L.	64	La.	Retired	Jan 10, '61	614 N Bun. Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	68	Ohio	Housewife	Dec 21, '59	589 Mission R'd	1859
Stoll, H. W.	60	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct 1, '67	844 S Hill	1867
Summer, C. A.	53	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	42	Ill.	Housewife	Sept, '72	Temple st	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	55	Tex.	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	50	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Shelton, John	53	Tex.	Farmer	Sept. 28, '54	Azusa	1854
Salisbury, J. C.	65	N. Y.	Retired	May '74	1311 S Hill	1874
Toberman, J. R.	63	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	70	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan, '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	74	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E 3rd	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	60	Mich.	Housewife	Dec 25, '54	459 S. Hill	1854
Thomas, John M.	63	Ind.	Farmer	Dec 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Thurman, S. D.	56	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Town, R. M.	55	Ill.	Farmer	Nov 1, '69	Toluca	1869
Truman, Ben C.	64	R. I.	Author	Feb 1, '72	23rd st	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	69	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N Griffin	1858
Ulyard, Augustus	83	Pa.	Baker	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower	1852
Ulyard, Mrs. Mary	69	Eng.	Housewife	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower	1852
Udell, Joseph C.	79	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St George Hotel	1850
Vignolo, Ambrozio	71	Italy	Merchant	Sept 26, '72	535 S Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	69	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	72	Germ.	Builder	Jan 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Workman, Wm. H.	60	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	375 Boyle Ave	1854
Workman, E. H.	62	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle Ave	1854
*Wiley, Henry C.	68	Pa.	Speculator	July 3, '52	309 S Hill	1852
Wise, Kenneth D.	65	Ind.	Physician	Sept, '72	1351 S Grand Av	1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	41	Ill.	Capitalist	'71	Los Angeles	1871
Weyse, Rudolph G.	39	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan 29, '60	Thompson st	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	37	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	Santa Monica	1862
Wright, Charles M.	63	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
White, Charles H.	46	Mass.	S P Co	Nov, '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Weid, Ivar A.	59	Den.	Landlord	'72	741 S Main	1864
Wilson, C. N.	69	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Wilson, John T.	39	Pa.	Farmer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan '72	1121 S Grand
Workman, Alfred	56	Eng.	Broker	Nov 28, '68	212 Boyle Av
White, Caleb E.	67	Mass.	Horticulturist	Dec 24, '68	Pomona	1849
Weil, Jacob	70	Germ.	Retired	'54	Pasadena	1853
Wiggins, Thomas J.	64	Mo.	Farmer	Sept, '51	El Monte	1854
Wood, Fred W.	46	Wis.	C. Engineer	Mar 24, '74	Los Angeles	1874
Woodhead, Chas. B.	54	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Yarnell, Jesse	62	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W 1st	1862
Young, John D.	57	Mo.	Farmer	Oct '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	52	Wis.	Housewife	April '77	1808 W 1st	1856

* Dead.

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OF

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