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Organized November 1, 1883

PART III.

Incorporated February 13, 1891

VOL. V.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND OF THE

Pioneers

OF

Los Angeles County

1902

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Geo. Rice & Sons

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Historical Society

— OF —

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1902

EARLY ART IN CALIFORNIA

BY W. L. JUDSON.

In the early art of California, when carefully examined, we find evidences of a crude and primitive yet genuine art impulse which must have been a measurable factor in the happiness of bygone generations.

It is not necessary to go back to the barbaric hieroglyphs of the Santa Catalina caves, or to retrace the theoretic voyages of ancient South American peoples, whose frequent rock pictures repeat the familiar outlines of Sugar Loaf rock in Avalon bay. Theories point to an early international commerce and an Aztec or Peruvian origin of the latent art talent of the coast tribes. In the Santa Barbara cave pictures there is unmistakable evidence that a certain graphic talent did exist, whatever its origin may have been. And in some of the native tribes of today, notably with the Pimas, this pictorial and artistic instinct is well illustrated in their basketry, which displays a degree of aesthetic discernment far above that of the ordinary savage.

The crude work of some Indians of early mission times, both in carving and painting, is very interesting. They strove with inadequate materials, poor tools and awkward hands to imitate what had doubtless impressed them deeply in the paintings and architectural designs which had been brought out from Spain by the mission fathers.

In the lumber room of the old Plaza church lie fourteen pictures covered with dust and broken furniture. They are evidently considered of no value, for they receive no care, except

the shelter of a roof, and yet they bear the potential of a very great value in the future.

Considered as fine art, from the modern standpoint, they are worthless, but as relics of the most interesting period in the development of Southern California they become endowed with great interest.

Who painted them? An Indian evidently. What was his name? No one remembers it. When were they painted? Probably in the days of mission building, when it was impossible to obtain originals or even decent copies of originals without delays of many months, perhaps years. They are painted on a coarse linen cloth similar to that we know as butcher's linen, glued in the orthodox way to preserve the fiber of the cloth, heavily covered with oil paint as a ground and executed with common earth pigments, probably ground by hand and with a base of common white house paint.

There is something intensely pathetic in the work, which was surely a labor of love. The sweetness and sincerity which are evident, coupled with the unconscious simplicity, makes even such crude and imperfect work worth while.

There is no attempt at shading and very little at perspective in these pictures, the drawing is childish and the execution as rough and crude as can be imagined, and yet they tell the story of the via crucis in a vivid and startling manner.

There are some remains of primitive frescoes at Pala mission and in the remaining half dome at San Juan Capistrano, which ten years ago had some charm of color and story, but they are rapidly fading out of existence.

There are also some evidences remaining that the pastoral period of California life had its art. There were wandering artists, portrait painters, who seem to have wandered from one great estate to another, painting the dons and their ladies and an occasional altar piece for the private chapel. In the Coronel collection of relics of this picturesque period there is shown the work of at least two of these early artists, but their names have been lost. Primitive as the work may be, it still shows an admirable sense of both beauty and character.

THE POETRY OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY J. M. GUINN.

Never before in the world history has there been a migration similar to that which peopled California after the discovery of gold. There have been greater outflows of population but they have been slow-moving. The Aryan migration into Europe went on for centuries. The Children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness before they reached the promised land. An Argonaut of '49 would have made the journey in forty days with an ox team.

In the year 1849, it is estimated that 100,000 people found their way into the land of gold. They came from almost every country on the globe—from Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the islands of the sea—all grades, castes and conditions of men came—the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious—the industrious, the idle and the profligate. Australia and Tasmania sent their ex-convicts and ticket-of-leave men; Mexico its vicious peones; Polynesia its reckless gamblers and the Flowery Kingdom its "Heathen Chinees." They came by every known means of conveyance and by every possible route—around Cape Horn storm tossed and scurvy racked in floating charnel houses—across the isthmus of Panama scourged by miasmatic fevers and decimated by cholera—by the isthmus of Tehautepec—around the Cape of Good Hope and across the broad Pacific. Those who came by land traveled the unpeopled and almost unknown expanse between the Missouri and the Sierras by a dozen routes unheard of before. They lost themselves by taking mythical cut-offs and in their wanderings they penetrated mountain fastnesses and floated down unknown rivers. Ignorant of their danger, they strayed into waterless deserts and perished alone, unconfined and unknelled. Lured by the treacherous mirage they entered valleys of death and lay down to die on their burning sands haunted by visions of green fields and babbling brooks. They climbed up into the eternal snows of the Sierras seeking a gateway into the land of sunshine and perished of cold and hunger on the very verge of warmth and plenty. Stricken by that dread plague cholera, five thousand graves by the wayside marked the line of their march from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The one bait that lured them all was Gold! Gold! Gold! Their pilgrimage in the land of gold brought out the noblest qualities and the meanest. It made and unmade men. There they wore no masks. The inherent character of the man came to the surface. The accretions that social standing at home had thrown around a nature base born and sordid, gilding it into respectability and high standing were often rudely torn away by the rough life of the mines and the individual was shown up in all his inherent baseness. The wild free life of the mines was the crucible of character, separating the dross from the pure gold.

There was enough of the heroic, enough of adventure in the search of these modern Argonauts for the "Golden Fleece" to have furnished material for an epic grander and more fascinating than the *Odyssey* of Homer but it has never been written. There were poets among the Argonauts, but it was seldom they sang. Life was too strenuous and the battle for existence too fierce for them to tune the lyre. Their occupation was not conducive to wooing the muses. Gold digging, in early days, was a socialistic leveler. The standard of merit was a man's capacity to perform so much physical labor. The unlettered hind might surpass the finished scholar. The ex-convict might labor beside the judge who had sentenced him and be classed as the better man. It was an anomalous condition of society. Under such conditions and amid such surroundings it was not strange that the bards but rarely tuned their harps, and when they did sing it was not of California in

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49."

"They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie."

Unlike the soldiers of the Crimea on the eve of battle it was not "Annie Laurie" the miners sang, but when they did sing of home, like the soldiers before the "dark Redan,"

"Each heart recalled a different name."

There was one song of purely Argonautic composition that has been sung around miners' camp fires from the Arctic circle to the jungles of Panama; sung amid the eternal snows of the

Sierras and on the burning sands of the Colorado. Although in composition it was somewhat crude and homely, and its theme an oft-told story, there was a sentiment in it that touched a responsive chord in the breast of many a miner. The ballad I refer to bore the inexpressive title, "Joe Bowers of Pike." The sentiment that made it popular among the Argonauts in the early '50's you may possibly detect in the stanzas I quote:

"My name is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother Ike,
I came from Old Missouri, yes all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left thar, and how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy so far away from home.

I used to court a girl thar, her name was Sally Black.
I axed her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack,
But then says she, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life
You ought to get a little home to keep yer little wife."

Oh Sally, dearest Sally! Oh Sally for your sake
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you'r the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

* * * * *

Right soon I went to the mines, put in my biggest licks,
Came down on the boulders jest like a thousand o' bricks.
I worked both late and early, in sun, in rain, in snow.
I was workin' for my Sally—'twas all the same to Joe."

Joe continues to work in the mines, but he doesn't raise a stake. Time passes and the denouement comes to Joe's little romance in a letter from brother Ike which said "Sally has wed a butcher whose hair is red." The bell rings, the curtain drops, Joe's life drama is played out. From this point in the song the singer was at liberty to improvise any continuation to the story he pleased or rather that would please his auditors. One, that I recollect, was that the auburn haired vendor of steaks and prime roasts dies, Joe makes a raise in California, returns and marries the widow and they live happily ever afterward. Who was the author of the ballad? I do not know. It may not have had an author, but, like Topsy, "just growed."

The Argonauts of California, and particularly those who crossed the plains, were nearly all young men. Many of these, like Mr. Joseph Bowers, had left girls behind them, whom they had promised to marry. Each hoped to pick up gold enough in a few months, or a year at most, to get "a little home to keep his little wife." In the language of a song popular in the days of '49,

"I soon shall be in Frisco
And then I'll look all round,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick 'em off the ground;
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of rocks bring home;
O! Susanna, don't you cry."

But the miner soon found gold was not be picked up in lumps. Like Joe, he put in his biggest licks, he dammed creeks and turned rivers, tunneled into mountains and ground-sluiced hills away, joined in a wild rush to Gold Lake, to Silver Mountain, searched for the Lost Cabin, the Padres Mine, the Wagon Tire Diggings and other *ignes fatui* that have deluded honest miners, and came back from his chase after phantoms rich in experience but poor in gold. Meanwhile time was passing, and it kept doing so with great regularity. He was growing old and Susanna, who had ceased to cry, was growing impatient. Then the denouement comes in a letter from home—Susanna has wed a man who had not learned to roam but who had a little home. Another romance is ended. The miner curses his luck—perhaps he gets drunk. He ceases to write home, he becomes driftwood on the current of fate. In the homely ballad of Joe Bowers many a miner has beheld his own life drama portrayed. Hence its olden time popularity in the mines.

The earliest poem printed in a California periodical appeared in the issue of the Californian of October 3, 1846, and is entitled "On Leaving the United States for California." This was followed in the next issue of the paper by a poetical effusion entitled "On Leaving California for the United States." Both are anonymous. They were probably written by the same author. In the Californian of October 31st, 1846, is a poem bearing the title, "To My Mother." It is signed A. D. F. R. All these mentioned are sentimental and have but little local coloring. In the Californian of November 14, 1846, is a poem on the conquest of Los Angeles. Commodore Stockton and Captain John C. Fremont, with their united forces—Stockton advancing from San Pedro and Fremont from San Diego—entered Los Angeles, August 13, 1846. Governor Pio Pico and General José Castro had fled to Mexico at the approach of the American troops, and the Californian soldiers disbanded and returned to their homes. The gringo army under Stockton took possession of the city without firing a shot. The "sounds of woe," "the blood-stained earth," "the murd'rous arms" and "haggard eyes" in the poem

are figments of the poet's imagination. Evidently his muse was fooled with a fake report of the conquest.

In the first conquest of Los Angeles nobody was hurt, not a hostile shot was fired. It was during the second, in January, 1847, that the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa were fought. The poem is entitled "Angeles," and is signed W. G. I give it in full.

ANGELES.

Soft o'er the vale of Angeles
The gale of peace was wont to blow
Till discord raised her direful horn
And filled the vale with sounds of woe.

The blood stained earth, the warlike bands,
The trembling natives saw with dread,
Dejected labor left her toil,
And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

But soon the avenging sword was sheathed,
And mercy's voice by "Stockton" heard
How pleasant were the days which saw
Security and peace restored.

Ah think not yet your trials o'er;
From yonder mountain's hollow side,
The fierce banditti issue forth,
When darkness spreads her curtains wide.

With murd'rous arms, and haggard eyes,
The social joys away they fright;
Sad expectation clouds the day,
And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the robbed,
At distance prowl the ruffian band;
Oh confidence! that dearer guard,
Why hast thou left this luckless land.

We droop and mourn o'er many a joy,
O'er some dear friend to dust consigned,
But every comfort is not fled,
Behold another friend we find.

Lo "Stockton" comes to grace the plan,
And friendship claims the precious prize;
He grants the claims nor does his heart
The children of the vale despise.

W. G.

In my researches, the earliest poem that I have found which has a local coloring, is one entitled "Blowing Up the Wind." It was written by Edward C. Kemble, editor of the California Star, and published in that paper April 24, 1847. Kemble came to the coast in 1846 and became editor of Sam Brannan's paper,

the California Star, in April, 1847. The Star was the first paper published in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as the town was then called. (The Californian was established at Monterey and afterwards removed to San Francisco.) Kemble was an Argonaut of the Argonauts. He visited the gold diggings shortly after their discovery in 1848—pronounced them a fake and advised people to stay at home. His subscribers all went to the mines. He followed them, made a hundred dollars a day for a few weeks, then came back and resurrected his newspaper. Any one who, in early times before the streets of San Francisco were paved, has wandered over its sand hills and had his face rasped and his eyes blinded by the flying sand will appreciate the blowing up that Kemble gives the winds of 'Frisco.

BLOWING UP THE WIND.

“Ever blowing, colder growing, sweeping madly through the town,
 Never ceasing, ever teasing, never pleasing, never down;
 Day or night, dark or light,
 Sand a-flying, clapboards sighing,
 Groaning, moaning, whistling shrill,
 Shrieking wild and never still.

In September, in November, or December, ever so,
 Even in August, will the raw gust, flying fine dust, roughly blow.
 Doors are slamming, gates a-banging,
 Shingles shivering, casements quivering,
 Roaring, pouring, madly yelling,
 Tales of storm and shipwreck telling.

In our bay, too, vessels lay to, but find
 No shelter from the blast,
 Whitecaps clashing, bright spray splashing,
 Light foam flashing, dashing past.
 Yards are creaking, blocks a squeaking,
 Rudder rattling, ropes all clattering,
 Lugging, tugging at the anchor,
 Groaning spars and restless spanker.

Now the sun gleams, bright the day seems,
 Hark! he comes is heard the roar;
 Haste to dwelling, dread impelling, heap the fire,
 Close the door.
 Onward coming, humming, drumming,
 Groaning, moaning, sighing, crying,
 Shrieking, squeaking, (reader, 'tis so).
 Thus bloweth the wind at 'Frisco.”

Kemble's "Crow," a parody on Poe's "Raven," is another pioneer poem antedating the discovery of gold. The city council of San Francisco had passed an ordinance forbidding any one from killing the carrion fowl that frequented the streets of

the city. The crows were the scavengers that removed the garbage. One of these birds of ill omen flies into Kemble's house and perched beneath the ceiling proceeds to help himself from a side of bacon. The poet raises his gun to shoot, when his eyes fall on the ordinance. I quote the closing stanzas :

“Then the thrilling and revealing of that crow still neath my ceiling,
Perching, pecking on that bacon which never may he devour
And that paper open spreading and that flashing Pica heading
Of that ordinance forbidding, ah I must deplore,
And my eyes from off that ordinance frowning, rustling on the floor
Shall be lifted nevermore.

And I reached me down my gun, charged with slugs half a score;
Croaked he hoarsely, No, Señor.”

The following poem, which Samuel C. Upham in his “Scenes in El Dorado—1849-50,” says was the earliest poem written and published in California, appeared in the Pacific News of March 22, 1850. Mr. Upham, although good authority on the days of '49, is in error when he claims that it was the earliest. I have shown that there were several published over three years before this one. The poem in the News is anonymous. It is entitled “A Rallying Song for the Gold Diggers.” It consists of eight stanzas and a repeat of the first. I omit two which seem to be defective :

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines,
Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!
Where the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,
In their stony arms the glittering gold.

'Tis in vain that ye seek any longer to hide
Your treasures of gold in your rivers so wide,
In your gulches so deep, or your wild cañon home,
For the Anglo-American race is come.

And the noise that ye hear is the sound of the spade,
The pick, the bar, and the bright shining spade,
Of the knife and the shovel, the cradle and pan,
Brave adjuncts of toil to the laboring man!

Far up in the mountains, all rugged and steep,
Far down in the cañon, all foaming and deep,
In the bars of the river, the small mountain plains,
Lies the wealth that ye seek for, in numberless grains.

Turn the stream from its bed—search the bottom with care,
The largest, the richest, the finest is there;
Dig deep in the gulches, nor stop till the stone
Reveals there it's treasures, or tell there's none.

Nor be thou disheartened, dismayed nor cast down,
 If success should decline thy first efforts to crown;
 Go ahead! Go ahead! Since Creation began,
 "No wealth without toil" is the record to man.

* * * *

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines!
 Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!
 Where the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,
 In their stony arms the glittering gold.

Of the anonymous poetical gems of Argonautic days this one describing the inflowing human tide to the golden shores of California is among the best:

From the sunny Southern Islands, from the Asiatic coast,
 The Orient and the Occident are mingled in the host,
 The glowing star of Empire has forever stayed its way,
 And its western limb is resting o'er San Francisco Bay.

A hundred sails already swell to catch the willing breeze,
 A hundred keels are cleaving through the blue Atlantic seas,
 Full many a thousand leagues behind their tardy courses borne
 For a hundred masts already strain beyond the stormy Horn.

Soon from the channel of St. George and from the Levant shore,
 To swell the emigrating tide, another host shall pour
 To that far land beyond the west where labor lords the soil,
 And thankless tasks shall ne'er be done by unrequited toil.

To banks of distant rivers whose flashing waves have rolled
 For long and countless centuries above neglected gold,
 Where nature holds a double gift within her lavish hand,
 And teeming fields of yellow grain strike root in golden sand.

No state in its infancy could boast of so many talented men as California. Among these there were none more gifted than Col. Edward D. Baker. As an orator he had no superior; as a statesman he towered above his compeers; as a warrior he won fame on the bloody fields of Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista. He was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff. After his death the following beautiful poem from his pen was published. It was written about 1850. It is entitled

TO A WAVE.

Dost thou seek a star, with thy swelling crest
 O, wave, that lavest thy mother's breast?
 Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
 In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
 Or art thou seeking some distant land
 To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of pearl-lit deep,
 Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
 Can'st thou speak of navies that sank in pride
 Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
 What trophies, what banners, are floating free
 In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, thou rollest afar,
 Of banner, or mariner, ship or star;
 It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
 Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
 Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
 How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
 I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee;
 I, too, am seeking a distant land
 To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.
 For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
 And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

Among the versatile writers of California in the early '50's few rank higher than William H. Rhodes, better known by his nom de plume, "Caxton." One of his best efforts is a short poem on the death of James King of William.

In 1855-56 the criminal element of San Francisco had virtually obtained control of the city. The officials were either too weak or too corrupt to enforce the law. Many of them had secured their offices through ballot box stuffing and violence, and the thieves, incendiaries and murderers who had helped them into office went unwhipt of justice. King, through his paper, the *Bulletin*, exposed the prevailing corruption and poured out invective on the corrupt officials. He was shot down on Montgomery street by James P. Casey, a supervisor of the Twelfth ward, whose state's prison record King had exposed. Casey and Cora, another murderer, were hanged by the Vigilance Committee while the bells were tolling King's funeral. Caxton's poem is entitled

"HE FELL AT HIS POST DOING DUTY."

The patriot sleeps in the land of his choice,
 In the robe of a martyr, all gory,
 And heeds not the tones of the world-waking voice,
 That cover his ashes with glory.
 What recks he of riches? What cares he for fame,
 Or the world decked in grandeur or beauty?
 If the marble shall speak that records his proud name,
 "He died at his post, doing duty!"

The pilot that stood at the helm of our bark,
 Unmoved by the tempest's commotion,
 Was swept from the deck in the storm and the dark,

And sank in the depths of the ocean.
 But little he'll grieve for the life it has cost,
 If our banner shall still float in beauty,
 And emblaze on its fold, of the pilot we lost,
 "He died at his post, doing duty!"

The warrior-chieftain has sunk to his rest—
 The sod of Lone Mountain his pillow;
 For his bed, California has opened her breast;
 His dirge, the Pacific's sad billow!
 As long as the ocean-wave weeps on our shore,
 And our valleys bloom out in their beauty,
 So long will our country her hero deplore,
 Who fell at his post doing duty!

The Argonauts in their long voyages to California by way of Cape Horn, which lasted all the way from six to ten months, were put to their wits' ends to devise amusements to while away the monotony of the voyage. One means quite popular was to publish a newspaper aboard the vessel. These papers were written out by hand (for this was long before the days of typewriters) and often illustrated by pen and ink sketches of scenes and incidents on board. The paper was read once a week and furnished a source of amusement. It was my good fortune several years since to secure for the Historical Society several copies of the "Petrel," a paper published on the ship Duxbury, which sailed from Boston via Cape Horn for San Francisco in 1849. From its numerous poetical effusions I quote one entitled "Skinning the Duff." Duff, as you know, is a kind of pudding popular with sailors. It is made of flour, tallow, raisins and other ingredients and boiled in a bag. Skinning the duff consisted in removing the cloth bag in which the pudding was boiled.

SKINNING THE DUFF.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to sail
 Before the gale
 As the wind pipes loud and free
 And we dash away
 Amid foam and spray
 Across the dark blue sea,
 And we feel the wrath
 Of the tempest's breath,
 As it fills our spreading sail,
 And we shout with glee
 As the foaming sea
 Dashes high o'er the Duxbury's rail.
 But a pleasanter sight
 Than the tempest's night
 As it roars in tones so gruff
 Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called
 The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant to ride
O'er the swelling tide,
On the breast of the open sea,
To the waves' soft chime
In their low, sweet melody,
And 'tis pleasant to gaze
On the moon's mild rays,
Reflected wide o'er the deep,
While the evening star
Her vigils of love to keep.
 But it is pleasanter far
 Than moon or star,
 Or wind so smooth or rough,
 To see e'er the larboard watch is called
 The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant at night
When day's rich light
Has faded away and gone;
And the crowd collects
Between the decks
To listen to story or song;
And the full heart swells
And the eyes will fill,
As we talk of friends afar.
And our pulses bound
As the toast goes round,
God bless them wherever they are;
 But a pleasanter sight
 Than day's rich light
 Or music or any such stuff
 Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called
 The Steward skinning the duff.

ETHICAL VALUE OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

Social organizations have their rise in the social instinct. And it will be my purpose this evening to sketch very briefly the origin and development of this instinct, as well as to prove the value of social organizations. By these terms I do not include the purely social clubs, the rendezvous for eating, smoking and lounging; nor any of the various secret societies. Strictly speaking, a social organization would not come under the classification of a club formed for philanthropy, reform, or study along social lines, although the social element is often so closely allied with clubs organized for work of some kind that a strict line of demarcation is difficult, unless the object of the club is kept in mind.

What is its object? Has a social organization any ethical value?

Before attempting to answer these questions it will be necessary to study the genesis of the social instinct and also the intellectual development that has given rise to social organizations. We know the social instinct is inherent and can be traced back through gradations of animal life. Not in the form which we mean when we allude to social feelings, but in the more primitive segregation of species into colonies, schools, flocks and herds of animals. In invertebrate life the gregarious masses are due to the immense quantities that are generated in certain localities, and these only represent a part of the germs that fail to survive. This gregariousness was illustrated in the little pelagic, microscopic peridiniums which were so abundant on our coast at one time, summer before last. A vial filled with sea water was seen to be alive with peridiniums. Not scattered in haphazard fashion in the vial, but these tiny brown specks were seen following each other in two moving streams, as a flock of birds flying, some leading, others following. We cannot, strictly speaking, call this a social instinct, yet in these gregarious masses we might see the germs of a more advanced segregation of animals. A tiny, one-celled animal cannot represent much more than a possibility. The social instinct to be recognized as such, must be evolved from a more complicated system

of nerve tissue than is found in any invertebrate represented by a jelly fish, or an oyster. But in an insect, a bird or an animal, scientists tell us the structural units or microscopical cells and fibers are more or less similar, and that "mind has a physical basis in the functions of the nervous system and that every mental process has a corresponding equivalent in some neural process."* With the evolution of the nervous system the social instinct evolves.

Social instincts not only are shown in animals of the same genera and species, but animals both wild and domesticated have formed friendships. In domestic life the friendship of birds, cats, dogs and horses for their owners or keepers is of common occurrence. "Cats often like to associate with horses, and in some cases with dogs, birds and rats." Anecdotes of this social instinct are numerous. A pet minorca chicken raised by our family showed a decided preference for one member of the household. Dade knew his name and would run to his mistress whenever she called him. Often he would perch for the half hour on the arm of her chair if she were in the garden. For a short time he had two or three hens under his supervision. He always called them to eat first and would wait until they, the greedy ones, had satisfied themselves before he would swallow a mouthful, although he would pick up a grain of corn, then place it in front of a hen. In going into the chicken yard of evening it was always noticed that Dade called the hens, then when they were in front of the gate, he would stand on one side with as much grace as a cultured human, then pass in after the hens.

In Romanes' "Mental Evolution in Animals" he gives an illustration of a dog's attachment for his mistress. The anecdote was told by the author to show that dogs have an imagination, but it also adds another illustration of a dog's fondness for human society. "I have," he says, "known a case in which a terrier of my own household, on the sudden removal of his mistress, refused all food for a number of days, so that it was thought he must certainly die, and his life was only saved by forcing him to eat raw eggs. Yet all his surroundings remained unchanged, and every one was as kind to him as they always had been. And that the cause of his pining was wholly due to the absence of his beloved mistress was proved by the fact that he remained permanently outside of her bedroom door (although he knew that she was not inside), and could only be

*Romanes.

induced to go to sleep by giving him a dress of hers to sleep upon."

The author just quoted from not only enumerates the social feelings as one of the products of the emotional development of animal life, but he lists among the products of the intellectual development communication of ideas and what he calls "indefinite morality." That is, the morality that, in a psychogenetic scale, would be equal to an infant of 15 months. Under this category he lists dogs and anthropoid apes.

What is the impulse that has been the original source and stimulus of organic activity? The struggle for existence, or, in other words, the craving for food, the nutritive impulse. Evans says: "Every expression of feeling, every exercise of the will, every exhibition of intelligence in the lower animals and in man can be traced to hunger as its fountain head. From the pressure of hunger and the desire to prevent its occurrence spring the love of acquisition, the systematic accumulation of wealth, the idea of ownership in things, or the general conception of personal property, which is the strongest element of social and domestic life, codes of laws and system of morals, discoveries, inventions, industrial and commercial enterprises, scientific researches, and the highest achievement of culture and civilization."

He further says: "It is true that as man arises in the scale of intelligence, other and nobler incentives to activity come into operation and act even more powerfully than the primal nutritive impulse. The latter, however, always assert and insists upon the priority of its claims, and not until these have been satisfied and the stress of hunger relieved, and in some way permanently guarded against, does the individual think of devoting his energies to higher pursuits."

This has been illustrated in the struggle for existence of pioneer life. Plowing, and hunting, for food, and a rude habitation, were necessities. From the rough cabin, or shack, to the palace, there is represented the evolution of man from primitive labor to that of large commercial and industrial enterprises where many men labor together in the interest of one man. He rears a palace to adequately meet his social requirements that must follow along the line and keep pace with his monetary interests. Society, in its restricted sense, could only be possible when the struggle for existence was not the dominant idea. The social code, the particular attention to forms and the frequent and punctilious occasions of social intercourse have no

meaning to the man who is daily haunted with the impulse of nutrition for himself and his family.

We have seen that with the social instinct inherent there must still be certain conditions to influence the growth and progress of social development.

It is my aim to show that social organizations are due to the growth of both mental and social development. Not either alone, but together. The intellectual modified and influenced by social customs and the social elevated by seeking pleasure in a more rational manner than mere recreation as an excuse for passing time. Living in a world of activity, yet trying to kill time. This is the abuse of the social instinct.

It may be urged that the intellectual status represents the highest intelligence, or capacity for the function of the intellect, then how can it be modified and influenced by society?

I would not be misunderstood; there is nothing that should be more valued than the intellect, the power to understand, but if the intellectual person fails to adjust himself to his social environment, if his own personality is at war with the social judgments of his times, his influence is circumscribed, his intellectual attainments are not valued. He must care for the rights and privileges of his fellow men.

Whatever faults or failings may be laid at the door of polite society, it, in its best sense, is polite, seeking for the happiness of individual members of it. In social relations the ethical must necessarily be the groundwork of such relationships. The "ought" and ought not of the individual in his relation to society is ever present. Without this regard for the happiness of others there could be no such thing as ethical culture, which is only another name for refined altruism. Take, for instance, a company of what we term ladies and gentlemen; what is their characteristic in their relation to others? Politeness. No one must be made unhappy; self must be secondary to the feelings of others, and although this is often abused into a form of untruth, known as "white lies" or "fibbing," the exaggeration often has its root in the desire to do, and say, things that give pleasure. Politeness is not only the sesame to good society but is a strong factor in making life easier in every avenue of life.

A lady was once trying to give her little grandchild a lesson in politeness when the application of the lesson came home to her in a way she had not anticipated. "G——," said she to the child, who was visiting her, "if you want any one to do anything for you, you must be polite, you must say 'please.'" A

little while after that the child had made some paste in a tin-cup and was busy on the floor pasting bits of paper together. The grandmother after a while became tired of the litter and said: "G——, you have played with that paste long enough; take the cup out into the kitchen." The little five-year-old arose, straightened herself erect, and said with much indignation, "Where is your polite?"

James Mark Baldwin, in a study in social Psychology, entitled, "Social and Ethical Interpretations," lays much stress upon the ability of a person to conform to the social community. We know there must be variation if there is growth, but he says that, "The limits of individual variation must lie inside the possible attainment of the social heritage by each person. In the actual attainment of this ideal, any society finds itself embarrassed by refractory individuals."

He further says: "It is the duty of each individual to be born a man of social tendencies which his communal tradition a man, then, as far as his variation goes, he is liable to be found requires of him; if he persist in being born a different sort of a criminal before the bar of public conscience and law, and to be suppressed in an asylum or a reformatory, in Siberia or in the Potter's field."

This refers, of course, to society in general, not to social organizations, for in these there is a selection of the fittest, the unfit is seldom invited or is soon socially suppressed. Not of course by drastic measures such as general society advocates, but merely ignoring his personality—not rudely, but silently, yet none the less effectively. For social organizations must be composed, for the most part, of individuals whose judgments are in unison with the social judgments of the club. A man or woman to be eligible to membership must be a clubable person. By this is meant a person who respects the rights of others. One whose attitude is aggressive, who is unmindful of others' rights, would certainly be unsuitable to a social club.

Receptions to notable persons and monthly banquets or luncheons, or cosy teas, combine two inherent instincts in life. The instinct of nutrition, as has been said, is the first organic emotion, and it is still a dominant factor in friendly intercourse. Even the "Man of Sorrows" gathered his chosen twelve around the social board when he broke the bread and drank the fruit of the vine while he foretold the saddening future.

If social organizations have introduced more hospitable relations between the members than was practicable in a club formed

for work, they are also fine mediums for educating women towards greater simplicity in entertaining. This question cannot be discussed in society functions where discussion is strictly tabooed, but is a legitimate topic at the club, where anything that is carried to extreme may be criticised in a general way. Articles written upon such topics by persons who are conversant with social abuses have, and do, popularize simplicity and grace, rather than display that borders upon vulgarity. If there is one trait of character that is the ruling passion in America, not of women only, it is that of imitation. In business, if one man branches out in a new line, he runs the risk of becoming bankrupt by competition in this new line. Women imitate in dress, furnishings, and style of living and entertaining—with the desire, however, to do a little more, or add more elaborate features of display. The social instinct would impel the victim even to the verge of bankruptcy in money and nerve! Intellectual culture would seek the happy medium. The social club, in this respect, can be a potent factor.

In the intellectual activity of such a club, the discussion of topics of general interest covers a wide field. The best talent, both outside and inside of the club membership, is at its service. Specialists along various lines readily use their talents for the good of such a club.

This is, of itself, of great ethical value to the members. Science is presented in a popular form; philosophy is given in terms less didactic; the best fiction is reviewed; music is interpreted by professionals; art is made more realistic, and educational methods are presented. All this is inspiring, uplifting and helpful as social steps in the advance in life.

I would not be misunderstood—mental growth does not depend upon clubs, nor, we may say, colleges, alone. With books and free libraries for their dissemination, there is no lack of educational aids. But such clubs are useful to persons who are by nature students. When one reads and studies alone, he sees only one side of the author's meaning or intent. This may be correct, and yet it is helpful to learn how other minds receive the same information. Social expression of ideas is an adjunct to mental growth. Growth is an ethical factor. When we think of degeneration, we immediately form an image of something that has been dwarfed for want of nutrition. This argument also holds good in a study club, but in such a club the tendency is to specialize; consequently there is not so much diversity in the range of topics discussed before the same persons.

There is an inspiration in associating in club life with men and women who have a broader insight into life, a finer conception of relative values, a more comprehensive vision of humanity than one possesses.

The social club is a help in breaking down imaginary social boundaries.

Genius is often the child of penury, and brains have been rocked in a pine cradle. But when genius and brains come to the front, social distinctions vanish.

Social organizations for women are often connecting links between the mother and society. A club represents individual home factors, held together by a common interest, yet diversified by hereditary gifts and home environments. The social club supplies a human want in the life of the mother. She may have no time to study, with her young family clamoring for her attention; but she may possess her soul in peace for an occasional half day in the club. The club demands less of her than society would. It gives her ideal thinking for a time which is a refreshing change from purely domestic, economic details. Surely it needs no argument to prove that such a mother would be happier because of her glimpse of the world outside her narrow horizon; nor that her home would also be benefited. As happiness is the desideratum, if not the ultimatum, of human desires, any club that tends towards the happiness of its members and of society at large is of value.

The social organization is a medium through which reforms can be disseminated. For a progressive club must discuss some of the issues of the day. Clubs for philanthropy or reform have taken their rise from such a club. As an instance, some years ago a member of the Friday morning Club was in favor of having a cooking school for girls in one of our poorer districts. A graduate of a Boston cooking school was asked to present this subject to the club. The need of such a school was discussed, and the result was the formation—outside of the club—of such a school. Through the liberality of another member an industrial department was added, and the Stimson-Lafayette Industrial Association was incorporated, and is now in a flourishing condition.

While furnishing the impetus to organized activity, the ideal social club commits itself to no restricted line of labor. In this respect it shows its strength, for it is able to educate and send out workers in many lines. Its sympathies are as broad as human wants.

In such clubs there must be neutrality in religious beliefs, and, it naturally follows that this religious liberty cannot do otherwise than have a reflex influence in general society. Without the social elements in clubs and societies do you believe that the Jewish women of our country could have been recognized and given a place at the Jewish Congress during the World's Fair?

It was said that never before in the history of Judaism had a body of Jewish women come together for the purpose of presenting their views, nor for any purpose but that of charity or mutual aid; never in the representation of Judaism. The club formed for social improvement draws no line between Jew and Christian, Theosophist and Agnostic.

Is this too broad a platform? It may be for narrow sectarianism, but not for a belief in the brotherhood of man! Not for Christian ethics.

Social organizations, or clubs, are not usually organized for the good of the public, but for the pleasure of its individual members; but that does not invalidate the claim that such organizations are of ethical value.

In answer to a letter of inquiry regarding the Sunset Club, which meets once a month, Mr. Charles Dwight Willard says:

"Usually about forty attend. The papers are on all classes of subjects; and there is usually one principal paper, about twenty minutes' long, and two short ones of five minutes each, after which, in the discussion, five to twelve men usually participate. Literary topics are infrequent, and economics occur most often. I have generally found that sociological subjects are most satisfactory to the general club membership."

A club like the Sunset Club, composed of a number of representative men of the city, men who are identified with various lines of activity as doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, architects, authors, merchants and men in other special fields of industry, must tend towards the ethical growth of the individual members, and consequently influence society at large. If the tendency is to "broaden those who are participants in the discussions," then certainly the community is benefited. Public opinion is something that changes; it never remains the same. Every lecture, every public discussion, has some share in the growth of ideas. The masses are led by the few. The discussion of sociological subjects, questions that deal with the phenomena of society, of the right relations of man to man, which include questions of "rightness" and "oughtness," might not seem to the sixty members of any great benefit to persons outside of the club, but

no body of intellectual men could meet monthly to think and talk over topics that are bound up in society at large without, in some way, affecting the general public.

No life stands all alone, and it is the problem of social psychology to ascertain to what extent the development of the individual mind applies to the evolution of society and how far society influences the individual.

No thought is useful to society while it remains merely in the mind of the individual. Social organizations are excellent mediums for the expression of ideas. Thoughts must have publicity; they cannot have any general value until they find expression and are available; then they become alive, a part of the general mind. If social organizations, composed of men or women of intellectual abilities and culture, did nothing more than require that all members should be persons who are known for their moral character, persons whose influence is in an ethical direction, who would say that such a club was not of ethical value. In chemistry we know by analysis the character of any substance, and in the same way we judge of a society by its units, or individuals composing its membership. Moral growth must be greater when societies are composed of individuals who aim to act ethically, and who are indulging in ideal thinking. The moral nature develops when the individual aspires to reach, in himself, an ideal status. A combination of such individuals is the ideal social organization.

SOME OF THE MEDICINAL AND EDIBLE PLANTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Three or four days succeeding the first rains of the season there comes over the face of nature in Southern California a marked and magical change—from a dry and apparently barren landscape, the sweet-scented "Pelio" with its musky odor covers the earth with a mantle of vivid green. The early inhabitants of this country, living very near to nature and believing that the spicy perfume of the fresh and tender grass was invigorating and rejuvenating to the old and infirm, brought them into the sunlight on their respective rawhide beds and left them to doze and dream the day long. From the first rains and through all the seasons of the year until the last dry days of fall and early winter can be gathered herbs and plants, of varieties too numerous to mention in this brief paper, for edible and medicinal purposes. Their range is from the mountain tops to the seashore. I say from the mountain tops, because the melting snows of winter and the cloudbursts of spring and summer wash the seeds down the cañons' sides into the valleys below.

Seventy years or more ago, when physicians were like angels' visits, "few and far between," each mother of a family constituted herself the adviser of her family and friends, and in every small village or "pueblo" there was the "Vieja," whom every one respected and consulted, and who dispensed with a lavish hand her various herbs, which she had gathered, dried and put into safe-keeping for future use. A call from a fever patient hastened her with a package of "sauco," which she made into tea and administered at stated intervals, until relief came in the shape of a profuse perspiration. If her patient became too weak or debilitated she administered "Paleo" as a tonic. For cancer she made a poultice of the pounded leaves of "Totoache," which removed cancerous growths if applied in time. For inducing an appetite a decoction of "Concha L'agua" was given until the patient was able to eat his accustomed allowance of broiled beef and "Atole." If in the annual "rodeo" a vaquero

was thrown from his horse or otherwise bruised, he was removed to his home and "Yerba del Golpe" applied to his contusions. Then a bath of "Ramero" to rejuvenate his discolored flesh was used and soon the rider was at work again among his cattle. Weakened and inflamed eyes were cured by a wash made of "Rosa de Castilla." A pomade of the same was used for tenderness or chafing of the skin. "Yerba del Manso" and "Yerba del Pasma" were favorite remedies and used for almost every form of disease.

There is a sweet smelling little flower of pure white called "Selama," whose root of crimson furnished the young Indian girls a paint to improve their complexions, which, unlike the cosmetics of latter days, left no bad effects, remaining the same day after day.

In the early morning when the dew was on the grass, the old women gathered "Lanten" for boils and inflamed swellings. The large leaves bruised and soaked in olive oil served to concentrate the inflammation. The leaves of the "Tunra" were used for the same purpose. We all know how deliciously refreshing the fruit of the Tuna is on a hot summer day, and it formed one of the principal items of an Indian's winter store—Tunas, ground acorns, "Piñones," roasted "Mescal" and "Chia" made the Indian wax fat and happy.

When a washerwoman wished her black clothes to look bright and new, she sought the "Campo" for "Yerba" or "Amole," which, pounded and soaked over night in water, made a beautiful and cleansing suds. "Cichiquelite," a small seed for edible purposes, was also beneficial as a gargle for sore throats. "Petata" is a root eaten by the Indians before the introduction of the potato—in fact, served the same purpose. In the "zanjas" and pools along the rivers grows a plant which makes a salad highly prized by the native Californians, called "Flor del Aqua." It possesses a slightly bitter flavor, which is very appetizing. There is another with the small name "Benó" also relished for salads by "Paisanos."

Hair tonics and hair washes grow everywhere in both spring and summer, "Caria" being one of the many. And every Californian knows of the medicinal virtues of the different "Malvas," both black and white being used for congestions, and as a wash for "Yedra" (or poison oak) it is healing and soothing. "Cardo" and "Yuelite" are spring greens and may be eaten also as salads, and hundreds of persons can speak of the "Mostassa," the best spring vegetable of all.

Then there is the San Lucas plant for rheumatism and many others, whose names are difficult to pronounce on account of their Indian origin. Some of these medicinal herbs may be found in various pharmacies under botanical names—these are the native Californian and Indian names given here. But in the surrounding country, where live Indians and natives, the old women still administer their herbs under the well-known, homely and suggestive names given in this paper. The early physicians of Los Angeles could vouch for the efficacy of numerous herbs used by them in their practice among the residents if they were here to tell.

This has been written to show that the laziness of the Californian is in a measure excusable. For what use had he for work when everything grew at his hand—his food, his medicine, his shelter. If his "adobe" house or "Ramada" required sweeping, he had but to gather his "Escobita" or "Tules," tie them in broom shape and sweep when necessary. Disinfectants in the form of lovely flowers grew on the hills and on the plains. A hundred pages could be written of the herbs, edible and medicinal, that are "born to bloom and blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

In continuation, I should say that there were many plants used by the Indians in wicked incantations, herbs used in conjuring decoctions so powerful, that a small quantity administered, crippled or blinded a subject for life. It could not have been that his mind was wrought upon, for these herbs were given unbeknown to the sufferer, and therefore affected him through their poisonous influences. Except the few plants which the native Californian has discovered for himself, the knowledge of the medicinal and edible plants of Southern California has been handed down to him through his Indian ancestors, who subsisted on the roots and seeds of this country, gathering some in the mountains and others in the valleys below, but always busy in the different seasons of their growth and ripening.

After the founding of the missions the Indians had their corn, beans and different edibles for consumption which were introduced by the "padres," and under their subjection ceased to gather seeds and herbs, but now and then there would be an old woman who still clung to tradition and believed that there was nothing better than the old way of living, and consequently lived and suffered under the "sobriquet" of "Chisera," or witch, who was only visited in secret by the jealous husband, or sought for love potions by the Indian maiden in the "dark of the moon."

These old women crept about with packs upon their backs filled with dried fruit, seeds and countless small and mysterious packages, which were the awe of the uninitiated. They lived in small jacales or huts made of "tules" on the outskirts of the mission and died of old age, true to their convictions.

There are also plants deleterious to animals, one in particular—"Ramaloco"—which when eaten by horses causes them to become dangerously mad, and while under its influence to endanger the lives of human beings as well as other animals. There is also "Bledo Cimaron," which when dry seems to have an affinity for others, thus forming into immense rolling mounds and skipping before the winds, terrorized and stampeded the countless herds of cattle and horses that roamed the plains. There is a weed which is deadly poison to sheep. In a little wayside plant not unlike a tiny apple in looks and odor, called "Mansanilla," we have a strong purgative, used to reduce the temperature in fever. If you walk or ride with an old native woman she will pick flowers and plants by the wayside and expound their virtues to you until you are convinced that you are walking over untold treasures. Indeed, every creeping plant in California has a meaning and a history.

ANDREW A. BOYLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In learning the life-story of many of the early English-speaking settlers of Los Angeles, as recounted to me by themselves, I have been struck with the infinite variety of adventures and dangers which they went through.

Many of the older members of this society, or those who lived here in the sixties or fifties, or before (of these latter, however, very few remain), well remember Andrew A. Boyle, that early Pioneer, after whom "Boyle Heights" was named. But not all of you, I presume, are aware of the fact that Mr. Boyle was one of the three or four men of Col. Fanning's unfortunate band of more than 400 Texas soldiers who escaped slaughter in the terrible tragedy at Goliad, Texas, in 1836.

Mr. Boyle was born in Ireland, county of Mayo, in 1818, eighty-two years ago. At the age of 14 years he came to New York. Two years later, he with his brothers and sisters went to Texas with a colony, which settled at San Patricio, on the Nueces river.

On the breaking out of the revolution, Texas then being a province of Mexico, Mr. Boyle enlisted January 7, 1836, in Westover's artillery of the Texan army, and his command was ordered to Goliad, where it was incorporated with the forces of Col. Fanning, and after sundry engagements with greatly superior numbers, the Texans were compelled to surrender. Mr. Boyle, who had been wounded, expected to be shot, as nearly all his comrades were, to the number of almost 400 men, notwithstanding the fact that by the terms of their capitulation they were guaranteed their lives. Mr. Boyle, who understood Spanish, learned that this was to be their fate, but before their execution an officer asked in English if there was any one among their number named Boyle, to which he answered at once that that was his name. He was immediately taken to the officers' hospital to have his wound attended to, where he was kindly treated by the officers.

A Mr. Brooks, aid to Col. Fanning, who was there at the time with his thigh badly shattered, knew nothing of what had

happened, or what was to be their fate, and upon being informed, he remarked, "I suppose it will be our turn next." In less than five minutes, four Mexican soldiers carried him out, cot and all, placed him in the street, not fifteen feet from the door, where Mr. Boyle could not help seeing him, and there shot him. His body was instantly rifled of a gold watch, stripped and thrown into a pit at the side of the street.

A few hours after the murder of Mr. Brooks, the officer who had previously inquired for Mr. Boyle, came into the hospital, and, addressing him in English, said: "Make your mind easy, sir; your life is spared."

Mr. Boyle responded, "May I inquire the name of the person to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"Certainly; my name is General Francisco Garay, second in command of General Urrea's division."

It seems that when Gen. Garay's forces had occupied San Patricio that officer had been quartered at the house of the Boyle family, and had been hospitably entertained. Mr. Boyle's brother and sister had refused all remuneration from him, only asking that if their younger brother, then in the Texan army, should ever fall into his hands he would treat him kindly. Afterward, by order of Gen. Garay, Mr. Boyle obtained a passport, and went to San Patricio, where he remained.

After the battle of San Jacinto and the capture of Gen. Santa Ana and the retreat of the Mexican forces, Gen. Garay, in passing through San Patricio, called to see Mr. Boyle, who, at the General's request, accompanied the latter to Matamoras. The General also invited Mr. Boyle to accompany him to the city of Mexico, but this invitation he was compelled to decline; and so he set out on foot for Brazos, Santiago, where he took passage on a brig for New Orleans. Being out of money and in rags on arriving at New Orleans, he engaged at \$2.50 a day in painting St. Mary's market. Working long enough to buy some clothes, he availed himself of the Texan Consul's offer of a free passage to the mouth of the Brazos river, where Gen. Burnett, the first President of the Republic of Texas, gave him a letter to Gen. Rusk, at that time in command of the army on the river Guadalupe.

Mr. Boyle walked to Gen. Rusk's camp, a distance of 150 miles. Gen. Rusk gave Mr. Boyle his discharge on account of impaired health. After recovering from a severe sickness, he went to Columbia, the seat of government of Texas, where he obtained a passport for New Orleans.

After his return to the latter city and the re-establishment of his health, he engaged in merchandizing on the Red river till about the year 1842.

In 1846 Mr. Boyle was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Christie at New Orleans. Miss Christie was a native of British Guiana; from whence, in 1838, her father brought his family to New Orleans. One daughter was born to this marriage, who is now the wife of Ex-Mayor William H. Workman. Mrs. Boyle died in New Orleans, October 20, 1849. This daughter (Mrs. Workman) was cared for and brought up by her great aunt, Charlotte Christie, who, at the age of over 80 years, died recently in this city, at the home of her foster-daughter.

Returning from the Red river, Mr. Boyle went to Mexico, where he engaged successfully in business till 1849, when he set out for the United States with about \$20,000 in Mexican silver dollars, which he had packed in a claret box. At the mouth of the Rio Grande, in passing a sidewheel steamer in a small skiff, his frail boat was upset, and his treasure sank to the bottom, and was a total loss, and he himself came near losing his life.

Mr. Boyle finally returned to his home in New Orleans, to find that his wife, who was in delicate health, had died two weeks before, from nervous shock and brain fever, caused by hearing that he had been lost at the mouth of the Rio Grande. From that time on, all his interest centered in his infant daughter, then a year and a half old.

The next year the family started for California via the isthmus, arriving in San Francisco in the early part of 1851. Here Mr. Boyle engaged in the boot and shoe business, but he was burned out by both of the fires that occurred that year.

In company with a Mr. Hobart, he then went into the wholesale boot and shoe business, and they built up a very large trade, which extended to Los Angeles and other coast towns. Among their customers in those years (1851-58) were Mr. Kremer, the late Mr. Polaski and others.

Mr. Boyle made the acquaintance of Don Mateo Keller in Texas and at Vera Cruz, Mexico, whither both went on trading expeditions in the early 40's. It was through the influence of Mr. Keller that Mr. Boyle was induced to sell out his interests in San Francisco and come to Los Angeles, which he did in 1858. Here he bought a vineyard (planted in 1835 by José Rubio) on the east side of the river, under the bluffs. Here he made his home, and in 1862 or '63 he commenced making

wine, and dug a cellar in which to store it, just under the edge of the bluff. Prior to 1862 he shipped his grapes to San Francisco, as did many other vineyardists here at that period, grapes then bringing high prices in that market. In the '50's and earlier, and before vineyards had been generally planted in the upper country, and during the flush mining era, grapes and other fruit commanded, at times, fabulous prices. Those who had bearing vineyards in Los Angeles at that period had a better thing than a gold mine or than oil wells.

Mr. Boyle was a valuable member of the City Council several years during the '60's. Mr. Boyle and Mr. George Dalton were the only members who, on the final vote, cast their ballots against the thirty years lease of the city's domestic water system to a private company. Mr. Boyle made a strong minority committee report against said lease, which we can now see, as we look back, was a prophetic document. If the city had followed Mr. Boyle's advice it would have saved millions of dollars and no end of vexatious and costly litigation.

Mr. Boyle was of a very genial, social nature, and all who visited his hospitable home were cordially received and entertained. I have only pleasant memories of my visits to the Boyle mansion during the lifetime of its former owner—as so many others in later years have of their visits to the present hospitable owners.

Down to the time of the death of Mr. Boyle, there were but few houses on the east side of the river, either in that beautiful suburb now known as "Boyle Heights" or in "East Los Angeles." Mr. Clemente lived on the flat near the river; the old John Behn place was south of Mr. Boyle, and the Bors mill and the Julian Chaves and Elijah Moulton places were further up the river, on the east side.

Perhaps I should add that General Garay, the savior of Mr. Boyle's life at Goliad, had been educated in the United States and that he spoke English perfectly, and that he keenly regretted the barbarous butchery of the disarmed Texans at Goliad, which, as he afterward told Mr. Boyle, would ever be looked upon as a blot and a disgrace on the Mexican name.

EL CANON PERDIDO

BY J. M. GUINN.

The stranger strolling through the city of Santa Barbara will be forcibly impressed by the Spanish nomenclature of its streets. The famous men of the Spanish and Mexican eras of California's history have been remembered in the naming of the highways and byways of the channel city. Sola, Victoria, Figueroa, Ortega, Carrillo, de La Guerra and many others have their streets. Nor alone have the famous men, but also famous and infamous deeds, too, have been immortalized in choice Castilian on the guide boards. Sandwiched in among the calles named for bygone heroes the stroller will find one street name that, if he is not up in his Spanish, will impress him with the unpleasant sensation as he reads its name.—Cañon Perdido,"—that he has entered upon the broad road that leads down to perdition cañon; and he will be on the qui vive for some tradition of the days of the padres or the story of uncanny orgies held in some lonely cañon by the Indian worshipper of Chupu, the channel god. If he should ask some Barbareño what the street's name means, he will be informed that its name in English is "Lost Cannon street"—for cañon is California Spanish for a gun or a gulch, and perdido may mean in Castilian simply "lost" or intensified—doomed to eternal perdition. Of the deed, the legend or the tradition that gave the calle its queer appellation, unless your informant is an old-timer, you will learn but little and that little perhaps may be incorrect.

The episode that the street name commemorates occurred away back in the closing years of the first half of the nineteenth century. In the winter of 1847-48, the American brig Elizabeth was wrecked on the Santa Barbara coast. Among the flotsam of the wreck was a brass cannon of uncertain caliber—it might have been a six, a nine or a twelve-pounder. The capacity of its bore is unknown. Nor is it pertinent to my story for the gun unloaded made more commotion in Santa Barbara than it ever did when it belched forth shot and shell in battle.

The gun, after its rescue from a watery grave, lay for some time on the beach devoid of a carriage and useless apparently for offense or defense.

One dark night in the ides of March a little squad of native Californians, possessed of a caretta and armed with riatas, stole down to the beach and loaded the gun on the cart, and dragging it to the estero, hid it in the sands. What their purpose was in stealing the gun no one knows. Perhaps they did not know themselves. It might come handy in a revolution. Or maybe they only intended to play a joke on the gringos. Whatever their object, the outcome of their prank must have astonished them. The flag of our country had been bobbing around in California for a year or more, but the constitution had not yet arrived. The laws of the land were military regulations, Mexican bandos and the Recopilacion de Indias. This conglomerate jurisprudence was administered by American martinets, Mexican alcaldes and native California ayuntamientos.

There was a company of Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers stationed at Santa Barbara under the command of a Captain Lippitt. Lippitt was a fussy, meddling martinet. He belonged to that class of men who always lose their heads in an emergency and make trouble for themselves and others. In the theft of the cannon he thought he had discovered a California revolution in its incipient stages and determined to crush it in its infancy. He sent post haste, at a cost of \$400 to the government, couriers bearing dispatches to Governor Mason at Monterey, informing him of the prospective uprising of the natives and the possible destruction of the troops at Santa Barbara by the terrible gun that the enemy had stolen.

It was Lippitt's duty to have reported the theft to Col. Stevenson at Los Angeles, to whose regiment he belonged. But he hoped by reporting direct to the military governor of the territory to obtain greater credit for his display of military genius and promptitude in suppressing insurrections.

Col. Mason, relying on Captain Lippitt's report, and determining to give the natives a lesson that would teach them not to meddle with guns or revolutions, issued the following order:

Order No. 36.

Headquarters of the 10th Military Department,
Monterey, California, May 31, 1848.

A gun belonging to the wreck of the Elisabeth has been stolen from the beach at Santa Barbara, and ample time having been allowed for its citizens to discover and produce said gun, it is ordered that the town be laid under a contribution of \$500, assessed in the following manner:

First, a capitation tax of \$2.00 on all males over 20 years of age; the balance to be paid by the heads of families and property holders in the proportion of the value of their respective real and personal estate in the town of Santa Barbara and vicinity.

Second, Col. J. D. Stevenson, commander of the Southern Military District, will direct the appraisement of property and the assessment of the contribution, and will repair to Santa Barbara on or before the 25th of June next, when, if the missing gun is not produced, he will cause said contribution to be paid before July 1st. When the whole is collected he will turn it over to the acting Assistant Quartermaster of the post to be held for further orders.

Third, Should any person fail to pay his capitation, enough of his property will be seized and sold at public auction to realize the amount of the contribution due by him and the cost of sale.

By order of Colonel R. B. Mason.

WM. T. SHERMAN,
First. Lieut. 3rd Art. & A. A. Adjt.-General.

The order was translated into Spanish and promulgated in Santa Barbara.

Then there was indignation in the old pueblo, and curses, not loud, but deep and withering in their bitterness, against the perfidious gringos. To be taxed for a cannon used in their own subjugation was bad enough, but to be charged with stealing it was an insult too grievous to be borne, and the loudest in their wail were the old-time American born residents of the town. Had not their New England ancestors gone to war with the mother country because of "taxation without representation?" and put British tea to steep in Boston harbor without the consent of its owners? And here on the western side of the continent they were confronted with that odious principle. Why should they be taxed? They had not a single representative among the cannon thieves.

Col. Stevenson ordered Lippitt to make out a roll of those subject to assessment. This order was issued June 15, and the Colonel left Los Angeles for Santa Barbara, arriving there June 23d. Immediately on his arrival he held an interview with Don Pablo de La Guerra, one of the most distinguished citizens of Santa Barbara, and a man highly respected by both the natives and the Americans.

Colonel Stevenson expressed his regret at the ridiculous course of Captain Lippitt. Don Pablo was very indignant at

the treatment of the citizens and expressed his fear that the enforcement of the assessment might result in an outbreak. After talking the matter over with Col. Stevenson, he became somewhat mollified, and asked the Colonel to make Santa Barbara his headquarters. He inquired about the brass band at Colonel Stevenson's headquarters and suggested that the Californians were very fond of music. Stevenson took the hint and sent for his band. The band arrived at Carpinteria on the afternoon of the 3d of July. The 4th had been fixed upon as the day for the payment of the fines, doubtless with the idea of giving the Californians a lesson in American patriotism and fair dealing. Colonel Stevenson met the leader of the band and arranged with him to serenade Don Pablo and his family with all the Spanish airs in the band's repertoire. The musicians stole quietly into town after night, reached the de La Guerra house and broke the stillness of the night with their best Spanish airs. The effect was magical. The family, who were at supper, rushed out as if a temblor had broken loose. Don Pablo was so delighted that he shed tears and hugged Colonel Stevenson in the most approved California style. The band serenaded all the dons of note in the old pueblo and tooted until long after midnight. Then started in next morning and kept it up until 10 o'clock, the hour set for each man to contribute his dos pesos to the common fund. By that time every hombre on the list was so filled with patriotism, wine and music that the greater portion of the fine was handed over without protest.

Don Pablo insisted that Colonel Stevenson should deliver a Fourth of July oration, all the same as they do in the United States of the North. So Stevenson orated and Stephen C. Foster translated it into Spanish. The day closed with a grand ball. The beauty and chivalry of Santa Barbara danced to the music of a gringo brass band and the brass cannon was forgotten for a time. But the memory of the city's ransom rankled and although an American band played Spanish airs, American injustice was still remembered. When the city's survey was made in 1850 the nomenclature of three streets kept the cañon episode green in the memory of the Barbareños,—Cañon Perdido (Lost Cannon street), Quinientos (Five Hundred street), and Mason street. It is needless to say that this last was not a favorite thoroughfare nor a very prominent one.

When the pueblo by legislative act blossomed into a ciudad, it became necessary to have a city seal. The municipal fathers pondered long over a design, and finally evolved this strange

device. In the center a cannon emblazoned, encircled with these words "Vale Qui-ni-entos Pesos"—"worth five hundred dollars." Or if you choose to give a Latin twist to the vale on the seal, it might mean, "Good-bye; five hundred dollars," which is the better interpretation, as the sequel to the story will show.

This seal was used from the incorporation of the city in 1850 to 1860, when another design was chosen.

