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HISTORIC FACTS AND FANCIES



CALIFORNIA



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Historic Facts *and* Fancies

History and Landmarks Section
of California Federated
Women's Clubs

California Federated Women's Clubs
History and Landmarks Section



C O M M I T T E E

MRS. J. A. BUNTING, Centerville

MRS. J. E. THANE, Niles

MRS. F. A. STUART, Palo Alto

Object of This Fund

To make it possible for every clubwoman, with time and ability, to hold office and to do her best by the office; the fund to be used for traveling expenses of chairmen of committees as voted by the Executive Board.

Call for Material

CALIFORNIA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS,
CENTERVILLE, CAL., February, 1907.

A book published for a traveling fund of the California Federation of Women's Clubs is an assured fact. If your club has not already sent something, will you not consider the matter? Have you no landmark of interest; no history to record? Have you not a man or woman of note in your midst? An old pioneer with an experience? Interesting finding of mines, gems or Indian relics?

We have been asked if the book is to be illustrated. Have you a picture you would like to put in, and would your club be willing to pay for the engraving?

Please act promptly, as we desire to get it in the hands of the publishers as soon as possible.

FLEDA O. BUNTING,
Sub-Committee of History and Landmarks.

Prophecy from C. F. W. C. Year Book, 1907

This section is going to become of more importance and value. Our history has so many broken threads that we may well join the ends. Think how fast our pioneers are going, and with them their wonderful stories.

History is a deceptive cloth. It lies before us on the everyday counter, gray and uninteresting; but, let Time hold it in the distance, give it the right shake and lo! it is before us in beautiful colors, changing from light to dark.

Our Ambition

To place a neat, entertaining and instructive volume in your hands. We give you some honest facts; some new accounts of old times; legends of the past and hopes for the future. We do not aim at the moon; rather a modest little star which will shine on and on, with a light that will appeal to all whose eyes glance upon it.

The Future

On reading this book, many facts will come to your mind that should be in it. Write them up and send to us that we may arrange them for a second edition.

Our Thanks

To Miss Helen Chandler, who designed our cover; to the clubwomen who have suggested; The Sunset Company, who have contributed pictures, and the dear public at large, whom we expect will buy.

Contents

	PAGE
Landmarks (First Section).....	7
Some of Our Landmarks..... <i>Elsinore Woman's Club</i>	9
"Signal Hill," Long Beach..... <i>Ebell Club, Long Beach</i>	10
Red Mountain..... <i>Napa Study Club</i>	11
Monterey <i>Los Angeles Ebell</i>	14
Glass Mountain..... <i>Napa Study Club</i>	16
The Palo Alto Tree..... <i>Woman's Club</i>	17
From "In Tamal Land"..... <i>Outdoor Art Club</i>	18
Marin County and Tamalpais..... <i>Mill Valley Outdoor Art Club</i>	20
A Desert Romance..... <i>Riverside Woman's Club</i>	21
Extracts from Letter by Albert S. Evans..... <i>Mill Valley Outdoor Art Club</i>	28
An Ancient Landmark..... <i>Wednesday Club, San Diego</i>	31
San Diego (Poem)..... <i>Wednesday Club, San Diego</i>	32
Pioneers (Second Section).....	33
The Call of the West (Poem)..... <i>Country Club, Alameda County</i>	34
Brief Sketch of the Life of a Pioneer..... <i>Craft Woman's Club</i>	35
The Female Institute..... <i>Santa Clara Woman's Club</i>	37
A Bit of California Pioneer History..... <i>Laurel Hall Club</i>	39
Reminiscences of Early California Life..... <i>Contemporary Club</i>	40
California's First American School.. <i>Galpin Shakespeare Club, Los Angeles</i>	46
Olive Mann Isbell..... <i>Current Events Club</i>	50
One of the Early Schools..... <i>Country Club, Alameda County</i>	51
Home of Governor Pio Pico..... <i>Woman's Improvement Club</i>	52
History of Orange County..... <i>Santa Ana Woman's Club</i>	54
Oakland from Days of Sir Francis Drake to those of President Roosevelt <i>Oakland Club</i>	56
The Old Bale Mill..... <i>New Century and Napa Study Club</i>	59
Sketch of John Thomas Reed..... <i>Outdoor Art Club</i>	62
Earthquake of 1857..... <i>Bakersfield Woman's Club</i>	63
The Gold Find..... <i>Los Angeles Ebell</i>	64
Old Colusa Town..... <i>Contemporary Club</i>	72
Stanford University..... <i>Palo Alto Woman's Club</i>	76

C o n t e n t s

A Happy Valley Story.....	<i>San Jose Woman's Club</i>	77
A Short History of San Diego.....	<i>Mothers' Club, San Diego</i>	79
A Story of Tom Bell.....	<i>Carrie Stevens Walter</i>	80
A London Bride in California.....	<i>Los Angeles Ebell</i>	82
The White Lady of La Jolla.....	<i>San Diego Club</i>	85
Across the Plains.....	<i>San Jose Woman's Club</i>	92
California Incidents.....	<i>Alameda Tea Club</i>	98
San Joaquin Rocks.....	<i>Coalinga Improvement Club</i>	100
The Old Dominguez Ranch.....	<i>Pathfinder Club, Compton</i>	102
Lost Woman of San Nicholas Island.....	<i>L. G. Yates</i>	104
Old Streets of Santa Barbara.....	<i>Woman's Club, Carpinteria</i>	105
From the State Capital.....	<i>Kingsley Art Club</i>	105
Incident of the Flood.....		106
Discovery of Kunzite.....	<i>San Diego Shakespeare Club</i>	106
Indian (Third Section).....		107
Indian War of 1856.....	<i>Woman's Club, Bakersfield</i>	109
Tehama County Indians.....	<i>Woman's Club, Corning</i>	112
The Legend of An-o-hos.....	<i>Young Women's Club, San Jose</i>	114
The Napa Indians.....	<i>Napa Club</i>	118
True Stories of Pioneer Indian Life.....	<i>Maywood Club</i>	122
A Pot of Gold.....	<i>Maywood Club, Corning</i>	123
Sebastian.....	<i>Woman's Club, Bakersfield</i>	124
Tule Boats.....	<i>Woman's Club, Bakersfield</i>	126
When Two Gods Were Worshipped.....	<i>Santa Ana Club</i>	127
The Whistle in the Straw (Poem).....	<i>Mountain View Woman's Club</i>	133
A Yoko Funeral Ceremony, 1866.....		134
The Old Adobe, Petaluma.....	<i>Woman's Club, Petaluma</i>	137
Dolores.....	<i>Pleasant Hour Club</i>	138
Anecdotes of the Indians.....	<i>Elsinore Club</i>	144
Kah-le-kah (Blue Lakes).....	<i>Saturday Afternoon Club</i>	147



List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Cypress Point, Monterey.....	6
Mt. Shasta	8
Red Mountain	12
Old Customs House.....	15
The "Palo Alto".....	17
Mt. Tamalpais	19
The Old Palms.....	30
Mrs. E. P. Robbins Crafts.....	36
Female Institute	38
Glacier Point, Yosemite.....	55
The Old Bale Mill.....	60
San Juan Capistrano Mission.....	71
Vernal Falls, Yosemite.....	75
Stanford University	76
The White Lady of La Jolla.....	84
E. B. Crocker Museum, Sacramento.....	96
The First Confession.....	97
Santa Barbara Mission	103
A Spot, Del Monte.....	108
Old Vallejo House.....	136
Old Adobe near St. Helena.....	136
Cliff Dwellers	146
Nevada Falls, Yosemite.....	149

Historic Facts and Fancies



CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY.

Landmarks

Historic Facts and Fancies



MT. SHASTA.

Some of Our Landmarks

Elsinore Woman's Club.



CALIFORNIA, the Golden State, has combined within herself the various beauties of the other States. Her picturesque mountains rise like quaint castles with turrets and towers, or like some giant fortress with walls of defense. Her extent of desert has hidden for centuries priceless gold mines. Her great length of coast line is washed by the ever-restless waters of the grand Pacific Ocean. The verdure of the landscape, so restful to the eye, is preserved by the rivers, brooks, and springs of clear, running water. The ever-growing fruits and flowers enhance the attractions. The bright sunshine, the soft, clear moonlight, the invigorating sea-breeze and the pure air make it a haven of rest to invalids and those in declining years.

That climate! Who can fitly describe it? It must be known to have its merits realized.

We will begin with the northern part of the State. Mount Shasta crowns it right nobly, with her everlasting snow-capped summit. Lake Tahoe is a sapphire set in green. Yosemite, so vast in extent, so wonderful in effects, can not be pictured so that justice is done to it. No traveler has ever been disappointed in it. It is the pride, not alone of the State, but of the nation. The renowned Calaveras trees, largest in the world; San Francisco Bay, with its three great arms extending far inland; Seal Rock; the different islands, and Golden Gate, entrance to the fine harbor and city, are Nature's own handiwork and wonderful landmarks. Golden Gate Park, Sutro Heights, and Cliff House are works of nature and art combined. Mount Tamalpais is noted for its unique railroad and wonderful view. Mount Hamilton Observatory is world-renowned. Mount Diablo is striking in shape, if not so tall as others. The beautiful Santa Clara Valley; the Sacramento River and Valley; the Geysers and hot springs; Monterey Bay and surroundings, cited in art and history; Santa Cruz Bay, landlocked with beautiful mountains and big trees, are indeed landmarks to be proud of. The great deserts have their attractions and interest—the odd shades, and cacti, sage-brush and grease-wood. Los Angeles River and region, with beautiful, dark-green orange orchards. Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson are huge monuments, indeed. The San Gabriel hills and valley frame a charming picture.

Next, we see San Pedro harbor, Point Fermin, and Santa Catalina Island. At last, we come to San Diego, with another fine harbor overlooked by Point Loma; her strange valleys and deep cañon.

From San Francisco to San Diego, the famous old missions point to early history and are lasting landmarks. All along the coast we find the lighthouses flashing their warning light.

The long Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas extend from one end to the other of the State.

These are a few of our landmarks.

“Signal Hill,” Long Beach

From Ebell Club of Long Beach, California.



THINK of it! In 1850 there was not a lighthouse north of the equator on the Pacific coast of America! The gold-seekers had been coming “round the Horn” and across the Isthmus of Panama ever since that day in January, 1848, when Marshall found the yellow grains at Sutter’s Mill. It was in 1850 that the authorities at Washington sent out the first Geodetic Coast Survey to the Pacific Coast. Its members were George Davidson, James Lawson, Alexander Harrison, and John Rockwell— young fellows, all, just out of college, coming to the West across the Isthmus. As they sailed north, the captain of the ship, having learned their business, urged them to begin the lighthouse survey at Point Concepcion, as it was the most dangerous point on the Coast, and, besides, was located incorrectly on the seamen’s charts. The following facts are from the statements of Mr. Rockwell, who had charge of the expedition:

As soon as the party reached San Francisco, they asked whether it would be better to go to Point Concepcion by land or by water. “Certainly not by land,” they were told: “there is no trail to that point and no record of anybody who ever has wanted to go there.” In fact, everybody had made it a matter of business to keep as far out at sea, in passing the Point, as possible. Just as the party were about to conclude that they must make a trail if they reached the dangerous point, there sailed into Golden Gate Harbor the “Burnham,” running between San Pedro and San Francisco; her captain was James Green. The United States Collector of the Port of San Francisco joined the Coast Survey men in urging Captain Green to carry them to Concepcion. “Well,” said the captain, “I’ll tell ye what I’ll do. If we get along the Point in daylight, and the sea’s a-runnin’ smooth and no sou’easter blowin’, I’ll land ye; otherwise, I’ll carry ye down to San Pedro, fetch ye back, land ye at the Point, if I can, or else fetch ye here to San Francisco again, and I’ll charge ye \$1,200.00 for yourselves and your luggage.”

With these conditions, the party agreed to comply, and the skillful captain landed them safely at Point Concepcion in July, 1850. Such was the beginning of the Coast Survey work in the north of our State.

It was in 1853 that the party found themselves at San Pedro, where they had gone to establish a point for a base-line that should serve for the triangulation of the Coast. It was while engaged in this work that Mr. Rockwell first came to the site of “Long Beach,” then one vast plain covered with grazing horses and cattle. Mr. Rockwell decided to place the first signal-pole for the work of triangulation at the top of a hill about three miles from the present town. The camp of the surveyors was twenty-five miles distant from this hill, but a cart and oxen were hired from a Spaniard living on the San Gabriel River, and the party started from camp with a forty-foot pole and a granite block eighteen inches long and six inches square, both brought from San Francisco, besides the tools and instruments necessary to do the work. The oxen rebelled against climbing the steep, unbroken way up the hill, and it required more than moral suasion to persuade them that the rough experiences of United States surveyors were good enough for oxen and that they must “get there,” which they did.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The granite stone was buried, with its top just showing above the ground, and above this was erected the signal-pole. A fence was built around it, as a protection from cattle, and on the pole was placed a placard made of strong cloth, on which was printed: "This is the property of the United States Government."

The beautiful hill thus received its name. "Signal Hill," within the memory of the people of the present prosperous city of Long Beach. It was in 1905 that Mr. Rockwell came again to the Pacific Coast. One day, he climbed to the top of Signal Hill to see what was left of his work in 1853. The fence and the signal-pole, with its placard, had wholly disappeared, but the stone was there, and there it remains to mark the first work of the United States Government in that part of its splendid possessions, which now forms the County of Los Angeles.

Red Mountain

A Forgotten Tragedy, Napa Study Club.



THIS mountain, capped with the everlasting snows, rises above his companions. His sides clothed in the deep dark green of the pine, fir, and spruce, he stands, a mighty sentinel, guarding the secret of the treasure hidden in his bosom. Suddenly, one bright day in June, in the later sixties, two prospectors surprised him. Near his base they camped, with the outfit a prospector carries on his back. Scrambling part way up his side, holding on by scrub-oak and chaparral, one carrying a pick, the other a shovel, they found a little shelf where they could stand without toppling over. Here the pick and shovel made the first scar from the hand of man on Red Mountain, christened, then and there, from the soil thrown out by the shovel. All through the summer they toiled early and late. Once in two weeks one of them would visit the nearest town, about eight miles distant, to buy food—a difficult tramp through the deep dark cañons, a blazed trail being the only guide.

When the snow began to fly the men feared another fall would shut them in for the winter and for all time, so they packed their outfit in the tunnel, covered the entrance with brush, and placed there a board with their names and their claim to the mine. Then, each shouldering a sack of ore, they made their way to the town, recording with the superintendent of mining records that Eric Ericson and Peter Peterson, of Upsala, Sweden, declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States, and claimed that portion of land they had staked out on Red Mountain. The men now went to "the bay," as the mountain people then called San Francisco, and securing rooms in the outskirts of the city, brought their boxes from a warehouse.

Red Mountain had revealed a portion of his secret to these students from the University of Upsala, but only a portion. The ore they carried from the tunnel was like none they had ever seen. All winter they wrestled with the secret. They hammered and pulverized the ore, roasted it, mingled it with all the chemicals their school had taught them were necessary for assaying, then tried experiments of their own. The dark, shining ore sometimes showed traces of iron and lead, then nickel or cobalt, or iridium, and always

Historic Facts and Fancies

arsenic, but the gold refused to part company with its neighbors, and defied the assayer's power.

When the bright sun of another June melted the snow from the base of Red Mountain the Swedish students made up their packs, and started for their tunnel, in nowise dismayed by their year of work and failure. Pete, as his companion called him, tall, dark and strong, took the lead, while Eric, slight and thin, with tawny hair, lagged behind, noticing every shrub and tree, rock and stone, talking of ore and ledges and outcrop, vein, and wall-rock—he, being the geologist, had located the lode on Red Mountain. These men were not ignorant miners who dug anywhere, and called it luck when they struck a “pocket” and “hard luck” when “pockets” were few and far between.

About a week after their return to the mountain, when their dump showed a goodly pile of the glistening ore, they were surprised, one evening,



RED MOUNTAIN.

to hear a shout, and looking down saw, coming out of the cañon, a party of men, who quickly scattered over the mountainside and staked out claims similar to their own. The Swedes had told no one of their mine and made their record as quietly as possible, but the old miner easily scents a new digging. The great heap of the dark, shining ore caused great excitement, and then ensued a regular California stampede. The very birds of the air seemed to carry news of the new camp to the distant diggings. Men who had paying claims abandoned them for the uncertainty of the new, which might prove fabulously rich. In a short time a thousand men were in the cañon and swarming over the face of Red Mountain. Numerous veins were struck, all belonging to the mother lode, and soon heaps of the dark ore glistened in the sunshine on Red Mountain.

As the camp needed the necessities of life a route was surveyed to the mountain town, and a trail was made along the mountainsides and through the cañons, bringing Red Mountain into communication with the outside world. The pack-mules brought some of the comforts of life, a few cabins were built, and the miners prepared to spend the winter in the snow. The Swedes brought up their assayer's outfit and did a thriving business. Some of the miners sent specimens of “rich rock” to assayers in San Francisco, but

Historic Facts and Fancies

all efforts brought only the result of the year before. The gold was there but refused to be reduced, was in fact "refractory."

The second year, the trail was crowded with traffic. Lumber was brought, houses were built, furniture and all that could be desired in a thriving town followed. A large boarding-house was built, there was a store, a post-office, a blacksmith's shop for sharpening the miners' tools, and the inevitable saloon and dance house. Prices were fabulous, and the man with the pack-mule made the money. Letters and newspapers were worth twenty-five cents apiece brought over the trail, and weightier articles in an ever-ascending scale of prices, but the miner buys what he wants while his money lasts. Another season of brisk activity in the camp, a winter in the snow, a summer of piling the dark, glistening ore upon the dumps, and Red Mountain still guarded his secret. When the snow came again, Pete said he and Eric must go to the city to earn some money, for their supply would not last through another season; but Eric refused to leave the camp, and Pete went to earn the supplies for another year. About half of the men in the camp had grown discouraged by this time, and went out, leaving everything except what they could carry. When Pete returned in June, he found Eric as hopeful as ever. The far-away look in his clear blue eyes told of secret vigils; while others slept, he had struggled with the secret of the mountain. All the other men were so discouraged that they worked in a half-hearted way through the brief summer, and when the snow began to hide the trail, all but Eric were ready to march out. Pete pleaded with him to go to the city, promising to return in the spring, but Eric refused, saying, "Red Mountain will tell me his secret when I am alone with him." So Pete and the other men went over the trail, casting many sad glances back at Eric standing in the sun, waving his hat, his tawny hair lighted up like an aureole. The deserted camp, who can picture it? Men simply put on their hats and went with a handful of clothes on their arm. The houses, with all the furniture, and stores, that had cost such outlay to bring over the trail, the boarding-house, with beds made and table set, the remnants of the last meal left upon it—all were left.

Eric collected food and fuel in his house close to his beloved tunnel, with a covered way between, so that he could visit it at any time. Here he passed the long eight months of winter, with his books, his chemicals and retort, his crucibles and fluxes, but Red Mountain still kept the secret of his gold. When Pete came over the trail in June, Eric was well-nigh frenzied with joy to see him, but was pale and thin from his long, lonely winter. He improved visibly every day through the summer. When winter came Pete again went to the city, leaving Eric, who refused to go. For ten weary years they lived in this way, Eric never leaving the mountain which held such fascination for him. Pete going to the city every winter, to earn a livelihood for both. Eric grew thinner and paler every year, yet worked with his chemicals, living on hope, the "will-o'-the-wisp" ever beyond his grasp. Pete had long ago given up the hopeless task of reducing the refractory ore, but his love for Eric held him faithful to his friend. The deserted village grew more dilapidated, and the weaker houses were crushed by the heavy snows, and fell one by one, burying their contents.

When Pete returned the tenth year, he gave his usual loud halloo as he came around the shoulder of the mountain, but no voice answered him; no thin figure with tawny hair came down the trail to meet him. "It has come at last," he said. Every year he feared his friend would have passed the bars of hope and entered the land of full fruition. No motion or sign of life in all the village greeted him. With shrinking heart he hurried to the

Historic Facts and Fancies

house at the tunnel's mouth, and entering, saw Eric sitting at the table, shrunk to a shadow, but with the bright light of hope realized in his eyes. He gasped out, "I have found the secret!" and, with a quivering sigh, his head fell upon his breast. Pete sprang to him and laid him down gently, but life was extinct. With the joy of hope fulfilled, and the return of his friend, his strong spirit burst from its frail tenement. When Pete had recovered a little from the shock of his friend's death, he examined the cupels upon the table, and in one was a tiny button of pure gold, but no written formula could he find, though he searched long and diligently.

After long years Red Mountain had revealed his secret only to Eric, and Eric carried it with him. His lonely grave, Pete made on Red Mountain. No monument could he bring to mark his friend's resting-place, but he piled it high with the glittering ore, then left the deserted mine, to return no more. Red Mountain, scarred upon his side, tunneled to his heart, a deserted village crumbling at his base, his shining ore covering the lonely grave of one who loved him well, still guards his secret.

Monterey

Los Angeles Ebell.



HISTORIC old Monterey! How much of interest clusters about this old town! So many of the beginnings of this State transpired here. It is not our object to give a detailed account, but just to touch upon a few interesting points.

The town of Monterey was founded June 3, 1770, when the Franciscan Fathers landed, gathering all under an oak, erecting an altar and cross. It was here they chanted the first mass; the first funeral was held after this service and the burial was at the foot of the cross.

The Spanish and Mexicans held sway in California from 1602 to 1846. It was July 7 of the latter year that Commodore Sloat arrived in Monterey Bay, and raised the American flag upon the old custom-house, amid the cheers of citizens and the booming of cannon.

Walter Colton, chaplain of the frigate "Congress," in 1846, was appointed alcalde (mayor), holding the office for three years, and becoming a prominent figure in the affairs of Monterey. He, with others, established the *Californian*, the first newspaper published in the State, appearing August 15, 1846. The paper used for printing the edition was intended to be used in the manufacture of *cigaritos* and was not larger than a sheet of legal cap. The type had been picked out of an old office that had formerly printed Roman Catholic tracts in Spanish. The paper was a success and gained a large circulation. It was afterwards absorbed by the *Alta-Californian* in San Francisco.

Mr. Colton summoned the first jury empaneled in California, September 4, 1846. The first brick house built in California stands near the custom-house, a two-story dwelling.

The first narrow-gauge railroad in the State was built here in 1874, by the people, connecting the Salinas Valley with Monterey, where there was a safe harbor with ample shipping facilities.

The first theater built in California still stands near the custom-house, a

Historic Facts and Fancies

long, low adobe structure. The first performance took place at the time Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers was disbanded in 1849, the ex-soldiers being the actors. The posters were printed with blacking-pot and brush and the programs were written.

Historic Monterey has figured more extensively in picture, romance, poetry, and song than any other city in the Union. It has been the residence of many renowned artists and men of letters. The panels and doors of their place of social reunion were often decorated with choice bits of painting and verses of rare beauty and composition, some of which yet remain and are visited by the traveler of the present time. The trite sayings of Mark Twain and lines of Bret Harte, or Robert Louis Stevenson, are forcibly brought to mind by visits to the old town.



OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE, MONTEREY

Monterey is rich in legends which cling fondly around the old adobes. One most interesting is that concerning Lieutenant W. T. Sherman, afterwards General W. T. Sherman, who was stationed here in 1846. He became much attached to a pretty Spanish *señorita*, and, the attachment being mutual, they spent many happy hours together under sunny skies. When he was ordered East, in bidding his *fiancée* adieu, they plucked a twig together from a "cloth-of-gold" rose growing in the *señorita's* garden, and planting the twig there, plighted their vows to each other "until death do us part." The understanding was, that when the rose put forth its first blossoms, Lieutenant Sherman was to return to Monterey and claim his betrothed, and so long as they were separated from each other, neither must marry. Years passed by. The rose-bush flourished and blossomed, twining its beautiful branches around the latticed arbor and creeping along the old adobe wall, until it fell to the ground in heaps of sweet-blown roses; but the general never returned, and the pretty *señorita*, remaining true to her word, lived on behind the adobe wall, with but a recollection of a sweetly cherished dream, and today the interested tourist sees the fallen blossoms which represent the blighted hopes of a trusting heart of long ago.

Among the ancient pines, the world-famous Hotel del Monte stands,— "Hotel in the Forest." A lovely drive leads to the grand old live-oaks, past Moss Beach, where the crash of the breakers never ceases; the cry of the seals upon Seal Rock and the shriek of the watchful gulls are in the air.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Here is found that wonderful grove of trees, the Cedars of Lebanon, hoary with age, yet indescribably mystic and charming. They are found nowhere else in all the world but in the Vale of Lebanon.

"Out of the hoary vista,
Through a mist of silent tears,
An ancient City rises,
Gray with the weight of years.

"And by the crescent winding
Of her calmly sheltered bay,
She guards her fond traditions—
Grand Old Monterey!"

Glass Mountain

Napa Study Club.



MOUNT SAINT HELENA, at the head of Napa Valley, is an extinct volcano, and the range of hills bordering the valley on the east is of volcanic origin. Near the town of Saint Helena rises a rounded peak that seems to be entirely separated from the near-by hills, but a closer inspection shows a low ridge with a gentle slope that connects it with the range. It rises about three hundred feet above the valley, its form a perfect "sugar-loaf," its steeply sloping sides clothed in perpetual green. The pines and redwood, the madroña, manzanita, and chamisal in their blended tints are a delight to the eye, and in the springtime the blossoms send forth an odor like that of the Elysian fields. A tiny rivulet circles the base of the hill, and a gaze into its clear depths gives a hint of the origin of Glass Mountain. Huge blocks of lava lie below the water, seamed and worn, striated and laminated, all their form telling of their fiery origin. We climb the hillside to a bare space and find why Glass Mountain received its name before the white man set foot in Napa Valley. A vast bed of volcanic ashes is strewn with glittering glass of black, brown, and gray tints, the black color largely predominating. This volcanic glass is technically called obsidian. Here the Indian tribes resorted in certain seasons to camp in the valley, while the experts in making arrow and spear points renewed the supply for the hunting season. Imperfect specimens may yet be found that were cast aside by the workmen, and broken ones abound, but perfect arrow-points that once were abundant in the valley and the hills are now very rare. About a quarter of a century ago a lone Indian came to Glass Mountain for the last time to make arrow-points, and the lost art vanished with him. Vast quantities of the glass yet remain, broken pieces showing a glistening surface. Others are perfectly coated with the ashes in which they fell when hurled from the crater. Some of these large pieces when broken open show a mass of fine threads, as though just spun by the glass-blower. Glass Mountain is not unknown to scientists, and some of its best specimens have been sent East to be made into microscopic slides.

The Palo Alto Tree

Woman's Club.



THE picture accompanying this article represents the "Palo Alto," or high tree, for which the town of Palo Alto has been named. It is a *sequoia sempervirens*, one of the giant redwood trees peculiar to California, and only exceeded in size by the *sequoia gigantea*, or big trees of the State.

The following sketch was written by Prof. Emory E. Smith and published in the *Sequoia*, a magazine issued by the students of Stanford University.

"In 1849 the whole country from San Jose to Port Suelo (the point near San Francisco from which both the ocean and bay can be seen) was covered with wild oats and was a veritable paradise for the herds and flocks which roamed over it at will. In those days, as there were no fences to obstruct, people often traveled as much by landmarks as by roads and trails. A noted landmark, two lone redwood trees, stood in the valley about thirty-three miles from San Francisco, and seventeen miles from San Jose, on the south bank of the San Francisquito Creek, which was then the boundary line between San Francisco and Santa Clara counties. These trees, which were known by travelers as the 'Palos Colorados' (the red trees), towered far above the live oaks which numerous dotted the valley, and on clear days could be seen from San Jose and from Rincon Hill, San Francisco.

"With the exception of a group of five or six smaller trees, which stood on the Mesa ranch farther down the creek, these were the only redwoods growing in the valley; but back in the foot-hills, near what is known as Searsville (the Maximo Martinez ranch) and upon the mountain sides, there was a noble forest of giant growth, only the timeworn stumps and second growth of which now remain. These noble trees were, for the most part, cut in 1849-50 by Edward A. T. Gallagher, who established two camps, one in the bottom of the Cañada del Raymundo, the other on the flank of the mountain. About one hundred and fifteen men were employed in these camps, ripping out lumber with whipsaws to be hauled to Embarcadero—now Redwood City—for shipment by water to San Francisco or by wagon trains to San Jose. Two men were constantly employed in packing deer down from the mountains to supply the larder of the camps.

"About one-third of a mile above where the Stanford mansion now stands (the Roderiguez rancho) and opposite the present site of



THE "PALO ALTO."

Historic Facts and Fancies

Cedro cottage, there stood a small adobe house, which was known as the 'doubling-up station' by the teamsters. The ruins of this house are still visible in the field, protected by a low fence. A single load would be brought from the hills to this point. Two hill loads were then put together and hauled to San Jose. Some of the lumber cut in these camps was used in erecting the first capitol building in San Jose.

"On account of the difficulties of the season and high-ruling prices, it cost \$700 per thousand feet and \$150 per thousand feet for hauling it to San Jose. Ordinarily lumber cost \$150 per thousand feet in the woods. Several times the lumber-men were about to cut down the Palos Colorados, the lone redwood trees previously referred to, from which the famous Palo Alto ranch has derived its name; but one thing and another hindered. The trees, however, would surely have been cut, to save hauling, had not the Argonaut fleet arrived from New England early in 1850, with lumber brought around the Horn. Prices were so reduced by the throwing of this lumber on the market that the camps were broken up.

"In 1864 a railroad was completed to San Jose by H. M. Newhall and the late Peter Donohue. This road ran close to the Palos Colorados. Since then one of the trees has been uprooted by the encroachment of the creek and has been removed, and almost under the branches of the one lonely tree has risen a wonderful modern landmark in learning—the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

From "In Tamal Land"

Outdoor Art Club.



OWING to the widely scattered population in the northern part of Marin county, this section is, consequently, wilder and more natural in appearance than the southern half. Lying at the base of a range of high hills, which slope somewhat abruptly to the ocean, is the most interesting natural phenomenon in this region.

This is a chain of sparkling lakes, three in number, which, at first view on descending the precipitous roadway, seem to be connected with the ocean, so near its edge do they appear.

Upon close approach, however, we discovered them to be of fresh water, and at an elevation of nine hundred feet above sea level, but their proximity to the ocean and the cavernous inlets opening from the sea would intimate their former connection. On the shore of the largest of these, Shafter Lake, is located, amid the luxuriant copsewood, the Point Reyes Sportsmen's Club House. As the lakes are stocked with black bass, landlocked salmon, and various kinds of trout, the angler is a familiar figure in the vicinity; and the abounding deer, quail, ducks, and snipe, attract the huntsman, while the beauty of these unique lakes and their picturesque environs, though little known to the general public, induce many a local pedestrian to take the twelve-mile tramp from Olema, through the forests, over the steep ridges, and down among the chamisal and sage-brush to this ocean retreat.

Some four miles northwest of the lakes a narrow valley, lined by massive barren hills, winds its way to the Pacific. Mammoth oaks adorn its wild and tangled glades, huge redwoods lift their lofty tops to the sky, while ferns and

Historic Facts and Fancies

trailing vines festoon the banks and rocks with such luxuriance that the whole seems a riot of contending greens.

Winding in and out like a silver thread among the stately trees and saplings is a little stream which fills the air with freshness and the cadence of a song, while hanging in fantastic, airy festoons from the trees which look in consequence like bearded Druids, covering trunks and branches, spreading its delicate traceries on the rocks, and abounding on every conceivable object are such masses of vari-colored moss that one would feign exclaim, "Surely this should be called Moss, not Bear, Valley!" for while the latter roving inhabitants have long since disappeared, the former is, and will no doubt remain, in evidence until the forest is no more.



MT. TAMALPAIS.

It is necessary to see this valley in order to comprehend its beauty. One can drive through its cool depths on a finely graded road, amid thousands of majestic trees, while here and there an open space reveals the sunlight and the blue sky overhead in contrast with the dim, uncertain light pervading its woodland stretches. No lover of the beautiful can regret a jaunt to this delightful spot, for the charm and witchery of its unique beauty remain in the memory long after the excursion is a thing of the past; even as the perfume of a rose remains after the flower has faded. The sole habitation in Bear Valley, located in a charming sunny exposure with imposing trees and garden surrounding it, is the Country Club, famous in local circles.

The deep baying of hounds from their extensive kennels forms the only discordant note in the valley, reminding one that even near to nature's heart man's inherent primitiveness asserts itself. If when wandering in these woodland

Historic Facts and Fancies

fastnesses, men would hunt the wild creatures with a camera it would require greater patience, skill, and acumen than making the ground wet with the blood of fawns and quail. But "civilization has ever developed the physical and the intellectual at the expense of the psychic, the humane, and the spiritual."

Notwithstanding its small area, innumerable excursions offer themselves to the ambitious tourist in Marin, while the diversity of its surface and climate, and the ease with which one can explore its remaining primeval stretches, make this tiny northern peninsula a necessary adjunct to San Francisco, which, with its ever-increasing population, needs an outlet for recreation, relaxation, and repose.