After peace was declared, Colonel Mason sent the five hundred dollars to the Prefect of Santa Barbara, with instructions to use it in building a city jail. And although there was pressing need for a jail, no jail was built. The Prefect's needs were pressing, too. The City Council, after a lapse of four or five years, demanded that he should turn the money into the city treasury, but he replied that the money had been entrusted to him for a specific purpose, and he would trust no city treasury with it. Then the City Council instructed the District Attorney to begin legal proceedings against the ex-Prefect to recover the money. As the Judge of Santa Barbara was a relative of the ex-Prefect, the suit was transferred to San Francisco. The papers in the case were unaccountably lost and the trustee of the fund died insolvent. No new suit was ever begun, so it was indeed, Vale (farewell), five hundred dollars.

Ten years passed and the episode of the lost cannon was but the dimly remembered story of the olden time. The old gun reposed peacefully in its grave of sand, and those who had buried it there had forgotten the place of its interment. They had not dared to reveal the place where it was hid at the time when Mason stood up the city and compelled it to deliver, lest the gringo comandante in his wrath should stand them up before an adobe wall and shoot them full of holes. When peace came and the constitution had arrived to keep company with the flag, the shifting of the sands had so changed the contour of the beach that they could not locate the hidden gun.

One stormy night in December, 1858, the estero cut a new channel to the ocean. In the morning as some Barbareños were surveying the changes caused by the flood they saw the muzzle of a large gun protruding from the cut in the bank. They unearthed it, cleaned off the sand and discovered that it was El Cañon Perdido—the lost cannon. They loaded it on a cart and hauled it up State street to de La Guerra, where they mounted it on an improvised gun carriage and held a jubilation over it. But the sight of it was a reminder to the Barbareños of an unpleasant incident, and as the finders, claiming to be keepers, de-

manded the gun, it was adjudged to belong to them. They sold it to a merchant for \$80. He shipped it to San Francisco and sold it at a handsome profit for old brass. And then it was Vale (farewell) Cañon Perdido!

The names of the five men who buried the gun were José Garcia, José Antonio de La Guerra, José Lugo, José Dolores Garcia and Pacifico Cota.

It was currently reported that the Prefect, believing that Santa Barbara deserved a handsomer and more commodious jail than \$500 would build, risked the whole amount of the military contribution on a card in a game of monte, hoping to double it and thus benefit the city, but luck was against him, and the dealer, with no patriotism in his soul, refusing to return it, raked the coin into his coffers; and the municipality had to worry along several years without a jail.

Such is the true story of how Calle del Cañon Perdido—the Street of the Lost Cannon—came by its queer name.

SOME OLD LETTERS

The first letter published below was written by Dr. John Marsh, a native of Massachusetts, the first American physician to locate in Los Angeles. Dr. Marsh was a graduate of Harvard College and also of its medical school. He came to California in 1835 from Santa Fé, where he had lived several years. He petitioned the Ayuntamiento to be allowed to practice medicine. He was given permission. The proceedings of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento for February 25, 1836, read: "The Illustrious Body decided to give Juan Marchet (Marsh) permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct; and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community."

He entered upon the practice of his profession, but as money was an almost unknown quantity in the old pueblo, he had to take his fees in horses, cattle and hides, a currency exceedingly inconvenient to carry around. So early in 1837 he abandoned the practice of medicine, quitted Los Angeles and went up north to find a cattle range. Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at the time the letter was written contained two houses. He located on the Rancho Los Médanos, near Monte Diablo, where he lived until he was murdered by a Mexican in 1856. A letter written by him descriptive of California, and published in a Missouri paper in 1840, was instrumental in causing the organization in the spring of 1841 of the first immigrant train that crossed the plains to California.

J. M. GUINN.

YERBA BUENA, March 27, 1837.

Dear Sir:—I have been wandering about the country for several weeks and gradually becoming acquainted both with it and its inhabitants. This is the best part of the country, as you very well know, and is in fact the only part that is at all adapted to agriculturists from our country. Nothing more is wanted but just and equal laws and a government—yes, any government that can be permanent and combine the confidence and good will of those who think. I have good hope, but not unmixed with doubt and apprehension. News has just arrived that an army from Sonora is on its march for the conquest and plunder of California. Its force is variously stated from two to 600 men. This, of course, keeps everything in a foment.

I have had a choice of two districts of land offered to me, and in a few days I shall take one or the other. A brig of the H. B. Co. (Hudson Bay Co.) is here from the Columbia with Capt. Young (who has come to buy cattle) and other gentlemen of the company. I have been at the head waters of the Sacramento and met with near a hundred people from the Columbia; in fact, they and the people here regard each other as neighbors. Indeed, a kinder spirit exists here and less of prejudice and distrust to foreigners than in the purlieu of the City of Angels.

It is my intention to undergo the ceremony of baptism in a few days, and shall shortly need the certificate of my application for letters of naturalization. My application was made to the Most Illustrious Council of the City of Angeles, I think in the month of January last year (1836). I wish you would do me the favor to obtain a certificate in the requisite form and direct it to me at Monterey to the care of Mr. Spence. Mr. Spear is about to remove to this place. Capt. Steele's ship has been damaged and is undergoing repairs which will soon be completed. His barque is also here. I expect to be in the Angelic City some time in May.

Please give my respects to Messrs. Warner and William M. Prior and all "enquiring friends."

Very respectfully,

Your ob't. servant,

JOHN MARSH.

A. Stearns, Esq., Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, September 29, 1849.

To His Excellency, B. Riley, Brig.-Gen., U. S. A., Governor of California, Monterey—

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your appointment of myself as Prefect of the District of Los Angeles, dated Sept. 1, 1849. While thankful for confidence reposed in me, I trust my poor services may prove acceptable to all concerned.

As Prefect of said District of Los Angeles I beg leave to state that this district is particularly exposed to the depredations of Indian horse thieves—and other evil disposed persons, and at present the inhabitants are badly armed and powder cannot be obtained at any price. Under these circumstances I would respectfully request that you place at my disposal for the defense of the lives and property of the citizens of said district, subject

to such conditions as you may deem proper, the following arms and ammunition, viz.:

One hundred flint lock muskets with corresponding accoutrements; ten thousand flint lock ball and buckshot cartridges; five hundred musket flints.

Respectfully your ob't, serv't.,

STEPHEN C. FOSTER,
Prefect, Los Angeles.

THE PALOMARES FAMILY OF CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The ancestor of all the Palomares of Alta California was Cristobal Palomares, a native of Spain, who came to Alamo, Mexico, with his father. From there Cristobal came as a soldier to Monterey in the early part of this century.

A daughter of this patriarch, the venerable Doña Josefa Palomares de Arenas, now 85 years of age, is still (March, 1900) a resident of this city. From her I have lately obtained interesting data relating to the family, which is numerous, under the same and other names, both here and in Santa Clara county; and also concerning her somewhat romantic life.

Cristobal Palomares was married in Monterey to Benedita Sainz. Afterwards he moved to Santa Barbara, and later to Los Angeles, where he resided till his death.

The following is a list of the children of Cristobal Palomares, and of the persons to whom they were married, as given me by Doña Josefa: (1) Barbara, married P. Alvarado; (2) Concepcion married Antonio Lopez; (3) Rosaria, married Bernardo Higuera; (4) Dolores, married Jose Ramirez; (5) Estefana, married Yg. Machado; (6) Josefa (still living), married first to José M. Abila, and second to Luis Arenas; (7) Pilar, died young; (8) Maria de Jesus, married F. Figueroa; (9) Ygnacio, married Concepcion Lopes; (10) Francisco, married Margarita Pacheco; (11) Luis; (12) Cristobal, born 1836.

Ygnacio, who lived many years on his rancho, San José, which included the site of the present town of Pomona, and who died there in '82, was one of Doña Josefa's brothers. He was also grantee of Azusa rancho.

Doña Josefa, who is a native of Los Angeles, was born in 1815. She was married when 15 years of age to José Maria Abila (who in 1825 was Alcalde of Los Angeles), the chivalrous young Californian whom Prof. Polley has not inaptly called a modern "Alcibiades," and who was killed in the encounter between the forces of San Diego and Los Angeles with Gov. Victoria at Cahuenga in 1831, when, at the same time, Captain Romualdo Pacheco (father of Gov. Romualdo Pacheco), was also

killed, both good and valuable citizens. The people of this part of the territory, feeling that they had abundant cause to resist the oppressive acts of Victoria, had risen in rebellion; and, as a result of the hostile meeting at Cahuenga, Gov. Victoria was driven out of the country.

Señora Palomares de Arenas retains a very vivid remembrance of the exciting events of that day, nearly 70 years ago, when she, then only 16 years of age, lost within a few hours, both her dashing, chivalrous husband, and her aged father; for her father was at the time very ill, and the shock he received from hearing, of the tragic end of his son-in-law, caused his own death the same day.

Shortly, or two or three months after their death, the bereaved young widow gave birth to a posthumous child.

Gov. Victoria was seriously wounded at Cahuenga and he retired to San Gabriel, where he voluntarily resigned his office and left the country, and his tyrannical administration of the affairs of the territory came to an end; and thus, the revolution was successful, Pio Pico becoming Victoria's successor.

Four years after the death of Señora Abila's first husband, she married Luis Arenas.

The children of this second marriage are: Josefa, married to J. M. Miller; Amparo, married to L. Schiappa Pietra; Luisa, married to L. Stanchfield; Amelia, married to Charles Ross.

Although Mrs. Abila-Arenas from advanced age is quite infirm, as is natural, she is still a fine looking woman. She retains the clear use of her mental faculties; her reminiscences of the olden times of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago are exceedingly interesting.

SISTER SCHOLASTICA

BY W. H. WORKMAN.

I am to speak you tonight of Sister Scholastica Logsdon, a pioneer of Los Angeles, who, at the age of 88, died, at the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, on September 3rd of this year. Of her long life, Sister Scholastica had spent 47 years in the city of Los Angeles.

The life of Sister Scholastica was a retired one, but her days and nights were filled with a noble devotion to the cause of humanity. Her name did not appear in public periodicals, her deeds were unrecorded, she cared not for worldly fame, but the good work she did, so quietly and unostentatiously is living today in the lives of countless women of Southern California and radiating from their lives to the lives of their children and their children's children. It is just, and it is good, that some one who knew her, speak of her now that she is gone, for the lives of noble men and women have a mighty influence on the lives of all. In our age of selfishness it is good to dwell upon the life of one who labored always for others, who, without material recompense or even a desire for such reward, gave freely and lovingly of her best effort for the cause of the orphan and the helpless, and for the education of the young.

Sister Scholastica was born in Maryland in the March of 1814. In her girlhood she was associated with the family of our late honored Pioneer, Hon. J. De Barth Shorb. In August of 1839, she became a member of the great order of Sisters of Charity, who in every part of the civilized and uncivilized world, carry on the work of devotion to the helpless, so characteristic of their society. Well did Sister Scholastica exemplify in her life the ideals of her order. She labored first in Mississippi, was called thence to important offices of trust in the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland, and was in 1855 named leader of a band of six Sisters who were appointed to carry their gentle ministrations to far distant and newly inhabited California.

It required a brave and faithful spirit to undertake this work, and Sister Scholastica, Sister Ann and their associates were well

chosen. Every Pioneer knows how far away California seemed in those days when no railway stretched connecting bands of steel across the great American continent; when one heard strange and vague reports of the primitive life of the far West; when "Prairie Schooners" led one through the terrors of Indian attack "across the plains," or a long voyage by steamer brought one a wearisome journey via the Isthmus of Panama. I repeat, it required a staunch heart to venture into this unknown world, and, above all, it required a courage inspired by the faith of Sister Scholastica, for women to undertake this journey that they might minister to those in need. All honor to the noble women Pioneers of California!

Sister Scholastica and her companions reached San Francisco on the steamer *Sea Bird* in January, 1856. By January 6th, they had arrived at San Pedro. General Banning's celebrated stage conveyed them to Los Angeles, the scene of their future life work. Don Ignacio Del Valle, father of our Senator Del Valle, with characteristic hospitality, gave the Sisters shelter until a home had been secured for them at the corner of Alameda and Macy streets. In this home the Sisters lived for many years. The property, on which was a small frame house, was bought from Hon. B. D. Wilson. The house, familiar to all of you, had been brought in sections from New York via Cape Horn. The sections were all marked to facilitate reconstruction, but alas! there was no one in Los Angeles who could be engaged by Mr. Wilson to join together that which had been put asunder, for in those days, adobes were more popular than frame buildings. A carpenter was brought from the East and the house at last completed. As I said, it was this house which afterward became the home of the Sisters. Soon the Sisters gathered about them the orphans who have always been their special care. In connection with their Asylum, they had a school for children and young ladies and in this school it was that so many of the prominent and worthy mothers and grandmothers of Southern California received their education.

The people of Los Angeles welcomed the Sisters, and, regardless of religious differences, gave them cordial assistance. Gentle Sister Scholastica and genial Sister Ann were everybody's friends and to this day are not forgotten, even by those who have not seen them for many years. To need their help was the only ticket of admission to their sympathy; color, race, or creed did not enter at all into the consideration.

They always delighted to tell of how generous the people were when they held their Fairs in the old Perry and Woodworth building or in the old Stearns' hall in the Arcadia block, and how they received most valuable aid from Jewish and Protestant, as well as from Catholic women. There were important considerations to decide the date of a Fair. It could not be held except on "Steamer day," as there was no ice save that which came from San Francisco, and it could not be held except at the right time of moon as no one cared to grope about the streets in Egyptian darkness. In spite of all, the generous women of Los Angeles aided the Sisters in their work, and the Sisters of Charity do not forget their friends.

In 1889, on the 50th anniversary of Sister Scholastica's life as a Sister of Charity, many of her friends gave her, as a substantial tribute of their esteem and love, the gift of a purse of \$3,000, which she at once devoted to the building fund for the erection of a new and more commodious home for the rapidly increasing number of orphans. On the 9th of February, 1890, was laid the corner stone of the magnificent Orphanage now overlooking the city. When the home was completed, the Sisters moved thither, and here it was, surrounded by a family of nearly four hundred orphans, that Sister Scholastica, whose life was all gentleness and peace even in the midst of trials, folded her willing hands in her last long sleep. She had labored long and with steadfast purpose, each day found her the same, faithful in all things, ever kind, ever courageous. When her body failed through age, she, whose life had been so pure and undeviating, knew no physical ailment. She was just tired, she said, and uncomplainingly bore the gradual ebbing of her strength. Of the band whose leader she was, but two survive her, Sister Ann, now at Emmitsburg, and Sisters Angelita, at present in El Paso, Texas.

Sister Scholastica's eulogy I cannot pronounce, for that can be justly given only where she now receives her "hundred fold."

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

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PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CONSTITUTION

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 to 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; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the country ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

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 first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be 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 society 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. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. 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 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect any member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he

shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be

held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. 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 meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

- Reading minutes of previous meeting.
- Music.
- Reports of committee on membership.
- Election of new members.
- Reading of applications for membership.
- Music.
- Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.
- Music or recitations.
- Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.
- Unfinished business.
- New business.
- Reports of committees.
- Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.
- Music.
- Is any member in need of assistance?
- Good of the society.
- Receipts of the evening.
- Adjournment.

REMINISCENCES: MY FIRST PROCESSION IN LOS ANGELES, MARCH 16, 1847

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Read before Historical Society, 1887. Read before Pioneer Society, 1902.)

The writer has witnessed forty celebrations of the 4th of July in this city, commencing with 1847, when he read the Declaration of Independence on Fort Hill, in Spanish, for the information of our newly-made fellow-citizens, who spoke only the Castilian tongue. As I marched in the procession the other day (July 4, 1887), I recalled the appearance of the city when I first knew it, so widely different from the present.

The outbreak of the Mexican War (May, 1846) found the writer at Oposura, Sonora, which place he reached December, 1845 on his way to California, by the way of Santa Fe and El Paso, from Missouri. The first news we had of the war was of the capture of Capt. Thornton's command of U. S. Dragoons by the Mexican cavalry, on the Rio Grande, and the people rang the bells for joy. But shortly after, we got the news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and they did not ring the bells then.

In June, 1846, arrived at Oposura, a small party of Americans headed by James Kennedy, a machinist from Lowell, Mass., who with his wife had come around Cape Horn, three years before, to the cotton manufactory at Horcasitas, Sonora; the husband to superintend the machinery, and the wife to teach the Mexican girls the management of the looms and spindles. As there was no chance to leave by sea, Kennedy had made up a party to see him safe through the Apache range to Santa Fe, where he expected to secure passage in the traders' wagons across the plains to Missouri, and I accompanied him; and after a hard, hot trip, we reached Santa Fe safely in July.

August 18, 1846, I witnessed the entry of the American army, under General Kearney, into Santa Fe.

In 1845, the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, Ill., and, under the leadership of Brigham Young, took up their march

westwardly. Their first intention was to reach California, then occupied by a sparse Mexican population and a few hundred American emigrants. They stopped one season at Council Bluffs, to raise a crop and procure means for further progress. When the call was made for volunteers in Missouri, for service in New Mexico and California, none were willing to enlist as infantry, to make such long marches afoot, and Capt. James Allen, of the First U. S. Dragoons, was sent to Council Bluffs to try and raise a battalion of infantry, enlisted for twelve months, to be discharged in California. The order was given by Brigham, and within forty-eight hours five full companies (500 men) were raised and on their march to Fort Leavenworth. The conditions were, that they were to choose their company officers, but were to be commanded by an officer of the regular army, and were to receive army clothing at Fort Leavenworth. The Missouri troops furnished their own clothing, for which the Government paid each man \$29.50 a year.

So they started on their long march with their poorest clothing. When they reached the Fort they learned that the steamboat bringing their clothing and percussion muskets had been snagged in the Missouri, and everything was lost. Their commander, Capt. Allen, was taken sick and died. He had their confidence, and they objected to serving under another commander, and to start for California without the promised clothing; but the order was imperative to march, and the clothing could not be replaced in less than a month. So they sent to Brigham for advice, and he ordered them to push on, even if they had to reach California barefooted and in their shirt-tails. So, flint-lock muskets, of the pattern of 1820, were furnished them, and they reached Santa Fe under the command of Lieut. A. J. Smith, of the First Dragoons—the Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith of the Civil War. On their arrival at Santa Fe, Gen. Kearney ordered Capt. Cooke, of the 1st Dragoons, to command them, and Lieut. Smith went with them to California, to rejoin his company which had started a month before with Gen. Kearney. Lieut. (now Gov.) Stoneman, who had just graduated at West Point, also went with them.

Gen. Kearney had started with six companies of dragoons, but on the Rio Grande he met Kit Carson with dispatches for Washington, from Com. Stockton, announcing that California had been taken possession of, without resistance. So Kearney only took two companies, mounted on mules, with pack mules to convey their provisions, by way of the Gila River.

At Santa Fe mules were scarce, and money scarcer with the quartermaster, who also had to provide transportation for the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Doniphan, then starting on their famous march through Northern Mexico to Camargo, where their period of enlistment expired. But seventeen 6-mule teams, hauling sixty days' rations, could be spared for Cooke's command, and no wagon had ever crossed from the Rio Grande to California; so, a road had to be found and made as they went, after leaving the Rio Grande.

Kit Carson had accompanied Kearney as guide, and Pauline Weaver, the pioneer of Arizona, who had come with Carson from California, awaited Cooke. Five new Mexican guides were hired, all under command of Joaquin Leroux, an old trapper, who had trapped on every stream from the Yellowstone to the Gila.

I was then clerking in a store, waiting for something to turn up, when I was informed that an interpreter was wanted to accompany Cooke to California, and I went to Capt. McCusick, the quartermaster, with my recommendations. Enoch Barnes, who was killed in a drunken brawl at the Ballona, in this county, some twenty years ago, who drove a wagon across the plains in 1845, in the same caravan as myself, was also an applicant. McCusick was a prompt, stern man, and the competitive examination of the Yale graduate and the Missouri mule-whacker was short, and turned on transportation and money. I had a good mule, rifle and blanket, and as to money, I could wait until Uncle Sam was able to pay me, as long as my wages were running on and I got my rations. Barnes was just off a spree, in which he had drank and gambled off all his money, and pawned his rifle, and it would have cost \$100 to fit him out. So I won the appointment, and the contract was quickly drawn, that for \$75 a month and rations I was to serve as interpreter to California, furnish my own animal, clothing and arms. The contract was made October, 1846, and I served under it until May 17th, 1849, when the people of Los Angeles selected their Ayuntamiento, and the garrison evacuated the place, and the last seventeen months of my term I also acted as 1st Alcalde of the district of Los Angeles, without any extra compensation. On leaving the Rio Grande, I volunteered to join the guides, as there was nothing for me to do in camp, and we did not expect to pass through any Mexican settlements until we reached the Pima villages, on the Gila. Leroux's party, ten in number, started ahead, with six days' rations, on our riding animals, to

find a practicable route for wagons, and wood, and water, at such intervals as infantry could march—fifteen to twenty miles a day, in one case forty miles, between camps; one man to be sent back from each watering place to guide the command until our rations were expended, and then all to return to the command. We thus found our way by the Guadalupe Canyon and San Pedro River to Tucson, from which place there was a trail to the Pima villages, and from there to California. Weaver had just come over the road, and there was no difficulty in finding our way. We ate our last flour, bacon, sugar and coffee by January 14th, 1847, on the desert, between the Colorado and Warner's Pass. A supply of beef cattle met us at Carrizo Creek, on the west side of the desert, and we lived on beef alone until April, 1847, when supplies, brought from New York on the ships that brought Col. Stevenson's regiment, reached us at Los Angeles. At Gila Bend, we met two Mexicans, who told us of the outbreak that took place in Los Angeles, September, 1846; and at Indian Wells, on the desert, we met Leroux, who, with most of the guides, had been sent ahead from Gila Bend, to get assistance from the San Luis Indians, who had declared for the Americans, and held all the *ranchos* on the frontier; and he brought the news that Stockton and Kearney had marched from San Diego to retake Los Angeles. We pushed on by forced marches toward Los Angeles, and at Temecula received a letter, stating that Los Angeles was taken, that Kearney and Stockton had quarrelled about who was to command, and that Kearney had returned with his dragoons to San Diego, to which place we were ordered to proceed. Arriving there, together with the dragoons, we were ordered to San Luis Rey, where, from the Rancho of Santa Margarita, we procured beef, soap and candles, the only articles of rations the country could furnish. In a few days, fifty of the men were attacked with dysentery, and the surgeon said breadstuff of any kind would be of more use to check the disease than all his medicine. So the commissary and myself were ordered to Los Angeles, to try and get some flour. We found the town garrisoned by Fremont's Battalion, about 400 strong. They, too, had nothing but beef served out to them, but as the people had corn and beans for their own use, and by happening around at the houses about meal-time, they could occasionally get a square meal of tortillas y frijoles. Here we met Louis Roubideau, of the Jurupa Ranch, who said he could spare us some 2,000 or 3,000 pounds of wheat, which we could grind at a little mill he had

on the Santa Ana River. So, on our return, two wagons were sent to Jurupa, and they brought 1,700 pounds of unbolted wheat flour and two sacks of beans, a small supply for 400 men. I then messed with one of the captains, and we all agreed that it was the sweetest bread we ever tasted.

March 12th, 1847, we received important news in six weeks from Washington, overland. Stockton and Kearney had been relieved, and ordered East, and Com. Shubrick and Col. R. B. Mason were to take their places, and the military to command on land, and what was of far more interest to us, that Stevenson's ships were daily expected at San Francisco, and that we should soon have bread, sugar and coffee again, and we were ordered to Los Angeles to relieve Fremont's Battalion. So, with beautiful weather, and in the best of spirits, we began our march to the city of the Angels. Our last day's march was only ten miles, and we camped on the San Gabriel, at the Pico crossing, early, and all hands were soon busy preparing for the grand entree on the morrow. Those who had a shirt—and they were a minority—could be seen washing them, some bathing, some mending their ragged clothes, and as there was plenty of sand, all scouring their muskets till they shone again.

We made an early start the next morning, and when we forded the Los Angeles River, at Old Aliso, now Macey street, there was not a single straggler behind. The order of march was, the dragoons in front. They had left Missouri before receiving their annual supply of clothing, and they presented a most dilapidated appearance, but their tattered caps and jackets gave them a somewhat soldierly appearance. They had burned their saddles and bridles after the fight at San Pascual, but a full supply of horses to remount them had been purchased of the late Don Juan Forster, and all the Mexican saddlers and blacksmiths in the country had been kept busy making saddles, bridles and spurs for them. Their officers were Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st Lieut. J. B. Davidson, 2nd Lieut. George Stoneman; then came four companies of the Iowa Infantry, Company B having been left to garrison San Diego. In all we numbered 300 muskets and 80 sabres. The line of march was by Aliso and Arcadia streets, to Main, and down Main to the Government House, where the St. Charles now stands, where the dragoons dismounted and took up their quarters. The infantry turned out of Main street past the house of John Temple, now Downey Block, and pitched their tents in the rear, where they remained until they were mustered out, June, 1847.

I have described the appearance of the dragoons, but cannot do justice to the infantry, only by saying it was Falstaff's ragged company multiplied by ten. The officers had managed to have each a decent suit of clothes, but they brought out in stronger contrast the rags of the rank and file. On Los Angeles street were some 300 or 400 Indians, the laborers in the vineyards, who had taken a holiday to witness our entry, while a group of about 100 women, with their heads covered by their rebosos, who had met at the funeral of the mother of the late Don Tomas Sanchez, ex-Sheriff of the county, stood looking at the ragged gringos as they marched by. On Main street were some thirty or forty Californians, well dressed in their short jackets and breeches with silver buttons, open at the sides showing the snow-white linen beneath. I noticed they looked with most interest at the dragoons, so many of whose comrades had fallen before their lances at San Pascual that cold December morning, and lay buried in that long grave, or lay groaning in the hospital at San Diego. We had no waving flags, but waving rags, and many a one; nor brass bands, only a solitary snare drum and fife, played by a tall Vermont fifer, and a stout, rosy-cheeked English drummer; and they struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" as we passed the Government House, and kept it up until orders were given to break ranks and stack arms. And then came a loud hurrah from all that ragged soldiery. Their long and weary march over mountains, plain and desert, of 2,200 miles, was over.

I will now describe two individuals who marched in that procession. One is the writer. 'Tis nearly forty years ago, and I was a younger and a better-looking man than I am now. I had left Santa Fe with only the clothes on my back, and a single change of under-clothing. I had been paid off at San Lus Rey, and had \$200 in my pocket, and I tried to find some clothing in Los Angeles on my first visit, but could find none. So, I rode to San Diego, and through the kindness of a friendly man-of-war's man I got a sailor's blue blouse, a pair of marine's pants and brogans, for which I paid \$20. My place in the column, as interpreter, was with the colonel, at the head, and I rode with my rifle slung across the saddle, powder-horn and bullet-pouch slung about my shoulders. My beard rivaled in length that of the old colonel by whose side I rode, but mine was as black as the raven's wing, and his was as grey as mine is now. But if I was not the best-looking, nor the best-dressed man, I was the best-mounted man on Main street that day.

When the horses were delivered for the dragoons, a young man named Ortega, a nephew of Don Pio Pico, rode an iron grey horse, with flowing mane and tail, and splendid action. I tried to buy him for the colonel, but he would not sell him. The day we left San Luis, I had mounted my mule, and was chatting with Ortega, admiring his horse, when he offered to sell him, and I could fix the price. I gave him \$25. The dragoon horses cost \$20 each. A few days after my arrival in this city, Lieut. Stoneman was ordered to scout with a party of dragoons towards San Bernardino, to look out for Indian horse thieves, and I sold the horse to him; and well the Governor remembers the gallant grey that bore him on many a long and weary scout.

I have thus described my appearance at my first public entry into this city, from no spirit of egotism, but only to give my fellow-citizens some idea of the appearance of the former Alcalde, Prefect, Mayor and Senator of Los Angeles.

But the most conspicuous man on Main street that day was of a different type. On our march, December, 1846, we were moving from the Black Water, just south of the present Mexican line, towards the San Pedro River. The snow was falling steadily, but it was not very cold. Our order of march was, with an advance guard of twenty men, and twenty pioneers with pick-axe and shovel, commanded by Capt. A. J. Smith, to remove any obstruction to our wagons. I was riding that day, with the colonel and surgeon, when we overtook the advance guard. The pioneers had been cutting down some mesquite trees that obstructed our way, and had just finished as we overtook them. Their officer gave the order "fall in, shoulder arms," and they formed in ranks of four, so that for about fifty yards we could not turn out to pass them. The right-hand man in the rear rank was at least six and a quarter feet tall. The crown of his hat was gone, and a shock of sandy hair, powdered by the falling snow, stuck out above the dilapidated rim, while a huge beard of the same color swept his breast. His upper garment had been a citizen's swallow-tailed coat, buttoned by a single button over his naked chest, but one of the tails had been cut off and sttched to his waistband, where it would do the most good, for decency's sake, and an old pair of No. 12 brogans, encased with rawhide, protected his feet. The right sleeve of the coat was gone, and his arm was bare from wrist to elbow, and, by way of uniform, the left leg of the pants was gone, leaving the leg bare from knee to ankle. His

underclothing had long since disappeared. But the way he marched and shouldered his musket, showed the drilled and veteran soldier. That ragged scarecrow had seen fifteen years' service in the British army, from the snows of Canada to the jungles of Burmah. The contrast between the soldierly bearing of the man and his dilapidated dress brought a smile to every face. After we had passed, the colonel pulled his long grey mustache, and said, "I never thought, when I left West Point, that I should ever command such a set of ragamuffins as these. But, poor fellows, it is not their fault; and better material for soldiers I never commanded." And that day, when I sat on my horse, where Ducommun's Block now rears its tall front, to see my old comrades march by, in the front rank of Company A, with cadenced step and martial mien, as he had marched in his younger days to the martial music of the regimental band, dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British grenadier, strode the old ragged veteran.

SOME ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS OF EARLY LOS ANGELES

BY J. M. GUINN.

The early years in the history of the new towns of the West were productive of eccentric characters—men who drifted in from older civilizations and made a name for themselves or rather, as it frequently happened, had a name made for them by their fellow men.

These local celebrities gained notoriety in their new homes by their oddities, by their fads, their crankiness, or some other characteristic that made them the subject of remark. With some the eccentricity was natural; with others it was cultivated, and yet again with others force of circumstances or some event not of their own choosing made them cranks or oddities, and gave them nick-names that stuck to them closer than a brother.

No country in the world was more productive of quaint characters and odd geniuses than the mining camps of early California. A man's history began with his advent in the camp. His past was wiped out—was ancient history, not worth making a note of. What is he now? What is he good for? were the vital questions. Even his name was sometimes wiped out, and he was re-christened—given some cognomen entirely foreign to his well-known characteristics. It was the Irony of Fate that stood sponsor at his baptism. "Pious Pete" was the most profane man in the camp, and Pete was not his front name. His profanity was so profuse, so impressive, that it seemed an invocation, almost a prayer.

Deacon Sturgis was a professional gambler of malodorous reputation, but of such a solemn face and dignified mien that he often deceived the very elect. Sometimes these nick-names were utilized in advertising. I recollect a sign over a livery stable in the early mining days of Idaho, which informed the public that the Pioneer Stables were kept by Jews Harp Jack and Web-Foot Haley. On one corner of the sign was painted an immense jews-harp; on another corner was a massive foot with webs between the toes. Haley came from Oregon, and

as the legend goes, on account of the incessant rains in the big Willamette Valley the inhabitants there, from paddling around in the water, grow webs between their toes. Haley brought his nick-name and his webs with him. How Jews Harp Jack picked up his name I do not know. In a residence of several years there I never heard any other name for the man.

My first mining partner was known as Friday. Not one in fifty of his acquaintance knew that his real name was William Geddes. Years before in California he had owned in a claim with a man named Robinson. Robinson was a man of many expedients and make-shifts. Geddes was an imitator or echo of his partner. The miners dubbed the first "Robinson Crusoe" and the other "My Man Friday," a name that followed him through a dozen mining camps, and over two thousand miles of territory. If he is still living I doubt whether he has outlived that nick-name.

Bret Harte, in his "Outcasts of Poker Flat," has, in John Oakhurst, pictured the refined and intelligent gambler. There were very few of that class in the mines, and none that carried around such an elegant and aristocratic name as Oakhurst. In the Idaho mines, where I was initiated into placer mining, the professionals of the pasteboard fraternity, who were mostly old Californians, had all been re-christened by their constituents or patrons, and the new cognomen given each was usually more expressive than elegant. Vinegar Bill, Cross Roads Jack, Snapping Andy and Short-Card Pete are short-cut names of real characters, who passed in their checks years ago; i. e., died with their boots on. Each nick-name recalls some eccentricity not complimentary to the bearer, but which he had to bear without wincing. It was one way in which their victimized patrons tried to get even on the deal.

There was another class of eccentricities in the cities and towns of California where life was less strenuous than in the mining camps. These were men with whims or fads sometimes sensible, sometimes half-insane, to which they devoted themselves until they became noted as notorious cranks.

San Francisco had its Philosopher Pickett, its Emperor Norton and a host of others of like ilk. Los Angeles had representatives of this class in its early days, but unfortunately the memory of but few of them has been salted down in the brine of history.

In delving recently among the rubbish of the past for scraps of history, I came across a review of the first book printed in

Los Angeles—the name of the book, its author and its publisher. But for that review, these would have been lost to fame.

It is not probable that a copy of the book exists, and possibly no reader of that book is alive today—not that the book was fatal to its readers; it had very few—but the readers were fatal to the book; they did not preserve it. That book was the product of an eccentric character. Some of you knew him. His name was William Money, but he preferred to have the accent placed on the last syllable, and was known as Money'. Bancroft says of him: "A Scotchman, the date and manner of whose coming are not known, was at Los Angeles in 1843." I find from the old archives he was here as early as 1841. In the winter of 1841-42 he made repairs on the Plaza Church to the amount of \$126.00. Bancroft, in his Pioneer Register, states: "He is said to have come as the servant of a scientific man, whose methods and ideas he adopted. His wife was a handsome Sonoreña. In '46 the couple started for Sonora with Coronel, and were captured by Kearny's force. They returned from the Colorado with the Mormon battalion. Money became an eccentric doctor, artist and philosopher at San Gabriel, where his house, in 1880, was filled with ponderous tomes of his writings, and on the simple condition of buying \$1,000 worth of these I was offered his pioneer reminiscences. He died a few years later. His wife, long divorced from him, married a Frenchman. She was also living at Los Angeles in '80. It was her daughter who killed Chico Forster."

Bancroft fails to enumerate all of Money's titles. He was variously called Professor Money, Dr. Money and Bishop Money. He was a self-constituted doctor, and a self-anointed bishop. He aspired to found a great religious sect. He made his own creed and ordained himself Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Reformed New Testament Church of the Faith of Jesus Christ. Dr. Money had the inherent love of a Scotchman for theological discussion. He was always ready to attack a religious dogma or assail a creed. When not discussing theological questions or practicing medicines, he dabbled in science and made discoveries.

In Book II of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, is a map or picture of a globe labeled, Wm. Money's Discovery of the Ocean. Around the North Pole are a number of convolving lines which purport to represent a "whirling ocean." Passing down from the north pole to the south, like

the vertebrae of a great fish, is a subterranean ocean. Beyond this on each side are the exhaustless fiery regions, and outside of this a rocky mountain chain that evidently keeps the earth from bursting. At the South Pole gush out two currents a mile wide marked the Kuro Siwo. There is no explanation of the discovery and no statement of which ocean, the whirling or the subterranean, that Dr. Money claimed to have discovered. The record was made no doubt on the principle of protecting his discovery by a sort of patent right on the ocean he found swirling around in the interior of the earth. The theory of his discovery can only be inferred from the drawing. Evidently a hole at the North Pole sucks in the waters of the whirling ocean, which pass down through the subterranean ocean and are heated by the exhaustless fiery regions which border that ocean; then these heated waters are spurted out into space at the South Pole. What becomes of them afterwards the records do not show. From some cause Dr. Money disliked the people of San Francisco. In his scientific researches he made the discovery that that part of the earth's crust on which that city stands was almost burnt through, and he prophesied that the crust would soon break and the City of the Bay would drop down into the exhaustless fiery regions and be wiped out like Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

The review of Dr. Money's book, which I have mentioned, was written by the genial Col. John O. Wheeler, then editor of the Southern Californian, a paper that died and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unmet wants, forty-eight years ago. Colonel Wheeler was a walking library of local history. He could tell a story well and had a fund of humorous ones, but I could never persuade him to write out his reminiscences for publication. He died, and his stories of the olden times died with him, just as so many of the old pioneers will do, die and leave no record behind them.

Dr. Money's book was written and published in 1854. Colonel Wheeler's review is quite lengthy, filling nearly two columns of the Californian. I omit a considerable portion of it. The review says: "We are in luck this week, having been the recipients of a very interesting literary production entitled, Reform of the New Testament Church, by Wm. Money, Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of Jesus Christ.

"The volume by Professor Money comes to us bound in the beautiful coloring so much admired by the Woman in Scarlet

who sits upon seven hills, and is finely gotten up and executed at the Star office in this city. Its title denotes the general objects of the work which have been followed out in the peculiar style of the well-known author, and in the emphatic language of the Council General, Upper California, City of Los Angeles. "We pronounce it a work worthy of all dignified admiration, a reform which ecclesiastics and civil authorities have not been able to comply with yet."

The work opens with an original letter from the aforesaid Council General, which met August the 7th, 1854, near the main zanja in this city; said letter was indited, signed, sealed "by supplication of the small flock of Jesus Christ" represented by Ramon Tirado, president, and Francis Contreras, secretary, and directed with many tears to the great defender of the new faith, who, amid the quiet retreats with which the rural districts abound, had pensively dwelt on the noble objects of his mission, and, in fastings and prayer, concocted, this great work of his life."

"The venerable prelate, in an elaborate prefix to his work, informs the public that he was born, to the best of his recollection, about the year 1807, from which time up to the anniversary of his seventh year, his mother brought him up by hand. He says, by a singular circumstance (the particular circumstance is not mentioned), I was born with four teeth, and with the likeness of a rainbow in my right eye."

It would seem that his early youth was marked by more than ordinary capacity, as we find him at seven entering upon the study of natural history; how far he proceeded, or if he proceeded at all, is left for his readers to determine. At the age of twelve, poverty compelled him to "bind himself to a paper factory." Next year, being then thirteen years of age, having made a raise, he commenced the studies of philosophy, civil law, medicine, relation of cause and effect, philosophy of sound in a conch shell, peculiar habits of the muskrat, and the component parts of Swain's vermifuge. Thirsting for still further knowledge, four years afterwards we find him entering upon the study of theology; and as he says, "In this year (1829) I commenced my travels in foreign countries," and the succeeding year found him upon the shores of the United States, indefatigable in body and mind; the closing of the same year found him in Mexico, still following the sciences above mentioned, but theology in particular.

About this time he commenced those powerful discussions with the Romish clergy in which our author launched forth against the Old Church those terrible denunciations as effective as they were unanswerable, and which for thirty years he has been hurling against her.

Perhaps the most memorable of all his efforts was the occasion of the last arguments had with the Roman clergy concerning abuses which came off in the Council of Pitaquitos, a small town in Sonora, commencing on the 20th of October, 1835, and which continued to May 1st, 1840, a period of five years. This convocation had consumed much time in its preparation, and the clergy, aware of the powerful foe with whom they had to deal, and probable great length of time which would elapse, selected their most mighty champions; men, who in addition to a glib tongue and subtle imagination, were celebrated for their wonderful powers of endurance. There were seven skilled disputants arrayed against Money, but he vanquished them single-handed.

"The discussion opened on the following propositions: The Bishop of Culiacan and he of Durango disputed that Wm. Money believed that the Virgin Mary was the mother of Jesus, but not the mother of Christ. William Money makes his application to God, but not to the Virgin Mary."

These and other learned propositions were discussed and re-discussed constantly for five years, during which writing paper arose to such an enormous price that special enactments were made, withdrawing the duties thereon. Time would not admit of detailing the shadow of what transpired during the session.

Suffice it to say that through the indomitable faith and energy of Mr. Money, his seven opponents were entirely overcome; one sickened early in the second year and was constrained to take a voyage by sea; two others died of hemorrhage of the lungs; one went crazy; two became converted and left the council in the year 1838 and were found by Mr. Money on the breaking up of the council to have entered into connubial bonds, and were in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. The other two strenuously held out to the year 1840, when, exhausted, sick and dismayed, the council, in the language of the author, was broken up by offering me money to give up my sword, the Word of God, but I protested, saying, "God keep me from such treacherous men, and from becoming a traitor to my God."

"Thus ended this famous disputation of which history furnishes no parallel. From the foregoing our readers can form an idea of this great work. It forms a volume of twenty-two pages, printed in English and Spanish, with notes, etc.; price not yet determined. We would advise all to procure a copy, as there being no stereotype edition, the present few numbers will end the supply."

This strenuous review brought forth a vigorous protest from Dr. Money, and in the *Star*, over his many titles—Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith—he challenged the editor to a discussion, but, warned by the fate of the friars at Pitaquitos, the genial Colonel declined the combat.

Dr. Money seems to have considered his call to preach paramount to his call to practice. In a card to the public, published in the *Star* of November 3, 1855, he says: "I am sorry to inform the public that since the Reformed New Testament church has unanimously conferred on me the office of Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of said apostolic church, it is at present inconvenient for me any longer to practice my physical system. My California Family Medical Instructor is now ready for the press, containing my three physical systems, in about 200 pages and 50 plates of the human body. It will likewise contain a list of about five thousand patients that I have had under my physical treatment in the course of fifteen years' practice, from the port of San Diego to that of San Francisco. Out of this large number only four, to my knowledge, have died while under my treatment. I do not publish this for the purpose of getting into practice, but only to get out of it."

His Family Medical Instructor was probably the second book written in Los Angeles, but whether it was ever published I cannot say. Some twenty-five years ago, when the Public Library was in the old Downey Block, he had on file in it a set of plates of the human body. They long since have disappeared. He removed to San Gabriel, where he lived in a curiously constructed adobe house. He died in 1890, at San Gabriel. His books and papers were lost.

Another eccentric character of early days was Professor Cain. Cain was a gentleman of color, aged and white-haired. He towered up in the air at least six and a half feet, and by taking thought had added at least half a cubit to his height in the shape of a tall narrow-brimmed stove-pipe hat of the vintage of the fall of '49 or spring of '50.

Cain was a philosopher, and had original and rather startling theories which he propounded from the steps of the old Court House whenever he could get an audience.

A colored preacher, the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., made himself famous by a sermon that he was accustomed to deliver from the text, "The sun do move." In that sermon he demolished the theory that the earth moved around the sun. "The sun does the movin', not the yearth. The good book says that once, when Joshuar had a big killing of Anak-elites on hand; he says 'sun stand still' till I get through with the killin', and she stopped and stood still." Now, said the Rev. Jasper, how could a thing stop if it wasn't going? How, indeed! And the Rev. Jasper removed that theological stumbling block that has tripped over theologians for centuries.

Professor Cain's theory was more original and more startling than Jasper's. It was that the original color of the human race was black. Adam was the first Sambo, and Eve the primitive Dinah. The white race were bleached-out blacks.

Cain's proof was conclusive, if you admit his premises. "The good book, says Adam, was created out of the dust of the yearth. Whar did the Lord get that dust? Cain was accustomed to ask. "In the Garden of Eden. The soil of the garden was a black soil, because it was rich and produced all manner of yarbs and trees. Now, if Adam was made from black dust his color was black, wa'n't it? And Eve being made from Adam's rib, the rib were black, and consequently Eve was black, too."

As long as Adam's descendants remained in warm countries they retained their primitive color, but after a time some of them wandered off to cold countries and lived in the shade of the woods, where the sun could not get at them. Then they began to fade, just as a plant grown in the shade loses its original color and turns white. Consequently, the Professor would say, as he clinched his argument, "The white man is only a faded-out niggah."

Some practical jokers induced the old philosopher to deliver a lecture on his favorite theme. He secured the old Merced Theater, which still stands up near the Pico House. He was to charge an admittance fee, and he acted as his own door-keeper. So popular was his lecture that before he could get through making change with some of the first arrivals the boys had come in a rush and filled the house. He had a full house, but

the receipts were light. In knocking around the world he had picked up a number of big words that he used indiscriminately. He put them in because they sounded well. To give force to his argument he would quote at length from some authority. The quotations were manufactured; the Professor could not read. He would preface a quotation by saying, "Thus says the famous Sock-rats" (meaning Socrates), or "I find this in the writings of the distinguished Hypocrits" (meaning Hippocrates, the father of medicine). The lecture was as amusing as a circus.

The old gentleman was very proud, and quite dignified. In assemblages of the colored brethren, when they did not agree with his views, he was accustomed to berate them as a parcel of plantation niggahs. Consequently he was not popular with his colored brethren.

There are some other eccentric characters of early days that might come in for a notice but my paper is already too long.

ANGEL PIONEERS

BY JESSE YARNELL

We are angel pioneers,
As for five-and-twenty years,
With our wives, the pretty dears,
 We have had the land of angels for a home;
We came here long ago,
And we like the country so,
That we're going to stay you know,
 For we never want to emigrate or roam.

Yes, we're angels without wings,
Without feathers and such things,
And each heart with rapture rings,
 Thinking of the glorious country we have found;
With our climate and our soil,
Bringing fruits with little toil,
Let us live without turmoil,
 And let joy and peace and jollity abound.

We have seen our city grow,
With a pace that's far from slow,
And the country 'round us, too,
 Where fruit and flowers bloom on every hand;
But there's room enough for all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
And may pleasant places fall
 To the tender-foot from each and every land.

Let them come, yes let them come—
And, you bet, they're coming some—
Don't you hear the car-wheels hum,
 Bringing those who storm and blizzards wish to shun;
We extend a welcome true,
From our hearts we mean it, too,
For there's room for not a few,
 To fill the places we leave when we are gone.

We will tell from whence we came—
How we got here, just the same—
And we're surely not to blame,
 If we pass some resolutions when we die;
As our hair is turning gray,
We may not have long to stay,
When we have to go away,
 Let us hope we'll find as good a place on high.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA VIA NICARAGUA

BY J. M. STEWART.

[Read before the Los Angeles County Pioneers, Feb., 1902.]

It was on the morning of an October day in 1865, with my wife and daughter, we took passage on the steamer Santiago de Cuba, via the Nicaragua route for San Francisco. The several forts at the entrance of New York harbor present a bold and warlike appearance, as viewed from the deck of a passing steamer. In less than two hours after leaving the dock a call for tickets was made, and among the passengers was a young lady who told her story in this wise: Said she came from Massachusetts, expecting to meet a neighbor of hers, accompanied by his wife, with whom she had previously entrusted her money. But not meeting them at the hotel as she expected, had come on board the ship to look for them. Here she was, without money or friends. The officers of the ship said they would have taken her through and given her letters of recommendation to officers on the Pacific side, if they could have believed her story. Shortly after, our boat stopped to discharge the pilot, and this lady, whether worthy or otherwise, was compelled to enter the small boat with him, when they were conveyed on board a steamer which was in waiting, and taken directly back to New York.

Having now got outside the harbor, our boat glides more rapidly over the smooth surface of the water, and the distant Jersey shore, as it becomes more indistinct, with the high towers of the great city, the broad expanse of waters on either side, together with the approach of a beautiful sunset, render the scene worthy to be transferred to canvas.

Our course was a southwesterly direction, along the westerly coast of Cuba, only a few miles distant. How very different were our feelings now as to safety from what they were a year previous while traveling over these same waters, on our way to New York by the Panama route! Then our beloved country was in the throes of a mighty civil war. Privateers were supposed to be at any point on the Atlantic waters, and

the Panama steamers were known to carry large amounts of treasure (for no overland road was then completed), and it was feared these privateers might attack the steamers returning from California. At any rate, as we were leaving the Caribbean sea on the afternoon of a southern summer day, a steamer was sighted following in our track, and apparently gaining on us rapidly. Our captain gave orders for all steam to be used that could be done with safety, and it was easy to see our good ship was going at a more rapid rate than usual towards her destined port. We had nothing to do but watch the craft, whatever she might be, and speculate on what would be our fate if overtaken. The summing-up of the opinions of the many passengers was numerous and various. Soon as it became dark all the lights above the water line were turned down, the course of the ship changed to nearly a right angle, and the evening spent in utter darkness. The morning sun found us on our regular course with no other ship in sight, and we all felt relieved. Now the cruel war was over, and peace reigned throughout our borders.

Our captain had made the trip to and from Aspinwall many times, but this was his first trip to Greytown. By carefully studying his charts he took us safely into port in eight days. Here we were transferred to a small steamer, which was to take us up the San Juan river to Lake Nicaragua. We were very comfortably housed on the ocean steamer, but when you come to put 600 passengers on a boat less than one-fourth the size of the former, you can make your calculations there was not much vacant space. A portion of the way along this river, which is the outlet for the waters of Lake Nicaragua, is low and marshy, but most of it, if properly cleared, looked like good farming land.

The vegetation and scenery it would be hard to excel anywhere; and the climate is said to be very healthy. It is no more like the Isthmus of Panama than day is like night. Bananas seem to grow spontaneously all along the river, but no doubt would do much better by proper cultivation. Vines of various kinds hang from the tall trees, making an impenetrable thicket, and covered with bright flowers, with every color of the rainbow. During the day some of the passengers amused themselves and others by shooting alligators as they lay sunning themselves in the sand on the banks.

The day passed quickly, for the country was so unlike any-

thing we had ever before seen, it was very interesting. As night came on, inquiry was made about sleeping accommodations, especially for the ladies. But it was self-evident that so small a boat could not accommodate the number of passengers she was carrying, except in an upright position. So a few of us who had become acquainted while on the ocean steamer, got together amidships for a sociol hour, more or less, which finally led into story-telling, on any subject whatever; several gave their experiences of hair-breadth escapes, or told us of some love affair, whether true or false it mattered not, so long as it amused and helped to pass away the time and keep us wide awake.

The few who first gathered there, by 12 o'clock had increased to hundreds, and better order was never observed in any Quaker meeting than during the small hours of that night on the San Juan river. One of these stories I remember in particular, and as it is short I will here relate it. It was told by a middle-aged man, a doctor of medicine, who, with his wife and family, was making his first trip to California. He commenced by saying his story was of ancient origin and would be on the subject of political economy. He went on for several minutes before he got down to the real story, causing us to believe we were to hear something instructive, if not amusing, for he was known to be an educated gentleman. And this was his story:

Jack Spratt could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;
Between them both they
Licked the platter clean.

Daylight found us still entertaining one another, when it was announced we were nearing the greatest rapids on the river, (the name of which I have forgotten). The company broke up to go and see how the boat could climb the rapid current. A large cable was anchored on shore and attached to the engine. In two hours' time we were in comparatively still water.

Here is where most of the locks will be required when the Nicaragua canal is built, as we all hope it soon will be. After one night and two days on the river we reached Lake Nicaragua, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by low rolling hills. Crossed over by daylight on a steamer which accommodated all our passengers without a murmur. Twelve miles by stage took us to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific.

This was a most interesting ride over a good mountain road, or what we in California would call foothills. The native population were numerous at certain points on the road, offering their fruits, wares and curios for sale. Passed many acres of pineapple and bananas, apparently under a good state of cultivation, in rows as straight as our orange orchards in Southern California.

On our arrival at San Juan the connecting steamer had not arrived, but next day she made her appearance, and we were soon on board. On the following day she was ready for her departure north. As is known to many of you, we are in plain view of the coast most of the way up; only at one point are we out of sight of land—while crossing the Gulf of California.

When the ship's doctor was making his daily rounds on the fourth day, he found a very sick man in the steerage, whose disease he at once pronounced to be confluent smallpox. The captain's cow was at once hustled out of her comfortable berth and tied to a stanchion alongside the dining tables of the steerage passengers, and the poor unfortunate fellow placed therein. But it was the safest place for him and the other passengers, to be found on board.

Five days later sometime during the night, he died, and was buried at sea. Everything in the shape of bedding was put into the furnace, and the room thoroughly fumigated. In the morning the cow was back in her former pen, and the number of passengers was one less. Whether any one contracted the disease or not, we never knew. There was also a birth on board—a child was born, whose young life went out in a few hours, when the captain ordered it to be buried, but out of respect for the feelings of the mother, the little body was kept for two days and buried on Mexican soil.

Fourteen days on the Pacific brought us into San Francisco, making twenty-eight from New York.

WILLIAM WOLFSKILL, THE PIONEER

[Read June 23, 1902.]

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Of that notable group of American pioneers who arrived in Los Angeles about the year 1830, and who afterwards became permanent and influential citizens of this then almost exclusively Spanish-speaking province, I have already presented the Historical Society with brief sketches of John Temple, Abel Stearns and J. J. Warner; and I now propose to give some account of William Wolfskill. Mr. Wolfskill was born in Madison county, Kentucky, March 20, 1798, and was reared from the age of eleven to twenty-one, in what is now Howard county, Missouri, but which then was in the heart of the Indian country. The Indians of that region during the War of 1812 were so bad that the settlers had to carry their fire-arms at the plow and to be unceasingly on their guard, night and day.

After the war, in 1815, William went back to Kentucky to attend school. In 1822, at the age of twenty-four, he started out in the world on his own account to seek his fortune, to penetrate still farther into the far West, and to find "a better country" in which to settle.

With a party under a Captain Becknell, he went to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He spent the summer of 1822, at Santa Fe, and in the fall engaged in trapping beaver. He went down the Rio Grande to El Paso del Norte in January, 1823.

He was accompanied on this trip by a single companion, a New Mexican, who had trapped beaver with him the fall before. They caught what beaver they could as they proceeded down the river. The weather was cold, the ground being covered with snow; and to protect themselves from the cold they built a small brush house

Within this, with a fire in front, they could lie down and keep warm. One night (the 27th of January, 1823) Mr. Wolfskill waked up and saw that the New Mexican had built a big fire at the door; but he thought nothing of it, and dropped asleep again. But some time after he was aroused to consciousness by receiving a rifle ball in his breast. He jumped

up and rushed outside, where he stumbled and fell, and although it was moonlight he saw no one. He had first reached for his rifle, which had been lying beside him, but that was gone, only the shot-pouch remaining.

Supposing that marauding Indians had shot him and killed his companion, who was missing, he thought it was all over with him. At first he believed himself mortally wounded, which doubtless he would have been had not the ball been retarded by passing through his blankets and also through his right arm and left hand, his arms having been folded across his breast while asleep.

He was able to rise again, and he started back on foot for the nearest Spanish settlement, called Valverde (Green Valley) twenty or twenty-five miles distant, where a small military force was stationed, and where he finally arrived late the next morning, well-nigh exhausted—cold, faint, and weak, from the loss of blood. He went to the Alcalde, who made the matter known to the guard.

Meantime, who should make his appearance but the New Mexican, who reported that he had been attacked by Indians, and that his partner (Mr. Wolfskill) was killed. But he was considerably astonished to learn that Mr. Wolfskill had got in before him.

He was compelled to go back with the soldiers at once (much against his will), and show them where Mr. Wolfskill had been shot.

There they found, in the snow, the footprints of the two trappers, and none others.

The New Mexican had told the soldiers that the Indians shot Mr. Wolfskill and had taken the gun, etc., and that he (the New Mexican) had shot several arrows at them. No signs of Indians were discovered, and of the arrows he had been known to have had beforehand, none were found missing.

They took him back to Valverde bound, and kept him confined several days, where he came near being frozen. He finally promised to go, and did go, and show them where the gun was hidden. He then pretended that he had shot Mr. Wolfskill accidentally, not being used to the hair-trigger of the rifle. He got on his knees, and opening his shirt, bared his breast and asked Mr. Wolfskill to take his life, if he had wronged him, etc.

But the evidence was too strong to be evaded, or to be explained, except by his guilt.

He was examined by the Alcalde, who ordered him to be

sent off to the Governor of New Mexico, at Santa Fe, for trial. But Mexican fashion—is it not sometimes also an American fashion?—his punishment was delayed, and he was kept going back and forward, under escort, between Valverde and Santa Fe; and at last, as Mr. Wolfskill afterwards learned, he was turned loose—a denouement which in similar cases has been known to happen in the United States.

What motive the New Mexican could have had for thus shooting his companion, Mr. Wolfskill never could imagine, unless possibly it was for the sake of the old rifle, for that was about all Mr. Wolfskill had in the world, except a few old beaver traps; and there existed no enmity between them. They had never had any quarrel, or any cause for quarrel.

But an old Mexican—a good-hearted man, with whom they had once stopped, up the river—had warned Mr. Wolfskill to be on his guard against that man, “for,” said he, “he is a bad man.”

For so little cause, or for no cause at all, other than the instincts of a devilish heart, will some men attempt murder.

Mr. Wolfskill was of the opinion that the loss of blood, and his nearly freezing in that long tramp to the settlement, saved his life. The ball did not penetrate his breast-bone, and was soon afterwards extracted. He bore the marks of the wounds on his person to his dying day. In fact, it is a question if they were not the remote origin of the (heart) disease of which he died, although his death occurred many years after those ghastly wounds were received.

If this society could gather the multitudinous and exciting episodes of hair-breadth escapes of each one of the adventurous pioneers who came to this distant land, either overland or by water, the collection would be unique in variety and interest as well as in permanent historical value.

Mr. Wolfskill returned to Santa Fe, and about Christmas he went to Taos. In 1824 he, with others, fitted out a trapping expedition for the head-waters of the Colorado, or the Rio Grande of the West, as it was then called, returning to Taos in June. Soon after, with a Captain Owens and party, he went to Chihuahua to buy horses and mules to take to Louisiana. With many adventures, and with the loss of many of their animals by attacks of hostile Indians, Mr. Wolfskill finally returned by way of the Mexican settlements, to avoid the Indians along the Gulf, and up the Mississippi, to his father's home, where he arrived in ill health, June, 1825. Thus ended his first expedi-

tion westward, he having been gone something over three years, and having penetrated as far as the tributaries of our great Colorado River on the Pacific Slope.

He soon, however, left for Natchitoches, where Belcher had promised to meet him on the Fourth of July of that year, with the mules of Capt. Owens, who had been killed in an attack by the Indians near the Presidio del Norte in November of the previous year. These mules were to be taken East by Mr. Wolfskill and sold for the benefit of Capt. Owens' family. The latter were near neighbors of his father and they had authorized him to act as their agent. Not finding Belcher at Natchitoches at the time agreed upon, he traveled on west to San Felipe, where he found Belcher.

Mr. Wolfskill took charge of the mules, and proceeded with them across Louisiana and Mississippi to Greenborough, Alabama, where he wintered and sold the animals. In March, 1826, he left by way of Mobile and New Orleans and the Mississippi river, for his home in Missouri to make returns to the family of Capt. Owens. Here he found Capt. Young with whom he first went to Santa Fe, in 1822, and with whom he had trapped on the Rio Pecos and the Rio Grande of the West, etc., and engaged with him, after a brief stop at home, to go again to Santa Fe. Arrived there, Young was taken sick, and he hired Mr. Wolfskill to go with a party (Sublette, Peg-Leg Smith, etc., being of the number), that he, Young, had fitted out to trap on the waters of the Rio Gila. The party being only eleven men strong, was attacked by Indians and driven back to Taos. Young soon after started out with about thirty men for the same place, where he chastised the Indians, so that his party were enabled to trap unmolested.

During the winter, 1826-7, in company with Wm. and Robert Carson, Talbot, and others, Mr. Wolfskill made a trip from Santa Fe to Sonora, to buy work-mules, mares, etc., to take back to Missouri. He was at Oposura, Arispe and other towns in the northern part of that State. Talbot and himself gathered about 200 animals and started back with them by way of Taos; but they lost all but twenty-seven of them by the Indians. With these they finally arrived at Independence a little before Christmas. Most of this winter he spent at home, only making a short visit to Kentucky on business for his father.

The next Spring, 1828, he left home finally—never after returning thither. He bought a team and started with goods on his own account for Santa Fe. There were about 100 wagons

(in two companies), which went out at the same time. On arrival at Santa Fe he sold his goods to his old friend, Young, who had returned from his Gila expedition. Some time after, Young, with whom he had formed a co-partnership, made another trip to the Gila, while Mr. Wolfskill went to Paso del Norte after a lot of wines, brandy, panoche, etc., which he brought up to Taos in the spring of 1829. He remained in Taos the balance of this year, waiting the return of Young, who, it seems, had come on into California.

In 1830, as soon as the trading companies from the States got in, which was not till July, Mr. Wolfskill got ready himself for an expedition to California to hunt beaver, expecting to find Young somewhere in the country.

Of the company of twenty-two or twenty-three men, of which Mr. Wolfskill was the leader, which started for California at this time, Messrs. Branch, Burton, Yount, Shields, Ham and Cooper remained west of the Rocky Mountains, whilst the balance, soon after their arrival in California, generally returned to New Mexico or to the United States. Probably not one of this pioneer band is now living. Shields and Ham died soon after arrival in the country, and the others all died now many years ago: Yount in Napa, Branch in San Luis Obispo, Cooper in Santa Barbara, and Young in Oregon.

The party had intended to reach the Tulare and Sacramento valleys to make a winter and spring hunt. For this purpose they obtained a license from the Governor of New Mexico. Winter compelled them to turn south, and they reached Los Angeles in February, 1831. Here the party broke up—being mostly without means. Some members fitted out with what guns, traps, etc., there were left, and went to hunting otter on the coast. Very few of the disbanded party had any intention of stopping in California permanently. But they must do something to enable them to get away.

Mr. Wolfskill with several others went to work and built a schooner at San Pedro, with which to hunt otter among the neighboring islands. The timber was cut in the mountains and hauled a hundred miles or more to San Pedro. The schooner was named the "Refugio," and was larger than some of the fleet of Columbus.

At that time no one was permitted to hunt fine-furred animals within the jurisdiction of Mexico unless he held a license from the Governor of a State or Territory. In New Mexico the provincial name of beaver is *nutria* (otter). From ignorance,

or more likely carelessness, on the part of the Governor or of his secretary, the license of Mr. Wolfskill to hunt beaver (castor) was written nutria. By this inadvertence of the New Mexican officers, Mr. Wolfskill was possessed of a license to hunt the highly-prized sea otter, which license he could not have obtained from the then Governor of California. A strong objection was made by the officers here against the validity of a license given by the Governor of New Mexico; but through the interposition of Father Sanchez, who was at that time a power in the land, the objections were overcome. With this schooner, the "Refugio," Mr. Wolfskill and his party hunted along the coast of Baja California as far south as Cerros or Cedros Island. They had indifferent luck, and this was about the only trip they made with her; and they afterwards sold her to a Captain Hinkley, who took her to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Wolfskill then directed his attention to vineyarding and to general horticulture, which he followed with great success till his death, which occurred October 3, 1866. It was not, however, till some years after his arrival, that he finally made up his mind to settle in the country. He bought and moved onto his homestead vineyard (now known as the Wolfskill Orchard Tract), in March, 1838, with his brother John, who came to California the preceding year. The growth of the city compelled the dividing up of his extensive orchards, situated as they were near the heart of the city, some fourteen years since, and the old house which he built more than sixty years ago, and around which, to so many persons, both living and dead (for he always had a large number of people in his family), so many, many pleasant associations and remembrances have clung, is now being demolished.

Mr. Wolfskill married Magdalena, daughter of Don José Ygnacio Lugo and Doña Rafaela Romero Lugo, of Santa Barbara, in January, 1841, by whom he had six children, three of whom are still living, namely, Joseph W. Wolfskill, Mrs. Francisca W. de Shepherd, and Mrs. Magdalena W. de Sabichi. Of grandchildren there is a goodly number. Mrs. Wolfskill died in 1862, the eldest daughter, Juana, in 1863, and Luis, the youngest son, in 1884.

In the year 1841 Mr. Wolfskill planted an orange orchard, the second in California, the first being planted by the Mission Friars at San Gabriel.

In the same year (1841) he went to the upper country to look for a ranch on the then public domain. He selected lands

lying on both sides of Putah creek (now in Yolo and Solano counties), and the next year he obtained a grant from Governor Alvarado in his own name, of four square leagues. His brother John took up stock to put on the rancho in 1842. The latter lived on the rancho thereafter till his death, receiving one-half of the same. Of the five brothers Wolfskill who as pioneers settled in California, only one, Mr. Milton Wolfskill, is now living in Los Angeles at an advanced age.

After the old Padres, William Wolfskill and Don Louis Vignes may be called the pioneer growers of citrus fruits in California, a business which is now worth many millions of dollars to the people of California, and especially to the people of Southern California.

William Wolfskill, who was of German-Irish ancestry, had a strong physical constitution and an immense amount of vital energy. During his long and useful life he saw a great deal of the world and picked up not a little of hard, sound sense. He was an extensive reader, and being possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, he gained a store of information on most subjects of practical human interest that would not have shamed those who have had a more liberal education, and who may have passed their lives with books, instead of on the frontier.

He was a man of no mere professions: What he was, he was, without any pretense.

In religion he believed in the teachings of the New Testament, and, at the last, he received the consolations of the Roman Catholic church. But in all things he loved those prime qualities of human character, simplicity and sincerity. He was one of that large number, of whom there are some in all churches, and more in the great church of outsiders, who believe that a loyal, honest heart and a good life, are the best preparation for death. He was disposed, to as great an extent as any man whom I ever knew, to always place a charitable construction on the acts and words and motives of others. He believed (and acted as though he believed) that there is no room in this world for malice.

William Wolfskill was one of the very few Americans or foreigners, who came to California in early times, who never, as I firmly believe, advised the native Californians to their hurt, or took advantage of the lack of knowledge of the latter of American law, or of the English language, to benefit themselves at the expense of the Californians. As a consequence, the names of "Don Guillermo" Wolfskill and a very few other

Americans of the olden time, were almost worshipped by the former generation of "hijos del pais," who spoke only the Spanish language, and who, therefore, in many, many important matters, needed honest and disinterested advice.

Mr. Wolfskill was one of the most sociable of men. In his intercourse with others he was direct, and sometimes blunt and brusque; but in the language of Lamartine, "Bluntness is the etiquette of sincerity."

In reality he had one of the kindest of hearts. Finally, in honesty, and in most of the sterling qualities that are accounted the base of true manhood, he had few superiors.

I should add that most of the above facts of Mr. Wolfskill's life—and especially the account of the building of the first vessel or schooner, the "Refugio," at San Pedro, about which conflicting versions have been promulgated—were derived directly from his own lips in 1866; and therefore they may be depended upon as authentic.

In conclusion I am permitted to quote the following comments, in verse, on the foregoing paper, by Miss Gertrude Darlow, a talented member of the staff of the Los Angeles Public Library:

I.

"It is from sturdy, stalwart sons like this
Our State has reared its splendid edifice;
Men who explored life's hard and dangerous ways,
Who 'scorned delights and lived laborious days.'
The stirring incidents of such careers,
Their toils and struggles, varying hopes and fears,
Tenacious courage, honesty and pride;—
By all of these our past is glorified!

II.

"Now, on the ground their rugged virtues won,
'Tis ours to forward what was well begun.
Cities have risen where they planted trees.
Old land-marks vanish. But the names of these
Brave Pioneers, ah let us not forget:
Time cannot cancel, nor we pay the debt
We owe to lives so simple and sincere,
Whose memories we should cherish and revere."

PIONEERS ADS AND ADVERTISERS

BY J. M. GUINN.

About three thousand years ago, Solomon, King of Israel, remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. Solomon had the reputation of being a wise man. No doubt he was. With 700 wives to keep him posted, he certainly ought to have been "up to date." Our inordinate conceit inclines us to believe Solomon somewhat of a back number and his sayings out of date, just as the Native Sons are inclined to regard the Pioneers as a little slow and their old yarns ancient history.

Self conceit is perhaps the most dominant characteristic of the present age. We pride ourselves on our wonderful achievements and draw invidious comparisons between the progressive present and the benighted past. And yet it may be possible that in the progress of the race for the past five or six thousand years there may have been more arts and inventions lost than we now possess.

Before the Christian era the Phoenicians made maleable glass, yet with all our wonderful discoveries in chemistry we have never yet been able to weld a broken pane. No modern artist has ever been able to make such permanent or so bright colors as the ancient painters used.

It is supposed that the original Argonaut, Jason, came home from Ithica on a steamboat. His vessel had neither oars nor sails to propel it. The remains of a railroad have been found among the ruins of Thebes. The Panama ship canal is just now one of the burning issues before Congress. An Isthmian canal is regarded as such a wonderful undertaking that it has taken the progressive nations of the world fifty years to talk about it before beginning to dig, yet Egypt, 5,000 years ago, dug a canal deeper, broader and longer than the Panama ditch will be when Congress gets through talking about it and some country digs it.

The crime of '73 was perpetrated in Assyria four thousand years before John Sherman or Wm. J. Bryan were born, and the question of the demonitization of silver was fought over during political campaigns in Babylon years before Nebuchadnezer was turned out to grass.

The discoveries that explorers are making among the buried cities of Assyria, Egypt and Greece reveal to us that many of our inventions are only the discovery of lost arts, and that Solomon was about correct when he remarked that there was nothing new under the sun.

It would not surprise me if some delver in Egyptian ruins discovered that that wonderful invention, the telephone, was known and used in the time of the Shepherd kings and that the children of Israel got the start of Pharaoh because the wires were crossed. It may be possible that some antiquarian may find hidden away in an Egyptian sarcophagus the mummy of a hallo girl, and when the mummy cloth has been lifted from her face she will sweetly lisp, "Line's busy; hang up, please."

Now all this may seem a little foreign to my subject, but I have introduced it here to vindicate Solomon. A man who could keep peace in a family as large as his was long enough to write a book of proverbs deserves our respect.

My subject, "Pioneer Ads and Advertisers," relates to the advertisers and advertisements in Los Angeles more than half a century ago. Recently in looking over some copies of the Los Angeles Star of fifty years ago I was amused and interested by the quaint ways the advertisers of that day advertised their wares and other things. Department stores are great advertisers and the pioneer department store of Los Angeles was no exception. Its ad actually filled a half column of the old Star, which was an astonishing display in type for those days. It was not called a department store then, but I doubt whether any of the great stores of Chicago or New York carry on so many lines of business as did that general merchandise store that was kept in the adobe house on the corner of Arcadia and North Main street fifty years ago. The proprietors of that store were our old pioneer friends, Wheeler & Johnson. The announcement of what they had to sell was prefaced by the following philosophical deductions which are as true and as applicable to terrestrial affairs to day as they were half a century ago.

"Old things are passing away," says the ad; "behold all things have become new. Passing events impress us with the mutability of human affairs. The earth and its appurtenances are constantly passing from one phase to another. Change and consequent progress is the manifest law of destiny. The forms and customs of the past are become obsolete and new and enlarged ideas are silently but swiftly moulding terrestrial matters on a scale of enhanced magnificence and utility.

"Perhaps no greater proof of these propositions can be adduced than the evident fact that the old mercantile system heretofore pursued in this community with its 7x9 stores, its exorbitant prices, its immense profits, its miserable assortments of shop-rotten goods that have descended from one defunct establishment to another through a series of years, greeting the beholder at his every turn as if craving his pity by a display of their forlorn, mouldy and dusty appearance. These rendered venerable by age are now considered relics and types of the past.

"The ever expanding mind of the public demands a new state of things. It demands new goods, lower prices, better assortments, and more accommodations. The people ask for a suitable consideration for their money and they shall have the same at the new and magnificent establishment of

"WHEELER & JOHNSON,

"in the House of Don Abel Stearns on Main street, where they have just received \$50,000 worth of the best and most desirable merchandise ever brought to the country."

When the customer had been sufficiently impressed by the foregoing propositions and deductions they proceed to enumerate, and here are a few of the articles:

"Groceries, soap, oil, candles, tobacco, cigars, salt, pipes, powder, shot, lead. Provisions, flour, bread, pork, hams, bacon, sugar, coffee. Dry Goods, broadcloths, cassimeres, blankets, alpacas, cambrics, lawns, gingham, twist, silks, satins, colored velvet, nets, crepe, scarlet bandanas, bonnets, lace, collars, needles, pins.

"Boots, shoes, hats, coats, pants, vests, suits, cravats, gloves, hosiery.

"Furniture, crockery, glassware, mirrors, lamps, chandeliers, agricultural implements, hardware, tools, cutlery, house-furnishing goods, liquors, wines, cigars, wood and willow ware, brushes, trunks, paints, oils, tinware and cooking stoves.

"Our object is to break down monopoly."

Evidently their method of breaking down monopoly was to monopolize the whole business of the town.

When we recall the fact that all of this vast assortment was stored in one room and sold over the same counter we must admire the dexterity of the salesman who could keep bacon and lard from mixing with the silks and satins, or the paints and oils from leaving their impress on the broadcloths and velvets.

Ladies' bonnets were kept in stock. The sales-lady had not yet made her appearance in Los Angeles and the sales gentleman sold bonnets. Imagine him fresh from supplying a purchaser with a side of bacon, fitting a bonnet on the head of a lady customer—giving it the proper tilt and sticking the hat pin into the coil of her hair and not into her cranium. Fortunately for the salesman the bonnets of that day were capacious affairs, modeled after the prairie schooner, and did not need hat pins to hold them on.

The old time department store sales gentleman was a genius in the mercantile line; he could dispose of anything from a lady's lace collar to a caballada of broncos.

Here is the quaint advertisement of our Pioneer barber. The Pioneer barber of Los Angeles was Peter Biggs—a gentleman of color who came to the state as a slave with his master, but attained his freedom shortly after his arrival. He set up a hair cutting and shaving saloon. The price for hair cutting was a dollar—shaving 50 cents. In the *Star* of 1853 he advertises a reduction of 50 per cent. Hair cutting 50 cents, shampooing 50 cents, shaving 25 cents. In addition to his tonsorial services he advertises that he blacks boots, waits on and tends parties, runs errands, takes in clothes to wash, iron and mend; cuts, splits and carries in wood; and in short performs any work, honest and respectable, to earn a genteel living and accommodate his fellow creatures. For character he refers to all the gentlemen in Los Angeles. Think of what a character he must have had.

Among the quaint advertisements in the old *Star* of the early 50s is this one, signed by Stephen C. Foster:

"The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Mayor in the election that will take place on the 25th inst.

"Confident that the motives which caused my resignation are good, as also my conduct afterwards and approved by my fellow citizens, I appeal to their judgment and let them manifest it by their votes."

On its face this advertisement has an innocent and inoffensive look, but between the lines old timers can read the story of a deep tragedy.

The motives which caused Mayor Foster to resign were to take part in a lynching. Two murderers, Brown, a native American, and Alvitre, a native Californian, had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Just before the day set for their execution a reprieve came for Brown, but the poor Mexican

was left to his fate. The people were indignant. A mob gathered for the purpose of seeing that either both were reprieved or both hanged. The sheriff proceeded with the execution of Alvitre. The mob threatened to prevent it. The military was called out and a bloody riot was imminent. At this point Mayor Foster harranged the people, advising that they allow the sheriff to proceed with the execution of Alvitre according to the forms of law. And when that was done he would resign the office of Mayor, head the vigilantes and execute Brown. He was as good as his word. The military was dismissed, their arms stacked in the jail, the sheriff's posse discharged. Then it was the vigilantes' chance. The Mayor resigned and joined the lynchers. The jail door was broken down, the arms of the military guards seized, Brown was taken out and hanged from a beam over the gate of a corral on Spring street, opposite where now stands the People's store, within two hours after the legal execution of Alvitre. A special election was called to fill the vacancy in the office of Mayor. So thoroughly and completely did his fellow citizens approve of Foster's course that he had no opposition and was the unanimous choice of the people.

There is often both tragedy and comedy, as well as business, mixed up in advertisements. In the *Star* of forty-eight years ago appears the ad of a great prize lottery or gift enterprise. It was called the Great Southern Distribution of Real Estate and Personal Property, by Henry Dalton. The first prize was an elegant modern-built dwelling house on the Plaza valued at \$11,000. There were 84,000 shares shares in the lottery, valued at \$1.00 each, and 432 first-class prizes to be drawn. Among the prizes were 240 elegant lots in the town of Benton. Who among you Pioneers can locate that lost and long since forgotten metropolis of the Azusa? The City of Benton. For some cause unknown to me the drawing never came off. A distinguished Pioneer whom many of you know sued Dalton for the value of one share that he (the Pioneer) held. The case was carried from one court to another and fought out before one legal tribunal after another with a vigor and a viciousness unwarranted by the trivial amount involved. How it ended I cannot say. I never traced it through the records to a finish.

Old ads are like old tombstones. They recall to us the memory of the "has beens;" they recall to our minds actors who have acted their little part in the comedy or tragedy of life and passed behind the scenes, never again to tread the boards.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

DANIEL DESMOND.

Daniel Desmond, an honored member of this Society of Pioneers, died on the 23rd of January, 1903, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Desmond was born in County Cork, Ireland, October 9, 1833. Having begun the trade of a hatter, at the age of 18 he came to Boston, completed his trade, and went into business at Lawrence, Mass., as manager of the firm of Desmond Bros., in the manufacture of hats. The destruction of the factory by fire compelled him to start new, and it was at that period in his life he came to Los Angeles.

Mr. Desmond came to this city October 14, 1868, and has resided here continuously ever since. Immediately upon his arrival he opened an exclusive hat and gentlemen's furnishing store, the first of the kind in the city. He continued in its active management until a few years ago, after it had grown into a large and flourishing establishment, when ill health compelled him to relinquish in favor of his son, C. C. Desmond.

His widow and eight children survive him, all residents of this city, except two married daughters. The children are C. C. Desmond, D. J. Desmond; Misses Nellie, Nora, Kate and Anna Desmond; Mrs. A. M. Shields of San Francisco, and Mrs. C. D. Baker of Arizona.

Mr. Desmond was a man of probity and good repute and a good citizen in all the relations of life. As a quiet, Christian gentleman he commanded the sincere respect of all who knew him. This society extends its heartfelt sympathy to his family in their great bereavement.

H. D. BARROWS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

This society of Los Angeles Pioneers, in common with all Californians and all Americans, has sincere cause for mourning on the occasion of the death, at the age of 78 years, of Mrs.

General Fremont, which occurred at her home in this city December 27, 1902.

The names of both General and Mrs. Fremont, so intimately and so romantically associated with early California history, will always possess peculiar interest for us and for our children and for our children's children.

Senator Thomas H. Benton, Mrs. Fremont's father, Gen. John C. Fremont, her husband, and Jessie Benton Fremont herself, probably had more to do with the acquisition of Alta California in 1846 by the United States, than any other three persons who took part in the stirring events of that dramatic period.

Jessie Benton Fremont was a noble woman of high intellectuality and culture, and of amiable disposition, who, because of the possession of these admirable qualities, and because of her prominence in our early national and State history, may well be classed, as doubtlessly she will be by the future historian, alongside of Martha Washington and Dollie Madison, as one of the grand dames of the republic.

Inasmuch as the Fremont family made their home in Los Angeles since December, 1887, they, and each of them, seem especially dear to our people; and the warm affection we all feel for the father and mother will be continued with unabated strength to the devoted daughter, whose loving solicitude and care solaced the last years of both her parents, as the infirmities of age undermined their health and strength; wherefore, it is hereby

Resolved, by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, that the heartfelt sympathies of the members of the Society are respectfully tendered to the children and grandchildren of the deceased in this, their great affliction.

H. D. BARROWS,

K. D. WISE,

Committee.

CALEB E. WHITE.

Caleb E. White, a California Pioneer of 1849, was born at Holbrook, Mass., February 15, 1830. His father, Jonathan White, was the son of a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, Abigail Holbrook, was a descendant of the man after whom the town of Holbrook was named. Caleb received his education in the grammar and high school of his native town. When

nineteen years of age he started to California, being one of a party of fifteen who purchased the brig Arcadia which sailed from Boston January 1849 for San Francisco via the Straits of Magellan. After a tedious voyage of two hundred and sixty-three days the vessel passed through the Golden Gate, October 29, 1849.

In 1850 Mr. White embarked in the general mercantile business in Sacramento as a member of the firm of Haskell, White & Co. This firm dissolved in a short time. Subsequently he engaged in farming on a ranch on the American river. For seventeen years he was a member of the firm of White & Hollister in the nursery business. December 24, 1868, he came to Los Angeles and engaged with a partner in the sheep industry. The firm was White & Denman, and the ranch was near Florence. In 1874 he became a member of the Los Angeles Immigration and Land Co-operative Association. This association was incorporated December 10, 1874, with a capital stock of \$250,000. Its first board of directors consisted of the following named Pioneers: Thomas A. Garey, president; Caleb E. White, vice-president; L. M. Holt, secretary; Milton Thomas, manager; R. M. Town, assistant manager; H. G. Crow, treasurer. Only two of these, Garey and Holt, are living. The principal object of the association was the purchase and subdivision of large land holdings and the placing of these on the market in small tracts. The association in 1874 purchased 2,500 acres of the San Jose Rancho, subdivided it and founded the City of Pomona.

In 1880 Mr. White took up his residence at Pomona and engaged in fruit growing. He owned an orchard of sixty acres just east of the city. He was active in advancing the growth of the young city. He served on the board of town trustees several terms. He was one of the organizers and for many years vice-president of the People's Bank of Pomona, and was always active in furthering any measure that would benefit the city and aid in developing the resources of the district in which he lived.

In 1854 Mr. White was married to Miss Rebecca Holship of St. Louis, Mo. Three children were born of this union—Helen M., the wife of Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles; Annie C., wife of Charles L. Northcraft, also of Los Angeles, and Harry R. of Pomona.

Mr. White died at his residence in Pomona September 2, 1902, at the age of 72 years. In the language of one of his old

time friends and associates, "Peace be to his ashes and honor to his memory."

W. H. WORKMAN,
J. M. GUINN,
Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the Officers and Members of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, Cal.

Your committee on resolutions of respect to the memory of our late Brother John Caleb Salisbury would respectfully report:

That Brother Salisbury was born in Erieville, Madison County, New York, July 6th, 1834, and died in Los Angeles, California, July 10th, 1902. Mr. Salisbury was in business in Chicago at the time of the great fire in 1871, and three years later came to Los Angeles and commenced business near the old Los Angeles and San Pedro Depot, on Commercial street. His fair dealing and business ability drew to him a great company of friends, who appreciated his honesty and integrity. His zeal and fervency in any undertaking, together with his financial ability and broad generosity, insured the success of any enterprise that he was connected with. He was a leading member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city; was for twenty-six years superintendent of the Chinese Sunday School of that church, and for many years was an elder and trustee of that church; also a trustee of Occidental College, and gave of his thousands to the equipment and support of that institution.

He was for many years a trustee of the Boys and Girls' Orphans' Home, and gave liberally to its support. He was as prominent in the quiet, unostentatious work of the Masonic Order as any man in Los Angeles County.

He was a member of Lincoln Park Lodge, No. 611, F. & A. M., Chicago, Illinois. He affiliated with Pentalpha Lodge, 202, of California, Los Angeles, August 21st, 1876, and was its Junior Deacon from 1877 to 1884, and occupied that station for a length of years not often achieved. His brethren of the Mystic tie loved him for his good examples, his boundless charity, and earnest, conscientious work as a man and a Mason.

Brother Salisbury was twice married—first to Miss Smith,

in Illinois, by whom he had one son, Fred A. Salisbury, now residing in this city. He was married to Miss Ellen A. Graves in Merrill Lodge, Order of Good Templars, in this city, in 1876, by whom he had one son, Howard G. Salisbury, also residing in this city.

Brother John C. Salisbury was an honest member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County, many of whom attended his funeral. He was buried with Masonic rites in Rosedale Cemetery.

Respectfully,

J. M. STEWART,

C. N. WILSON,

J. L. SLAUGHTER,

Committee.

HENRY KIRK WHITE BENT.

Henry Kirk White Bent was born at Weymouth, Mass., October 29, 1831. He was educated at Williston Seminary and Mason Academy, and was ready to enter Amherst when measles prevented by seriously impairing his eyesight. He then engaged in civil engineering on railroad construction in Southern Wisconsin. In 1858 he came to California, worked at mining for a year at French Corral, Nevada County; taught school a year and a half at Downieville; was elected County Surveyor in 1861, and later Public Administrator of Sierra County. During the war he was chairman of the Republican County Committee, and worked as mining engineer until 1866.

His health gave way, and he went to Boston, where he underwent medical treatment for two years. Returning to California in 1868, he located in Los Angeles, as an experiment, with the result that he tarried in this section until his death. Here he recovered his health almost completely, the climate, in his opinion, doing more for him than all the medical treatment he had tried. Soon he engaged in the real estate business, taking the agency of the Santa Gertrudes Land Association, and later he went into the sheep industry. With returning health began his active and successful career in public works, which he continued up to within but a few months ago.

Under Gen. Grant's second administration from 1873 to 1877, he was postmaster of Los Angeles.

In 1878 he was elected to the Los Angeles City Board of Education, and was made president of that body. At this pe-

ried he was an active and powerful factor in many municipal works; was one of the founders of the present Public Library and for a number of years was vice-president and acting head of the Horticultural Society. In the religious field he was a devoted worker for a lifetime. He was a charter member of the First Congregational church of this city, and for many years trustee and superintendent of the Sunday-school; also a charter member of the North Congregational Church of Pasadena, where he was trustee and deacon for the past fourteen years.

To education Mr. Bent devoted the best of his ability and his unselfish record over a period of nearly a score of years, and his work attained marked and lasting success. In 1888 he became one of the original trustees of Pomona College, and remained a member until within the past year, when failing health compelled his retirement. For seven years he was president of the board, often being re-elected when differing in judgment from the majority of the members—a special tribute to his honor and ability. Under his guidance the Claremont institution has passed through many dangerous crises and been placed on an enlarged and permanent foundation.

Mr. Bent was a kind man. After the history of his life work is related, that tells all the rest. Among the pioneers, business, church and political associates he will be mourned by a host. But it is among the student body which has within the past decade gone forth into active life that his passing will be most sincerely lamented. In his work in Los Angeles and at Claremont he exerted a rare influence over the young people striving for learning, and many were assisted to their desired ambition through his kindly interest and substantial aid. Scores of the younger generation in active life throughout Southern California owe their education and success to the encouragement or assistance of Mr. Bent.

During most of his long life deceased combated disease in some form, and for the past several months had been confined to his bed with a lung affliction not at all like tuberculosis, but which baffled cure, and the end has for some time been known to be approaching rapidly and inevitably. He was twice married, and all of his five children and widow survive him. In 1855 he married Miss Crawford of Oakham, Mass., and the children of this union are Mrs. Florence Halstead of Smartsville, Arthur S. and H. Stanley Bent of this city. Mrs. Bent died in 1876, and in 1878 he married Miss Mattie Fairman. There are two sons by this union, Earnest F. and Charles E.

Bent, the latter being city editor of the Pomona Daily Review.

The death of Mr. Bent removes a character that for over thirty years has been a potential influence in the progress of the educational, religious and political life of Southern California.

Mr. Bent died at his home on Marengo avenue, Pasadena, July 29, 1902, aged 70 years and 9 months.

J. M. GUINN,
J. W. GILLETTE,
Committee.

Chamber of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County,

Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1902.

John Charles Dotter, a native of Lohr, Germany, was born May 4th, 1837, and immigrated to the United States of America in A. D. 1852, working his way westerly across the continent via the Great Salt Lake route to Los Angeles, California, arriving in 1856, and has ever since made this city his home.

He married Miss Elizabeth Kemy and the issue of said marriage was George C., Corine Frances (the wife of Prof. Milton Carlson), Idella and Charlotte, all of whom survive him.

His home life was exemplary as a loving and kind husband, a devoted and affectionate father, and when freed from business requirements he spent his time with his devoted family and old time friends.

He was a student of political economy and delighted in true progress, advancement and civilization; was a truly assimilated citizen of this republic, patriotic, and devoted to the principles of our country and the cause of freedom.

He never failed to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience and "principles," not men, was his motto.

In his diary under date of February 27, 1902, is found the following: "Very dizzy; wonder what is the matter." On the 28th he remained at home, and the day following he kept his bed. On Sunday, March 2nd, 1902, visited his office and entertained a few friends. On Monday, March 3rd, at about 11:00 a. m., he was attacked with nausea, continuing until 3:00 p. m., when he passed into a quiet and unbroken sleep for three hours. When awakened he complained of pains, which continued until 8:30 p. m., when, from a stroke of apoplexy, he passed to the great beyond.

Therefore, be it resolved by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, State of California, in regular session convened, that while we humbly bow to the inevitable, in the removal from our midst of our esteemed and beloved brother, John Charles Dotter, we deplore the loss, and sincerely sympathize with his family and relatives in their bereavement and the irreparable loss of a loving husband, a kind and devoted father of whose life it can be said he was honest and conscientious through all the walks of an upright life.

Quoting his own words when commenting on the death of his numerous Pioneer friends who passed away, "Another good man gone."

LOUIS ROEDER,
J. F. BURNS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneer Society of Los Angeles, California:

We, your committee appointed at your last meeting, September 8th, for the purpose of drafting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Anderson Rose, would respectfully report that said Anderson Rose was born in Macon County, Mo., February 17th, 1836, and in the year of 1852 he came to California over the plains with an ox team, locating in El Dorado County, where he resided with his parents until about 1867, at which time he came to this county and located near the Ballona, where he purchased large estates, and he has been a resident of this county ever since. Mr. Rose was a frugal, industrious man, always attentive to his business, at the same time mindful of the welfare of his fellow men, courteous to his friends, for they were legion. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and took active part in advancing the interests of this section; was a member of the Masonic Fraternity for thirty-five years. He was married to Miss Annie E. Shirley in 1869. He departed this life August 30th, 1902, leaving a wife, one son and two daughters to mourn his untimely taking off.

And, Whereas, he who rules all things for the best has seen fit to call him from among us, we deeply mourn our loss and point to that particular portion of Scripture as our guiding star, viz.: "Be ye also ready, for in such a time as you think not the Son of man cometh."

And, now therefore, be it resolved, by this society, that we extend to the widow and family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of grief.

And be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family, and that a copy of said resolutions be spread upon our minutes.

J. L. STARR,
J. G. NEWELL,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.

John C. Anderson was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, on June 1st, 1844, and passed his youth and young manhood there. In July, 1863, at the age of 19, he joined the Ohio National Guard, and in May, 1864, in response to the call for one hundred day men, he was mustered into the United States service—143rd Ohio Infantry, from which he was honorably discharged as Corporal, in December of the same year, also receiving a Certificate of Thanks for Honorable Service, signed by Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton.

Mr. Anderson, from early manhood, was a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

He learned the carpenter trade with his father, and worked at it in his native state until 1873, when he came to Los Angeles, California, and has followed his trade in this part of the State ever since, having had charge of the construction of the Nadeau Hotel and other large buildings. In the Fall of 1880 he returned to his old home for a visit, returning to Los Angeles in March, 1881. The following winter he again visited Ohio, and was married to Miss Lizzie Lindersmith; and in March, 1882, brought his wife to Los Angeles to reside. Two sons were born to them, Louis H., in 1883, and George H., in 1886. In the spring of 1887 he moved his family to Monrovia, and ever after he made that city his home till his death.

He was elected and served one term in the Monrovia City Council; was re-elected, but obliged to resign on account of failing health.

In the fall of 1899 his health began to fail, and he had to give up work almost entirely. Being of an active, energetic disposition, it was a great trial for him to keep quiet. He continued with light occupation up to within a few days of his death.

which occurred on the 25th day of January, 1902; and on January 27th he was buried in Live Oak Cemetery, at Monrovia, California, with Masonic honors, assisted by members of the G. A. R.

He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances. He was a good soldier, a loving and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a good neighbor, and a citizen whom we delighted to honor.

A. H. JOHNSON.

JERRY ILLICH.

Jerry Illich is dead. After lying for many months on a bed of suffering the well-known restaurateur passed away Dec. 5th, at his home, No. 1018 South Hill street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Masonic Temple.

For twenty-five years the residence of Mr. Illich was in Los Angeles, and during his closing years he was a prominent figure in the life of the city, being a member of various fraternal organizations and owning considerable property in business and residence sections. He is remembered principally for his good fellowship and for his ability to provide good things to eat.

Starting in a modest way with a small chop-house on North Main street in the late '70s, his business expanded until he became proprietor of the largest restaurant in the city. His connection with the old Maison Dorée on North Main street made that resort popular with business and club men, and when he moved into his own building on Third street in 1896 his patronage followed. "Jerry's" was headquarters for political and social banquets, and there's many a man in Los Angeles who still has pleasant memories of the celebrated "paste" and other foreign dishes that were served at midday luncheon.

The ravages of Bright's disease laid Illich low several years ago, causing his retirement from business to seek health in travel and recreation. His demise was expected on many dates, but his constant good cheer buoyed him up, and the end came only when his constitution had become so undermined that his will power was ineffective in retaining the spark of life.

Jerry Illich was born in 1850 in Dalmatia, Austria. From the age of 13 until he was 20 he sailed the seas, finally leaving his vessel at San Francisco and engaging in the restaurant business. A widow and a young son and daughter survive him.—Los Angeles Daily Times.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayres	Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster	Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller	Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin	Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley	Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy...	Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow	Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael	Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker	Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose	Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald	Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig	Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott	Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi	Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town	Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood	Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer	Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard	Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough	Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman	Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur	Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Shieck	Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell	Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan	Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard	Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard	Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser	Died April 23, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy	Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg	Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode	Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins	Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy	Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign.....	Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson	Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt	Died November 14, 1901.
John C. Anderson	Died January 25, 1902.
John Charles Dotter	Died March 3, 1902.
John Caleb Salisbury	Died July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. Bent	Died July 29, 1902.
Anderson Rose	Died August 30, 1902.
Caleb E. White	Died September 2, 1902.
Jerry Illich	Died December 5, 1902.
Daniel Desmond	Died January 23, 1903.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	Los Angeles	1843
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Ruffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	—
Farham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Brousseau, Julius	N. Y.	Lawyer	Jan. 16, '77	2434 Hoover	1877
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1847

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Coronel, Mrs. M. W. De.	Texas	Housewife	Feb., '59	Los Angeles	1857
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	1869
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cummings, Geo.	Aus.	Stockman	March, '53	First street	1853
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Compton, Geo. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	Jan., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	518 San Julian	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	518 San Julian	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, Omer R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louts	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	—
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '7	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detective agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Geller, Margaret F.	Mo.	Housekeeper	Nov., '60	Figueroa	1860
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Glidden, Edward C.	N. H.	Mfr. agent	Feb., '70	756 Avenue 22	1868
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanore	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '7	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand avenue	1868
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Asa	Ill.	Farmer	'52	Los Angeles	1849
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	Long Beach	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Johnson, Micajah D.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 31, '76	236 N. Griffin avenue	1876
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kipp, Nicholas	Germ.	Hackman	'75	749 Banning	1862
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Messer, K.	Germ.	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	Germ.	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLain, Geo. P.	Va.	Merchant	Jan. 2, '68	446 N. Grand avenue	1867
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
Moulton, Elijah	Canada	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melville, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-egth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	'66	1467 E. Twentieth	—	
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morris, Moritz	Germ.	Retired	'53	336 S. Broadway	1853
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nadeau Martha F.	N. H.	Housewife	Sept., '68	1501 Central avenue	1868
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Carvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	230 S. Beaudry	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Dec., '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '70	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Profit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	1849
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1849
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	819 Golding avenue	1876
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	Germ.	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1866
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	—
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	—

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Shaffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1853
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steere, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Udell, Joseph C.	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St. George Hotel	1850
Vignolo, Ambroizio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Weyse, Rudolph G.	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan. 29, '60	Thompson street	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	822 Westlake avenue	1862
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN Co.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Weid, Ivar A.	Denmark	Landlord	'72	741 S. Main	1864
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Worm, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	910 W. Eleventh	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1870
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	Downey	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	Downey	1849
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	1856
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866

Organized November 1, 1883

Incorporated February 13, 1891

PUBLICATIONS

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OF

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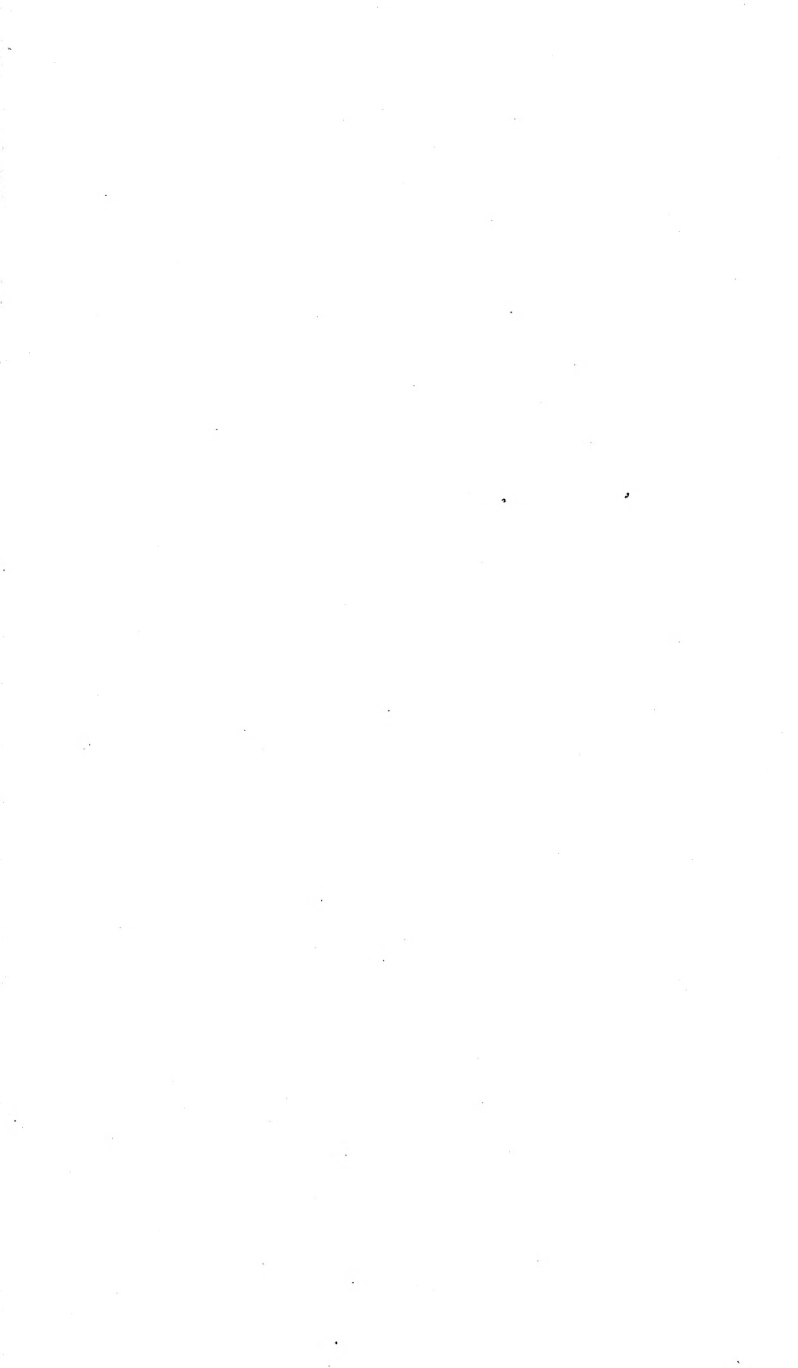
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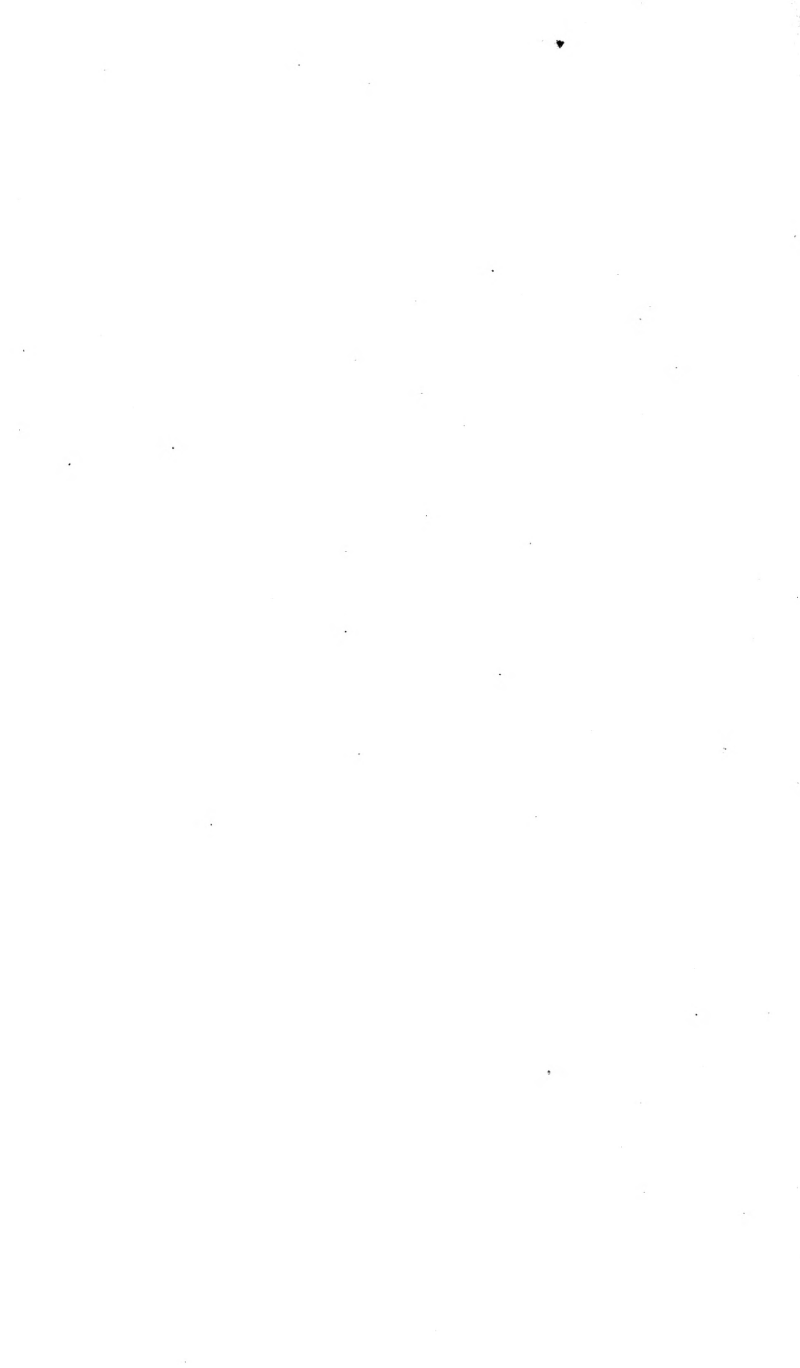
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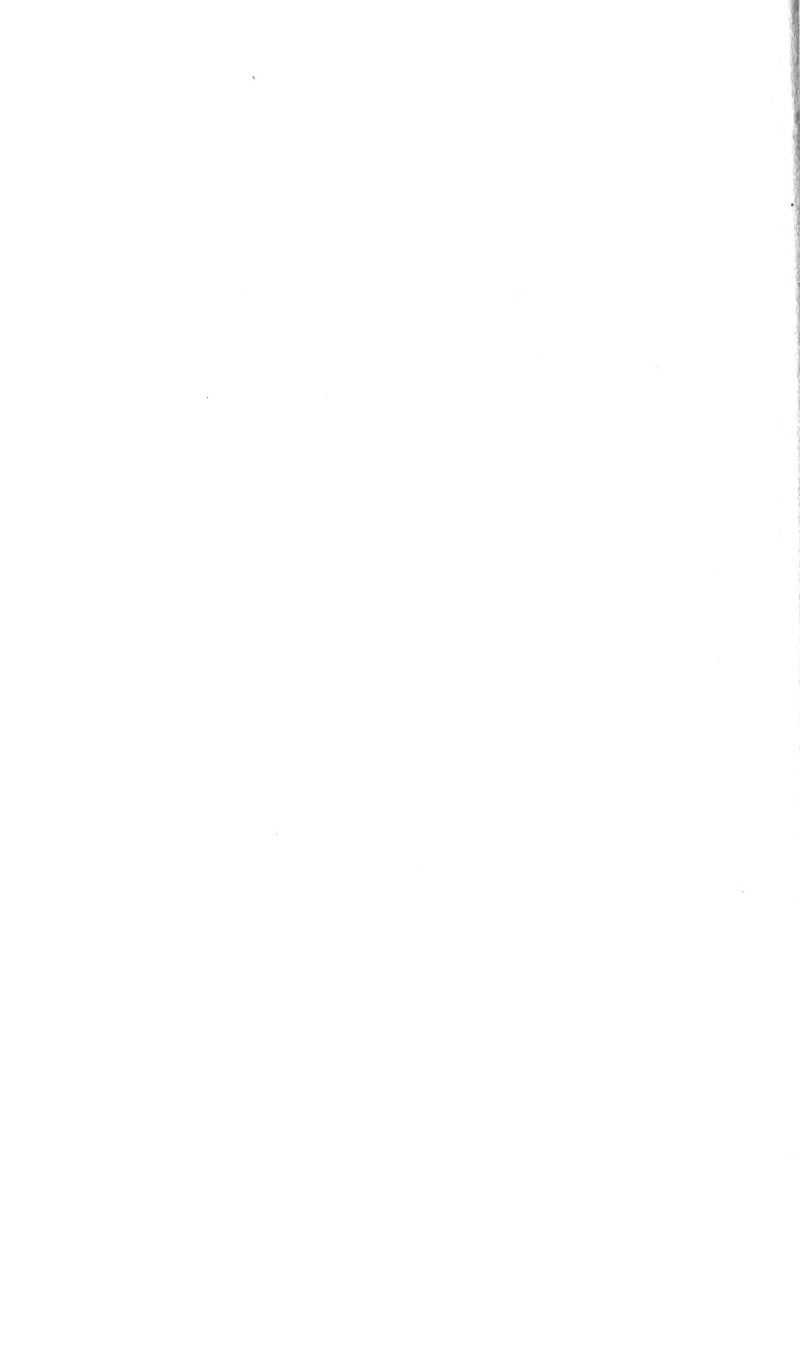
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1903

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CAPT. BENJAMIN DAVIESS MOORE

Historical Society

—OF—

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1903

A FLAG STAFF AND FLAG FOR FORT MOORE.

(Evening Express Sept. 3, 1903.)

Fort Moore, the first American fort erected in Southern California, is to have a memorial, the Native Sons and Daughters of California, the Pioneer Society, the G. A. R. and the Historical Society having united in the project of erecting a flag pole on the site of the famous fort, on the crest of Fort Hill, at the head of Broadway, just over the Broadway tunnel.

Yesterday the pole arrived in the city. It was procured in Siskiyou County and was brought by water to San Pedro, from where it was hauled by wagon, the stick being too long to be handled by the railway company. It is a magnificent fir tree, 127 feet long, fourteen inches in diameter at the base, eight inches at the tip, and straight as an arrow.

Recently the allied societies applied to the City Council for permission to erect a pole over the Broadway tunnel, and this was granted with the understanding that the work should be done under the supervision of Julius W. Krause, the City Superintendent of Buildings. It is his intention to have the pole set in cement, thus insuring its solidity, for it is expected to remain for many years as a landmark in the city. The flag is to be provided by Stanton Post G. A. R., the Women's Relief Corps, Daughters of the American Revolution and other patriotic organizations.

Several months' time was passed in the search for a pole suitable for the purpose. Thanks are expressed to the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, which aided in securing a spar of such superior quality, there being few like it even on this coast. No date has been set for the flag raising, as the erection of the pole will be a work of considerable care. It is intended to have the formal exercises within a month, and the occasion doubtless will be one that will long be remembered.

THE FLAG RAISING.

(From Los Angeles Times December 19, 1903.)

One hundred yards south of where the American flag was raised in Los Angeles over fifty-six years ago, on the site of Fort Moore, two thousand people assisted yesterday (December 18) in the exercises attending the raising of another flag in commemoration of the olden days when this queen city was in her swaddling clothes.

The flag raising was under the auspices of the Native Sons and Daughters and was preceded by a lengthy programme of music and speeches. Mrs. A. K. Prather, of the Native Daughters, was chairman, and F. A. Stephenson, of the Native Sons, master of ceremonies. The programme, which began at 2 o'clock, was as follows: Music, Seventh Regiment Band; depositing "sacred earth" from famous American battlefields, Mrs. Sade L. Rios; music, band; speech, "Conquest of Los Angeles," Grant Loraine of Los Angeles High School; speech, "The Pioneers," by Mendle Silberberg of Commercial High School; music, band; address, "Building of Fort Moore," by J. M. Guinn, of the Historical Society and Pioneers; music, band; address, John G. Mott, of the Native Sons; music, band; presentation of flag, by Rev. Will A. Knighten, of Stanton Post G. A. R.; unfurling the flag, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, chairman of Flag Committee, and Mrs. A. K. Prather, chairman of Flag Pole Committee; music, "Star Spangled Banner," by the band; national salute by detail of Co. F, Seventh Regiment, N. G. C.

The exercises were held on a platform surrounding the base of the big flag pole, planted as everyone knows on the hill crowning the southern or city end of the Broadway tunnel. The big flag was presented by the Women's Relief Corps, Stanton Post, G. A. R., Daughters of American Revolution and naval organizations, and was unfurled from a pole 115 feet in

height above the ground and buried fifteen feet in the ground.

A feature of the occasion was the presence on the platform of a son of Capt. Moore (M. J. Moore of Carpinteria), after whom the fort was named, and a daughter of Gen. Fremont, the pathfinder.

Another noteworthy circumstance was the presence of a spectator—William Beddome—one of the soldiers who helped build Fort Moore, who lived in it with 400 other soldiers for five months, and who witnessed that other flag raising July 4, 1847. He is a hale, hearty veteran, 74 years old, and has many interesting stories to tell of those old days when the population of Los Angeles was about fifteen hundred. He has lived in this vicinity for twenty years and now conducts a ranch at Garvanza. He is the only known person alive here today who helped build Fort Moore.

FORT MOORE.

BY J. M. GUINN.

Los Angeles was surrendered to Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, January 10, 1847. General Flores' army, which had been defeated by the American troops in the battle of Paso de Bartolo, January 8th, and in the battle of La Mesa, January 9th, were still in the neighborhood of the city. Commodore Stockton decided to erect fortifications not only to resist an attack should one be made by Flores, but also in the event of another revolution, (as Lieutenant Emory puts it) "to enable a small garrison to hold out till aid might come from San Diego, San Francisco or Monterey, places which are destined to become centers of American settlement."

On the 11th, Lieutenant Emory, of General Kearny's staff, was detailed "to select a site and place a fort capable of containing one hundred men." On the 12th, the plan of the fort was marked out and ground broken. Work was continued on it up to the 17th by the marines and soldiers.

In the meantime General Andres Pico, in command of the Mexican troops, surrendered to Colonel Fremont at Cahuenga, and the war was over. Work on the fort ceased. Commodore Stockton and General Kearny having quarreled, Kearny left for San Diego, Stockton and his sailors rejoined their ships at San Pedro, and Lieutenant Emory was sent East via Panama with dispatches. Fremont's battalion, numbering about five hundred men, was left in command of the city.

On the 20th of April, 1847, reports supposed to be reliable reached Los Angeles stating that the Mexican Congress had appropriated \$600,000 for the conquest of California, and that a force of 1500 men under command of General Bustamente was advancing by way of Lower California against Los Angeles. On the 23rd day of April, work was begun on a second fort planned by Lieutenant J. W. Davidson of the First Regiment U. S. Dragoons. Its location was identical with Lieutenant Emory's fort, but it was twice the size of that earth-work. The work on it was done by the Mormon Battalion. This battalion was recruited from the Mormons in the spring of 1846, who were encamped at Council Bluffs, Ia., preparatory to their migration to Salt Lake. The battalion came to California under the command of Colonel Cooke, arriving at Los Angeles March 16, 1847. Its route was by way of Santa Fe, Tucson, Yuma and Warner's Ranch to San Luis Rey, and from there to Los Angeles. The battalion numbered 500 men at starting, but a number gave out on the march and were sent back.

On the 4th of July, 1847, the fort having been completed, the Stars and Stripes were raised to the top of the flag pole, which was 150 feet high. The timber for the flag staff had been brought down from the San Bernardino mountains and consisted of two pine tree trunks, one about eighty and the other seventy feet long. These were spliced together and fashioned into a beautiful pole by the carpenters of the battalion. It was raised in the rear of the fort about where is now the southeast corner of North Broadway and Fort Moore Place.

Col. J. D. Stevenson of the Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers, who had succeeded Colonel Cooke in the command of the Southern Military District, issued an official order for the celebration of the 4th of July and the dedication of the fort.

"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 will be displayed."

The troops, numbering about 700, were formed in a hollow square at the fort and the Declaration of Independence was read in English by Capt. Stuart Taylor and in Spanish by Stephen C. Foster. To Lieutenant Davidson, who had planned the fort and superintended the work on it, was given the honor of raising the flag to the top of the flag pole.

Colonel Stephenson in dedicating the field work paid this high tribute to Capt. Benjamin D. Moore, after whom the fort was named:

"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."

The fort was simply an earthwork with six embrasures for cannon. It was not inclosed in the rear. Two hundred men could have held it against a thousand if the attack had come from the front, but it could have been captured from the rear by a small force. It stood intact for about thirty years. It was demolished when the streets that pass through its site were graded and the lots it crossed were built upon. No trace of it now remains.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN DAVIESS MOORE.

BY M. J. MOORE.

(Son of Capt. B. D. Moore.)

My father was born at Paris, Kentucky, September 10, 1810. I know little of his boyhood. A few years after his father's death, about 1820, his mother removed to Shelbyville, Illinois, where lived her two sons by a former husband, Captain Matthew Duncan and the Joseph Duncan who was afterward Governor of the State. He received the best education to be had in those days, and at 18 was appointed midshipman in the navy and assigned to duty on board the U. S. ship *Erie*, David Connor commander. The *Erie* was soon afterward ordered on a long cruise, touching at Mediterranean ports, spending some time in the West Indies and in the Caribbean Sea. He was at home on leave in 1832, when the news came of the rising and threatened invasion of Black Hawk. Captain Duncan's company, of which my father was made First Lieutenant by exchange from the navy, was among the first to respond to the call of the Governor, and was soon floundering through the mud and swollen streams of the all-but-submerged country. The campaign was a short one, and the old chief was worsted at the battle of Bad Axe.