Marin County and Tamalpais

As read before Mill Valley Outdoor Art Club on Marin County Day.



MARIN COUNTY receives its name from the most famous chief of the Sacatuit Indians. These Indians originally occupied this part of California and their chief, Marin, after having beaten the Spaniards several times between the years 1815 and 1824, was finally taken prisoner by them. He escaped and fled to a little island in San Francisco Bay and from there to the mainland that now bears his name. Here he was protected by the priests at San Rafael Mission. He died at this mission in 1834.

The first visitor to Marin county was Sir Francis Drake, who made his voyage of discovery into the Pacific in 1578. Seeking a northern passage back to England, he found the weather too severe when about the fortieth parallel, so turned about and sailed south, determining to enter the first good harbor. This proved to be Drake's Bay, in the northern part of the county. It is unimportant except as the historic landing place of this famous navigator. He entered the harbor in the vessel called the "Golden Hind," and named the whole land New Albion because its white cliffs and general appearance resembled the coast of England. There is an old Indian legend to the effect that Drake presented the Indians with a dog, some pigs, also seeds, and several species of grain; some biscuits also were given to them, which they planted, thinking they would produce similar bread. They also tell that many of Drake's men deserted him here, and became amalgamated with the natives. All traces of them are lost, however, except a few names that seem purely Celtic in their origin, such Winnemucca, Nicasio, and Novato. Drake lay thirty-six days at anchor and on the twenty-second of July, 1587, sailed away on further voyages of discovery. A chair was made from the wood of the "Golden Hind" in after years and presented by Charles IV to the Oxford University.

About the time San Francisco Mission Dolores was established, in 1776, a party of Spaniards, in quest of discoveries arrived at Olompati, near the Sonoma line, and were kindly received by the natives, who had a large rancheria. They in turn taught the Indians the art of building and adobe brick-making. These Indians built an adobe house which stands near Dr. Burdell's residence on the old Petaluma road. It was sixteen by twenty feet, with walls eight feet high and three feet thick, thatched with tules, and had a hole in the roof for smoke to escape. They built another adobe building near-by, which is still standing. This smaller one was built by the father of Camillo Ynita, the last chief of the tribe.

Historic Facts and Fancies

To Marin county, therefore, belongs the honor of having the first dwelling-house in California north of San Francisco Bay.

The township of Sausalito and the region of Tamalpais is the most rugged as well as the most beautiful section of the county and was the first to be settled by English-speaking people.

The crowning point of interest in our county is Mt. Tamalpais, which stands so majestically overlooking the ocean, the wonderful San Francisco Bay, and the beautiful county round about it. On the eastern slope of Tamalpais are found veins of quartz, but there are not enough to pay to work it. The summit was once a quartz claim.

There are quite a few derivations of the name Tamalpais. One authority says it is a compound word, belonging to the Aztec—Tamal meaning a dough made of cornmeal enclosing a piece of meat, a sort of dumpling; pais a region of country; thus put together we have dumpling land. Another authority says it derives its name from the Nicasio Indians, Tamal—coast, pais—mount; thus, coast mountain. The following legend is given by Jacob Leese, who surveyed this region and was assisted by the old chief, Marin, and some of his tribe. Leese wanted to establish a point on the top of the mountain and wished Marin and others to go up with him. They objected as they believed the top to be inhabited by evil spirits. Leese went alone and to leave some mark to prove to the Indians that he had reached the summit he put a large log across a bare tree, thus forming a cross easily seen from below. Marin did not wish his people to think him less brave than the white man, so against their earnest entreaties, decided to go up. He was clothed in duck trousers and a red flannel shirt. Upon reaching the top he reluctantly hung his shirt on Leese's cross so his people could see it. When he returned without it they thought that surely the evil spirits had robbed him, but pointing out to them, with becoming pride, his shirt waving on the cross, much joy was expressed by them and they thought him braver than ever.

A Desert Romance

Founded Upon Facts.

Riverside Woman's Club.

"O love, what hours were thine and mine
In lands of palm and southern pine!"



IT was December at Palm Springs—December with its roses and chrysanthemums in full bloom. Through wide open doors and windows the morning sunshine streamed aslant, while out on the veranda the humming birds were dipping into honeysuckle and flowering jasmine.

The air was balmy, and Keith Stanbury drew in a deep, full breath as he surveyed his surroundings.

He had come here searching for health—not that he looked upon himself as an invalid, but he had had a long illness from the effects of which he had never quite recovered, and the doctors had recommended a change of climate. Palm Springs would do wonders for him, but he must go at once, there was no time to lose. So Keith Stanbury, only son and heir prospective to a princely fortune, took a somewhat hasty leave of his San Francisco friends and turned his face to the desert—the grim and grisly Colorado, on whose border lay Palm Springs.

Historic Facts and Fancies

A veritable oasis he found it, shut in by luxuriant cottonwoods and giant palms, and never a cloud was seen save for the few that floated like a misty veil over the snow-crowned heights of San Jacinto.

In this dry, health-giving atmosphere he would gain new life, new strength, so he confidently hoped. Keith was always hopeful, and from the first wrote the cheeriest of letters to his father, Colonel Stanbury. Going into exile was a new experience, but he made the best of it, and met his fate with seemingly careless mien. Not one to bemoan the inevitable was Keith.

Meanwhile, he created quite a sensation at Palm Springs. The slow-going desert settlement looked on in wonder when it saw the beautiful house he was building—a house with wide projecting eaves and cobblestone pillars, with stables, and reservoirs adjoining, gardens and trellised walks. Evidently the young man had come to stay, and reports without number were afloat concerning the elegant furnishings, and the troops of servants that had arrived—a coachman, a valet, a housekeeper, a cook, and a landscape gardener to make the grounds a veritable fairyland.

There was more or less bustle about the house this morning, and a general air of preparation as for expected guests. The "Princess" was coming tonight, and at the thought his pulses quickened. There were others, too, a dozen or more, so his father had written—coming in a private car from San Francisco.

He looked at his watch and began counting the hours—six—seven, eight at the longest, before he should see her and look once more into her dear eyes. Did she dream how he had hungered for the sight of her lovely face—the touch of her hand? Doubtless not, for they had parted with light words, and since then there had been silence—the silence of eight long months.

Indirectly he had heard from her, and once she had sent him a message, her kind regards—and the hope that he would soon recover.

He had felt a new buoyancy of spirits after that. He would get well soon, yes, so that he might return quickly to his home, his friends and to lovely Geraldine St. Clair! Would night never come? An interminable day it seemed to Keith.

Far off he heard at last the engine's whistle. His friends were almost here; and with a smile he wondered what their impression would be when the car slowed up at that desert station miles away.

"A beastly place!" Jack Foster would call it. He himself had muttered some such term, when first he gazed on the dull adobe buildings, and the desolate wastes beyond. But Palm Springs was different—yes, quite different, as his friends would soon learn!

It was dusk when the party arrived, and every window of the Stanbury house was agleam with light. The great hall door swung open and in a moment more Keith, with outstretched hand, was bidding them welcome to his desert lodge.

"So glad to see you, old boy. We've come—not exactly to paint the town carmine, but to give you a rousing good house-warming," was Hal Benedict's deep-voiced greeting. Then came his father's warm hand-clasp, and then portly Mrs. Gerard drew near, followed by a bevy of charming young ladies, most conspicuous of whom was the "Princess," Geraldine St. Clair. Fair, graceful, and faultlessly gowned she possessed a sort of witchery—though whether it was in the eyes or in the smile, Keith Stanbury could not tell. He only knew that his veins ran wine, and that the moment he had looked forward to was here.

"It was good of you to come," he murmured, holding her hand a little longer than he had the others, and looking straight into her eyes.

Later they were all assembled in the dining-room, and Keith was telling

Historic Facts and Fancies

stories of his various experiences in the desert, while Colonel Stanbury looked on with an air of fatherly pride, watching Keith intently at times, as if studying his every lineament. "Do you think he has changed much?" he asked of Geraldine—and Geraldine who had been chatting gaily, paused, and looked across to the opposite end of the table where Keith sat—handsome, broad-shouldered, and erect, a little pale perhaps, but otherwise without a trace of illness.

"Changed?" she repeated softly. "No, he looks quite like his old self tonight."

"I am glad you think so. I am awfully anxious about him at times," and as he said this his face grew grave.

"Yes, I can understand, but there is everything to hope for, I am sure. In another year he may be able to return to San Francisco."

"Yes," replied the Colonel. "Many things may happen within a year," and Geraldine in the aftertime recalled those words full oft.

When they repaired to the drawing-room Keith sought her side at once.

Vivacious Mollie Tennant, from behind her fan, whispered something to her companion, Mrs. Gerard. The elder lady smiled good-naturedly, and remarked that she hoped Keith would be able to hold his own.

"If he does, he will be the first one," answered Mollie. "The men fairly rave over Geraldine, you know, and Keith Stanbury will be like all the rest, I imagine."

"I should be very sorry for him if I thought so."

"Sorry—why so?"

"Because Geraldine is not the one for him. She would be the last person in the world to bury herself in a desert hamlet like this—a thousand miles from nowhere."

"But Keith Stanbury doesn't expect to stay here forever, does he?" said Mollie.

"It's hard telling as to that. He hasn't gotten over his cough yet—just a slight bronchial trouble he calls it, but I sometimes fear it's more serious than he realizes. His mother died just about his age."

The conversation was interrupted here. Some one had asked Geraldine to sing, and with sweet graciousness of manner she now took her place at the piano, singing first a gay little French song, and then that sweetest of ballads, "Because I Love You."

Keith Stanbury listened with head thrown back and half-closed eyes, drinking into his very soul the melody of that voice—not a powerful voice, but one that was strangely sweet and sympathetic.

It was pleasant to watch her. The picture that she made in her pale pink evening gown would linger in his memory long after she had returned to the great gay world.

The following morning Keith rose at an early hour. He had slept but little. The excitement had perhaps made him restless, and so, long before the others had risen, he strolled out in the garden to enjoy the fresh, invigorating air. He sat down on a rustic seat, and here, after an hour or so, Geraldine St. Clair joined him. He started in glad surprise.

"Am I to believe my eyes!" he exclaimed. "I did not know you rose with the lark."

"Hardly that, Mr. Stanbury," she replied smilingly. "It's after seven already. An ideal morning though, isn't it? Just the kind that makes one glad to be alive. But how still it is!" she added after a moment's pause.

"Yes. Not much like San Francisco down here at Palm Springs!"

"No, but you have a lovely place; and the climate is certainly delightful."

Historic Facts and Fancies

"At this season of the year—yes. But you'd not fancy it in summer; the heat is something terrific."

"You flee to the mountains then, I suppose."

"Yes, when it gets too unbearable to stay here longer. There among the pines it is always cool. There is a sanitarium up there for the one-lung people who come from far and near hoping to regain their health. I feel sorry for some of the poor fellows. They come too late, you see; have not the ghost of a chance to get well, yet they cling to life and seem hopeful to the last. But pardon me—this isn't society talk, is it?"

"Perhaps not, but I am interested. Go on, please, and tell me all about yourself, what you have done, and how you have lived through all these months."

"Lived!" he exclaimed. "I haven't lived at all—at least not until you came."

"Very prettily said, Mr. Stanbury," she answered gaily. "Shall I return it in kind, and tell you that the sun hasn't shone since your Highness left San Francisco."

"Don't make a jest of it. I want you to be serious."

"It's dangerous to be serious," she replied, looking away from him now, towards the distant mountain tops where the shifting lights and shadows lay.

"You are right, Princess, but there are times when a man courts danger willingly."

"You were always a little reckless, if I remember rightly."

"Then you do remember some things, do you?"

"Oh, yes, a few; your most prominent characteristics, for instance."

"Those are soon told," he said. "I had hoped you remembered other things—but that would be asking much, I suppose. Your life has been too full."

"Not so full as you think, perhaps. Rest assured I did not forget you, Mr. Stanbury. In fact, I have thought of you often, very often."

Her perfect sincerity of voice and manner were unmistakable now. Obeying a sudden impulse, Keith raised her hand and kissed it.

"Do you know," said he, "you have the kindest heart in the world. Going into exile isn't exactly a lark, I confess, but there are compensations and this hour is one of them. I hope you'll not find it too dull and lonely here—that's the only fear I have."

"Banish the fear at once, then. I'm anticipating nothing but pleasure during my few weeks' stay in Lotos Land."

"Lotos Land," he repeated, "that's where people forget, isn't it, all save the joy of the present? A happy thought. Thanks for the suggestion."

In the days that followed Keith carried out the suggestion well-nigh to the letter. Palm Springs, isolated though it was, became the scene of a ceaseless round of gaieties, and nightly the desert home echoed to sounds of mirth and music. They watched the old year out and the new year in; danced and masqueraded; visited the hot springs, and took long drives in the tally-ho behind a spirited four-horse team. Sometimes in the early morning, or late in the afternoon, Keith drove out in his trim wagonette, accompanied first by one and then another of his guests, but oftenest by Geraldine St. Clair.

"'Pon my word, I believe those two people are getting interested in each other," said Jack Foster one day.

"Looks decidedly like it, I must confess," replied Eliot Preston leaning back in his chair and puffing a fragrant Havana.

"The rest of us are out of the race then," said Jack dubiously.

"That's so, but we'll not go and hang ourselves yet a while. The fair Geraldine may smile on us again some day."

"Perhaps,—but they have been pretty good friends for a long time, you

Historic Facts and Fancies

know; took part in a play last year as prince and princess, and the rest of us fellows were fairly green with envy, especially in the scenes where he used to make love to her. Keith lost his heart then and there, I fancy. His illness and subsequent departure for Palm Springs somewhat interfered with matters probably; but the play's begun again now in dead earnest, at least so far as our friend Stanbury is concerned."

Jack Foster surmised aright. Keith Stanbury was desperately in love. In Geraldine's presence he forgot all else, even the stern fate that had sent him to this remote region on the desert. He was growing stronger every day, it seemed, and his friends were very hopeful.

"Your exile will soon be ended," they said. And Keith smiled blandly, half believing their words were prophetic.

But one day he did not join them either in their sports or merriment. The old sense of weariness was upon him. The deadly languor which he had fought so often, like a subtle, invisible foe, assailed him once more, reminding him more forcibly than ever that he was not the man he once had been, and that his days of exile were still indefinite.

He looked at his friends, Jack and Hal—strong, stalwart fellows—and for the first time in his life Keith envied them—envied them that splendid vitality which all the wealth of the Indies can not buy.

With his head resting on his hand he sat thinking for a long time that night. The hopes that he had dared to cherish seemed fading. It might be years before he could go back to the old life, and until he could, all thoughts of winning Geraldine were vain. He had been mad enough to forget all this—now he seemed to see things more clearly. The sacrifice—the loneliness—the complete isolation from all that gave color to existence—that was what life on the border would mean. It was too much—too much by far to ask of Geraldine St. Clair, even though she might love him.

He was very pale when he went down to breakfast next morning. Colonel Stanbury was the first to notice it and made anxious inquiries, but to these Keith responded in his usual cheery manner. He was all right and would be ready to go with them to Palm Valley, just as they had planned.

"But we're quite willing to give the plan up," said Geraldine with a look of kindly solicitude.

"Don't think of it. I shall feel the better for going," was Keith's reply. He was making an almost superhuman effort to appear himself that morning. Come what might he was going to enjoy the day—this last but one of Geraldine's visit.

All was in readiness at length, and amidst a chorus of laughing voices the party started for Palm Valley, some eight miles distant.

Never had a day been more fair. The little village nestling amid beautiful orchards was soon left behind. Gaily they rode over the long sandy stretches, now through a forest of mimosa, and now past a sparkling stream where desert willows grew, then, up the mountainside, reaching at last the famous Valley of Palms.

Exclamations of delight were heard from all. There was nothing like it on the face of the globe, Keith told them; and as they gazed on the fronded palms towering in majestic beauty far up the heights, they could well believe his words.

On the fern-covered bank of a mountain stream the party sat down to lunch; then started off for a long exploring tour to the upper end of the valley, Jack and Mollie taking the lead, while Keith and Geraldine walked slowly and were soon left behind.

Geraldine was in her merriest mood, and Keith as he looked into her shining eyes thought of a thousand tender things that he longed to say, but which were wiser left unsaid.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Through the beautiful palms and alders, sycamores and cottonwoods, the two made their way, gaining at length the top of a high ridge. Half exhausted by the long climb Keith sat down to rest, but Geraldine remained standing, her eyes looking off toward the desert. From this palm-clothed summit she could see it in all its vastness now—an unbroken waste that gleamed and quivered like molten silver. In the distance a column of smoke was rising—coming nearer and nearer. A moment more she discerned the Sunset Limited, northward bound—the train that tomorrow would bear her away to the north.

Keith watched her face intently. He, too, had noticed the train and was thinking of the morrow—the morrow when all things ended. A feeling of despair came over him, followed by a half-savage desire to fling sense and reason to the winds—to follow her—never to lose sight of her—this rare and winsome creature whose very presence could make life an ecstasy. Rising suddenly to his feet he went and stood beside her.

"Do you know what I'm half tempted to do?" he exclaimed.

"Something desperate, perhaps," she replied smilingly.

"You're right. I'm going back with you to San Francisco and home."

"Why, Keith Stanbury! you are jesting."

"Jesting! no—but I can't live my life without you. There I could see you often. Here—I shall be eating my heart out——"

"But here there is a chance for you to get well. Not for the world would I have you take this risk now."

Something in her tone made life suddenly radiant.

"Tell me—could you wait for me?" he exclaimed.

"Wait for you, yes. Or if need be, come to you."

"What! Give up the world, and come to me here?"

"Yes, if you wished it, dear," she answered, and in those words Keith saw that her woman's heart had spoken—that now he need never doubt her love.

"The sacrifice would be too great, my darling, too great for me to ask. But some day, if I should get well——"

"Don't say 'if,'" interrupted Geraldine. "You are bound to get well. Every day you must drink in this heavenly air and say over and over, 'I shall get well, I shall get well.' And health will come to you, yes, it will surely come. There is so much to live for. Just think of the long happy years that may be ours together."

Her words thrilled him strangely.

"Please heaven, I will get well," he murmured, with a new glad ring in his voice; then drew her to his heart and kissed her.

Three weeks later their engagement was announced. It was much talked of in the society world. That it was a genuine love match no one doubted; even Mrs. Gerard admitted that the two seemed very devoted, and that possibly Geraldine might content herself at Palm Springs should it be her fate to live there.

But what the world said or what the world thought mattered little to Keith or Geraldine. Every day Keith wrote to her, and every day a letter came from Geraldine that cheered and made bright his life. More and more he was beginning to feel like his former self. Her words to him that day on the mountains seemed to have acted like a talisman. He repeated them the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning.

Meanwhile he took excellent care of himself, and followed all directions

Historic Facts and Fancies

to the letter. Nothing should be left undone—no, for was not Geraldine waiting for him, Geraldine, the sweetest, dearest girl in the world. Never was mortal more blessed than he, thought Keith; never did life hold richer promises.

Early in April Colonel Stanbury came down again, bringing with him a small house party this time. And if Keith had been happy before he was doubly so now, for Geraldine's smiles were for him alone. He was always her escort in the long drives, and in the walks they took through the sweet-scented garden, on those matchless nights when the great southern moon flooded the world with beauty. Delightful hours indeed, leaving memories for a lifetime—but they came to an end at last, and Geraldine went back to her world again, smiling through her tears as the train rolled out from the station.

Four months later Keith Stanbury followed her. He had grown strong and well. His cough had left him. So in the early autumn they were married, and hosts of friends wished them every blessing.

People at Palm Springs read with interest the particulars of the charming wedding, and they, too, wished him joy, for he had many friends in that desert hamlet who would remember him always as that prince of good fellows whom riches had not spoiled. They would probably never see him again. With his charming bride he was to take up his residence in San Francisco now, in a home more palatial by far than the one at Palm Springs, it was said. A lucky fellow was Stanbury, just the luckiest fellow on earth. But one day—a day when the fog came rolling in from the bay and the whole landscape was blurred as by a darkening mist—Stanbury realized with terror that his cough had returned—a cough which he tried to stifle, fearing Geraldine might worry. But she was not blind and was quick to act.

Going up to him and putting her arms about his neck, she said, "Don't you think, dear, that we'd better go back to Palm Springs?"

He made no reply for a moment. There was a lump in his throat, and things were a little blurred before his eyes.

"I had not planned for that," he said at length. "And you would be so lonely."

"As if that would be possible when I had you with me," she answered, brightly. "Think how happy we were there in the old days, and we shall be just as happy again. Let us go at once."

And so it came about that the house at Palm Springs was opened once more; and the friends who before had come down with the Colonel now went back with Stanbury and his bride.

There was much merrymaking, and for this Keith was glad, though he himself could only look on for he did not gain as rapidly as he had hoped.

There came a day when he grew suddenly worse. He breathed with difficulty. And Geraldine's heart was heavy though she said no word. Graceful and charming as ever she played her part as hostess, excusing herself early in the evening, however, to go and stay with Keith—poor Keith who now lay back on his couch, pale and weak, with a strange, wistful look in his eyes.

They sent for a physician and through the long hours Geraldine waited. Down in the drawing-room below there was laughter and music.

"Don't tell them I am worse," Keith whispered.

And so the merrymaking went on—went on until midnight. Some one passing by the door stopped to make inquiries of the doctor, who had just arrived. He was grave, keen-eyed, and it needed but a glance for him to read the worst.

Historic Facts and Fancies

"The young man is dying. He will not live until morning." Those were his words in that whispered consultation—words that were repeated in the drawing-room at the midnight hour—and the music and the song and the merrymaking ceased.

They wired to Colonel Stanbury. A funeral train came out to the desert and took them all away. There were tears. But Geraldine did not weep, though for her the world was in darkness. Somehow she felt that he whom she loved was with her still, that for him all was well—and this thought sustained her, kept her heart from breaking. But her face was white as death when she lifted her veil, and turned for a last look on that desert home standing far back among the trees in the midst of tropical bloom and verdure.

Many months have come and gone. Today the house stands tenantless; the verandas are festooned with cobwebs. Weeds are growing rank in the garden; the tropical shrubbery is dying. There is an air of desolation about the place, and the only sound is that of the mourning dove's song, repeated often through the long, languorous hours.

Extracts from a Letter Written by Albert S. Evans, in 1869, After a Trip up Tamalpais

Outdoor Art Club, Mill Valley.



HERE is not a finer mountain for its height—two thousand six hundred feet—on all the continent of America than Tamalpais, the bold abutment of the Coast Range, on the northern side of the Golden Gate, a low spur of which runs down into the Pacific Ocean and forms Point Bonita. The origin and signification of the name are matters of doubt. *Mal pais* is a common designation for rocky, barren ground in all Spanish-American countries, and Ta-mal-pais may be a corruption of that term, the unnecessary primary syllable having, perhaps, been engrafted upon it by the Indians or Russians after the Spanish settlement of the country.

The mountain looks well from any point of view, in summer or in winter; but its outlines seem boldest, and the dim blue haze, which envelops it always, the softest and most beautiful, I think, when looked upon from the Bay of San Francisco, or the heights of Telegraph or Russian Hill. It stands in Marin County, or rather it is Marin County; for take away Tamalpais, and what is left of Marin County would hardly fill a wheelbarrow.

Out of the dusty carriage-road, at last we entered the narrow bridle-trail, which winds up the steep mountainside, through the rocky *mal pais*, covered with wide fields of the bitter chamisal, which spreads over the whole upper part of the mountain. This bitter shrub, the leaves of which no living creature will eat, grows only on ground which will support nothing else. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the air growing oppressively warm, when we passed above the timbered belt, and entered this chamisal country. We halted, and looked back. In the southeast, San Francisco, lying out-

Historic Facts and Fancies

stretched, a tawny giant upon the gray hills of the peninsula, showed dimly through the veil of yellow dust and the dun-colored smoke which overhung it. Down to the southward, almost at our feet, lay the Golden Gate, the Presidio of San Francisco, and the straits leading up from the ocean to the Bay of San Francisco, with the rock fortress of Alcatraz presenting its tier above tier of black cannon, standing like a sentinel at the gateway, keeping grim watch and ward at the western portal of a mighty land. A huge, black-hulled steamer was heading out through the Golden Gate into the blue Pacific, bound, possibly, to far-off lands on the other edge of the world beyond our western horizon. The Bay of San Pablo was a duck-pond at our feet; the Straits of Carquinez dwindling away to a mere silver thread in the distance; and the Bay of Suisun only a whitish-brown patch in the landscape farther north. Oakland, and all her sister towns along the eastern shore of the bay, looked out here and there from the midst of embowering trees. Mount Diablo, clad in garments of dun and straw color, rose high into the blue sky on the eastward, seeming to ascend as we ascended, and grow taller and more gigantic at every step; following us up, as it were, and bullying us as we went, as if determined that we should not be permitted to look down upon him nor receive a diminished idea of his importance. Northward and north-eastward, stretching out leagues on leagues from his base, were the wide, dark tule swamps, and half-submerged islands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, bordered by bright, straw-colored valleys, stretching away to the point where the dark-green line of the summits of the Sierra Nevada melted into and blended with the blue cloudless sky of autumn, upon the farther verge of the horizon. We looked down upon the homes of two hundred thousand toiling, active and busy people. The homes of millions of happy, contented, abundantly blessed people will, in a few years, fill that broad land on which we gazed with deep and silent admiration that morning. If I were a painter, I would unroll my canvas at that point, and paint you such a picture as you should stand before and gaze upon with unspeakable delight from morn to night. I am not—more is the pity!

We climbed to the summit of the mountain and looked down on the blue, illimitable Pacific; that is to say, we looked down the steep western slope of the mountain in the direction where the blue, illimitable Pacific was, and still is, and probably always will be, located, and would have seen it had it not been hidden beneath a bank of snow-white fog, as solid and impenetrable to the eye as the mountain itself. We could hear the incessant moaning of the sea, as it dashed its waves on the rock-bound coast beneath us, but that was all. The bay where the chivalrous old filibuster and pirate, Sir Francis Drake, moored his fleet some centuries ago, and from whence he sailed some weeks later, without an idea of the existence of the grand Bay of San Francisco and the glorious country of which the Golden Gate, right under his long, sharp, rakish nose, is the portal, was just below us on the northwest, but it might as well have been a thousand miles away. Point Lobos and Point Bonita were invisible, and the Farallones were buried countless fathoms deep beneath the fog-bank. All was an utter blank from a point a thousand feet beneath us. Even as we gazed upon it, the bosom of the snowy fog-bank heaved and rocked at the touch of the rising gale; then the whole vast fleecy mass moved inward upon the land, and silently, but with the speed of thought, and apparently with irresistible force, came rushing like a mighty avalanche up the slope of the mountain toward the summit on which we stood.

As we turned our steps to the eastward and passed over the crest of the mountain again, we saw the mist moving up through the Golden Gate,

Historic Facts and Fancies



THE OLD PALMS.

Historic Facts and Fancies

and rolling over the island of Alcatraz, which in a moment was enveloped and hidden from sight. As the island disappeared, the low, mournful voice of the tolling fog-bell came faintly but distinctly to our ears, borne on the soft, moist air. B-o-o-m! b-o-o-m! b-o-o-m! a throbbing pulsation of sound, always inexpressibly painful for me to listen to, and I have heard it thousands of times.

We rode along the ridge a mile or two in the dense, salt fog, until our clothing was drenched as if from a thunder shower, and we all smelled like so many Point Lobos mussels, while water streamed out of the barrels of our guns, whenever we turned them downward.

Suddenly we emerged from the cloud and found ourselves below and outside of it, and in the sunshine again.

As I have already remarked, Tamalpais is one of the finest of the lesser mountains of California; an attractive mountain to look at from Russian or Telegraph Hill. It is there all the time and you may see it any day. *Adios.*

An Ancient Landmark

Wednesday Club, San Diego.



IN a suburb of San Diego stand two palms, notable as being the oldest trees planted by Europeans in Upper California. They were set out by the Franciscan Padres, soon after the Mission of San Diego was founded in 1769. This was the first Mission of the chain established by the Fathers, and extended from San Diego to San Francisco. The trees mark the entrance to the garden of the old Mission, which was situated within the enclosure containing the military barracks or presidio on the top of the bluff.

The San Diego River, lying back and east of the trees, made such ravages upon the bay that a breakwater was built in the seventies. In accomplishing this, large quantities of gravel, and soil were removed, greatly reducing the size of the eminence.

Some years after its founding the old Mission was attacked and the monks and Christianized Indians were massacred. The friars then built another Mission four or five miles farther up the river, on a rising piece of ground jutting into the water, which sweeps around in a curve following the convolutions of the valley. This latter site now holds the ruins of the later Mission and the buildings of the modern Indian school, established some twenty-five years ago by Father U. D. Ubach, the Padre Antonio Gaspard of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's romance of "Ramona."

San Diego

Wednesday Club, San Diego.



BEAUTIFUL daughter of Sun and Wind,
Sweet flower bosom and loving heart,
Hope of the hopeless, mother kind,
Clasp us, keep us, no more to part!

Gold of the poppy gleaming bright,
Shines on the mesas far and wide,
Shy nasturtiums cower from sight
Under their vines on the cañon side.

Bougainvillea clusters bloom
Purple and red on the rocky slope,
Lilies and roses blend perfume
Bounded by hedges of heliotrope.

Feathery peppers' scarlet peas
Sprinkle the olives' silver sheen,
Spreading fronds of the great palm trees
Clash like the spears of hordes unseen.

Fleet-winged choristers flute among
Blossoming boughs the whole day thro',
Sweeter orisons never were sung
Under a heaven of bluest blue.

Softly at midnight's magic hour
List, the mocking bird's plaintive cry,
Wooing his mate in leafy bower,
'Neath the luminous moonlight sky.

Time is fettered with garlands fair,
Woven by Summer's gentle hand,
Icy Winter may never dare
Enter this lovely lotus land.

Eastward in opal-tinted veil
Rugged mountains salute the day,
Westward where countless fleets may sail
Glitters fair San Diego Bay.

Pioneers



The Call of the West

From Country Club, Alameda County.

Over the vastness of the plains there blew,
Faint, yet alluring as a siren's song,
Wind from the far west, from its journey long,
Breathing sweet whisperings of a land it knew.

Oh, on far hilltops it had laughed with glee,
Through cañon's deep, agleam with gold, had swept;
Through glimmering fields of oats waist-high had crept;
Deep in the heart of golden poppies slept,
And kissed the woodland sloping to the sea!

And he who heard the whisper could not rest,
Felt his blood leap, his pulses thrill, and lo—
Without a look behind, he turned to go
In answer to the voice from out of the West.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of a Pioneer of Southern California

Craft Woman's Club.



THE subject of this sketch, Eliza P. Russell, was born at Unadilla Center, Otsego County, New York, November 29, 1825. She lived upon a farm. She was very ambitious and studied hard to become a scholar. She attended school at Herkimer, N. Y., Frances Town, N. H., and was graduated from the Female Seminary in 1847.

She taught as vice-principal in Hillsboro, Virginia; afterwards in Ellicott's Mills, Maryland—four happy years in her life. In 1852 she left with her brother, the Rev. A. S. Russell, who had charge of a parish below New Orleans, where she taught on a sugar plantation when French was almost universally spoken. It was here she married Professor E. Robbins, June 6, 1854, an acquaintance of her girlhood. He had just made his first visit to California, where after hunting unsuccessfully for gold, he taught at the Methodist College in Santa Clara. They left for California, November 1, 1854. Their route was down the Atlantic coast, across the Caribbean Sea to San Juan del Norte, then on the San Juan River and across Lake Nicaragua, with twelve miles overland to San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific coast, where they took a steamer to San Francisco. This trip took twenty-four days and cost \$300 each. They arrived in Santa Clara the day before Thanksgiving.

Here Professor Robbins founded a select school, which he taught successfully three years. He was then persuaded to go to Los Angeles, but on his arrival, not finding material for a high school, he concluded to return to Santa Clara.

A steamer plied between San Francisco and San Pedro but once a week. Professor and Mrs. Robbins were prevented from taking the steamer by a severe storm and, while waiting, Professor Robbins received a call from Dr. Barton to take charge of the public school of San Bernardino, then in its infancy. This was in 1857.

While in Santa Clara a boy was born to gladden their hearts, but his little life was only four brief years.

In San Bernardino two adobe schoolhouses had been completed by the Mormons, who were then in the valley. There were from seventy-five to one hundred pupils in the school district. This was too large a school for Professor Robbins alone, so his wife taught forty of the younger children. Mrs. Robbins was by inclination, education and training fully competent to take her place by his side in their chosen calling.

These were the pioneer days in the New West. Those who blazed the trails and endured the hardships in the New Westland made it possible for those who have followed to reap what the pioneers had sown.

A little girl was born in the summer of 1861. Professor Robbins died March 1, 1864. Mrs. Robbins, left alone with her child and in poor health, felt the bitterness of her loss. She taught a school at Agua Manse (which is now Colton), at the base of Slover Mountain. A Mrs. Slover, a Spanish lady, was her dearest friend in that lonely place. Mrs. Robbins went back to her home in San Bernardino after finishing the school term.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Professor Robbins and his wife opened the first Sunday-school in San Bernardino with twenty-five pupils. In this work they were assisted by a Mr. M. H. Crafts, who lived at Altoona Ranch (Crafton). Mr. Crafts was a friend of Professor and Mrs. Robbins, and when she was left alone with her little girl, he asked her to become his wife. They were married and made their home at Crafton on the Mill Creek ranje. Their home place was widely known as "Crafton Retreat."