In 1833, "The U. S. Regiment of Dragoons"—of which Henry Dodge was Colonel, S. W. Kearny, Lieutenant Colonel, and R. B. Mason, Major—was organized by Congress, with Jefferson Davis as Adjutant, my father being First Lieutenant of Co. C. The regiment became the First Dragoons in '36, when the Second Regiment was raised. In '33 the five companies were sent to Fort Gibson, and in '34 on the "Pawnee Expedition," in which one-fourth of the command died of fever. From '36 to '45 there were numerous Indian expeditions, without serious losses, but much severe service, being interchanges between Forts Leavenworth, Gibson, Wayne and Des Moines. In 1839 my father was married to Martha, a daughter of Judge Matthew Hughes of the then recently negotiated Platte Purchase. My mother died in '43 from exposure the previous winter on the march from Fort Gibson to Leavenworth. In May, 1845, General Kearny, with Companies A,

C, F, G and K, left Leavenworth on an expedition to the South Pass, in the Rocky Mountains. They reached Laramie June 14th and South Pass July 6th, returning by Laramie and Bent's Fort to Fort Leavenworth August 24th, having made a march of 2000 miles in 97 days. The officers and men were complimented on the length of the march, rapidity of the movements and small losses, with "pride and pleasure." June 30, 1846, Colonel Kearny was promoted Brigadier General and placed in command of the "Army of the West." Including five companies of Dragoons, there were about 1800 men under his immediate command. After conquering New Mexico, he started from Santa Fe, September 26th, with the five companies of Dragoons for California. I insert here some extracts from a letter dated Santa Fe, N. M., September 16th, addressed to Judge Hughes—the last that was received:

"My Dear Father:—I am sorry I did not know the Express left so soon, that I might have written you a longer letter, but it leaves for the United States in one hour, so you must excuse a short one. * * * The people so far seem to be well pleased with their new government; how long it will continue, time will show. All the Dragoons leave here the 25th with General Kearny for California. It not being practicable for horses, the General has directed the Quartermaster to purchase mules to mount the whole command. * * * We have a march before us of 1300 or 1400 miles, and almost a desert from the beginning to the end of the journey. From all accounts it is a very severe trip on account of the scarcity of water, grass and game. Some say we will never get through, but I know better. The trip has been performed (though not by so large a party) and we can go where Mexicans or Indians can, and can stand as much fatigue, cold, hunger and thirst as they can. * * * General Kearny told me yesterday that he was going to the United States next summer. * * * I told him that if it was probable that my company was to be stationed there (in California) that I would not stay; I would resign. I told him I would not be separated from my children longer than the war continued; that they were a greater consideration to me than a commission of any grade in the army could be. * * *

Affectionately,

B. D. MOORE."

Near Socorro, New Mexico, October 6th, General Kearny's command met Kit Carson bearing an express from Commodore Stockton to Washington, to the effect that "California had surrendered without a blow and that the American flag floated in every port." This news caused General Kearny to reduce radically the personnel of his force. Major Sumner with 250 Dragoons was ordered to retrace his steps, and General Kearny, taking Carson as his guide, with one hundred Dragoons officered by Captain Moore, Captain Johnston and Lieutenants Hammond and Davidson, proceeded October 15th to the head waters of the Mimbres, a tributary of the Gila, which they soon reached and followed to its junction with the Colorado. With the loss of half their mules, they reached Warner's ranch December 3rd. In answer to a note informing Stockton of his coming, Captain Gillespie with 35 men joined General Kearny on the 5th with a note from Commodore Stockton advising him of the proximity of Pico's Californians and suggesting that he "attack and defeat them."

Judge Pearce of Sonoma County, who was a member of Company C, but had been detached as body guard to General Kearny, in his biography (see "History of Sonoma County"), relates the following facts—not, that I am aware, elsewhere accessible:

"After a fatiguing day's journey in the rain, we camped in the mountains about eight or ten miles from the enemy's forces under Pico. After the camp fires were lighted, General Kearny sent Mr. Pearce with his compliments to Captains Moore and Johnston and Lieutenant Hammond, and asked them to a conference on the propriety of reconnoitering the enemy's position that night and attacking him in the morning. Captain Moore opposed, mainly on the ground 'that discovery of our presence would necessarily follow a reconnoissance, and discovery would result in failure to obtain an advantage, as the enemy were well mounted and were, perhaps, the most expert horsemen in the world, and we were for the most part on poor, half-starved and jaded mules; that it would be far better for the whole of us to move and make the attack at once; that by this course we should more than likely get all the horses of the enemy, and to dismount them was to whip them.' The objections of Captain Moore were overruled and Lieutenant Hammond, Sergeant Williams and ten men were forthwith detailed and did reconnoitre the enemy's position.'

Mr. Pearce was present at the conference above mentioned and was present and heard the report of Lieutenant Hammond on his return from the reconnoissance. They had seen Pico's men asleep in some Indian huts, and while talking to an Indian outside of one of the huts the detachment was hailed by a sentinel. As soon as this report was made "boots and saddles" was sounded and the little army advanced.

In a letter from Judge Pearce, written June 18, 1884, to me, he says: "I was near your father during the engagement and saw him remount his horse after his first wound. He was mounted on a fresh horse, was in the very front, and seemed to me to be trying his utmost to do all the fighting himself."

Two years ago in a conversation with Philip Crosthwaite, who was a volunteer in Captain Gillespie's detachment from San Diego, and who it will be remembered captured the only prisoner taken at the battle of San Pasqual. he informed me of some occurrences, a part of which I had heard from other sources, but which I have not seen in any printed account. Crosthwaite knew personally many of Pico's men, and was an eye witness to a part of the event here related:

Andres Pico was not lacking in personal courage, but for some reason 'his heart was not in the fight' at San Pasqual. While his men and the Dragoons under Captain Moore were still engaged, he started away from the field. Captain Moore saw and followed Pico and in a few hundred yards came up with him. Two Californians, Celis and Osuña, drew out of the fight and went in pursuit of them, stopping a few yards away, as they said, 'to see which would win—lance or sabre.' After a few passes Captain Moore's sword was broken off a few inches from the guard. He attempted to draw his pistol from the holster and was lanced by Osuña. Lieutenant Hammond, coming up at this time, in an effort to save Captain Moore was mortally wounded. They were brothers-in-law, and warmly attached to each other. It seems not too much to say, in the words of St. John, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." They lie side by side at Point Loma.

HISTORY OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

(Read Dec. 7, 1903.)

Santa Catalina is one of an interesting group of islands lying south of Point Concepcion, along the coast of Southern California. These are often divided into two groups, the more northern ones, known as the Channel Islands, being composed of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa, along the coast of Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties. Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara, San Nicolas and San Clemente are the group of Santa Barbara Islands that lie along the coast of Los Angeles and San Diego Counties.

Although belonging to Los Angeles County, some twenty miles or more must be sailed over before Santa Catalina is reached.

The length of Santa Catalina is variously estimated at from 18 to 22 miles. The greatest width is estimated at eight miles, the narrowest being at the isthmus, which is only one-half mile across.

The island is mountainous and covered with jutting peaks that rise on every side. There are no beaches excepting in the crescent-shaped cañons, for bold rocks stand out in the water, in some places like immense granite walls, against which the ocean dashes in its fury. Even at the isthmus the curving beaches are limited to small areas.

Prof. Lawson,* the geologist, says the "larger part" of the island is "composed of volcanic rocks, not essentially different in their general field character from those of San Clemente." The greatest elevations on the island are known as Orizaba and Black Jack, which rise near the center of the island to a height of over 2000 feet.

"There are half a dozen or more springs and creeks which do not dry up during the summer, and a few wells supply the other points. All the water is decidedly alkaline."*

* "The Past Pliocene Diastrophism of the Coast of Southern California," by Andrew C. Lawson, University of Cal. "Bull. Dept. Geol., Vol. 1, No. 4.)

A casual visitor on Santa Catalina Island in the summer time will tell you that, aside from trees and plants under cultivation, the island is devoid of vegetation, save a few scrubby trees, the prickly pear cactus (*Opuntia*) running in riotous growth over the hills, and the long yellow grass that covers the otherwise bare earth.

But the botanist tells another tale of rare trees and shrubs not reported elsewhere. And besides these he finds plants that lie hidden in the cañons, needing the winter rains to encourage their unfolding. Many years ago a friend of mine, who was something of a botanist, was enthusiastic over the wealth of wild flowers that followed in the train of the winter showers and grew in beauty on the hills and in the vale of Avalon. Our so-called Mariposa Lily, which is a tulip, was first reported from the island, and bears the name of "*Calochortus Catalinæ*," Wats, or "Catalina Mariposa Tulip." This is only one of a number of plants new to science found on this island.

To one who loves to indulge in the play of fancy amid primitive surroundings, there is no spot more ideal than one of the lonely foothills overlooking the ocean in this island. Encompassed by a wild and tangled growth that climbs the perpendicular mountains, with dry grass under one's feet, the blue Pacific splashing and dashing against the upright rocks below, one can sit and forget he is a part of the rushing procession of the world. The petty cares of yesterday with the multitude have gone; they have fallen off like a mantle that is too heavy when the sun has risen. Surrounded by the Eternal, your soul is at peace.

This is the Isle of Summer as it has arisen from the hand of nature, but man—restless, struggling man—has invaded the island and a new environment is replacing the primitive one. The calculating engineer, the landscape gardener and architect, with all their concomitant following, are dotting the cañons, and the slippery trail of the wild goat gives place to the upland stage drawn by many horses. The fame of the neryv jew fish and albacore has given the island an international reputation, and the unrest of the summer visitor is fast converting the land of sweet idleness into a fashionable watering place.

Many years ago when I visited the little crescent-shaped vale of Avalon, it was only a diminutive, quiet tent town, nestled between towering peaks. In other cañons a little soli-

* "The Geology of Santa Catalina Island," by William Tangier Smith. (Proc. Cal. Acad. Sciences.)

tary shack of a home, and at the isthmus the deserted barracks of the U. S. government, used during the Civil war, was standing in solitary abandonment.

On my last visit in 1902 the automobile rushed along the shaded avenues of transplanted trees to the golf grounds, and up the steep hills the wireless telegraph had caught a sound-proof resting place. A teeming crowd of restless humanity surged up and down the beach in front of Avalon, with her numerous hotels and stores, and her cottages dotted the hill sides, only reached by steep flights of steps.

Instead of a two-masted yacht landing her dozen passengers, two, and oftener three, steamships daily filled from the upper to the lower deck with a crowd of passengers, puffed up to the pier with the haste of a time limit.

Even the shore has felt the change. Dredging, so as to enable boats of deeper caliber to land, has changed this gently receding beach to one of more abrupt declension. The dead shells no longer are stranded upon the beach; they lie amid the sands, rarely uncovered by the tide. The white valves of the *Chione* and the rare pink-lined ones of the *Hemicardium* and the pure white pebbles no longer strew the beach.

Bath houses, rustic seats and fishing stands, hung with fish whose single weight runs up into the hundreds of pounds, encircle the water front almost to Sugar Loaf rock.

Where, years ago, tiny golden fish played in and out under the skiff as we rowed over the water, on my last visit to Avalon an expert diver went down into the water to seek for missing diamonds dropped overboard by a hotel visitor as she returned on a vessel from a pleasure trip to the isthmus.

But, while diamonds and dollars pervade the 'Avalon of other days, and have sought a landing place at the isthmus—which, no doubt, will be joined by the rushing trolley car—yet the hills, with their rugged sides, cannot be irrigated in a day, and so will long jut out alluring peaks to tempt the lover of Nature to seek the solitude of uncultivated slopes.

We are glad the scientists' iron-clad rule of precedence in nomenclature does not obtain in the naming of the island, else the more euphonious name of Santa Catalina would give place to that of "Victoria," named by Cabrillo, the earlier navigator. For Vizcaino (variously spelled *Viscaino*, *Vizcaino* and *Viscayno*) sighted this pile of mountains in the sea at a later date than Cabrillo, but he remembered it was Saint Catherine's day and he gave her the island as a namesake. But Victoria would

have been far more preferable than "Pimugna" (also printed Pineugna), the Indian name for this island.

Viscaino journeyed from San Diego when he sighted the island, and Hittell says:

"Here he found many Indians—men, women and children—all clothed in seal skins, and was received by them with extreme kindness. They were a fine-looking race, had large dwellings and numerous rancherias; made admirable canoes, some of which would carry twenty persons; and were expert seal hunters and fishermen. There were many things of interest there, but the most extraordinary were a temple and idol, the most remarkable of which any account remains among the Californians. The temple consisted of a large circular place ornamented with variously colored feathers of different kinds. Within the circle was the idol, a figure supposed to represent the devil*, painted in the manner in which the Indians of New Spain were accustomed to depict their demon, and having at his sides representatives of the sun and moon. To this idol it was said the Indians sacrificed large numbers of birds, and that it was with their feathers that the place was adorned. When the Spanish soldiers, who were conducted thither by an Indian, arrived at the spot, they found within the circle two extraordinary crows†, much larger than common, which, upon their approach, flew away and perched upon the neighboring rocks. Struck by their size, the soldiers shot and killed them both; whereupon their Indian guide began to utter the most pathetic lamentations. 'I believe,' says Father Torquemanda, 'that the devil was in those crows and spoke through them, for they were regarded with great respect and veneration;' and in further illustration of this he relates that on another occasion, when several Indian women were washing fish upon the beach, the crows approached and snatched the food from their hands; and that the women stood in such awe that they dared not drive them away, and were horrified when the Spaniards threw stones at them."***

To quote further, Mr. Hittell says: "Among the natural productions of Santa Catalina were large quantities of edible roots, called "gicamas," and in these, according to Viscaino, the Indians carried on a sort of trade with their neighbors of the mainland."†

* See Hugo Reid's account in this paper.

† See also Bancroft's Native Races, Vol. III.

**Hittell's History of California, Vol. I.

† Torquemanda L. V., Chap. LII, quoted in Hittell's Hist. California, Vol. I.

He also mentions as another significant fact that the women of the island had pleasant countenances, fine eyes, and were modest and decorous in their behavior*, and that the children were white and ruddy and all very affable and agreeable. From these statements, as well as from those made by Cabrillo in reference to the Indians of the opposite coast, it is evident that the natives of these regions†, on account of a difference either in blood or in the circumstances under which they lived, were far in advance of the other natives of California.”

Bancroft‡ mentions some of the uses that shells were put to; that “The beard is plucked out with a bi-valve shell which answers the purpose of pinchers,” and also that “The more industrious and wealthy embroider their garments profusely with small shells.”*

In Farnham’s quaint volume on the “Early Days of California,” he says of Viscaino’s voyage to the island, which he calls Santa Catarina: “The inhabitants of Santa Catarina make the most noisy and earnest invitations for them to land. The General (Viscaino) therefore orders Admiral Gomez, Captain Peguero and Ensign Alarcon, with twenty-four soldiers, to land on the island and learn what the natives so earnestly desire. As soon as they reach the shore they are surrounded by Indian men and women, who treat them with much kindness and propriety, and intimate that they have seen other Spaniards. When asked for water, they give it to the whites in a sort of bottle made of rushes

“They explore the island. It appears to be overgrown with savin and a species of briar. A tent is pitched for religious service, and Padre Tomas (de Aquino), being ill, Padres Antonio (de la Ascencion) and Andrez (de la Assumpcion) celebrate mass in presence of all the people. These Indians spend much of their time in taking the many varieties of fish which abound in the bay.”

Besides having plenty of fish, the natives were supplied with quail, partridges, rabbits, hare and deer.

At that time, according to this writer, the people of the neighboring islands were in direct communication with the natives of this island.

* Torquemanda L. V., Chap. LIII, translated in Hittell’s Hist. Cal., Vol. I.

† “Other islands of Santa Barbara Channel.”

‡ Bancroft’s Native Races, Vol. I.

* Bancroft’s Native Races, Vol. I.

From the landing of Viscaino to the time of the Missionary Fathers, history furnishes us with little data regarding the people of this island. A writer in Bancroft's *Native Races* says: "When first discovered by Cabrillo, in 1542, the islands off the coast were inhabited by a superior people, but these they were induced by the padres to abandon, following which event the people faded away."*

The Very Reverend Joseph J. O'Keefe, Superior of the Franciscans, in a letter on this subject says: "The lapse of time, from the exploration of Cabrillo to the coming of the Missionary Fathers to this part of the coast, was somewhat over two centuries, during which long period many and radical changes could have easily taken place, and must have taken place, if Cabrillo found, as Bancroft states, a superior people on the islands. The fact that there is no record by the Fathers of their having found any such people on the islands, after their arrival here in 1768-9, goes far to prove that if such people existed at the time of Cabrillo's explorations in 1542, they had even before the advent of the Fathers (1769) either left the islands and become mixed up with the Chumas and other tribes on the mainland, or were exterminated by disease or war."

William Henry Holmes, the well known anthropologist of the U. S. National Museum, is of the opinion that the natives of this island did "not differ essentially, in blood or culture, from the people of the mainland."*

The question has often been asked, "Why didn't the Fathers establish a mission on Santa Catalina Island?" In his biennial report of the missions in 1803-4 it appears that President Estevan Tapis did favor the founding of a mission on the isle which he calls "Limu." In his report he says: "Limu abounds with timber, water and soil. There are ten rancherías on the island, the three largest of which, Cajatsa, Ashuael and Liam, have 124, 145 and 122 adults respectively. The men are naked, live on fish, and are eager for a mission."* He also reports that the natives of Santa Rosa were willing to move to Santa Catalina, or Limu, as they had "no facilities for a mission." But in his later report of 1805-6, according to Bancroft, "the president confessed that as the sarampion, or measles, had carried off over two hundred natives on the two islands, and as a recent

* Bancroft's *Native Races*, Vol. I.

* *Anthropological Studies in California*, by William Henry Holmes. (Report U. S. Nat. Mus. 1900.)

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

investigation had shown a lack of good lands and of water, the expediency of founding a mission was doubtful."

Captain Wm. Shaler, of the *Lelia Byrd*, who landed at Santa Catalina in 1805, reported that he found about one hundred and fifty Indians on the island, and they were very friendly to him—"he believed himself the first explorer"† of the harbor where he anchored, and he named it after his former partner, Port Rouissillon.‡ He stayed at the island about six weeks, and afterward published a narrative of his voyages.

In 1807 Jonathan Winship of the vessel *O'Cain* "hunted otter for a time at Santa Catalina Island, where he found forty or fifty Indian residents who had grain and vegetables to sell."*

The reports of these two Captains, one of 150 Indians in 1805, and the other, two years later, of 50 Indians, would indicate that the measles, or some other cause, had greatly reduced the number that in 1803-4 had been reported by the president of the missions as almost 400.

The Rev. Father O'Keefe gives us the reasons why no mission was founded upon the island. He writes:† "I always understood that there were not many Indians on Santa Catalina Island at the time of the missions; also that the government was opposed to and would not aid in founding any missions, except on the mainland. So this is the true reason why no mission was established on the island, apart from the fact that the Indians were but few at the time. As missions could not be established on the islands, lacking government consent, I know the Fathers invited the few Indians of the islands to join the missions on the coast, so they might more conveniently instruct them in Christian doctrine; as the Fathers were not many, and those appointed to the newly established missions could not be absent from them for many days, they could go but seldom to the islands, and then with great hardship and inconvenience.

There is a legend that the male natives of Santa Catalina were killed by the Aleuts, or Kodiak Indians, of Russian America, but I have not been able to verify this statement. In Robinson's *Life in California*, in referring to the importance of the

† "Captain Shaler's narrative, published in 1808, was the first extended account of California printed in the United States."—Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

‡ Count Rouissillon, a distinguished Pole.

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

† In a letter.

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

trade in fur seals and sea otters, which had "called the attention of the Russian Codiaks" to the islands, he says: "On one occasion, in a quarrel with the islanders at St. Nicholas (San Nicolas), they inhumanly massacred nearly the whole of the male inhabitants, which act naturally induced the entire population of these islands (Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Nicolas) to seek refuge and protection among the several missionary establishments on the mainland."

As Mr. Robinson was familiar with Santa Catalina, where as super-cargo's clerk his vessel often weighed anchor, if the islanders had met a similar fate, he certainly would have mentioned it.

In the autumn of 1838, according to Bancroft,* Captain John Bancroft of the ship *Llama* landed at Santa Rosa Island with "twenty-five fierce Kaiganies." Later he went to Santa Catalina Island to hunt otter, and on November 21, after a quarrel with one of these northwestern Indians, he was shot in back and mortally wounded. His wife, who was on board the vessel, threw herself upon his body and was also wounded. Mrs. Bancroft died about two months afterward, "from the effects of her wounds."

Father Geronimo Boscano* interviewed some of the natives to ascertain their original conceptions, and his MSS., translated after his death, give us some insight into the religious beliefs of the Indians of Alta California. Boscano writes: "It is difficult, I confess, if unacquainted with their language, to penetrate their secrets." To their god, Chinigchinick, they attribute this command: "And to those who have kept my commandments I shall give all they ask of me; but those who obey not my teachings, nor believe them, I shall punish severely. I will send unto them bears to bite, and serpents to sting them; they shall be without food and have diseases that they may die." They evidently feared punishment only in this world.

* Chinigchinick: A Historical Account of the Indians of Alta California, by the Rev. Father Friar Geronimo Boscano. Translated from the original MS. by one who was many years a resident of Alta California (1844). This translation by Alfred Robinson was bound with his *Life in California* by an American (Alfred Robinson).

Hugo Reid, or Prefecto Hugo Reid, a Scotchman, who came to California in 1834 or '35 and settled near the San

* See *Hist. of Cal.* by Hubert Howe Bancroft, Vol. IV, pages 90-119.

Gabriel Mission, has given us a series of articles on the Indians of Los Angeles County. These letters were written for the Los Angeles Star in 1852.* Hugo Reid had married an Indian woman and lived much among the natives. He is reputed to have been a man of education. Although referring mostly to the Indians of the mainland, reference is occasionally made to those upon the islands. Reid makes no mention of the islanders as being unlike those of the rest of Los Angeles County. Had they been so at the time he knew them, he certainly would have noted their differences.

Mrs. Laura Evertsen King, who knew the Indian wife of Hugo Reid, speaks of her as a refined woman of affectionate disposition. She was very proud of her Scotch husband. They had two children, from whom presents were often received from Scotland. Of Mr. Reid, she says he had been a great traveler, had a large library, for that time. Among his effects was a letter of Byron's written to his publisher. While living in San Gabriel, Reid often was gone three months at a time. Mrs. King speaks of him as being a reticent man. Both his son and his daughter died before reaching 20 years of age. The Indian wife died of smallpox in 1864.

In Davis' *Sixty Years in California*," he also says of Reid's wife: "We were surprised and delighted with the excellence and neatness of the housekeeping of the Indian wife, which could not have been excelled. The beds which were furnished us to sleep on were exquisitely neat, with coverlids of satin, the sheets and pillow cases trimmed with lace and highly ornamented."

Reid says: "Fish, seals, whales, sea otter and shell fish formed the principal subsistence of the immediate coast range of lodges and islands."

Acorns were dried, pounded and carefully prepared and cooked to form a mush. "Salt was used sparingly, as they considered it having a tendency to turn the hair grey." All of their food was eaten cold, or nearly so. He says that next to the acorn, the favorite "food was the kernel of a species of plum which grows in the mountains and islands, and called by them islay." "Some call it the 'mountain cherry,' although it partakes little of either the plum or cherry."

These mountain cherries (*Prunus illicifolia* Walp.) still grow on Santa Catalina, and Cherry Valley received its name from the presence of these shrubs, or small trees, in the cove. Their

* Hugo Reid died in December, 1852.

pots to cook in were made of soapstone of about an inch in thickness and procured from the Indians of Santa Catalina; the cover used was of the same material.

The natives of Santa Catalina and those of the coast line appear to have exchanged their local productions and to have had much in common. Pottery from the now famous soapstone quarries (see cut of Indian quarry) of the island figured in the "barter and trade" carried on with the Indians of the interior, who brought their "deer skins and seeds" to trade with the aborigines of the coast.

Hugo Reid gives some very interesting accounts of marriage and burial ceremonies, use of medicines, sports, games and legends. The chief instructed some of the male children orally with long stories, which they repeated word for word until they became such adepts at recitation that no oration was too long for them to recite it.

He says of one legend that he has reproduced: "Whenever this legend was to be told, the hearers first bathed themselves, then came to listen."

As much of the data given us by this writer was related to him by the old Indians or was noted by the writer himself, I am tempted to quote still further: "Before the Indians* belonging to the greater part of this county were known to the whites, they comprised, as it were, one great family, under distinct chiefs. They spoke nearly the same language, with the exception of a few words, and were more to be distinguished by a local intonation of the voice than by anything else.

"Being related by blood and marriage, war was never carried on between them. When war was consequently waged against neighboring tribes of no affinity, it was a common cause."

Like Christian nations, they had their family feuds, often passing down from one generation to another, yet their vari-

* In judging Los Angeles County Indians during the period of their degeneration we must bear in mind the influences surrounding them—aside from the Fathers. Alex. Forbes, Esq., writing in 1835, says: "For whatever soldiers are sent to California are the refuse of the Mexican army, and most frequently are deserters, mutineers or men guilty of military crimes." Add to this influence, whisky for the Indians, and the absence of marriage vows toward the Indian women, and degeneration is the natural result.

ances never reached the point of bloodshed, in which they could not be likened to Christian nations.

"Their huts were made of sticks covered in around with flag mats, worked or platted, and each village generally contained from 500 to 1500 huts."

Of language he says: "They have many phrases to which we have no equivalent." He said that after the coming in of the Spaniards, or, as he puts it, "the conquest," their language degenerated until "the present generation barely comprehends a part of what one of the old 'standards' says." "They believed in one God, the maker and creator of all." The term "Giver of Life" was used for ordinary occasions. "The name of God" was never taken in vain, their nearest approach to an oath being a term equivalent to "Bless me!" They had "never heard of devil or hell until the coming of the Spaniards." They "had no bad spirits connected with their creed." They "believed in no resurrection whatever," but believed in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of animals.

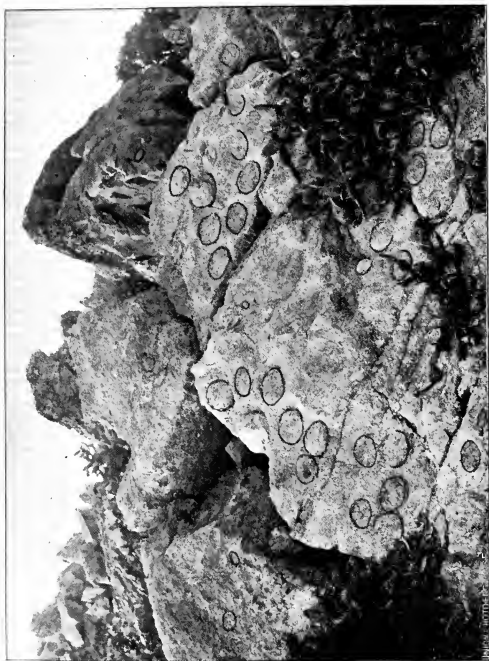
The "chiefs had one, two or three wives, as their inclination dictated. The subjects only one." "The last case of bigamy, or rather polygamy, was one of the chiefs from Santa Catherina (Catalina), who was ordered by the priest to San Gabriel and their baptized. He had three wives, the first one of whom was allowed him, and the others discarded." Reid said this Indian was still living at San Fernando and called "Canoa or Canoe."

Children were taught to be respectful to their elders, "for if an adult asked a boy or girl for a drink of water, they were not allowed to put it to their lips until the other had satisfied his thirst. If two were in a conversation, a child was not permitted to pass between them, but made to go around them on either side. No male from childhood upward was allowed to call his sister 'liar' even in jest, the word for liar being 'yayare.'"

That such refined regard for the amenities of life existed among the aborigines of this coast appears incredible.

Shells have always been prized by aborigines for adornment, and Santa Catalina, as well as the other isles of Southern California, has always been rich in beautiful iridescent abalones (*Haliotis splendens*, *H. Cracherodii*) as well as other forms.

*Note—If Reid is right the Spanish writers were mistaken in supposing the idol was a demon or devil.



INDIAN SOAPSTONE QUARRY
(See Page 25 for Description)

“Although money in the strict sense of the word did not exist among them, they had an equivalent consisting of pieces of thick rounded shells, less than a five-cent piece. These had a hole in the center and were strung on long strings. Eight of these yards of beads (for they were also used as such) made about one dollar of our currency.”*

Before passing from the occupation of Santa Catalina by the aborigines, to its usurpation by the white man, some notice must be taken of history written by their own hands as they shaped their implements of bone and stone and carved their “ollas” from the serpentine quarries. These utensils are today the pride of the archæologist as well as the study of the ethnologist. A few years ago anthropologists were enthusiastic over these “finds.” It was rumored that “a vast collection of curios” had been removed and sent to the Smithsonian Institute. Through the courtesy of Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, administrative assistant of the U. S. National Museum, I have received a list of Santa Catalina relics now in that museum* A fine list of Indian relics now in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge has very kindly been furnished by Prof. F. W. Putnam, Peabody Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology. Through the kindness of Mr. Frank Wiggins, Secretary Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, I have been able to copy a list of relics found on Santa Catalina Island, and now in the Chamber of Commerce. These lists will be published by the U. S. Cal. Acad. Science.

The soapstone specimens were made from the soapstone* quarries of Empire Landing, or Potts Valley. Mexican Joe says there is one big rock from which as many as 64 pots have been cut. (See cut of Indian quarry.)

Charles Frederick Holder† says of these serpentine ollas: “There was little need for pottery with such vessels. From this stone, which today is made into mantels and tiles, and lines the entrance to the Los Angeles Court House, the ancients formed

* For data regarding the use of shells by Sou. Cal. Islanders, see “Ethno-Conchology: A Study of Primitive Money,” by Robert E. C. Stearns. Rep’t U. S. Nat. Mus., 1886-87.

* In Mr. Wm. Henry Holmes’ Anthropological Studies in California, he mentions a series of relics collected by him when on the island.

* Also known as Catalina marble, or Verde antique.

† An Isle of Summer: Santa Catalina. By Charles Frederick Holder.

dishes, spoons, stone plates, medicine stones, sinkers and a variety of objects.

"The old out-door manufactory is most interesting, and the unfinished ollas can still be seen, with others marked in the rock ready to be cut, when the workmen dropped their tools, never to return."

The remains found upon the island prove that the largest townsite was at the isthmus, where, according to William Henry Holmes, "an important village stood for a long period."*

As early as 1826 or '27 the Mexican governor, Echeandia, appears to have entertained fears of American usurpation. Hittell* says: "The general feeling of distrust against Americans was further exhibited in 1827, in reference to a house erected in 1826 by Captain Cunningham of the American ship *Courier*, on Santa Catalina Island. It is not unlikely that the maintenance of this establishment, though claimed to be for hunting purposes, may have had something to do with illicit trade.

Captain John Bradshaw of the *Franklin* was accused "of having touched at Santa Catalina in defiance of special orders," and John Lawlor of the Hawaiian brig *Karimoko* had been accused of departing from San Pedro without paying duties. It is said: "He had, in spite of repeated warnings, touched at Santa Catalina Island and had even deposited goods there, besides breeding animals, the exportation of which was contra band."*

As the policy of the Mexican government was opposed to foreign traffice on California shores, unless heavy duties were paid, most American ships indulged in contraband trade, and Santa Catalina Island, with its natural harbors, was a very convenient port for such trade. Charles Dwight Willard in his *History of Los Angeles City* says: "During the years from 1826 to the American occupation, Catalina was a favorite resort for smugglers, and some of the most prominent citizens of Los Angeles were believed to take part in contraband trade."

Santa Catalina also had her period of gold excitement. Professor J. M. Guinn,* our Secretary, has given an interesting

* *Anthropological Studies in California*, by William Henry Holmes. (Rept. U. S. Nat. Mus.)

* Hittell's *History of California*, Vol. II.

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. III.

* *An Early Mining Boom on Santa Catalina*, by J. M. Guinn. *Overland Monthly*, Vol. XVI (1890).

history of mining in the island. He says: "The existence of these metals on the Island of Santa Catalina was known long before the acquisition of California by the United States. George Yount, a pioneer of 1830, who, with Pryor, Wolfskill, Laughlin and Prentiss, built a schooner at San Pedro for the purpose of hunting sea otter, found on one of his trips to the island some rich outcroppings. It does not appear, however, that he set much value upon his discovery at the time. He was hunting sea otter, not gold mines. After the discovery of gold at Coloma, and the wild rush of gold hunters to the coast, Yount recalled to mind his find on Santa Catalina. He made three trips to the island in search of his lost lode, but without success. His last trip was in 1854."

Professor Guinn further says: "A tradition of Yount's lost mine was still extant in Los Angeles. This directed attention to Catalina as a prospective mining region."

The first location of a claim was made in "April, 1863, by Martin M. Kimberly" and "Daniel E. Way."

"The first discoveries were made near the isthmus on the northwestern part of the island. The principal claims were in Fourth of July Valley, Cherry Valley and Mineral Hill. Later discoveries were made on the eastern end of the island." According to Professor Guinn there must have been something like a real estate boom on the island: "A site for a city, called 'Queen City,' was located on Wilson Harbor," lots were staked off and numerous claims "were recorded in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles County." "Numerous assays were made, showing the lands to be rich in gold and silver-bearing rock, the assays ranging from \$150 to \$800 per ton." "Stock companies were formed with capital bordering on the millions." But the millions in stock did not materialize in cash for their enterprise, as the busy miners soon found themselves without money to develop their mines. As the writer says: "It was the famine year of Southern California, the terrible dry season of 1863-4. Cattle were dying by thousands, and the cattle barons, whose wealth was in their flocks and herds, saw themselves reduced to the verge of poverty."

Another difficulty arose, and this effectually stopped the progress of mining on this island during the Civil war. As the island had fine harbors for the landing of ships, it was rumored that privateers from the Confederacy were intending to make the island a rendezvous, so the U. S. government built the barracks and stationed troops on Santa Catalina. Orders

were published forbidding any "person or persons, others than owners of stock and corporate companies' employes," to land on the island. This order was issued from the headquarters on Santa Catalina Island, February 5, 1864.

Mrs. S. A. Howland tells me that something like eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of gold was sent to San Francisco, but the one who carried it there failed to report afterward; also that the "Gem of the Ocean" mine in Fourth of July Valley was blasted for ore, with the result that the blast stopped all future expectations, as water, instead of ore, now filled the mine. The "Argentine," another mine in this valley, could only be worked at low tide; at other times the mine was completely out of sight.

Before this time the island had become well known as a fine grazing island for sheep. Men settled on it to look after their sheep interests and little homes or shacks were built in some of the coves. In some cases men had their wives with them, and the settlers on the island began the era of "squatter supremacy." Trees and vines were planted, wells dug, and each settler raised his vegetables, tended his herds of sheep, and only made trips to the mainland for necessities he could not raise.

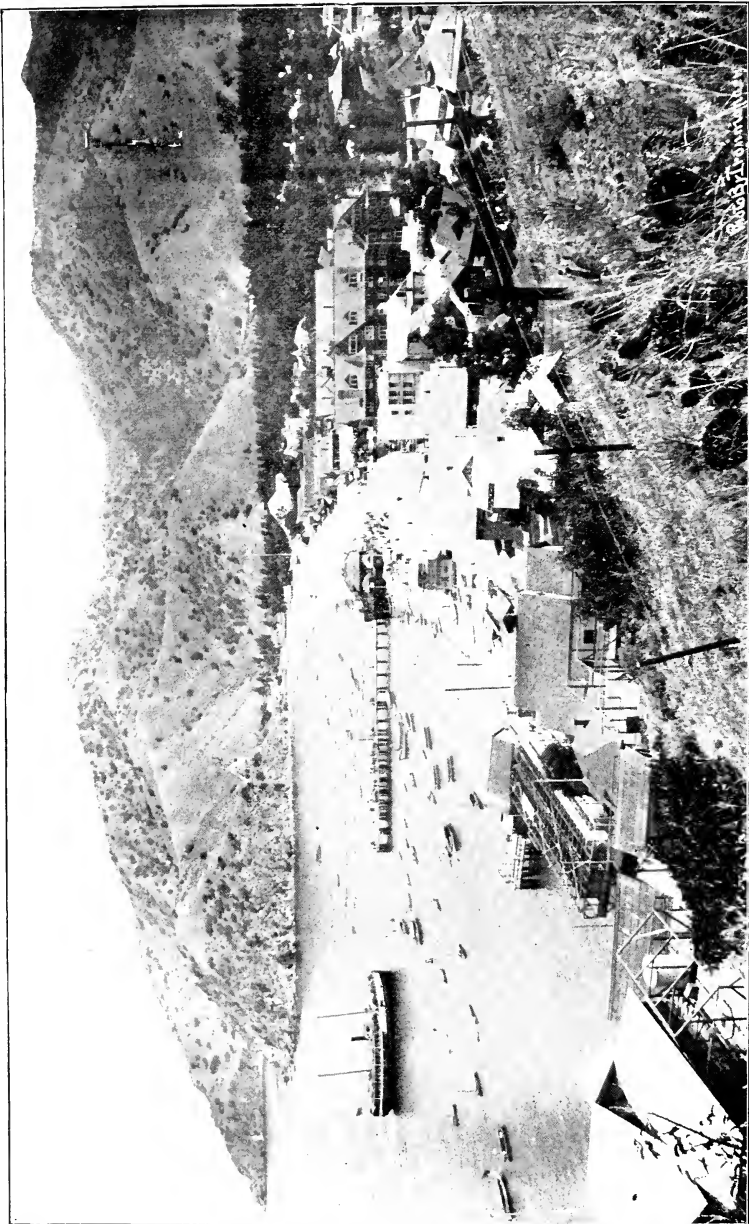
I am indebted to Mrs. S. A. Howland, widow of Captain Howland, for the following data relative to those days:

The cove now called Johnson's Landing was settled by John Benn, a German, and his wife. He built the present house, but this was not the first one he lived in at that place. The cove was known as John Benn's Place. His wife was Spanish.

About ten years after John Benn settled in the cove, Captain and Mrs. Howland bought a squatter's right to the valley now known as Howland Valley. They bought the right of Mr. Harvey Rhoads.

Samuel Prentiss, or Prentice, a native of Rhode Island, and known as "Old Sam," was one of the settlers. He died on the island about the year 1865, and was buried at Howland's Valley. A small picket fence surrounds his grave.*

*Samuel Prentiss was a sailor said to have deserted from an American man-of-war, in South America. He was subsequently one of the crew of the brig Danube, December 25, 1828. Stephen Foster writes "Prentiss," Prentice. Mrs. Howland tells me that this hunter and trapper was an unlettered man but full of information gathered in his roving and outdoor life.



Pacific Telephone

AVALON (See Page 30)

Avalon Valley was settled by two bachelor brothers, Germans, named Johnson—not related to the Johnson who gave his name to Johnson's Landing. There were about five families on the island when Mr. Howland lived there.

The first American child born on the island was William Percival Howland, on April 8, 1866. He was the second son of Captain and Mrs. Howland. He grew up to manhood, but died ten years ago.

Sheep shearing and election days were events on the island. Election was held at the cove of the Johnson brothers, now known as Avalon, and the big fig tree on F street was planted by Mrs. Howland to commemorate the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. The election was in November, 1864, but the tree planting was deferred until February, 1865.

Captain and Mrs. Howland lived on the island for over thirteen years. After some litigation the settlers learned that the U. S. Government had never owned the island, it having passed from the Mexican Government, through Pio Pico to Don Jose Covarrubias." After James Lick acquired the island the "settlers" left it.

As the statement is frequently made that Santa Catalina at one time belonged to the United States Government and "was sold by the government to James Lick," the following reliable data received from Mr. S. J. Mathes, of Avalon, may set this vexed question of ownership at rest.

"The Island of Santa Catalina never belonged to the U. S. Government. It was given as a grant by the Mexican Government along in the forties, to Don Jose Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara (father of Nick Covarrubias, of Los Angeles). He sold it to a lawyer of Santa Barbara named Packard. After this there were quite a number of transfers, perhaps a dozen persons being interested in the island before James Lick acquired it. Lick owned it about twenty-five years.

"George R. Shatto bought it in 1887, owned it about a year or a little more, when he sold it to an English syndicate. They were to pay \$400,000. They actually paid \$40,000 and defaulted in their payments. The sale fell through because the mines did not prove to be as valuable as they thought them. They supposed from the specimens shown them that they had a veritable bonanza.

"The Bannings* acquired the island in 1891. I do not know just what they paid. Shatto paid \$150,000.

*The Banning brothers of the Wilmington Transportation Company.

"Shatto held an auction sale of lots while he owned the island and disposed of about 200 lots. The Bannings have reduced this by purchase to about eighty lots, which are in other hands."

I am indebted to Mrs. E. J. Whitney of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, for valuable information regarding the early days of Avalon. She says:

"George R. Shatto of Los Angeles purchased the island from the Lick estate of San Francisco in July, 1887, and immediately began to lay out the town site and prepare for the building of a hotel, the first load of lumber for it coming over the first week in August." This town was called "Shatto" in the first maps which were printed, but Mr. Shatto did not accept the name and the map was not recorded. How did the town come to be called Avalon? In a letter from Mrs. Whitney, who is a relative of the Shattos by marriage, she writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Shatto and myself were looking for a name for the new town, which in its significance should be appropriate to the place, and the names which I was looking up were 'Avon' and 'Avondale,' and I found the name 'Avalon,' the meaning of which, as given in Webster's unabridged, was 'Bright gem of the ocean,' or 'Beautiful isle of the blest.'" Mrs. Whitney was certainly very happy in her choice of names, as none could be more appropriate. The site of the town had only been used as a camping ground and called "Timm's Landing." I quote farther from Mrs. Whitney's letter: "The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of 'Catalina School District' was held July 4, 1891. They were Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, Mr. Frank P. Whittley and Mr. E. J. Whitney. The first teacher was Mrs. M. P. Morris, wife of the pastor of the church. The first church was 'The Congregational Church of Avalon,' organized July 15, 1889. The first pastor was Rev. Chas. Uzzell. A Catholic church was built almost two years ago."

The first child born in the town of Avalon was Douglass McDonell, about eleven years ago.

Among the first permanent residents of Avalon were Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler was the first to buy property for the purpose of engaging in business. He built the "Avalon Home" (hotel), afterward called by the Banning Co. "The Island Villa Hotel." Mr. Wheeler conducted the first bakery on the island. Mrs. Wheeler reported many plants new to science and others before unknown on the island.

The Banning brothers built an aquarium on the water front of Avalon and opened it to the public in July, 1899. The building is 30x60 feet and has 10 large tanks and 13 smaller ones.

In the summer of 1902 Santa Catalina Island was connected with the mainland at White's Point by wireless telegraph. The first message was sent to Avalon on August 2, 1902. This system,* on the island, was perfected under the management of General A. L. New.

Santa Catalina Island is widely known as a "watering place," and it is estimated that the little town of Avalon has numbered 6,000 persons at one time.

The need of another town on the island has become apparent to the Banning Co. The site chosen is at the Isthmus, the old Indian townsite. Here a large hotel is to be built and houses erected. Boulevards, wharves and a new steamship are among the expected improvements. And, in the evolution of events, the little isthmus site, lying between mountains on two sides and washed by the Pacific ocean on the others, will rise, as if by magic, over the deserted graves and forgotten middens of a race that has almost ceased to exist.

The writer wishes to acknowledge her obligation to the following:

The Rev. Father J. Adam, Barcelona, Spain.

The Very Rev. J. J. O'Keefe, Superior of the Franciscans, San Luis Rey.

Mr. S. J. Mathes, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Mrs. S. A. Howland, Loma Vista, Cal.

Mrs. E. J. Whitney, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Professor J. M. Guinn, Secretary Southern California Historical Society, Los Angeles, Cal.

Also to Miss Mary L. Jones, librarian of the Los Angeles Public library, and her able corps of assistants, for many favors.

*A newspaper, "The Wireless," was started at Avalon on March 25, 1903. This is stated to have been the first newspaper in the world to receive its press notices by wireless telegraph.

GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Although the flag of the United States was raised over Monterey by Commodore Soat, commander of our naval forces on the Pacific Coast, on the 7th of July, 1846, Los Angeles, the then capital of the Province of Upper California, was only taken possession of by the combined forces of Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont on the 13th day of August, 1846, Don Pio Pico, the Mexican Governor, having left the city August 12th. These being the facts of the case, the obvious inference would seem to have been that the true legal date of the change of government should have been the latter date, instead of July 7th, as is commonly understood.

On the 17th of August, 1846, Commodore Stockton, who had succeeded Commodore Sloat as commander of the Pacific squadron, issued a proclamation to the people, signing himself "Commander-in-Chief and Governor of California." He announced that the country now belonged to the United States and that as soon as possible would be governed like any other territory of that nation, but meanwhile by military law, though the people were invited to choose their local civil officers, if the incumbents declined to serve.

On the same date, to-wit, August 17th, the "Warren," Commander Hull, anchored at San Pedro from Mazatlan, bringing definite news of a declaration of war.

California, as an unorganized territory, remained under military Governors from the time of the change of sovereignty till December 20, 1849, or over three years, and during a very important period of its history.

August 22, 1846, Governor Stockton ordered an election of Alcaldes and other local municipal officers to be held September 15th in the several towns and districts of the territory.

Governor Stockton on the 2nd of September, the last day of his stay in Los Angeles (and before the receipt of the order from Washington requiring the Governorship to be turned over to a ranking military officer), issued a general order creating the office of Military Commandant of the Territory, which was divided into three departments, and appointing Fremont to fill the new command.

Orders from Washington were brought by Colonel Richard B. Mason, who arrived at San Francisco, February 12, 1847, that Gen. S. W. Kearny on his arrival in California (and the senior officer before his arrival) was to be recognized as Civil Governor. After Kearny's departure for the East, Colonel Mason succeeded him in command and also as Governor, May 31, 1847. Alcaldes who had been elected or appointed continued to administer justice within their several districts, according to Mexican law and usage, appealing to the Governor only in difficult cases, it being his policy to interfere as little as possible in local matters.

But before these orders were received in California, Commodore Stockton, namely, on January 16, 1847, issued commissions to Fremont as Governor and to W. H. Russell as Secretary of State.

January 22nd Governor Fremont issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of civil rule. His headquarters were at Los Angeles, where he won many friends, especially among the native Californians, by joining in their festivities, and to some extent in their ways of dress and life. He occupied the large two-story house (since demolished) of Capt. Alexander Bell, on the northeast corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Alta California was ceded to the United States by Mexico, was signed on February 2, 1848, and was proclaimed by the President on June 19th, and news of the same reached California and was proclaimed by Governor Mason, August 7, 1848.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith arrived and superseded Governor Mason, February 26, 1849. General Mason left California May 1, 1849, and died of cholera at St. Louis the same summer at the age of 60 years.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, who had ample opportunity to judge of his work as Governor, in his Memoirs says of Governor Mason: "He possessed a strong native intellect, and far more knowledge of the principles of civil government and law than he got credit for," and that "he was the very embodiment of the principles of fidelity to the interests of the general government."

General Smith's incumbency of the office of Governor was brief and unimportant; it extended only from February 26 to April 12, 1849.

On the latter date Gen. Bennett Riley, Lieutenant Colonel of the Second U. S. Infantry, arrived at Monterey, with instructions to assume the administration of civil affairs in California, not as Military Governor, but as the executive of the existing quasi-civil government which the people under Governor Mason had established.

On the 3rd of June, 1849, Governor Riley issued a proclamation calling for an election on August 1st of delegates to formulate a Constitution, who were to meet at Monterey September 1st.

Among the notable men in that convention was W. E. Shannon, an Irishman by birth and a lawyer, who introduced that section in the bill of rights which made California forever a free State; borrowed, it is true, but as illustrious and imperishable as it is American.

At the first general election held in the Territory, November 13, 1849, the Constitution was adopted by a vote of 12,064 ayes to 811 noes; and on the same day Peter H. Burnett was elected Governor and John McDougal Lieutenant Governor.

Governor Riley's term extended from April 12th to December 20, 1849. He made a most excellent executive during a transition period, when the affairs, political, social and economic, of the territory were in a somewhat chaotic condition. General Riley continued to reside at Monterey until July 1, 1850, when he returned to the Eastern States. The city of Monterey voted him a medal of gold weighing one pound, with a heavy chain composed of nuggets of gold in their native shapes. One side of the medal was inscribed with this pithy motto: "The man who came to do his duty and who accomplished his purpose," which expressed epigrammatically the general appreciation by the people of his thoroughly practical administration.

P. H. Burnett, the first Governor of California under the Constitution, was a native of Nashville, Tenn., born in 1807. He moved to Oregon in 1843, and to California in 1848; was elected Governor in 1849; resigned January 9, 1851, and was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court in 1857.

On the resignation of Burnett, Lieutenant Governor John McDougall became Governor, and served from January, 1851, till January, 1852, when he was succeeded by John Bigler. Governor McDougall was a native of Ohio, born in 1818. He arrived in California in February, 1849. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849 from the

Sacramento district. He died at San Francisco March 30, 1866.

Governor Bigler was born in Pennsylvania in 1805. He came to California in 1849, and served as Governor from January, 1852, till January, 1856; he was afterward appointed by President Buchanan Minister to Chili, which office he held till 1861. He died at Sacramento, November 29, 1871.

J. Neely Johnson, a native of Indiana, was born in 1825; came to California in 1849, and served as Governor from 1856 to 1858, during the exciting era of the great San Francisco Vigilance Committee. He afterward moved to Nevada, where was elevated to the Supreme Bench. He died in Salt Lake City in 1872.

John B. Weller was Governor from 1858 to 1860. He was born in Ohio, February 22, 1812; served in the Mexican war; was appointed by President Polk in 1849 as a commissioner to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico; was elected U. S. Senator in 1852 to succeed Fremont, and served the full term of six years, and for two years was the only Senator from California. He served as Minister to Mexico from November, 1860, till May, 1861. He died at New Orleans August 7, 1875.

Milton S. Latham, sixth Governor of California under the Constitution, was born at Columbus, Ohio, in 1827. He was graduated from Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1845; went first to Alabama, and from there came to California in 1850; was elected to Congress, and was appointed Collector of the Port at San Francisco in 1856; was elected Governor, with John G. Downey as Lieutenant Governor, in 1859. Two days after his inauguration, January 11th, he was elected Senator, and Downey became Governor. Governor Latham died at New York March 4, 1882.

John G. Downey, a native of Ireland, and for many years a citizen of Los Angeles, having been elected Lieutenant Governor, became, by virtue of the provisions of the Constitution, Governor on the resignation of Governor Latham, and served from January 14, 1860, to January 9, 1862. He died in Los Angeles March 1, 1894.

Leland Stanford, a native of New York, became the eighth Governor of California under the Constitution in January, 1862, and served till December, 1863. He died at Palo Alto, the seat of the University he founded, June 20, 1893.

Governor Stanford was succeeded by Frederick F. Low, who was born at Frankfort, Maine, January 30, 1828, and who came to California in 1849. He served as a member of the House of Representatives in 1862-3. He was elected Governor and served from December 10, 1863, to December 5, 1867, four years. His death occurred at San Francisco July 24, 1894.

H. H. Haight, son of Fletcher M. Haight, U. S. Judge of the Southern District of California, and a native of Rochester, N. Y. (1825), became Governor by election, and filled that office from December, 1867, to December, 1871. Governor Haight arrived in California in 1850. He was a graduate of Yale College in 1844. He died at San Francisco September 2, 1878.

Newton Booth, eleventh Governor, was born in Indiana, December 30, 1825. He arrived in California in 1850; he was elected State Senator from Sacramento in 1863, and was elected and served as Governor from 1871 to February 27, 1875, when he resigned, having been elected U. S. Senator. Governor Booth died at Sacramento July 14, 1892.

On the resignation of Governor Booth, Lieutenant Governor Romualdo Pacheco became the chief executive of the State, and served from February 27, 1875, to December 9th of the same year. Governor Pacheco was a native of California, both his parents being of Spanish descent.

Wm. Irwin, a native of Ohio, born in 1827, came to California in 1852. He represented Siskiyou County in both branches of the Legislature between the years 1860 and 1875, and as President of the Senate he became acting Lieutenant Governor as a result of the advancement of Pacheco to the Governorship. At the general election in September, 1875, he was elected Governor, and was inducted into office December 9th of that year. His term ended January 8, 1880. He died in San Francisco March 15, 1896.

George C. Perkins, the fourteenth Governor of California under her first or old Constitution, and the first under the new Constitution, is a native of Maine, born August 23, 1839. He came to California in 1855, and his term as Governor of the State extended from January, 1880, to January, 1883. Governor Perkins is now serving his second term as U. S. Senator from California.

General George Stoneman, a graduate of West Point, and afterward Lieutenant of the First Dragoons, U. S. A., and who

came to California as Assistant Quartermaster of the Mormon Battalion in 1847, was born in Chautauqua County, York State, August 8, 1822. He was elected Governor and served from 1883 till January, 1887. As Captain of the Second Cavalry, he served in Texas. August 13, 1861, he became Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers and Chief of Cavalry. He was in many battles of the Civil War and was promoted to brevet Major General U. S. regular army. He retired from the army in 1871 and settled near San Gabriel, in Los Angeles County. Governor Stoneman died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 5, 1894.

Washington Bartlett, born in Savannah, Ga., February 29, 1824, and who arrived in California via Cape Horn in 1849, was elected Governor for the term commencing January 8, 1887, but he only served till his death, which occurred September 12th of the same year, or during a period of a little over eight months.

Governor Bartlett was succeeded by Lieutenant Governor Robert W. Waterman, who filled the office for the balance of the term, or till 1891. He died at San Diego April 12, 1891, only a few months after the expiration of his term of office as Governor.

H. H. Markham's term as Governor extended from January 8, 1891, to January, 1895. Colonel Markham was born in Wilmington, Essex County, New York, November 16, 1840. He served through the Civil war, first as private in the Thirty-second Wisconsin Infantry, and afterward as Lieutenant. He was in many battles, and was with Sherman in the march to the sea. In 1879 he removed from Milwaukee to Pasadena, which city is still his home.

James H. Budd's term commenced January 11, 1895, and ended January 4, 1899. Governor Budd is a native of California. He is still living.

Henry T. Gage was the twentieth constitutional Governor of California, his term extending from January 4, 1899, to January, 1903. Governor Gage is a native of New York. He has been a citizen of Los Angeles County for many years. He was a delegate from California to the National Republican Convention of 1888 at Chicago.

George C. Pardee, the present incumbent of the Governatorial office, commenced his term in January, 1903. Governor Pardee is a native son, having been born in San Francisco July 25, 1857. He is a graduate of the State University and also of the University of Leipsic, Germany.

THE RENUNCIATION OF CHONA.

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Old "Chona" was the best washer-woman in the Mission San Gabriel; her clothes were the whitest and sweetest, and when she brought them home tied in a snowy bundle, balanced so expertly on her head, La Señora exclaimed with delight over their fragrance, which, she said, was like unto the fresh spring grass on which they had lain and bleached from Monday until Saturday. She disdained to use common soap for her washing, preferring that made by the Padres of the mission, the soft, velvety soap of Castile. What difference if it were more expensive; were not the clothes sweeter and whiter? As she adjusted her native washboard in the clear rippling stream, putting two stones under the upper length that it might have the proper incline, she talked—talked to her clothes, which she had invested with human attributes, and was rough or gentle according to their quality and beauty. Coming upon a garment lace-trimmed and dainty, she was wont to clasp it in her hands, and smile and pat it, her simple and loving Indian nature investing it with life. "Here I shall put you in this new and clean basket, within the clear stream, so that nothing shall injure your fineness. How pretty, how soft, how sweet it is," she would exclaim; and turning reluctantly away, would give her attention to the clothes of coarser fibre, rubbing and slapping them upon her board, conscientiously and honestly giving them all the attention due them, but with a feeling of disdain for their coarseness.

Old "Chona" had never worn shoes; when she was younger none of her people wore them; but in later years often times came the thought and wish to possess a pair. When her husband, Gabriel, used for drink the money she had so laboriously earned, she never once dreamed of shoes, but now that she was alone, and he in the church yard behind the mission church, the thought would come unawares—why not have shoes? There was no one but herself, unless she gave to others. Others meant the little Indian children who tormented her when washing by throwing stones into the stream, disturbing its clear depths. Her anger wasn't more lasting than the disturbed water, and she punished them by bringing them "dulces"

from the mission store when she returned home in the evening. Old "Chona's" feet had become hard and caloused from constantly traversing the narrow paths which led to the homes of her patrons; this she had done for many long years uncomplainingly, "and now perhaps she might be able to work far into old age if her feet did not hurt so." She had confided her dream to La Señora, who sympathizingly listened and donated a pair of bright stockings, which old "Chona" clasped in her hands and exclaimed in an ecstasy of feeling, "How beautiful!" Now that the dream had taken definite shape, she began to save; even the little Indian children got no more "dulces." She said her "heart was getting hard." Was it because she had let a selfish thought creep in?

* * * * *

Lent was almost over; it was Saturday, the eve of Palm Sunday. Old "Chona" had delivered her last bundle of clothes, and safe in her bosom, wrapped about with her bright stockings, lay the money for her shoes. The sun was only an hour high as she turned into the little narrow path which led her to the mission. The long spring afternoon had been balmy and the air was filled with the perfume of the "pelio" and wild flowers. The slim shadows of the younger willows cast themselves before her and fled across the tinkling stream to lose themselves in the tall grass beyond. Her tired feet sank into the gophers' freshly plowed earth, which felt cool and refreshing to her after her long walk. Soon her thoughts became words: "Little Chonita (her namesake), Lulita, Juan and Gabrielito would be there to see her shoes;" they would stand round-eyed in admiration and forget to take their fingers from their mouths. "But she would have more dulce and cakes, too; they should celebrate for her good fortune."

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the old church as she drew near. The old church yard lay in the shadows of the aged peach trees which gleamed pale pink behind the old church wall, a still, bright spot in the evening twilight. Standing before the broad church door was a "careta," the weary oxen with drooping heads supporting their heavy yoke standing with closed eyes, dreaming of the fresh and dewy grass, for their day had been long and weary. Far from home had they traveled that day; many miles had they hauled the heavy cart up steep mountain roads, mere paths some of them, their driver being in search of palms and laurel for the Padre to bless and distribute among his faithful followers. Old Chona

watched the unloading of the greens, and with a sharp indrawing breath exclaimed, "Madre mia; I had forgotten!" Putting her hand to her bosom, she drew forth her precious and hard-earned money, and drawing nearer, she whispered to the Indian driver, who knew her well, "Give me a leaf of palm; see, I have money." She received it, and putting it under her shawl near her heart, she turned away. Next morning as the bells of the mission were ringing for early mass, old "Chona" entered the church, proudly carrying an unrecognizable branch of palm braided and gaily tied in bits of red and yellow and green ribbons. Waiting patiently until the last olive branch had been blessed, she crept to the altar, knelt and silently asked a blessing upon hers. Rising, she placed it at the feet of a blue-robed figure, saying, "For thee, Virgin Mother." With what feelings she left the church none but those who understand the Indian nature can surmise. What her thoughts were she would never tell. She had made her renunciation; that was sufficient for her. When La Señora asked her about her shoes, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. When her friends, the little Indians, asked her, she said, "Oh, do not molest me," and they were silenced with "dulces."

Then there came a day when Old "Chona" failed to come for her washing, and La Señora sent a messenger to inquire the cause. All was silent in the little hut, except the mocking bird which, flitting in and out among the eaves of the "ramada," sang his cheery song. The Indian boy, creeping to the door with a feeling of awe at the silence, saw that which made him cry out with feeling. Old "Chona" lay on her rawhide bed with her hands clasped over a pair of bright red stockings.

TWO DECADES OF LOCAL HISTORY

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read November 1, 1903.)

This evening we celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California. It is the oldest historical society on the Pacific Coast; the only literary association in Southern California that has maintained its organization intact for twenty years. In this paper I have briefly outlined the origin of our society and have given some of its early history. I have contrasted the city as it was twenty years ago with what it is now, and have endeavored to show that had our society done nothing more than preserve the records of two decades of our city's history, it would deserve well of the community.

In conclusion I have called attention to the almost criminal neglect of our State in not collecting and preserving her historical material, and have contrasted her remissness in this respect with what other states with less history and less wealth have done.

On the evening of November 1, 1883, twenty years ago, a little coterie of representative men of the city gathered in a room of the old Temple Block to organize a historical society. Some of these were comparatively new comers, others were pioneers whose residence in the city covered periods of thirty, forty and fifty years. They had watched its growth from a Mexican pueblo to an American city, had witnessed its transition from the inchoate and revolutionary domination of Mexico to the stable rule of the United States.

The purpose for which they had gathered was clearly stated in the call, but the scope, the purpose and the province of a historical society were not so evident. Only one of the assemblage had been a member of a historical society, and there were those who doubted whether a society purely historical could be maintained. They argued that it would be better to organize a society dual in its nature—part historical and part scientific. A few weeks later, when a constitution was evolved, among the objects for which the society was created were "the discussion of historical subjects, the reading of such papers

and the trial of such scientific experiments as shall be determined by the General Committee."

This General Committee deserves a passing notice. It has long since passed out of the existence of the society, and the memory of it has become ancient history.

It was a decemvirate, a body of ten that was supposed to supervise the affairs of the society. It decided who should become members, what papers should be read before the society, and who outside of the society should listen to their reading.

The society was organized as a close corporation. It was very select. If any outsider yearned to hear the historical discussions or to witness the scientific experiments made within the society's sanctum sanctorum, he applied to some member of the General Committee for permission to enter. His application was submitted to the decemvirate, and if that august body deemed him worthy of the honor and capable of understanding the mysteries of the inner sanctuary, he was allowed to enter. This was the theory of admission. It never got beyond the theoretical stage. No outsider ever ran the gauntlet of the General Committee. The uninitiated remained outside, nor sought to enter; and the society, after trying for several years to be very exclusive, mended its rules, abolished its General Committee and opened its doors to the public.

Of the fifteen men who gathered in that room twenty years ago to form a historical society, nine are dead, two have dropped out of the society through non-payment of dues, two have removed from the city, and only two—H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn—are now members.

The names of those who formed that coterie are: J. J. Warner, Antonio F. Coronel, J. G. Downey, George Hansen, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Guinn, C. N. Wilson, John Mansfield, Noah Levering, Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, A. J. Bradfield, E. W. Jones and Marcus Baker.

The Historical Society of Southern California is not proud of its birthplace. The room where it was born was then used for a Police Court. There the Mayor as Police Judge meted out punishment to tramps and drunks and other transgressors of municipal ordinances.

The walls were dingy and smoke-begrimmed; the furniture consisted of a few wooden benches. A rough table and a few chairs completed the scanty furnishings. Two smoky lamps dimly lighted the interior. Uncongenial as were the environments, they were the best the society could afford then,

for it was poor and obscure at its birth; and it might be added that in its maturer years it is still poor, but not obscure.

A score of years is less than the third of the allotted span of a human life, and but an atom of time in the life of a city. Looking backward through the mist and murk of twenty years to the time when our society was born, and comparing Los Angeles of 1883 with the city of today, it seems as if some magician's wand had wrought the wondrous change. Then there was not a business house on Spring street south of Second. Fort street (now Broadway) was the aristocratic residence street of the city, and we pointed with pride to the palatial homes of our aristocracy that lined the western side of that street between Second and Third. The city then had but two parks—the Plaza and Central park. The latter was enclosed by a dilapidated picket fence. An open ditch ran through it and irrigated the straggling trees that were making a pretense of growing. There were no flowers in it and no grass. A sign at the corner of Sixth and Olive streets warned heavy teams not to cross it. The zanja that watered it meandered through the principal part of the city before it reached the park. It flowed through the Chinese market garden that occupied the present site of the Westminster Hotel. It crossed Main street south of Fourth and then zigzagged across the block bounded by Main and Spring, Fourth and Fifth streets, just below, where now looms up the Southern California Savings Bank sky scraper. Then it meandered across Fort street and on to the park, and out beyond that to the rural regions of Figueroa and Adams street, where it watered the orchards and the barley fields of that sparsely peopled suburb. That ditch was not the Zanja Madre—the mother ditch—of the pueblo; it was not even a pretentious ditch as irrigating ditches go; and yet from the view point of cost it was the most expensive improvement the city has ever made.

A few years before the city fathers had given two of our enterprising citizens 160 acres of city land extending from Main to Figueroa and lying between Seventh and Ninth streets for constructing that irrigating canal. The land donated for that insignificant improvement—for the digging of a ditch—that long since disappeared from the face of the earth—that is lost to sight but to memory so expensive—is today worth fifteen millions of dollars. At that time the city authorities considered they had received full value for the few worthless acres of the many thousands they had at their disposal, but posterity

rises up in judgment against them and rails at them for their woeful waste of a royal patrimony. It is not in good taste, nor is it just to bring railing accusations against our olden time Councilmen for their seemingly lavish disposal of our city lands. Without water the pueblo lands were worthless. With irrigating facilities they could be made productive. Homes would be built, population would increase, and the city's exchequer, which was chronically in a state of collapse, would expand and become plethoric. To make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is the secret of agricultural wealth. The city fathers well knew that neither the one blade nor the two would grow without water. Had they known that posterity would plant houses where they planted trees, and would grow sky scrapers where they grew grain, they might have done differently and escaped the wailings and the railings of posterity. It is easy to look backward and see errors you have made, but to look forward and avoid making others—that is another story. If the surviving padres and madres of the pueblo could live their lives backward to the beginning, they would be both wealthy and wise when they reached that goal. In giving away city lands for public improvements, the city fathers followed the policy of the national government in the disposal of the public domain.

But to return from this long digression. Twenty years ago when our historical Society was in its infancy, that beauty spot of the municipality of which we are all so proud—Westlake Park—was an alkaline gulch. A few years before the City Council had offered in vain the square now occupied as a park for 25 cents an acre but found no takers. The old timers who had been accustomed to get a 35-acre tract of city land for the making of a hundred dollars' improvements scorned to purchase refuse real estate and perforce the city was compelled to keep the undesirable alkali hole. Two decades ago that aristocratic region that now surrounds Westlake Park, if not quite a howling wilderness, was not exempt from the coyote's nightly wail. Then the scattered families living west of Figueroa street and south of Sixth street only furnished school population enough to fill a single school room—the little school house at the corner of Georgia and Eighteenth streets. The latter street was then called Ocean avenue. Then the public school department of Los Angeles employed fifty teachers—now seven hundred. Then the monthly pay roll of the teachers footed up \$3,700—now \$53,-

000, or more than half a million a year. Then there was not a telephone in the city. The mail and the messenger boy were the mediums of intercommunication between citizens, and the wrath of a sender as often boiled hot against the leaden-footed errand boy as it now does against the slow-moving hallo girl.

Twenty years ago the street car system of Los Angeles consisted of two horse car lines. One, starting from the junction of Spring and Main, ran down to Washington street, then west on Washington to Figueroa and southwestward to Agricultural Park. The other line extended from Pearl and Sixth streets to Johnson street in East Los Angeles. Time on these lines, a car every 15 minutes. This was regarded a great improvement; only a short time before the cars ran every half hour—that is if the mules consented. Should the propelling power object, or if the car jumped the track, as it frequently did when the mule became frightened, there might be a delay of half an hour or so in prying it back to the track, a labor in which the passengers were expected to lend a hand. There was a branch line that ran up Main to Arcadia and on to Aliso and across the river to Boyle Heights. The one car of this system made a round trip every two hours. It was regarded as a great convenience to the dwellers on the Heights. A single fare was 10 cents, and a patron had to buy a dollar's worth of tickets to secure a five-cent fare.

When our society was born there was no free mail delivery—no letter carriers, and not a mail box in the city except at the postoffice. Every one went to the postoffice, then located near the corner of Spring and First streets, for his mail. The population of the city was about 14,000.

The conditions in the country around were as primitive as in the city. There was not an interurban railroad in the country. Electricity as a propelling power was unknown and as an illuminating agent it was regarded as a bugbear to frighten gas companies.

Los Angeles, two decades ago, had but one transcontinental railroad, the S. P. R. R. Many of the flourishing towns of the county that now aspire to be cities had neither a habitation or a name. The site of Monrovia was a cattle range, and that of Ocean Park uninviting sand dunes. The sites of Azusa City, Duarte, Glendora, Lordsburg, Claremont, Covina, Arcadia, Garvanza, Burbank, Alhambra, Ocean Park, Whittier, Hollywood and Avalon were either barley fields or barren wastes. Pasadena had a postoffice and a cross-roads store—these and

nothing more in the shape of a town. That aristocratic city of millionaires, twenty years ago, had no railroads, no hotels and no public conveyance to and from Los Angeles except a spring wagon that made a round trip once a day and carried passengers when there were any to carry at the rate of 50 cents fare each way. Long Beach, then known as Willmore City, was an insignificant burg of a dozen rough board houses. It was vainly trying to attract settlers by promising to be very, very good, and to exclude forever from within its portals intoxicating drinks. Its promises were regarded as pipe dreams. How could a city thrive and grow without stimulants? There was not then a temperance town in the county. Avalon, the metropolis of Catalina Island, had no place on the map. Its site was a houseless waste where the wild goats nibbled the scanty verdure unscared by sound of human footfall. Three years later the wild goats were driven away and the jew fish vexed by the founders of Shatto City—the predecessor and progenitor of Avalon.

Briefly and imperfectly I have endeavored to limn for you a picture of Los Angeles and the country around as they were when our society was formed. Then and now are only two decades apart, yet what changes, what momentous events fill up the space between! Even had our society done nothing more than record the current events of our city's history as they passed it would deserve well of the community. It has done more. It has gathered the history of the long past as well as that of more recent years. We have endeavored to preserve these for the future historian. We have published five volumes of history, aggregating 1500 octavo pages. We have issued seventeen annual publications of papers read before the society. Ten thousand copies of these have been distributed throughout the United States and foreign countries. They have gone into England, France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Italy and Spain. They have crossed the wide Pacific to Australia and New Zealand. They may be found in the historical societies and universities of the Dominion of Canada. Throughout the United States from Maine to Alaska and from the great lakes to the gulf in public or in historical society libraries you may find copies of the annual publications of the Historical Society of Southern California. Our publications are valued and appreciated by the librarians of the great libraries of our own and foreign countries. Bound volumes of our books could be found on the shelves of the great historical library of Wis-

consin; in the library of the University of New York; and in that of the Royal College of Belles Lettres of Stockholm, Sweden, long before they appeared in the reference room of our own city library.

Judging by the past it would seem as if Californians were afraid or ashamed to have the history of their state written.

The one man—Hubert Howe Bancroft—who by collecting and preserving historical material that but for him would have been destroyed—has made it possible to have a complete and reliable history of California, has been abused and his work belittled by scribbling flunkeys and partisan bigots because he told some unpalatable truths about certain men and certain institutions. The state should buy his collection and build an historical building in which to place it where it might be made available to students of history.

No state of the Union has a more varied, a more interesting or a more instructive history than California, and no state in the Union has done less to preserve its history.

Wisconsin, with less wealth and half a century less history, has spent a million dollars on her historical building and library. Minnesota, that was an inchoate territory with a few white inhabitants in it when California became a state, has recently completed a handsome and commodious building for its historical society. When Kansas and Nebraska were uninhabited except by buffaloes and Indians, California was a populous state pouring fifty millions of gold yearly into the world's coffers. For more than a quarter of a century, these states from their public funds have maintained historical societies that have gathered great stores of valuable historical material, while California, without a protest, has allowed literary pot-hunters and curio collectors to rob her of her historical treasures.

Montana, Washington and the two Dakotas, that were Indian hunting grounds when California was a state of a quarter million inhabitants, have each its State Historical Society supported by appropriations from the public funds. How long will California endure the disgrace of being the only state west of the Rocky Mountains that has no state historical society—the only state that does not appropriate a dollar to preserve its history? How long! How long!

LETTER FROM COL. JOHN C. FREMONT.

(Presented to the Historical Society by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth B. Fremont.)

Washington City, October 8th, 1847.

To the Secretary of War.

Sir: In the execution of my duties as military commandant during the war in California and afterwards as civil governor of the territory I incurred many liabilities, some of which I think it absolutely necessary to bring to your attention. These are:

1st. The payment of the volunteers for their services during the war and for supplies in arms and other necessaries furnished by them.

2nd. Payment to citizens of that territory of money loaned to me by them, and which was required and expended in administration of the government and partial payment of the troops.

The principal amount required for payment of the troops is comprehended in what is due to the volunteer emigrants for services during the insurrection in the southern part of Upper California. These men were just arriving on the frontier of the territory and at the first call for their service quitted their families, leaving them unprotected and exposed to the inclemencies of a rainy winter, and repaired to my camp, bringing with them arms, ammunition, wagons and money, all of which they freely contributed to the public service. These men returned to their families without money and without clothes, and the long delay of payment has consequently created much dissatisfaction.

Paper given to them by properly authorized officers as certificates of service has been depreciated by officers recently in command and much of it consequently sold at one tenth of its true value. As these public services were rendered promptly and in good faith by all concerned at a time of imminent danger to the American army, I trust that some measure will be taken properly to recognize them and to redeem the pledges made to the people by myself in my public and private capacity. For this purpose I enclose a brief estimate from the paymaster of the battalion. (This paper has been lost.)

Amounts of money required for civil and military purposes were at different times and by different individuals principally Mexican citizens loaned to me as the Governor of the Territory, acknowledged as such by them. The sums of money are not large, but, having been obtained under the high rates usual in that country, public interest is suffering by the delay. The liabilities which require immediate attention amount to forty thousand dollars.

The two subjects which I have here presented for your consideration are causes of much dissatisfaction in the territory, and I have thought it a matter of duty to myself and the people with whom I have been connected, as well as to the government, respectfully to apply for the means of removing it.

I have the honor to be with much respect

Your obedient servant,

J. C. FREMONT

Lieut. Col. Regiment Mounted Riflemen.

YUMA INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS AND THE GLANTON WAR.

(By J. M. Guinn.)

The following depositions taken before First Alcalde Don Abel Stearns of Los Angeles in 1850 give the most correct account in existence of the Indian depredations on the Colorado which gave rise to the first Indian war in which the Americans were engaged after the conquest of California.

These depositions have never before been published, nor is there a correct account of the massacre of Dr. Lincoln's party given in any history of California.

Dr. A. L. Lincoln, an educated man, a native of Illinois, and a relative of President Lincoln, came from Mexico to California in 1849. After visiting the mines he returned to the Colorado river, and about the first of January, 1850, established a ferry at the junction of the Colorado and Gila. The Sonoranian migration to the gold mines of California was then at its height and the ferry business was immensely profitable. Glanton's party, mainly Texans and Missourians, came by way of Chihuahua and arrived at the Colorado February 12, 1850. Dr. Lincoln, being short of hands, employed nine of them to assist him, and the six men then in his employ remaining made a party of fifteen. Glanton, from all accounts, seems to have been somewhat of a desperado, and Lincoln would have been glad to have gotten rid of him; but he constituted himself chief manager of the ferry. His overbearing conduct and ill treatment of the Indians no doubt brought about the massacre of the eleven ferry men. The Americans and Sonoranians had not suffered from Indians previous to Glanton's arrival. The account of the origin of the hostility of the Indians to the Americans, as given by Hill in his deposition is doubtless the true one. The Yumas continued to commit atrocities on American immigrants by the Gila route for several years. They were finally subjugated by Col. Heintzelman and forced to sue for peace.

When the report of the massacre of the ferrymen reached the state capital, Governor Burnett ordered the sheriff of Los Angeles county to enroll forty men and the sheriff of San Diego twenty. These were to be placed under the command of Major

General Bean of the State Militia, a resident of Los Angeles. Bean ordered his quartermaster, General Joseph C. Morehead, to provide supplies for the expedition. Morehead did so, buying liberally at extravagant prices and paying in drafts on the state treasury.

Gen. Morehead, with a force of forty men and supplies for a hundred, marched against the Indians. By the time he reached the Colorado his force had been increased to 125 men—recruited principally from incoming immigrants. On the approach of the troops the Indians fled up the river. Morehead and his Indian fighters encamped at the ferry crossing and vigorously attacked their rations. After a three months' campaign against their rations, liquid and solid, Governor Burnett, who in the meantime seems to have lost sight of the fact that he had an army in the field, issued a peremptory order to Major Gen. Bean to disband his troops. Bean ordered Morehead to return, but that valiant soldier claimed he was affording protection to the immigrants by the Gila route, and asked for an extension of time. But the orders from the Governor were imperative, and the force was disbanded.

Thus ended the "Gila Expedition," or, as it was sometimes called, the "Glanton War." It was short and inglorious, but fearfully expensive. It cost the infant commonwealth \$120,000 and was the first item of the Indian war debt that two years later amounted to nearly a million dollars and came near bankrupting the state. So far as known no Indians were killed. Neither Bean nor Morehead made an official report of the expedition.

William Carr, whose deposition is given, like Achilles, was shot in the heel with an arrow, but, unlike that doughty chieftain, he survived the wound. Carr, after his escape from the Indians, although wounded, went to San Diego to secure some mules left there by Glanton. He came from there to Los Angeles, when he fell into the hands of good Samaritans, who dressed his wounds and cared for him. The doctor who dressed his wound charged \$500. The man who boarded him put in a bill of \$120. The patriot who housed him wanted \$45; and the paisano who nursed him figured his services at \$30. The Los Angeles Court of Sessions allowed the bills and charged them up to the state. With such charges for one wounded man it was fortunate for the state that Morehead's Gila Expedition was a bloodless affair.

DEPREDATIONS BY THE YUMAS.

Declarations Taken in Relation to the Massacre of Dr. Lincoln and His Party on the Colorado River.—Deposition of William Carr.

On this ninth day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of the District of Los Angeles, and Judge of the first instance in the criminal law, personally appeared William Carr, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that on the 23rd day of April in said year, being one of the company hereinafter named as owning the boats and other property connected with the ferry on the Colorado at the junction of said river and the Gila, he and Marcus L. Webster and Joseph A. Anderson, were engaged about midday in the woods within three hundred yards of the houses belonging to said company at said ferry, which said houses were within one hundred yards of the river and on the American side, within the jurisdiction of the state of California. Deponent and the persons above named were cutting poles, and while thus engaged, some fifteen or twenty Indians of the Yuma tribe came out, some of them saying that the captain, that is to say, John Glanton, had sent them to cut poles, and asking for a hatchet. As it was unusual, in fact, they had never before been thus employed, deponent determined to watch them; a hatchet was given to one of them, with which he commenced cutting. Deponent observed that he was cutting very near the head of one of the said Americans, and, distrusting his intentions, drew a pistol, whereupon they ran away, circling round to get to the houses. Deponent and his said companions immediately determined to make for the houses, but before they got out of the woods heard a yell; they went on out of the bushes and instantly were fired upon by the Indians. Deponent thinks at least forty guns were fired. There being little chance for escape, deponent and the others commenced firing, running at the same time to gain the houses; from these they made for a Mexican camp, but were refused admittance; they then made for the river, the Indians retreating from the boat, which deponent and the others immediately entered. When deponent went to the woods as above stated, six men of the company had crossed to the other side with one of the boats, for the purpose

of bringing over the animals, etc., of the Sonorians, many of whom were crossing at this time. The rest of the company, numbering five, remaining on the American side at the houses. Deponent, on approaching the shore, was well satisfied that the individuals last named were all killed, but thought the others who had crossed were safe, seeing them, as he supposed, in the boat; he called to them, but received no answer, though the boat was crossing then. In the meantime, the fight between the deponent's party and the Indians continued, during which they received many volleys from the Indians, both of arrows and balls, and from each side of the river, deponent receiving a wound with an arrow in his leg. Deponent's party pushed off with the boat, down the river, the Indians pursuing on foot and horseback; but after going thus about fourteen miles, deponent found they had outstripped the Indians, only one being able to keep up. He and his companions landed on the side of the river nearly opposite Algodones, abandoned the boat and took to the woods, and remained there till moonrise. Going down to the river they found the Indians had taken their boat and towed it up the river. Apprehensive that the Indians were still in the neighborhood, they returned to the woods and proceeded that night down the river some fourteen miles below Algodones, where they made a raft and crossed the river, this being the 24th; unexpectedly, having taken up a creek, they came upon some twenty Indians who had evidently been watching them. On presenting a pistol at them, all ran for their animals, except a man and boy, who followed deponent's party, saying in Spanish: "You had better get away, for we intend to kill you."

These were repeatedly defied to come near, but they never could be got within pistol shot. Deponent turned and ran after them, when all the Indians fled, and were not seen again. At this time two of deponent's party each had five shots with their six-shooters, and one of the party only a single shot. That night the party went up the river and struck the main road within a mile of Algodones, passing in the meantime several Indians' houses where they all were asleep, and could easily have been killed, but deponent's companions were unwilling to have it done, upon the ground of being without ammunition, though deponent desired it. Pursuing the main road, they reached the Mexican camp that was at the ferry when the Indian attack commenced. They reached this camp at daylight of the 25th, not having eaten anything since dinner on the 23rd. Deponent alone had seen the dead body of Glanton at the house, which

they had attempted to reach as first above stated; he did not see any of the others, but the particulars of the affair were explained by the Mexicans. As usual, that day the Indians had been playing about the establishment, some on one side of the river, some on the other, though on that day they seemed to have collected in a very large number; though, neither by their arms, or other circumstance, excited any suspicion. Glanton and Dr. A. L. Lincoln were asleep at the time of the attack. A Mexican woman who was at the time sewing in Lincoln's tent told deponent that the chief of the Yumas came in and hit the doctor on the head with a stone, whereupon he sprang to his feet, but was immediately killed with a club. Another woman relates the death of Glanton as occurring in the same manner. The three others were killed, the manner not known, and none had an opportunity of killing any of the Indians. Three of the tribe were killed in the fight with deponent's party. Deponent is well convinced that the men who had crossed the river were all killed, and the Mexicans say that the bodies of five of them were brought over to this side and burned, as also were the bodies of Dr. Lincoln, Glanton, and the others killed on shore. Dr. Lincoln's dog, and two other dogs, were tied to his body and that of Glanton and burnt alive with them. A large quantity of meat was thrown into the fire at the same time. The houses were also burnt down. The bodies of John A. Johnson, Wm. Prewett and John Dorsey were burnt up with the cook's house, which had been set fire to. One of the men in the boat was a negro; his name John Jackson; he made some resistance and in the scuffle was thrown overboard and drowned. It seems that the attack was made just as those who had crossed with the boat struck the shore, the Indians being in the habit of jumping in to help them. The Indians immediately dressed themselves in the clothes of the men, a circumstance that deceived deponent when he first reached the river as above stated, for he then supposed he saw the men on the other side and called to them to make haste over with the boat. The names of the five thus killed in the boat were Thomas Harlin, of Texas; Henderson Smith, of Missouri; John Gunn, of Missouri; Thomas Watson, of Philadelphia; James A. Miller, New Jersey; Dr. Lincoln was of St. Louis, Mo.; John J. Glanton, of San Antonio, Texas; John Jackson, of New York; Prewitt, of Texas, and Dorsey, of Missouri. Deponent knows that there were in the hands of Dr. Lincoln \$50,000 in silver—but knows not the amount of gold; supposes it to be between \$20,000 and \$30,000; all this is of

the proceeds of the ferry during the time said company occupied it, to-wit, from about the first of March last. The company also owns \$6000 now deposited with Judge Hays, of San Diego, California, and also 22 mules and two horses and provisions, all at San Diego. No other persons were interested in said company but the above named persons (except Jackson and Miller), and another now in San Diego, to-wit., David Brown was also interested; the Mexicans say that the Indians declare that they are at war with the Americans, do not intend to suffer them at the ferry, and will kill all who come to their country; that they want to fight with the Americans. These Indians have since pursued two Americans who are now in Los Angeles, some thirty miles, and previously robbing them of everything they had.

Deponent, since he has been in Los Angeles, has heard some reports in reference to Glanton, or others of said company, robbing or otherwise mistreating Americans and Sonoraian. He has been with said company from the beginning, and positively and unequivocally denies the truth of such reports. As to the charges of ferriage, they were high, but the expenses of maintaining such a ferry, transportation of provisions from a great distance, etc., amply justify the charges. There was one man killed, an Irishman named Callahan, who had once been in the employ of said company, but discharged for incompetency, and had worked a while with the Indians at their ferry; he soon returned, informing us that the Indians had robbed him of money and a pistol, which deponent afterwards saw in the possession of an Indian. Some days afterwards he was found dead, lying in the river near our ferry premises. His death could not be accounted for, though he seemed to have been shot. Dr. Lincoln had furnished him with supper the night before his death; he left in good humor, and went away, saying he was going to California. Deponent believes that he was killed by the Indians.

As to the Indians, they always professed great friendship for the company, were continually about the premises, ate habitually in the houses, and were always treated with kindness personally. The boat of the Indians was set adrift, being at our ferry in the night; it was a boat of hides, the only one they had to ferry people across. It belonged to a Mexican, who consented to its being set adrift. We gave them a skiff to ferry with at the lower ferry, and never destroyed any of their property. The Mexicans say that the Yumas still have the boat Gen. Ander-

son gave them, and also the two boats belonging to said company.

Deponent further states that he firmly believes that said Yumas intend to do harm to all Americans who may pass through their country; that many emigrants, including women and children, are now on the point of reaching the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, who in all probability will arrive in small parties, unapprized of danger, and unprepared to meet it, unless some immediate steps be taken by the public authorities with this view. Deponent has made affidavit substantially of the massacre on the Gila, before the Alcalde at San Diego, and applied to the commanding officer of the U. S. troops at that place for assistance, but none has been sent. There are forty U. S. soldiers, infantry, at said town of San Diego.

WILLIAM CARR.
ABEL STEARNS.

We, the undersigned, two of the persons named in the foregoing statement of William Carr, have heard statement read, and fully concur in all the facts therein stated, believing the same to be true in all respects.

JOSEPH A. ANDERSON.
MARCUS L. WEBSTER.

Signed before me.

ABEL STEARNS,
1st Alcalde de Los Angeles.

Be it remembered that on the ninth day of May, A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of Los Angeles, personally appeared the aforesaid William Carr, Joseph A. Anderson and Marcus L. Webster, whose declarations are above written, and subscribed and made oath to the same in manner and form as appears above. Given under my hand this 9th day of May, A. D. 1850.

ABEL STEARNS.

ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE YUMAS AND GLANTON.

DEPOSITION OF JEREMIAH HILL.

This 23rd day of May, A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of the district of Los Angeles, and State of California, and Judge of the first instance in the Criminal Law, personally appeared Jeremiah Hill, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that he is one of a party of fourteen American emigrants, who have crossed the Colorado since the massacre of John J. Glanton and his companions by the Yumas. About five days before reaching the mouth of the Gila, they met a Creek Indian by the name of John Lewis, who speaks the English, Spanish and Yuma languages, and had come from Tucson previously with Gen. Anderson of Tennessee. This Creek Indian showed them a certificate given to the Yumas by Gen. Anderson, to the effect, that he left them the boat which he had built for the purpose of crossing his company, upon condition that they would cross all Americans at \$1.00 for a horse, \$1.00 for a man, and \$1.00 for the cargo (pack), and that upon a violation of this contract, by any higher charge than this, said boat should be forfeited. As deponent understood, this boat was used at the lower crossing, commonly called "Algodones." The Creek said he and three other men were then up the river, by orders of Glanton, hunting planks to make a raft for the purpose of going down to build another boat, that he (the Creek) was a partner with Glanton, and also owned half of the aforesaid Indian boat. That Glanton had a ferry at the mouth of the Gila, and plenty of provisions. One of the men of deponent's party, by the name of Anderson, an old acquaintance of Glanton's, immediately started ahead to get provisions and animals from Glanton, but on the 23rd of April, about 9 o'clock in the night, he returned, saying that from the signs given by the Mexicans at the mouth of the Gila, not understanding their language, he believed that Glanton's party were all killed. He related that as he approached close to the ferry, signs were made to him, but which he did not understand, and went on, being on horseback, until finally the Mexican women pulled him off his horse, stripped him, gave him the hat and clothes of a Mexican, and hid him, which perhaps was all that saved his

life. This was about 30 miles from the mouth of the Gila. Deponent's party went next day perhaps 20 miles, but saw no Indians, though some Mexicans said that the Indians had followed Anderson to within five miles of our camp of the previous day (23d). Next day the road led us to within 600 yards of Glanton's late ferry where there is a mound; here the road forks, one leading down to Glanton's ferry, the left hand leading about six miles further to the present ferry occupied by the Indians. We stopped only to see that Glanton's ferry was entirely evacuated, and no sign of boat or habitation on either side; three Indians were there, but, as we rode towards them, they ran and hid in the bushes. We went on then towards the Indian ferry, the approach to which, for four miles, is through the thick brush of mesquite, young willow and cottonwood, by a very narrow path, barely sufficient for a single horse, the bushes dragging the packs on each side most of the way. We had stayed all day and night of the 25th, at our camp, about 10 miles beyond Glanton's ferry; on this day, in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, ten Yumas, unarmed, came up to our camp, by one of whom we sent for the chief, for the purpose, as we assured them, of having a talk with him and making him some presents. The chief came the same night about 7 o'clock; we gave him shirts, handkerchiefs, jewelry, pinole, etc., after which we asked him in reference to the massacre of Glanton. The chief said that Gen. Anderson had left him a boat on the contract as above stated, and that he would comply with it whenever any Americans came to cross, but as yet none had come; since the departure of Gen. Anderson, many Mexicans had come to cross at the Indian ferry, which had made Glanton mad, and that he (the chief) knew of no other offense the Indians had given said Glanton; that one day Glanton sent his men down, and had the Indian boat destroyed, and took an American whom they (the Indians) had with them, engaged in working their boat, up to his (Glanton's) camp, with all said American's money, and that Glanton had shot said American and thrown him into the river. The chief said that he then went up to see Glanton, and made an offer that Glanton should cross all the men and baggage, while the chief should cross the animals of the emigrants, and thus they would get along quietly. Whereupon Glanton kicked him out of the house, and beat him over the head with a stick; the chief said he would have hit him back, but was afraid, as the Americans could shoot too straight. This was before Glanton went to San Diego, according to the

Chief's statement, for the purpose of purchasing whisky and provisions. The chief said he immediately, on receiving this insult, went back and held a council of his people. The result was a determination to kill all the Americans at the ferry, and another chief was sent up to see the position of the Americans, who found that Glanton was gone to San Diego. They then determined to wait until he returned, as their main object, the chief said, was to kill Glanton. The chief who had been sent up as just stated, went up afterwards from day to day, to the American camp, and finally one day came back with the report that Glanton had returned. Then the chief who had been before insulted went up, and found Glanton and his men drinking; they gave him something to drink, and also his dinner. After dinner, five of the Americans laid down and went to sleep in a hut, leaving him sitting there; others were ferrying, and were on the opposite side; three had gone up on this side for some purpose. The chief said he watched till he thought the five were asleep, when he went out to his people on this side, who were all hid in the bushes just below the houses; a portion of them he sent up after the three Americans who were up cutting poles, instructing his men to get possession of their arms; he had previously posted 500 Indians on the other side, instructed to mix among the Americans and Mexicans, and get into the boat without suspicion. He himself then went up on the little mound perhaps as high as his head, but commanding a view of all his Indians, and the whole scene; from this mound he was to give the signal. There he was to beckon to those hid in the bushes to come near the American tents, which they were immediately to enter and give a yell as they killed the Americans, whereupon he was to give the sign with a pole having a scarf on it to the Indians on the other side as well as those who were watching the three above. He gave the signal, when those in the boat and at the houses were all killed. The Indians who had been sent after the three Americans ran, and these three succeeded in getting into a little skiff and escaped by going down the river. His men pursued on the shore, on both sides, but several were killed by the Americans, and many wounded. He showed us two of the wounded, and when asked if "as many as ten" of the tribe were killed, he said, "More." He said one of the Americans would row, while the others fired, and his people hesitated to pursue further. When the chief went up to see Glanton, as above stated, about the ferry, Glanton said that he would kill one Indian for every Mexican they should

cross. He showed us by signs the amount of money in bags which he took from the Americans' camp. It seemed from his description to be about three bags of silver, each about three feet high, and about two feet round, which must have contained at least \$80,000, besides a bag of gold, about a foot high and a foot round. This, he said, he divided amongst his people, then burnt the houses over the bodies of the dead. The six who were killed in the boat were thrown into the river as fast as they were killed, all killed with clubs. The five on shore were killed with clubs, except Glanton, who was killed with a hatchet, which the chief showed to us; their clothes were burnt, and perhaps their flesh somewhat burnt by the burning of the little shed of brush in which they had been killed; their bodies were then thrown into the river. After giving this account of the transaction, the chief said that, upon the death of these Americans, another council was held as to whether they should kill all Americans who might come along, at which it was resolved by every Indian that they would. He said that in two days they could muster four thousand warriors; he said their arms were principally bows and arrows and clubs; and that they had a few guns, including all the arms they got from Glanton's party, but that they intended to collect all they could from every source. We saw them take guns away from the Sonorantians by force. The Sonorantians refused to sell or buy arms of them. They offered deponent two fine Colt's revolvers, one five-shooter, the other a six-shooter (the same, no doubt, worn by Glanton, as the chief said, and deponent had seen it in his belt), for his double-barreled shot gun, saying they knew the use of a gun, but not of the pistols. Deponent refused to trade with them, of course; and the Sonorantians or Mexicans there passed a resolution not to trade any arms of any description with them.

He told us finally that, if we would go to the river next day, he would be there, and keep the Indians from coming into our camp, and secure us an unmolested passage. We went, accordingly, on that day (26th), but he was not on the ground, nor did we ever see him again. On touching the bank, Señor Montenegro, who was on a little island about 30 steps from the shore, called to us to come over, which we did immediately, the water being only belly deep for the mules. A great number of Indians were on the island, including a few women and children. The Indian men said very little to us, but the women and children would come within three feet of us, pointing at us, and using very abusive language, sometimes in Spanish,

and every now and then the boys used the plain English, in such expressions as "God d—m your souls, Americans!" They agreed to cross us that day; and all got over except two, who remained that night amongst the Indians. When they crossed seven of us they refused to take any more, unless they were paid over again for all; and we had to pay; they watched us all night, apparently with the view of getting into our camp, but we had a strong guard, and very few slept. They could be disintctly heard slipping through the bushes. Our animals were nearly all still on the other side. We had already paid them twice for crossing men, animals and baggage.

Next morning (27th) the Indians came down to the river with bottles of whisky in their hands, and pretty well drunk. We had to pay them over \$3.00 apiece for crossing the balance of the animals; they drowned one mule; we gave them a horse, blankets, shirts, jewelry, etc., besides about \$80.00 in cash. The crossing was finally effected the evening of the 27th, but Mr. Sled and Señor Montenegro were told by the Indians that they had better get away from the island or they would kill them; and when asked if they intended to cross the animals the chief replied that he did not know whether he would or not, that he would keep them if he thought proper, but that they had better get away. Consequently these gentlemen crossed ahead of the animals. Another Mexican gentleman who still remained, had to give them a mule belonging to Señor Montenegro, and other presents, before they would cross the animals at all, after being paid three times. On the evening of the 27th, after we had crossed everything, and were preparing to start immediately, the Indians commenced coming over in great numbers, some in boats, and some swimming. After they had got across they went to Señor Montenegro, and told him to separate his men from the Americans, as they were going to fight us, and had come over expressly for that purpose. Señor Montenegro, having no intention of doing so, arranged that our animals should be driven with his advance company of fifty men, that we should keep disengaged from the care of the animals to meet an Indian attack, while he brought up the rear with the rest of his animals and one hundred men. After we had got out some distance from the river, Señor Montenegro remaining behind to see his mules off, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and accused by them of protecting the Americans, and threatened with death. We knew nothing of this. And they would doubtless have killed him, but one of his men with a pack mule happened to be a little

behind. To him Señor Montenegro called, and he got off by giving the Indians a bag of pinole and one of panoche, opening at the same time trunks containing his and his son's clothes, out of which the Indians helped themselves. He overtook us at dark and related these circumstances, and the further promise he had to make the Indians, that when he returned from California, he would bring each of the chiefs a suit of red cloth.

The next day, three of these Indians came through our camp, ten miles this side of the river, near the first well, and when questioned, said they were going to California; we saw two more of the Yumas at New river, who told the Mexicans that they were there looking out for the Americans who might be sent from San Diego, or other part of California, to fight them. Twenty times in our presence they stated that they were at war with all Americans, and the chief himself told us we were the last party that should ever cross there, and that he intended to keep "muchos" Indians scattered along the road, to kill the Americans as they came along and take their animals. Deponent thinks there are between 75 and 100 Americans, men, women and children, whom he supposes now to be about at the Gila, and who will be on the Colorado in less than a month, and are compelled, from the usual way of traveling in that quarter, to come there in very small parties, easily exposed to a successful Indian attack. And further deponent saith not.

JEREMIAH HILL.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss:

Be it remembered that on this 23rd day of May, 'A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde, and Judge of the First Instance, of the Criminal law, of said county, personally appeared Jeremiah Hill and subscribed and made oath to the above statement. Given under my hand.

ABEL STEARNS.

PIONEERS

OF

Los Angeles County

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1903-1904

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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J. FRANK BURNS,
H. D. BARROWS,
LOUIS ROEDER,

CHAS. H. WHITE,
J. W. GILLETTE,
J. M. GUINN.

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J. W. GILLETTE.....First Vice-President
CHAS. H. WHITE.....Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....Secretary

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COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

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MRS. SUSAN C. HOPKINS,

CHAS. H. WHITE,
N. C. CARTER,
E. K. GREEN,
N. MERCADANTE,
J. M. STEWART.

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

CONSTITUTION

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 to 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; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

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 first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be 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 society 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. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting

of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. 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 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect a member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other offi-

cers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. 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 meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

I beg leave to submit the following report of the finances of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County for the year ending September 1, 1903:

Balance on hand Oct. 1st, 1902.....	\$119.36
Collections to Sept. 1st, 1903.....	221.50
	<hr/>
Total balance and receipts.....	\$340.86
Disbursements to Sept. 1st, 1903.....	248.80
	<hr/>
Balance cash on hand.....	\$ 92.06

Itemized receipted bills covering all disbursements are herewith submitted.

Respectfully submitted,

LOUIS ROEDER,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Gentlemen and Ladies: In accordance with the requirements of our By-Laws I herewith present my annual report for the year ending August 31, 1903:

The Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County completes this evening the sixth year of its existence.

Since its organization 420 members have been enrolled. Of these 54 have died and 15 have been dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving at present a membership of 351.

Forty-eight new members have been taken into membership since the last annual meeting.

FINANCES.

Balance on hand October 1st, 1902.....	\$119.36
Collections to September 1st, 1903.....	221.50
	<hr/>
Total balance and collections.....	\$340.86
Total disbursements per receipted bills.....	248.80
	<hr/>
Balance on hand Sept. 1st, 1903.....	\$ 92.06

The receipts and disbursements in this report cover a period of eleven months, viz., Oct. 1, 1902, to Sept. 1, 1903. The receipts for the evening of Sept. 2, 1902, were included in the report of last year. Adding the receipts of that evening, \$94, to \$221.50 collected in the subsequent months makes the total collections for 12 months \$315.50.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,
Secretary.

"IN THE DAYS OF '49."

By J. M. Guinn.

In the life of a nation, as in that of the individual, accident more often than design shapes career. Scattered through the histories of nations are the records of unforeseen events—accidents that have changed the whole future of empires. In the history of our own country the discovery of gold in California, which was purely accidental, marks the beginning of a new epoch. It marks the turning point in our career as a nation from agriculturism to commercialism.

Before that event agriculture had been the absorbing industry of the country. We were the bread growers of Europe—content to grow wheat for a foreign market, and cotton for the mills of England. Then seven-tenths of our population lived on farms and tilled the soil—there were no vast combinations of capital; no trusts; no great railroad systems; no multi-millionaires; no Pierpont Morgans.

Before 1850, John Jacob Astor, the Indian fur trader and founder of the Astor family, was the only millionaire in the United States. He was a veritable curiosity to the people—a man worth a million dollars! Men craned their necks to see him as he passed, and women turned to gaze after him in the streets.

The gold mines of California in half a decade after their discovery became known abroad added to the wealth of the United States \$300,000,000, equivalent to an increase of \$15 per capita to every man, woman and child in the country at that time. No nation ever before grew rich so rapidly. Rome at the height of her power and in the palmiest days of her plundering, never, in so short a time, gathered from conquered peoples such heaps of gold. The golden ransom that Francisco Pizarro, the swineherd of Truxillo, exacted from the Incas of Peru for the release of their captured chieftain, Atahualpa, amounted to a little over \$6,000,000, an amount scarcely equal to the yield of the California placers for a single month. Such a sudden increase in wealth prompted great undertakings, stimulated every form of industry and encouraged immigration. It built up great inland cities and hastened by at least two decades the settlement of the vast unpeopled expanse between the Missouri and the

Sierra Nevadas. The admission of California into the Union as a free State, which was made possible by the discovery of gold, struck the first note in the death knell of human slavery and was the precursor of the Civil War.

The exact date of Marshall's discovery of the golden nuggets in the mill race at Coloma is still a matter of dispute. Marshall in his lifetime gave three different dates, the 18th, 19th and 20th, and today, 55 years after the event, one society of Pioneers celebrates January the 19th as the true date and another the 24th.

The discovery, at first, was not regarded of great importance. It took six weeks for the news to reach San Francisco, although that city was only 120 miles away. And it was nine months before the report of Marshall's find reached the Eastern States. When the news was confirmed—when there was no longer doubt or cavil about the enormous wealth of the California placers—then there was an awakening of the nation hitherto unparalleled in its history. The spirit of adventure became epidemic and men who never before had ventured a day's journey from home cut loose from all the ties that bound them and joined in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mammon that was fraught with dangers and beset with difficulties appalling to the stoutest hearts.

In the year 1849, one hundred thousand people found their way to California. They came by every known route and many by routes hitherto unknown. They came by every means of conveyance known to travel by land or sea. They came from every civilized land on the globe. All castes and conditions of men came—the good and the bad, the industrious and the indolent, the virtuous and the vicious. This rapid influx of population wrought magical changes in the land of gold. It transformed it from a land of mañana—a land of tomorrow—to one of today. It changed it from a lotus land of ease where life was a sensuous dream to the arena of the most resistless energy and the fiercest struggle for existence.

When gold was discovered, San Francisco was a little hamlet of a few houses clustering close to the shores of Yerba Buena cove. In a little more than two years after, it had grown to be a city of 25,000 souls. It had climbed the sand hills and built out over the bay. The commerce of the world sought its harbor and, it might be added, much of it remained there. Five hundred ships deserted by their officers and crews, lay rotting on the Mission flats. Repeatedly swept out of existence by great

fires, phoenix like it arose from its ashes and grew better and bigger after each conflagration.

In the beginning it was a make-shift city, built on an emergency. No one expected to remain in it longer than to make his fortune. Its first inhabitants had no municipal pride in its appearance. The strip of level land that skirted the cove was soon built over, then the city had either to climb the hills like Rome, or wade out into the bay like Venice. It did both, but first it tilted the tops of the hills into the bay and sat down on dry land. Its principal streets are successions of cuts and fills. Market street, its grandest avenue, is in places 60 feet below its old level and in others 30 above. Rome was built on seven hills, but the city of Saint Francis has climbed over seventy. Its municipal infancy was beset with many discouragements. Flood as well as fire conspired against it.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine was one of the great flood years of California. As in Noah's days, the windows of the heavens were opened, the rains descended and the floods came. Fifty inches of rain are said to have fallen in San Francisco, and the Pluvial downpour was even greater in the mining regions. The newly arrived Argonauts had been told before their departure from the States that California was a hot, dry country where little rain fell. As a consequence they made but scanty provision against winter storms.

The rainy season of 1849 began early in November and was heralded in the mountains by a downpour of nine inches in a single night. The miners were driven from their camps by the floods, and as they shivered in the pitiless storm they ironically discussed the question whether it was pleasanter to die of thirst on a waterless desert or be drowned by inches in a country where it seldom rains.

In San Francisco the wash from the hills flooded the unpaved streets. The continued rains and traffic soon reduced the detritus into the consistency of pea soup. Men and animals floundered through the liquid mud. Drunken loafers roistering around the streets at night fell into the Serbonian bogs misnamed streets, and if no friendly hand was near to extricate them they sank deeper and deeper into ready-made graves, uncoffined, unwept, and unsung. A story is told that one day a hat was seen floating down the muddy tide of Montgomery street. A spectator lassoed it and as it was lifted a man's head appeared. He was rescued and brought ashore, when he begged the spectators to save his horse, which was still below. The

story, however, does not rest on any more substantial foundation than did the submerged rider and his mythical steed.

It was during this winter that the famous sidewalk of flour bags, cooking stoves, tobacco boxes and pianos was constructed. The only sidewalks then were made of pieces of boards, dry goods boxes, crockery crates and other refuse of the stores. These were continually disappearing in the ooze. Lumber was \$600 per thousand and retailed at a dollar a square foot. A sidewalk of plank would have bankrupted the municipality. The walks, such as they were, were built by the merchants to help their trade.

This famous sidewalk was on the west side of Montgomery street, between Clay and Jackson. It extended from the Simmons, Henderson & Co. building to the Adams Express Company's office. It began with 100-pound sacks of Chilean flour. Then followed a long row of cooking stoves, over which it was necessary to carefully pick your way, as some of the covers were gone. A damaged piano bridged a chasm and beyond this a double row of large tobacco boxes completed the walk. This sidewalk has been held up as an example of the extravagance of the days of '49. And yet the material in it was the cheapest sidewalking in the market. A few months before flour was selling at \$400 a barrel. Everybody in trade ordered flour. The nearest place to secure it was Chile, and ship load after ship load was thrown on the San Francisco market until it was not worth the storage.

Some merchants in New York, witnessing the great rush to California, conceived the idea of shipping consignments of cooking stoves to California. The miners would need them in their housekeeping and it would be a fine stroke of business to forestall the demand. The shippers did not know that the miners' kitchen outfit consisted of a frying pan and a coffee pot. The freight on a cooking stove up into the mountain mining camps would have bankrupted a miner's claim. So the consignment of cooking stoves was left to rust and rot until utilized for sidewalks. As to pianos, nobody had time to play on them, and the scarcity of houses made their room more valuable than their company.

In the East, ignorance of the needs of the miners and the customs of the country were responsible for some ludicrous mistakes. A merchant of New York bound for California, who had dealt in millinery goods, conceived the idea that it would be a fine stroke of business to ship a consignment of ladies' bon-

nets to San Francisco. The Leghorn bonnet of '49 was a capacious affair—modeled after the prairie schooner, or the schooner was modeled after the bonnet, I am not certain which. The bonnet had a dip in the middle and sharp peaks fore and aft; so had the schooner.

The merchant sent his consignment around Cape Horn and came to California himself via the Isthmus. Arriving here he found to his dismay that the Spanish women did not wear bonnets, but covered their heads with rebosas, and the Spanish ladies were about all the women in California then. The poor fellow was in despair; all his money was invested in bonnets. The bonnets were down at Cape Horn or thereabouts, and there was no way of intercepting the shipment and returning it before it completed its voyage of 18,000 miles.

In due time the vessel arrived. In those days there were no warehouses and ship's cargoes were auctioned off on their arrival. Almost in despair, the merchant put up his bonnets at auction. The city happened to be full of miners well supplied with gold dust. The sight of a woman's bonnet recalled memories of home, of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts. In a spirit of freakishness they bid off the bonnets at an ounce (\$16) apiece. Red shirted miners paraded the streets with heads ensconced in fashionable bonnets of the vintage of '49—and were happy. So was the merchant, whose venture paid him well.

Merchandising in the fall of '49 and spring of '50 was a make-or-break business. If a consignment of goods reached San Francisco when the market was bare of needed articles which the consignment contained the merchant's fortune was made who secured it. If it reached there when the market was overstocked he was in danger of bankruptcy.

At one time 5-cent papers of carpet tacks sold at \$5 each. A pound of salaratus retailed at \$16, and a drop of laudanum at a dollar. A hogshead of New England rum arrived when the market was empty of that beverage. The rum retailed at \$20 a quart, and one man offered \$10 for the privilege of sucking a straw through the bung hole. His offer was refused, as his capacity was known to exceed a pint.

The yield of the mines in early days was enormous, and rich strikes numerous. No occupation is more exciting than placer mining. The stroke of a pick may open one of nature's treasure vaults and make you independently rich. Hope buoys you up to brave hardships and fatigues that would crush you in other occupations. Think of taking out ten thousand dollars in a day or picking up a nugget that was worth a prince's ran-

som. Such things were possible in the days of '49. The extent and richness of the mines then were problematic. There were no diggings so rich that there might not be richer beyond. Men would abandon claims paying twenty, thirty or even fifty dollars a day on the rumor that at some other camp men were making \$100 a day. When the news first spread abroad throughout the states of the wonderful gold discoveries in California the crudest ideas prevailed in regard to the way gold was mined. Not one man then in 50,000 had ever seen a grain of virgin gold, and not one in 100,000 had ever seen a gold mine. The only gold mines in the United States before the acquisition of California were in the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, and these were so situated that many intelligent persons had never heard of their existence. It was known that gold was found in the sand and gravel and to separate it from these Yankee ingenuity set to work to invent labor-saving machines. Patented machines with cranks and treadles to be propelled by hand or foot power; overshot wheels to work inventions by water power; and powerful engines constructed so as to be placed on scows and driven by steam were designed to dredge the bottoms of rivers, which were believed to be covered with gold. Then there were buckets with augur and valve attachment at the bottom, and long iron handles—these were intended to bore down into the subaqueous deposits and bring up the gold, that the augur loosened, and deposited in the buckets. Even diving bells were constructed for deeper water, and the diver was expected to pick the golden nuggets off the bottom of the river.

Haskins in his "Argonauts of '49" describes one of these machines, which was on board the ship he came on. "One machine," says he, "requires special mention. It was in the shape of a huge fanning mill with sieves properly arranged for assorting the gold ready for bottling. All chunks too large for the bottles would be consigned to the pork barrels. This immense machine, which during our passage excited the envy of all who had not the means and opportunity of securing a similar one, required the services of a hired man to turn the crank whilst the proprietor would be busily engaged in shoveling in pay dirt and pumping water, the greater portion of his time, however, being required, as was firmly believed, in corking of bottles and fitting the heads to the pork barrels as they were filled with gold. This machine was owned by Mr. Allen of Cambridge, Mass., who had brought with him a colored servant to turn the crank of this invaluable invention. Upon landing we found

lying upon the sands and half buried in the mud hundreds of similar machines bearing silent witness at once to the value of our gold-saving machinery without the necessity of a trial."

Nor was it those who came by sea alone that brought these curious but worthless inventions. Men hauled gold machines across the plains, over waterless deserts, over precipitous mountains, often sacrificing the necessaries of life to save the prized instruments that were to make their fortunes; and when they reached the mines haggard, half starved, but bringing in triumph their labor-saving machines—only to find themselves the butt of ridicule and their machines the laughing stock of the mining camp. Haskins says: "Animated and often acrimonious discussions were carried on while on the voyage to California in regard to the better means of getting their gold down from the mines. Some were in favor of bottles, others favored pork barrels. The pork barrel advocates won by showing that the barrels could be rolled down to the Coast, thus saving freight." John S. Hittell says when he and some others discovered a wonderfully rich pocket of gold at the foot of Mount Shasta in the fall of '49, supposing the whole gulch underlaid with gold, they seriously discussed the question whether they should send for a train of pack mules or a number of ox teams to bring out the gold. They were relieved of the necessity of sending for either.

The rush and greed for gold and the ways of getting it is not all there is to the story of the Argonauts. There were deeds of charity the most noble and acts of self-sacrifice the most unselfish. There were friendships formed stronger than that of Damon and Pythias. There were romances in their lives most thrilling and adventures most daring. There was enough in their search for the golden fleece to have formed material for an epic grander than the Illiad and more fascinating than the Odessy. The California immigrants of the early fifties who came from the older states were a superior class. They were drawn from the most intelligent, the most progressive and the most venturesome of the population of the different localities from whence they came. All honor to the noble men and women who braved perils by sea and land to lay strong and deep the foundations of a new commonwealth. They did their work well. They left the impress of their characters on the State they founded. To them it owes much of its renown for progress, intelligence and enterprise. All honor to the Pioneers living and respect for the memory of those who have passed over the divide that separates time from eternity.

AN EXCITING EPISODE OF THE EARLY '60s.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The picturesque mountain valley known as Santiago canyon, in Orange county, is located within the range of mountains between the Santa Ana and San Juan valleys on the south and El Chino ranch and Jurupa on the north. It is several miles wide and perhaps twenty miles long, and is drained by Santiago creek, which finds its outlet in the Santa Ana river, not very far from the old Yorba homestead. The Yorba and Peralta families, whose forebears originally came from Spain, were the former owners of both the Santiago and Santa Ana ranches.

Teodosio Yorba was the ancient owner of the Santiago ranch, who sold it to William Wolfskill, and he sold, I believe, to Flint, Bixby & Co. It is now owned by the James Irvine estate. Of course the Yorba grant includes only a limited portion of the extensive Santiago canyon. Years ago, mining was carried on, in what is known as the "Silverado" branch of Santiago. Not very far above the mouth of the canyon there is one of the most beautiful natural parks to be found anywhere. It is as level as a house floor, and is densely shaded by evergreen live-oaks that must be five hundred years old, more or less, with plenty of living springs of pure mountain water near by. It is an ideal place for picnicking parties, and was resorted to by them extensively in former years when it was widely known as the "Picnic Grounds" of the Santiago. J. E. Pleasants was one of the first settlers of the valley, and he still resides there. He and others had bee ranches ten or twelve miles above the Picnic Grounds in the '70s and '80s. He named his place "Refugio" (Refuge, or place of rest) after his deceased wife. Later, this place became the home of Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Count Charles Bozenta Clapowski, who have enlarged, improved and beautified it, creating a lake for irrigation, thus establishing for themselves a romantic and luxurious mountain retreat, which they have felicitously named "Arden," and which, in fact, is no unworthy nor unlike counterpart of that "Arden" of Shakespeare's idyllic masterpiece.

Away back in the early '60s a very exciting episode occurred at a point about three miles above the picnic grounds, in which Mr. Pleasants, who had charge of a stock ranch at the time, was

an active though involuntary participant. One Sunday morning he was out looking after stock, when he found three Mexicans in the corral at the point referred to, catching his tame horses. Supposing them to be vaqueros of his neighbors, lassoing their own horses, he rode up to the corral, when one of the men rode toward him in a friendly manner, and when he came alongside held out his hand as if to shake hands, saying, "Como le va, amigo?"—when, suddenly drawing his pistol, he pointed it at Pleasants' head and fired. Pleasants threw up his right hand and turned the pistol aside at the moment of discharge, and the ball passed through that hand, disabling it entirely, the scar of which remains to this day. Grasping his own pistol with his left hand, Pleasants commenced firing at his assailant. He had, however, only five charges in his pistol (having previously discharged one shot at a rabbit), whereupon, at his first shot, the other two men fled.

The battle was now on in earnest. The leader fired six shots at Pleasant, but, firing somewhat wildly, two shots entered Pleasants' saddle, one passing through it, when he (the leader) also fled. He evidently kept the run of Pleasants' shots, each firing, one after the other, and when his six shots were exhausted he must have thought that Pleasants still had another shot, for he incontinently fled, after Pleasants had fired his last shot, thus leaving Pleasants master of the field—with an empty pistol! And thus ended a fierce battle, with Pleasants as the victor, although he had been at a big disadvantage; he had been taken at the start entirely by surprise; he was one man against three; he had only five shots to his enemy's six; his right hand was disabled at the outset, whereby he was compelled to make the fight only with his left hand. A man who could come off victor in a desperate encounter like that must have some "sand." Mr. Pleasants has resided in beautiful Santiago canyon ever since that memorable adventure, which occurred over forty years ago. Some five years before that time, or in 1857, Juan Flores, the leader of the formidable robber band which murdered Sheriff Barton and several members of his posse, near Capistrano, was captured on the top of one of the highest mountains of the Santiago range and brought to Los Angeles and hung by the people on the side of the hill not far from our new county jail. It is needless to say that there is no place in either Los Angeles or any county where more peace and quiet prevails, nor where life and property are more secure, in recent years, than in romantic Santiago canyon.