Mrs. Crafts, who is now more than eighty years old, saw this valley when there was not an orange tree in it. She has watched with much pleasure and



Yours truly
Mrs E P Robbins Crafts

interest the remarkably rapid growth of beautiful Redlands and all the surrounding country. The far-famed Smiley Heights (Canyon Crest Park) has been made, and more than seven thousand acres of citrus trees have been planted, and she has seen this transformation like a beautiful picture painted on earth's gray canvas.

Her life has been full of interest, and through all its vicissitudes she has trusted the Master and He has never failed her. Little did this young girl dream that she would be a pioneer in far-off California. Thus it is we never know where the wheel of life will cast us.

The Female Institute

Santa Clara Woman's Club.

THE Female Institute, which still stands and silently endures the wear and tear of time, is a pitiful example of old age. To a stranger the old rambling building stands grim, silent, and condemned as unsafe for habitation, weather-beaten and ready to be cast aside, its dreary halls, vacant rooms, which were once the cozy sleeping apartments of the "boarding-school girl; the cobwebbed windows, dusty with the accumulations of years, once were covered with dainty hangings, and the happy schoolgirls looked through the dim glass at the passer-by or gazed pensively at the moon, and thought of home; the deserted schoolrooms; the silent piano rooms, that rang with the continual bang of scale and chord, or echoed with "Lily Dale," "Mohawk Vale," or the never-to-be-forgotten popular instrumental selection, "The Maiden's Prayer"—yet, to the stranger it is but an old, dilapidated, dingy structure, forgotten, deserted, and waiting for its utter destruction.

To its friends it stands a monument of the bravest, truest set of men and women that ever banded together to accomplish a great good. The far-seeing ones realized that in this growing West there were youths to be educated. Already influences were at work undermining the teaching of those who were constantly seeking the best for their children—both boys and girls.

The history of the founding, growing, and maintaining of the Methodist Episcopal Institute is a long story of hard work, discouragements, and success, but never of failure. Men have risen, worked, and passed to their reward during the fifty-four years since the founding of this place of learning.

It has often been asked how "The Institute" became so well known throughout the State and so universally recognized as one of the best schools on the Coast. Scholarships were issued in 1853, and thus every Methodist Episcopal minister, no matter in what small hamlet he was carrying on his work, became an agent for this school in Santa Clara. These zealous preachers sold the scholarships all over the State, urged people to send their boys and girls to Santa Clara. Many responded—from city, hamlet, and mining camp. In those days this shabby, old Female Institute was the pride of the valley.

Among all those who attended the institution in early days, we well remember the arrival of the little girl from "Yankee Jim." The little maid rode for miles over the Sierras to Sacramento by stage along the dangerously steep and rocky mountain roads, from Sacramento to San Francisco by steamer. At the latter place she came by boat to Alviso, and from there to Santa Clara by stage. The large creaking vehicle drew up before the Institute! The young girl, tired and already somewhat homesick, was conducted into this imposing "boarding-school" and presented to the principal. The poor trembling child found it hard to subdue the emotions that were rising within her. The arrival of the little girl from "Yankee Jim" is typical of many arrivals at the door of the Female Institute.

It chanced that recently a catalogue containing the names of girls coming from Placerville, Stockton, San Luis Obispo, Visalia, Knights Ferry, and many other parts of the State, was unearthed.

Many were the incidents connected with the exciting times that prevailed

Historic Facts and Fancies



FEMALE INSTITUTE.

during the Civil War. The pupils of the Female Institute constituted a small world of their own. Northern abolitionists and Southern secessionists often came in sharp conflict. As soon as news came from the active field of battle, the townspeople congregated on the Plaza, which is situated directly in front of the Institute, and built huge bonfires, and this excitement had its effect upon the inmates of the seminary.

One incident marked these stirring times, when two girls started to raise their respective flag over the old Institute. Unknown to each other until they met in the tower, they climbed the steep staircase. It is said that a real hand-to-hand fight took place in that old tower, which ended in the "Stars and Stripes" and not the "Stars and Bars" being victorious.

Another little incident equally impressive took place on a cold morning. It was a rule in the school that the girls take turns laying the fire for the morning. On a particular day it was found that this had not been done. The teacher saw the negligence and asked whose turn it was to kindle the fire. A pert, dark-eyed Southern girl replied: "It was ma' turn to lay the fire, Mis' Frambes, but that's a nigger's job, and I'm no nigger." At recess, a younger girl, but a Republican, went up to her and said: "Huh! the idea of your putting on such airs! You never owned a nigger in your whole life, for you're nothing but poor white trash, anyway!" The Southern girl soon made the little Republican feel that she wished she had kept still.

To tell of the romances of the institution would fill volumes. One love-note, that was tossed over the girls' fence, is still in existence and reads thus:

Meet me by moonlight, when all the world is still;
I'll jump the Institute fence in spite of old Prof. Tuttle,
And in my arms I'll take you and press you to my breast,
The secret I will whisper—and you can guess the rest.

Historic Facts and Fancies

John Dickinson, a teacher of the Institute, was a brother of the talented Anna Dickinson, who gave the first genuine Woman's Suffrage lecture in the adobe church. This lecture created as much discussion as the war news.

On festive occasions one could see long winding lines of girls marching by twos from the old seminary doors, and joined by the college boys, who formed a similar procession, waving flags and banners to martial music on their way to the adobe church or Cook's Grove.

At the close of the term of each year many tear-stained faces turned reluctantly from the old seminary doors, leaving companions and teachers as they returned to their distant homes. Many grandmothers in the State of California will vividly recall the old Santa Clara Female Institute of 1853.

A Bit of California Pioneer History

Laurel Hall Club.



FEW American and Russian ships came into the harbor of San Francisco in the spring of 1833 and anchored near Telegraph Hill. At this time there was a Spanish military post at the Presidio, commanded by Captain Vallejo. Nearly 300 men, women and children lived at the barracks, and Fort Point, known then as Castle Point, was well garrisoned. The Mission Dolores was inhabited by the padres, and was also the home of some 2,000 Indians. In the bay, in 1833, sea-otters were plentiful and the skins sold from \$40 to \$60 apiece to the ships that traded on the coast. In 1833 Portsmouth Square was planted with potatoes. It was enclosed by a fence of brush, and the crop belonged to Candelario Miramontes, who resided with his family at the Presidio.

The block between Pacific, Jackson, Montgomery and Sansome streets was used as a pasture for horses. Nathan Spear was one of the first merchants in San Francisco. His stock was general merchandise and was carried to different points by two small schooners, the "Isabel" and the "Nicholas." There were but few houses in San Francisco in 1840, and most of them were of adobe, with tile roofs; they were comfortable and roomy, warm in winter and cool in summer. The majority of these houses had floors, but no carpets. The men and women of that time had beautiful hair and it was a rare sight to see a gray-haired person. The women of those early days were domestic and industrious, and although there was little variety in their food from day to day, everything was most inviting, because the matron of the house gave her personal attention to such matters, and the household generally retired at 8:00 o'clock. There were no established schools outside the Missions, young people being educated in the family. Most of the population of this period was of Spanish origin and had much taste and talent for music, the young women playing the guitar and the young men, the violin. In almost every family there were one or more musicians, and everywhere music was a familiar sound.

The seat of government was at Monterey, where the governor and prefect resided. The sub-prefect, the secretary of state, and the commander-in-chief of the forces of the department completed the governor's cabinet. The government in 1840 was both civil and military. The office of the prefect was

of great importance; the whole civil administration went through his hands. In matters of doubt the governor and his cabinet were consulted. During 1840 a town council was formed, presided over by an *alcalde*. This body resided at the *Presidio* at first, but afterwards removed to the *Mission Dolores*. The *alcalde* was judge, jury and lawyer, deciding all cases at once, without delay. The governor, however, had full power to condemn, pardon or discharge a prisoner, a method of administration which proved satisfactory for those times.

Reminiscences of Early California Life

Crossing the Isthmus in 1852

Contemporary Club.



THE history of the emigration to California for the first few years following the discovery of gold in '49 is one of many tragedies—tragedies of the heart, when the dear one left for new and unknown lands; tragedies following the slow wagons across the plains, where hostile Indians barred the way, and hunger and thirst and unknown terrors were in the desert and on the trails across the mighty Rockies and Sierras; tragedies in the lonely, nameless graves that mark the old emigrant roads, and in the broken hearts of those who left their dear ones by the wayside.

There were shipwrecks and dangers by sea; fever and cholera menaced the traveler on the Isthmus, so what wonder that when the last good-by was said it seemed like the final one.

But dangers did not lessen the stream of emigration; and in 1852 it was at floodtide. It was in this year, in the early part of September, that our party from New England crossed the Isthmus of Panama.

We had braved the tedious journey from Portland to New York in the August heat, and the sea voyage, with a host of fellow-passengers in the crowded staterooms of the old steamer "United States"; had accomplished the eighteen miles of railroad that had been built from Aspinwall to Barcelona. We journeyed up the shallow, beautiful Chagres River in open boats, propelled by natives. The "propellers" were long poles. We went as far as Gorgona, a small native village, stopping there for the night. In a hotel? Oh, yes; a real hotel of unplanned lumber, with a dining-room and two other rooms, quite large, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen, each filled with narrow bedsteads made of rough boards.

One lady turned over the pillow and found ants and other occupants! After that the children were packed down in shawls and the ladies rested their heads on their carpetbags—perhaps a trifle softer than the leather suitcases and satchels of today, and waited for morning.

The breakfast passed (black ants were not appetizing), and again, on the open boats, we finished the distance of six miles to Cruces, another native village, at which place we prepared for the long mule ride to Panama, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

The children were provided with small chairs, strapped upon the backs

Historic Facts and Fancies

of natives, in which they rode very comfortably. Then mules were led out, stubborn-looking customers, some of them. Very few of the ladies had ever ridden horseback before, so much time was consumed in getting them properly adjusted, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when at last the line of march was taken up.

It was about the close of the rainy season, and the road, quite wide, over the valley, was full of holes, filled with soft, clayey mud, through which the animals floundered, sometimes nearly up to their thighs, splashing their riders liberally with the soft, sticky mixture. Some women were thrown off; one fell five times, a mule had his leg broken in a bad hole and he was shot and the maid who was riding him had the pleasure of walking the remaining ten miles to Panama.

The long train wound its way through the valley and began to ascend the mountain. Meantime the sun, which had been oppressively hot all the morning, retired behind dark clouds which momentarily grew blacker; distant thunder muttered its warnings; the trail narrowed to mule tracks, worn in the decayed rock; the banks rose slantingly on either side from sixteen to eighteen feet, and above, tall evergreen trees grew, obliterating what daylight there might have been left.

Now the thunder burst terrifically, the wind howled, forked and zig-zag lightning darted fearfully around the devoted heads of the company and rain poured in torrents.

The climax of the shower, in all its tremendous glory, passed just as the summit was reached, but the rain continued to fall, though more gently. The water had accumulated between the banks and was dancing down the mountain in beautiful cascades in the trail, and the chug, chug of the mules' feet as they stepped carefully from one foot track to the next, was the only sound.

The winding trail leading to the foot of the mountain was finally traversed, but here was a new problem to face. The river at its base, usually a small shallow stream, forded without danger, was now a raging torrent, swollen by the heavy rain; its banks were full, and the guide refused to allow any one to attempt the crossing. After a consultation a native was sent away for a long rope.

In the meantime the dripping company sat on their restive mules waiting—two long hours!

Finally the rope was brought, trailed across the river, fastened to trees on its banks, and one after the other the large company crossed the raging stream. It was almost swimming for the mules, and though knees were drawn up on the saddle, none escaped further wetting.

Now it was nearly night, and only those who could ride rapidly would reach Panama that evening. Those who had children were, when darkness overtook them, sheltered in a native's hut. The evening meal was rice and coffee which were cooked over a fire in the center of the room, built on the ground floor; there was a hole left open in the roof for the escaping smoke. When the cooking was over the mothers were allowed to draw around the coals, and they tried to dry the children a little. Umbrellas had been carried over them, but had given little protection. A canvas cot, a pillow (I wondered if it was Jacob's, imported), and a single blanket, dust color, though originally white, were the only accommodations for sleeping, and we lay down in our wet garments. Fortunately it was not cold, and the long night passed, though with little sleep. Breakfast was one large, hard-baked biscuit, and some very good coffee. Then a ride of four miles brought the belated travelers to Panama, where the most meager accommodations were secured.

Historic Facts and Fancies

After a wait of ten days a steamer arrived to take the weary travelers to San Francisco. When we embarked a small boat was brought as near the shore as the shallow water would permit and natives, wading through it, carried the passengers, one by one, to the boat. When it was filled they rowed it out to the steamer, lying in deep water. Here we clambered up a rope ladder over the ship's side and were glad indeed to be in civilization again, even if afloat.

Sixteen years later, returning East by the same route, the large steamer still had to anchor in deep water, but a fine little steamer came alongside and the passengers walked on board over a good gangplank and were speedily transferred to a pier, where a train stood ready to bear them across the Isthmus in comfort. At Aspinwall another ocean steamer lay at her pier, with steam up, puffing her impatience until the passengers should be on board to commence her homeward voyage. We had accomplished in five hours that which had taken twelve days in 1852. * * * The landing in San Francisco was made in what was then called Happy Valley, very near Montgomery street. A sidewalk of two boards led to various hotels. The old Tehama Hotel was then considered quite a smart place, with its thin siding walls, cloth lined and papered rooms. The table was excellent. Outside were barren sand dunes. A few short streets were planked, the rest were sand.

Within a few days our party left for Chico, taking one of the very comfortable river steamers then plying to Sacramento. From there to our destination was one hundred miles of never-to-be-forgotten staging. The first twelve miles took us through dry tules which stood as high as our stage and without a break the whole distance. The road was wide enough for only one vehicle. The stage was crowded almost to suffocation—three men on the front seat, three very large men on the center seat, with only a broad leather band for the support, causing them to sway well back, and three women and two children on the back seat; small room for movement there. On the top were as many men as could possibly hang on, among the numerous pieces of baggage.

The sun blazed down in all its Sacramento Valley fury and the dust rose to meet it in choking clouds, with no breeze to blow it away.

There was a little more air when we emerged from the tule road (which was made late in summer, after the water had dried out, to shorten the distance), but it was still very hot and dusty and the highway was not the smoothest; however, we arrived in Colusa about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Here was an hour's rest and a very nice dinner. The afternoon was a little cooler, and at nine in the evening we reached our destination. The start had been made at six in the morning.

Never before or since have I passed such a day of hardship in traveling, and this was our introduction to California life.

The winter of 1852 and 1853 was very rainy. Our hotel was on the Sacramento River, not far from its banks. Four times during that winter its waters overflowed, coming all about the house, twice coming in, driving us to the second floor, which we were fortunate enough to have. The settlers up and down the river had only low shake houses and were obliged to build up stagings of wagon beds, boxes or whatever they could get, lumber being a scarce commodity, and on them wait for the water to subside. We had many pleasures, too, our jolliest fun was canoeing. Scrambling over boxes and temporary supports, we visited our neighbors in the rude "dugouts"; all

Historic Facts and Fancies

necessary errands and business were done by the boats, and the moonlight rides were beautiful.

Beautiful spring came as the months rolled by, and there were glorious fields of wild flowers, everywhere most profuse, and of gorgeous coloring.

Nowadays when we travel through this valley in springtime great fields of waving grain, vineyards, and orchards, fine homes, and all the evidences of a prosperous civilization are seen, but for beauty and picturesqueness, take me back to those waving oceans of wild flowers, all the colors of the rainbow, the groves of noble old oaks, the river bends filled with all kinds of lovely green shrubbery, and the Indian villages built along the banks of the river, above high-water mark, yet always near the river and so strangely artistic. These have gone, never to return. I have never seen dwellings built like those of the Sacramento Valley "Digger" Indians among any other of the tribes. The Indians were at that time quite numerous in the valley and were very friendly in their intercourse with the white people.

There had been trouble with the Coast Range Indians, about Round Valley and vicinity, two years before. They had come into the Sacramento Valley, killed some men and driven off stock. The settlers in self-defense had organized an expedition against them, had captured and shot the leaders of the trouble and so intimidated them that they remained peaceable thereafter.

The Valley Indians were a weaker race than the mountain tribes and more peaceable by nature. There was quite a large rancheria or Indian village consisting of seven or eight of their fantastic houses, not far from our hotel. We frequently employed Indians about the premises, some of them working well. They came about us without fear, as we always treated them kindly. They called the *capitan* (meaning head of the establishment) "*mucha bueno*" (very good). They always were "*mucha hoongree*," and begged for sugar, coffee and clothes. When an Indian man had a hat and a shirt, he considered himself finely dressed; later they wore more clothing. Before the white people came the usual clothing of the men was war paint and feathers. For special occasions they had a sort of feather cape, reaching about to the knees, the feathers of the wild turkey were fastened into a kind of netting, which they made of certain grasses, and these were ornamented with the red feathers of woodpeckers' crests. The most gorgeous head-dresses were also made of turkeys' tails, with all kinds of prettily colored bird feathers and beads as ornaments. The women wore only tufts of twisted tule or bark before and behind them, and sometimes a blanket, when it was cold.

One day they came to us in great excitement, saying that in "half a moon" they were to have a famous fandango. The Indians from all the country around were to be there, and they were to have a great feast. As they expressed it, "*Mucha eat, mucha music, mucha dance, mucha gamble.*" During the next two weeks we saw great going to and fro about the rancheria. There was much preparation and an air of busy excitement pervaded the place. As the time drew near great baskets full of acorn meal, bread and soup were cooked; this was done by stirring the meal into water with a stick, quite thin for soup, and thicker for bread. Smooth stones were heated in a fire on the ground nearby and dropped into the mixture; when cool they were taken out and more hot ones put in, until the mass was cooked to the proper consistency. The bread came out in soggy lumps; the soup was thin and scooped up with clamshells. They pounded and compounded large basketfuls of dried fish, seeds, and dried grasshoppers, and these delicacies were, no doubt, as appetizing to them as salted almonds, ripe olives or salads are to us.

Historic Facts and Fancies

On the evening before the eventful day many guests arrived from the surrounding places, but there was no merrymaking that night, and we observed that their fires were out early. The next morning they began to arrive betimes—in large parties, in small parties, in fours and twos, marching in perfect silence, one before the other in Indian file. Sometimes one Indian came alone, but never a squaw alone. All the morning they came, until the space about the rancheria was crowded full. It was interesting to watch them from our upper windows; I do not remember the number, if I ever knew, but I know it was up in the hundreds.

About three o'clock they began the feast, and kept it up four or five hours. We had been invited to "come see," so, after our evening meal, we went among them. We found the men sitting on the ground in small parties around baskets of the different foods eating in perfect silence, as if it were a performance on which their lives depended. The women were in attendance, but when or where they partook of the feast, or whether they partook at all, we could not learn. Soon after our arrival the baskets were whisked away almost in a moment and the dance began. The Indian men stood in rows, one before the other, each with his right hand on his neighbor's shoulder; silently they formed in many lines. At a given signal they all joined in a quaint chant of a few Indian words, repeating them continually, and began to move in a half trotting, half gliding kind of quickstep forward, backward and in circles, crossing each other's lines and coming back to the beginning over and over with the most perfect time and regularity. The music was a low wail, but the rhythm was perfect. Their movements in unison were most grotesque—spasmodic jerks, jumps and serpentine curves, and they looked as solemn as if they were performing the last sad rites for the dead. The squaws stood on the outside of the charmed circle in pleased excitement, as if the privilege of looking at such a performance were one of the greatest that could be accorded them. They seemed to participate in nothing but the labor. They offered us some of the food, but we declined, telling them we were "No mucha hoongree."

Soon the dance closed and then small fires were made all about the grounds to provide light, and they sat around them in small parties and commenced their games. They were played with little sticks of various lengths and values. The game seemed simple enough, but they became very much excited over it, and often gambled away everything they possessed.

We could hear their strange, weird chant from our windows until the day dawned, then they rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. The next day and the next they repeated the same program, and then departed as solemnly as they had come.

Their rancherías or villages were a group of houses built close together, probably for protection, but with no attempt at systematic arrangement as to streets or other regularity. They scooped out round holes in the ground, averaging from twelve to eighteen feet in diameter and five or six feet deep; over these they fastened willow poles, building them up five or six feet higher, which they covered with brush and mud, rounded and smoothed off; they looked like an old-fashioned stone jug, with a hole in the top for ingress and egress. Small foot-tracks or sort of steps were made in the mud while soft by which to climb to the top; these mud huts, when dried in the sun, were quite durable.

Passing one of the villages one day we were startled to hear prolonged and dismal wailing, but saw not a sign of life anywhere. We traced the sounds to one of the houses, thinking some one must be in great distress:

Historic Facts and Fancies

climbed up the round roof (no small feat considering the diminutive tracks) and a piteous picture presented itself as we looked down. An Indian woman was crouched on the smooth ground floor, swaying herself backwards and forwards, and at each movement sending forth a peculiar hollow monotonous wail. Her hair was cut short, her face painted black and her hands busy making a basket. We spoke to her but she did not answer. We tried to attract her attention, but she would not look up. She was mourning for her dead. She had been left alone to bear her trouble as best she might, but even in her despair her hands must not be idle. She was allowed no time to spend in the luxury of grief. The Indian women were seldom idle. They were seen daily going forth on the plains, with their pointed baskets strapped on their shoulders, the band crossing the forehead, and often with the papoose in it, to gather seeds, grasshoppers or other foodstuffs in their season. The women dried the fish or prepared the general supplies for storing; they made all the baskets, prepared the feathers for their many uses, and performed all the drudgery, while the men, like all North American Indians, did the hunting and fishing or fought their savage battles.

One incident stands out in my memory showing that a squaw can be brave in the face of danger: Wild Texas cattle and wild horses ranged the plains and came to the river daily for water. One morning we heard the rush and roar of a stampeding herd that had been frightened by something into a mad race. Our little girl had strayed farther away from home than was safe in gathering the beautiful wild flowers. Imagine our horror when we saw her in the immediate course of the maddened herd. We could not reach her! We could see no way of escape for her! Just when the infuriated animals were within a few yards of her what was our surprise and thankfulness to see an Indian woman rush out in the face of so much danger, seize the child and bear her to a place of safety. It was a brave deed, a heroic deed, which many a white woman *might* have failed or feared to do under similar circumstances.

Memories throng upon me—memories of pathetic burials in the strange land, of a young man, full of vigor and hope, thrown from his mule, dead in a moment, far away from home and all he held dear, whom we laid away sorrowfully, tenderly, beneath a noble oak, the wind sighing through its leafy branches was his only requiem; memories of a mother carried to her prairie grave, taken from her little ones in the land of strangers; of a father snatched away in life's prime; of dire diseases; of sufferings and long journeyings for physicians and help; memories, too, of jolly picnics, when, packed into all sorts of wagons, carts, and an occasional buggy, with plenty of horseback riders, we drove away to some interesting spot on the banks of Stony Creek or crossed the river to the beautiful groves about Chico, where we spent happy days in feast and song and great goodfellowship; memories of Christmas and New Year festivities, when few were met together and old-home customs were kept up; memories of the great balls, held in the big halls, which in those days were always connected with the hotels, where there was good music, a grand supper, pretty dresses and much merrymaking. Everybody attended, meeting as strangers, parting as friends.

Those stirring times are passed, with all their strange happenings, but they still live in the hearts of the few who are left who suffered and enjoyed the sorrows and the pleasures of those early California days.

California's First American School and its Teacher

Galpin Shakespeare Club, Los Angeles, Cal.



WAGON train of emigrants from what was then the frontier, now the Middle West of the United States, called a halt at Johnson's ranch, on Bear River, October 1, 1846. They were overjoyed to come once more upon a human habitation and to meet the first new faces they had seen since they left Fort Hall.

"Can you tell us," was their first question, "how much farther we shall have to travel to reach California?"

"Why, you are in California now," was the surprising reply. Relieved to find the end of the long journey so near, they camped at the ranch for several days to rest themselves and their jaded animals after six weary months of overland travel, three weeks of which were consumed in finding a passage over the mountains that rim California on its eastern side.

This was the party of pioneers under command of Captain Joseph Aram, one of the first companies that crossed the Sierras to California and the second that succeeded in getting his wagons intact over the rugged, unbroken trails. They blazed the way over plain, desert and mountain for the many thousands who were to follow in subsequent years. They were "old settlers" when the world learned of the discovery of gold and the great rush of forty-nine set in. "We came too early, Eli, we came too early; we should have waited until forty-nine," the subject of this story was wont to say sadly in later years to a fellow traveler of the early days, when the first pioneers seemed to be forgotten and the "forty-niners" were occupying the center of the stage and more than their share of the limelight.

Captain Aram's company had come from Illinois and Wisconsin. More than one of them was destined to act no small part in the stirring scenes that followed swiftly in the great California drama. Moving spirits in this early emigration to the Pacific Coast were Doctor Isaac Chauncey Isbell and his wife Olive Mann Isbell of Greenbush, Ill., who were the children of New York pioneers to the western reserve of Ohio in the early settlement of that State. Olive Mann was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, August 8, 1824. She was given the best educational advantages that the schools of her day and locality afforded. After completing her studies she taught for some little time in the district schools in the neighborhood of her home. In her twentieth year she was married at Wadsworth, Medina County, New York, March 10, 1844, to Dr. I. C. Isbell, a young physician who had just been graduated from Western Reserve College. In the July following they went to Greenbush, Ill., a small town surrounded by rich farming country twenty miles from the Mormon settlement of Nauvoo. They arrived at their new home in the midst of the excitement that ensued upon the death of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, which occurred in the month of June of that year. Dr. Isbell was so successful in the practice of his profession in Greenbush that when he started for California, some two years later, he had the snug sum of two thousand dollars in cash, after providing an exceptionally good outfit of animals, wagons, clothing and supplies for himself and wife. That amount of money was a

Historic Facts and Fancies

small fortune in its day for young people to possess, and one which saved them, Mrs. Isbell often said, many of the hardships suffered by other pioneers less fortunate in purse than themselves.

From the time of Smith's death until the great exodus to Salt Lake, Mormon raids on the settlers of southern Illinois were frequent and oppressive. They were robbed of horses, cattle and crops at the whim of every band of Mormon marauders from Nauvoo, who chose to ride up to their doors and make a demand on them, under what Smith's followers called "a command of the Lord." The whole neighborhood was restless and terror-stricken under these outrages, and many determined to leave that part of the country and seek homes elsewhere. While several families in Greenbush were considering the question of where to go, some letters were received in the village from former neighbors who had moved from there the year before to Oregon, then just being opened to settlement. Soon after this there followed a pamphlet on California, written by the late General Bidwell, which was published in St. Louis. All that year excitement had run high and the long winter evenings were spent in neighborhood gatherings around big hearth fires discussing and weighing the respective merits of Oregon and California, with scant information to judge by and no exact knowledge of where either country was situated. Dr. Isbell entered into correspondence with other persons in the surrounding territory; among these were the families of George and Jacob Donner of Springfield. The outcome of this westward-ho fever was, a little party of "soldiers of fortune" left Greenbush on the morning of April 17, 1846, and some days later a train of twenty-three wagons crossed the Mississippi River opposite Fort Madison, Iowa, some bound for Oregon and the minority for California. A misunderstanding sent the Donner party, who was to have met them there, to the lower crossing at Keokuk, and they thus missed each other nine days. "Not one of us knew where California was," said Mrs. Isbell in relating the story to the writer, except that it was somewhere on the western rim of the continent, near the Pacific Ocean.

At Mt. Pleasant, then merely a small cluster of log cabins, they organized themselves into a company and elected Charles Imus, captain. Later he was succeeded by Joseph Aram, who brought the party through. In St. Joseph they hired Antoine Rubidoux as guide and interpreter and provided a large supply of beads and trinkets for barter with the Indians. Adhering strictly to the directions of Rubidoux in their dealings with the Indians, the company had no trouble whatever with any tribe through whose country they passed, and the chiefs all came to trade and often assisted in finding and returning stock strayed from the travelers' herds. After a lifetime of experience, Mrs. Isbell was firmly of the opinion to the day of her death that most of the subsequent trouble with the red man was of the white man's making.

Above, a sky of boundless blue,
Below, the green, green sod,
And, oh! and, oh! between the two
Went the wonderful winds of God.

Such were the plains sixty years ago—miles and miles of tall lush grasses and brilliant wildflowers of the prairie, as far as the vision could carry; not a dwelling anywhere save trappers' huts and Indian teepees between St. Joseph and Fort Laramie; not a wagon track to guide them nor a footstep to follow to the wide horizon's rim. The first sign of civilization was seen at Fort Laramie. Here they gave the Indians a great feast that insured their safety all the rest of the way across, and here they fell in with two other companies, Oregon bound.

Historic Facts and Fancies

At Fort Hall they received the first information of the war between Mexico and the United States from a man who had ridden into the fort that morning with his wife on one horse and two children strapped on another, fleeing terror-stricken from California. He declared that if the Aram party went on they would all be killed before they reached the mountains. This news created great excitement in the fort; women wept and begged to be taken back to their Eastern homes, the men were perplexed and uncertain whether to turn back or go forward.

"What shall we do, Olive?" asked Dr. Isbell of his wife.

"I started for California and I want to go on," replied the brave-hearted woman.

"We will go on," responded her husband turning to the group of men standing near.

This decision gave courage to others, and the entire company continued on the journey, though there were tears and entreaties from many of the mothers with little children. Forty miles from Fort Hall the company that had traveled so long together came to the parting of the ways, those bound for Oregon continued on the Oregon trail, which they had all followed across the plains. When they separated there was not a dry eye in either company. The Californians and their animals suffered extremely in crossing the desert, and equally as much in another way in crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains with their wagons. They followed their Indian guide through Weber Canyon, though they were met by Hastings who tried to induce them to take the "cut-off," which proved so fatal to the Donner party, who followed them two weeks later and whom they had passed at Gravelly Ford.

At the head of Bear River the Aram party camped a few days to rest after their hard traveling in the mountains and to do the necessary family washings in the stream. On taking the towels from the bushes where they were hung to dry Mrs. Aram and Mrs. Isbell observed that they were heavy with a mineral substance that glistened in the sunlight.

"What do you suppose this is, Olive?" said Mrs. Aram, examining the towels closely.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Isbell, "but I believe it is isinglass."

A few years later, when some of the richest diggings were found on Bear River, the ladies concluded that they had been the original discoverers of gold!

Indian guides, sent by Fremont, met the party at the foot of the mountains to direct it to Johnson's ranch. While in camp there Fremont came in person to escort the emigrants to Sutter's Fort, where they arrived October 10, 1846, and remained one week. Captain Sutter won their lifelong gratitude and warm friendship by his kindness and generous hospitality while they were under his roof. In charge of Dr. Isbell and directed by Fremont, they went to the Santa Clara Mission where they were to find shelter for the winter; Fremont meanwhile enlisted all the able-bodied men to reinforce his small command, then preparing to go south to join Stockton at San Diego to retake Los Angeles, which had been taken by the Mexicans.

The old adobe buildings of the Mission, fast crumbling to decay, were not an inviting shelter to the already homesick emigrants, if shelter they could be called at all. There were no floors save the hard-baked earth, no windows nor fireplaces, no escape for the smoke but a hole in the roof. The section assigned to the party had been used for stabling horses; the ancient walls were infested with fleas and vermin, and the broken tiles on the roof let in the water almost as generously as it fell outside. Rains came early and heavy that year, with strong southwest winds, which, with the inadequate accommodations and poor food, practically none but government rations, caused an epidemic of "emigrant fever" or typhoid

Historic Facts and Fancies

pneumonia in the Mission. There were more sick than well among the Americans, and many died amid the most distressing surroundings.

Dr. Isbell went with Fremont as far as the Salinas River, where he was seized with the prevailing disease and compelled to return to the Mission. For six weeks his wife watched at his bedside and took care of many others besides, never removing her clothing to rest day nor night. From their well-stocked chest of drugs, brought across the plains, she dealt out on an average one hundred doses of medicine a day. War was in progress, they were in an enemy's country, with a foe speaking a strange language, and expected to be attacked at any time. At night, while others slept, Mrs. Isbell, with a gun beside her, molded bullets, determined if the worst came to assist with her own hands to defend the life of her husband and the helpless people in the Mission.

Not long after the men left to guard the families discovered the natives concealing kegs of gunpowder in the walls to blow up the buildings. A messenger was sent at once to Captain Weber at San Jose for additional protection. He sent to Yerba Buena where he obtained twenty-five marines, who, under command of Captain Marsden, started at once for the Mission. The report of guns firing in the distance was the first intimation that help was at hand. Climbing to the top of the old walls they saw the one field piece, hitched to a yoke of oxen, mired down in the deep mud of the roads and the marines working desperately to pull it out. Natives, ambushed in the chaparral, would run out, fire a volley at the Americans, and then scramble back to cover. Captain Marsden rode up to the Mission and asked for a white cloth to use as a flag of truce. Mrs. Isbell handed him her wedding pocket handkerchief, which he accepted most gallantly and said he would send her a new dress if he got back to Yerba Buena. (In due time a dress of the best material he could find arrived, a blue and white calico, for which the captain paid one dollar a yard.) Two of the marines were wounded in the affray, but neither of them seriously. Mrs. Isbell dressed the wounds and the women who were able prepared dinner for the captain and his men. This was the much-disputed battle of Santa Clara, as seen by an eye-witness.

In December, 1846, more to relieve convalescent mothers of the care of their little ones than for the actual benefit they might gain from study, Mrs. Isbell gathered the children together and opened a small free school in an old adobe building too dilapidated to be used for any other purpose. There were no blackboard, no slates, no pencils nor paper, and only a few books that had been stowed away in odd corners of the overland baggage and somehow escaped when loads were lightened in crossing the desert. To eke out the educational appliances the teacher wrote the letters of the alphabet on the backs of little hands with a pencil of lead. A daughter of Captain Aram, still living in Los Angeles, remembers that she learned the shape of the letter E from the back of her tiny hand. There was no way of heating the room except by a fire built on the floor. Hard rains and a heavy atmosphere prevented the smoke from escaping through the roof, and more often than not the teacher and her pupils pursued knowledge with smarting eyes and tear-wet faces.

In April, 1847, the Isbells and several other families decided to go to Monterey with their teams to build fortifications, but when they arrived there they learned for the first time that the war was over and California was in possession of the United States. News of the little school at the Mission had reached Monterey—the teacher's fame had preceded her. To her great surprise she was awakened from a sound sleep on the night of her arrival to meet the United States Consul, Thomas O. Larkin, Milton Little and H. T. Green, prominent business men, who had come to urge her to open an English-speaking school in Monterey. After some persuasion she consented, Mr. Green agreeing to take the financial

Historic Facts and Fancies

management of the enterprise. The compensation was to be six dollars per pupil for a term of three months. A room in the custom-house building, over the jail, was secured and fitted up with desks and seats. School opened with twenty-five pupils, but every little while a mother appeared with another child or two, until the number swelled to fifty-six. Not more than half of the scholars were supplied with books, and some of these had been left by a trading vessel. Mr. Larkin helped out with supplies of writing paper. The teacher did not know a word of the Spanish language, and only two of the children, the Abrigo boys, who had been tutored by W. H. P. Hartnell, knew English. Rev. Walter Colton, the first American alcalde of Monterey and author of that delightful book, "Three Years in California," assisted the teacher, and the pupils made satisfactory progress. Thus the educational system of this great State had its primitive beginning. At the end of the term Mrs. Isbell closed her career as a schoolma'am, but the honor of opening and teaching the first American schools in California is undeniably hers.

In the meantime Dr. Isbell responded to a popular and urgent demand and with a partner opened the first American hotel in Monterey, while at the same time engaging in the practice of his profession. During the spring and summer all the noted men in the country were its guests. The old register, which may be extant, should show the names of Fremont, Colonel Sherman, Lieutenant Ord, Commodores Shubrick and Stockton, General Kearny, Colonel Mason, Captains Weber and Marsden, Kit Carson, and many others who were prominent in the formative period of California.

Olive Mann Isbell

Current Events Club.

NOTE.—The love and esteem cherished by those who knew the subject of this sketch and the preceding are clearly shown. Steps are being taken to erect a monument to her memory.—F. O. B.



IN the early part of 1899 there passed away in Santa Paula a pioneer woman of California, one who was an actual participant in many of the stirring scenes of its early history, and one to whom honor and veneration are due from the teachers and educators of the State. This woman was Mrs. Olive Mann Isbell, the teacher of the first American school in California.

Olive Mann was born in Ashtabula county, Ohio, in 1824. At the age of twenty she married Dr. I. Chauncey Isbell and removed with him to Warren county, Illinois. In the beginning of the "California fever," due mostly to Fremont's wonderful journeys, and long before the gold discovery, the Isbells left Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, April 17, 1846, with a company in twenty-three wagons, on the long and perilous journey to the Coast. At a pass in the Sierra Nevada they were met by Fremont himself and escorted to the Mission of Santa Clara, where they arrived October 16th, having been exactly six months on their overland journey.

About the middle of December, 1846, in compliance with the wish of her companions, Mrs. Isbell opened a school. The whole overland company was housed in the old Mission buildings, which enclosed four sides of a great court, and the school was held in one of the rooms opening upon this *patio*. The floor was earth, the seats were boxes. An opening in the tile roof, over the center of the room,

Historic Facts and Fancies

allowed the smoke to escape when, on rainy days, a fire was built on a rude platform of stones set in the middle of the floor. Later, Mrs. Isbell taught a similar school of American immigrant children in a similar room in Monterey. From that time on for ten years Mrs. Isbell's life was a part of the history of the State.

Mrs. Isbell resided in Santa Paula for many years, where she drew around her a circle of many warm friends. Her death occurred on the 25th of March, 1899.

A movement has lately been begun by the Current Events Club of Santa Paula to honor this noble woman by placing a suitable monument over her grave in the Santa Paula Cemetery.

One of the Early Schools

Country Club, Alameda County.



HISTORY of the pioneer educational work done in California would be incomplete if no mention were made of the private school for girls which was established in Marysville in 1857, and which was known as Mrs. Poston's Seminary.

Mrs. E. C. Poston, the founder of the above-mentioned school, a South Carolinian by birth, came to this State from Tennessee as early as 1856, and began her work as a teacher here in an ungraded country school near The Buttes, in Sutter county.

One year later she came into Marysville and opened her school on E street.

From the first her venture proved successful. The attendance, small at the opening, steadily increased, and by the end of the school year, in 1862, it became necessary to secure more commodious quarters.

Mrs. Poston then purchased the home of Judge Lindley, located opposite the Courthouse, at the corner of 6th and D streets. The dwelling house was remodeled for the boarding department of the school, a large and convenient brick building, for an assembly hall and classrooms, was erected and the seminary entered upon a new era of prosperity and usefulness.

The principal employed always an efficient corps of assistants which often included college-bred men and professors, such as Rev. Mr. Stoy, Rev. Mr. Rhus, Rev. Mr. Brodt, Mr. W. C. Belcher, Prof. Schwarzmann; and among her lady assistants may be named Miss Jewett, Miss Hayes, Miss McCormick, Miss Lansing, Miss Cole, Miss Parsons, Miss Curtis, Miss Masson and others.

As the school became better known it increased in popularity with parents in the mining regions of the State, as well as with residents in the nearby valley counties. They were glad to place their daughters under Mrs. Poston's care, knowing that while they pursued their studies in the schoolroom their manners and morals would receive attention, and, if in the boarding department of the school, they would enjoy the benefits of living in a refined and well-ordered home.

In 1873, for sanitary reasons, the school was moved to Oakland and re-opened on Oak street, where it was successfully conducted eight years longer, till 1881.

Then Mrs. Poston's health gave way and she was forced to close her school. She went to Europe, hoping by rest and recreation to win back the strength spent in so many years of continuous and arduous labor as a teacher. She remained abroad some eight years, returning at the end of that time in improved health, but not sufficiently strong again to take up a teacher's work except as a teacher

of languages to small private classes. For some years Mrs. Poston, now (1907) an octogenarian, has been a resident of San Francisco. There, surrounded by an appreciative and sympathetic circle of her "girls," most of whom are gray-haired mothers and grandmothers, she enjoys the reward of a faithful teacher's lifework in knowing that those whom she taught have become women of superior worth and beauty of character.

Home of Governor Pio Pico

Woman's Improvement Club.



It was in the last days of the Spanish dons. Already at Sutter's mill had been found the first golden gleams which led to the mighty, mad rush of '49. Already General Fremont had begun that memorable movement which was to end in the overthrow of Mexican authority in California. But all unconscious of the coming change, Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, was taking his wedding journey over the immense tracts, which were his by Spanish grant, so large and so varied in their location that it is said he could travel from San Francisco to San Diego and scarcely step on another's land. By the desire of his wife they were seeking a location for their permanent home. Knowing the spot which the morning's drive would reach, Governor Pico said, "Where we lunch today we will build our home." And though the adobe is crumbling and the timbers, which were carried on the backs of Indians from San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away, are decayed and falling, the Pico mansion still stands, a monument to the wisdom of the Spaniard's choice.

On the east side of the San Gabriel River, about two miles from the city of Whittier on the main road to Los Angeles, stands this old adobe building now crumbling in ruins. As one approaches from either side the impression is of a house of modest proportion, but on entering the grounds and making a more extended survey, one is surprised to find a capacious dwelling-house of seventeen rooms. It is built after the old Spanish custom, around an open court. This court is tiled with brick and has in its center a finely constructed and well-preserved well, which for many years supplied the house with excellent water.

As one views the ancient structure, a portion of which was built in 1826, it is difficult to realize that these walls, now so sadly battered and crumbling with decay, are all that remain of the country home of Don Pio Pico, last Mexican governor of California. It is strangely in contrast with the house thus described by Henry D. Burrows, who visited it in the '60's: "I have been in the memorable adobe house of Governor Pico at Ranchito, when it was his home, but I know very little of its history. I only know that at that period, the house white and neat and the gardens around it, and the beautiful ranchito or hacienda of which they were a part, were well worthy of being the country-seat or home of an honored governor of primitive California."

Though in a state of ruin, the house still retains much of interest. Its broad porches, gabled roof, the old stairway, the walls and partitions still intact, give a suggestion of what it has been. The construction of the house is very peculiar and seems weird and uncanny to the present generation, with its many rooms and high ceilings; few windows, and numerous doors; some rooms entirely without light, except what reaches them from open doors, through long

Historic Facts and Fancies

corridors: exceedingly small fireplaces, built into the adobe wall without reinforcement of brick or extension into the room, and such tiny places for fire. There are no closets of any description, but a few shelves in one room. In the floor of two rooms are trap-doors which are supposed to lead to old wine cellars.

From the spot Governor Pico selected there is a fine view of mountain, hill, and valley. The soil is fertile and well adapted to the culture of the grape, fig, olive, and orange, and it is altogether probable that the humble home of some of Don Pico's retainers was already established here. The Governor being thoroughly familiar with the country and distances could safely say, "Where we lunch today we will build our home." That this country was in a state of cultivation we infer from the establishment of the old mission at the head of the San Gabriel Valley, only a few miles distant.

When this spot was chosen for a home the San Gabriel River was miles away; its channel being along the western side of the valley. With time it has changed its course and a large part of the home grounds have been swept away, as these grounds extended one-half mile west and comprised a fine orange orchard and a variety of other fruits. The river has further encroached on the property until it later carried away two rooms and an elaborate veranda from the west side of the building. In this fine old mansion many of the noblest and best of the early Californians found entertainment, for the Governor was hospitable and generous—"A gentleman of the old school."

Pico's position as Governor of California, under appointment of the Mexican government, gave him a large circle of business and social friends. These he delighted to entertain, and, doubtless, the old adobe walls could tell tales of great social events, much merriment and revelry.

A man possessed of such large properties as Don Pico had, of necessity, a large retinue of dependents and retainers. Many of the houses occupied by these people stood near the road immediately opposite the mansion as late as 1890. In this cluster of adobe buildings stood the chapel so dear to every Spanish or Mexican estate. Mrs. Strong, who occupied the Pico mansion for some years in the '60's and who has since been familiar with the surroundings, tells us that this chapel was in a fair state of preservation until a comparatively few years ago, when its walls were used to make approaches to the bridge over the San Gabriel, then in process of construction. Only her timely intervention saved the old house from the same vandal hands. Here also stood the mill used for grinding corn, one stone of which has been preserved.

Sorrow and disappointment came to the don in his old age. The old Spanish hospitality and generosity, the lack of business knowledge, the modern rush of civilization, all combined to leave him penniless, a pensioner until his death in 1894, upon the love and bounty of friends.

One can scarce imagine a more doleful picture than this old man of 90, viewing, as he passed through its portals in 1891, for the last time, the great acres over which he had held sway—all gone, the property of others.

The old Pico homestead has become the property of the town of Whittier, and it is the intent of the women's clubs of the community to purchase the property and restore it as far as is possible, that it may become a historical storehouse for early California treasures.

History of Orange County

Santa Ana Woman's Club.



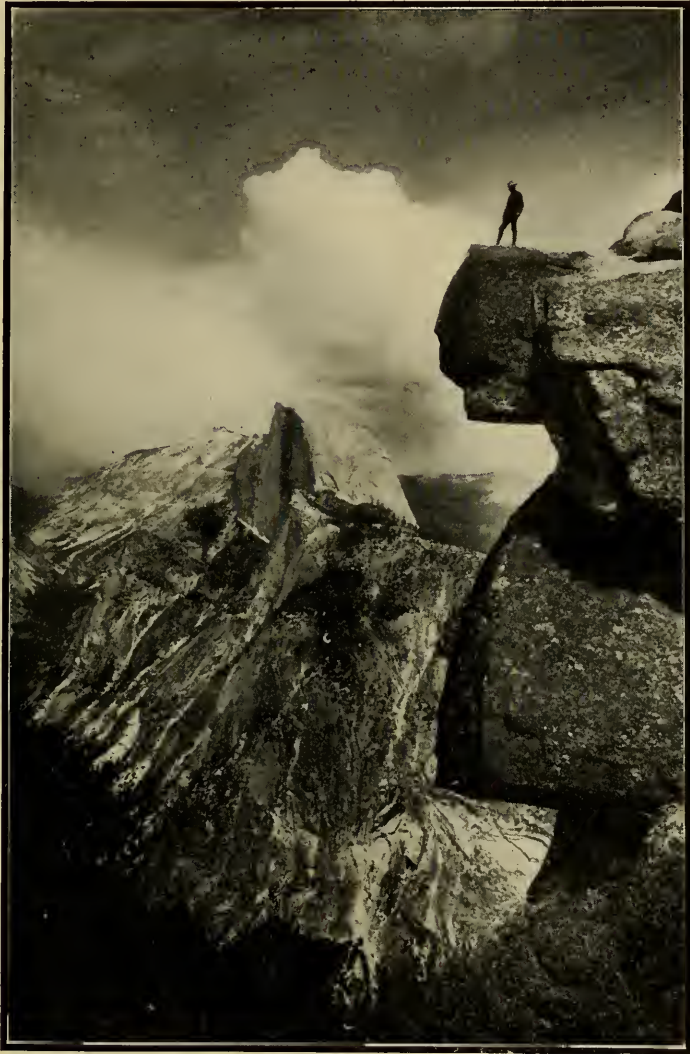
RANGE county, one of the smallest counties in California, and not so very old in years, has its share of history-making landmarks of the past. We always call the visitor's attention to the old San Juan Capistrano Mission, for, as the years go by, this old landmark of a time when people worked and planned with a loyalty devoted to what they thought was right, makes us of today respect their efforts without any thought of their creed or religious views.

Then we have the "Camino Real," across the county from north to south. In the very southwestern corner of Orange county is a rather small hill, sometimes called "Anaheim Landing" hill, as the old landing, warehouse, and wharf were at its foot that touched the ocean on the south. On the west side of this hill is a slough, sometimes called New River Slough, where for uncounted ages frogs have held "grand opera," unmolested, except by wild ducks and geese, until civilization, accompanied as usual with a gun, has depopulated the wild-fowl families, almost to extinction of late years.

Away back in what some of the old settlers call "Fremont's Campaign," a company of soldiers were sent to watch for certain Mexican troops that were expected to land somewhere along the coast. They made pits, or entrenchments, on the east side of this hill, that are still visible. Major E. A. Sherman, of Sloat Monument fame, a veteran of the Mexican War, writes me that he visited this hill in 1851 and remembers it distinctly, and that during the Civil War another company of soldiers occupied the hill, watching for the landing of the enemy's troops. Who the officers or men of either company were I have not been able to find out positively; but it is certainly worthy of notice that ditches, made by United States soldiers in 1846, which have not had any special care taken to preserve them during all these years, and which are still visible and silent reminders of what we might call strenuous times, deserve, at least, a little recognition. It might well be said that these ditches were the footprints of those who helped to make California United States territory. Very, very few of the Mexican War veterans are left to tell us what was what, or who was who; and I have found cases where even *they* did not agree on the merits of the case. So how are we to obtain and preserve for the future the facts and figures of our own State's history, and give honor where honor is due? More names should be enrolled on the scroll of fame, for those who were worthy and true should not be allowed to sink into oblivion, and, perhaps, in after years, have their honors claimed by some pretender.

The History and Landmarks Committee is engaged in a most laudable work, and the work well performed can never be computed in dollars and cents in its true worth to those of the future. May success be yours.

Historic Facts and Fancies



GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE.

Oakland from the Days of Sir Francis Drake to those of President Roosevelt

Oakland Club.



WE obtain a vivid though highly colored picture of the manner of life and the appearance of the natives who dwelt on the eastern shores of the bay of the Golden Gate in 1579 from the narrative of Admiral Drake's visit to the inlet, on the coast of Marin county, now called by his name. The simplicity and timidity of the Indians awakened surprise, and we are told of the memorable interview between the ruler of the principal tribe of that region and the strangers, "a very comely person carrying a sort of sceptre on which were two crowns made of network, curiously wrought with feathers and three long chains formed of bone," preceded "the handsome and majestic king," who was attended by a retinue of very tall men and followed by a horde of common people. In the pantomimic exchange of compliments that ensued, we are assured that the generous resident monarch tendered to his white visitor his kingdom, which was promptly and graciously accepted in the name of Queen Elizabeth, a thrifty sovereign, who cordially approved of annexing any territory not already held by acknowledged powers. To emphasize the transaction, Drake at once set up a pillar bearing the name, picture, arms and title to the new domain of his royal mistress, who on his return signified her appreciation of the gift of New Albion, as it was styled by the Englishman, by bestowing knighthood upon him; had not her wars with her brother-in-law King Philip and disturbances in her immediate realm fully taxed her resources, she would no doubt have enforced her putative claim to these remote lands. Spain, who professed to hold sway over all of the Pacific Coast explored by Cabrillo, had similar reasons to prevent aggressive measures in the west on her part, beyond a furtive effort at further examination of her new territory made by Vizcaino in 1602, who with three vessels, by order of the Viceroy of Mexico, sailed northward, touching at several points in Lower California, spending ten days in the port of San Diego, and entering a noble roadstead further on, to which he gave the name of Monterey, in honor of the Viceroy; one of his ships is said to have continued its course to the Columbia, but Vizcaino returned, bringing a rough chart of his course, full of enthusiasm regarding the splendid Bay of Monterey, but no further steps to investigate its value followed.

The natives, whose beauty and amiability had been extolled by Sir Francis Drake, remained undisturbed in their simple life for almost two hundred years, during which time they diminished greatly in numbers and sadly deteriorated in physique. In 1769 the Jesuits were expelled from all Spanish territory, leaving an open field for the Franciscans, who yearned with pious zeal for the conversion of the heathen; the government also awakened to the value of the two Californias and, the mission at San Diego having been successfully established, Jose de Galvez, visitor-general from Spain, on July 14th sent by land Gaspar de Portola, Governor of the Californias, with a party of civilians, two priests and a detachment of soldiers, to be met by a sailing expedition in two schooners at the splendid harbor of Monterey, where it was proposed to lay the foundations of a grand central mission under the seal of the secular government. The only guide for both parties was the ancient and imperfect, though carefully preserved, map of Vizcaino. It is small wonder that Portola and his men passed near the

Historic Facts and Fancies

port they sought without recognizing it; the vessels they expected to see had fared ill, their supply of water gave out, and they turned back before reaching Monterey.

The Governor found himself in trying circumstances; the march had been full of difficulties; of his small command many had scurvy, some were helpless and had to be carried on litters, all were weary and disappointed, but he pushed on, still searching for the missing harbor. On the night of October 30th he camped on the place now occupied by the town of Half Moon Bay. Setting out next day with his discouraged followers, he climbed to the top of a steep ridge and saw, far in the distance, Point Reyes, with the Farallone Islands to seaward, and knew what he had long feared—that he had gone by the desired haven, and naught remained but to retrace his steps—but, before turning back, he wisely decided to give three days to examining the country that was spread before his eyes: he accordingly sent a file of soldiers with Sergeant Ortega to reconnoiter, relaxing strict discipline to permit his men to hunt in the surrounding hills. On the night of November 2d, some of the hunters came in to bring exciting reports of a great arm of the sea they had found extending into the land, and November 3d saw the triumphant return of Ortega's detachment, firing guns and waving flags to announce a similar discovery.

Portola, on the morning of the 4th, broke camp, and marching northeastward, ascended the crest of the San Mateo hills, from whence he beheld that which repaid his travail of soul and fatigue of body. Below him lay the glorious Bay of San Francisco, which he exultantly compared to the Mediterranean Sea; across the water he marked that fair eastern shore of the wonderful bay that now boasts three cities. His soldiers grudged his loitering on the mount of vision, so, like Moses, he turned from the land he was not to enter, to pursue a route around the head of the bay, hoping to find a path to Point Reyes and from thence to Monterey, but the widening of the arm of the sea as they went suggested to his weary men alarming possibilities.

Worn with hardship, with scanty store of food, grieving for comrades who had died in the wilderness, carrying with difficulty those who were unable to walk, facing the winter of an unknown climate, perhaps the hostility of Indians, all but Portola cried out to go back to San Diego, and he was forced to yield to the voice of the majority. It was a painful journey, as we learn from the diary of Father Crespi, one of the priests. Again on their homeward way, they missed the haven of their quest, though they found the near-by Point Pinos, where they stopped to bury the record of their wanderings, their sufferings, and their great discovery under a large wooden cross, bearing the inscription: "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing." The narrative closes with these words: "I beg of Almighty God to guide us, and for you, traveler, who may read this, that He may guide you also to the harbor of eternal salvation." On the opposite side of the point they set up another cross, carving on its arms with a razor the pathetic statement: "The overland expedition from San Diego returned from this place on the 9th of December, 1769—starving." It reached its destination on January 24, 1770, in pitiful condition, but its labors had not been fruitless. Padre Junipero Serra, who had been the head of the Franciscan movement to Christianize the savages and was at San Diego directing efforts to that end, had been pained that his patron saint had been given no mission, and asked Galvez to do him proper honor. The Visitor-General had replied that if Saint Francis desired such recognition he might show his adherents a suitable location, and the story of the splendid bay in the north seemed to point out that Providence had blinded Portola's eyes to the proximity of Vizcaino's harbor to lead him to a nobler site for a religious and a government house. Wide-reaching plans for

Historic Facts and Fancies

the occupation of the spot were laid by Padre Serra and Galvez, but the long journey, with its privations and uncertainties, consumed years.

We learn that in 1773, Captain Juan Bautista with his party, coming from the re-discovered port of Monterey, passed through the valley of San Jose, now a part of Alameda county, where a large drove of elk was encountered, but his face was set toward the arm of the sea, and he was not tempted to linger by the way. Twenty-three years later the founding of the mission San Jose in the valley of that name must have often brought the feet of white men across the soil upon which Oakland has since grown and flourished, but there is only disparaging reference to it, made by Alberni, who was sent by Governor Borica to consider its qualifications for the site of a pueblo.

In 1776 the aspirations of Padre Junipero Serra and the ambitions of Galvez were satisfied, the Mission of Saint Francis (the Mission Dolores) was completed shortly after the Presidio had been established, making that year as glorious to the Californians, as it was to the colonists on the Atlantic slope.

One can but wonder if our forefathers, then struggling desperately to make valid their Declaration of Independence, ever heard of this triumph of Spain over a new land, which in the fullness of time was to become part of their own wonderful possessions.

Other missions were planted, families of wealth and standing grew up under their fostering care. Spain, rent by political dissensions at home, saw the wisdom of conciliating her subjects abroad. In 1820 she selected Don Luis Maria Peralta as worthy of recognition; for his military service of more than forty years, for his valuable assistance in administering the affairs of the Missions of San Jose, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz, and for his patriarchal household of ten children. He was given a grant of five leagues of land, including the present sites of Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland and their environs; in addition, a large tract in the Santa Clara Valley became his, the Mexican Government, succeeding that of Spain, ratified this title. The good Don Luis seems to have settled comfortably on the last-named rancho, bestowing the first on his four sons, who built a large house and dwelt together in accord, until the marriage of all suggested separate rooftrees. Therefore, in 1842, Don Luis rode over this grant, parceling out and setting bounds to the several allotments. He was still a vigorous man at the age of eighty-four, viewing with pride his goodly sons and the princely heritage which he had given them, and confidently looking forward to the perpetuation of his name for many generations. The brothers built homes and lived in the lavish and hospitable manner of their race; the daughters were generously remembered, and the "two cows and calves" that formed a part of the dowry of each multiplied into bands.

The war with the United States in its progress scarcely disturbed the Peraltas, but the advent of the Americans after the peace brought them cruel misfortune. The kindly father, dying at ninety-three, foresaw the beginning of the end of prosperity for his family and his race and of the pastoral and idyllic life in the encinala (oak groves) of Temescal and San Antonio—destined to be occupied by the men who laid the foundations of Oakland and Alameda.

The discovery of gold brought to California the shrewdest and least scrupulous of Anglo-Saxons, with whom the Peraltas and their friends were ill-fitted to cope. The story of the purchase of their lands is the old one of Jacob and Esau, the craftier brother easily dispossessing the elder of his birthright. If fate decreed that the United States—daughter of England—filled with the masterful and adventurous spirit of her mother, should inherit the domain claimed for Good Queen Bess by Sir Francis Drake, one would fain wish that it should have come to her by kindlier treatment of the occupants.

Historic Facts and Fancies

For the progress of the world, it is doubtless well that the Encinal de Temescal, where Drake's gentle savages may have fished and hunted and where Don Vincente Peralta's herds were pastured, should evolve into this city of homes for two hundred thousand people. Across the bay, which seemed to Portola's men so wide and perilous, twenty-two millions trips were made in 1906 between these cities and that greater city of half a million people grown from the Mission Dolores—San Francisco. In spite of the injustice done to the former owners of the soil, Oakland has thriven; fire has not greatly retarded her progress; the earthquakes of 1868 and 1906 touched her rather tenderly. She is proud of her fair children who play in the flowering yards which awaken the envy of our Eastern visitors; proud of her young women and young men, who are the inheritors of the best of Anglo-Saxon blood, mingled with that of less aggressive races; proud of her people and the beautiful city they have builded.

The mother church of the saintly Padre Serra has kept its foothold on Oakland's soil, as has that of Sir Francis Drake's, whose service was read in Upper California three hundred and twenty-eight years ago, as the Prayer Book Cross in Golden Gate Park attests. Other houses of worship stand in her borders witnessing the faith of John Calvin, of John Wesley, of Alexander Campbell. Schools, public and private, are numerous and stately homes abound; but alas! and alas! for the beautiful oaks that gave the city her Spanish as well as her English title—they have fallen. Short-sighted Oakland has permitted their destruction, and she has sinned also in allowing the musical Latin names of Encinal, Temescal, San Antonio and the like to be superseded by commonplace English names. However, she is young, she is strong, she is fair; she has broad lands and great opportunities, and her daughters, tender yet strong, and her sons, strong yet tender, work to make her stronger, fairer, better—a mighty city in Don Portola's fair domains of other days.

The Old Bale Mill

New Century and Napa Study Club.



THE old Bale Mill is situated about midway between the present towns of St. Helena and Calistoga, in Napa Valley, Cal., near the county road that runs along the base of the fir- and pine-clad hills of upper Napa Valley and near a beautiful little mountain stream whose banks are lined with huge live oaks and maples, and graceful alders festooned with wild grapevines in rich profusion.

The mill was built by Dr. Edward T. Bale, a man of English birth who came to California some time in the thirties. Soon after his arrival he fell in love with a beautiful and wealthy Spanish *señorita* whom he married. They settled in the upper part of Napa Valley, where he obtained from the Mexican Government two leagues of land. In 1846 he decided to build a flour mill near the center of his possessions. The chief difficulty which confronted him was that of securing a mechanic to do the iron work, and for a while it seemed as though he were doomed to disappointment, for such mechanics were exceedingly scarce at that early period in California. Finally he visited the camp of a company of immigrants, who had just crossed the plains with ox teams, having been seven months on the way. Among them he found

Historic Facts and Fancies



THE OLD BALE MILL.

a young mechanic with a good equipment of tools who possessed the requisite skill. Notwithstanding the fact that he had never built a grist-mill before, he was a man of unusual originality and inventive genius, self-reliant, and soon convinced Dr. Bale that he could do the work satisfactorily. This young mechanic was my father, the late Florentine Erwin Kellogg. Dr. Bale asked him why he came to California. The reply was, "To find a good climate and to get cheap land," to which the doctor answered, "I think we can fit you out with both." Accordingly, he was at once engaged to do the work, Dr. Bale agreeing to pay for the same in land, about 600 acres of which was required to settle for the job, which was completed early in the year 1847. The land selected to be given in payment for the work was located on the opposite side of the little stream from where the mill was built, the stream forming the western boundary thereof. As a shelter for himself and family, consisting of his wife and three small children, F. E. Kellogg immediately built a temporary cabin on the site of an old Indian rancheria, about a stone's throw from the mill, which he very soon replaced by a residence that was quite imposing for that early period. Like the old mill it still stands as a conspicuous landmark of pioneer days. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. W. W. Lyman.

The original mill-wheel was only twenty feet in diameter, and in the course of time it was found necessary to replace it with one thirty-six feet in diameter. The first cog-wheels were made of wood which caused a great racket when the mill was operated. The first burrs, or millstones, were quarried from the adjacent hills, and shaped by an Irishman by the name of John Conn who learned his trade as stonecutter in the old country. The first

Historic Facts and Fancies

mill was a man by the name of Harrison Pierce, which sounds like a good old American name. The water to run the mill was at first taken directly from the stream, some distance above the mill, and was conducted to the overshot wheel by means of a flume made of troughs hewn out of redwood logs something over two feet in diameter and eighteen or twenty feet in length, all joined together as snugly as possible, and supported on cribs built of redwood posts about the size of railroad ties. Later on the water was conveyed by means of a ditch to a large impounding reservoir, and an improved water-flume was installed.

To this mill for twenty-five years the pioneer farmers brought their grists. In the very early days they cut their wheat by hand with a scythe, piled it on the ground in circular corrals or pens, then put in a band of wild mustangs and drove them around over the straw until the wheat was tramped out, then with forks they pitched out the coarse straw, and winnowed out the chaff by tossing the grain, shovelful at a time, high into the air so that the wind could blow the chaff away, while the wheat, being heavier, fell on the ground comparatively clean, although not yet sufficiently clean to be ground into flour. To complete its preparation for the mill, it was finally put into a large trough hewn out of a redwood log, where it was covered with water and then stirred until all the remaining chaff had floated to the surface and the sand and gravel had sunk to the bottom. The chaff was then skimmed off, the water withdrawn, and the wheat taken out and dried, care being taken not to shovel up with the grain any of the sand and gravel from the bottom of the trough.

It took about three days to prepare a grist of ten bushels for the mill in this manner. Although we must admit that the methods of harvesting, threshing, and grinding then, were somewhat slower than the present combined harvesters and roller flour-mills, nevertheless, we firmly maintain that the world will never taste any better bread, doughnuts, fritters, and flapjacks than were produced from the flour of the old Bale Mill.

On the death of Dr. Bale in 1849 the mill passed into the possession of his oldest daughter, who, in 1860, sold it to Ralph Ellis, who made additions to the buildings and installed a steam engine to furnish power when the water in the stream was low. He also fitted up quite a commodious hall in the mill warehouse which for several years was occupied by the Good Templars, and was used for entertainments of various kinds, being a favorite meeting-place, especially for the youngsters of the valley, where was doubtless the starting point of many a pioneer romance.

Later on Captain W. Sayward came into possession of the property and in 1871 it was bought by W. W. Lyman, its present owner, and was run for a number of years by the late Joseph Mecklenberg, who was the last miller.

Great praise is due to Mr. Lyman for his efforts to preserve this almost solitary relic of Napa Valley pioneer days. The old mill is silent now; its wheel is forever still. For a third of a century the wheel has not turned on its axis, the men who furnished the grists have nearly all passed over to the great beyond, and the old mill-wheel is overgrown with ivy, and crumbling to decay, yet it stands a mute but eloquent reminder of a historic by-gone period, the like of which the American continent will never witness again.

A Sketch of the Pioneer of Mill Valley, John Thomas Reed

Outdoor Art Club.



IN 1826 John T. Reed, the father of pioneers, came across the Bay of San Francisco in a small sloop and landed on the shores of Marin county, then sleeping peacefully in the arms of nature, untouched by the hand of civilization. He applied for a grant of the Sausalito Rancho that same year, but was refused on the plea that it was held for government uses.

The following year he tried to establish himself in Sonoma county, in fact, was the first settler there, but the Indians drove him out, burning his wheat-fields and implements.

In 1832 John Reed, who was also the first one to take soundings in the bay, established the first ferry, running boats from Sausalito to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, as an accommodation to the few settlers.