LOS ANGELES PIONEERS OF 1836.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Sept. 20, 1883.)

Editor of Los Angeles Herald:

Believing it might interest some of your readers, I furnish for publication a list of the foreign colony in Los Angeles city and district, of date of May 23d, 1836. I find it in the Los Angeles archives in the Supervisors' room—Vol. I—and it is in the handwriting of the late Don Manuel Requena, first Alcalde of the city, for that year, and is to be found in a blotter of his official correspondence, which is full and complete from January to December, 1836. There should be added Abel Stearns, but his name is not there, as he was a naturalized Mexican citizen, and held the office of Syndico that year. Thomas Fisher, known as "Negro Fisher," one of six who were captured from Bouchard's crew of the ship's pirates or privateers, who burnt the town of Monterey and the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, A. D., 1818, and had been a servant of the Lugos from that date, and probably was considered to have become a Californian. He was a native of New Jersey, then about fifty years old. Also Michael White, recently deceased, a native of England, probably absent at that date. Of those 49 persons there is but one living—Col. J. J. Warner—who will complete a residence of 54 years in California if he lives until December 5, 1885. In that list are the names of N. M. Pryor, Richard Laughlin and Jesse Ferguson, who with the two Patys, father and son, were the first white men who came to California by land. They started from New Mexico with a company commanded by Captain Yontz, on a trapping expedition down the Gila river, in the winter of 1827-28, and parted from Yontz's company on the Gila, built two canoes and trapped down the Gila and Colorado rivers until they reached the Pacific ocean, up the Ensenada, and from there they came to San Diego on foot. The elder Paty died in San Diego soon after his arrival, and the son returned to Kentucky, of which State they were all natives. Pryor and Laughlin died in this city and their sons still live on their fathers' places. Ferguson died in Lower California, leaving no children. Juan Domingo, the solitary German whose

name appears in the list, died in 1858, leaving sons and a daughter in this city. His German name was such a jaw-breaker to the natives that they turned it into Juan Domingo, in English, John Sunday.

Name.	Age	Native of	Ar'vd.
Luis Vignes	60	France	1831
Morris Carver	31	United States	1831
John J. Warner.....	28	United States	1831
John Temple	39	United States	1828
Carlos Baric	29	France	1834
Jean D. Mayen.....	29	France	1832
Nathaniel Pryor	30	United States	1828
James McPherson	50	Scotland	1824
Charles Hall	27	United States	1832
Manuel D. Olivera	29	Portugal	1829
Luis Bauchett	49	France	1829
Juan Domingo	38	Germany	1829
Isaac Williams	38	United States	1832
John Marsh	32	United States	1836
Richard Laughlin	34	United States	1828
Samuel Prentice	37	United States	1829
Alexander Sales	29	United States	1833
William Wolfskill	39	United States	1831
Daniel Ferguson	30	Ireland	1824
Victor Prudon	27	France	1835
Daniel Rice	25	United States	1832
John Davis	40	Norway	1828
Jesus Ferguson	32	United States	1828
Juan L. Braun	31	France	1831
Pierre Romero	53	France	1831
Albert Fernando	27	Great Britain	1834
Jose Feviru	30	France	1833
James Dobe	22	London	1833
Luis A. Tolmayes	22	France	1836
Pedro Cornelero	30	Italy	1836
Frank Hiyarez	29	Ireland	1833
William Gwinn	35	St. Domingo	1834
James Johnson	36	England	1833
William Chard	15	United States	1833
Jonas Bailey	29	United States	1836
Lemuel Carpenter	22	United States	1833
Alexander Dunn	29	United States	1836
Thomas Luse	25	United States	1833
William Bailey	26	England	1831
John Ray	25	United States	1830
Joseph Gibson	44	United States	1831
Thomas Tole	24	Europe	1836
Bernabel Costo	36	Italy	1836
Jordan Pacheco	50	Portugal	1829
Juan B. Laudry.....	31	Italy	1827

THE MYTH OF GOLD LAKE.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Pioneers.)

The history of the early California "gold rushes" has never been written. In the flush days of California gold mining, life was too strenuous to waste time in writing the current history of events that seemed unimportant then. If the rumor that started the rush proved a fake, the disgusted miners pocketed their disappointment and kept silent. If it resulted in the discovery of rich diggings, it was their policy to conceal the fact lest too many came to share their good fortune.

The gold rush—that is, a rush to unknown and unexplored regions on a rumor that rich deposits of the precious metals abounded there—did not originate with the early California miners. It is as old as civilization. Ulysses and his Argonauts were off on a gold rush when they set out to find the golden fleece of Phryxus' ram. The myth of Quivira and its king, Tartarax, who adored a golden cross, sent Coronado and his four hundred gold hunters on a weary tramp across deserts, mountains and plains.

The fabled island of California, peopled with Amazons whose arms and the trappings of the wild beasts they rode were of pure gold, lured Cortes and his followers into a gold rush that ended like many a one since has—in death and disaster. Myth and mystery have always been potent factors in inciting a gold rush. Credulity is one of the strongest motive powers in moving humanity, whether it be exerted in promoting a gold rush or successfully launching a get-rich-quick scheme.

One of the first of the famous California gold rushes was the quest for Gold Lake. The myth of a Lake of Gold is almost as old as our knowledge of America. Away back in the days of Cortes and Pizarro there was a wide-spread legend of El Dorado and a Lake of Gold. On the table lands of New Granada, in South America, lived a people known as Chibchas. They were more advanced in civilization than the Incas of Peru. They possessed populous cities, paved roads and pursued varied industries. They made golden ornaments and images, and used gold for a circulating medium in trade. Among

these people existed a strange custom. Once a year the ruler or cacique was annointed with an adhesive ointment and gold dust thickly scattered over his nude body until he literally became a gilded man. Then he was rowed on a raft to the middle of Lake Gautivita, into the waters of which he plunged until freed from his glittering robe. In the center of the lake was supposed to dwell an enormous serpent. The glittering dust was a propitiary offering to appease the avarice of the demon who dwelt far down in the depths of the lake.

The legend of El Dorado, which is a Spanish phrase, literally meaning "The Gilded," and contracted from "el hombre dorado," spread far and wide throughout Spanish America, and even reached Europe. It inflamed the avarice of the Spaniards and expedition after expedition was fitted out to search for the land of El Dorado and its Lake of Gold. Immense sums were spent in the search, and countless lives sacrificed. Even the English became imbued with enthusiasm and joined in the quest. Sir Walter Raleigh made four unsuccessful attempts to enter the valley of the Orinoco, where he supposed the kingdom of the Gilded Man was located. At length Gonzalo Ximinez de Quesada, with a force of seven hundred men, marching up the valley of Rio Magdalena, penetrated the land of El Dorado and conquered its inhabitants. Of the seven hundred men with whom he began his march, only 180 were alive when the conquest was completed, and the brave Chibchas were almost annihilated. To foil the Spaniards they sank their golden images and ornaments in the waters of the sacred lake.

During the reign of Philip II an attempt was made to drain the Golden Lake Gautivita, but the undertaking was not successful. A few golden images and ornaments were his reward for an immense outlay. The glittering dust washed from the gilded bodies of numberless caciques in long ages past lay deep down in the lair of the demon of the lake. Such is the legend of El Dorado. How many who use the phrase know its origin?

The Indians dwelling around Coloma at the time of Marshall's discovery had a similar legend of a Lake of Gold inhabited by an aquatic monster. Far up among the fastness of the Sierra Nevadas, according to this myth, was a lake whose sides were lined with gold, and the cliffs that lifted above it glittered in the sunlight, but in its waters dwelt a horrible monster who devoured all that came near his abode. No Indian

ever bathed in the waters of Gold Lake. Some romancing miner, catching fragments of the Indian myth and conveniently leaving out the demon of the lake, told as a fact the story of the discovery by the Indians of a Lake of Gold. The story passed from one to another and grew in size and more elaborate in details as it traveled. Then the story of the discovery got into the papers, and with that reverence for whatever appears in print that possesses us, people said the story must be true; the papers say so; and then the rush was on. The center of the excitement was at Marysville, but it spread all over the northern mines. I quote from an editorial in the Placer Times of June 17, 1850. Under the heading, "Gold Lake," the editor said: "We were inclined to give only an average degree of credit to stories that have reached us during the past few days of the unprecedented richness which that locality (Gold Lake) has developed. A few moments passed in Marysville last Saturday convinced us that there is much more reality in this last Eureka report than usually attaches to such. In a year's experience of local excitement from the same cause we have seen none equal to that which prevails in that town.

"The specimens brought into Marysville are of a value from \$1500 down. Ten ounces is reported as no unusual yield to the panfull, and the first party of 60, which started out under the guidance of one who had returned successful, were assured that they would not get less than \$500 each per day. We were told that 200 had left town with a full supply of provisions and 400 mules. Mules and horses have doubled in value and 400 were considered no more than enough for a start.

"The distance to Gold Lake was first reported 200 miles. It lies at a very considerable elevation among the mountains that divide the waters of the south fork of Feather river from the north branch of the Yuba. The direction from Marysville is a little north of east."

In the Placer Times of the 18th the editor, under the head line of "Further From the Infected District," says: "On the arrival of the Lawrence (steamboat) yesterday from Marysville, we received more news of the Gold Lake excitement. It promises to spare no one. It is reported that up to last Thursday 2000 persons had taken up their journey. Many who were working good claims deserted them for the new discovery. Mules and horses were almost impossible to obtain. Although the truth of the report rests on the authority of but two or three who have returned from Gold Lake, yet few are found who

doubt the marvelous revelations. The first man who came into Marysville took out a party of forty, as guide, on condition they paid him \$100 each if his story was verified, even offering his life as a forfeit for any deception. A second guide has left with a much larger party, who are to give him \$200 each, and the same forfeit—his life—if there is any deception.

“The spot is described as very difficult of access, and it is feared many will lose their way. A party of Kanakas are reported to have wintered at Gold Lake, subsisting chiefly on the flesh of their animals. They are said to have taken out \$75,000 the first week.

“When a conviction takes such complete possession of a whole community, who are fully conversant of all the exaggerations that have had their day, it is scarcely prudent to utter a qualified dissent from that which is universally unquestioned and believed.”

The Sacramento Daily Transcript of June 19th says: “Places of business in Marysville are closed. The diggings at Gold Lake are probably the richest ever discovered. A story is current that a man at Gold Lake saw a large piece floating on the lake which he succeeded in getting ashore. So clear are the waters that another man saw a rock of gold on the bottom. After many efforts he succeeded in lassoing it. Three days afterward he was seen standing holding on to his rope and vainly trying to land his prize.”

The Placer Times of July 1st gives the denouement of the rush: “The Gold Lake excitement, so much talked of and acted upon of late, has almost subsided. A crazy man comes in for a share of the responsibility. Another report is that they have found one of the pretended discoverers and are about lynching him at Marysville. Indeed, we are told that a demonstration against that town is feared by many. People who have returned after traveling some 150 to 200 miles say that they left vast numbers of parties roaming between the sources of the Yuba and Feather rivers.”

After all the definiteness of its location and the minuteness of details in regard to it; the Kanakas living on the flesh of their steeds and piling up \$75,000 a week on its shores; the man who rescued float gold from its bosom, and the other man who lassoed the massive nugget far down in its crystalline waters; the guides who had been there and who placed their lives as a forfeit against falsehood—after all these and more, Gold Lake was a phantom, a fake, a figment of an Indian myth.

It is a good illustration of the marvelous capacity that people have for believing what they wish and hope may be true.

We laugh at the phantom chasing of early days, the wild rush for Gold Lake, the mad scramble to Gold Bluffs, the search for the Lost Cabin, the weary quest for the Padre's mine and the pursuit of other *ignes fatui* that have deluded honest miners and sent them chasing over mountains and across deserts after illusions; and yet it is not strange that such things occurred. The interior of California in the days of '49 was a terra incognita—an unknown land.

There was a common belief among the early miners that the gold in the streams came from mother lodes far up in the mountains. For ages the attrition of the elements had disintegrated these quartz lodes and the floods had floated down the streams gold dust and nuggets. Could the mother lode or lead be found, the fortunate finder would chip off a few tons of gold-bearing quartz, pulverize it, extract the gold, and return to the States to the girl he had left behind him—a multi-millionaire.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON PECK.

George Huntington Peck, A. B., A. M., class of '37, University of Vermont, and son of Almira Keyes and John Peck, was born in Burlington, Vermont, March 4, 1819.

He entered the University of Vermont in August, 1833, being a little over 14, not any too well prepared, and at an age much too early for his own good, or to cope with one of the severest curricula of any college in the United States. The aggravation of the position was increased from the fact that college life in those days was all study and comparatively no play; i. e., there were no athletic amusements so necessary for the development mentally as well as physically, for young students. As a consequence of these deficiencies, organic pains and weaknesses, now readily understood, but which seemed beyond the ken and control of the physicians of nearly seventy years ago, found the subject of this notice at his graduation not strong, as he should have been, but instead a chronic invalid and a martyr to pains. To obtain relief through change of air and scenes, he, in the summer of 1838, made a cod-fishing voyage north through the Straits of Belle Isle, and as far as the Esquimaux Moravian missionary settlements of Okak and Naim on the Labrador coast. The winter of 1839-40 was spent in the Island of Santa Cruz, Danish West Indies, and in touring through the West Indian Islands of St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Hayti, Jamaica and Cuba. In 1841 Mr. Peck was admitted to the bar and began practicing in Burlington. But the result of the unfortunate college experience forced him from a growing and profitable law business to active sea life. From December, 1842, to 1846, he followed the sea as a sailor before the mast, visiting in this capacity southern ports of the United States, several of the West Indian Islands, Rio Janeiro and England. Returning to Vermont, he spent the three following years in the mercantile business and in water cures. On the first of December, 1849, he landed in San Francisco, Cal. In the same month, with partners, he began farming near Alviso, about fifty miles south of San Francisco. They were the first California farmers of the pioneers of '49. In May, 1850, he was the first person established in San Francisco as a produce merchant, hay being \$200 a ton, cabbages \$1.50 for a

bunch of leaves called a head, peas 25 cents a pound in the pod, and potatoes \$25 a cental. Everything in California in its earliest days was wild, rough, unsettled and constantly changing. In 1851 and 1852 Mr. Peck was a successful miner on the middle fork of the American River. Then, for about two years, he was a pioneer farmer in Yolo county (where he owned several thousand acres), and until sickness and the exigencies of a new country forced him to Sacramento, where, on the 14th of February, 1854, he opened the first public school in the State outside of San Francisco. In 1857-8 he was practicing law at Dutch Flat, a mining settlement in Nevada county. In 1858, on his return to California from a visit to Vermont, he opened a commercial class and was a pioneer teacher of double entry bookkeeping in San Francisco. In May, 1860, he opened the San Francisco Industrial School, and from 1861 to 1863 was Grammar Master (then the highest educational position in California) and a principal in the San Francisco schools until 1863, when he entered into and continued in successful mercantile pursuits until 1869, when misfortunes caused his removal to a farm of about 500 acres at El Monte, Los Angeles county. In 1869 the city and county of Los Angeles had about 20,000 inhabitants, and the latter was just emerging from a pastoral state. Markets were limited, and everything was very primitive. Mr. Peck had the privilege of admiring his land, paying taxes and waiting for the future. Teaching, fortunately, in such a new country, was always for him an available crutch. He began instructing and became School Superintendent of Los Angeles county from January, 1874, to 1876. Always enterprising, he was ever ready to promote useful and improved methods among the farmers. As a member of the Episcopal church, he has for many years been senior warden of the Church of Our Savior at San Gabriel, an ancient mission of Southern California. Mr. Peck is an ardent Vermonter, and has no doubt that Providence for over sixty years has permitted his native State the high privilege of sending out its popular increase, and with it, its advanced civilization and strong patriotic government system, into the western and other new States, to the most remarkable degree.

Mr. Peck, whilst painfully and fully realizing that the mistake of overstudy and excessive confinement, with too little exercise whilst in college, worked him an irreparable injury in destroying his health, and consequently compelling an abandonment of his profession and making his future subject to

numerous changes, new adaptations, adverse conditions and risks, is happy in the belief that under the present system of education, college students can receive the highest education and have a lifetime of health in which to use it to the best advantage.

On the 30th of April, 1864, he was married to Miss Mary Wanostrocht Chater, an English lady. The union has been most happy. Their present home is at Pasadena, Los Angeles county. They are the happy heads of five families and numerous descendants. Although he entered college the youngest and weakest of a class of .8, he was for many years its sole survivor.

Mr. George H. Peck died at Pasadena, April 12, 1903, aged 84 years, one month and eight days. He leaves a widow and four children—two sons and two daughters, viz.: John H. F. Peck of Los Angeles, George H. Peck of San Pedro, Mrs. Albert Gibbs of South Pasadena, and Mrs. John E. Jardine.

EDMUND CERMY GLIDDEN.

Edmund Cermý Glidden was born at Tustinbough, N. H., October 4, 1839. He was educated in the common schools of his native place. He came to California via Panama, arriving in San Francisco in February, 1868. He engaged in business there until February, 1870, when he removed to Los Angeles. He engaged in the sewing machine business. He bought an orange orchard near San Gabriel and for several years was employed in orange culture, but the venture was not a success. He returned to the city and for a time was a member of the police force. In 1883 he was married to Mrs. Josephine Blanchette. He was a charter member of Southern California Lodge No. 191, Ancient Order of United Workmen. He was also a member of University Lodge of Independent Order of Foresters, and of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County. His last occupation was that of district manager of the Chicago Crayon Company. He died at Visalia, March 2, 1903. Besides his widow, he leaves a son, Edmund, a sister and two brothers. He was a quiet, unassuming man who did his duty faithfully in every station of life which he filled.

SAMUEL MEYER.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

The undersigned committee, by you appointed to submit a memorial of our late member, Samuel Meyer, respectfully submit the following:

Samuel Meyer was by birth a Prussian, native of Strassburg. He came to New York in 1849. Resided during the four years following in the South, at Macon, Ga., Louisville, Ky., and Vicksburg. In 1853 he came (via Nicaragua) to Los Angeles and immediately entered commercial life, in which he was prominent for half a century, and was founder of a successful and large crockery and glassware establishment, which he conducted till shortly before his death. He was also prominent in Masonry, being treasurer of Lodge No. 42 for some 50 years.

In 1861 Mr. Meyer married Miss Davis, and now, besides the widow five daughters and two sons survive him. His remains lie in the Jewish Cemetery on Boyle Heights.

Samuel Meyer was like Nathaniel of old, an Israelite without guile. He was always bright faced and amiable. His life during the trying formulative period in Los Angeles was worthy of the true Pioneer, and later generations will fare well, if they but have such in business and social life.

Benevolent, too, he was; an all-around good citizen, whose memory we will cherish till earthly faculties fail us likewise; but the Book of Life will, already does, for him attest he did his best below, and what better record can any transmit to his descendants? He died March 25, 1903.

We respectfully commend the entry on our record, and transmission of a copy hereof to his widow.

(Signed)

LOUIS ROEDER,

J. W. GILLETTE,

Committee.

CARL FELIX HEINZEMAN.

This worthy member of the Society of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County was born in the year 1841 in Wallmerod, in Nassau, Germany, and died in Los Angeles City on April 29, 1903, after an illness of only a few weeks, and was buried in the Rosedale cemetery on the first day of May, 1903.

C. F. Heinzeman received his education in his fatherland in pharmacy and chemistry, and as a practical druggist. In 1868 he emigrated to the United States. After a short stay in New York and in San Francisco he came to Los Angeles. Soon after he arrived in this city he established his well-known pharmacy on North Main street which he maintained throughout the remainder of his life.

Shortly before coming to Los Angeles he married Miss Antonie Preuss, daughter of Dr. Preuss, formerly of New Orleans and later of Los Angeles. The issue of this marriage was three sons and five daughters, all of whom survive him. Four of his daughters are married and are now Mrs. J. O. Cashin, Mrs. W. Murray, Mrs. E. Clark and Mrs. J. Munro. The two oldest sons, Carl and Edward, are now conducting their father's pharmacy, while the two younger children still attend school.

He was a very active business man and was deeply interested in the welfare and progress of this community and had high ideals for the advancement of humanity and for the elevation of the poor. Every day of his many years of active business, from morning until late at night, he could be found in his drug store, not allowing himself a much-needed vacation, and it was not always for money making. To the poor, who were unable to pay, he often gave medicine free. His great experience and thorough knowledge of drugs enabled him to give poor persons who were unable to employ a physician beneficial advice and treatment. He was ever ready to aid the deserving poor with money or in any other way he could help them. He was a man of unflinching perseverance. It was through his friendly manner, his kindness and generosity, that he gained the love and respect of his fellow men. He was more widely and better known than almost any other citizen of Los Angeles, and everybody who knew him had a word of praise for him. He was beloved by the rich as well as the poor, by his own countrymen, by Americans, and by men of all nationalities. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Society of Los Angeles Pioneers do deeply regret the loss of our esteemed brother and friend, C. F. Heinzeman, and do herewith extend our sincerest sympathies to his family and relatives in their hour of sorrow over their bereavement of a loving father and husband, and a true friend to all who knew him.

Respectfully, your committee.

AUGUST SCHMIDT.
LOUIS ROEDER.
HENRY HERWIG.
J. F. BURNS.

JEAN SENTOUS.

Mr. Jean Sentous came to Los Angeles in 1856, 47 years ago. He was a native of France, born January 1, 1836. He was engaged in dairying and cattle raising for many years. He was a man of the highest probity and worth, and was respected by all who knew him, and most highly by those who knew him best. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, strongly attached to his family, which at the time of his death consisted of his widow, Mrs. Teodora Sentous (born Casanova) and six children—three sons and three daughters—all grown. He belonged to no societies other than the Pioneers and the French Benevolent Society, of which latter he was one of the founders, and for many years the president. The estimation in which Mr. Sentous was held by his countrymen was evidenced by the fact that the French colony turned out en masse in attendance at his funeral, in token of their respect for their compatriot. The procession of carriages that followed his remains to Calvary cemetery was one of the longest funeral corteges ever seen in Los Angeles. Eloquent and appreciative orations in French were pronounced at the grave by Messrs. Fuesenot, the French Consul, and editor of *L'Union Nouvelle*, and others.

MICAJAH D. JOHNSON.

At the California Hospital last Saturday died one of the old guard of Los Angeles citizens, who witnessed the growth of the city from a small beginning and contributed in large measure to its prosperity.

Micajah D. Johnson was born of Quaker stock in the town of Waynesville, O., in March, 1844. He held to the faith of his people through life, retaining his membership in the old church to the end. His education was completed at Pardue Institute, Battleground, Ind., and, at the age of 21, he went westward to seek his fortune, settling in Virginia City, Mont. His first position of responsibility was in the banking house of Nolan & Wearie, of which institution he soon became cashier. Afterwards he severed his connection with the bank to engage in the mining supply business.

In 1874 he married Miss Susie Avery of Virginia City, and two years later, with his young wife, removed to Los Angeles.

Mr. Johnson's first business venture here was the conduct

of the first hotel built at Santa Monica—a rather pretentious affair for that day, which was long ago destroyed by fire. Subsequently Mr. Johnson removed to Los Angeles, becoming a partner in the old Grange Store of happy memory.

In later years he went into public life and served two terms consecutively as City Treasurer. In more recent years he has been engaged in real estate and mining operations.

Mr. Johnson was always a man of right standards and progressive impulses. His word was "yea, yea, and nay, nay," and everybody placed implicit confidence in him. He was one of the principal workers in securing the location of the Soldiers' Home near this city. He was also one of the founders of Whittier, and gave that place its name after the Quaker poet. He was vice-president of the Equitable Loan Association from the beginning of that organization. He was a member of the Masonic order and of the Pioneer Society.

Mr. Johnson had suffered for nearly two years from a chronic stomach trouble, which was only recently diagnosed as cancer. The disease assuming a violent form, he was taken to the California Hospital, May 25th, where an operation was performed by Dr. Lasher, assisted by Drs. Visscher and Yost. The patient passed the operation successfully, and at first it was thought that his life could be saved, but complications ensued which resulted in death at 11 a. m., Saturday, June 6th.

Mr. Johnson leaves a widow, a son, Bailey Johnson, just grown to man's estate, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Benjamin McLouth of Hartford, Ct. He also leaves a brother, who resides in Los Angeles.

IVAR A. WEID.

Ivar A. Weid, for forty years a resident of Southern California, died of heart failure at Copenhagen the latter part of August. Mr. Weid had gone back to his native land for a short stay, accompanied by his wife and youngest son, Axel, and by H. J. Whitley of Hollywood. News of the sudden death was received yesterday by the relatives from Mr. Whitley.

The dead pioneer came to California about 1860, seeking his fortune, and through careful investment amassed wealth and placed himself in an enviable position socially. Shortly after the boom of 1887 he went back to Denmark on a short visit. Returning to California he interested himself in real estate to quite an extent, obtaining large holdings in Hollywood and the

Cahuenga Valley in ranch properties which have since been divided and sold at a big profit. It was largely through his untiring energy and liberality that the little dummy line was built to Hollywood, and later he associated himself with H. J. Whitley and Col. Griffith J. Griffith in the construction of the Hollywood branch of the electric line out Prospect Boulevard which later was sold to the Los Angeles & Pacific Electric R. R. Co.

As a public man, Weid was always to the fore in the up-building of this, the city of his adoption, as well as Hollywood. He was a generous man, of temperate habits and mild disposition, a man of few enemies and many friends. He was a strong believer in good roads and the assistance of railroads, and always stood ready to aid the interests of anything along these lines. He was one of the promoters of the Sunset Boulevard.

He built the Weid block on the corner of Eighth and Spring streets, and also owned, in addition to much other property at the time of his death, a large store on Los Angeles street between First and Requena. He leaves a snug fortune.

Mr. Weid was about 65 years of age and leaves a widow, two daughters and three sons to mourn his loss. His eldest son, Otto, is connected with the Union Hardware & Metal Company of this city and resides in Hollywood. Mr. Weid was holding the office of gauger for the United States Internal Revenue Office and had been living for some time at 138 North Bunker Hill avenue.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Bro. Ivar A. Weid, October 31, 1903:

Again we have to announce the death of one of our honorable members, Captain Ivar A. Weid, a native of Denmark, born in 1837. He died suddenly while on a pleasure trip in Copenhagen, on the 25th of last August.

The deceased was a member of the G. A. R.; also of the Masonic Fraternity. He came to Los Angeles in 1871; had the honor of holding the position as U. S. Gauger both under the Republican and Democratic administrations. Although he had a commercial education, he started farming when he first came here. Later on he was one of the lessees of the old United States Hotel.

Resolved, That we, the Pioneers of Los Angeles, have lost in the late Captain Ivar A. Weid a good and active member, and the people of Los Angeles an energetic citizen; his wife,

a loving husband; his children, a self-sacrificing father; and be it further

Resolved, That we proffer his bereaved family in this their hour of sadness and affliction, our tenderest and kindest sympathies for their irreparable loss; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting and that a copy of them be presented to the family of our deceased member, as a token of our joint sorrow and the high esteem in which he was held by the Pioneer' Society of Los Angeles.

Respectfully submitted,
AUGUST SCHMIDT,
W. H. WORKMAN,
HENRY HERWIG.

JULIUS BROUSSEAU.

On October 15th, after a brief illness, Julius Brousseau, well known lawyer and Democratic politician, died of Bright's disease at the apartments of his daughter, Miss Mabel Brousseau, at the corner of Pico and Figueroa streets. Since the death of his wife, two years ago, Mr. Brousseau has gradually been failing, and he retired from active practice a year and a half ago, since which time he had been devoting his attention to his ranch at Redlands. During the last three weeks he was confined to his bed. He was a Scottish rite Mason and the funeral was conducted by that order.

Julius Brousseau was born December 17, 1834, at Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., and while he was an infant his parents removed to Monroe county in that State, where he was educated in the public schools and in Lima Seminary, and where he lived until he reached the age of 25 years. After teaching school eight or nine years he went to Flint, Mich., and from there to Saginaw, where he practiced law seven years, serving the city as attorney two terms. In 1870 he moved to Kankakee, Ill., where he was again elected to the position of City Attorney, serving two terms.

He came to Los Angeles in 1877 and soon thereafter formed a partnership with Volney E. Howard and the latter's son, Frank Howard, the firm being known as Howard, Brousseau & Howard. Later he was also in the law firm of Brousseau & Hatch. This partnership was not dissolved until 1882, and

since that time he has been unconnected with a firm, practicing by himself.

He married Miss Carrie Yackley of Ypsilanti, Mich., in 1860. Four children survive him. The eldest, Miss Kate Brousseau, is a teacher at the State Normal School in this city, and Miss Mabel Brousseau has been prominently identified with art and music. The two sons, Edward and Roy, are graduates of the Los Angeles High School and are in business.

MORITZ MORRIS.

Moritz Morris, who died in this city on the 10th of June, 1903, at the age of 79 years, was a native of Germany. He came to the United States in the early '40s, and later to San Francisco and to Los Angeles, where, in connection with his brother, J. L. Morris, he established himself in mercantile business, which he followed many years. Mr. Morris served several terms as a City Councilman. His firm in early days owned the tract on the west side of Main street in the vicinity of Pico street, known as the "Morris Vineyard" tract, which had prior to their ownership belonged to Major Henry Hancock, under whose direction "Hancock's Survey" of city lands was made. The adobe house, still standing on this tract, which, according to a persistent but groundless myth, has often been reported to have been General Fremont's headquarters, was never occupied by him at all; his family have repeatedly insisted that he was never inside of it.

Moritz Morris and Joseph Newmark were the founders of the B'Nai B'rith congregation, whose fine mosque-like temple is a prominent edifice in this city; and they induced the venerable Dr. A. W. Edelman to come to Los Angeles to officiate as its first rabbi.

Mr. Morris was the oldest member of the pioneer lodge of Masons, Los Angeles Lodge No. 42, and he was also a Royal Arch Mason. He left two sons and two daughters, his wife having died several years ago. His funeral services were conducted under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayres.....	Died November 10,	1897.
Stephen C. Foster.....	Died January 27,	1898.
Horace Hiller	Died May 23,	1898.
John Strother Griffin	Died August 23,	1898.
Henry Clay Wiley.....	Died October 25,	1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy.....	Died November 1,	1898.
Stephen W. La Dow	Died January 6,	1899.
Herman Raphael	Died April 19,	1899.
Francis Baker	Died May 17,	1899.
Leonard John Rose.....	Died May 17,	1899.
E. N. McDonald.....	Died June 10,	1899.
James Craig	Died December 30,	1899.
Palmer Milton Scott	Died January 3,	1900.
Francisco Sabichl	Died April 13,	1900.
Robert Miller Town	Died April 24,	1900.
Fred W. Wood	Died May 19,	1900.
Joseph Bayer	Died July 27,	1900.
Augustus Ulyard	Died August 5,	1900.
A. M. Hough	Died August 28,	1900.
Henry F. Fleishman	Died October 20,	1900.
Frank Lecouvreur	Died January 17,	1901.
Daniel Shieck	Died January 20,	1901.
Andrew Glassell	Died January 28,	1901.
Thomas E. Rowan	Died March 25,	1901.
Mary Ulyard	Died April 5,	1901.
George Gephard	Died April 12,	1901.
William Frederick Grosser	Died April 13,	1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy	Died April 24,	1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg	Died June 25,	1901.
Charles Brode	Died August 13,	1901.
Joseph W. Junkins	Died August,	1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy	Died May 16,	1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign	Died September 20,	1901.
Frank A. Gibson	Died October 11,	1901.
Godfrey Hargitt	Died November 14,	1901.
John C. Anderson	Died January 25,	1902.
Elijah Moulton	Died January 28,	1902.
John Charles Dotter	Died March 3,	1902.
John Caleb Sallsbury	Died July 10,	1902.
H. K. W. Bent	Died July 29,	1902.
Anderson Rose	Died August 30,	1902.
Caleb E. White	Died September 2,	1902.
Jerry Illch	Died September 5,	1902.
Daniel Desmond	Died January 23,	1903.
Edmund Cermoy Gildden	Died March 2,	1903.
Samuel Meyer	Died March 25,	1903.
George Huntington Peck	Died April 12,	1903.
Carl Felix Heinzman	Died April 29,	1903.
Jean Sentous	Died April,	1903.
Micajah D. Johnson	Died June 8,	1903.
Morritz Morris	Died June 10,	1903.
Julius Brousseau	Died October 15,	1903.
Ivar A. Weld	Died August 25,	1903.
Alice W. B. Weyse	Died November 6,	1903.
Nicholas Kipp	Died November,	1903.
George Cummings	Died December 6,	1903.
Mrs. Martha Nadeau	Died January 7,	1904.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AE. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1853
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	723 E. Eighteenth	1843
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1854
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1866
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 W. Seventeenth	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Bradshaw, T. T.	Eng.	Landlord	'76	634 S. Spring	1854
Breer, Louis	Germ.	Blacksmith	'58	215 San Pedro	1858
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Brown, George T.	T. Y.	Fruit Grower	Feb. 26, '85	Irwindale	1862
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Buffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	1859
Farham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1874
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1847

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	1869
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Carrier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Compton, Geo. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Coulter, Frank M.	Tenn.	Merchant	Sept. '77	1015 S. Figueroa	1877
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	Jan., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	518 San Julian	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	518 San Julian	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '53	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, Oscar R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louts	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Dol, Victor	France	Retired	Oct. 11, '76	612 S. Broadway	1868
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eberle, Chas. H.	Pa.	Editor	March, '80	Downey	1849
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Edgerton, Salvin	Vt.	Lawyer	'85	Los Angeles	1861
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Everts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	—
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Farwell, Wm.	Ire.	Plumber	Aug. 25, '67	540 S. Figueroa	1865
Foster, Geo. S.	Me.	Retired	Mar. 15, '75	738 S. Olive	1853
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1866
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '77	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Gilmore, Fred J	Mass.	Merchant	Oct. 5, '74	300 E. Twenty-fifth	1874
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1874
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detective agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanor	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, C. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Gosper, John J.	Ohio	Mining Broker	'76	103 E. Second	1876
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869
Hudson, J. W.	N. Y.	Farmer	'68	Puente	1868
Holt, Martha A.	Tenn.	Housewife	'56	San Gabriel	1856
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	Long Beach	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kurrle, Frederick	Germ.	Retired	May 12, '77	133 Carr	1877
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Lamoreaux, C. L.	N. Y.	Retired	July 3, '78	577 Wall	1857
Loosmore, Isabella F.	Conn.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '77	112 Cypress avenue	1877
Lockwood, George H.	Mich.	Dep. Sheriff	Feb., '68	763 Merchant	1868
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Loybed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Messer, K.	Germ.	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	Germ.	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melville, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eighth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	'66	'66	1467 E. Twentieth	—
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
Mulrein, David	Ire.	Builder	'84	419 Beaudry	1852
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
McMahon, P. J.	Ire.	Retired	July, '81	2619 Manitou	1853
McDonald, Mrs. J. G.	Mo.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '59	Los Angeles	1859
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850
Newton, J. C.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan. 29, '71	South Pasadena	1871
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborne, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	230 S. Beaudry	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '71	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Proffit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1849
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	Waterloo	1876
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	—
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	—
Raphael, C.	Germ.	Retired	May 8, '69	Los Angeles	1869

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	Long Beach	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Shaffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	Long Beach	1853
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steere, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Schroeder, Hugo	Ill.	Sign Painter	April, '75	1310 S. Figueroa	1875
Schroeder, Adelmo	Ill.	Sign Painter	Dec., '74	1257 Hoover	1874
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
Widney, Robert M	Ohio	Fruit Grower	March, '68	Los Angeles	1857
Wetzel, Martin	Ky.	Engineer	Aug. 27, '67	2114 Pasadena avenue	1867

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Weston, Ben S.	Mass.	Farmer	'56	Redondo	1857
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Wern, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	722 Valencia	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1870
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	Downey	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	Downey	1849
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	1856
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866





Organized November 1, 1883

Part II.

Incorporated February 12, 1891

VOL. VI.

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OF THE

Historical Society

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Southern California

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OF

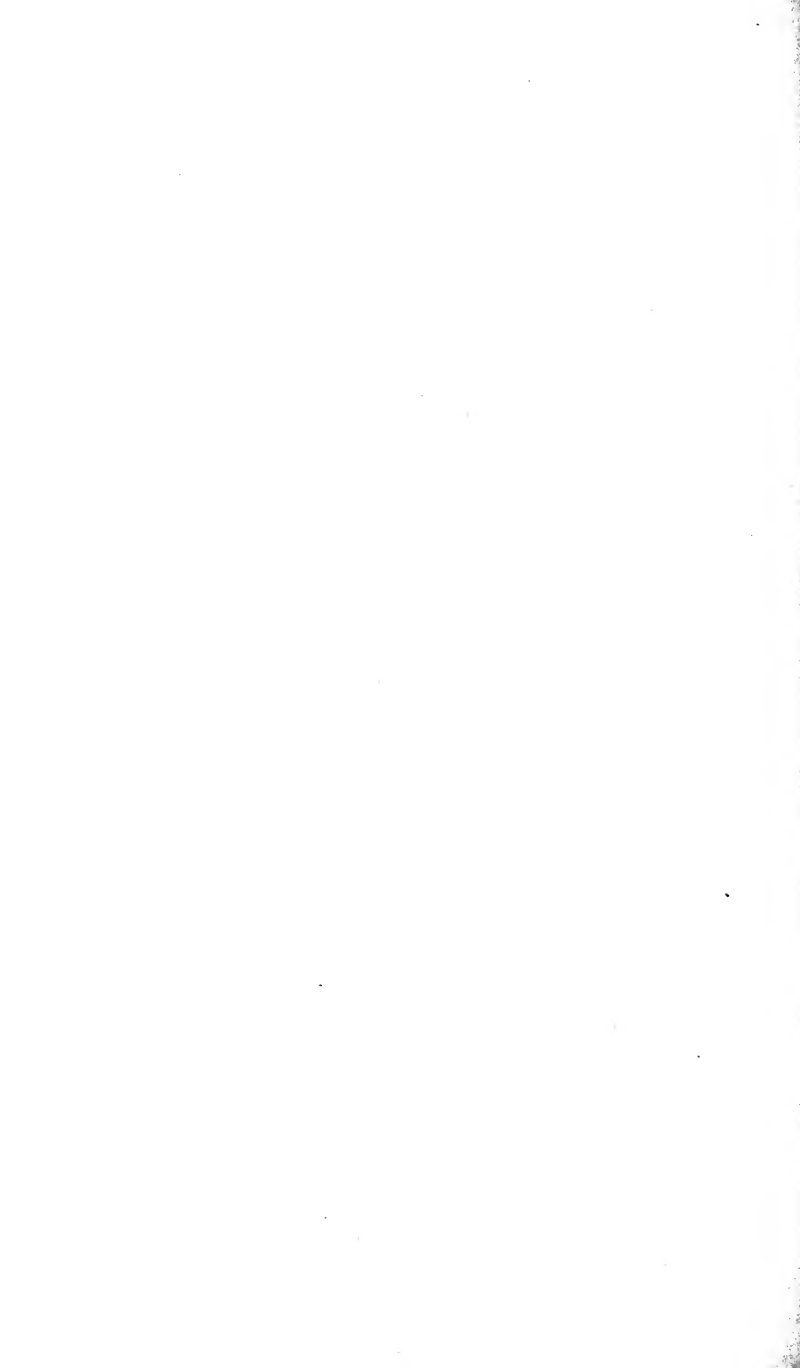
Los Angeles County

1904

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GEO. RICE & SONS

1905



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Officers of the Historical Society

1904

OFFICERS.

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MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....	First Vice-President
DR. J. E. COWLES.....	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary and Curator

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1905

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PROF. MARCUS BAKER

One of the Founders of the Historical Society of
Southern California

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1904

IN MEMORY OF MARCUS BAKER.

By Robert E. C. Stearns.

Emerson tells us that "all virtue lies in minorities." This dictum of the great philosopher appears to be essentially true when we investigate the genesis of public institutions, and find as we do, that the initiative which led to their establishment and subsequent development into an organized force, was made by a few enlightened and public-spirited persons.

If we inquire into the birth and progress of such organizations as are universally admitted to be beneficial to mankind, we find here on the West Coast as well as elsewhere, the substantial truth of the axiom above quoted. We can point to a few conspicuous examples like the California Academy of Sciences founded fifty years ago, in the very height of the "gold fever," by a "a little coterie" of eight men, of whom none are left to see the tree that has grown from the seed they planted. The "College of California," developed logically into the present "University of California," with its staff of 175 professors and instructors,* and we are not without proof of the pertinency of Emerson's words when we consider the beginning of the "Historical Society of Southern California."

The worthy and honored secretary of our society has pub-

*These figures apply to the number at Berkeley; to these we may add the 150 professors and teachers connected with affiliated colleges in San Francisco, exclusive of demonstrators and other assistants. The number of students at Berkeley, March, 1904, is given in the official statement as 2700; in San Francisco, 575.

lished the story of its birth. He has told us how some twenty years ago when Los Angeles was a city more in name than in fact, with a scattered population of 14,000, "a little coterie of representative men" gathered "to organize a historical society."* "Some of these were comparatively new comers, others were pioneers, whose residence in the city covered periods of thirty, forty and fifty years. They had watched its growth from a Mexican pueblo to an American city, had witnessed its transition from the inchoate and revolutionary domination of Mexico to the stable rule of the United States."

Of the fifteen men who assembled on that occasion, a truly small minority of the population of that day, nine have passed into the realm of silence; the membership of four, terminated in various ways; two, only two* remain, to whom be all honor and praise for having kept the lamp burning, which they and their companions lighted two decades ago.

Of that little band of fifteen, it has been my privilege to know the late General John Mansfield, soldier of the Civil War, Lieutenant Governor (1880-1883) ex-officio president of the State Senate and regent of the University of California, "a gentleman of the old school," with whom I have passed many pleasant hours, also our mutual friend, Marcus Baker. It is of the latter more particularly, whose recent death is a most painful bereavement to all who had the good fortune of his acquaintance, that these remarks especially apply.

Some men are born of the spirit or with the spirit, under a lucky star whose serene influence generates that greatness of heart which finds expression in good will and generous service, flowing naturally as a summer stream, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, inspiring confidence and inviting intimacy, while free from those changing moods that cloud the sky of friendship or chill with doubt. Such a man was Marcus Baker, as known to me during an acquaintance and friendship of thirty years. After this tribute of personal feeling his public career and the various activities of his too short life may be briefly stated.

Mr. Baker was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, September 28, 1849. He was the son of John Baker, a farmer well-known in the region where he lived as is seen by the fact that he was twice

*Annual Publication of Historical Society of Southern California, Vol. VI, Part I, for 1903. (1904). Two Decades of Local History, by J. M. Guinn, pp. 41-47.

*H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn.

elected sheriff of his county. Marcus, one of nine children, had first such a common school education as the neighborhood offered and afterwards entered the preparatory department of Kalamazoo College. While in the sophomore class he entered the University of Michigan, graduating A.B. in 1870. He was one of the speakers at the Commencement exercises.

During the summer vacation of that year, he worked with the eminent astronomer, Professor James C. Watson, in computing data for reconstructing lunar tables. In September he applied for the position and was appointed professor of mathematics in Albion College, Michigan, where he remained one year. In 1871, he was offered and accepted a tutorship in the University of Michigan. In January, 1873, Prof. J. E. Hilgard, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, wrote to Professor Watson, requesting him to recommend some one in the University of Michigan, qualified for astronomical field work, in an Alaskan expedition party, and Mr. Baker, then 24 years of age, was named for the position. In March, 1873, he went to Washington and entered, as he said, "upon what proved to be his life work."

In the same year he came to California when his career as a geographer commenced through his connection with the geographical reconnoissance of the Aleutian region of Alaska, for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in charge of Dr. W. H. Dall. Of the various difficulties and impediments encountered in the pursuance of this work, and the importance of Mr. Baker's services, the leader has given his testimony in a recent address before the National Geographic Society in Washington.*

The Alaska work, "being interrupted, Mr. Baker was placed in charge of one of the Coast Survey primary magnetic stations, * * * (that) at Los Angeles, * * * a work the results of which experts in magnetism pronounced admirable." It was while Mr. Baker was in charge of this station that he became one of the fifteen founders of our Historical Society.

Soon after his return to Washington his connection with the Coast Survey terminated, and he was appointed to a position in the United States Geological Survey, where his labors were chiefly geographic and related to the topographic and other charts issued by the Survey. He was secretary and one

*See the National Geographic Magazine, Vol. XV, No. 1, Washington, D. C., January, 1904.

of the most efficient members of the Board of Geographic Names formed by President Harrison to regulate the nomenclature of official publications. He was cartographer of the Venezuela Boundary Commission and compiled the fine Historical Atlas that was used during the deliberations in Paris. This Atlas and the volumes he saw through the press while in the service of the Commission would alone, it has been publicly stated, form a worthy monument to any geographer. Upon the conclusion of the above he returned to his work in the Survey, his labors being given to the preparation of a work on the Synonymy and History of the Geographic Names of Alaska.* "The immense labor involved in preparation and its usefulness to the cartographer and geographer make it of exceptional importance." Aside from his scientific pursuits he had studied law and was a graduate (LL.B) of the Law School of Columbian University (1896), though he never followed the profession, as a business.

Mr. Baker was perhaps more widely known in the scientific circles in the City of Washington than any other man, being actively identified with the management of several of the scientific societies; the Historical Society of the District of Columbia, the Philosophical Society, the Washington Academy of Sciences and the National Geographic Society. Of the latter he was one of fifteen original signers of the Certificate of Incorporation, January 27, 1888. He was also a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was at the time of his death, December 12, 1903, assistant secretary of the Carnegie Institution. He was a man of great industry with extraordinary capacity for accomplishment in many ways, and doing whatever he undertook thoroughly and well. He kept steadily at work practically to the end, attending to his duties with characteristic spirit. So closed his honorable and useful career, beloved by many and highly esteemed by all.

*"A Geographic Dictionary of Alaska," U. S. Geol. Survey, Bulletin No. 187, 1902.

"Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean plain,
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man—meets and parts again."

DOWN IN PANAMA

By J. M. Guinn.

The isthmus of Panama, or Darien, as it was formerly called, is a tie that binds together two continents and a barrier that separates two oceans. To break the barrier and unite two oceans is a problem that has engaged the attention of commercial nations for centuries. Whether the United States, the youngest among the great maritime countries will successfully solve that problem remains to be seen.

It is not of the Panama canal, which is a thing of the future with a history unmade, that I write, but of the Panama Railroad, which, in event of the canal being dug, will become a thing of the past, and of Panama itself as the old-time Californians saw it.

For nearly four hundred years, Panama has figured in the world's history. In but little more than a decade after the discovery of the main land of America, Balboa had scaled the mountain rampart of the isthmus which divides two mighty oceans and discovered the placid waters of the broad Pacific.

A century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock the Spaniards had founded the old city of Panama on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. From the old City of Panama, Pizarro and Almagro fitted out their expeditions for the conquest of Peru. For a century and a half that city was the entrepot for the treasure wrung from the land of the Incas. Convoys carried it over the isthmus to Porto Bello and great, lumbering galleons bore it across the Atlantic to enrich the kings and nobles of Spain. The old City of Panama prospered and grew rich from the mines of Peru and the commerce of the south seas. Its chivalrous dons and proud dames reveled in luxury nor dreamed of the doom impending over their city. The buccaneers of the Spanish Main had long coveted the riches and wealth garnered within it, but the tropical jungles of the isthmus presented an almost insurmountable barrier to these robbers of the high seas.

In 1670, Henry Morgan, the bravest and most brutal of the buccaneers, with a force of one thousand men, after enduring

almost incredible hardships, crossed the isthmus, captured the proud old city, plundered it and burned it. It was never rebuilt. Tropical verdure covers its ruins and its tragic fate is forgotten. The present City of Panama is located some five or six miles south of the site of the old city.

The Panama Railroad was not an outgrowth of the discovery of gold in California. Its inception antedated the report of the discovery in the east, but not the actual date of the event itself. It took nine months for the report of the discovery of gold in California to reach the eastern states.

The acquisition of California and the settlement of the northwest boundary question which gave us undisputed possession of Oregon, turned the attention of our government to the necessity of some shorter route to our western possessions than via Cape Horn. Congress in the winter of 1847-48 authorized the subsidizing of two mail steamship lines—one from New York and New Orleans to Chagres and the other from Panama to California and Oregon. William H. Aspinwall secured the contract for the line on the Pacific side and George Law that on the Atlantic side. The establishment of the steamship lines necessitated the building of a railroad across the isthmus. William H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncy and John L. Stephens were the principal promoters of the enterprise. The New Granadian Government granted these men the exclusive right to build a railroad across the isthmus. The contract was to continue in force 49 years and the road was to be completed in eight years. The discovery of gold in California and the wild rush to the new El Dorado hastened the completion of the road several years and made it from the beginning a profitable enterprise. In 1849 a contract was let to build the road and early in 1850 work was begun on it at Gautum, on the Chagres River.

The Atlantic terminus was located on the island of Manzanilla, near old Navy Bay. The site of the prospective seaport town was one of the most inhospitable spots on God's footstool. No white man had ever set foot on it. Nor had the Indians ever disturbed the red monkeys and reptiles that held possession of it.

In the month of May, 1850, the work of clearing a space to land supplies was begun. The site was a mangrove swamp. The fantastic roots of that queer shrub were interlaced with vines and thorny bushes, so as to form an almost solid mass of jungle. In the black and slimy mud of its surface alligators and other reptiles abounded, while the air was laden with pesti-

lential vapors and swarming with sand flies and mosquitoes. It was at first attempted to build the road by native labor, but the natives found it more profitable to pole the gold seekers up the Chagres River in their bungoes, or to pack the immigrants' baggage over the Cruces Road. So they would not work on a road that, if built, would deprive them of a job.

Then the contractors tried to procure laborers from the United States. Placards were posted up in the cities offering a free passage to California for one hundred days labor on the road. The bait took and thousands availed themselves of the chance to obtain a cheap passage to the land of gold. Most of them remained in Panama. The hot sun, the malarious climate, bad supplies, cholera, Chagres fevers and home-sickness killed them off before their hundred days were up. A ship would land a force of laborers and turn back for another supply; by the time of her return the first were dead or in the hospitals. When the reports of the state of affairs on the road became known in the States no more laborers could be obtained.

Then European laborers were induced to come to the isthmus. English, Irish, French, German and Austrian; and besides these coolies from Hindostan and Chinamen from China were imported to build this highway of the nations. At one time there were 7,000 men of all colors, creeds and races employed. The Chinamen became melancholic. An epidemic of suicide broke out among them and fevers carried them off until there was scarce 200 of the 1000 left. Nor did the Caucasians fare much better than the Mongolians. The remnant of these were shipped back to their homes.

The white man, the brown man and the yellow man had failed and the only recourse left was the black man and he proved a success. Jamaican and Cartagenan negroes were employed. They could stand the climate—grow fat on malaria and bask in the tropical sunshine without fear of being sun-struck. They were a mutinous lot, and it was difficult for the few white bosses to control them. Then some genius hit upon the idea of utilizing the feud that has existed from time immemorial between the Jamaicans and Cartagenans. These antagonistic elements were employed in about equal numbers. When the Cartagenans rebelled the Jamaicans were turned loose upon them and vice versa. Those who survived the fight were willing to go to work and obey orders. Such was the story they told me at Colon forty years ago.

The road was pushed out from the Pacific side and at mid-

night on January 27, 1855, amid darkness and rain the last rail was laid and next day a locomotive passed over the road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No ceremony had been observed when ground was first broken and no golden spike was driven when the mighty enterprise was completed.

There is a saying in Panama, and it has been published over and over again as a fact by the people who have heard it in crossing the isthmus, that the building of the road cost a human life for every tie in its 49 miles. If this were true then about 130,000 lives were sacrificed. But it is not true. A great many of the people down in Panama seem to be descendants of Ananias, although they are not engaged in the real estate business as that worthy was.

The fare over the road from Aspinwall (or Colon, as it is now called) to Panama was \$25, or 50 cents a mile, including switches. I believe it is less now. To many an old Californian who came to the Coast via Panama in the early 50s, his experience on the isthmus rises up before him like a horrible nightmare. When the wild excitement that followed the reports of the wonderful gold discoveries in California spread throughout the eastern states prospective gold seekers studied lines of travel to ascertain which would land them quickest in the new El Dorado. The Panama route appeared to be the shortest and the fact the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had been established on that route induced thousands to take it.

It was easy enough, by sailing vessels or steamship to reach the isthmus from New York or any other Atlantic seaport, but after landing there—then came the rub. The passengers were put ashore on the mud flats at the mouth of the Chagres River. The next stages of the journey were up the river to Gorgona or Cruces in canoes, bungoes or sampans. Then from these river points by mules, donkeys, on foot or on the backs of the natives to Panama. In perils from a treacherous river and still more treacherous native boatmen; in perils from false brethren; in perils from Chagres fever, cholera, yellow jack, mud, mules and miasma: if the prospective Argonaut escaped all these and landed safely in Panama he congratulated himself that the worst was overcome, but frequently he found that his miseries were only begun.

At the beginning of the gold excitement there were but few ships on the Pacific side. Men who had bought through tickets to California found on their arrival at Panama that the connecting vessel on the Pacific side had to make a voyage around

Cape Horn before it was due at Panama; and that they must wait three months before its arrival.

Provisions were high, accommodations poor, the climate vile, all manner of diseases prevalent, thieves, thugs and gamblers abundant, the natives deceitful and to the extent of their ability desperately wicked. In the long wait the money of many of the voyagers gave out, sickness overtook them and death ended their miseries. In 1856, occurred what are known as the Panama riots. While the passengers who had been landed from the railroad were awaiting the arrival of the Californian steamer an altercation occurred between a native orange vendor and a blustering drunken American. In the melee that followed blows were struck, a pistol discharged and a native killed. The sight of blood aroused the wolf in the natures of the natives who had congregated in great numbers, and they massacred some forty or fifty of the California passengers, men, women and children. The fellow who provoked the riot unfortunately escaped unharmed. After that, the steamship company required the west-bound passenger to remain at Aspinwall and the east-bound on the steamer until everything was ready to take them directly across the isthmus. Thus the old city was deprived of the California trade (its chief resource) and it deserved to be.

Panama is a land of revolutions. Most of them farcical, but some of them sanguinary enough. It was my fortune, or good luck, to witness one of the former. It was on a return voyage to the States over thirty-six years ago. The Bay of Panama is so shallow that the California steamers anchor about four miles out. The freight and passengers are taken ashore on lighters. Learning that it would take nine or ten hours to land the freight and baggage, the passengers in the meantime remaining on the steamer, four of us decided to do the old city. Chartering a native and his boat we were rowed to within two or three rods of the shore. Here we found our boat connected with a transportation company, said company consisting of half-a-dozen half-naked natives who offered to carry us ashore for "dos reales" each. The natives were short and I am long, so I selected the tallest member of the company and mounting his shoulders was safely landed outside the city wall. Passing through a hole in the wall probably made by the buccaneers two hundred years ago and not closed up since, we found ourselves in the old city. Proceeding up street we saw that the natives were greatly excited about something. The bells were ringing out merry peals. We were not quite conceited enough

to think it was all on account of our arrival. We made the acquaintance of a French merchant, an old resident, and from him we learned that there was a revolution going on, or rather it had gone on, and we were just in time for the ringing out of the old and the ringing in of a new government. And that was what the bells were doing. It seems that the governor of the sovereign state of Panama had insulted a chivalrous hidalgo, who had a string of titles as long as a ship's cable and a pedigree that ran back to one of Pizzaro's freebooters. The hidalgo fired off at the governor a pronunciamiento a yard long. The governor gave him back two yards of vituperation. Then followed volleys of Castillian billingsgate. The military induced by the offer of a square meal and a bottle of wine each rallied to the support of the hidalgo and the governor and his staff rallied to a fish boat and rowed out to meet the incoming California steamer. The new government was in the process of incubation. The military were much in evidence. The wasp-waisted officers in their tight-fitting coats, their brass and tinsel trappings, were quite pretty, but the common soldiers were a sight to behold. In complexion they ran the gamut of colors from semi-bleached white to ebony black. The only thing uniform about them was their uniform poverty of clothing. They were all barefooted. Some had a pair of pants each, others but a vulgar fraction of a pair to the man. In the matter of shirts the individuality of the individual cropped out. If the rainbow could have seen the colors there displayed it would have gone out of business. As to the remainder of their uniforms there was nothing to speak of.

In the matter of arms there was a pleasing variety. Some were armed with old flint-lock muskets that had done duty against Morgan's buccaneers and had probably not been fired off since. Others had more modern and if possible more useless arms. We were informed that these soldiers were not the regulars, but raw levies. The government evidently had not had time to cook and dress them into veterans.

Some of our statesmen at Washington are anxious to annex the new republic to our family of states. My advice to these statesmen is, go slow—very slow, so slow that the annexation business will come off sometime in the next century—the later along the better.

We have two or three race problems on our hands now that will keep us busy the greater part of the present century. The race problem in Panama would be a question in complex

fractions. The roots of the genealogical trees of most of the natives are more twisted and contorted than roots of a mangrove shrub and that product of Panama can perform more fantastic tricks with its roots than any other member of the vegetable kingdom. It is these racial nondescripts—the fellows of undefined lineage—that give government the most trouble. There are educated and refined ladies and gentlemen in Panama, both natives and foreigners, but the majority of the natives and some of the imports are ignorant, indolent, superstitious and bigoted. They hate foreigners. My advice to our annexing statesmen, if it were asked, would be—Let the new republic of Panama work out its own salvation—or the opposite—and it will be the opposite if it does any working.