In 1834 he received a grant of the Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio, which was so-called because he erected a sawmill in the quiet valley at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, where lumber was hewn and sawed for the Presidio. He was the first white man to penetrate the beautiful vales and woods of our Mill Valley.

John Reed climbed old Tamalpais before any of his white brethren had ever ventured there, and on the highest peak he erected a large wooden cross which could be plainly seen from the valley below, and even from the Farallones on very clear days.

The mill, the ruins of which still stand as one of the landmarks of the valley, was the first in the county.

John T. Reed was born in Dublin in the year 1805 and left Ireland in 1820. He sailed with his uncle to Mexico and thence to this State, arriving here in 1826, his twenty-first year.

In the old Mission Dolores Church in 1836 he married Señorita Hilarita Sanchez, the youngest daughter of Don José Sanchez, commander of the Presidio at Yerba Buena.

John Reed was a most energetic man and during his short life accomplished much for his day. He started to raise splendid cattle on his rancho and planted several orchards. He had almost completed a large adobe, a two-story one, as a residence for his family, when he became sick with a fever and, as was the custom then, was bled, but to excess, and died at the early age of thirty-eight. He was buried in the old Mission Church at San Rafael.

Besides being a bright and energetic man, he was loved for his kindness of heart, and even the Indians learned to look to him for aid. A small part of the ruins of the old adobe still stand, not far from Millwood station, fire and the elements having destroyed the remainder. Many a gay rodeo was celebrated there, when large herds of cattle were branded. They were driven from the different ranchos to Reed's, where great festivities and dancing took place; barbecues were the order of the day and the people were entertained according to the great hospitality of *la genta del país*. Then each don had his cattle driven back to his rancho. These celebrations always lasted a week or more. Just about four or five hundred feet from the ruins of the adobe are the remains of an Indian mound, the place where Chief Marin and

Historic Facts and Fancies

his tribe lived. This earth-mound is commonly called Rancheria—the old Spanish people claim it was formed from shells and mussels and other refuse of the Indians, still whole skeletons have been found there of which all but the skulls crumble to dust when moved.

The grant which was given to John Reed by Governor Figulloa and comprised one league more or less, extended from what is now Mill Valley to Belvedere. A patent of the grant was obtained by the heirs in 1883; and to this day they retain most of the land in spite of squatters' claims, etc. Neither the old adobe of the Reed homestead nor the old mill was ever in the possession of the famous robber, Three Fingered Jack, as some recent scribes of Marin county have declared; it has now passed to his grandchildren by direct descent.

Earthquake of 1857

J. M. Barker of Bakersfield, Relates His Experience.

Bakersfield Woman's Club.



IN 1857 I was a young man of twenty-five, and for four years had lived on a cattle ranch through which Kings River ran. Its source was near Tulare Lake. The only settlement between Los Angeles and Stockton, at that time, was the hamlet of Visalia; so neighbors were far apart.

One morning in the month of November, 1857, I started out on horseback in company with an old Englishman, my nearest neighbor, to search for some horses of ours that had strayed away. We shaped our course to skirt the shores of Tulare Lake, between what is known as Cross Creek and Kings River. At this time Tulare Lake was a very large sheet of water, about one hundred miles in length by thirty miles in width at its widest place. For a couple of miles from the shore, the waters in the shallows were covered with burnt tules and other refuse matter unfit for use for man or beast, until a distance of two miles from the shore was reached.

We knew that our horses would not drink from the lake, but there were sloughs and holes of water in depressions outside of the lake, where the water was clear and fit for use.

To one of these water-holes, which was surrounded by a fringe of tall willows, we directed our course in order to look for tracks of our missing stock. As several of them were shod, we knew if we found the shod tracks that we were on the right trail.

There was a keen frost, and when we reached the water-hole a thin film of ice was seen upon the water. I dismounted and led my horse by the bridle, and walked to the edge of the water. Just as I reached it, the ground seemed to be violently swayed from east to west. The water splashed up to my knees; the trees whipped about, and limbs fell on and all around me. I was affected by a fearful nausea, my horse snorted and in terror struggled violently to get away from me, but I hung to him, having as great a fear as he had himself. Of course, all this occupied but a few seconds, but it seemed a long time to me. The lake commenced to roar like the ocean in a storm, and, staggering and bewildered, I vaulted into the saddle and my terrified horse started, as eager as I was to get out of the vicinity. I found my friend, who had not dismounted, almost in a state of collapse. He eagerly inquired, while our horses were on the run and

Historic Facts and Fancies

the lake was roaring behind us. "What is this?" I replied, "An earthquake! Put the steel to your horse and let us get out of this!" and we ran at the top of our speed for about five miles.

We observed several hundred antelopes in a state of the wildest confusion and terror. They ran hither and thither, creating a great dust, stumbling and falling over each other in mortal fear. It is their habit at this season of the year, while rearing their young, to congregate in great numbers for mutual protection from coyotes and other vermin; the males also herding in bands by themselves until the new grass starts.

We returned next day and found that the lake had run up on the land for about three miles. Fish were stranded in every direction and could have been gathered by the wagon-load. The air was alive with buzzards and vultures eager for the feast, but the earth had acquired its normal condition.

We can only imagine what the consequences would have been if a great city had stood upon the eastern shore of the lake.

The Gold Find: Before and After

Los Angeles Ebell.



AR'S tings what I can't 'splain, honey—tings what I don' try t' 'splain, 'cause de good Lawd he don't want we-uns t' know—else what fo' he put de bail ober de face ob de chile fore he open he eyes? It's de Lawd what gib de clar sight, sure; some what don' beliebe say it be de wuks ob de debbil, but de good book say we's t' know 'em by da wuks, an' de debbil he not go roun' doin' good wuks—not 'cordin t' Scripiter.

"'Pears like some fo'ks is chose t' be guided 'f dey takes de guidin's, an' yo' 's one ob de chose, honey, sure yo' is!

"I kin see a streak ob light straight from yo'r heart, an' it go to de wes' right frue de mountin' an' 'cross de ribbers, an' it light de whole way; an' I sees roun' yo' de perteeshun, so no ha'm kin tech yo'. An' I sees t' de en' ob de light a big wahter—bigger dan ol' Mississipp'; an' I sees de li'l ribber, an' down un'er de wahter I sees de gol'—an' in de rocks I sees de gol'—an' I sees de gol' in yo'r han', an'—I don' see no mo'; but shore, honey, de good Lawd he mean yo' t' fin' de gol', but he don' mean yo' t' tell all de po' white trash what he gib yo' fo' yo'r own sel'."

"Ol' Mammy," having delivered her message, hobbled off to her cabin, and Elizabeth Jane Wimmer went her way to the settlement, wondering and pondering what she had heard, almost convinced against her better judgment, by the earnestness of the old darkey woman, that it really was given to her to see the things of which she spoke. All this came to pass at the Harlan Colony, Missouri, early in the year 1846, and was the indirect result of the monition of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man, go West!"—words that set in motion a force, hitherto latent, which has since shaken the continent from center to circumference.

The boundaries of the "West," now the "Great West," divided and subdivided, have always been exceedingly indefinite. First New York was "West," then Ohio, later Minnesota and Kansas, afterwards the Rockies, until now the great Pacific scarce halts the line that with its "Westward ho!" stretches across

Historic Facts and Fancies

the country, and whose incessant travel has made needful the threads of silvery steel that glitter in the sunlight all the way from ocean to ocean.

At a time between these extremes, John A. Sutter, a native of the Duchy of Baden, left the home of his father in New York for Missouri; thence he journeyed by way of Oregon, Sitka and Hawaii to California, landing on the coast of San Francisco Bay in 1839. The Mexican officials bluntly informed him that Monterey was the port of entry. Here he met Governor Alvarado, who for personal reasons wished him to settle on the Sacramento River. Sutter returned to San Francisco to make the necessary preparations, and vainly seeking information in regard to the location of the mouth of the river, after eight days' search succeeded in finding it himself. Arriving at what seemed to him a desirable point, he, with his little company, landed, and immediately set about erecting a building which, on account of its form, a hollow square, and mounted pieces of artillery, was called Sutter's Fort. These defenses were necessary for protection against the hostile Indians and none too friendly Mexicans.

The soil was fertile, and as soon as the building was completed he began to cultivate it, with very satisfactory results. In 1840 quite a number of white men joined him, and a year later he was considered, by the ruling powers, of sufficient importance to be made a Mexican citizen, and received a grant of eleven square leagues of land in the valley, and the place was named New Helvetia. His party now increased in numbers rapidly, including both white men and Indians; many of the latter were glad to be employed about the ranch, as they were treated kindly and were given what they considered a fair compensation for their labor.

In appearance he was of sinewy build, though not large of stature, strong in character, a manly man; his picturesque figure and honest bearing were in marked contrast to the insignificant, plotting, treacherous governors who disgraced the closing years of the Mexican rule. It is not strange that he was a man of note, for his title to original and acquired lands was unimpeachable, his great possessions secure, his colony prosperous and success assured.

Meanwhile Peter Wimmer, born of Scotch-Irish parents who, through wonderful vicissitudes of Indian capture and release in American warfare had journeyed from Cincinnati to Indiana, caught the western fever. Peter was not a student, save of nature, and, though small of stature, his outdoor life developed in him the perfect health and physical strength that stood him in good stead during the privations and hardships of long journeyings through the wilderness and subsequent pioneer life.

When only eighteen he married Polly Harlan, daughter of another pioneer. The young couple emigrated to Michigan, then a territory, and shortly after to Illinois. Here the Indians, under the leadership of Black Hawk, were continually on the warpath; Peter, however, was not disturbed by the "ower true" tales of depredation and massacre, and it was only when the tide of progress brought ever-increasing numbers of homeseekers, that the first settlers "moved on," always with fevered faces toward the refreshing western breeze.

Wonderful tales of the genial climate, fertile soil, and good water of Missouri, determined Peter to join his father-in-law there; thus was formed the "Harlan settlement," to which flocked enterprising men from all sections of the East. Here Mrs. Wimmer died of fever, and after a year of mourning he married Jennie Cloud Biaz in 1844. Martin Cloud and Obadiah Biaz had been interested in Virginia, and later on Georgia gold mines, but there was no hint of the precious metal in the glowing descriptions of that land of perpetual summer, which were brought by trappers and traders from points in and beyond the Rockies. Nevertheless, one Deacon Smith insisted that

Historic Facts and Fancies

California was the New World "land of Ophir," and prophesied that vast amounts of gold and silver would be found in the mountains there, thus, unknown to himself, adding his prediction to that of the old negro seer.

Captain Harlan, full of the restlessness that possesses most frontiersmen, determined to see for himself that wonderful country if he lived long enough, and many were like-minded; but there were some who believed in "letting well enough alone" rather than face the danger and starvation which lay in wait in the desert. However, when the Mormons resident there, roused by the indignities that culminated in the murder of Joseph Smith and others, were successful in reaching Salt Lake, Harlan argued that if such ungodly men could make the trip in safety, surely Christians had no need to fear. But even this reasoning failed to convince all his hearers, and some elected to remain where they were; thus the community was divided, and about the first of May, 1846, men, women, and children to the number of eighty-four, with one hundred wagons, left Fort Independence for California. At Indian Creek other organized companies joined them, and upwards of 500 wagons, painted a bright vermilion, with "California" in big letters on the side, and numerous horses and cattle, made a striking cavalcade as the long line wound across the plains. The extreme age of Deacon Smith was all that prevented him from being one of the number.

Realizing the difficulties to be encountered, they provided themselves with a stout windlass to draw the wagons, which were made water-tight, across rivers too deep to ford, and up and down mountains too steep for the teams to manage, and for this they had plenty of use before they arrived at their destination, and even with this precaution one of the wagons and oxen were hurled over a precipice on account of the breaking of the rope. They reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains July 4, 1846, and there held a celebration, naming the place Independence Rock. It is still a favorite landmark.

Upon leaving this point the band disagreed in regard to the future route, part wishing to keep to the old trail, while Harlan thought it best to take the new way up the Sweet Water and through Echo Cañon. The former division encountered terrible perils and suffered great loss, but few of the number reaching the land of their desire. Harlan's party made slow progress after reaching the cañon, sometimes covering but a mile a day, as they had to literally cut their way through forests and blast away immense boulders that lay in the road. Their policy had been to keep friendship with the Indians, and the "red wagons" were not disturbed while on the way, or while stopping for rest and repairs. The company reached Fort Sutter November 15, 1846, having lost but two of their number by death.

Captain Sutter gave them a hearty welcome, as he did all newcomers. Not long before this the Mexicans, who until now had held undisturbed possession of the country, became fearful of so much immigration, and determined to put a stop to it. To this end they declared war, with General Andres Pico in command. The Americans, however, felt that it was too goodly a land to be relinquished without a struggle, and Sutter, though at this time a Mexican officer, sided with them, and when, in March, 1847, Pico surrendered to General Fremont, Sutter was given command of the fort. Wimmer, after a short rest, joined the army, but was disabled in a runaway, and by the time he had recovered the war was practically over.

And here another important factor, in the person of James W. Marshall, entered the arena. He was born in New York May 10, 1812. He, too, took

Historic Facts and Fancies

the western fever, which led him first to Indiana to "grow up with the country," but he found the "land so famed in story" was still further west, and by way of Kansas and Oregon, where he remained but one winter, he also drifted to New Helvetia, which he reached in June, 1845. Marshall did duty as a soldier, but he paid dearly for his loyalty, for, when he returned to his ranch, he found it devastated and his stock gone, no one knew where or how. He was forced to seek employment, and, having worked for Sutter on his arrival in California, he went to him, and was set to work overseeing Indians burning charcoal. The exposure incident to this life, coupled with the disappointment over his loss, brought on a serious illness, and he would doubtless have paid his debt to nature then and there had he not been found by Mrs. Wimmer and taken to their home, where with good food and nursing he gradually recovered health and strength.

Sutter, needing lumber for building and other purposes, conceived the idea of arilding his own mill in a timber country, and offered to furnish the money if Marshall would superintend its construction. A contract to this effect was drawn by John Bidwell (Prohibition candidate for President of the United States in 1892).

Coloma was finally selected for a building site, as the timber was but a short distance away, and the lay of the land such that the lumber could be taken to the fort in wagons. In August, 1847, the little party, accompanied by ten Indians, left for the wilderness; Mrs. Wimmer was the first white woman to enter, and for nine months was the only woman there.

After a time white men to the number of ten, mostly Mormons, making the number of whites "unlucky thirteen," came and were set to work, but on account of the dearth of skilled labor, progress was slow, and it was December before the dam and headgate were finished. In order to expedite matters, the water was turned on at night to wash away the sand and gravel which the men had dug up during the day.

Little attention was paid to the bright specks of metal so often seen; the Indians were used to it, and it held no especial value in their eyes, while the others, if they gave it any thought at all, supposed it to be the "fools' gold" to which they had been accustomed in the East.

There was one exception, however, for Mrs. Wimmer had never gotten rid of the impression received from Old Mammy back in Missouri, and, though she never told any one all that occurred at the time, she did sometimes mention to her husband the prophecy of old Deacon Smith, and charge him to be on the lookout for anything of value. Often when on her occasional visits to the scene of operations her eyes rested on the glittering bits, she said to herself, "Perhaps the vision was true after all; it does look as though there might be gold here." She said nothing, but every night when the workmen came home stole an inquiring glance at their faces, and listened intently to any snatches of conversation that might reach her ears; but day after day passed without change.

One morning, about a month after the completion of the dam, Marshall, surveying the work the water had done for them during the night, discovered a good-sized, bear-shaped specimen on a flat rock near the race and picked it up as a curiosity. If any suspicion of its value crossed his mind he made no sign, and indeed his life had been such that he had long ago ceased to expect any good luck for himself. He handed it to his companion, remarking: "That's an odd-shaped stone; sort of reminds one of the 'Bear Flag,' hey?"

Peter, mindful of the charge to be on the lookout, examined it carefully, then exclaimed: "Heavens, man! that's gold!"

Historic Facts and Fancies

"Fools' gold, more like; but it fits us all right, for we've been something akin to fools since we came west, haven't we? At least, I have."

"Well," responded Wimmer, "fools or no fools, I'd be willing to take my pay in that metal all right," as he handed it back.

"Here, Pete," said Marshall to the boy standing by, "take this home to your mother; tell her to put it into her kettle of soap and boil it and see if it tarnishes," then, turning to the father, "That'll be a pretty good test and we'll see who's right; I, for one, would call it mighty good luck if it turned out to be copper even." Thus the matter was dismissed, and the regular routine of the day went on.

Mrs. Wimmer was not a demonstrative woman, but her eyes glistened as she took the lump in her hand and noted its weight. Suddenly there came to her mind, "an' I sees de gol' in yo'r han'."

"What is it ma?" inquired the boy. "Pa said something about its being gold, and Mr. Marshall called him a fool. I don't think that was very nice, do you? But then he talks queer a good many times, and I've heard him lots and lots, when he was all alone, talking just as though some one was there with him. Say, do you believe like pa?"

"I'll tell you in the morning, son," and she dropped the specimen into the boiling soap, while a faint smile crossed her face as she thought of the "witch's cauldron."

She was, perhaps, a little more anxious than usual for night to bring the workmen home, but it was late when they arrived, and some new complication at the dam was the subject of their conversation until bedtime, and not even to her husband did she mention the "find." The next morning, seeing the kettle still hanging on the improvised crane, Marshall spoke up:

"Well, good lady Elizabeth, how did the soap come out? Do you think that gold"—with a sly wink at Peter—"will take the place of grease in making soap? If it will it'll be a good scheme, for there is plenty of—gold, and grease is most mighty scarce."

Without waiting to reply Mrs. Wimmer went outside, followed by the two men. She poured the contents of the kettle into a log trough near by, and there in the bottom lay the nugget, bright and polished, glittering in the rays of the newly risen sun.

"It is—it is gold!" and no one could deny what was patent to the most skeptical. Seeing was believing. This, with other specimens, a few days later, was taken to the fort for further and corroborative test, though some other errand was made an excuse for the forty-mile trip.

The interview between the two men, Sutter and Marshall, was characteristic. Fearful of manifesting the excitement which had increased proportionally as the distance from the fort diminished, the latter entered Sutter's private office, closed and locked the door, whispering in a strained voice, "Are we alone? Are you sure we are alone?"

The old commander wondered for a moment if his visitor had taken leave of his senses, for his disordered appearance and sly manner indicated that something might be wrong. He was not kept long in suspense, for opening his pouch Marshall poured its contents into his hand, remarking, "I believe this is gold!"

"It surely looks like it," responded Sutter, "but we will soon see."

It stood the aquafortis test, and an old copy of an encyclopedia being hunted up, the article on "gold" was carefully studied, and all possible doubts swept away.

"We must keep it quiet," asserted Marshall.

Historic Facts and Fancies

"We certainly must," assented Sutter. "I'll come over in a day or two; it will be supposed here that you need me about the building, and we must find some way of hushing up the matter there."

Marshall returned the next day and handing the nugget to Mrs. Wimmer, said, "You were right, Elizabeth, and this is yours; it will make you a nice ring."

She kept it, instead, in its original form, and did not part with it until 1877, when, being in destitute circumstances, she disposed of it to W. W. Allen, of San Francisco. Neither the National nor State government gave them any aid in their time of need, save as charity, though the example of Australia in making liberal provision for E. H. Hargraves for a similar discovery there, was used as an argument. The government made the lame excuse that had not these people found the gold, some one else very soon would have done so. All three died in extreme poverty and none of the family profited by the find of January 19, 1848.

And these were not the only ones who suffered for what, in the natural course of events, should have brought them wealth, as it did the thousands of others who followed the trail blazed by their less fortunate predecessors.

Try as they might, the discovery could not be kept secret, and the attempt to do so only augmented the catastrophe which followed. Had Sutter been a different kind of a man—had he been a poor man, even, he might have reaped some benefit from the discovery, but as it was, it proved disastrous in the extreme.

At that time he had, besides vast herds of stock, 1,000 acres of wheat, brick-yards, fruit-fields, tanneries, and also a large and expensive grist mill nearly completed. When it became known that there was gold at Coloma, his employees immediately deserted him. The grain crop went to ruin, no one being left to harvest it. The \$25,000 invested in the mill was a total loss, as it could not be finished. Large quantities of leather were left in the vats. The rush of immigration began, and those who were good citizens at home became lawless in this new country; he had no men left to protect his stock, and horses, cattle and swine and all were appropriated by the newcomers.

He and a few others had made a survey a few miles from the fort, and started a town, naming it Sutterville. His little village flourished till with the flood of people, the rival city of Sacramento started. But here, meager shelter, unhealthy crowding of all sorts and conditions of men, and the severe mental strain, verging on insanity, induced by the opportunity to get rich suddenly, caused a tremendous amount of sickness and death. Medical attendance, nursing, and medicines were scarce and high. The winter rains augmented the troubles, and men died by hundreds; coffins were well nigh impossible, and many were wrapped in blankets and buried in trenches. And still the immigration continued, people flocked in and houses went up as by magic.

With the settlement of land, squatter troubles commenced. Many located on lands given by grant to large title owners, and, thinking them to be rightfully theirs, refused to leave. Riots occurred and only ceased after several city officers had been killed and the militia sent from San Francisco.

Yet the securing of legal titles was not without its amusing incidents. When a certain attorney was making out land patents for his clients, one woman astonished him by asserting that she had had one for twenty-five years. On his expressing a doubt, since the thing seemed an utter impossibility, she went home and shortly returned with a document duly stamped and sealed, and with a confident, "Now, sir, see!" handed it to the lawyer. Opening it he was surprised to be confronted by a copy of the first divorce granted in Los Angeles. Not being her own it was a mystery how it came into her possession.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The obtaining of land was secondary, and in many cases auxiliary to the securing of gold claims. For a long time there was an unwritten code of law which was religiously observed with scarce an exception. Some staked a claim and worked it exclusively, while others roamed about digging and picking up nuggets of greater or less value. The first large one was found by a soldier in Stevenson's regiment while taking a drink from the Mokelumne River. It weighed nearly twenty-five pounds and created quite a furore in New York, where it was sent, and many came to California hoping that fortune would see fit to bestow like favors upon them. The largest mass was dug out of Carson Hill, Calaveras county, and weighed 195 pounds.

Colored men were considered especially lucky in finding gold; whether it was "rabbit's foot luck" or not, is an open question. One of them found a 35-pound nugget sticking out of the ground on Table Mount, Tuolumne county. Believing it to have rolled down from higher ground, he dug it out, hid it and marked the spot, then went in search of its companions. He located a claim and worked it for several weeks with fair success. Returning for his first find, he was dismayed to see a band of Italians at work there, but luck did not desert him, for he found his treasure less than ten feet from where they were digging.

But good fortune was not for the colored brethren alone. At Remington Hill, half a boulder was found, and it was surmised that the other half might be somewhere near by. Two years later one of the hired men employed there, all of a sudden gave notice that he was going to Nevada City. As he was having good work and good wages, one of the owners became suspicious and said to his partner:

"That fellow was in a mighty hurry to get away; I believe he has found the other half of the boulder, and I'm going to follow him."

"I don't believe any such thing, but if you're fool enough to go, you're welcome to all you get out of it."

He did go, overtook the man, and at the point of a revolver demanded the nugget which was really concealed in the man's blankets.

"The temptation was so great I'll forgive you," he said, "only just keep on to Nevada City and never show your face at my mine again, as you value your life."

On his return with the "other half" he was greeted enthusiastically by all save his crestfallen partner.

"Never mind," said he, when they were alone. "I'll take the odd thousand, \$20 for my trouble, and \$980 for my 'guess,' and we'll divide the \$4,000."

A circumstance showing another characteristic of the mining class, was the loan of a 45-pound nugget found at Sonora to a consumptive that he might exhibit it with other curios, and by lecturing from place to place make a living for himself. The invalid wrote regularly for some time, but suddenly communication ceased, and the owner feared his treasure was lost, when one day he received word from a New Orleans bank that it was there subject to his order. It yielded a cool \$8,000.

Such discoveries as these, and the no less wonderful "pockets" netting as high as \$160,000, have given California first place in United States history as "The Golden State," with its wonderful "Golden Gate."

Old Mammy and the Wimmers and their friend Marshall did not profit pecuniarily by their discovery, but may we not hope that the good which they passed on to others has been passed up to them, and in that other "Golden City" they are reaping a glorious harvest?

Historic Facts and Fancies



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

Old Colusa Town—The Discovery of Gold

Contemporary Club.



CALIFORNIA the beautiful! Not yet have thy children done thee justice or told thy story as it shall be told! Strong must be the pen, radiant the brush, that shall depict thee in thy full glory! For this must thy children leave the "shut-in" life, the pent-up air of cities, their libraries and books; for this must they seek thee, in thy nature-haunts, where thou livest in all thy beauty. Close to thy throbbing, warm, brown breast shall they hear thy heart-beats and listen to thy voice repeat its story, as it can only to those who love thee!

There shall be stories of the past, but more wonderful still shall be the stories of the future.

Thou art but in thy maidenhood, O beauteous motherland-to-be, just waking from thy dreams, rousing and rising, stretching eager arms to encircle the glory of the destiny in store for thee. Not as the courtesan stretches eager hands to grasp and give back naught, but rather as a mother-spirit, taking, that she may give. Fortunate are they, O regnant queenly California, who shall be sharers of thy bounty! Full to bursting are thy storehouses with all of richness. The foot can press no bit of earth that holds not wealth of thy giving, and from this wealth-material must come the only wealth that counts—the gold of character, in thy sons and daughters. Nor in material wealth is there aught of evil, nor can evil flow from it, save as it touches weakness in human kind.

As 'twas the Midas-touch that waked thee from thy early dreams, O California, tell again the oft-told tale!

THE STORY OF THE GOLD.

Deep in the heart of a valley of old El Dorado, there stands a rude cabin. Commemorative hands have planted round it vines, which today give its rough, decaying timbers a semblance of beauty. Its builder dropped asleep a score of years ago, upon yon hilltop, on whose crest stands a figure, like unto the builder's own, but whose enduring bronze shall outlast the clay. It stands in sturdy strength in the rough habiliments of the miner, pointing an indicative finger down into the valley below—pointing the spot that gave its only title to fame to the quiet dust beneath—pointing the spot where was first discovered gold in California.

I stand upon the green hillside on a day in June—California June—looking down upon Colusa town, which was not, when the now deserted cabin was built. Vineyards drape the curving hills about, rounding soft outlines against the sky of summer blue. The little town which sprang up in response to the needs of the gold-seekers has gone to sleep, exhausted with the delirium of her dream of gold.

Back come the flocking phantoms of the past; the vine-clad hills have voices, the whispering leaves are tongues.

Come out of the purple shadow of the hills, ye spirit of the days of gold! Tell us of the lonely builder of the cabin, whose unconscious hand opened the

Historic Facts and Fancies

door of California's treasure-house. We know he came here lonely from his far eastern New Jersey home. No woman's voice cheered his labors—no woman's hand planted the vine which later hands planted. He built the cabin. The lovely valley, the softly rolling hills, encompassed him about. The stars kept vigil over the quiet nights. He was young, strong with the strength of his thirty-five years, skillful with tools and trained to industry.

What work had Fate set for this man to do? You may call it chance. Nay, not so! Hundreds had passed this way, thousands, counting the red brothers. Of all those whose feet had trod the self-same spot, not one whose eye had caught the glitter of the gold.

* * * * *

Some ten years earlier, in 1837, another adventurous spirit, a dashing captain of Swiss guards in France during the bloody revolution of 1830, had brought his restless feet to pause in California, not far from this same spot. At the confluence of the Sacramento and the Plumas Rivers he secured two grants of land from Mexico, to which country California then belonged. These grants comprised eleven leagues along the one, three leagues along the other river, thirty-three miles in length, three miles in width. Upon this fair domain this one-time "man of war" settled, to devote his energies to things to peace. With soldier instinct and in a country filled with red men he built, with the plastic soil of the country, a rude stockade. As a place of defense and protection against the Indians, however, it was never needed. The kindly heart and sense of justice that dwelt in the breast of John Augustus Sutter was his all-sufficient protection. He made himself the friend of the Indians and employed them in large numbers on his estate. The fort was his home and became a rendezvous for all kindred adventurous spirits—mountaineers, frontiersmen, men of science. John C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder"; Kit Carson, guide and scout, and a host whose names are of record in California history, found "welcome and good cheer within those old adobe walls." The wayfarer and stranger, too, found rest and refreshment if night overtook them along the reedy margin of the Sacramento, at old Fort Sutter.

To its owner's generous nature was allied also the accumulative faculty, and the years saw his flocks and herds increase, his land grow fruitful and productive, year by year. Twenty-five thousand dollars of his capital was invested in his flour-mill. Then a sawmill was needed. And now the hand of Fate drew near—the hour and the man. James Marshall, with skill at building, the building of houses, grist-mills, and sawmills, you are needed, the hour is big with portent; for better or worse, for you, the future still holds her secret.

The site was selected upon the south fork of the American River, where old Colusa town now nestles among her sheltering, bordering hills. To Marshall was given the selection of the site, to his skill was intrusted the building of the mill. Sutter furnished the necessary capital. The mill was finished January 10, 1848. The builder looked upon his work and found it good. But one defect appeared to mar its perfect working. The channel of the millrace was too narrow to admit sufficient water to permit the free working of the wheel. To widen and deepen the water course, the builder raised, at night, the flood-gates, unconscious that his hand was opening also the flood-gates of fortune. The rushing waters did their work, and in the morning the gates were lowered and the man of Fate went forth alone, to note if now his wheel could run in freedom.

Great masses of sand and gravel had been dislodged and carried down, spreading out in the widened channel. Upon this rocky bed, answering back the flash of the morning sunlight, there glittered strange yellow pebbles, or so

Historic Facts and Fancies

they appeared to the man walking on the bank of the stream. Thinking them a species of opal, common in that locality and hardly worth the trouble of examination, he passed them by. A little further on the yellow stones flashed again their fateful challenge, and this time, in idle curiosity, he stooped and picked one up to see what manner of stone it might be. Gold! No, of course not, along this course where so oft his feet had trodden before. With quickening pulse-beat, he gathered a number of the shining fragments, and trying, found them easily malleable. No longer was there room for doubt. Gold! Gold! Gold! sang in his eager brain. Gold! Gold! Gold! throbbed the blood in his veins. Gold all about, yet, perhaps, not too much; so no word to any of the workmen about the mill. But the owner of the mill must be told. So for his horse to carry him quickly to the fort, the precious evidence tied in a bit of rag. Hard he rode through the morning hours, covering the distance by late afternoon.

* * * * *

Just from his siesta and sitting down to pen a letter to a friend in far Switzerland, was mine host of the fort. To him, sitting with quiet thoughts upon his distant home, burst in the eager bearer of the tidings of the gold, his pent-up thoughts of the past few hours breaking forth in speech, but with such excitement of word and manner that his listener was fain to think the brain of the other had suddenly gone wrong. But proof of the wondrous story was poured upon the table—a shining, silent witness of the truth.

Then did the fear seize upon the other also. Together their plans were laid and the next sunrise saw their start to the mill. The rain was falling, but they felt it not; it was raining gold to them. They would tell no one. The secret should be theirs so long as possible. So does the gold virus change generous impulses to selfishness in the hearts of men. That night was passed in Marshall's cabin, and the following morning the two men were out early and followed the river course, up stream, to verify the extent of their treasure. A millionfold greater was it than their dreams. Even in the dry beds of the little creeks and in the ravines they loosened the virgin gold in fragments with a pocket-knife. But gold like murder will out, and in spite of their precautions there were men among the workmen at the mill who became curious as to their movements and, following, discovered also the glittering lure. So from lip to lip ran the news, and as fast as men could get there from scattered camps the influx began.

Marshall attempted, after Captain Sutter had sold his claims, to hold the mill site against the newcomers. This he could not do. To the elemental man in the virgin country, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "the Lord helps those who help themselves," is their rude creed. So to the pretensions of the man who had chanced to make the discovery they turned a deaf ear. To him, this brought bitterness of soul and much rancor. What he might have had was lost sight of, in fighting for what he thought he ought to have; and from him was taken even that which he had. Gone were the dreams of happiness which fired his heart at the finding of the golden treasure. He had been tried by the test of gold—the hardest test to which human nature can be put—and was found wanting. Continual quarrels with those who came into the region earned for him the dislike and enmity of his neighbors. His property was destroyed; he lost his interest in the mill, which should have been a steady source of income. He grew to linger long and often over the cup that inebriates, until finally naught remained to him but his cabin and a little patch of ground. For something like twenty-eight years he lived in poverty, eking out a bare existence by his labor. For a few years State aid was given

Historic Facts and Fancies

him, but ten years before the end this was withdrawn, and he continued to exist, a moody, misanthropic old man, poor in purse, but poorer with the only real poverty—poverty of spirit—shunning his fellows and shunned by them. On a day in August, 1885, he looked his last upon the purple-shadowed hills, and in the lonely cabin, as he had lived, he died—alone.

To Captain Sutter, also, the discovery of gold brought not wealth but ruin. His property he could not hold against land thieves and squatters, and what he retained was spent in fruitless litigation. He returned to the East without means, and in his last years was dependent upon friends and a pension granted him by the California Legislature. He died in Washington, D. C., in 1880.

So it was with the majority of those who sought the shrine of the fickle goddess. She lured them on with shining promises, but not that they themselves might profit; yet required of them their toil, their sacrifices, their lives, that to the new star, so soon to be added to the cluster of States, might be given its glorious heritage and baptism as the Golden State.

* * * * *

The sun drops to the horizon, below the hills lies old Colusa town, the purple shadows deepen as we travel down the mountain road, over whose weary way the toiling hosts of early days entered the land of promise. The June day breathes to its close—the vine-clad hills have voices, the whispering leaves are tongues!



VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE.

Stanford University

Palo Alto Woman's Club.



THE fact that Leland Stanford Junior University was founded and richly endowed by Senator and Mrs. Stanford in memory of their son who died before attaining manhood, is generally known. The following interesting little story published in an early number of *Sequoia*, the literary magazine of the university, is less familiar:

One day when Mrs. Stanford was in conversation with Dr. Jordan she spoke substantially as follows: "By the way, Doctor, would you like to know how our thoughts were, in the very beginning turned toward our educational scheme? It was all because of a little story. Our son, as a child, was not fond of school. We sent him to one place after another, but he did not study. Nothing gained his attention or secured his interest until one day he was sent to a lady living in San Francisco, who was very fond of children and who was said to have a real genius for teaching and developing their minds. That day he came home perfectly radiant, saying his teacher had been telling him 'such a lovely story, mama, all about a little stone.' And then, unable to be repressed, he told and told again the wonderful story that had made such an impression on his mind. From that time he thirsted for more and greater knowledge. No longer was persuasion of any kind needed as an incentive to studious work. From that single beginning grew his great desire to give to others opportunities for education, the value of which he had learned to appreciate.

"And now," continued Mrs. Stanford, "we are only carrying out his wishes to the best of our ability."

Dr. Jordan listened quietly to this recital, but a close observer might have noticed a very queer and peculiar expression on his face, inexplicable, indeed, for the time. With characteristic modesty Dr. Jordan made no comment, and it was not until several days later that the true inwardness of that queer smile was explained by one who heard the conversation and knew this simple fact, that Dr. Jordan himself had been the author of that same story.

Shall we call this mere coincidence? Think of that story written years ago, which was to result in being such an influence in bringing this institution into existence! And think of what is still more strange, that it was penned by him who was destined to be its future president!



STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

A Happy Valley Story

San Jose Woman's Club.



IN telling this little tale of a "hero unsung," perhaps I am transgressing the laws of friendly courtesy, as I have now no opportunity to look up the subjects of this little sketch, and so can not secure their permission to publish it; but as I have only good to tell of them and only the kindest intentions in the telling thereof, I must claim a writer's license to give to others what seemeth good to him.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to live in a quiet little valley tucked away among the foothills not far from our sun-kissed bay and within a short journey of our great metropolis—the sleepiest little valley that ever existed with the name of Happy Valley. The inhabitants had serenely passed their lives here since the days of '49, with very few changes of any kind.

One of the most interesting characters, of whom I never tired, was a stalwart old man who must have been a picture of manly beauty in his youth as he was still wonderfully picturesque in his late years—tall, well-built, and with but little of the stoop of age, with clear, friendly blue eyes and a picturesque mane of long and luxuriant iron-gray hair, which was fast becoming white, and a short beard of the same color around the lower part of the face—his was a personality to look at twice, even though he was usually dressed in the plainest working clothes. And what a rich, hearty, pleasant voice went with the rest of this very manly and courteous gentleman of the old school, who, with his genial courtesy and whole-souled generosity and hospitality, seemed to belong to the old South.

The wife of this big-hearted man was just what you would expect—a tiny wisp of a woman, about as big as a minute, with quiet, kindly ways and a wealth of affection always showing in her eyes for "Father," and her boys, and the one daughter, all of whom she petted and spoiled and waited upon.

Such were Wesley Bradley and his wife, and one never tired of hearing of the romance of their youth. Wesley had not much of a history, according to his modest belief. In 1843 he left a village in Missouri and journeyed over the Rockies; he had explored and *starved* his way over the plains and across the Sierras with no less a leader than General Fremont and the famous guide, Kit Carson. That was not such a wonderful experience if all had gone well, but Kit Carson was not the most thorough sort of a guide in a journey of over fifteen hundred miles through an unexplored wilderness.

Mr. Bradley often showed us a thin little case-knife which had been the companion of all his travels, and he said no amount of gold could buy that knife. His first Christmas dinner in California was the finest he ever tasted. It was down on Tulare Lake, and their party had been living on salt meat which had to have the maggots scraped off it; they had not seen bread for so long they had forgotten what it looked like, and they would almost have made soup of their boots, but unhappily they were barefooted; so Christmas came and they had not yet seen any white people to learn whether they were really in California or not. Suddenly along came some of the gentle California Indians, and they pitied the white brothers who had no food and brought them a supply of bread made by their women from acorns gathered in the forest; also some beans or *frijoles* from the rancherias not so far away. That was a meal fit for a king.

After a while Fremont decided to go up north into the Oregon country and

Historic Facts and Fancies

"look around a bit," but Wesley Bradley concluded that California was good enough for him, so he tarried at Sutter's Fort, where he entered into all the curious pioneer experiences which were happening there. He was one of those rash young fellows who first made and then sent aloft that little red Bear Flag of which the young Californians read today in history; and then after that he "met his fate in that same grand old Sutter's Fort," and Mother blushes and looks a little uncertain.

The way of it was this, he will tell you: "There was a party of immigrants from Missouri who took up the Emigrant Trail in the spring of 1846. It wasn't very much of a trail then and the most they had to go by was a miserable little map, which was all wrong, and a few letters from a friend in California, which were all right, because they said 'Hurry all you possibly can across the plains and get over the Sierras before the last of October, for fear of early snowstorms, which will block the way'—and hurry they did, in spite of the fever and of deaths and oxen being exhausted and all; and so they got to the eastern foot of the Sierras in October and thought the skies looked threatening.

Then how they worked!

One wagon at a time was hauled up the steep grade with all the oxen yoked in front and a big forked stick fastened behind to act as a brake when they winded the oxen. Not a man, woman or child who could go on all fours was allowed to ride, and so they got one wagon after the other up the steep sides of the mountain and through Emigrant Gap, where there was a mighty poor excuse of a trail to follow.

And the women and children?

Well, they got up several ways.

The future Mrs. Bradley was not even as large as she is now, because she had nursed and cooked for the whole camp when they were all sick with the fever except herself and a teamster, and then she also had to help him yoke up the oxen and break camp of mornings, and drive a yoke on the march some of the time, and she was only eighteen, you know!

But by the time the mountains were in sight the others had got around; she had had the fever and was almost able to walk again, so she took care of the smallest baby in the crowd, whose mother had just died of the fever, tied it on her back, and literally *crawled* on her hands and knees up the steep places, but they beat the snow and arrived safely in Sutter's Fort, while a party—the fated Donner party—just a day's march behind them, got caught in the storm which came so soon, and their sufferings have passed into history.

Despite all the many hardships of the journey, the girl was so sweet and pretty when she arrived at Sutter's Fort that big, handsome young Wesley just fell in love with her right away, and never got out again—so they just got married and lived happy ever afterwards in Happy Valley, California.

A Short History of San Diego

Mothers' Club of San Diego.



THE discovery of the present location of San Diego was first made by a padre, Father Marcos, journeying from Mexico in search of gold, in the year 1539. The first ships to enter the harbor were two of Alvarado's fleet, sent out for Mexican conquest and commanded by Cabrillo; he remained in the harbor six days and named it San Miguel, which name was later changed to San Diego by Sebastian Vizcaino, who had been sent by the Spanish viceroy in the year 1596 to re-explore the California coast. Vizcaino entered the port on November 10th and remained until the 20th. He was delighted with the mildness of the climate, the excellence of the soil, the lay of the land, and the docility of the Indians.

It was near the close of the seventeenth century that the mission labor in San Diego began. On July 1, 1769, Junipero Serra came to San Diego to begin the noble work of converting the Indians. He selected a location near the bay and river for the site of a permanent town; it was called Cosoy by the Indians, but is now known as Old Town, and was an ideal point for defense, shelter, fresh water, embarkation, and farming. Here were built a few huts, a corral, and an entrenched camp. On the first Sunday of July Father Serra and his assistants held a thanksgiving mass and on Sunday, July 16th, the padre dedicated the first of the California missions, blessing its cross, and conferring upon it the name of San Diego.

The first six months were discouraging to the priests and their companions; sickness prevailed and the Indians became troublesome. Conversions were slow and one year elapsed before the first one took place. Governor Portola, who had journeyed north to inspect the country, returned disappointed and counseled retreat. It was then that Junipero Serra showed his heroic purpose—he would not abandon the work. In the year 1774 a church and several buildings were erected six miles up the river and a level piece of land lying at the foot of the hill was prepared and planted to a grove of olives, the first one of the kind in North America. Once in the new mission the golden days of the priesthood began. Life in San Diego then was a thing of quiet progress in both good works and worldly gain for the padres.

On March 18, 1850, the city of San Diego was founded by William Heath Davis. The first building put up in this new San Diego was a residence by Mr. Davis. Other houses soon followed, and a wharf was built costing \$60,000. The first American social gathering held in San Diego occurred in 1851, soon after the first American barracks were completed. General Lyon, then quartermaster of the port, gave a grand ball to which everybody was invited. In the same year, May 29th, the first newspaper in Southern California, the *San Diego Herald*, was printed and edited at Old Town by J. Judson Ames. The *Herald* lived but a few years, suspending in 1858.

Up to the year 1868 San Diego was a typical Spanish town, but in 1867 a brisk, enterprising stranger from San Francisco arrived. This newcomer was Alonzo E. Horton, who soon saw that with such a harbor San Diego would eventually be a great city. He therefore bought the few acres of land and houses that Mr. Davis owned and converted one of these houses, the largest and oldest, into a hotel, the first hotel in San Diego. For several

years Mr. Horton traveled back and forth on the boats plying between San Diego and San Francisco, telling about his wonderful city, until finally people awoke to the advantages and flocked to San Diego. With the only sheltered harbor south of San Francisco, 400 miles north, with a climate unrivalled, and exquisite scenery, the city is destined to be the largest and most beautiful in the southwestern part of the United States.

A Story of Tom Bell

The Joaquin Murietta of the North



I CAME to California, a little child, in the year 1856. My father, J. E. Stevens, had bought for our family home, a large ranch just south of Yuba City (the property was afterward purchased by George Briggs, the noted orchardist). But my father's chief occupation was cattle-dealing. He had extensive ranges in Sutter's Buttes and on the Sacramento River. He was interested in many markets and butcher-shops throughout the northern counties, and his vaqueros were almost constantly on the road to supply these shops.

My father himself attended chiefly to the financial part of the business, and went, regularly, on collecting tours through the wild and romantic regions in Sierra, Yuba, Butte, Nevada, and Plumas counties.

During the later fifties—that is, from 1855 to about 1860—these sections had been infested by a bold highwayman and his gang. The leader was known as "Tom Bell," an American, but his band included a mixture of nationalities. It was a common occurrence for the express-boxes to be taken from the various stages that ran from Downieville, Grass Valley, and other well-known points, to Marysville, the common trade-center of Northern California at that time (Sacramento City draining a region farther southward).

Travelers were held up and divested of their "dust" and other valuables, and it really became dangerous to travel with gold in any part of the infested district. Tom Bell was a lithe, active fellow, who seldom appeared twice in the same disguise. He rode good horses, was keen, shrewd, and quick as chain-lightning, therefore his capture seemed a very remote possibility.

My father frequently left his particular collecting grounds with a large amount of gold in coin or "dust." This he carried in a pair of saddle-bags hung over the horn of his Mexican saddle, for everybody rode the Mexican saddle in those days. He had been frequently cautioned about carrying gold in this way and warned of Tom Bell. But he was a man utterly without fear, always rode well-armed, and trusted to his good luck in evading "Tom Bell."

I was the proud owner of a little Indian pony, captured by my father from the Indians in crossing the plains, and I was a fearless rider, even in childhood. I was that fortunate girl—my father's comrade and chum. I liked to go with him on his trips and he liked my company. The result was that I was his frequent companion on the wild, rough rides that led from Marysville to Downieville, Eureka North, Brandy City, Grass Valley, Rough-and-Ready, Foster's Bar, and other places of that section. With my little pony's nose pressing close to the tail of my father's sure-footed mule, we threaded the narrow trail that led from the summit of the mountain to the bed of the

Historic Facts and Fancies

Yuba, four miles down, and then four miles up to the opposite bank, and on to Brandy City, or along some other equally dizzy and really perilous way, "doing" our fifty miles or more a day.

One pleasant evening, we were wending our way along the Slate Range mountains, making what haste we could to reach the Slate Range House before dark. We had come out upon a comparatively flat piece of ground, when, glancing across a small ravine, or dip in the road, we saw two Mexicans galloping toward us. I noticed father put his hand hastily on his holster, but that was all the indication he gave of any suspicion of the men. They had evidently seen us about the time we discovered them, and their behavior suddenly became most peculiar. They seemed, by their actions, to be very drunk, reeling and lurching in their saddles until both fell off their horses, their position being such that we should have to pass directly between them. One seemed dead-drunk lying by his horse, his face turned toward the road. The other was leaning heavily on his horse, apparently but just able to stand. But father noticed a significant motion of his right shoulder, just visible over his horse's back, as if he were getting a pistol ready for use.

We had spoken not a word, for father was a man of few words, but I confess, the cold shivers ran down my spine, and I would have given the entire contents of father's saddle-bags to have been at the Slate Range House (only three miles away) that minute.

Father gave no sign whatever of suspicion or fear, but jogged along on his mule, with me in his wake, quite serene. The men, undoubtedly, thought us easy victims, as they waited for us to pass into the ravine and up between them. We were within a few hundred yards of them when the road abruptly descended into the ravine, where, for some moments, we should be quite out of their sight in a thick clump of trees. Father passed down into this ravine, making not the slightest motion to arouse their suspicion. I was close at his heels—my heart in my mouth. The instant we were out of sight he turned, silently and swiftly, and whispering "Hold on, Carrie," in a tone of decision, struck my pony with his quirt, at the same time sticking his spurs into his mule, and both animals plunged down the ravine along a blind and narrow trail that he knew of. The ground was thickly covered with leaves, and we had some moments' start before our Mexicans discovered that we had given them the slip.

They then sprang on their horses, with no signs of drunkenness, and gave chase. But our animals were sure-footed and swift and we kept well ahead. It was a wild ride to me, particularly, when a bullet or two whizzed past our heads. Father's pistol was in his hand, and turning as we ran, he gave the leader the contents of one barrel. This checked his career, but we did not know just what the bullet did to him. We were getting too near the hotel, by this time, for their safety, so they beat a retreat. Aside from a bullet which, through father's boot-top, grazed his leg, we received no injury.

Some months after this Tom Bell was captured. Unfortunately, I do not remember the circumstances of his capture. His trial took place in Marysville and my father was one of the jurymen. During the trial a trunkful of the highwayman's various disguises was opened in the court-room and he was requested to put them on. He put on a Mexican disguise that father instantly recognized as that of the leader of our foiled robbers. Father asked the prisoner if he remembered the attempt to waylay us. He frankly acknowledged that he did, and described his surprise at our escape. He said that he had been "laying" for father for some months, and had been told by a spy when he left Eureka North with his saddle-bags full of gold upon the occasion described.

I am not certain about the fate of this famous "Terror of the Northern Mines." He was condemned, of course, but whether to State's prison or death, I do not remember. Probably the former, as I do not remember any murders committed in his famous career.

—Carrie Stevens Walter.

A London Bride in California

Los Angeles Ebell.



THE experience of a bride in California may not be uninteresting to some of a later date, nor to expectant ones. This one was a native of "Merrie Old England." The young man with whom she had promised to share the joys and sorrows of this life, having heard flattering reports of the gold discovery in California, wished to try his fortune and secure a share. With the enthusiasm and courage of youth, he crossed the ocean under difficulties little realized by the traveler of today; thus the long, hard journey to the mines was begun.

After a few years of the vicissitudes of life in this State at that time, he was in a position financially to return to his native land and claim the loving heart that had been his inspiration in the years of toil and hardship while separated. They left Liverpool January 20, 1855. Their honeymoon began on the steamer "Arctic." Although in the company of a devoted and loving husband, the silent tears would flow and continued to do so at times until the long journey to the mining region was completed. The trip from San Francisco was a long, hard ride of days, which can now be taken in hours on the railroad.

The approach to a public shanty, where a change of horses and a meal of coarse food could be obtained for one dollar each, was a welcome change to the weary travelers.

The bride noticed that her husband had added to their luggage before leaving San Francisco, sundry packages, boxes, etc. She asked no question, but later learned their contents without asking.

Their destination was Columbia, Tuolumne county, where there were several hundred men and a few women. The population soon increased to thousands. The one small public house, Broadway Hotel, was to be their home for the present. They were given a warm welcome, their arrival having been anticipated, and after a hurried introduction by her husband they retired to their room, she being quite exhausted from the sea voyage and ride over the rough country, after leaving her home of comfort in the city of London.

About midnight they were awakened by the most hideous racket that ever fell on mortal ears. It seemed as though heaven and earth had combined to raise a din. The result was that they arose and dressed themselves in their best to appear before a large company, before it would cease. She then learned what a *charivari* was, and never will forget; also that the extra packages contained things provided by the bridegroom for such occasions.

Life in a mining camp has its bright side as well as its tragic. In this one a large tent had been erected where public gatherings, dances, and entertainments were held. Many of the men in those places had come from the larger cities and towns of our own and foreign countries, and were well

Historic Facts and Fancies

educated and possessed a variety of talent that did much to relieve the tension as well as add to the pleasure of their companions.

Money was spent lavishly and often some noted actors and musicians were heard in the larger mining centers, when for miles around those from smaller places would flock in, especially on Sunday. One young lady who industriously practiced "Wait for the Wagon" was the famous Lotta Crabtree. Then a large delegation would appear from camps with original names such as Shirt Tail Gulch, Jackass Hill, Dutch Flat, and the like. Angel's Camp has a legend concerning its name, it being the first place to which a miner's wife came. Her husband was offered a good round sum for the privilege of kissing her, which he declined. So the miners claimed the lesser privilege of naming the camp in her honor "Angel's Camp."

The second year this London bride was in the State, Jenny Lind was one of the attractions. It was a great event and she never sang to a more appreciative audience. As the hour approached for the concert, a man appeared in front of the tent ringing an enormous dinner-bell, and calling out, "Front seats reserved and all dusted for the ladies!" The said seats were planks firmly fastened to blocks of the right height, and were without backs or foot-rest. The stage was of rude construction, but large and strong. The young mother attended the concert, as was the custom, taking her six-weeks'-old baby. The little one was placed on a bench in an anteroom to sleep, the mother leaving the concert occasionally to look after it. At one of these times she found a rough-looking man in red flannel shirt, slouch hat, top boots, such as miners wore, sitting beside the cooing babe. He asked as a favor that he might take it in his arms and remain there during the concert, as it would be a greater pleasure than listening to the voice of the sweet singer, since it reminded him of a home in New York where he had little ones of his own. In September, 1856, Julia Dean Hayne visited there. Should the name of the young babe attending his first concert be given here, it would be recognized as that of a prominent citizen of San Francisco.

The bride of long ago has many times crossed the ocean to her London home under more favorable circumstances, and accompanied by children who call her "blessed," but is always ready to return with them to their native State—lovely California.



Historic Facts and Fancies



THE WHITE LADY OF LA JOLLA.

The White Lady of La Jolla

San Diego Club.



THE faithful little motor puffs impatiently, and throbs in labored breathings preparatory to carrying its burden of expectant humanity on one of its tri-daily trips from San Diego to the famous seaside resort, La Jolla. There are picnic parties out from the city for a day on the beach. There are tourists from beyond the Rockies, and from the Old World. Some of these are of such decided individuality that they present unmistakable characteristics of state and nationality. The intellectual Bostonian, severely precise in every detail of dress and speech, perceptibly shocked at the western idioms, southern vernacularisms, and wanton disregard of correct English that pulsate the air on all sides of her; the two ruddy Englishmen lounging in indolent comfort apparently unconscious of the fact that a delicate woman, with the fatal hectic flush on her cheeks, is standing in the aisle near them, having failed to secure a seat in the crowded coach; the family from Michigan, noisy boys and laughing girls, enjoying their outing with rollicking spontaneity; the woman from Colorado, dominative and self-assertive, the majesty of whose presence submerges and overwhelms the timid hoosier schoolma'am who has offered the royal lady a seat beside her; the sweet-faced mother and elderly gentleman from "the blue grass country"; the loud-voiced Texan; the eastern capitalist; the Kansas farmer; the languid-eyed Mexican; the tawny Scotchman. It is, indeed, a miscellaneous company representing many of the states, and all conditions of life. It is, in fact, California in miniature, for California is peopled, not only with the overflow of the states, but with that of the whole world. The quick-witted, progressive Yankee is a product of mixed races, and the conditions from which he sprang are today preparing a special American people in this far west land.

The coaches are soon filled with happy humanity, the mingling of whose voices makes joyous undulations of sound that warm the heart of the passer and call a smile to his lips. At the last moment it is found that an extra coach is needed, and the important little motor with a perfunctory puff or two, pulls itself together with sudden determination and sets about supplying the deficiency. Presently every one, including the little woman with the hectic cheeks, is comfortably seated, and the motor pulls its burden of enthusiastic humanity out of the station, while the sightseers prepare to discharge the duty for which they have traveled thousands of miles.

To the west lie the placid waters of the San Diego bay, Uncle Sam's southmost harbor on the western coast. Its azure surface is dotted with yachts, immense vessels of commerce, a warship in the distance, and is fringed, at its nearer edge, with rowboats. Beyond this blue expanse lies white-walled Coronado, like a glimpse of the celestial city in the soft-toned haze. The rugged sides of Point Loma show darkly against the deeps of the southern sky, as he bends his massive arm to protect the peaceful harbor in its graceful curve, with Roseville and La Playa clinging to his base like barnacles on the hull of a ship.

Three miles along the shores of the bay and original San Diego is reached. A few crumbling adobe walls where homes once stood, a few time-stained

Historic Facts and Fancies

and weather-beaten wooden buildings erected in the days of the Mission Fathers (the timbers of one of these having been brought around Cape Horn in that early day before the advent of sawmill or planing-mill*), a neglected plaza, a general appearance of indolent Mexican life, a page torn out of the past, rich with historical reminiscences, and this is old San Diego as it now appears.

Among other interesting features of this relic of by-gone days, appropriately called Old Town, is the house where Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's California romance, was married to her Indian lover. An opportunity is given the tourist to visit the place and assist Father Time in his destruction of the ancient ruins by chipping off pieces of the walls as souvenirs with which the appreciative visitor returns to his car, and the faithful little motor continues its journey northward, over the San Diego river, bottom up during the summer and autumn months, but right side up again as soon as the winter rains have thoroughly soaked the ground. Sometimes it is a roaring torrent; oftener a gentle stream, and always for a part of the year, a dry river-bed.

At this point a glimpse may be obtained of the ancient palms, protected from vandal hands by a high picket fence. Your attention is drawn to these palms and the information is vouchsafed that the trees were planted by the Mission Fathers one hundred and twenty-five years ago. A sour-visaged individual, with malicious intent, adds the information that in all probability they are of the feminine gender, because they have added nothing to their age since '87.

Beyond the river and to the eastward lie the rolling mesas, velvety green, or sun-brown according to the season, and snuggled against them is Morena, a dot of a town avalanched upon the map amid boom convulsions, and resting just where the tidal wave left it. One of nature's beauty spots is Morena, and it is small wonder that pulses beat high with premature hopes of its greatness—hopes which are, however, only in abeyance, for some day soon beautiful homes and tropical gardens will arise above this burial place of great expectations.

To the westward lies
Fair Mission bay,
Now blue, now gray,
Now flushed by sunset's afterglow.

Pale rose hues take the tint of fawn,
At dawn of dusk and dusk of dawn,
God's placid mirror, Heaven-crowned,
Framed in the brown hills circling 'round.

Mission bay, in its present state, is too shallow for commerce, but the rowboats and sailboats that flit across its surface, or drift idly with its tide; the song and laughter that mingle with the sound of dipping oars, proclaim its mission of pleasure.

Pacific Beach, still farther on is an ideal settlement of lemon orchards and beautiful homes. Here enterprise and culture join hands for the material and social welfare of its inhabitants. It is a well known fact that no place on the coast is so favorable for the student of conchology, and that its ocean beach is rich in rare deposits of algæ. I have never contemplated a more beautiful picture than that which repays a drive, or a climb to the heights northward of the long sweep of southern exposure that dips with a gentle declivity to the bay. To the imaginative there is something awe-inspiring in the view.

* Recently removed.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Forty, fifty, sixty miles the eye travels with the rapidity of thought, drinking in the marvelous beauty of sun-brown mesas, city, towns, ship-decked harbor, ocean expanse, and mountains that rise in silent majesty. No pen can paint the picture. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Passing through Pacific Beach you soon reach Ocean Front. The beach at this point is one of the finest natural boulevards on the western coast. It was here

A thousand years old ocean beat
His giant strength against the shore
And all the rugged, rock-strewn floor
Grew level 'neath his restless feet.

By sturdy blows he wrought his plan,
And laid earth's towering bulwarks low;
A thousand years with ebb and flow,
He paved a boulevard for man.

Four miles with the sound of the sea in your ears, and a prolonged whistle from the motor's throat proclaims the fact that La Jolla, "the gem of the sea" has been reached. At the station the crowded coaches are delivered of their passengers, who immediately form groups, and lesser parties, with expectant faces turned seaward.

Of all this constant stream of humanity drifting in and out of La Jolla but few have heard of the beautiful white lady who stands at the mouth of one of the caves. To some she is only an accidental formation of nature, but she is a marvel and a mystery to those who, having known her in life, recognize an acquaintance in the specter of the caves.

Nature made La Jolla and man can neither add to nor take from the charm of her attractions. The pretty seaside cottages that crown the highlands, overlooking the ocean, with their wide porches and variety of architecture are an interesting spectacle, but these are not La Jolla. The boom, boom of gigantic breakers beating their unconquerable strength against the rocks, and dashing the foam of their rage hundreds of feet in the air, with the marvelous ocean ever surging back of them, hold you with a mystic fascination, but these are not La Jolla. The merry bathers in the surf, and the little children with their bright dresses making dashes of color on shell beach from June to June the year's long day, are ever a pleasure and a delight, but they are not La Jolla. All these are common to seaside resorts, but the magnificent handiwork of that grand old sculptor, Father Pacific, in his peculiar formations and ornamentations of the huge rocks which Mother Nature has placed convenient for his use: Cathedral Rock, the Fisherman's Bridge, Alligator Head, and especially the deep, mysterious caves from whence its name originated, these are the most attractive features of La Jolla. These are La Jolla.

The murmur of the sea is in your ears, its saline fingers cling to your garments, and touch your lips with soft caresses. Your practical other self slips away from you under the mesmeric influence of this dream-inviting presence, and wandering on and on you enter the great caves, and become fascinated with the novelties of the animal and vegetable life in the solitudes of these rock-ribbed caverns. You take no heed of the passage of time, or the distance over which your eager feet have traveled.

Here upon a rock is a specimen of sea-weed, pink as the heart of a rose, its delicate tracery like finest lace-work, yonder is a whole community of squirming inhabitants carrying their houses on their backs, and conducting their affairs of state after their own best approved methods. A step farther

Historic Facts and Fancies

and another interest attracts your attention, absorbing your thoughts with animated speculation. Presently becoming weary of the rock-walled, rock-floored cavern, you turn your face to its entrance and are startled by the spectacle that meets your gaze.

There, in the mouth of the cave, filling its entire space, stands a tall, white lady. She is robed in shimmering garments of light, wrapped in a misty veil, and on her head is a wreath like a coronet of orange blossoms. You see at a glance that she is beautiful, and stately as a queen, for though her features are not visible, the outlines of her graceful form are perfect in every detail. She stands in an expectant attitude, with her face turned to the right as if listening. One hand is partly raised, and you know instinctively that she is in search of some one. Her dress falls in rainbow-tinted folds to her feet, and sweeps in a long, billowy train over the uneven surface of the rock-strewn entrance.

You stand breathless with amazement. Heretofore your philosophy admitted no credence of the white lady of La Jolla, but can your eyes deceive you? Behold, she stands before you trailing her bridal robes over the slimy stones. She has taken possession of the cave with her radiant presence, whose only substance is light. You can see the foam-flecked waters tossing back of her, and, looking directly through her discover a rowboat drifting idly with the tide while matters of greater importance than its guidance occupy the couple whose heads lean closer as hearts speak through the windows of the soul. Presently the boat drifts past, and once more the white lady holds solitary possession of the entrance. As you stand there lost in amazement and conjecture, a wave rushes past her, submerges her train, and creeping in, touches the hem of your dress with damp, chilly fingers. You are startled from your surprised discovery with a sudden premonition of danger, and hastily seeking a place of safety you recall the story of the white lady, as related to you that morning.

Mrs. Trumbar is one of the many lodging-house keepers in San Diego, and although only an ordinary woman to all appearances she is, in fact, an unabridged volume of reminiscences connected with the old Spanish-American settlement of San Diego, and adjacent country. Nothing escapes her observation, and she never forgets.

There is much of the supernatural connected with the romantic history of San Diego, and it is often difficult to discern just where the real event is merged in the imaginative. Tradition affirms that departed spirits habitually wander about lonely places at all hours after sunset, and startle the belated tourist in his search for curious specimens of land and sea to add to his collection. Who has not heard of the cowled padre of the San Diego mission who, on moonlight nights, wanders restlessly up and down, over and under the ruined aqueduct beyond the mission walls, as if inspecting the work, and assuring himself that his army of Indian laborers are performing it satisfactorily? And who has not heard of the beautiful Indian maiden searching for her recreant lover through the canyons and among the tangled growth of Point Loma? Parties camping in the Mission Valley have seen the old padre, and tourists have caught fleeting glimpses of the Indian maiden.

And there are other stories. Mrs. Trumbar can tell you all about them, relating each story in detail, and giving you minute directions how and when to approach the scene of the ghostly wanderings in order to obtain the best results and be convinced that she has not deceived you.

As you prepare for your day's outing Mrs. Trumbar approaches from the

Historic Facts and Fancies

kitchen, wiping the dishwater from her brown fingers on her apron (she is always washing dishes, it seems to you), and begins:

"What place do you visit today?" adding, before you can reply, "I might suggest—oh, it's La Jolla, is it? Well, you'll enjoy the day out there, I can tell you. Let me see—" whisking the daily paper from a pile of like literature on the stand in the corner of the room, and finding the tide table. Her moist forefinger follows down the column and finally halts with a satisfactory pressure, and the anxiety lifts from her face as she announces that you have chosen the right day to visit La Jolla, regardless of the fact that in planning your trip you have evidently consulted the tide table for yourself.

"It is all right," she informs you. "It will be low tide at noon. You are just in luck. You can see the white lady best at the noon hour."

"Ever heard of the white lady of the caves?" she continues as you fasten a coil of your hair in place, and proceed with other details of your toilet. You are a little fearful that her narrative may crowd upon your time, but the slight negative movement of your head is sufficient encouragement. She accordingly settles herself comfortably in the generous rocker that sways her ample figure to and fro as she relates the story.

"Never heard of her? Well, now. I must tell you, or you'll miss half the interest of the trip. It's like visiting Europe without a guide, or any knowledge of the places you're going to see, to go to La Jolla without having heard the story of the beautiful bride, and—oh, yes, her husband, too, of course.

"It was long before the 'boom;' before the railroad came, and almost before the world knew that there was such a place as San Diego. There were only a few families of us living here then, in what was San Diego, but is now called Old Town, and we used to get what comfort we could out of life in this lonesome corner of the world. Some families had come over to New Town, but we were not among them.

"One year between Thanksgiving and Christmas time a young couple came down in the stage from Los Angeles and stopped at my house. All the best people stopped at my house in them days, but the big hotels have fairly crowded me out since the boom. Though, to be sure," with an apprehensive glance at you, and a quick indrawing of the breath, "the best people often stop with me now.

"These young folks I was speaking about were on their wedding trip; though, dear sakes alive! it must have been a hard one, all the way down from Los Angeles in that bumpy old stage. I can't imagine what ever induced them to come a traipsin' away down here to the end of the earth, unless it was to get away from everybody, and be all by themselves. I can see the bride this minute as she came up the walk that day, as tall as any queen, and every bit as handsome, too. Her eyes were as blue as the gentian flowers I used to gather when I was a little girl, and somehow I always thought of them whenever I looked at her. And her dresses! Why, a queen might well have envied them, they were that fine. I remember of telling Maria (Maria was my sister, and lived with me then, but she has died since, poor dear); I remember well of telling her that I thought it a burning shame to waste all of them pretty dresses in an out-of-the-way corner like this. But I don't imagine she had them made specially for San Diego, and being a bride she had to have them anyhow.