SEQUOYAH.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

By Dr. J. D. Moody.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there was quite an immigration of German people from Bavaria to that part of our country which is now included in the state of Georgia. Like the Mayflower emigration from Holland this one was also a religious movement. An effort was made to exclude unworthy people from these companies.

However, in one such company, in 1739, a family managed to be included who belonged to this latter class. Instead of being religious in profession, as were the others, they were indolent, ignorant and superstitious. Their name, which is variously given as Gist, Guest, Guess or Gisb, was destined to be perpetuated by a singular combination of circumstances.

Soon after their arrival there was born to them a son to whom the name of George was given. He grew up the black sheep of the community.

Their home was within the limits of the great Cherokee nation. Trading privileges with the Indians was closely guarded by the whites. George Guest, as he was called, sought such a peddler's license, but being held in low repute, he was refused. This did not seem to worry him in the least and he became a contraband trader.

In 1768 he started on a trading trip through the Cherokee nation. While on this trip, he married an Indian maiden, after the loose manner of the times. They lived together for a number of months, but tiring of his bargain, the German peddler quietly stole away one night and was never afterwards heard from.

In 1770 there was born to this deserted wife a boy baby. In the soft language of the Cherokee people she named him Sequo-yah, which means "he guessed it."

This Indian woman was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and energy. Her family were among the leading spirits of the nation. The love which would have been given to the husband, was now bestowed upon the child. As he grew up

he was taught all of the traditions and cunning of his Indian ancestry. He did not care to mingle in play with other Indian boys, but wandered much alone in the forest, when he was not with his mother. He would build little houses in the woods, and developed considerable skill in carving objects from wood with his knife. As he grew older he made wooden milk pails and skimmers for his mother. He helped her in many ways, preferring to do this to other work, which he did not like.

About this time missionaries came to the Indian people and established schools and churches. He heard much about this new religion, and the learning of the schools. He talked with his associates upon all the knotty points of law, religion and art. Indian thesim and panthesim were measured against the gospel as taught by the land-seeking, fur-buying adventurers.

"From his mother he inherited his energy and persevering nature, his meditative and philosophical inclinations from his father."

He inherited an "odd compound of Indian and German transcendentalism, essentially Indian in opinion, but German in instinct and thought." His pagan faith was unsettled, but he did not become a convert to Christianity.

In time he became a good trader, traveling throughout the country and accumulating some property. His mechanical ability seems to have developed rapidly. Much of the silver which he got in trade, he beat into rings, bands for the head, breast plates, necklaces, etc., etc. He soon became the greatest silversmith of his tribe.

Later, he took up blacksmithing, making all of his own tools and appliances. He had seen trade marks stamped upon metal goods in possession of the whites. He thought it would be an advantage to him to have the same on his wares. He got an English friend to write his English name, and from this he made a steel die, and henceforth all of his silver goods were stamped with his name—George Guess. Many such stamped articles are said to be, even now, in the possession of old Cherokee families.

He next began to turn his attention to art, and made sketches of the familiar animals about his home. At first these were rudely drawn, but he improved in this and did some creditable work.

He became a famous story-teller around their campfires and in their gatherings.

About this time he saw a letter in the possession of a white

man. For the first time he realized the far-reaching possibilities that lay in a written language. "Much that red man know they forget," said Sequoyah, "they have no way to preserve it. White men make what they know fast on paper, like catching a wild animal and taming it."

The thought took possession of him. He pondered over it continually. From one of the missionaries he got a spelling book, and studied the alphabet. He tried to arrange one for the Cherokee language. After many trials based upon a profound reasoning hardly to be expected in an Indian, Sequoyah invented a syllabic alphabet. Some of the characters were taken from the English and some were of his own devising. To teach it to his own people now became the passion of his life. His young daughter was his first pupil, and she proved a very apt one. White men—men of intelligence—laughed at his idea and denounced it as unpracticable. But with a dogged perseverance he induced some Indian friends to learn it, and to their astonishment they were easily able to read their own language in the new writing. And in a comparatively short time the Indians were generally able to carry on a correspondence by means of it. Books and papers were published in the new characters. Sequoyah, at one bound, became one of the world's noted men. This story is one of the literary romances of the age.

Sequoyah had now become a sufferer from rheumatism and for some time was confined to his cabin. He had time to think. He did think. His associations with intelligent whites had given him new ideas, and now his days were given up to dreaming. As a result, "he formed a theory of certain relations in the languages of the Indian tribes, and conceived the idea of writing a book on the points of similarity and divergence." But to do this he needed a wider acquaintance with Indian languages. To gain this he packed a few belongings in an ox cart and started in on a unique "philological crusade." He made several journeys among different tribes near the home land.

Among his own people there was a tradition that in some period antedating the arrival of the whites, a portion of the Cherokee nation had emigrated to the far west in the region of what is now New Mexico. He formed the resolve to go in search of them and to visit all tribes on the way in the interests of his theory. Accompanied by a boy, in his ox cart, he started on this long journey some time in the year 1840.

He journeyed into New Mexico interviewing everyone as to the whereabouts of his people, and as to their languages. He was received kindly wherever he went. But in some way his mission was not a success. He became despondent. The trip was too exhausting for one of his age. At last he found his way to San Fernando, in Northern Mexico, and there in the year 1842 he was taken sick and died, and with him died the great dream of his mature years.

There is but little to be found in print about Sequoyah. Tecumseh, Blackhawk, Pontiac, King Philip and other noted warriors are known to every school boy, but Sequoyah, I venture to say, is unknown to ninety-nine in every hundred of our people.

Though having white blood in his veins he was essentially an Indian. Many white people proudly trace their lineage back to Pocahontas, yet our hero, so little known, did more for the advancement of his people than did any aborigine known to history. He deserves a better fate. His name might well be emblazoned in song and story.

In some city in our land—once his—a monument should be erected to his memory. Congress, at one time, contemplated having his remains removed and a monument erected over them. But this was never done.

And now I desire to state my reason for reading this paper. It is, that we might do ourselves the honor in taking the initiative in having his remains removed to American soil, preferably his native land, and a suitable monument erected to his memory.

I urge that steps looking to such action be taken. Can the grave be located now? I do not know. We can only try, and until then, with Bryant, question—

“Are they here—
The dead of other days?”

Scattered all over our country are the tombs of its former inhabitants. They are silent witnesses to human hopes and human tragedies. We who have come into the heritage of this ancient people owe it to them that all record of their past be not blotted out, but that they, at least, have a name left to them in the earth.

This one lonely grave in foreign soil calls for recognition. Will we not heed it?

“No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave.”

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION OF 1831:
A NOTABLE MANIFESTO.

By H. D. Barrows.

The Native Californians have been charged with fomenting frequent revolutions. But when we consider their treatment by both the Spanish and the Mexican governments, we are not surprised at their resentment, nor at their attempts to redress the wrongs which they suffered.

The Protest, or Pronunciamiento, of 1831, promulgated by Pico, Bandini, Carrillo and others, which inaugurated the movement against Governor Victoria, and which resulted in his being driven out of the country, was a statesmanlike document. It gave good and valid reasons for the action of the patriotic men who sought to terminate evils which had become intolerable, and which are briefly and in part recounted in the following manifesto.

If the reasons given in our own Declaration of Independence for revolution received the approval of mankind, certainly those cited in this document are equally entitled to indorsement by all fair-minded men.

Bancroft, in the third volume of his History of California, chap. VII, pp. 181-215, gives a vivid account of the rule and overthrow of Governor Victoria. Indeed, in some respects this chapter describes one of the most interesting and dramatic episodes in early California history.

Some of the principal causes of the Revolution of 1831 are herewith briefly pointed out:

1. After the organization of republican government in Mexico, which succeeded the downfall of the imperial regime under Iturbide, the Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens in conformity with regulations that were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828.

And, inasmuch as under this law and these regulations the co-operation and approval of the legislative department of the government of California were necessary in order to make

grants of lands to citizens legal; and, as Victoria neglected and finally flatly refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the Territorial Legislature together, the people naturally became indignant that the beneficent land laws of the republic should be thus arbitrarily rendered absolutely inoperative so far as they related to California.

2. The people of Los Angeles had become exasperated with Victoria, 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 of the pueblo under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority, or for some trivial offence, etc., were inspired by Victoria.

His suspension of the Departmental Assembly and his attempts to have all elective ayuntamientos abolished and to have military rule substituted; and his barbarous ordering that several persons should be shot for comparatively trivial offences, etc., etc., were among the causes of the people's exasperation, and as a result of which, the following proclamation was issued:

Pronunciamiento de San Diego contra el Gefe Politico y Comandante General de California, Don Manuel Victoria, en 29 de Noviembre, y 1 de Diciembre de 1831, MS.

MEXICAN CITIZENS, RESIDING IN THE UPPER TERRITORY OF THE
CALIFORNIA.

If the enterprise we undertake were intended to violate the provisions of the laws, if our acts in venturing to oppose the scandalous acts of the actual Governor, D. Manuel Victoria, were guided by aims unworthy of patriotic citizens, then should we not only fear, but know, the fatal results to which we must be condemned. Such, however, not being the case, we, guided in the path of justice, animated by love of our Soil, duly respecting the laws dictated by our supreme legislature and enthusiastic for their support, find ourselves obliged, on account of the criminal abuse noted in the said chief, to adopt the measures here made known.

Being conscious of the purity of our motives we proceed, not against the Supreme Government or its magistrates, but rather against an individual who has violated the fundamental bases of our system; or, in fact against a tyrant who has hypocritically deceived the national authorities, in order that he might thereby reach the rank to which, without deserving it he

has been raised.

The Ruler of the Universe, and Searcher of all hearts, knows that we are actuated only by the sincerest love of country, respect for the laws, a desire to obey them and make them obeyed, and to banish the abuses, which, with accelerated steps, the actual ruler is committing against the liberties of the people. These sentiments we insist are in accordance with public right and moral law.

We will maintain these truths before the National Sovereignty with confidence that our course will meet with full and unqualified approval.

From the sentiments herein indicated may be clearly inferred the patriotic spirit which moves us to the proceeding this day begun; and the knowledge that such sentiments are entertained by the people of Alta California, assures us that our action will be sustained by all who live in this unfortunate country.

As for the military officers in actual service, opposition is naturally to be expected from them to our plan, and we must allow them at first this unfavorable opinion demanded by their profession; but not so later, when they shall have fully learned the wise and beneficent intentions with which we act; for they also, as Mexican citizens, are in duty bound to maintain inviolate the code to which we have all sworn.

We believe that your minds are ever decided in favor of the preservation of society, and your arms are ready for the service of whomsoever may assure happiness, and in support of the laws which promulgate its representation.

You have had positive proof of the contrary spirit shown by the arbitrary acts of the present chief executive of our Province. We point you to many of his criminal acts, to his plain infractions of the laws, committed against the Territorial representation, which has been suppressed on pretexts that amply confirm his absolutism, though the members were elected by you to be the arcas (repository) of your liberties; to the total suppression of the Ayuntamiento (Town Council) of Santa Barbara; the shooting of several persons by his order at Monterey and San Francisco, without the necessary precedent formalities prescribed by the laws; the expatriation suffered by the citizens Jose Antonio Carrillo and Abel Stearns without notification of the reasons demanding it; the scorn with which he has treated the most just demand which, with legal proofs, was presented by the Honorable Pueblo of Los Angeles, leaving unpunished the public crimes of the present Alcalde; and,—not to

weary you with further reflections of this nature,—please consider the arbitrary powers which he has assumed in the department of revenues, making himself its chief, with grave injury to the public funds.

We trust that after you know our aims you will regard the removal of all these evils as demanding the co-operation of every citizen. The said ruler has not only shown himself shameless in the violation of law, but has at the same time imperilled our security and interests by reason of his despotism and incapacity.

You yourselves are experiencing the misfortunes that have happened during his brief administration, of the office of Governor.

For all these reasons we have proposed :

1st. To suspend the exercise of Don Manuel Victoria in all that relates to the command which he at present holds in this Territory as Comandante-General and Gefe-Politico, for infraction and conspiracy against our sacred institutions, as we will show by legal proofs.

2nd. That when at a fitting time, the Excelentissima Diputacion Territorial (Honorable Territorial Assembly) shall have met, the military command and the political command shall fall to distinct and separate persons, as the laws of both jurisdictions provide, until the question is definitely decided by the supreme Federal authority.

These two objects, so just for the reasons given, are those which demand attention from the true patriot.

Then let the rights of the citizen be born anew; let Liberty spring up from the ashes of oppression, and perish the despotism that has trampled ruthlessly on our sacred rights!

Yes, Citizens! Love of country and observance of the laws prescribed and approved by the Supreme Republic are and should be the fundamental basis of our action. Property must be respected as well as the rights of each citizen. Our Diputacion Territorial will work and will take all the steps conducive to the good of society; but we beg that body that it make no innovation whatever in the matter of the Missions, respecting their communities and property, since our object is confined solely to the two articles as stated. To the Supreme Government belongs exclusively the power to decide what it may deem proper on this subject, and it promises to the Padres to observe respect, decorum, and security towards the property intrusted to their care.

Thus we sign it, and we hope for indulgence in considera-

tion of our rights and justice. Presidio of San Diego, Nov. 29, 1831.

(Signed with respective titles.)

PIO PICO,

JUAN BANDINI,

JOSE ANTONIO CARRILLO.

Approval of Pronunciamento by Citizens of Los Angeles.

We, Jose Maria Echeandia, Pio Pico, Juan Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrillo, Pablo de la Portilla, Santiago Arguello, Jose Maria Ramirez, Ignacio del Valle, Juan Jose Rocha, and Sergeant Andres Cervantes (as Comandante of Artillery) being acquainted with the preceding plan signed by Pico, Bandini and Carrillo, (according to which the people of this place surprised the small garrison of this Plaza on the night of November 29th), consider it founded on our national right, since it is known to us on satisfactory evidence, that the Gefe Politico (Governor) and Comandante General (Military Commander) of the Territory, Don Manuel Victoria, has infringed our Federal Constitution and laws in that part relating to individual security and popular representation; and we find ourselves not in a position to be heard with the promptness our rights demand by the supreme powers of the Nation, which might order the suspension that is effected in the plan, if they could see and prove the accusations which give rise to so many complaints.

But at the same time, in order to secure in this movement the best order, and a path which may not lead us away from the object proposed, we declare and ordain that Lieut.-Col. of Engineers, citizen Jose Maria de Echeandia, shall re-assume the command, political and military, of the Territory, which this same year he gave up to the said Senor Victoria—this until the Supreme (Federal) Government may determine, after the proper correspondence, or until, the Diputacion (Legislature) being assembled, distinct (separate) persons may in legal form take charge of the two commands. And the said chief having appeared at our invitation, and, being informed on the subject, he decided to serve in both capacities as stated, protesting, however, that he does it solely in support of public liberty according to the system which he had sworn, and for the preservation of order, pending submission to the approval of the supreme powers of the Nation.

Thus, all being said publicly, and the proclamation in favor of Senor Echeandia being general, he began immediately to dis-

charge the duties of the command. And in token thereof we sign together with said chief—both the promoters of the plan who signed it and we who have seconded it—today between 11 and 12 o'clock, Dec. 1, 1831.

(Signed) Jose Maria Echeandia, Pio Pico, Juan Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrilo, Pablo de la Portilla, Santiago Arguello, Jose Maria Ramirez, Ignacio del Valle, Juan Jose Rocha, (and as comandante of the Artillery detachment), Sergt. Andres Cervantes.

"PINACATE."

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Hark! a flute like sound falls on memory's ear—a bright rippling staccato air, like the note of a mocking bird—and I see again the squat dark form of poor Pinacate as he marches down the middle of the main street playing his little home-made reed flute. As he comes along in the shadows of the low "adobe" houses the children run out and follow behind. Chonita, Tulita and numerous others, determined not to lose a single note—proudly he holds his head higher and plays his only air—with no beginning and no end. It is early summer and the air is laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, and the sweet breath of the surrounding vineyards. The hills above the old plaza look green, cool and inviting. It will soon be vesper time—even now the bells are pealing forth their invitation to the faithful, but unheeding poor, weak, broken Pinacate marches on, playing his flute with the one object in view, that some one may pity and give him a "real" to buy that which will quench his burning thirst. Too proud to ask, he plays one air of his own composition, with the hope that it will tell its own story. Now a door opens and Tulita with black hair flying runs across the street and slips a "real" into his hand and as silently speeds back to "La Señora," who smiles sadly and says, "Poor Pinacate," his was a different life a few years ago. When the Padres held sway over the Indians—"Pinacate" led the mission choir—every Sunday he solemnly climbed the old stairway of the mission church, and proudly led the choir with his flute. In the long summer afternoons he and his choir of four instruments imbued with the spirit of the day rendered simple music in a sad minor key for the benefit of those who remained at home from the Sunday races and cock fights. Their visits from house to house were always welcome, as the music broke the monotony of an otherwise long and lonely Sunday afternoon. The twang of the old guitar, the long drawn out notes of the violin, the bird-like ripples of the flute, sweet crude sounds that they were, linger in ear of memory still.

A few years after the Americans came to the Mission all

was changed for Pinacate and his companions. Small "tiendas" were set up in close proximity to the church and all things to entice the poor Indian were displayed in them from bright blankets and red and yellow banner-like handkerchiefs to the more seductive "Agua ardiente." Whether it was his own weakness or the cupidity of the Tiendero that caused his fall who can tell? Both, perhaps. Now he no longer climbed the old stairway on Sunday but lay at the bottom, oblivious to the call of the bells—an object of derision, even his name forgotten. Some one had given him an old black coat whose tails swept the ground, and in a spirit of mockery his former friends named him "Pinacate." The only thing that remained with him of his past was his little reed flute to which he clung with childish tenacity—the one tie between him and his past. His life now had become so unbearable that it was impossible to live in the mission. No money, no friends, no position, even the little Indian children who had followed the music on Sunday now ran behind him calling "Pinacate! Pinacate!"

A golden sun was setting in a sea of golden dust—beneath the purple hills lent themselves as a border to the skirt of the yellow sky, a glow blushed over the mountain, and reflected in the sky above, making them look as though pressed by some gigantic roller against the horizon—the glory was of the heavens—all earth was dry, as no rain had fallen for many months; all seemed as sad and sorrowful as the heart bereft of love and hope, and happiness. The tumble weeds lay in the roadside ruts as if in waiting for the winds to speed them on their travels across the undulating plains. The ground owl sat a solitary sentinel on the mound of his companion, the squirrel. Along the dreary and dusty road, around the breast of a sloping hill, from its deep shadows into the dazzling light of the setting sun came walking haltingly a drooping figure. Pausing, Pinacate pushed his old dust-covered hat back from his seamed and careworn face, and looked back upon the dreary road trailing its dusty garments in the gathering twilight—its distance from the Mission to the Pueblo not measured by miles, but by his irrevocable separation from all that he had cared for in his youth—his church, his music. With feelings too deep for words he smote his chest with his fist and heaved a sigh from the depths of his heart, a sigh so deep that the motionless owl winked his amber eyes, and hid his head beneath the mound on which he had sat. "No!" he muttered, and turning, he set his face towards the setting sun. Coming to a bright patch of "Concha l'aguas" their pink faces upturned to

the fading sky, he rested upon the dusty roadside and communed with himself. Yes, no one would know him in the Pueblo. He would play upon his flute and some one would give him money, and he could drink and forget. And so it came to pass that the little rippling staccato air echoed every afternoon in the corners of the old plaza, and down the main street. Horsemen and pedestrians turned to look and smile at the player, feeling the cheerful note. If he felt sad, no one knew it, for the brightness of the little air left no doubt in their minds. If the bells of the old church awakened any feeling of regret in his heart none knew, as he never spoke.

Years went by and then the little air was heard no more. One morning "La Señora," sitting at her window sewing, seeing the Indians going out to the grape pruning in the vineyards, called to them and asked "Where is Pinacate? I have not heard his flute lately." Capitan, Tin Tin, Ramona, and others of Pinacate's friends turning and gazing sadly at her, said, "Did you not know Señora. We found him in the vineyard just able to speak. 'Take me back to the mission,' he said; 'Me and my flute.' So we took him in the carretta that Chona brought from San Gabriel and now he lies behind the church." Time has long since effaced his grave, but there are some who still remember his quaint figure, his happy little air, and the tragedy of his life.

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LOUIS ROEDER	J. M. GUINN
H. D. BARROWS	O. R. DOUGHERTY
J. F. BURNS	MRS. LAURA E. KING
MRS. VIRGINIA W. DAVIS	

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

LOUIS ROEDER	MRS. J. L. SLAUGHTER
DR. K. D. WISE	MRS. JENNIE S. REID
MRS. L. M. FOY	DR. A. H. WERN
S. B. SMITH	

ENTERTAINMENT.

R. W. READY	MRS. J. W. GILLETTE
MRS. J. G. NEWELL	MRS. MARY FRANKLIN
MRS. M. TEED	MRS. HARRIET S. PERRY
CHAS. H. WHITE	MRS. ANNA SPENCE
J. L. SLAUGHTER	C. N. WILSON

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

DR. H. S. ORME	J. L. STARR
J. M. RILEY	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK
H. A. BARCLAY	HENRY J. HERWIG
MRS. ABBIE HILLER	

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

CONSTITUTION

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 to 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; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

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 first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be 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 society 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. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

(Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.)

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birthplace, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken

for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. 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 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect a member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be

necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be

held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. 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 meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

- Reading minutes of previous meeting.
- Music.
- Reports of committee on membership.
- Election of New Members.
- Reading of applications for membership.
- Music.
- Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.
- Music or recitations.
- Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.
- Unfinished business.
- New business.
- Reports of committees.
- Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.
- Music.
- Is any member in need of assistance?
- Good of the society.
- Receipts of the evening.
- Adjournment.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

I beg leave to submit the following report of the finances of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County for the year ending August 31, 1904:

Balance on hand August 31, 1903	\$ 92.06
Collections to September 1, 1904	318.50

Total balance and receipts	\$410.56
Disbursement to September 1, 1904	\$308.05

Leaving a balance cash on hand of\$102.51
 Received bills covering each item of the disbursements are submitted with this report.
 September 1, 1904.

Respectfully submitted,
 LOUIS ROEDER,
 Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Gentlemen and Ladies:—In accordance with the requirements of our By-Laws, I herewith present my annual report for the year ending August 31, 1904. With this meeting the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County completes the seventh year of its existence.

Since its organization 454 members have been enrolled. Of these 73 have died and 15 have been dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving at present a membership of 366.

Thirty-two new members have been taken into its membership since our last annual meeting and 19 have died.

FINANCES.

Balance in the hands of the Treasurer August 31, 1903	\$ 92.06
Collections	318.50

Total, balance and receipts	\$410.56
Disbursements	\$308.05

Balance on hand	\$102.51
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RELIEF.

Our deceased brother, J. D. Dunlap, during his long sickness, was voted \$20 relief. And for another needy brother a collection amounting to \$7.50 was taken up.

The meetings of the society have generally been well attended and interesting programs presented.

September 1, 1904.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. GUINN,
Secretary.

Los Angeles, Dec. 3, 1904.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County: Gentlemen and Ladies:

Your Committee on Finance to whom was referred the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year ending August 31st, 1904, beg leave, respectfully, to report that we have examined carefully the receipts, expenditures, stubs, etc., for the fiscal year commencing Aug. 31st, 1903, and ending Aug. 31st, 1904, and find the same correct, leaving a balance in the Treasury at the latter date of \$102.51.

Respectfully submitted,
W. H. WORKMAN,
C. G. KEYES,
H. A. BARCLAY,
Finance Committee.

LOS ANGELES—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

(Extracts from a paper read by L. T. Fisher at the January meeting of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.)

The winter of 1872-73 was an exceptionally cold one in Central Kentucky. The writer then and there decided to hunt for a more genial climate. In the following May he left his home in Paris for California. After a stay of nine months in San Francisco he came south to assist a Methodist preacher in starting a newspaper at Wilmington. The reverend gentleman soon tired of his "job" and I fell heir to the situation. From that day to this I have been more or less identified with newspaper work in this genial southland.

My first experiences in Southern California were novel, indeed, coming as I did from the interior of a middle state. The great Pacific ocean, the barren mountains and brown plains, the different growths of trees and grasses, the fenceless country, and its wide-spread wastefulness, and the great diversity of peoples, with their "confusion of tongues" and strange manners and customs, all combined into a strange spectacle. These things were, however, a stimulus to me in my newspaper work, as I had in them the spur of novelty. In a little while I "caught on" to the inflated style of bragadocio about the country, and my friends back in Kentucky began to think that I had become a veritable Munchausen.

The material for reference I found so super abundant that I at once gave up in despair and determined to rely upon my own accumulated knowledge, and a few facts gathered from others.

As a "starter" I decided to take a bird's-eye view from an elevated station on Beaudry avenue. It had rained, and the hills and valleys were clothed in a beautiful velvety green; and their royal highnesses the mountains, had put on great white crowns. The view was an inspiring one, indeed. I could see the valley, in an entire circuit bounded by the mountains and ocean. "Old Baldy," "Old Grayback" and San Jacinto, snow-crowned, and brightened by the golden sunshine, favored the conceit of three fine old gentlemen smiling approvingly upon

the beautiful, rich prospect spread out at their feet. This valley is the territory that forms the chief semi-tropic glory of our southland. On a rough estimate, I should guess that it covers about fifteen hundred square miles. There is scarcely a territory of equal proportions on the face of the globe towards which so many people are wistfully turning their thoughts. While it is on the great highway of commerce, its unmatched climate, marvelous productive capacity, natural beauty and easy accessibility will always render it pre-eminently the land of homes.

Los Angeles county contains 4,000 square miles, much of which is desert and mountains, but little of it is waste, as one contains much valuable mineral, and the other is a valuable water source. I have no data as to the assessment of '74, when I came here. The country was covered by big ranches that were little else than barren plains over which inferior cattle, horses and sheep roamed. It was sneeringly referred to by the up-country people as a "cow county." (They sing in a different key now.) A scant belt of orange and lemon trees were about the suburbs of the city, and a few duplicates at San Gabriel, San Fernando, and San Juan Capistrano. These were the oases in a comparative desert of waste land. There were a few dilapidated villages, such as Wilmington, El Monte, Downey, Anaheim, Santa Ana, and a few others.

The closing of the thirty years, since '74, presents a very different spectacle—some of the older villages have expanded into cities, and many new and prosperous places have come into existence. Pasadena, Santa Monica, Pomona, San Pedro, Redondo, Long Beach, and many others have become important centers, and are the nuclei of prosperous districts. The water development has been immense, and as a result extensive cultivation and tree-planting have followed, and railroad development and home building have not lagged. Under the care of push and enterprise the desert has been made to blossom and the mountains to give up their richness.

The old pueblo of Los Angeles was five miles square, making twenty-five square miles. Greater Los Angeles spreads over a surface of 43.27 square miles, or 27,695 acres. In '74 the city had a population of 10,000; now it is over 150,000. Downey Block was the center of business, and along with the Temple & Workman block, were the "swell" edifices of the city. The former is now being torn down to make room for a great post-office. The territory between First street and the Plaza, and Broadway and Alameda street, included about all the business.

There was quite a ragged suburbs of orchards, vineyards and small residences—mostly adobe. A horse corral occupied the site of the Nadeau Hotel, and another that of the Hollenbeck Hotel. The Pico House (now the National Hotel) was the Angelus of those days. A lot of adobe shanties held the place of the Baker Block. Board sidewalks where there was any, or dirt, full of chuck holes, were the terror of belated "clubmen," hunting for their awaiting spouses. In a word, the City of the Angels was unique, from any standpoint.

This "Cow-county" capital was out of touch with the outside world, except by stage and steamboat, and far away San Francisco was the metropolis. There were three daily papers of a most provincial type. And they satisfied the sleepy curiosity of the times.

My advent into the city was exceedingly pleasant, because I got into good fellowship with a lot of as royal souls as ever dwelled in human breast. (And just here so many delightful memories crowd upon my mind that I can only send forth a prayer for the eternal peace of those good souls that have gone over on the other side. Only a few of them are left.)

The boom days mark the line that divides the old from the new. Of course they didn't come all at once. The tender-foot came in by the carload, and began to catch on. This rather jarred the Arcadian peace of the *dolce far niente* dreamers. Well, the hurricane finally broke loose. There were 1500 real estate brokers; and a good many thousand suckers. Those were unique times, when Ben Ward sold real estate with a brass band and a free dinner on the ground. Men stood in line all night to get a first choice of lots. It was a time of ecstatic delirium or gloomy cussedness, according as it panned out. Some had wealth forced upon them and some had it forced from them. However, we may view the matter it is certain that Los Angeles took a number of steps forward that she has never lost. There have been lulls and lessons of caution learned, but this sunny land has never made any back-steps that it has not quickly regained.

The new Los Angeles is one of the most unique cities of modern times. The mental vision of all civilized peoples is more or less focused on this semi-tropic capital. It is embraced in the itinerary of all globe-trotters. It is a Mecca for all tramps—some of whom come in palace cars, some ride break-beams, and others walk. The circus, the theater and the hurdy-gurdy find it a rich harvest field. The famous eastern preacher, whose

voice has succumbed to the rigors of a bad climate and over-work considers it a God-send to spend his vacation here. And those who have been ushered by Horace Greeley's advice consider this as far west as they want to go.

We have not traveled as far heavenward by the elevator route, as New York, but we can give that rushing city pointers in selling real estate. We sell the climate and offer the land as premium, and raise flowers enough to throw bouquets at any old thing that comes along. In fact, our climate is the magnet that draws, where everything else fails. There are only a few hundred square miles of it and there is no more like it. Hence we draw all kinds of people, and our social and business characteristics are as far-reaching as human taste and needs can make them. In a word the Angel City is cosmopolitan.

In manufactures and trade, in mechanic and fine arts, in science and literature, in journalism, in home-making, in fun and folly, we are on the crest of a high-rolling wave, and the breaking point is not yet in sight.

Notwithstanding this city is on the outer rim of the "wild woolly west," it is a thought center. There is some sort of organized recognition of every vagary that agitates the human mind—we have people here who believe everything, and some who believe nothing, and every shade of thinker between these extremes. There are churches and churches, societies and societies, clubs and clubs, and one who cannot find something to suit him must be hard to please, indeed.

The city is making a wonderful growth, but there is method in all this push. The former boom was a little "wild," in the present there is a careful counting of the cost at each advance.

The Angeleno, who is thoroughly "acclimated," is not governed by the notions of slower communities. We have built a railroad to the top of the nearby mountains; and from these heights we amuse ourselves at night by illuminating the millionaire palaces of Pasadena with a powerful search-light. We have also built an observatory on the same elevation and employed an expert to keep watch on the fellows on other planets, who might possibly open up some scheme that would interfere with our future plans.

They are also engineering some unique movements at the seaside. There is now a stretch of resorts from Santa Monica to Newport—a distance of some fifty miles. There wharves, bath houses, pavilions and cottages by the thousand—and a miniature Venice is in progress at one of the points. All of

these seaside resorts and other places over this great valley are reached by an electric system of railways, that spread out from the city like the spokes of a wheel, and the accommodation is not surpassed anywhere in the world.

* * * * *

While Los Angeles is performing some marvelous "tricks" she is going to take herself seriously. This city is in line with the great world movement, and there is no way to shut her out.

In a few years the "City of the Angels" will be ready for the big ships from over the sea. The Panama canal is among the certainties, great railway improvements are already completed, and still greater projects are in embryo. Railroad enterprise is planning to traverse the full length of South America. The Central American states will continue the line to Mexico; from which point continuous rail connection extends to Portland, Oregon. A preliminary movement is already on foot for a grand rail extension up through Alaska, and we are promised a great float (as at Port Costa) to carry trains across Behring's strait. Russia has built a trunk line southward, and China is getting ready to throw open her vast possessions to railway enterprise and trade. Powerful syndicates—starting from Cape Colony and the Mediterranean—will meet somewhere in the heart of the dark continent. These great trunk enterprises once completed, tributary movements will quickly start up and the whole world will be "gridironed" with the bands of commerce and travel.

In the meantime, Edison, Tesler, Marconi, Dumont, and others will go on performing "miracles," widening the road that leads to permanent independence and comfort. All nations will soon be in close touch, and the race will become more and more homogeuous, with its united interests and perhaps a common language. The New West will send back to the Old East not only the principal, but compound interest for past favors.

This oneness will engender finer and more tender sentiments of brotherhood. Modern methods will be so complete the machine will be the only slave, and do such faithful service that there will be an abundance for all, and greed will retire, shame-faced, forever from human sight. There are great things in sight for the human family, and before the first quarter of the 20th century shall have passed, we will all have learned that the grandest, profoundest of all lessons,—the fruitage of the long past, is this: Man was not made to mourn; happiness is the true goal of human existence!

SOME HISTORIC FADS AND FAKES.

By J. M. Guinn.

The title of my subject—"Fads and Fakes"—is not classical English. It is not dictionary English. Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer of England, was dead a century or more before the words were coined, and Noah Webster never heard of a fad or a fake—so he did not get them into his Unabridged.

As to the philological genealogy of "fad" I confess my ignorance. It may be derived from some Latin or Greek word, or it may be Chinese or Choctow—more than likely it has no paternity, but like Topsy "just growed." It is simply United States slang made for an emergency—fitted to the circumstance that called it into existence; and it stuck because it struck that popular fancy that likes to take short cuts in its vocabulary—a fad is a new idea—fashion, trick, notion or get-rich-quick scheme that suddenly becomes popular, has its run wanes, dies and is forgotten.

A fake is a near relative to a fakir. The fakirs, you know, are a guild of oriental monks or priests who eke out an existence by begging, by tricks of legerdemain and other dubious methods. Consequently a fake is closely allied to fraud. Fads and fakes often hunt in couples and when a fad begins to degenerate into a fake it has lost all claim to respectability. To write the history of all the fads that have had their day since the tulip fad of Holland two or three centuries ago, when a rare tulip bulb sold for \$30,000 and stolid Dutch merchants traded ships and their cargoes for choice collections of tulip tubers that were of no utility and scant beauty, down to the Belgian hare craze of two or three years ago in California, when a buck hare whose commercial value was 25 cents sold for a thousand dollars—to write the history of all these would fill volumes. The

story of by-gone fads and fakes, if well written would amuse and possibly instruct—that is if credulous humanity ever profits from the experiences of its forbears.

In my brief story I shall confine myself to fads and fakes of California origin, and of recent date.

The famine years of 1863 and 1864 put an end to cattle raising as the distinctive industry of Southern California and compelled the agriculturists of the south to cast about for some other use to which their lands could be turned. The later 60s and the early 70s might be called the era of agricultural experiments. Some of these experiments took on the nature of fads and were failures, others were moderately successful. Olden time tillers of the soil will recall perhaps with a sigh the silk culture craze, the Ramie plant fad, the castor bean experiment, and other experience with tree and plant and vine that were to make the honest farmer happy and prosperous, but which ended in dreary failure and some times in great pecuniary loss.

One of these fads—the silk culture craze—deserves more than a passing notice.

A series of letters written by a French savant proved beyond contradiction that California was the natural home of the silk worm and that if Californians would turn their attention to seri-culture, the Golden State would outrival France in silk production and put China out of the business. These letters were extensively copied by the press of the state and the fad was started.

To encourage silk culture in California, the Legislature of 1866-7 passed an act giving a bounty of \$250 for every plantation of 5,000 mulberry trees two years old, and one of \$300 for every 100,000 merchantable cocoons. This greatly encouraged the planting of trees and the production of cocoons if it did add to the number of yards of silk in California.

In 1869, it was estimated that in the central and southern portions of the state there were ten millions of mulberry trees in various stages of growth. One nursery in San Gabriel—the Home of the Silk Worm, as its proprietor called it—advertised 700,000 trees and cuttings for sale, while the nurseries in and around Los Angeles added a million more of *morus multicaulis*, *morus alba* and *morus moreti* mulberry trees to feed the silk worms.

At the head of the silk industry in the state was Louis Prevost, an educated French gentleman, who was thoroughly conversant with the business in all its details. He had established at Los Angeles an extensive nursery of mulberry trees and a large cocoonery for the rearing of silk worms. His enthusiasm induced a number of the leading men of the south to enter into an association for the purpose of planting extensive forests of mulberry trees and for the establishment of a colony of silk weavers. The directors of the association cast about for a suitable location to plant a colony. I find this item in the Los Angeles Star of June 15, 1869, from its correspondent in San Bernardino: "Messrs. Prevost and Garey have been here looking out for land with a view to establish a colony for the culture and manufacture of silk. The colony is to consist of one hundred families, sixty of whom are ready to settle as soon as the location is decided upon. Both of these gentlemen are highly pleased with our soil and climate and consider our county far better adapted to the culture of the mulberry than any other of the southern counties."

The directors of the California Silk Center Association of Los Angeles, through its superintendent, Prevost, purchased 4,000 acres of the Rubidoux Rancho, where the city of Riverside now stands, and arranged for the purchase of about 4,000 acres more of the Jurupa Rancho adjoining. Here was to be the great silk center of seri-culture in California. The fad was maturing into a great enterprise. Then reverses came, unmerciful disaster followed it fast and followed it faster. Prevost, the brains and the motive power of the enterprise, died; the dry year of 1869-70 prevented the planting of mulberry plantations, and the Silk Center Association found itself in hard lines. It sold its land holding to Judge North's Riverside Colony, and now where Prevost once hoped to found a colony that would supply the world's markets with the finest silks stand the orange groves of Riverside.

As the millions of mulberry trees throughout the state came of age the demands for the bounty poured in on the commissioners in such a volume that the state treasury was threatened with bankruptcy and the Legislature in alarm repealed the act granting bounties. The immense profits that had been made in the beginning, by selling silk worm eggs to those who had been seized by the craze later, fell off from over production. The repeal of the bounty put a stop to tree planting. The care and cost of looking after the silk worms exceeded the profits. The

trees died from neglect and the silk worms starved to death. The seri-culture mania quickly subsided. Of the millions of mulberry trees that once fluttered their leaves in the breeze scarce one is alive today.

The next agricultural fad that attracted the tillers of the South was the ramie plant experiment. Somebody discovered, or thought he had, that the ramie plant, a near relative of the nettle, was an excellent substitute for hemp, if, indeed, it was not superior to it. There had been recently quite a demand for hemp by the numerous vigilance committees throughout the state and it was deemed a good stroke of political economy for California to grow her own hemp or a substitute for it. The prevalence of hemp might be a warning to evil-doers or a suggestion to them to reform or move on, or it might act as a sort of suggestive therapeutics for the cure of crime.

The fad never reached the mania-stage. If ever there was a strand of rope, or a gunny bag or a grain sack made from the fields of ramie, I never heard of them.

Passing rapidly down the corridors of time we come to the Belgian hare fad. I need not describe to you a Belgian hare. You have all seen the animal. I need not describe to you the rabbitries in the back yards built with so much care after approved models. Some of you have built them. And the kings and lords and dukes and queens and princesses and their progenies that dwelt in royal state in those same rabbitries, you have ministered to them, admired them, counted the profits in them, and suffered the losses, too. Then there were those wonderful pedigrees that traced the ancestry of Lord Brittons and King Fashodas back to the pair that Adam built a rabbitry for in the Garden of Eden. There, too, were the fine points in the make up of a thoroughbred that only an expert in hare heraldry could find—the peculiar markings on the back, the particular shade of red on the feet, the wink of his eye, the flap of his ears. From all these signs the expert could read his lordships title clear to a noble ancestry.

Exactly what the hares were good for except to sell to some one who had an attack of the craze, no one seemed able to find out. When the supply exceeded the demand, what then? Oh, that never could be—all the world wanted hares. Southern California was the only place where they could be grown to perfection and the craze increased—but there came a time when it was all supply and no demand. As an article of food the most aristocratic of the red-footed gentry was not up to the standard

of a California jack rabbit. There was a scramble to get out of the business, but nearly everybody got left. The lords, the dukes and the duchesses died, but none of them of old age, and the tenantless rabbitries were converted into kindling wood or chicken coops. The fad at first was conducted on legitimate business principles, but as it progressed it degenerated into fakes that were simply frauds.

Take this as an illustration: A friend of mine was seized with a desire to engage in the industry. She eagerly scanned the ten or twelve columns of Belgian hare liners in the Sunday Times until she found what appeared to be just what she wanted. She visited a rabbitry and invested her wealth in a royal dame with a family of eight young royalists.

The pedigree of those hares was a work of art—the art of lying. It ran back through long lines of royal sires and dams to the pair that Noah took into the Ark with him, and that Shem, Ham or Japhet (the pedigree sharp was a little uncertain as to which) turned loose on the foothills of Ararat. Those hares had all the marks of a noble descent, the red feet, the peculiar lines on the back, the reddish tinge of the fur and all that. Time passed as it always does and those hares shed their winter coats and put on their summer suits. Then a change came over them. The reddish tinge of the fur faded into a dull gray. The white foot—bar sinister—indicative of an ignoble birth appeared. Every one of that plebian brood had been veneered into an aristocrat by a coat of paint or dye. Then a small French Revolution struck those princesses, lords and dukes. That royal family passed under the ax, were guillotined, and there were apartments to let in a rabbitry.

When the Belgian hare fad died, like the little dog Rover, "It died all over," and for the vastness of it, it demised quickly and quietly.

Scarcely was the Belgian hare fad dead before the oil mania began. The existence of petroleum in Southern California had been known for fifty years. Oil wells had been sunk and an oil industry developed without creating a boom. The discovery of new oil territory and the high price of oil in the fall of '99 and the spring of two ciphers started an oil stock fad. It was a cold day when there was not at least half a dozen oil companies incorporated with capitals up into the millions. Sometimes the amount paid in by the incorporators reached as high as ten dollars. The man on the outside was the fellow who put up the money to get inside. It was not necessary to own oil lands

to incorporate a company. The profits came from selling stocks, not oil. I am speaking now of the fakes that followed the fad. There were many legitimate oil companies that were unfortunate in their efforts to develop new territory and money was lost to stockholders, but the business in these was conducted honestly. During the prevalence of the fad you could buy stocks at all prices from a cent a share up. Stocks in a new company would be advertised at 5 cents a share, in a short time advanced to 10 cents, then raised to 15c, and when buyers began to lag the last call was sounded. At the last stroke of the clock at midnight next Saturday the stock of the Grizzly Bear Oil Development Company will be advanced to 25 cents. Oil sand has been struck in the company's wells and all unsold stock will be withdrawn from the market in a few days. The amount of oil sand struck by the fake companies would have made a Sahara desert of Southern California if it could have been brought to the surface.

One company of enterprising promoters, to satisfy a crying need of the times. . . cheap stock—organized a company with a capital of \$5,000,000, and placed its stock at a cent a share. The stock advanced to 2 cents a share on the report that the company had secured a derrick. It might even have gone half a cent higher had not the boom burst and the company been forced into insolvency. After it went out of business the only assets of the company were found to be a second-hand derrick on another company's land.

During the oil mania there were certain fakirs who claimed to be gifted with occult powers that enabled them to discover the presence of oil far down in the bowels of the earth. For a liberal consideration in coin they would indicate the point at which to bore a well and tell its producing capacity. It required a considerable stretch of credulity to believe in their powers, yet there were plenty equal to the requirement. These fakirs did not seek oil veins with a witch-hazel twig, as the old-time water witches used to do when seeking water wells and springs. They claimed to possess contrivances curiously constructed of certain sensitive substances so delicate that the effluvia of oil coming up through thousands of feet of rock and earth would set their machinery in motion and they would reel off the number of barrels a day that wells bored where the contrivances indicated would produce. Some friends of mine, directors of an oil company, were firm believers in the mysterious powers of a certain professor of the occult to find oil. At con-

siderable expense the professor and his machine were transported to Ventura county, where their claim was located. After tramping over the hills they finally came to where they thought their claim was situated. The professor sat down with his machine under a live-oak tree. It had scarcely touched the ground before it began to reel off oil wells of a thousand-barrel-a-day capacity and as it got warmed up to the job it spun off 40,000 and 50,000-barrel wells. Had they kept it going for a week it would have supplied the world with oil and put the Standard Oil Company out of business. The most singular thing about that machine was its intelligence. It was only when the professor's palms were crossed with coin that it would exert its powers. The directors returned greatly elated. A few weeks later they took up a surveyor to locate their claim. To their dismay they found that the like oak was a quarter of a mile beyond their holdings and the clinal, or anti-clinal lines, or whatever those subterraneous race courses are called along which oil flows, did not run in the direction of their claim.

The oil-stock craze subsided. Beautifully lithographed certificates of stock are the only relics left to many of us for the cash invested. They are not done in oil, if we were. Yet some of these cost us more than paintings by the old masters would have done.

A historical fake once conjured up like the ghost of Banquo will not down at your bidding. Take for illustration the fake of Fremont's alleged headquarters. It is well-known to every one acquainted with our local history that Colonel Fremont's official residence in Los Angeles while, for the few months in 1847, that he was military governor of California, was the upper floor of the Bell Block, which stood on the southeast corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago a newspaper writer made an important discovery, namely, that an old adobe house on South Main street, near Fourteenth, was Fremont's headquarters while he was military governor of California, and consequently one of the numerous capitols of the state. He exploited his discovery through a column or two of his newspaper. With that inherent capacity for believing whatever appears in print which the average citizen possesses, there was rejoicing that Fremont's headquarters had been discovered and that Los Angeles possessed a historic capitol. The Historical Society published a refutation of the story, but people went on believing it all the same.

It was true, as shown, that Fremont had never seen the old adobe, which was built nearly a decade after he left Los Angeles. It was true too, that the site of the old building was two and a half miles from the place where Fremont's troops encamped. The stupidity of a commander pitching his headquarters two and a half miles away from his troops, where he was liable to be captured by the enemy, seems not to have occurred to the repeaters of the story. It was their forte to believe, not to reason. Notwithstanding the inconsistencies shown, notwithstanding numerous refutations written and oral, there are people who still believe that the old adobe house, once a dwelling, later a saloon, and for the past ten or twelve years a Chinese wash house, was once the headquarters of Colonel Fremont.

Its fame and its name have been spread far and wide. Illustrated journals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have published pictures of it. Tourists have taken snapshots at it. Camera clubs have trained their instruments on it. Souvenir seekers have invaded its precincts much to the disgust of its Mongolian proprietor, and have carried away bits of adobe from its walls as precious relics. Within the past six months the oldest daily newspaper in Los Angeles printed in its illustrated annual edition a picture of this old Chinese wash house labeled "Fremont's headquarters."

A few years since the officers of the Historical Society were tempted by a glittering proposal. A certain prominent promoter proposed to organize a joint stock company with a capital of \$50,000, buy the lot and the old house and erect a Fremont memorial building, preserving intact the historic headquarters. The company would promise to donate to the Historical Society commodious quarters in the proposed building on condition that it (the society) would lend its name and influence to furthering the scheme. When told the society would not lend itself to the perpetuation of a fake, he was very much disgusted at the "finicky notions of certain persons." People generally believed that the old building was Fremont's headquarters and what was the use in undeceiving them—an excuse that has kept the life in many another historical fake.

This is the very commonplace history of the old house. In 1856 or 1857 it was built by Henry Hancock for a residence. Hancock was the surveyor who made in 1853 what is known as the Hancock's survey of Los Angeles city. The house stands on Lot 1, Block A, of that survey. Hancock planted a vineyard on the lot, which contained thirty-five acres. This lot and the

house passed into the possession of Moritz Morris on the foreclosure of a mortgage and is still known as the Morris vineyard tract. Several acres from the northeastern portion of it containing the house were sold to John S. Carr, and is still known as the Carr tract. Both tracts long ago were divided into city lots and are compactly built up with residences and business blocks. The old house has had many different owners and has been put to a variety of uses.

How did it come to be known as Fremont's headquarters? There is a tradition (whether founded on fact or pure fiction deponent saith not) that away back in the later '50s a German resident of Los Angeles opened a saloon in it and to give his enterprise a good send off named the building Fremont's Headquarters. All travel then to and from Los Angeles came and went by way of San Pedro. From the embarcadero to the city was a long distance between drinks. So this enterprising dispenser of the ambrosia of the gods moved out two and a half miles on the San Pedro road to greet the coming stranger and to speed as well the departing citizen. It was a first and last chance saloon. The memory of the nectar there quaffed lingering in the mind of some old-time patron caused him to become garrulous over the good times spent at Fremont's headquarter's, and a reporter catching a fragment of the tale, conjured from it a fake that twenty years has not downed.

This historic building without a history is doomed to destruction. The march of improvement will soon, if it has not already, trample it into dust. Only a few weeks since a reporter sent by the editor of an enterprising morning journal interviewed me in regard to taking steps to avert its impending doom. If the Historical Society would procure a site the enterprising journal would aid in removing this historic building intact to a new site where it could be preserved for all time. It is needless to say that the society did not respond to the appeal and the narration of the facts in the history of the old building knocked into pie columns of sensational reports. There are several other historical fakes to which I had intended paying my respects, but time and space forbid. Briefly in closing, to point a moral:

The headquarters fake is a good illustration of how much that passes for history has been manufactured. Some one concocted a plausible story about a certain historical event. The story may have been an adulteration of a fact and fiction, or it

may have been pure fiction, but it was palmed off for the truth. It was repeated by others and re-repeated. As it passed down the corridors of time it gathered to itself the sanctity of age and became currently believed.

Then some antiquarian dry-as-dust delving in musty archives of the past discovers that the story has no foundation on fact—that it is a fabrication, a fake, and publishes abroad his discovery. Then the credulous—the heresy hunters—who have a monopoly of belief, rise up in judgment against the iconoclast, rail at him, abuse him and deplore the irreverence of the age. But the fake has received its death blow. It dies slowly—it dies hard—but it dies.

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES.

By J. W. Gillette.

A narrative of personal experience involves frequent mention of the narrator. In my journey overland in 1858 I had expected frequent contact with the aborigine, but it was left to San Bernardino county, where I lived from May, 1862, to March, 1867, to give that. At Cucamonga I was clerk of the vineyard, storekeeper, and was also postmaster, for which I yet have my parchment bearing the original signature of the then Postmaster-General—Montgomery Blair. Beside the Superintendent, his assistant, myself, the foreman, blacksmith, carpenter, two Kanaka cooks, and a few Californians, were Valley Indians from Temecula, San Luis Rey and the desert; few at times, but at vintage I have known seventy, from papoose to old age. All who could work were employed. They were furnished ample rations, and but for the love of drink, fostered by the products of such a place, they might have been as happy as possible for their kind to be. Every Saturday evening was settlement conducted in Spanish. The foreman reported the work done by each, the amount due each was soon calculated and then the question was, "What will you have?" Money was scarce. Payment was made in merchandise from simple dry goods to provisions, etc. Now, each known name was so entered, but each week some new buck would show up, and in answer to my question in some instances the real name would be given; but often amid jabber, and explosion of laughter one would say "they call me Francisco Palomares, Teodocio Yorba, Jim Waters, Antonio Maria Lugo," or other well-known rancharo. I knew the giggling rascals were lying, but I took their word, and such honored names went into the book on behalf of the scamp who gave it. So it would come to pass that Waters would be charged for calico for his squaw, Palomares for a half-gallon of aguardiente, and Lugo, who owned land equal to the area of an eastern state, a pair of overalls, fine comb and mouth organ. Some chap would take mostly wine or grape brandy, and you knew he was going to entertain, which was verified by sounds emanating from the rancharia far into the night. The Sabbath was a day of debauchery with many, and it was a woeful file that

lined up for work Monday morning. A few were wise, and went away to their tribal homes fat, well clothed and contented.

Other Indians there were, roaming, almost naked, bravos, who never worked, but stole horses, cattle, sheep, provisions, saddles, riatas, etc. For such the rancheros offered ample reward, proportioned to the individual wanted. One such, occasionally, gave Cucamonga a jolt.

Three times a week we killed a beef; and what was not dealt to Indians, or kept fresh for our two Kanaka cooks, was jerked and dried in the sun on lines near the house in the vineyard, where dwelt the superintendent and family, and in a wing whereof all employes ate save Indians. One day this untamed savage stripped the line, running away with full serape. The next month he came, reconnoitered, saw no men, but did see two women. As he rushed at them, yelling and with large stones in either hand they fled into the house, and he and the beef were off again. A watch was set. A man came to the store and reported him as not over 200 feet away in the orchard. I soon had him under my shot gun ten feet away, with his serape full of apricots, of which there were then few trees, and their fruit precious. My yell brought help. Mr. Indian was left so tied that his feet were in the fork of the tree, his head and shoulders on the ground, where he should have remained, while we prepared a team to take him to the nearest justice at San Bernardino. Very soon I was at the spot. Mr. Indian had gone, the apricots also, but the rope was coiled in the fork of the tree. I felt then like I was the cheapest thing on what we now call a bargain counter. The two men gleefully drove up in front of the store, and soon learned he had tricked us, then they took drinks, making the while such forcible remarks as such men do under such surroundings, and unhitched the team. Months later this buck planned a beef raid. The superintendent and I learned he was near, but the wary fellow saw us at fair pistol range and was off like a deer, with several good line shots, to dodge in which he outcrooked the famous Virginia worm fence. I have always hoped we did not so seriously wound him that he died, because we had usurped the red man's valleys, scattered his game, debauched his people. The brief period he covered before my shot gun, I looked upon the most perfect individual of his race. Thereafter he left Cucamonga off his circuit.

Troubles with Mexican desperadoes, culminating in tragedies (one far reaching) made life exciting, and had I not there found that health for which I came south, I should have counted

as lost the years I was there employed.

The arrival of stage and mail under Lance Toffilmier or Billy Passmore was the chief daily event. Old time freighters as Horace Clark, Chuck Warren, etc., would camp there; also miners like Nat Lewis, Gus Spear and Biedeman of 'Amargoza (whose mill was burned by Indians); Hi Jolly, Greek, mail carrier to Camp Cady and Fort Mohave; Dr. Wozencraft about to make the Colorado desert an inland sea; John Brown, a noted pioneer; Billy Rubottom, who kept a near-by station, all these and more of their ilk made the balmy evenings delightful in detailing experiences, with more in store for each. Of the little coterie gathering there, J. B. Kipp was killed in this city some twenty years ago, and J. Turner was killed by Indians near Death Valley about 1866.

After a disastrous trading expedition in Lower California, where I lost heavily and meeting Celestine Alipaz and others who had been run out of this country, nearly lost my life, for lack of other adventure, I engaged with an outfit (Billy Margetson leader) to take cattle collected for John Reid, James Waters, Ed Parrish and E. K. Dunlap to Stinking Water river, a source of the Missouri in Montana. Much of the stock was on the rancho of Parrish and Dunlap (later owned by Burcham), in the valley over the Sierra Madre from Arrowhead Springs, and through which flows a fork of the Mojave joining a mile or so below that from Holcombe valley. About March 12, 1866, Dunlap, Parrish, a driver, myself and a vaquero, Antonio (we two last on horseback) left Cucamonga for that ranch. Arriving at that point on the road where David N. Smith, keeper of Summit Station, was marvelously recovering from being twice shot the previous year by Indians, all of whom were believed to have left never to return, we watered, and the leader instructed Anton and me to make a detour northwesterly through a fine bunch grass region, and bring such stock as we met to the valley, where ranch houses were, the wagon proceeding there direct. Meeting no cattle, the first object attracting our attention was the soft trail full of moccasin tracks. Antonio, being a native of San Bernardino valley, I asked him what make and how many. He examined closely and laconically replied Chimahueva, twelve, very bad Indians, and from Rock Creek heading for the Mojave Forks (as he then supposed). At supper we reported all this, but Parrish, long on the frontier for one so young, ridiculed the idea of danger to life or stock. Citing from his own experience with Indians, he argued that while they might not

relish the stock being removed, he would simply kill a beef, give them all they could eat and carry, if they showed up, which he doubted.

A shiftless fellow (one Anderson) had lately been in charge. He was an arrant boaster, and finding the skulls of two Indians killed in one of the encounters thereabouts, he fastened them on the posts of the big gates. He gave out that better than any one else, he knew the why and wherefore of those skulls, and that any Indians prowling near him would meet the same fate.

To return to Parrish, he declared carrying of revolvers to be inconvenient in the close undergrowth abounding there, and wherein cattle hid in gathering time.

Next morning all were out early, save Mr. Dunlap, who was sick, an old man (Strickland) the cook; a discharged soldier (Porter), a boy of 12 (Reeves), all of whom found plenty to do preparing for the long drive. East of the stream a herd was started to which was brought in, all stock as found. The forenoon passed satisfactorily save that at noon Pratt Whiteside (who, with Nephi Bemis had come as helpers the previous evening), declared he must carry his revolver because of a vicious cow dangerous to man and horse, that prevented the removal of stock with her. He was allowed to do so. After the noon meal the same force was out. That day I was riding a mule (as I was saving my faithful Tamole for the Montana journey), and accompanying Parrish and Bemis. Finding some ten head I was instructed to take them to the herd, take Whiteside's place there and send him with his well-trained horse to join them. All which was done, and as the herd was fat and quiet, I laid low to the ground to avoid the granite particles borne on the strong cold wind from the north, by a hair rope retaining my hold on my mule. Very soon Anton came loping round to say he and the other herder had heard a peculiar discharge, too loud for a distant revolver, and asked if he should investigate, he having the Chimahueva band in mind. I referred to Whiteside being armed, and he was about to reply. My mule suddenly tightened the hair rope and following her gaze we saw a riderless horse speeding for the ranch. Anton was instantly in pursuit and caught him before the ranch was reached, an ounce ball in the hip and saddle bloody. While yet I hesitated whether to leave the herd we had collected to one man, from the trees studding the skirt of the valley fled as the wind another riderless horse. Him I caught at the ranch gates. This saddle, too, was bloody, and the terror of the poor beast was infectious from its intensity,

for I knew now that Parrish and Bemis were slaughtered. And Whiteside—what of him. His horse we never again saw. Dunlap, still sick, rose to meet the emergency, enfeebled in body, stunned by the tragedy (Parrish being his brother-in-law), arms were collected, prepared, and a wagon went forth; myself, Anton and the remaining man at the herd on horseback, we started for the bloody ground, Dunlap issuing orders from the wagon over a total of five, Strickland, defective of sight, being left, with the boy, at the ranch. Carrying a long rifle I was ordered to ride up a ridge that promised a commanding view, and followed it until I found the trail of the hostiles leading toward mountain fastnesses, where it was folly to go. I gazed eagerly for Indians, but could see none. Then signalling by waving my hat downward that I had discovered something, I was signalled to return. I was glad, for I was too prominent among those brushy hills just then. Returning, I learned that by following a queer acting coyote the naked body of Bemis had been found, with an ounce ball through the neck. Later was found the nude body of Whiteside. All signs indicated that as Parrish, Bemis and Whiteside were threading a small ravine, the Indians, from the left, in ambush, had poured in the volley that had sounded to Anton as one shot, sending an ounce ball into the neck of each victim, not differing in location over three inches, so deliberate and perfect was their aim. The first two evidently clung instinctively but for moments only to their reddening saddles. The shock of his wound knocked Whiteside from his horse, then he scaled the ridge and died among his foes, receiving in addition a pistol shot possibly from his own weapon, but not till he had put a ball into the groin of one of the savages, as evidenced by the drag of a limb shown in their trail. They had thrown a great stone upon the poor fellow's face, crushing the frontal bone. As we found him lying nude on his back, with the cold, rigid arms up as a guard against more barbarity, broken arrows lying around, we mutely looked the sentiment, "See how a brave man dies."