"Yes, I know you'll have to be off pretty soon, so I'll hasten with the story. The bride—their name was Hathaway, to match their fine clothes, but I always called her 'the bride'—she wanted to visit every lonely place

Historic Facts and Fancies

she could hear of, and couldn't hardly content herself to rest up from that tiresome trip down from Los Angeles. I fixed up my best bedroom for them, and laid myself out to make her feel at home. I flatter myself that I succeeded, too, for the morning they started for La Jolla she was as chipper as a bird, the poor dear.

"Mr. Hathaway engaged Trumbar to drive them to La Jolla, and I put up a lunch for them good enough to make a king's mouth water, if I do say it. There was cold turkey left over from Sunday's dinner, and piccalilli, and pound cake, and olives raised on a tree of our own, and mince pie in a tin can to keep it from mussin', and—I can't begin to remember half of the good things I put in that basket, but there wasn't a bite of it eaten by any one, for they, poor souls, never came back again, and Trumbar was that frightened and worried that he never even opened the basket or thought of eating."

A moment of impressive silence, and Mrs. Trumbar resumes:

"It was pitch dark before Trumbar got home that night, and I was nearly beside myself with anxiety, but the minute I set eyes on him I knew that some terrible thing had happened, for he looked like an old man, and shook as if he had an ague chill all the while he was telling me about it. He said that as soon as they reached La Jolla the young couple went off hunting for shells and sea things along the beach, and finally wandered off in the direction of the caves. After he had unhitched and fed the horses he found a comfortable place, and smoked for a while, then feeling drowsy, stretched out in the sunshine and took a nap. He said he must have slept a long time for when he awakened he was sort of numb all over. He had hardly whipped the feeling back into his fingers when he heard a cry of terror coming from the direction of the caves, and he knew in a minute that it was the bride calling to her husband. He ran to the place where he could see the caves, and there, away at almost the farthest one stood Mrs. Hathaway at the entrance. He saw that the tide had turned and was running in so strong that a wave splashed over her feet, and seemed to catch at her with its awful white fingers. She was so timid about venturing near the water that he knew something had happened to whip up her courage to that extent, for the roaring of the sea behind her, and the darkness of the caves must have appalled her. Probably Mr. Hathaway had left her with the story book she had brought with her, while he went inside, and became so intent on what he was finding that he hadn't noticed the tide was rising. It was rolling in pretty strong before she discovered it, and becoming frightened at her husband's long stay, had gone in search of him.

"Trumbar tried to get to her, but he was a long distance away with a lot of climbing to do getting down to her. When he came to the bluff overlooking the caves, he called to her to come back at once, for he could see that a monstrous wave was coming, but it was useless, as he knew, for no sound of his voice could reach her through all that distance. She began flinging her arms about and wringing her hands, and just at that moment a big wave rushed in with an awful sound, and"—with a hush in her voice, and a spasmodic catch in her breath, "and that was all. Trumbar never saw either of them after that, though he waited about, calling and watching, hoping to see their bodies, if nothing more.

"It was almost night before he started for home, and by that time the caves were full of water, and he knew there was no use waiting any longer.

"The next day Trumbar and two of our neighbors drove to La Jolla, though they knew before they started that it was useless, and that they would never see the young couple again, unless the waves washed their bodies

Historic Facts and Fancies

ashore. They spent the whole day searching the caves and the rocks, but they found no trace of them, not even so much as the book Mrs. Hathaway had left on the rocks when she went in search of her husband, for the tide had been uncommon high during the night, and had washed even that away.

"When the searchers came home that night we knew that we must try to find the friends of the young couple, and in looking over their belongings we found the address of her folks. We wrote to them at once, telling them of the dreadful thing that had happened to their daughter and her husband. After a few weeks (it took a long time in them days to make the trip) her brother came on, and nothing would do but he must go to the place where his sister had lost her life. So one day Trumbar and I drove him over to La Jolla.

"I put up a good lunch for I knew we would need considerable sustaining during the ordeal that was before us, to say nothing of the long, tiresome ride through the sage-brush. The minute we got to La Jolla the young man (Ross Willard was his name, and he was tall and handsome like his sister) was for going right on to the cave where Trumbar had last seen her. The nearest way was down an almost perpendicular gully of loose shale, and the most we could do was to slide from top to bottom. Ross Willard went ahead, and as we was a-slipping and a-sliding down that awful place I could not help thinking how like a funeral procession it was, with this young man who had come so many miles to visit the only grave his poor sister would probably ever have, and we two, who had learned to like the young couple so much in the little while we had known them, following along behind. I was pretty tired when we got to the bottom, for there wasn't any steps to make it easy for one in them days as there is now, and if I'd been as heavy as I am now I never could have got down in the world. When we reached the bottom I would like to have rested a bit and got my breath, but Ross Willard rushed ahead, and we followed as fast as we could.

"He hurried into the cave as though he expected to find his sister there. He disappeared into the one where Trumbar had last seen her, and as he turned to speak to us a look came into his face that I'll never forget if I live a hundred years. We were following him, and our backs were to the light, but his face was toward the opening, and as he turned it suddenly went white, and he cried out:

"My sister! Look there! It is Bertha in her wedding dress!"

"We turned, and there she stood in the mouth of the cave, on the very spot where death had found her. She didn't have on the traveling dress she wore that day, but was dressed in her wedding gown. We could see the orange wreath in her hair, and her long train spread out over the stones. It was as if the whole entrance had formed her shape. It wasn't just the outlines of a woman. It was Mrs. Hathaway. You come to know a woman as much by her form as by her face, and Mrs. Hathaway was rather uncommon in her build. She was taller and more graceful than most women, carrying her head erect with a dignity that would have seemed haughty if it had not been for the sweet graciousness of her manner.

"When I saw her, standing there like life, I was that frightened you could have knocked me down with a feather, but all Ross Willard seemed to think of was to get to her at once. He pushed Trumbar aside and started for the place where she was standing. We turned and followed, but all at once she disappeared, and the opening was just like any other."

Mrs. Trumbar's voice is hushed. The clock ticks loudly on the mantel. The piping voice of a mocking-bird drifts in through the open window. Little

Historic Facts and Fancies

awesome chills creep up your back, and you find that in spite of your philosophy the story you have mentally designated as a pretty invention has strangely impressed you.

"We are quite sure," Mrs. Trumbar continues after a momentary pause, during which her fingers have pulled nervously at a broken splint in the chair, "that the one place where the bride is visible is the spot where her young husband stood when he heard her voice calling to him, and looking up discovered her with the great wave rolling in at her back, on that fatal day. It may be that the ocean repents the destruction of those two young lives, and has chiseled her form from the edges of the rocks, and set it in the entrance of the cave as a warning to others, but I will never admit that the likeness is just accidental. It is too perfect."

Across the Plains

San Jose Woman's Club.



ONE of the pioneers of California who did much to advance the interests of the Golden State was Mr. E. O. Smith of San José, and it is with pleasure that his daughter here records his life in the pioneer days of California:

Born and raised near the city of Baltimore, Maryland, on a plantation, with many negro slaves about and with very meager school advantages, my father, Edward Owen Smith, left the familiar scenes of childhood at the early age of seventeen, with but a few dollars in his pocket, for the *very new* West, then but little known.

He arrived in Decatur, Illinois, in 1837, while it was still a tiny, uncouth cluster of scattered cabins, giving small promise of the beautiful city of today. Here he remained some years, living a strenuous life of activity, both for public and private gain. He gained a prominent place in the respect and regard of the "makers of a commonwealth," and early won for a helpmate a winsome girl of sixteen, proceeding to found a home whose generous hospitality was widely known. His services to his adopted State in the troublous days of its infancy are inscribed in the pages of the history of Illinois..

But the West still called, and in 1853 he took the Emigrant Trail at the head of a band of thirty-nine young men, reaching the Golden State in one hundred days, with no more than the usual percentage of mishaps. He later returned to Decatur. A second journey, begun in 1858, which took almost two years of traveling to accomplish, was filled with perilous and thrilling incidents.

Having gathered a large drove of cattle and horses in southwestern Missouri and Indian Territory, he set out for the Pacific by the way of New Mexico and Arizona. With his company of forty-one young men he explored his way from Fort Gibson to Albuquerque, being twice attacked by Indians on the warpath, but successfully driving them off with no loss of life to the company. In one of these attacks, the camp was sheltered by the huge wagons, with the stock inside the circle and the men on guard. Around and around rode the naked savages, with their sturdy ponies going at the top of their speed and their riders clinging to the far side with only a leg thrown around the beast. Closer and closer they came in narrowing circles until some rifle ball found the heart of the helpless beast and horse and rider were thrown headlong.

Historic Facts and Fancies

At last the battle proved too costly for the dark-skinned aggressors and they disappeared as suddenly as they came.

Five hundred miles west of the Rio Grande, among the San Francisco mountains, the brave train of travelers encountered a body of returning immigrants who had been driven back after eight of their number had been killed and almost all of their cattle stampeded. The rescue of this party and their succor by the Smith party can be no better told than in the words of Mrs. Sarah Allen of California, who was then a girl of fourteen. She says:

"In April, 1858, the Brown, Rose and Jones train consisting of twenty-five men, some women and children and several hundred head of fine cattle and horses, started from Iowa for California, going by way of New Mexico and California. After four months of tedious journeying, on the bank of the Colorado River, about two hundred miles from Fort Yuma, we were attacked by the Mohave Indians. In the fearful struggle eight of our men were killed, including my father, and many more were seriously wounded.

"My mother, with her five children, took refuge in a wagon and wrapped up in the bedding, but, even so, I was shot in the stomach with an arrow, which stopped half way through and was pulled out by my brave mother. The little apron, with its two suggestive arrow holes, is still preserved.

"All that remained of our fine herd of cattle were a very few which the Indians missed when they drove them across the river. With one wagon so arranged that the worst wounded could lie down, and one other out of our seven, containing all our food, clothing and supplies, we took up our weary backward journey to civilization.

"All that my grief-stricken mother saved for herself and five children she put into a flour sack and we knew what *want* was in the days which followed—suffering from the distressing heat and lack of food and water. As our cattle gradually gave out with exhaustion, they were killed one by one, to be eaten by the almost famished travelers.

"Three or four weeks after the battle, as we were encamped about sundown in a cañon, there appeared in the dim distance, slowly descending the steep and rugged declivity, a train of prairie schooners, preceded by a drove of horses in single file, coming with a solemn and even tramp, tramp, and to our wondering eyes they appeared like mammoths almost descending from the skies for our succor!

"Soon we were surrounded by men, horses and comparative comfort. To my mother's camp that night came some flour and beans, the best the world ever saw! The following day a wagon with more comforts was given to us, and we had the blessing of rest also, after our weary trudging backward, mile on mile, so very weary and footsore.

"Our rescuers proved to be a company of hardy adventurers from Illinois, under the leadership of Mr. E. O. Smith, who, after hearing our story of hardship and danger, and with the winter coming on, voted to turn back with us to the settlements, five or six hundred miles, near Albuquerque.

"After this we traveled together, our rescuers providing food for all, daily killing their cattle, until the huge herd was rapidly disappearing, and finally the stock of supplies was reduced to beef without salt, and a few crumbs of crackers, which Mr. Smith declared 'the best dish he ever tasted.' Never once did he lose patience or cheerfulness, and he was always ready to enliven others with a joke or witty story or anecdote.

"We were thus proceeding slowly in our struggle toward the nearest settlement, when a few of the men volunteered to hurry ahead to procure corn and other food, which they did.

Historic Facts and Fancies

"Time crept slowly on, and one bleak night we were encamped in a piece of woods with a crackling camp-fire to cheer us, when 'Yellow Breeches,' one of the volunteers, arrived with food!

"Joy reigned supreme for some moments, with the warmest of welcomes for 'Yellow Breeches,' and then Mr. Smith announced: 'The Government has sent to every man, woman, and child of us a month's rations.' Three cheers for the Government made the woods ring, and then Mr. Smith continued: 'The Freemasons of Santa Fe have sent to Mrs. Brown—' (my widowed mother), but here his voice faltered and he broke down, while the only sound heard was sobs from every one in camp.

"The Masons had sent to mother money and clothing, but our tender-hearted leader could scarcely tell of the good fortune come to us after all our trials.

"After a time we reached the Rio Grande, where Mr. Smith went into winter quarters with his party, offering to give my mother any assistance he could to reach her former home, but, as she had a brother in San Francisco, she decided to remain with the party and again try the perilous journey to the Pacific. The rest of her party left them, and she spent a most toilsome year in camp with her five young children, but always receiving the greatest courtesy and kindest consideration from the strong, brave men whose hard journey she shared.

"After going into winter quarters, the men soon grew restless and determined to push on, so we set out in January, 1859, and after traveling 1300 miles through New Mexico and Arizona, reached San Francisco in April, 1860.

"At one time three of us girls, with two of the men, got separated from the company, and really were lost for a day and a night in a perilous Indian country, each division thinking the other killed, and when we did meet again, face to face, at nightfall of the second day, Mr. Smith laughed and made light of what we had all suffered, but completely broke down when mother met her children! And when my little brother died and his body had to be buried away out on the vast plains, we all mourned the pet and playfellow of the whole camp.

"In Arizona, while passing through the Apache country, we had evidence that the Indians were on the warpath, but Mr. Smith, who was in the habit of riding ahead of the party on his small pony to search for water and a suitable camping-place, was much surprised one evening, after entering a cañon which broadened into a fertile and sheltered valley, to find himself in the midst of a party of two hundred Apache braves on the warpath and in the midst of a war council. As he was utterly defenseless, he concluded that tact and friendliness must carry him through, so he halted beside the water, took off his saddle, and watered and tethered his pony.

"Then with all the composure and speech that he could master, he saluted his silent audience.

"Their chief took it in good part and accepted an invitation to supper with the palefaces later on. Mr. Smith had a very large, well-rounded head which was blessed with only a very slight fringe of hair around the ears and at the back, and he sometimes told about once riding in among a lot of Indians and removing his hat according to the white man's courtesy, when he was amazed to see the sensation caused thereby. The Indians were astonished beyond measure, and he afterwards learned that they firmly believed that he had been *scalped*, and still lived! This was probably the very occasion on which this happened and may partially explain the events which follow.

"When the rest of us arrived, you can imagine our surprise and terror, but Mr. Smith hastened to my mother and cautioned her to show no fear for the sake of her life and her children, but to hasten and cook the best supper she

Historic Facts and Fancies

could get up. In the meantime, at some sign from the chief, the whole band of warriors disappeared, but at supper the chief and two other braves were the guests of honor, afterwards smoking the peace pipe and stolidly accepting gifts of red flannel shirts and glass beads, which must have given them pleasure, because they assured Mr. Smith that he and his camp would be entirely safe, and then disappeared in silence.

"Our leader ordered that no watch be kept that night, relying on his new friends keeping faith, but not one wink of sleep came to the older heads in all the camp that night, and the morning found a grateful company. When breakfast was ready the same chief and braves appeared to share it, and, at its conclusion, the chief took off his quiver full of arrows, and gave it with his bow, which was of beautiful workmanship and all highly ornamented, to Mr. Smith, telling him that it would save him all trouble from Apaches if he showed it with its autograph of *Cochise*!

"Our guest was indeed the famous Cochise, the most bloodthirsty of the Apache chiefs against the whites, and he was only won by the evidence of superb courage displayed by Mr. Smith.

"This was our last meeting with Indians, although we suspected that we were watched by them for several days on our way."

This ends the narrative of Mrs. Allen, and it is pleasant to say that the strenuous days of her early life were succeeded by peaceful and happy times later.

In the autumn of 1860, Mr. Smith started from Los Angeles for Texas, intending to make arrangements for raising horses in the latter State. In passing through the Apache country his company was attacked by thirty Indians, who killed seven horses, but were then driven off. There were but seven men in the party, one of whom was sick. Later, while crossing the Staked Plains, they had to travel eighty-six miles without water. On reaching Texas, the first sight that met their puzzled gaze was the Lone Star Flag of the republic of Texas, and then they learned for the first time that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President and that Texas had withdrawn from the Union, and had started out as an independent State.

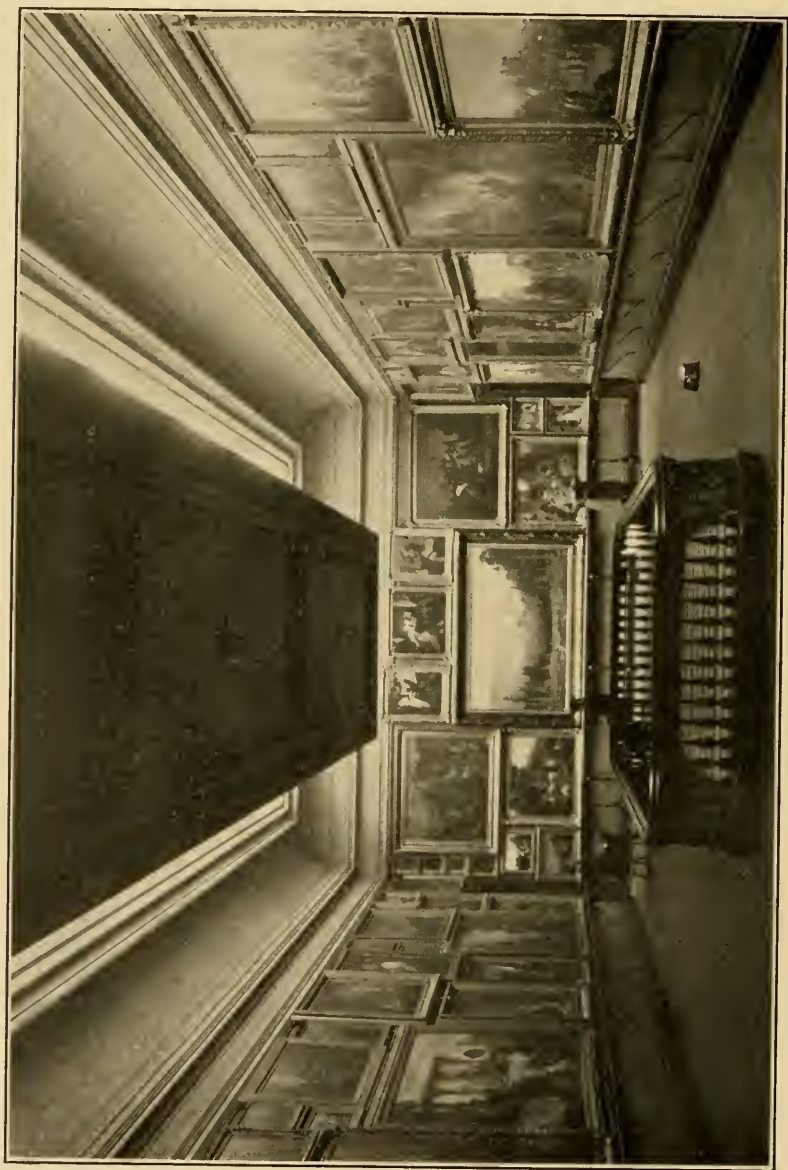
Leaving two men in Texas, with whom he had made arrangements to raise horses on shares, Mr. Smith hastened to Illinois, hearing nothing on the way but war talk and preparations for secession. He scarcely expected to hear again from the investment in Texas, which was all but forgotten in the troublous days which followed, but, seven years later, to his great surprise, his share of the venture was delivered to him in Decatur.

In 1870 Mr. Smith again crossed the plains to the Golden State, which had captured his heart, but not this time on back of pony or with the slow prairie schooner, for the great Union Pacific Railroad had been finished, and this journey was made in a comfortable car propelled by steam.

Settling in the lovely Santa Clara Valley with his talented second wife and part of his family, he passed a number of peaceful years, useful alike to his fellow-citizens, neighbors, and large circle of friends. He held many important offices and served in the convention at Sacramento which framed the constitution for our State.

Chief among his pleasures, in his later years, were his visits with his brave companion on the plains, Mrs. Brown, who passed a peaceful eventide near her children, who delighted to honor her.

Historic Facts and Fancies



E. B. CROCKER MUSEUM, SACRAMENTO.

Historic Facts and Fancies



72

The Ladies' Museum Association of Sacramento sends us two pictures. One represents the upper part of the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery; the other, one of their noted pictures in collection, "The First Confession," by Herman Kaulbach. This association was organized in 1884 and assisted greatly in the good work. It raised funds and established free scholarships for pupils who could not afford to pay the regular tuition; also raised funds for purchasing pictures.

California Incidents

Notes by Mrs. E. Reynolds, Alameda Tea Club.

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1852.



WHAT a straggling, primitive town it was, but much grown and changed since four years before!

Previous to the discovery of gold in California, San Francisco was only a calling-place for whalers, and a port from which skins and hides were shipped. A few rudely built houses, no streets, no wharves, nothing except its magnificent harbor to mark it as the place that was to become the great future metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

I still remember walking up to the old Rasette House, on the corner of Sansome and Bush streets, where later stood the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It was a plain wooden structure, in the rear of which rose a sandhill fully seventy-five feet high.

Even then the city claimed a population of ten thousand souls. Sansome and Clay streets touched the bay. The Niantic and Tehama, popular hotels of the time on these streets, were built on hulks of old vessels. The streets were not graded, but could boast of rude plank sidewalks in front of most of the buildings.

On Montgomery, south of Pine, there were no buildings; in fact, there was nothing on this street south of California. On going south from that street, one waded deeper and deeper in the sand hills. Across Market street was "Happy Valley"; still farther south, Yerba Buena, which had been utilized by the earlier settlers as a burying ground. All the land beyond Taylor street, not covered by sandhills, was used for growing potatoes. The old Mission Dolores Church was reached by a horseback ride from Montgomery street.

Long Wharf extended from Sansome street, on Commercial, to Drumm street. The river steamers left this wharf for the interior towns of Stockton, Marysville, and Sacramento. To Marysville freight was thirty dollars per ton; to Stockton, twenty dollars, and Sacramento, ten. A steamboat would by its profits pay for itself in one month. Commercial street, from Sansome to Montgomery, was lined with Jew clothing stores. "Peter Funk Auction Stores" they were called.

Beef, game, and fish were abundant. The seagull rookeries of the Farallones supplied the market with gulls' eggs, which sold for one dollar per dozen. Hens' eggs were worth almost their weight in gold. I remember a couple of young men, recently from Tennessee, dropped into Aldrich's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity, and consequent price, of eggs in California, and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two, calmly ordered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was presented, the young gentlemen saw to their consternation that the amount was ten dollars. They had only five. What was to be done?

After a hasty consultation, it was decided that one should remain while the other went in search of Colonel Gift, an old-time friend, whom they knew to be in the city.

The colonel was soon found. After hearing the story and asking who was with him, he inquired what they had had for breakfast. "Eggs," was the reply.

"Eggs! Eggs!" exclaimed the colonel. "Did you not know, you blankety blank, that hens lay gold in California?"

Historic Facts and Fancies

"I did not, but I do," said our young friend.

"Well," continued the colonel, kindly handing over a fifty-dollar gold slug, "take this, and remember after this you are not in Tennessee where eggs are given away."

THE LARGEST BET.

The El Dorado was a typical Western place of amusement in those early days, being a gambling house where all kinds of games were played by all kinds of people. The largest bet of which I ever heard was made here.

A man by the name of Moore had been betting and lost, over and over, sums aggregating several thousands of dollars on the game of faro. Finally, as he turned to leave, the dealer asked:

"Are you through?" Moore halted, hesitated, then turning and taking a key from his pocket, held it up and said:

"I will bet you everything in my safe, which this key unlocks, on the ten."

"How much is in your safe?" inquired the dealer.

"I do not know, but it is a large sum. If you win, take the key, open the safe and secure all the money you find there. If I win, we will go to the safe together, count the money, and you must cover the amount," was the answer.

The challenge was accepted, the bet made, and Moore won something over forty-seven thousand dollars!

JOAQUIN MURIETTA.

One of the most formidable bands of outlaws of those times was headed by a Mexican named Joaquin Murietta. He was a bold and daring leader, and there was a touch of the romantic about his deeds that was very interesting. For about two years the whole State, from Yuba to Kern Counties, was terrorized by this band of daring men. Almost daily during that time the papers told of Chinamen, found in the roads, murdered and tied together by their pigtails, their throats cut from ear to ear; which was recognized as the work of "Three-fingered Jack," a lieutenant of Murietta's band.

Many and thrilling were the stories told of Murietta; and vast rewards were offered for his head. When the first reward of \$5,000 was offered by the government, and notices to that effect were posted in the town of Stockton, one quiet Sunday, in the afternoon, there came riding into town a fine, picturesquely dressed Mexican. His six-shooter by his side, his *scrape* thrown carelessly over his shoulder, his broad Spanish hat set jauntily on his head, and a cigarette held daintily between his fingers, he might have attracted the admiration of any one possessed of an eye for the artistically romantic of any land. This stranger was seen to dismount and read the proclamation of reward for Murietta's head. Then he took a pencil from his pocket to write something underneath. After he had ridden away, some one went to see what the stranger had added to the posted bill. Imagine the wonder and surprise when were found these words: "I will give \$10,000 more. Joaquin Murietta."

Near Lancha Plana, a mining camp contiguous to Placerville, a former acquaintance of Murietta met him on the road riding. They trotted along side by side for an hour or two, conversing pleasantly together. Murietta stated that he wished to do him no harm, that he had some business in the country which he wished kept secret, and warned him that if he went into town and made public the fact that Murietta had been seen, he would surely kill the man who told. Not heeding this timely warning of the bandit chief, the man disclosed all he had learned. Next day, while a posse was searching the country and mountains for the outlaw, Murietta dashed into town, and seeing the man who had betrayed him sitting in front of a store, rode up suddenly, shot him to death, and then dashed away.

Murietta had the sympathy of all the Mexicans in the State, for they ever felt aggrieved at the invasion of the Americans, whom they thought had robbed them of their birthright. This made the capture of the outlaw and his gang very difficult. Posses were many times organized against him, but were always unsuccessful. One of these he entirely destroyed; falling upon them at night, they were forced into pitched battle, and Murietta killed every one. Murietta was finally captured by Harry Love, in 1854, who, suddenly coming upon their camp in Kern County, killed both Murietta and "Three-fingered Jack." The head of the bandit chief and the hand of "Three-fingered Jack" were preserved in spirits and taken to the capital for identification. These gruesome objects were afterwards put on exhibition and I once had a look at them.

San Joaquin Rocks

Coalinga Improvement Club.

Note.—This narrative is written from facts obtained from people who were living in the immediate vicinity in 1884 and 1887, and there can be no doubt of its authenticity.



CALIFORNIA has furnished to the idle many hours of pleasure in her beautiful legends and traditions. Some of them have descended from one generation to another, but many have been the work of some productive and imaginative brain. In scanning the pages of tradition we are highly entertained, but to awaken the special interest which comes only with truth we must look to historical narratives.

In the early days of California, when gold was the all-attracting magnet, there lived in Central California the noted desperado, Joaquin Murietta. He robbed and murdered the people of the valleys and then sought safety by fleeing into the mountains. His main rendezvous was on the summit of the Coast Range Mountains, in what is now the western portion of Fresno county. It is reached by winding trails up the mountain-sides. One trail leads from the Cantua Creek on the northeast and the other from the Los Gatos Creek on the southeast. It is known by the name of "The San Joaquin Rocks," and is some ten miles from the little town of Coalinga.

Three enormous rocks enclose a small area, about an acre in extent, and as steep mountains descend on every side it is well protected from invasion.

Springs of cold water gush from these rocks; towering trees and climbing vines protect them from the view of man, and make this an inviting place of refuge. Here Joaquin was safe from pursuit and a small army would have suffered heavy losses in attempting to capture him.

It was in the early fifties that he flourished, but, after many thrilling escapes from armed posses, he was killed at the foot of the trail, on the Cantua side of the mountain.

His wife, Miriana Murietta, survived him for many years and always remained in the vicinity of these rocks or in the valley of the same name. She was of that type of Mexican known as *Mestizo* (more Indian than Spanish). Tall and gaunt with a nature as cruel as her husband's, she had indeed been a fit companion for him. Being possessed of great persuasive powers, she had much influence over the easy-going Mexicans, and so worked upon their imaginations that they held her in reverence, believing

Historic Facts and Fancies

her possessed of supernatural power. Manuel Silva, a young Portuguese, was her companion, and together they planned and executed a diabolical scheme.

For a year or more they wandered from house to house and gradually worked out the undertaking planned months before. In the rude huts by the dim light thrown out from log fires, she told weird tales of strange dreams and communications from the Virgin Mary. She told them that God had revealed Himself to her in a dream and desired that she go among His children and proclaim His teachings. The "judgment morning" was near at hand and He wished that she should lead the people to a selected spot.

Hundreds sold their homes and cattle and followed these two impostors to Joaquin Murietta's old rendezvous. These huge rocks were once beautiful churches (so she told them) inhabited by monks, but destroyed by the hand of God because the people had neglected their faith to seek more worldly pleasures. Three depressions in the rocks were supposed to contain holy water which they were permitted to use. The Mexicans believed that the water was placed there by the will of God and little did they dream that these depressions were fed by natural springs beneath the rocks.

At night by the dim light of the moon or by small fires, spirit forms would suddenly emerge from some nook in the rocks and talk with the frightened people. They proclaimed themselves aged priests who had once been in charge of these churches and sent again to teach the truths of Christ.

For three years the belief in Miriana was kept up, provisions were packed up the steep mountains by pack animals and hundreds of cattle slaughtered. Homes and friends were deserted and many of the poor Mexicans gave their all to help continue the life on the mountain. This curious incident in California peasant history extends from the year 1884 to 1887.

In her band of followers, numbering about three hundred, were three people that hold an individual interest in this narrative. They were Celestine Dies, his wife, Teresa, their baby, Juanita, and a brother, Juan Dies. They gave up homes, friends, and people to follow Miriana to this place.

With the others they patiently awaited the morning when God would issue his summons and they would all disappear in a flood of light, to reappear on the shore of the promised land. At last, impatient at the long delay, the seeds of suspicion were sown, and one night, when the supposed priests issued from the rocks surrounded by brilliant lights (produced by the use of a sulphuric preparation) Celestine sprang forward and caught one of the forms. A wild struggle ensued, but the sheet was torn from the body, revealing the cruel and ugly features of Miriana Murietta.

Exposure had come at last and the camp broke up in great confusion, many preparing to leave the following morning. The woman caught in her deception still made desperate but fruitless efforts to uphold her teachings and regain her lost power.

When the party of three (Celestine, his wife and baby, with his brother) were preparing to leave, Miriana took up the child as if to extend a blessing and said to its parents, "If you go, this child will pass away before you reach the bottom of the trail."

Although homeless and ashamed to seek their people, they ignored the woman's warning and commenced the long descent of the trail. All went well until near the foot when the baby became suddenly ill and in spite of its parents' efforts soon passed away.

They hurried on to Fresno and had a warrant issued for the woman's arrest. She was placed in jail and brought to trial, but the evidence obtained was not strong enough for a conviction.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The deceived Mexicans scattered and sought new homes to begin again the struggle of existence. Celestine and his brother would not go home, so sought employment from a sheep man. Juan had broken faith with his sweetheart to follow this woman and felt that he could not see her and bear her reproaches.

Fate directed that the pastures for their flocks must be in the vicinity of these rocks. Days passed, and Juan gloomily watched over the sheep, continually filled with thoughts of his disappointments and troubles.

One evening just before sunset, while resting on a fallen log, his attention was attracted to a peculiar object. He was many miles from habitation and where the foot of man had scarcely ever trodden. In the branches of a mountain oak lay a sharpened stick cut by the hand of man and the point was aimed at the foot of another tree. The thought came to him, why should that stick be placed there? Joaquin Murietta flashed through his mind and the tales he had heard of buried treasure!

So he commenced to dig wildly and soon uncovered a silver-mounted saddle, very much decayed; he dug on and unearthed money, both gold and silver. When he could find no more, he counted his wealth and found that he possessed about fifteen hundred dollars. He divided with his brother and they soon left the mountains to seek their own people.

Juan found his sweetheart, asked her forgiveness and was pardoned. They are still living in California enjoying the blessing of a comfortable and happy home.

Miriana wandered in great distress many years, living in rude huts and begging her living from place to place. In 1903 she was killed by a Santa Fe locomotive near Hanford, while wandering in an intoxicated condition down their track.

The Old Dominguez Ranch

(Situated about two and one-half miles south of Compton.)

The Pathfinder Club of Compton.



THE old Dominguez ranch was, originally, a part of the Rancho de San Pedro, which comprised some eighty thousand acres of land, extending from Compton as far as Redondo, and was given by the King of Spain, in the last century, to Don Juan José Dominguez. At his death Governor Pablo de Sola gave possession of the ranch to his brother, Don Cristobal, whose son, Don Manuel, upon the death of his father, took charge of the ranch and resided there until his death.

In 1855 the ranch was partitioned off between Don Manuel, his brother Don Pedro, and his nephews, Don Manuel retaining 25,000 acres, including Rattlesnake Island in San Pedro Bay. After his death, which occurred October 11, 1882, the property, with the exception of the island and several thousand acres near the mouth of San Gabriel River, was divided among his six daughters, by whom it is still owned.