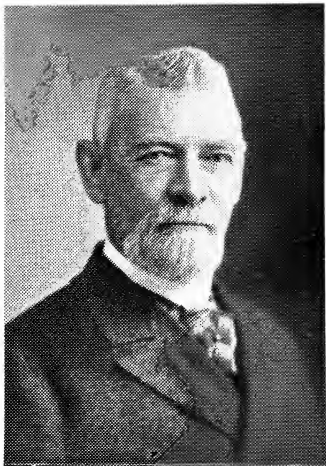
Not till nightfall did we give over the search for Parrish and reverently, tearfully bear the two bodies to the ranch. Arriving there a messenger was dispatched over the mountain trail eighteen miles to San Bernardino asking aid of the sheriff and detailing the tragedy. Forthwith we put out two guards for, while the foe might have gone into the mountains, they might be already doubling their trail, and as we had sacrificed three men to lack of prudence, an ounce of lead ready for every Indian was

the course for that night. The excited condition of the ranch dogs was ominous, and we were now few. The ranch buildings were two log cabins on the north side of the drive, the stables and great hay stacks on the other, or south side, and dangerously close to the houses, if fired by our foe, who, from the surrounding darkness could pick off each as he ran from the flames. Only thorough vigilance prevented it that night. About 10 o'clock after the ample meal we sorely needed, Dunlap, Porter and Strickland were in the smaller cabin of one large room, some preparing the bodies for the morrow's journey to San Bernardino (that of Bemis most prominently in sight) when a heavy knocking at the only door startled us. Each looked the question, "What is it? Who shall open that door?" Only an instant and one of the others threw it open (in the same move jumping aside) and disclosed to us Harrison Bemis; and to him the bodies of his brother, Nephi, and Whiteside, whom he last saw in full health, and told he was coming over to stop at the ranch and hunt near by. What could we do but go out into the darkness, leaving him with the dead till his mingled grief and rage could run their course. Fatal valley; in it a man was killed by a grizzly about two years later.

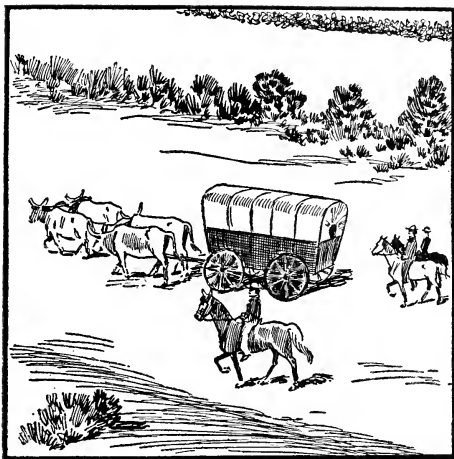
Night passed sleeplessly. Before dawn, well fed, armed as best we could, we were off for the bloody ground. Rain had fallen and the fork was swollen, but through it we went, feeling we must find Parrish that forenoon if men could do it, and fear of the Indians somehow eliminated. About noon, despairing, the signal to collect was given; but one saw the white foot of Parrish, whose body was otherwise covered with masses of twigs gathered by wood rats, lying between the three trunks of a scrub oak. Suspense relieved we were thankful. He had been stripped and dragged. A thirty-five mile wagon ride must be encompassed before three widows and their orphans could receive their dead, and the rest of the day was consumed in mournful preparations. At evening a messenger arrived who reported the sheriff and a large force to leave next morning. These later caught up with the raiders, but the best I have heard of their efforts was that two Indians were killed and a trinket or two recovered identifying them as the band who struck us. Early the following morning our sad cortege set forth and reached San Bernardino in the early evening, met by grief-stricken families and angered people. I knew strong drink to be the first resort of a weak one and a last resort of the strong, but I had to take my forty winks to keep awake that night. When

we left, Porter and Strickland were instructed to hold the ranch until part of the sheriff's force arrived, unless it was plain they could not, in which event the two men should steal up through the willows to Cajon Pass summit, and come in with some teamster, but first the boy was to be mounted on a swift horse kept ready therefor, and dispatched by the same route to San Bernardino. Our departure was evidently noted by our dusky foes, for that evening, hardly had darkness settled before the dogs heralded their approach. In the brief interval the boy was dispatched, being shot at by the Indians as he rounded the exterior enclosure, and the two men waiting till they saw it was the same foe and too numerous, hustled for the pass. The yelp of the faithful dogs told the fate awaiting man and beast till this band was driven away. About midnight or later, the boy delivered the latest news from the ranch in a modest way that showed the true hero. There was a joint funeral the next day yet remembered by many San Bernardino pioneers. When a posse reached the ranch next morning word was sent that they found all the improvements smoking ruins. I never visited the place afterward, though I did go as planned to Montana with that outfit, and till we got to Bridgeport we had charge of the widow and children of Parrish.

As we traversed Owens river valley and saw the ruins of stations attacked in the Indian war of 1864 and learned some of its incidents, it seemed Mr. Indian was to us a continued story, of which I, at least, pined for the last chapter, which came in the Shoshone county, Diamond Spring Valley, where, while on day guard I shot an Indian dog that persisted in running through the herd of 750 Spanish cattle. This was in sight of a dozen bucks, and I realized that maybe it was in this lone land I was to die; for the buck chosen to visit the camp came to me, and touching his forefinger on my breast said I, having killed his dog, he would kill me. He ran the scale of demands, first blood, then money; then I had the cook fill him on table remnants. Then he wanted tobacco; I gave him that and he left. We moved across the valley and killed a beef. I felt pokey till my guard was over, but they had eaten to their fill of the meaner parts of the beef, and rage was stifled through the stomach. In February, 1867, I reached San Bernardino with Carlos Shepherd of Beaver, Utah, and now I believe I have ended all my Indian experience worth relating.



WM. H. WORKMAN



PIONEERS CROSSING THE PLAINS

A BANQUET GIVEN TO THE PIONEERS BY WM. H.
WORKMAN.

in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of His Arrival
in Los Angeles.

Turn Verein Hall, January 21, 1905.

(Compiled from the L. A. Herald and other papers.)

Ex-Mayor and present City Treasurer W. H. Workman celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Los Angeles last night. "Uncle Billy," as everybody calls him and as he loves to be called, did not celebrate the occasion in solitary grandeur. At his table in Turn Verein hall 500 of his friends were assembled.

No man in California has so many nephews and nieces as "Uncle Billy" and no uncle ever loved his brother's offspring half so well. One phrase of his last night indicated the compass of his hospitality. "I only wish," he said, "that I could have entertained all of the 14,000 friends I had on the fifth of December." (Number of votes he received at the city election for Treasurer on that day.

The speeches were a mirror of the growth of Los Angeles from a straggling Mexican Pueblo to its present commanding position as the queen city of the southland. The gathering was one distinguished by a larger number of the men and women who builded the state than has been seen in this city for a long time.

It was indeed a notable gathering of those who have been instrumental in making Los Angeles.

Among the 'old boys,' as a jocular pioneer phrased it, were noticed: Commodore R. R. Haines, ex-Chief of Police Burns, Eugene Germain, H. Z. Osborne, Oscar Macy, Judge B. S. Eaton, William Dodson, John Young, Dr. Nadeau, ex-Mayor John Bryson, Victor Ponet, William Furgeson ex-United States Senator Cole, C. H. White, J. M. Guinn, H. D. Barrows, H. T. Hazard, M. F. Quinn, Louis Roeder, H. W. Hellman, E. H. Workman, J. G. Newell, J. W. Gillette, A. G. Mappa, Ben C. Truman, Ed. Nittenger, J. W. Davis, J. L. Slaughter, Will A. Harris, Jo'm Brown, Jr., of San Bernardino; Dr. H. S. Onne, A. J. King, Fried Alles and many others.

Among the pioneer women present were noticed Mrs. Laura Everts King, Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davis, Mrs. Mary Franklin, Mrs. J. G. Newell, Mrs. J. W. Gillette, Mrs. Dora Bilderbeck, Mrs. Annie Spence, Mrs. H. T. Hazard, Mrs. B. C. Truman, Mrs. William H. Workman, Mrs. B. S. Eaton, Mrs. A. G. Mappa, Mrs. Isabella Loosmore, Mrs. Cecelia Johansen, and many others.

Maj or Ben C. Truman, the veteran journalist and good fellow, acted as toastmaster. M. F. Quinn, president of the pioneer society, welcomed the guests on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Workman.

"Mr. Workman," said Mr. Quinn, "arrived here when but 16 years of age. Now he is 66 years old, a hale and hearty man and one of whom it may be said 'Hail fellow well met.' He has seen fit to call the pioneers of Los Angeles together that we may enjoy with him an old-time banquet. We thank him for this kind expression of good will, and we say 'Long may he live and prosper.' We will now eat and be merry."

The banquet was made up of Spanish dishes. The following menu was served:

Frijoles, Mejicanos
Pan Frances y Viena
Chili-Salza a la Capistrano
Francisco Wiggins' Camara de Comercio Ponche
Tamales de Sonora
Empanada de Jamon y queso
Apio Olivas Pepinas
Cafe

The following was the programme of literary exercises for the evening:

President, M. F. Quinn
Toastmaster, Major Ben C. Truman
Address of Welcome M. F. Quinn
Music by Ahrens' Orchestra
The Pioneers—How They Came to California:
(1.) "The Plains Across," Henry T. Hazard
(2.) Via Panama J. M. Guinn
Music
(3.) Via the Santa Fe Trail .. Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davi.
(4.) "Fifty Years in Los Angeles," W. H. Workman
(5.) Via Nicaragua.....Louis Roeder
Music
Five Minute Speeches Other Guests
"Auld Lang Syne," The Pioneers
"Home Sweet Home," Orchestra
Adios

Henry T. Hazard responded to the sentiment, "Crossing the Plains," and said he once belonged to an ancient debating society of which M. F. Quinn was president.

The guests cheered and Hazard stopped speaking and, looking very serious, remarked that when he was talking he didn't want members of the family to interfere. He said every old pioneer had two very clear recollections of the trip across—the ox team and the navy six shooter. These were the chief things upon which the argonauts depended.

J. M. Guinn told of the pioneer's trip by way of the isthmus of Panama. "It took nine months for the story of the gold discovery to reach the east and then the rush set in.

"There were three routes by which the pioneers could reach California. One by way of the isthmus, another by way of Cape

Horn and the third by crossing the plains. No matter which way a man came he always wished he had come by some other."

Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davis told an interesting story of experiences she encountered while coming across by the Santa Fe trail.

Louis Roeder told of crossing by way of Nicaragua, and a narrow escape his party had during the troublous days of Walker's filibustering in Central America.

Major Truman said that a great number of letters had been received by the president of the Pioneer Society. As a sample of these one from the veteran journalist, Col Joseph D. Lynch, was read. This letter sketched Mr. Workman's career gracefully and clearly. Commenting upon it, Major Truman said he had known Mr. Workman almost forty years, and was one of those who attended the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Workman thirty-seven years ago.

The host of the evening and his good wife were then introduced. They were given a great ovation. Responding to this reception, Mr. Workman said:

"I am most happy to greet my fellow pioneers here tonight in such large numbers. From the looks of this assemblage it shows that after all many of us are left. I have long had a desire to entertain my pioneer friends, and I only regret that available space prevented me from including many of those outside of the Pioneer Society.

"It would indeed be the joy of my life to entertain in this manner my 14,000 friends of December 5, 1904. I had intended celebrating the actual day that marked my fiftieth arrival in Los Angeles, but being absent at that time visiting the St. Louis exposition I could not do it.

"After January 1 I resolved to defer the pleasure no longer, and because of the uncertainty of the weather at this time of the year I have been obliged to give up my original plan of an outdoor barbecue.

"Fifty Years in Los Angeles" is the toast assigned to me. Fifty years, or half a century, is a long time, and yet I feel as though I would like to live fifty years more in this angelic city. Coming here a mere lad more than fifty years ago, when Los Angeles was a small town of 2500 inhabitants, today I am proud to say that I have seen it grow to a beautiful city of nearly 200,000 people.

"In 1880 Los Angeles contained but 11,000 people. This immense increase of population has occurred within the last twen-

ty-five years. Imagine, if you please, what this city will be fifty years hence, reaching from the mountains to the sea and spreading out east and west over a vast area and containing millions of people. This is no visionary or idle talk, but certainly within the possibilities, for there is but one Los Angeles and one Southern California.

"When I came here First street was I might say the southern boundary of the populated portion of the city; now the city stretches out in every direction, north, east, south and west. Then we had no railroads; today we are about to celebrate the opening of the third transcontinental railroad in Los Angeles. Our county is fairly gridironed with many excellent railway systems, electric as well as steam. There were no street cars, no telegraphic communication with the outside world, no banks, no conveniences of modern commercial life when I came here.

"The occasional steamer at San Pedro and a consequent occasional stage coach in Los Angeles were the only links with the rest of mankind. Those were not lonely days, however, for the early residents of Los Angeles were a hospitable and generous people. Many pleasant recollections must ever remain in my memory of those early Spanish and American families.

"I came here an ambitious lad trying to succeed in life; how well I have accomplished that I leave you to judge. Political happenings have likewise come, while there remains a certain similarity of procedure.

"Our worthy secretary, Prof. J. M. Guinn, and myself were candidates on opposing tickets for the legislature in this county in 1873, and we both got left. We canvassed the entire county, including what is now Orange county. We visited a place called Gospel Swamp, near Santa Ana. Gospel Swamp was inhabited by a very large number of good Methodists, and produced the tallest corn, the largest pumpkins and the finest babies in the world.

"Our opponents both being of that denomination got the best of us. They went to camp meetings and caressed and kissed the beautiful children. Our worthy secretary and myself being unsophisticated youths, did not follow that art in campaigning, and were both defeated.

"Times have changed, however, for Mr. Guinn and myself. Last December we ran on the same ticket and were both elected by handsome majorities, and we have never forsaken our principles either. I have always had a fondness for Professor Guinn, we have been good friends ever since our first political annihila-

tion.

“I would rather have the esteem and good will of my fellow citizens than all the wealth of the Rockefellers. I am proud to be a pioneer among you. I am proud of my fellow pioneers, to have their love and esteem; to have them as friends in adversity and prosperity. I am proud of my numerous nephews and nieces who stood in the front ranks to encourage and aid me. Their memory shall never fade from the memory of their ‘Uncle Billy.’ Long may you live and prosper. God bless you all.”

A few five minute speeches followed Mr. Workman’s address and then while the orchestra played “Auld Lang Syne” the guests bade their host and hostess good night.

RAIN AND RAINMAKERS.

BY J. M. GUINN.

From the earliest dawning of intelligence in man—through all his intervening steps from barbarism to civilization, next to the struggle for existence, no other subject has so engrossed his attention as the atmospheric phenomena we call weather. Nor is this strange, so intimately is his physical welfare dependent upon climatic conditions that it would be stranger still if it were not so. The science of meteorology—if indeed it may be said that there is such a science—is comparatively young. Its kindred science, astronomy, dates its origin far back in the childhood of the race.

The star gazers on the plains of Asia evolved the fundamental facts of the science of astronomy centuries before the Christian era; but weather prophets, pagan and Christian, through all the centuries down to almost to the present, have been content to attribute atmospheric phenomena to supernatural causes—to the agency of beneficent or malignant weather makers. The gentle rain, the warm sunshine and the refreshing south wind, were the gifts of a beneficent deity; while the thunder's roar, the lightning's flash and the hurricane's blast, were the manifestations of a god's displeasure, or were attributed to the malign influence of demons.

The Indian tribes of North America have their weather makers—medicine men, who by certain observances and incantations, through the intercession of fetiches and spirits of the air, are believed to be able to change the wind and bring rain in times of drought. Years ago an old skipper who commanded a small sailing vessel that traded along the northwest coast, gave me his experience with an Indian weather maker. He had been detained by contrary winds for several weeks in a little harbor on the Oregon coast. The situation was becoming desperate, when one day the medicine man of the Indian tribe which inhabited that part of the coast, came to him and offered for the consideration of a sack of flour to change the wind. A bargain was made—the flour to be given when the wind changed. The medicine man repaired to a high bluff overlooking the harbor and began his incantations. For twenty-four hours he kept up a succession of shrieks, howls and blood curdling war whoops, occasionally vary-

ing his lingual gymnastics by frantically waving his arms in the direction he wished the wind to blow. Suddenly the wind did change, and the captain, in his anxiety to catch the favoring breeze, sailed away without giving the Indian his sack of flour. Here was proof positive to the Indians' untutored minds that their medicine man did change the wind, and proof as positive of the perfidy of the white man.

In California, during Spanish and Mexican domination, in seasons when the former and the latter rains came not; and the dreaded dry year threatened death to the flocks and herds, the people besought the intercession of some saint who was supposed to have control of the celestial weather bureau. Alfred Robinson, in his "Life in California," thus describes an "intercession" that he saw in Santa Barbara during the great drought of 1833:

"The holy father of the Mission was besought that the Virgin, Nuestra Señora del Rosario might be carried in procession through the town whilst prayers and supplications should be offered for her intercession with the Almighty in behalf of their distress. This was complied with as was customary on such occasions, and conducted in the following manner: First came the priest in his church robes, who with a fine clear voice led the rosary. On each side of him were two pages and the music followed; then four females who supported on their shoulders a kind of litter, on which rested a square box containing the figure of the Holy Virgin. Lastly came a long train of men, women and children, who united in the recital of the sacred mysteries. The figure was ornamented for the occasion with great finery, and every one who had pleased had contributed some rich ornament of jewelry or dress for its display. In this manner they proceeded from the church through the town to the beach; chanting verses between the Mysteries accompanied by violins and flutes. From the beach they returned to the church in the same order, where the prayers were concluded.

"After this performance all looked for rain with as much faith as our countrymen look for the steamer from Liverpool on the thirteenth or fourteenth day of her time of departure. Should these expectations, however, not be realized, the procession would be repeated until they were."

The belief that human agency by intercession or other means can change the laws of nature and produce storms still exists. Not twenty miles away from Los Angeles at the present time in a mountain cañon on a platform that he has erected, a man with

certain chemicals claims that he can produce rain to order. It is reported that he claims to have produced the recent storms with his rainmaking ingredients. As proof positive he shows that the rainfall was heaviest near his tower and gradually diminishes as you descend into the valley. He seems to be unaware of the fact that in some places in the San Bernardino mountains sixty, seventy and a hundred miles away, the rainfall was more than double the quantity that fell where his platform is located. If he was alone in his belief that rain can be produced by artificial means it might be attributed to his conceit, but the opinion that human influence can effect changes in weather conditions is widespread.

There is a report current that Rainmaker Hatfield is to receive \$1000 from some benevolently disposed citizen on condition that he causes a rainfall of eighteen inches before the first of May, 1905. If the report is true it appears that we have persons who are willing to back their faith in rainmakers with their coin.

At what point or place the pluvial downpour is to be measured for the award the report does not state. There has been a greater difference this year in the rainfall at different points than usual. At present writing (February 17, 1905) Forecaster Franklin reports that the rainfall at the Weather Bureau station, located near the center of this city, is 12.19 inches. In the eastern portion of the city a local observer reports a small fraction less than 17 inches. On Mount Wilson 25 inches are reported and at some points in the San Bernardino mountains as high as 36 inches have fallen, while at Santa Monica the record gives only nine inches. The difference in the rainfall between the extreme eastern and that in the extreme western limits of the city is six inches; the eastern receiving that excess of favors from Jupiter Pluvius or Hatfield. It might be well for Hatfield until his financial backers call time on him to distribute the moisture that he coaxes from the clouds more evenly and thus avoid complications that may rob him of his award.

For centuries good Christian people throughout Europe and America believed in the power of witches to produce devastating storms and many an innocent person has been burned at the stake for complicity with Satan in producing destroying floods. During the Middle Ages the belief in the diabolical origin of storms was universal. The great churchman, Bede, had full faith in it. St. Thomas Aquinas gave it his sanction. "It is," he says, "a dogma of faith that the demons can produce winds, storms and rain of fire from heaven." Luther declared that he

had himself calmed more than twenty storms caused by Satan. If Hatfield's rain machine should slip a cog or get beyond his control and bring upon us a devastating flood he is in no danger of being burned for a witch. But the belief in the diabolical origin of storms still exists. It is only a few years since that an evangelist holding forth in this city told how he by prayer turned aside a storm raised by Satan that threatened to destroy his tent where he was preaching.

It is exceedingly fortunate for us that the laws of nature can not be amended, suspended or set aside at the caprice of the individual. Contemplate even from a local standpoint, the power for evil that a man would have who could produce rain at will. Suppose out of a spirit of pique or revenge because he did not get a promised reward for his services he should turn loose his rainmaking apparatus in midsummer and let it run until it flooded our valleys and made tropical swamps of our fields—producing malaria, miasma, mosquitoes and other afflictions of the tropics—ruining our climate and drowning out our tourist crop; how earnestly we would pray for a restoration of Nature's laws and even yearn for occasional dry years. Our recent storm extended from Alaska to Mexico and from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains. A rainmaker who at will, can cause atmospheric changes that affect half a continent comes dangerously near being omnipotent.

Our rainstorms are originated by electrical disturbances in the North Pacific ocean. They enter the land at some point between Southern Alaska and Northern California. Occasionally one drifts down the ocean with the current and strikes the land south of Point Concepcion. The most of the storms that reach us come down the coast from the northwest and arrive here from 36 to 24 hours from the time they are first reported in the north. There is a paradox about our rainstorms that I do not recollect to have seen explained. Our storms travel down the coast from the northwest, but it is always a southeast wind that brings rain.

It is not the rain that travels down the coast, but a wind current. The northwest wind is an upper cold current, the southeast wind a lower warm current of air. The meeting of the winds produces electrical disturbances that act as condensers of the moisture that is always present in the atmosphere. This is my explanation of the seeming paradox of a southeast rainstorm when according to all appearances we ought to have a northwest one. You can take it for what it is worth.

There is a very prevalent belief that great battles and heavy discharges of artillery are followed by rain-storms.

I recently read what purported to be a scientific article on the causing of rainfall by mechanical disturbance of the atmosphere. The author delved into history to prove his theory. He showed that all the great battles of the civil war as well as of other wars were followed by rain-storms. It happened to be my fortune or my fate to take part in some of the great battles of the civil war which this author cites to prove his theory. As I was there and he was not I think I am the better authority. The battle of Antietam was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Between sunrise and sunset there was an incessant roar of artillery, but no rain followed. At the second battle of Bull Run for two days there was a continuous roar of musketry and artillery, yet no rain followed except a little thunder storm of a few moments duration which occurred about midnight after the battle when our army was on the retreat. With the first crack of thunder some of the teamsters of our baggage train which was ten mules long cut loose their saddle mules, abandoned their wagons and made a mad ride for Washington. They mistook the crack of thunder for the boom of artillery and supposing the train attacked started off on a wild rush to carry the news to the Secretary of War or somebody else at the capital. Had they known of this scientist's theory that rain always follows a battle they would have been listening for thunder and would not have made the mistake they did. It did rain the 4th and 5th of July, after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and so it did the 4th and 5th of July, 1904, and yet there was no fighting within ten thousand miles of Gettysburg last year. At the siege of Petersburg, in the fall of 1864, there was a constant succession of artillery duels with guns of the heaviest calibre. According to the theory there should have been continuous rains. On the contrary it was rather a dry season for that country.

How will the theory of rain after a battle apply to the war between Russia and Japan. I cannot say, as weather reports from the seat of war are scarce. I have no doubt some theorist will discover that our recent rain-storms are due to the heavy cannonading at the siege of Port Arthur, the battle of Mukden, or the sortie on Meteor Hill. The concussions of the atmosphere caused by the discharge of heavy artillery disturbed the meteorological conditions of the Kuro Siwo or Japan current and sent the rain currents drifting down the northwest coast of America.

There is no more popular topic of conversation than the

weather. If you doubt this listen to the opening of a conversation between persons when they meet. And yet we know less about the weather than almost any other subject you can name. What was the cause of the climatic changes that sent the icebergs during the great ice age drifting over nearly all the land of North America? What changed the tropical regions that once surrounded the North pole into a country of eternal ice and snow? Or coming near home, what dried up the arm of the sea that once covered what is now the Colorado desert? What asmospheric cataclysm depopulated and made almost a desert of the once fertile and densely inhabited plains of Arizona? Why does it not rain in California during the summer months?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MATHEW TEED.

Mathew Teed, the youngest of seven brothers and sisters, was born in Devonshire, England, April 17, 1828. After completing a course of study in the local schools he served five year's apprenticeship to the carpenter's trade. Soon after reaching his majority he emigrated to the United States. Landing at New York he found employment at his trade. From New York he went to Adair, Michigan, where he remained four years. Having learned much about the gold excitement on the Pacific Slope, Mr. Teed decided to seek his fortune there. He came to California via the Nicaragua route, landing at San Francisco. From there he proceeded to Stockton. After a short stop in that city he proceeded to Mariposa, where he tried placer mining. He was not successful as a gold miner. Abandoning the gold fields he returned to Stockton, where he found employment at his trade. He remained there until 1858. He then decided to quit California. He bought a ticket for New York. Three hours out from the Golden Gate the shaft of the ship was disabled and the passengers were landed.

Mr. Teed and eight other men fitted up a pack-train at San Jose and started overland through Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. They suffered many hardships on account of the scarcity of water and feed on their trip. After four months of weary plodding over desert sands and arid regions, six men and seven mules arrived at Las Vegas more dead than alive. Two of the men and twenty of the mules had perished on the journey.

Mr. Teed remained at Las Vegas ten weeks to recuperate, and then pushed on to Denver. Arriving there he found a camp comprising about twenty-five miners. He claims to have built the first log cabin on the site of Denver. He remained there until 1862, engaged in mining and contracting. Rumors of gold discoveries in Montana reaching him he joined in a rush for the Montana gold mines. The journey was hard and dangerous. They were compelled to abandon their teams and

over three hundred miles of the journey were made on foot.

Arriving at Elk City, Montana, they found that there was neither gold nor work for them. Mr. Teed set out for Walla Walla. He went to Stockton, where he obtained employment at his trade. He remained there until 1863, when he came to Los Angeles county. In 1865 with six companions he made a trip across Death Valley into Nevada. He went as far as Paranighat, Nevada, where the gold excitement was running high at that time. Not striking it rich he returned to Los Angeles, where he engaged in building and contracting. Many of the older business blocks are monuments of his skill.

In 1868 Mr. Teed married Miss Tonner of Iowa, who died in 1881. Later he was united in marriage with Mrs. Helen Wyatt, who survives him.

The high respect in which Mr. Teed was held by his fellow citizens was frequently manifested by them. He was five times elected to the city council and served for six years as park commissioner. Fraternally he was a Royal Arch Mason. He was one of the founders of the Pioneer Society. He died March 31, 1904.

IN MEMORIAM.

NATHANIEL COBURN CARTER.

Nathaniel Coburn Carter was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, January 24th, 1840. He died at his home at Sierra Madre, Los Angeles county, California, September 2nd, 1904, and was buried at the Sierra Madre graveyard, on Sunday, the 4th day of September, 1904, with the beautiful services of the Christian Science Society, of which he was a prominent member. His funeral was attended by a very large number of his friends and neighbors. Bro. Carter was married in February, 1864. His wife Annetta M. Carter survives him, and five children, Florence, wife of W. H. Mead, residing in Los Angeles; Arthur N. Carter, Julia F. Carter, Anita E. Carter and Philip C. Carter, are all residents of Los Angeles county. On account of his health, Bro. Carter came to Los Angeles, arriving here in the month of November, 1871. His health improving rapidly he purchased a home at what is now Alhambra, and was one of the first to develop the possibilities of that locality. His planting of citrus and deciduous fruits, together with his vineyard, were wonders of growth and productiveness. His home was attrac-

tive surrounded as it was by a wonderful showing of beautiful and rare plants and flowers. In 1872, Bro. Carter organized the first overland excursions, by way of the sea, from Los Angeles to San Francisco, thence east by Central and Union Pacific railroads; by which means he induced many old residents of Southern California to visit the eastern states and tell their friends of the beauties and glories of Southern California. Through these excursions, covering many years, Bro. Carter probably brought to Los Angeles county more worthy and enterprising settlers than any other person living or dead. He sold his Alhambra home place, and, in 1881, purchased one thousand one hundred acres of the Santa Anita Rancho of E. J. Baldwin and divided it into twenty and forty acre tracts, and sold it to permanent settlers, who have built the handsome town of Sierra Madre, and near it he built his splendid residence "Carterhia." Mr. Carter was one of the foremost founders of the Southern California Horticultural Society and was for years editor and owner of the Rural Californian, the oldest agricultural paper in Southern California. He was for many years a member and director of the Sixth District Agricultural Society, and for many years a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and an active and earnest member of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county, and filling important offices of the society with credit to himself and profit to the society. One of the last acts of his life was the filling out of the application for membership of one of the men he brought in an excursion 25 years ago.

While Bro. Carter was a Republican in political matters he was not an offensive partisan. He was a devout believer in Christian Science. Few men in Southern California, if any, have done so much as he has in building up the southland, in creating happy homes, planting orchards and vineyards that will not perish until after generations of men have passed away.

"He sleeps in the land of his choice."

"He fell at his post doing duty."

C. N. WILSON,
J. W. GILLETTE,
Committee.

OMRI J. BULLIS.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Our Brother Omri J. Bullis, who was the victim of a fatal accident at his ranch, Lynwood, in this county, had (but a few

days before) been proposed for membership, and therefore was not generally acquainted with most of our body, but those who knew him best can truthfully say he was a real pioneer in our valley, and his name welcome on our roll.

Born in 1837, at Chatham, Columbia county, New York, he at an early age went to New York City, rendering faithful service on its police force for five years. He came to Compton in 1872, settling at what is known as Lynwood, and became an influential farmer. In politics he was Democratic, and was several years ago elected County Tax Collector, proving a faithful, painstaking official.

He died aged 67 and the record of his life proves a good use of his time. He was a faithful friend and kindly neighbor, as attested by the great concourse at his funeral. He leaves a widow, son, daughter, two brothers and a sister to whom we extend our sympathy.

Respectfully,

J. W. GILLETTE,
M. F. QUINN,
H. B. BARROWS.

GEORGE EDWIN GARD.

George Edwin Gard was born in Warren County, Ohio, in 1843, and resided in his native state until 1859, when he came overland to California in company with an uncle. He lived two years in San Jose, and then engaged in mining in the County of Mariposa, State of California. He enlisted in Company "H", 7th California Infantry in 1864, for service in the civil war, and was active in the organization of his company, and by vote of his company received appointment as first sergeant, and served with his company until March, 1866. In 1871, he was on the city police force and did excellent work in his office, distinguishing himself above his fellow officers for his tact in the capture of criminals. Later he was a deputy in the County Clerk's office, and was chief deputy under Recorder Charles E. Miles. He was appointed United States Marshall by President Harrison.

In 1881, Mr. Gard was appointed Chief of Police and in 1882 was a deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County, and in 1884 was elected sheriff. In 1886 he engaged in orange growing near Azusa in Los Angeles County, and later was the leading private detective in this part of the state. His services being

sought for in Arizona and Mexico in most difficult and daring enterprises for the capture of criminals of all classes.

Major Gard was active in the formation and organization of the Eagle Corps, the first company of the present 7th Regiment National Guard of California. He was a leading spirit in matters pertaining to the G. A. R., being a charter member of Bartlett Post, No. 6, being at one time post commander. In 1890 he was elected Department Commander of G. A. R. of California, which included the state of California, Nevada and Hawaiian Islands.

In 1869, he was married to Miss Kate Hammell, a sister of our present efficient Chief of Police of Los Angeles City. She died some years ago, leaving two children, William Brant and Georgetta Gard, who are both living.

Major George Edwin Gard arrived in Los Angeles County in 1866, and died in Pasadena, March 10th, 1904, being at the time of his death a member in good standing of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

"Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory."

C. N. WILSON,
J. M. STEWART,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JONATHAN DICKEY DUNLAP.

J. D. Dunlap was born in the town of Antrim, New Hampshire, May 25, 1825. In the early forties he went to Zanesville, Ohio, and in 1846, from there he went to Mexico, arriving at Matamoros about Christmas of that year. Joining the commissary department there, he was ordered by Col. Taylor to report to Capt. Wm. Barksdale of the Second Mississippi Rifles, at Carmago, to serve as chief clerk. Captain afterwards General Barksdale of the Confederate Army, was killed on the Potomac river in the civil war.

After the close of the Mexican War, Mr. Dunlap returned to Ohio. In 1849, he started for California by way of New Orleans and the Isthmus. He remained some time at Panama, engaging in auction and commission business. He was a witness of the celebrated May riots of Panama in 1850. He saw one American stoned to death, and several natives shot, and, he himself, had a narrow escape from being starved to death. He left Panama for San Francisco, where he arrived in September,

1850. He worked in the mines near Georgetown, in Placer County, till the spring of '51, from there he moved to Shasta County, where he remained till 1859, when he came with J. J. Tomlinson to Los Angeles County, and acted as his agent for two years at the "Embarcadero," or Port of San Pedro, in the lightering, staging and teaming business between San Pedro and Los Angeles.

For several years thereafter he followed various occupations in Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Utah. He was employed by Campbell & Buffum as bookkeeper at Prescott, Arizona, for two years; returning to Los Angeles he took a grading contract on the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad then being built. He served as Deputy U. S. Marshall from 1868 to 1890 or '91, or about twenty-three years, under Marshals Rand, Gouverneur Morris, Marcellus, Poole, Drew, Risley and Gard.

He acted as land-grader for the Southern Pacific Railroad for three years. One of the notable episodes connected with this service was the eviction of the settlers of the Mussel Slough, in Tulare County, when seven men were killed.

Mr. Dunlap was married to Mrs. Clara S. Crooks, January 28, 1885, at San Francisco.

Mr. Dunlap was the possessor of many sterling qualities and was highly respected by all who knew him.

He died June 26, 1904, in his 80th year. His wife and children survive him.

Los Angeles, Sept. 6, 1904.

H. D. BARROWS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
WM. FERGUSON,
Committee.

MRS. CORNELIA SHAFFER.

Mrs. Cornelia Shaffer, wife of our esteemed brother Pioneer, Mr. John Shaffer, died at her home, No. 200 Boyle Ave., this city, July 28, 1904.

Mrs. Shaffer was born at Deleasel, Holland, September 25, 1825, where she and her husband were reared and schooled together. Her father was for many years a custom house officer. Her marriage to John Shaffer was a romance pure and simple. At the age of 16, after plighting their troth, he bade her good bye and left his native land to seek his fortune, and make a home for himself and his sweetheart. After wandering for several

years as a sailor, in 1848, he landed in California, and immediately struck out for the gold fields, where he soon "made a stake."

In the fall of 1850 he returned to Holland to the "girl he left behind," who was still waiting for his return. They were soon married in the same little town, in February, 1851, and left immediately for America, arriving in New York in March, same year. For several years they were unsettled, living in different states without any special financial advancement; finally they decided to go west, and arrived in Los Angeles in 1872, "flat broke." He soon went into the business of making tents and awnings on a small scale, toiling with the needle early and late. Mrs. Shaffer was always her husband's counselor in business matters. The fever of speculation never attacked them. They lived economically, devoted to each other, and to their business interests, caring little for society. As their business increased they made investments with care, and the competency which they accumulated for their old age was the result of the increase in value of these investments. Mrs. Shaffer was a woman of kind heart, quiet and retiring in her nature, sympathetic and generous to the needy. Her home was a synonym of the old time hospitality of Holland, and those who were so fortunate as to possess her friendship found the latch string of her door always on the outside.

Three years ago last February she and her husband celebrated their golden wedding with a beautiful reception to their friends, and fellow Pioneers. About 200 guests were present and enjoyed the evening, and the sumptuous banquet prepared. The occasion will be long remembered by those whose fortunate enough to be present.

Mrs. Shaffer was a charter member of the Compton Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, under whose auspices the funeral services were conducted, together with the closing services of the Masonic Order. The pall bearers were composed of three Pioneers and three Masons. She was laid to rest in a lot in Evrgreen Cemetery that she selected a long time ago, where stands a beautiful monument waiting to be inscribed with the names of Cornelia and John Shaffer.

M. F. QUINN,
EMMA S. GILLETTE,
MARY FRANKLIN,
Committee.

THOMAS D. MOTT.

Thomas D. Mott, pioneer and capitalist, died suddenly of heart failure at his residence, No. 810 South Union Avenue, February 19, 1904.

It was in a historic place that Mr. Mott first saw the light of day. He was born July 31, 1829, at Schuylerville, Saratoga County, N. Y., which place was the scene of important incidents in the War of the Revolution. Young Mott began his business career at the age of 14 as clerk in a general merchandise store in his native town. Salaries for boys did not run high there in those days. As compensation for plenty of hard work young Mott received his board and \$25 per year.

His natural aptitude and ambition led him to seek a more inviting field for the exercise of his business abilities and, soon after the beginning of the gold excitement in California, he left his home and came to San Francisco by way of Panama. The journey occupied the greater part of six months and was accompanied by numerous perils and privations.

Soon after his arrival in San Francisco Mr. Mott secured lucrative employment in the mines of the northern counties. With great persistency and rigid economy he secured sufficient capital to embark in a general merchandise business in Stockton, where fortune smiled on him. At the age of 21 he started out with a snug sum of accumulated capital to invade other fields of enterprise.

His attention was directed to the commercial possibilities of establishing a suitable ferry system over the San Joaquin River and in that venture he succeeded to his utmost expectations until in 1852 he disposed of his interests in the northern part of the state, and cast his lot with what was then the pueblo of Los Angeles. Here in Southern California he made his home for more than fifty years.

Mr. Mott was so thoroughly enthusiastic over the future of his new home that he readily invested his capital in real estate here. In after years he reaped a rich harvest on the faith of his good judgment and foresight.

A natural gift of organization and an ambition to master men and affairs led him into politics and for more than a quarter of a century his reputation as a Democratic leader extended throughout the state. He was an intimate personal friend and associate of Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and William F. Herrin.

In 1863 he was elected first the County Clerk of Los Angeles County and was re-elected for three consecutive terms thereafter. He discharged the manifold duties of his office which at that time embraced the responsibilities of ex-officio Recorder and Auditor with unfailing courtesy and fidelity.

When in 1871 the Southern Pacific Railroad Company first expressed its readiness to build into Southern California provided proper inducements were offered, Mr. Mott was chosen to represent his district in the Legislature. There he soon became a commanding figure and won the regard of his constituency by insuring the construction of the railroad over Tehachepi and through the Soledad Canyon, a route which though very expensive to the railroad company, secured an immense advantage to Los Angeles and probably first brought the southern city into public notice.

In his political undertakings as well as in private business, Mr. Mott was associated with his brother, Stephen H. Mott, the capitalist and former secretary of the Crystal Spring Water Company, and a director in the W. H. Perry Lumber Company. In 1876 he was sent as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in St. Louis, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency. In 1896 when the Democratic party turned to silver, Mr. Mott cast his lot with the Republicans.

Mr. Mott was closely identified with various civic movements inaugurated to build up the resources of Southern California. In 1886 with rare business foresight he erected Mott Market on South Main Street, which was at that time one of the most pretentious and ambitious undertaking in the city. He was also identified with the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and other kindred organizations.

Tall of figure and commanding in appearance, Mr. Mott possessed a rare personal charm of manner which endeared him to a host of friends and admirers.

Property interests left by him include the Mott Market, on Main Street, considerable frontage on North Spring Street and local bank stocks and other holdings, valued at over \$200,000.

One brother, Stephen H. Mott, of this city, and one sister, Mrs. Rebecca Lewis, of Schuylerville, N. Y., survive him. Other surviving members of the family are his widow, who was formerly Ascencion Sepulveda, a sister of former Superior Judge Sepulveda; one daughter, Mrs. Henry Vander Leck of Nogales, Ariz., and four sons. The sons are Thomas D. Mott, Jr., a prominent attorney of Porto Rico; Stephen D. Mott of Porto

Rico, Y. L. Mott of Nogales, Ariz., and John G. Mott of Los Angeles.

KILIAN MESSER.

In memory of our departed friend and fellow pioneer, Mr. Kilian Messer, we offer the following sketch of his life and of his residence in the city of Los Angeles, in which he lived for 50 years. He was born in Germany, August 25, 1824, where he spent the early years of his life up to 1850, tiring of home he set out to seek his fortune in a foreign county. He sailed for the golden state of California via Cape Horn. In those days it was not an easy journey. He was shipwrecked on the way, but finally reached San Francisco, after being one year on the way. From there he went to the mines, where, after spending a few years, he tired of that kind life. He left for Los Angeles in 1854, and so became one of the early pioneers of our beloved city. Here he engaged in different pursuits of life in all of which he was successful. He was married in October, 1862, to Miss Louise Schmidt and raised two sons who are now engaged in business here, and who enjoy the respect of their fellow citizens. He died December 30, 1904.

LOUIS ROEDER,
AUGUST SCHMIDT,
EMIL PESCHKE,
Committee.

COL. ISAAC ROTHERMEL DUNKELBERGER.

Col. Dunkelberger, who was so widely and favorably known in this community, was born in Northumberland County, Penn., in 1832. He died in Los Angeles, December 5, 1904, at the age of 72 years.

Col. Dunkelberger, who had studied civil engineering and read law in the office of Simon Cameron, was one of the first, if not the first man to enlist in Pennsylvania in the civil war. His regiment, the First Penn. Volunteers, was ordered to Baltimore at the time of the attack on the Massachusetts troops, and while there he received a commission as second lieutenant in the First Dragoons, afterwards the First U. S. Cavalry, the same regiment which distinguished itself in Cuba in the late war between the United States and Spain. Col. Dunkelberger in the

civil war was in thirty-six pitched battles, and in a number of skirmishes. He was twice wounded—once through the left shoulder and left lung, his wound at the time, being thought to have been mortal. His sufferings from this terrible wound, during the remainder of his life, nearly forty years, from abscesses, which recurred at intervals till his death, were most excruciating. His left arm was practically useless.

After the close of the war he was ordered to New Orleans with Gen. Sheridan, who there relieved Gen. Butler. From thence he was ordered to San Francisco, and from there to Arizona. In 1876 he resigned his commission in the army and thereafter made his home in Los Angeles.

Col. Dunkelberger was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles by President Grant, February 3, 1877; and re-appointed by President Hayes in 1881.

In 1867, Col. Dunkelberger was married to Miss Mary Mallard of this city, who, with six children, three sons and three daughters, survive him.

In 1901, President McKinley, after reviewing the war record of Colonel Dunkelberger, and letters of Generals Grant, Sheridan and Meade, appointed him captain of cavalry in the regular army, and he was confirmed and retired the same day by Congress without a dissenting vote.

There are many old-timers still living in Los Angeles who have a warm place in their hearts for gallant, bluff Colonel Dunkelberger. His name will ever remain green in their memories.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

PASCAL BALLADE.

P. Ballade, a resident of Los Angeles for over thirty years, was a native of France, born April 6, 1839. He came to California in 1862. After a residence of three years in San Francisco, he went to Santa Clara County and was employed at the New Almaden Quicksilver mines for several years. He next went to Monterey and engaged in sheep raising until 1872, when he came to Los Angeles and successfully followed the same business near San Juan Capistrano.

Later he came to this city and engaged in mercantile business. Mr. Ballade was married December 9, 1869, to Miss Marie Marilius, who was also a native of France. For two or three years preceding his death, he suffered from the dropsy. He died December 1, at the age of 65 years. His wife and three children, John, Mary and Antoinette, survive him.

Mr. Ballade was a somewhat reserved, quiet man, but he was held in high estimation by his neighbors for his sterling worth.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JOHN CRIMMINS.

John Crimmins, who died in this city, November 24, 1904, aged fifty-four years, was a native of Ireland, born in 1850, November 10. He came to the United States with his parents when six years old, and lived with them in Boston till the fall of 1868, when he came to Los Angeles, where eventually he established himself in business as a master plumber, in which business he continued with success till about two years before his death. Mr. Crimmins maintained throughout his life a name for probity and thoroughgoing honesty, and as a consequence he was esteemed highly by his neighbors and by all who knew him, including the members of this Pioneer Society, of which he was an honored member.

Two sisters of our deceased associate survive him, one a resident of this city and the other residing in the east.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County

James J. Ayres.....Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster.....Died January 27, 1898.
Horace HillerDied May 23, 1898.
John Strother GriffinDied August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley.....Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy.....Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La DowDied January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael.....Died April 19, 1899.
Francis BakerDied May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose.....Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald.....Died June 10, 1899.
James CraigDied December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton ScottDied January 3, 1900.
Francisco SablchlDied April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller TownDied April 24, 1900.
Fred W. WoodDied May 19, 1900.
Joseph BayerDied July 27, 1900.
Augustus UlyardDied August 5, 1900.
A. M. HoughDied August 28, 1900.
Henry F. FleishmanDied October 20, 1900.
Frank LecouvreurDied January 17, 1901.
Daniel ShleckDied January 20, 1901.
Andrew GlassellDied January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. RowanDied March 25, 1901.
Mary UlyardDied April 5, 1901.
George GephardDied April 12, 1901.
William Frederick GrosserDied April 13, 1901.
Samuel Calvert FoyDied April 24, 1901.
Joseph StoltenbergDied June 25, 1901.
Charles BrodeDied August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. JunkinsDied August, 1901.
Laura Gibson AbernethyDied May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley EnsignDied September 20, 1901.
Frank A. GibsonDied October 11, 1901.
Godfrey HargittDied November 14, 1901.
John C. AndersonDied January 25, 1902.
Elijah MoultonDied January 28, 1902.
John Charles DotterDied March 3, 1902.
John Caleb SallsburyDied July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. BentDied July 29, 1902.

Anderson Rose Died August 30, 1902.
 Caleb E. White Died September 2, 1902.
 Jerry Illich Died September 5, 1902.
 Daniel Desmond Died January 23, 1903.
 Edmund Cermy Gildden Died March 2, 1903.
 Samuel Meyer Died March 25, 1903.
 George Huntington Peck Died April 12, 1903.
 Carl Felix Helnzman Died April 29, 1903.
 Jean Sentous Died April, 1903.
 Micajah D. Johnson Died June 6, 1903.
 Morriltz Morris Died June 10, 1903.
 Jullus Brousseau Died October 15, 1903.
 Ivar A. Weld Died August 25, 1903.
 Alice W. B. Weyse Died November 6, 1903.
 Nicholas Kipp Died November, 1903.
 George Cummings Died December 6, 1903.
 Mrs. Martha Nadeau Died January 7, 1904.
 Mathew Teed Died March 31, 1904.
 Thomas D. Mott.....Died February 18, 1904.
 George E. Gard.....Died March 10, 1904.
 Charles R. Johnson.....Died March 26, 1904.
 A. A. Proctor.....Died May 2, 1904.
 Lewis H. Lyons.....Died May 29, 1904.
 Jonathan D. Dunlap.....Died June 26 1904.
 Cornelia R. Shaffer.....Died July 28, 1904.
 Omri Bullis.....Died August, 1904.
 Nathanel C. Carter.....Died September 4, 1904.
 M. M. Green.....Died September 10, 1904.
 C. E. Huber.....Died June 10, 1904.
 John Crimmins.....Died November 24, 1904.
 Isaac R. Dunkelberger.....Died December 5, 1904.
 Pascal Ballade.....Died December 4, 1904.
 David Mulrein.....Died December 13, 1904.
 Kilian Messer.....Died December 30, 1904.
 D. W. C. Cowan.....Died January 22, 1905.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	723 E. Eighteenth	1843
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 W. Seventeenth	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Manhattan Beach	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Bradshaw, T. T.	Eng.	Landlord	July, '76	634 S. Spring	1854
Breer, Louis	Germ.	Blacksmith	'58	215 San Pedro	1858
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Brown, George T.	T. Y.	Fruit Grower	Feb. 26, '85	Irwindale	1862
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	Ocean Park	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	Garzanza	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Ruffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Narham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	Feb., '66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Binford, Henry M.	Mo.	Agt. W.F. Co. Exp.	July 14, '74	310 N. Belmont Ave.	1874
Barton, John W.	Mich.	Farmer	'82	El Monte	1854
Bryant, Barney S.	Ga.	Constable	Nov. 12, '54	Azusa	1854
Beck, John R.	Ind.	Retired	'54	El Monte	1854
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	Temple St.	1847
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1003 E. Washington	1859
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspare	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1850
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Cable, Jonathan T.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Culver, Francis F.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Crane, W. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Cook, Alonzo G.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Coulter, Frank M.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Crowell, T. Caleb	Tenn.	Merchant	Sept. '77	1015 S. Figueroa	1877
Cleminson, James	Miss.	Lumber Dealer	June, '71	901 S. Union	1871
Cleminson, Emma	Mo.	Farmer	July 4, '57	El Monte	1852
	Ja.	Housewife	'72	El Monte	1872
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	618 S. Workman	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	618 S. Workman	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	707 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, O. R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louis	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Dol, Victor	France	Retired	Oct. 11, '76	612 S. Broadway	1868
De Camp, Edgar A.	Ohio	Rancher	June '74	Sherman	1874
Decker, Henry	Ky.	Stage Carpenter	'75	204 N. Union	1855
Dunsmoor, John M.	Minn.	Physician	June 16, '72	233½ N. Grand ave	1872
Dusoe, Robt. M.	Mass.	Clerk	July 6, '75	617 S. Olive	1875
Durrell, Josiah F.	Me.	Retired	Feb. '69	1127 Wall	
Durfee, Dianthia B.	Mo.	Housewife	'51	El Monte	1851
Dodson, Wm. R.	Ark.	Hotel-keeper	Sept. '68	El Monte	1868
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eberle, Chas. H.	Pa.	Editor	March, '80	Downey	1840
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Edgerton, Salvin	Vt.	Lawyer	'85	Los Angeles	1861
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Everts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Eddleman, J. J.	Ill.	Harnessmaker	March 1, '92	El Monte	1863
Farwell, Wm.	Ire.	Plumber	Aug. 25, '67	540 S. Figueroa	1865
Foster, Geo. S.	Me.	Retired	Mar. 15, '75	738 S. Olive	1853
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 22	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	Garvanza	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '57	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Fouls, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Frank, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Franklin, DeWitt C.	N. J.	Retired	Feb. 3, '64	253 N. Ave. 22	1864
Frost, Frank A.	Germ.	Farmer	April, '66	El Monte	1866
Gilmore, Fred J.	Mass.	Merchant	Oct. 5, '74	300 E. Twenty-fifth	1874
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	5539 Monte Vista	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	1288 W 22	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'53	1817 Cherry	1851
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanor	Germ	Housewife	Jan., '71	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Gosper, John J.	Ohio	Mining Broker	'76	103 E. Second	1876
Glover, Nellie	Mass.	Housewife	April 1, '79	W. Ave. 53	1879
Glynn, John	Nev.	Farmer	Aug., '67	San Gabriel	1867
Germain, Eugene	Switz.	Merchant	May 12, '67	953 S. Hope	1867
Guess, John	Ark.	Farmer	'52	El Monte	1852
Guess, Sarah C.	Ala.	Housewife	'70	El Monte	1870
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853
Hosmer, Nathan H.	Mass.	Fruit Grower	Apr. 27, '78	Sierra Madre	1878
Haas, John B.	Germ.	Dep. Insp. Streets	May, '84	902 E. 14th	1854
Huffstutler, H. H.	Mo.	Farmer	'65	El Monte	1865
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869
Hudson, J. W.	N. Y.	Farmer	'68	Puente	1868
Holt, Martha A.	Tenn.	Housewife	'56	San Gabriel	1856
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serapta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	2913 W 12	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Jordan, Rose	Ky.	Housewife	'69	200½ S. Main	1854
Jacoby, Herman	Germ.	Real Estate	June 20, '63	156 W. Pico	1863
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kurrle, Frederick	Germ.	Retired	May 12, '77	133 Carr	1877
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858
Livermore, P. P.	N. Y.	Clerk	Sept. 16, '76	491 N. Alvarado	1875
Low, Julia A.	Utah	Housewife	Oct. '87	El Monte	1859
Lamoreaux, C. L.	N. Y.	Retired	July 3, '78	577 Wall	1857
Loomore, Isabella F.	Conn.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '77	112 Cypress avenue	1877
Lockwood, George H.	Mich.	Dep. Sheriff	Feb., '68	763 Merchant	1868
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	1873
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1872
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1873
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1856
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1853
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loomore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	1853
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manito avenue	1859
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melville, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eighth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.		'66	1467 E. Twentieth	—
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
Marsh, Martin C.	Can.	Contractor	Jan. 10, '76	Iowa	1876
Magee Hugh	Ire.	Teamster	'59	Los Angeles	1859
Martin, Mm. T.	Tex.	Farmer	'53	Pomona	1853
Meserve, Alvin R.	Me.	Retired	'77	30, E. 45 ave	1877
Meserve, Elizabeth H.	Mo.	Housewife	'77	30 E. 54th ave.	1877
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220 1/2 S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
McMahon, P. J.	Ire.	Retired	July, '81	2619 Manitou	1853
McDonald, Mrs. J. G.	Mo.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '59	Los Angeles	1859
McDonald, Luella M.	Pa.	—	March 8, '76	1429 Essex	1874
McAnany, Philip	Ire.	Farmer	'68	La Dow	1863
McMullen, Julia M.	Me.	Housewife	Aug. 1, '74	2631 Brighton ave.	1874
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850
Newton, I. C.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan. 29, '71	South Pasadena	1871
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Flurence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	1338 W. Third	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Fike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '68	Los Angeles	1854

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Profit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Sunmit avenue	
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1849
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	Waterloo	1876
Parker, Wm. S.	Or.	Farmer	'76	El Monte	1869
Place Geo. D.	N. H.	Journalist	'76	Los Angeles	1870
Pogson, Robt. M.	Eng.	Rancher	July '70	Hollywood	1870
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '60	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Reavis, Wm. E.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Rolston, Wm	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Read, Jennie Sanderson	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	
Roques, A. C.	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Raphael, C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	
Russell, R. B.	Germ.	Retired	May 8, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Rice, Geo.	Me.	Farmer	July '69	550 Los Angeles	1869
	Ohio	Publisher	Aug. 13, '79	5308 Pasadena ave	1879
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	Long Beach	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'73	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1859
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steele, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Schroeder, Hugo	Ill.	Sign Painter	April, '75	1310 S. Figueroa	1875
Schroeder, Adelmo	Ill.	Sign Painter	Dec., '74	1257 Hoover	1874

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schutte, August	Germ.	Retired	Nov. '75	1010 W. Second st	1874
Slotterbeck, Sophia	Germ.	Housewife	Aug. '70	532 Bucna Vista	1870
Spencer, Amanda H.	N.Y.	Housewife	July '68	Los Angeles	1868
Straus Ben. A.	Ky.	Clerk	Oct. 31, '75	1511 Silver st	1875
Switzer, C. P.	Va.	Carpenter	Feb. 13, '54	Georgia st	1854
Straus, Adolph	Tenn.	Miner	Oct. '75	233½ N. Grand	1875
Steele Wm. R.	West Va.	Farmer	'67	Compton	1860
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Thurman, R. M.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	Pomona	1852
Thurman, S. D.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Torr, Agnes	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct. '78	411 E. 29	1878
Tilly, Joseph	Eng.	Retired	'75	Los Angeles	1866
True, Cyrus S.	Me.	Dep. Col. Customs	'72	New Southern Hotel	1868
Thurman, John S.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 3, '52	516 E. 5th st	1852
Thurman, A. L.	Tenn.	Farmer	'52	Burnett	1852
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Van Valkenburg, Amelia	Ill.	Retired	Feb. 15, '68	1053 So. Main	1868
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
Widney, Robert M.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	March, '68	Los Angeles	1857
Wetzel, Martin	Ky.	Engineer	Aug. 27, '67	2114 Pasadena avenue	1867
Weston, Ben S.	Mass.	Farmer	'56	Redondo	1857
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Wern, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	1315 W. Third	1850
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1875
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	4443 Trinity	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	4513 Trinity	1840
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Willard, Cyrus	Me.	Retired	March 1, '75	W. Washington	1853
Wadsworth, Jas. M.	Pa.	Mason	'77	El Monte	1874
Walker, Frank	Can.	Retired	Oct. '75	748 W. First	1864
Wilson, W. R.	Ind.	Carpenter	Mar. 20, '75	557 Wall	1875
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1864
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	1857
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866



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