The old adobe house, where the parents resided fifty-five years, is still preserved by the daughters; a fine chapel dedicated to the Roman Catholic faith being a part of the original house.

Don Manuel Dominguez was a real old Spanish gentleman. Though born in San Diego, it is said, he could hardly have been more thoroughly

Historic Facts and Fancies

Spanish had he been born in Spain. He was a man of integrity and sterling character, respected by all his fellow-citizens, repeatedly honored by both Mexican and American governments with high and responsible positions.

The Battle of Dominguez Ranch, fought at the time of the Mexican War, distinguishes it. On their way from San Pedro to Los Angeles, some Americans, being set upon by a company of Californians, took refuge in this ranch toward night, October 7, 1846. The American forces, under Mervin, were comprised of marines and seamen; the Californians were led by Carrillo. On October 8, in an engagement, six Americans were killed and six wounded. The Americans behaved bravely, but Mervin, perceiving that it was impossible to deal with cavalry with soldiers on foot, retreated to San Pedro and re-embarked.

These few facts have been culled, mostly, from a history of Los Angeles county, published as recently as 1889, by the Lewis Publishing Company, of Chicago.

The following is an account of the Battle of Dominguez Ranch, condensed from one given by Stephen C. Foster, and found in the volume mentioned:

"Mervin was encamped at the Dominguez ranch, expecting no resistance, when Carrillo, before daybreak, ordered the gun to be fired at the house. 'Let us give the morning salute, boys,' was his order. The ball entered the window and sent the adobe clattering down on the sleepers, the roar of the gun giving them the unwelcome news that the enemy still had artillery. Carrillo then fell back on the road and formed his lancers in line, to one side.



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The sailors and volunteers had not the least idea of forming a hollow square to resist cavalry, and Mervin ordered them to close up when the lancers charged toward them. The sailors and marines obeyed orders and so formed a compact mass of two hundred and fifty men, crowded together. Two of the crew dismounted, the others holding the horses, one maneuvering the pole up and down, right and left, until the gunner got the range, when he fired, and, at the same time, the lancers charged, but wheeled about as soon as the gun was discharged; the gunners jumped on their horses and were off at full gallop until they got far enough ahead to reload, when the same maneuvers were repeated. In all, four shots were fired in this manner, the swarthy cannoneer depressing his piece every time, so as to strike the ground, and the ball, ricochetting, spent its force in the solid mass, killing or wounding two or three every time. The volunteers would obey orders to close up, but kept in scattered order, trusting to their rifles to repel the cavalry, running and firing on the gunners with the hope of disabling them, and hitting neither horses nor riders. The running fight was kept up for about three miles, to the slough boundary of the ranch. Then the gun stuck fast and the Americans came near capturing it. The Californians plied their spurs and crouched to their horses' manes, while a shower of bullets whistled by them, pulled their gun out and loaded it with their last ball to await another attack; but Mervin had got enough. The day was very hot and it was still ten miles to town, with that gun firing at them with deadly aim every half mile; he ordered a retreat to the ranch.

"They carried their killed and wounded back to the house, piled their ghastly load on one of the Dominguez carts, made an old Californian, who was in charge of the house, mount his horse and hitch his riata to the tongue to steer the craft while the sailors hauled it by hide ropes down to San Pedro, when they re-embarked."

Manuel Dominguez married Maria Eugracia Cota, daughter of Don Guillermo Cota, commissioner under the Mexican Government in 1827. Ten children were born to this union; eight daughters and two sons. The names of the surviving daughters are Mrs. Victoria Carson, Mrs. John T. Francis, Mrs. Charles Guyer, Mrs. Gregoria Del Almo, Mrs. Dolores Watson, and Miss Dominguez.

Lost Woman of San Nicholas Island

(Some extracts from an article in *Overland Monthly*, May, 1896, by L. G. Yates, of Santa Barbara.)



SAN NICHOLAS ISLAND, one of the group of the Santa Barbara Islands, is about nine miles in length and four in width; water is plentiful; was formerly densely populated, but now is a treeless waste—the result of fire and the pasturage of sheep.

We learn by tradition that the Alaska Indians, who were placed upon this island to trade with the natives, killed off the male inhabitants and took possession. In 1835 the padres sent a vessel to remove the women and children. This was accomplished, with the exception of one woman, who jumped into the surf and swam ashore to hunt for her child, who had accidentally been left behind.

The next we hear of the lone woman was in 1850, after a lapse of fifteen years, when Captain Nidever, of Santa Barbara, visited the islands and

Historic Facts and Fancies

discovered traces of recent habitation; but it was not until 1853 that the female Robinson Crusoe was found and removed to the mainland, where from the sudden and complete change of manner of living, she soon died. She had outlived her people and found no one able to converse with her in her almost forgotten language. It is supposed she was the last of her race; her clothing, made from skins, and needles of bone, were deposited in the Vatican, at Rome.

But the incidents connected with her stay upon and removal from the island will soon be forgotten, although the refuse heaps of its former inhabitants will remain as evidence of a lost people.

Who can realize the utter and wretched loneliness of the poor creature, who spent eighteen years among the deserted homes of her ancestors, where the ground was whitened by their bleaching bones?

Old Streets of Santa Barbara

Woman's Club, Carpinteria, Cal.



JOURNAL OF ELECTRICITY, January, 1903, speaks of quaint Santa Barbara, renowned for its history, its missions, and its curiously named streets. For instance, a century or more ago one particular road out of the settlement became so muddy each winter that it became famous as a quagmire. It is a street now called "Salsipuedes," meaning, "Get out if you can!" Then there is "Canon Perdido street," where a cannon was mysteriously lost during General Fremont's time. And another, a lane in which a prosperous ranchero was robbed of \$500 three generations ago, is now called "Quinientos street," meaning "500 street."

From the State Capital

Kingsley Art Club.



M. R. JOSEPH SIMS, who came to California in 1849 and is now residing ten miles from Sacramento, related the following story:

He drove to Sacramento one morning and as he was walking along Front street he noticed several coops of chickens. As eggs were only \$6.00 per dozen and had quite a mineral taste, he asked the price of a dozen hens. He was told he could have eleven hens with an "escort" for \$50.00. He paid the price and took the chickens home. His partners in business thought he had been very extravagant so would not enter into the new enterprise; consequently when eggs began to appear they were found only at the plate of the owner of the eleven hens and "escort," unless paid for at the regular market price. His partners in business soon became tired of this arrangement and bought an interest in the chickens, which paid well until eggs went down to \$1.00 per dozen, when the business was abandoned.

Incident of the Flood of '62

When the flood of 1862 came, the land on which Sutter's Fort now stands was the property of Mrs. Geo. Blue's mother, and as it was the highest point in Sacramento all who could came to this place of refuge. Mrs. Blue's brother was around in his rowboat rescuing all he could, when he heard a cry for help in the direction of M street. Hastening in the direction from which the sound of distress came, he saw in the attic window old Mammy Giles (a colored woman, who said many times that she had "help to born more native sons and daughters than any one in the State"). Her joy was unbounded as she called out, "Laws, Honey, I'se glad you's come, for I'd been drowned shure, as I always goes with my mouth open."

Discovery of Kunzite

San Diego Shakespeare Club.



IN 1903, near Pala, San Diego county, the first discovery of kunzite was made. Forth from their rough bed of decomposed granite the prospectors dragged the new crystals; eagerly they waited while the lapidists developed their beauty and tested their quality; proudly they claimed the glory when at last the new stones, cut and polished, glistening like diamonds and glowing with soft lilac tints, were sent forth to the gem experts of the whole country as an absolutely new gem, the first discovered in fifteen years. The new stone immediately caused a marked interest. Kunzites are here found associated with tourmalines, which, while previously known to the world, were yet far superior to any tourmaline heretofore discovered. The enthusiasm grew, mining companies were formed, lapidaries were established and lapidists worked unceasingly to perfect all the known devices for securing the finest possible cutting of San Diego's jewels.

It has been but four years since the first kunzite discovery, yet the wonderful kunzite has found a wholesome market in all parts of the world and people are becoming better acquainted daily with the beauty and variety of the gem. Besides exquisite kunzites and tourmalines, the latter occurring in red, blue, green, yellowish-green, pink, claret, black, brown, and a colorless variety, there are beautiful zircons in red, brown, cinnamon, amber, and golden yellow; beryls in blue, greenish blue, yellow and greenish yellow; topazes in blue, white, and yellow, the blue being especially rare and therefore prized. In addition small quantities of sapphires, rubies, chrysolites, cairngorms, moonstones, and garnets are found. As yet diamonds have not been discovered, although miners entertain strong hopes of finding them as the mines go deeper, because they are generally found in company with others of the most precious gems, and because such gems as have been discovered have been of increased beauty and quality as the depth increased. However, San Diego has no cause to reproach nature, even if diamonds are never found, since she already stands foremost in America in the richness and variety of her gem deposits, and whatever others may claim, she can match the "king of gems," the diamond, with her "queen of gems," the kunzite.

Indian

Historic Facts and Fancies



A SPOT, DEL MONTE.

Indian War of 1856

Woman's Club of Bakersfield.



WILL make an attempt to roll the stone from the sepulcher of memory, and write a few of my early remembrances of Tulare Valley, which now includes Fresno, Kings, Tulare and Kern counties. You will, of course, bear in mind that at the period of which I write there was no settlement in what is now the valley of Kern, very little in Fresno or Kings, and Visalia was the only town between Stockton and Los Angeles.

In the year 1852 a party of emigrants who had wended their weary way from the States east of the Missouri River across the plains to Salt Lake, where they arrived late in the year, concluded to enter California by what was known as the San Bernardino Trail, by way of Warner's Ranch, an oasis on the eastern edge of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

This route was much longer than the northern one via the Humboldt and Carson River Desert, but possessed the advantage of being free from snow. Of course the final destination of the train was the mines, and in pursuance of that intention they followed the old Spanish trail through the Tejon Pass and entered the valley of the Tulares at that point.

The Indian trails all followed the foothills from water to water, crossing Kern River at the mouth of the Cottonwood Creek at Rio Bravo, at which point the old Indian trail is plainly visible to this day: this was the horse trail. The wagons had to seek a crossing lower down on the river, through the center of the present oil fields.

The cavalcade arrived at what they named the "Four Creek" country, or what is now known as the "Kaweah" River, so named after the tribe of Indians who inhabited its banks and who called themselves "Kaweah," which was easily corrupted into "Cow Ear" by the emigrants. The crossing was about twelve miles above the present town of Visalia and was an ideal place to found a settlement—alternate openings of meadow land and oak timber sections—the ground was so level and so rich that it required only to be tickled with a straw to make it laugh with a harvest.

Inhabited by an indolent and apparently friendly tribe of Indians, many of whom had been partly civilized at the missions on the coast, it is not surprising that the train of emigrants to which I refer should have concluded to abandon, temporarily, their plan of going to the mines farther north, and settle down at this lovely spot.

At the time of which I speak there were from fifty to sixty thousand acres of oak timber land lying around them, extending to the west for at least thirty miles and ten or fifteen miles in width, and the Kaweah River spread into numerous channels, forming a natural system of irrigation for the land.

In a very short time after the settlement was made, difficulties arose between the settlers and the Indians. The latter in view of the small force to which they would be opposed, concluded at one swoop to wipe out the settlement and get rid of such annoyance forever.

They accordingly, with the utmost secrecy, made a descent upon the settlers and massacred every person in the camp. Some few of the settlers had gone to Fort Miller to purchase provisions and therefore escaped, for hearing of the tragedy they did not return.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The last one to succumb was a man named Woods, who from the shelter of a log cabin stood them off as long as his ammunition held out, and it will never be known whether he surrendered or whether they captured him, but at any rate they tortured him in the most horrible manner, literally skinning him alive. The writer has seen an Indian give an exhibition of the contortions assumed by him in his mortal agony. This episode wiped out the town of Woodville, as it was named.

The following year a party headed by one Nat Vice was fitted out in the mining town of Mariposa by a sort of joint stock association (the late Gen. E. Freeman was a member), to go down to the "Four Creek" country, select a suitable location for a town and organize the county seat—all of which they did. They elected one Robert Dill as sheriff, who became so elated with his elevation to office that he tried to drink up all the whiskey that could be supplied by an ox team express from Stockton, and when the supply ceased he ran off into the Kaweah swamp and died there.

Nat Vice, who engineered the location of the town site and named it "Vicealia" (not "Visalia" as now spelled), was a typical all-round man. He was a preacher by profession, but could manipulate a horse or foot-race to perfection—deal monte for the Indians under the shade of a tree on the ground on a blanket—take a turn at poker, or preach a sermon, with equal facility and grace. But Nat sighed for more worlds to conquer. He sold out his and his partner's interest in the town site and skipped for Los Angeles, which city was at that time a refuge for all renegades from justice from all parts of the northern portion of the State—no sheriff caring to go so far to seek them or to run the risk of holding them if found. At any rate, Nat never returned, and as he was a man well advanced in years at that time, he must now be enjoying his eternal rest in the beautiful south land. Peace to his ashes!

In 1843 Elisha Packwood, a Kentuckian, emigrated to Oregon, following the Lewis and Clarke trail, where he remained until 1846, when he removed with his family to San Jose, California. Upon the discovery of gold he went to the "mines" where he was very successful. So in the winter of 1852 he returned to Kentucky, purchased several hundred head of first-class cattle and drove them across the plains. By reason of his experience he was able to avoid many of the misfortunes that befell the emigrants in the management of their stock and arrived safely. He immediately drove his cattle up to the "Four Creek" country and settled on the Tule River, at the point that is now known as Porterville.

Here he and his son made quite a settlement, with their families, employees, and vaqueros. Their stock thrived well, and they used to drive their beef and many of their milk cows to San Jose, and it was not uncommon for such cows to bring \$200 each. Later the families moved to San Jose where they lived in great elegance.

In 1856, from some quarreling or misunderstanding with the Packwood settlement, the Indians broke out in rebellion—killed several of Packwood's men—burned the dwellings—drove off a large lot of the thoroughbred stock—and started into the mountains along Tule River.

There they induced the Owens River Indians, who were a numerous and warlike tribe, to join them. It was their intention to attack all of the white settlements in the valley at once and wipe them out, which, in view of their easy conquest at Tule River and the rich loot obtained, it looked to their untutored minds an easy task, as well as a highly profitable one.

However, a party of settlers from Visalia, seventy in number, under a

Historic Facts and Fancies

man named Orson Kirk Smith, immediately followed the trail of the Kaweahs up the Tule River and at the junction of the North Fork they found them in a very strong position. They had built a stone wall some five or six feet high, in the form of a crescent, the points curving in and joining the almost perpendicular walls of a cañon on each side. Behind them was an almost impenetrable thicket of chaparral and scrub oak with the trails through it ambushed at short intervals. This was also fortified in the rear by an immense slide of large boulders from the mountainside, that contained caves and rooms where they had their provisions and families secure, as they thought.

The Indians drove off the party of seventy, who made no attempt to dislodge them on account of lack of sufficient force, but camped at some distance away. This little band sent couriers into the valley and to Fort Miller. Two hundred men and twelve soldiers, with a gun and ammunition for it, were sent immediately.

Sergeant Caddy, who lately died at his ranch near Fort Tejon, was sergeant of the company under command of a Lieutenant Livingstone.

Our force was divided into two commands, one under Foster Demasters, and the other under W. J. Pointdexter.

We left Visalia and entered the mountains through and up the Noqual Valley, and with the aid of saddle horses, men, and ropes, we "manhandled" that gun over some very steep mountains, and finally set our camp about half a mile from the Indian fort. The next morning we made a reconnoissance in force in order to draw out the enemy, and to form a plan of attack. They climbed their breastworks, reviled us in the vilest manner in Spanish with an occasional English expletive. We returned to camp without making an attack. Here our officers held a council of war to decide on how the final assault was to be made.

The next morning as soon as we had breakfasted and had thrown a few shells into the fort, we marched up in front and between two horns of the crescent so that they had a cross-fire on us from the horns on each side.

Several of our men were struck with the arrows—they had no guns—and arrows are very effective at short range.

Lieutenant Livingstone climbed up on an immense boulder as large as an ordinary house, so as to look over the wall. Although it was in the month of June, it was quite cold at night and early morning, therefore he had his military cloak over his uniform and they found him an easy target. We saw arrows strike him several times, but they could not penetrate the cloak, and being shot from an angle below they simply stuck in the cloak and flipped up and hung there. Finally one must have stung him, for he commenced to swear, and ordered his men to charge the breastwork. Upon this we all went in, and in about ten minutes the battle was over.

Forty Indians were dead; and how many were wounded we could not tell, as they escaped with the squaws and made their way up the canyon, following the bed of the river.

We found a great quantity of dried beef made from Packwood's fine cattle—stores of pine nuts, acorns, grass seed, and grasshopper cheese. There was also the plunder they had stolen from the houses they burned, saddles, and such a store of Indian baskets as would today delight the heart of a connoisseur—all of which were condemned to the flames.

Thus ended the Indian War of 1856.

We followed them through the mountains for nearly two months after this, but no more were slain. All were later placed upon government reservations and have never since given any trouble.

Historic Facts and Fancies

The men who participated in this, furnished their own horses, arms, and equipments, as well as commissary supplies, and never asked or received any remuneration for the services rendered.

I ought to add that before we went to the mountains, we chopped down the large oak trees on the block immediately south of the site of the present Palace Hotel in Visalia, built a cord wood fort within which we placed all the women and children, wagons, etc., that were in the valley, and left a guard to take care of them. I doubt whether there are any of the ladies living today who occupied that fort. The only person living who took part in this Indian battle is the writer of this article.

Tehama County Indians

Read before the Maywood Woman's Club, Corning, December 12, 1906.



COUNTING from old San Antonio, grizzled, bent, half blind, to a wee papoose, a year old, there are but thirty-five full-blooded Indians left, at the present day in all of Tehama county west of the Sacramento. These are all of the Nomelacka tribe. There is but one old rancheria, at the western foot of the Paskenta Buttes, where are collected quite a camp of Indians, a few half-breeds and a handful of full-bloods; the balance of the Indians are scattered in various camps.

Sixty years ago, four tribes ranged the western part of the county. The Wylackies on the north (Wy means north), a strong, rather superior tribe, which occupied nearly all of western Shasta and part of Trinity counties, lapsing over into Tehama nearly to Red Bank.

The Nomelackas (No-me meaning west) ranged from near Red Bank on the north to south of Thomas Creek on the south, and from an eastern boundary somewhere about ten miles west of the river to the summit of the Coast Range Mountains.

The Noiemucks were the Stony Creek Indians. They are all believed to be dead. The Pooiemucks lived about Tehama and along the Sacramento River; their territory may have extended across the river. While the other three tribes were friendly, the Pooiemucks were deadly enemies to them, and woe to the stray hunter or scout who chanced to be caught on their range. And yet these feudal tribes intermarried! However, whenever either family essayed to visit the folks-in-law, they had to have a passport from the other reigning chief, and sometimes an escort of warriors for protection. If there is a remnant of the Pooiemucks left, they are not in this part of the country. Pooie means east—hence the tribal name.

Indians and white people work together in field and on farm with no discrepancy in wages. Years ago, when there were more Indians as laborers and they were less civilized, white men and Indians were placed at separate tables for meals, but now the table manners of the average Indian are as correct as those of the average white laborer. A housewife seldom hesitates to place the Indian at the table with her family. With much greater consistency could she draw the protecting line between her children and some of the white hired men. These Indians are cleaner in morals than some white men. A well-known citizen once said: "The honest side of a half-breed is the Indian half." Usually they are to be trusted.

Historic Facts and Fancies

They work to have their children educated and are about as anxious as other parents to keep their children in school, where the little Indians mingle freely with the white children. They are always tidy, and are as welcome to the country schools as are their fairer brothers. Some of them are bright in their studies, but, on the whole, they fall way below the white children in intelligence.

Some tribes still make baskets, but not of the useful kind. The big funnel-shaped baskets in which they garnered their wildoats and acorns, the large round cooking baskets in which they made their soup, and the bottomless "ponnee" baskets in which they pounded their seeds or acorns or their rabbits—"potkilli"—to a paste, are hardly to be found anywhere. They make baskets of odd shapes, sometimes decorated with beads or with crests of quail, or bright-colored feathers of the yellow-hammer, the oriole, and the woodpecker, but they are made only to sell. They have almost forgotten how to make arrow points. They do not make bows and arrows, Indian beads, nor "fenders" nor any of their war paraphernalia. "Fenders" were a sort of covering for the body made of tough elk hide, and arrows seldom penetrated them. They were variously ornamented. They made a kind of bead, not at all pretty, of bone. It was a disc with a hole in it for stringing, about the size and shape of a copper cent. These beads were money—Indian money—and passed as currency among the tribes.

Fifty years ago the Government set apart a very rich piece of foothill land, about twenty miles west of Corning, for a reservation—the Nomelacka Reservation. They built, of sun-dried adobe bricks, a fort and barracks for soldiers, put in a millrace and a mill for grinding grain, and made other improvements supposed to benefit the Indians. Then the red men of the north, east, and south were "rounded up," and against their wills were brought to this reservation. Many escaped—and they were permitted to escape—after the counting was done. When the Government inspectors returned the next year to census the Indians, it is said the number was kept round and full by passing the Indians up through a gulch, as through a chute, single file, out into the open before the inspectors, and around back into the gulch again to be counted the second and third time!

Thus the officers drew supplies for all the Indians on and off the reservation. Each Indian was government pensioner to the value of a certain number of shirts a year, a specified amount of flour and wheat, and a pair of army blankets. But the Indian did not receive all of his shirts nor all of his wheat, and his blanket had been cut in two! The officers had flour, wheat, bacon, shirts and blankets to sell to neighboring stockmen and their herders. In about seven years this reservation was abandoned and the Indians were moved, again, very much against their wishes, to Round Valley. And again very many were allowed to escape. The love of home is very strong in the blood of this child of nature, and so in two or three years a large part of the Indians were back in their old haunts again. When they leave the reservation the Government ceases to provide for them, but if the pinch of poverty hurts too much, if the discomforts of straitened circumstances are too great a price for the freedom he craves, he may return and Uncle Sam will receive him, will teach him how to work, will send him to school, clothe and feed him, and if he falls ill will provide doctors and medicine.

But some of them do not wish to return. They are still human, if they are aborigines; the same yearnings and desires exist in their bronze breasts that are under the skin of the white man. They prefer to suffer a little extra for the privilege of living, dying and being buried where their fathers lived and died and are buried.

Their fraternal feeling is very great. When one Indian is doing well and has a home and credit at the stores, the other Indians go to visit him; they take the children along and camp on his hearth-rug and are welcome until his stores and credit are consumed.

The Legend of An-o-hos

From the Folklore of the Klamath Indians.

(Melcena Burns Denny, San José Young Women's Club. Reprinted by courtesy of *Out West*.)



ONE day, at the time when the Weasel An-o-hos was still a man, he began to think that he was tired of always staying in one place. So he told himself that he would start out to see the world.

Accordingly, he put a lot of arrows in his quiver, took his bow, and started out. The adventures of the Weasel would make a fair-sized book, as books go nowadays. But here are a few of them, as recited in the simple way of the Indian story-teller:

First he walked and walked till he was out of his own country. Then he began to watch sharp.

Pretty soon he saw a smoke. He walked up to it, and found a wigwam. Inside a man was sitting.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm just going along this way."

"You'll get killed," warned the man.

"How? Who will kill me?"

Then the Indian told him of an old man who made lumber. No one was ever known to get by him. He caught people in the crack in the log his wedge made, and that was the last ever seen of his victims.

"Don't go that way. Come in and rest a while before you go back," urged his informer.

But the Weasel left the wigwam and went on toward the place where the old man made his lumber. Soon he came to a rat's house. He tore down the house, caught the rat, put it into his quiver with his arrows, and started on.

Pretty soon he saw the old man making lumber. He stopped to watch.

"Come, see how I do it," said the lumberman affably.

So the Weasel drew near and watched him.

This is the way the old man made lumber. He selected a fine, straight log, drove in his wedge, and hammered it down with his stone hammer until the log split. Then he put in the wedge again, always splitting from the middle, till he had reduced the log to boards.

While the Weasel was watching, the old lumber-maker suddenly seized him and threw him into the yawning crack. Now the Weasel was ready for this, and leaped clear through. But he left his rat in the crack.

The lumber-maker pulled out the wedge and went dancing for joy. He put his head under the log and saw a drop of blood oozing out, and then he went dancing the more.

"I kill everybody. I kill all the people! There will be no one left alive!" he sang, dancing and clapping his hands. Suddenly he turned around. There stood the Weasel.

Historic Facts and Fancies

"What are you making all this joy about?" asked the Weasel.

"Oh," whined the lumber-maker, "I was dancing for sadness! I thought another man had fallen into my crack."

"Well," said the Weasel, taking the wedge, "I did fall in, but I fell clear through. You see if you can do as well."

"I don't want to. I am too old!" begged the lumber-maker.

"An old man ought to know how. Get ready now!"

"Oh, I am too old!" whimpered the old man, holding back. But the Weasel took hold of him and threw him in, and then pulled out the wedge. He looked all about and underneath. There was not even a single drop of blood, the lumber-maker was so dried up. Pretty soon, though, he heard a little voice in the log singing, "I like to stay here!"

"Yes, you stay there," said the Weasel. "You be that kind!" And he changed him into the white, flat-headed larva that the Indians call Oup-am-owan, the wood-eater. "Always be white and old, and always have the flat head, mashed between the logs. No one need fear you any more!"

So the wood-eater the old man has been ever since, and one can still find him, creeping about in the heart of rotten logs.

When An-o-hos, the Weasel, had killed the old man, he went on farther into the new country. Soon he saw another smoke and another wigwam. He stopped, and inside were sitting three people.

"Come in," they said, hospitably. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm just going along this way to see the new country."

"Don't go that way. You'll get killed."

"Who will kill me?"

So they told the Weasel of a family of bad people that lived further along, who always sent their guests to fish, with spears that had pitch on the handles, so that when they speared the fish they couldn't let loose of the handle, and the fish always pulled them in and drowned them.

"Rest a while before you go back again," they concluded, "for you surely will not go on. No one has ever escaped the fish."

But the Weasel went on, and soon he came to the house where the bad people lived. They were very glad to see him, and asked him to come in. He went in and talked till it was time to eat. Then they asked him to go down to the stream and spear a fish.

"The spears are outside the door," they said.

Now the Weasel took dirt and put it on the handle of the spear so it wouldn't stick, and went down to spear a fish. Soon he saw a great fish in the water. He speared before he saw that it was no fish, but a long sea serpent. The fish-snake swam with the spear in his side, and An-o-hos pulled, and pulled and pulled and pulled, and at last he pulled the serpent up on the bank dead. He had never seen so huge or horrible a creature. It was too great a monster to drag the whole body to the wigwam, so the Weasel cut off a small piece and carried it back.

"Here is the fish," he said, laying it down.

No one said a word.

"I brought you some fish to cook," he repeated.

No one said a word.

So An-o-hos made ready to cook it himself. He got a basket, laid the fish in it with water, then built a fire and heated stones. All this time no one said a word.

He lifted a stone and carried it to the basket.

"Don't cook it," said some one in a voice of fear.

Historic Facts and Fancies

But he dropped the stone in, and the water began to boil. He dropped other stones in, and the water boiled and boiled, and a great cloud of steam arose, white and big, and all the people disappeared, for the fish was magical. An-o-hos ran to the door and sprang outside just as the wigwam started to rise. It rose up with the steam, higher and higher, above the tree tops, above the mountains, looking like a tent-shaped cloud, and he watched it disappear at last in the highest point of the sky.

Pretty soon he felt something crawling under his feet. It was the bad people, who had escaped the steam of the fish by burrowing in the ground. They were trying to crawl out, but An-o-hos stamped on their heads.

"You be that kind," said An-o-hos. "Live under the ground. No need to talk fish to trick your guests. No need to put pitch on spears." So he changed them all to Ach-a-las, the gophers, and they have dwelt under ground ever since.

When An-o-hos had changed all those bad people to gophers, he went on. He walked and walked and walked. Finally he saw another smoke. There was another house. He stopped at the door and saw two old people.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"Oh, I am just going along this way," he replied.

They shook their heads.

"Better come in. Better go no farther. You will get killed."

"Who will kill me?"

So they told him of a bad old man who had a swing, and every one that passed his way he swung up into the sky. But the Weasel would not stay. He went on into the strange country. He went and went and went, and he came to another rat's house. He tore down the house as before, and caught the rat, and put him into his quiver. Then he journeyed on.

At last he saw the old man with his swing. An Indian swing is a see-saw, and this swing had the long arm extending over the lake.

"Oh, I am glad to see you," called the man. "I have been waiting for a long time for some one to swing with."

The Weasel came up, and the old man told him to take the long end and he would give him a fine swing. An-o-hos saw how it extended over the water, so he went out a little way, let the rat loose, and came back himself on the under side of the board. The old man's eyes were bad, and he looked and looked, and the rat looked so small he was sure it was An-o-hos away out at the end of the swing.

So he pushed down, and went up, and pushed down, and went up, and then pushed down with all his force, and the rat fell off into the water.

The old man began to dance and caper for joy.

"Oh, he's dead at last!" he sang. "I've waited for this Weasel man, An-o-hos. He killed all my people all along the way, and he came to kill me. But he's drowned, he's drowned! He's drowned in the lake!" He wheeled about. There stood An-o-hos.

"What do you make all this joy about?" said the Weasel.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are back to get another swing."

"All right. We'll swing again. You get on the long end."

"Oh, I'll swing on this end again. That one goes farther. I'll swing you fine this time."

"You go out," said An-o-hos, pushing him on to the board. "Go away out to the end."

"Oh, I can't," whimpered the old man. "I can't see to walk the board!"

"Go on!" commanded the Weasel.

The Weasel pushed down, and went up, and pushed down, and went up, and then he pushed down with all his might. The old man flew high into the sky. He rose up through the clouds, beyond the clouds, on and on.

The Weasel watched and watched.

"Now-wood-adow! Cod-a-danima!"

"Yes, you stay there," said the Weasel. "You see everything. You swing up, and swing down, and see people you would like to kill, and can't kill. You swing and swing and swing, all alone. You be that kind. You be the sun!"

When An-o-hos had changed the old man into the sun, he went journeying on, farther and farther into the strange country. He had many other adventures that the Indians could tell about, but this is the one that ended them.

They were beautiful girls, with long hair that floated, and bright eyes that sparkled, and beautiful skirts of fringe tipped with shells that said, "Sh! Sh!" in a singing voice when they moved. They stood there, hand in hand, waiting for him.

"Oh, I was just going along this way," he answered, "to see the new country."

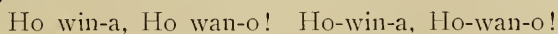
"All right," agreed the Weasel readily enough. "I'll go with you."

"What is that?"

"I can dance," said the Weasel, eagerly.

"I can dance in the sky."

So they parted hands and took him into their circle. Then they began to dance and sing. This is what they sang:



"Let me rest a minute," he said.

Historic Facts and Fancies

"We can't rest here," they answered, dancing on.

"Only a minute," he begged. But they only sang and danced.

He tried to dance with them a little longer, but his feet hung and would not keep time, so they had to clutch him beneath the arms. On and on they danced, just as nimbly, just as happily, with the shelled fringe of their skirts making soft music, and their bright eyes shining. The Weasel could keep up no longer.

"Take me down," he pleaded. "We will soon be to the ocean!"

"We can't leave our path," they sang. "We must cross the ocean tonight!" And they went on singing their sweet, high song.

"Then drop me," said the Weasel, unable to lift a foot.

They didn't even pause in their singing, nor did their airy dance miss a measure. But they dropped him.

Down, down, he fell, growing smaller and smaller, smaller and smaller, till he was no longer a man at all, but a weasel. If you want to know how he looked when he struck the earth, just find him in the woods today if you can. He has looked the same ever since, and he has hidden ever since, for shame of his appearance. Sometimes he looks up and sees the girls that he danced with. But they are not real girls. They are the seven stars we call the Pleiades. Any night you can see their eyes, but they dance too far up in the sky for us to hear their song, or to catch the soft "Sh! Sh!" of the fringe of shells on their floating skirts.

The Napa Indians

Arranged from the Historical and Descriptive Sketch Book of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino Counties by C. A. Menefec, Written 1873.

Napa Club.



THE Indians inhabiting the region now known as Napa county did not differ essentially from the other tribes—those found in southern and middle California. They presented the same physical characteristics, habits and customs. They were generally of small stature, broad shouldered, and possessed of great strength. They were of swarthy complexion, beardless, and had long, coarse, straight hair. The shape of their heads indicated a low rank in the intellectual scale and a predominance of all the propensities of the brute creation. Indeed, they seemed to be rather an indeterminate race or connecting link between man and the brute, scarcely superior to the higher types of the latter, and only in a few points resembling the lowest class of the former. Some exceptions existed, but as a race they were inferior to all the aboriginal tribes of this continent.

It is exceedingly difficult at this time to give an accurate account of these tribes. Their numbers were never exactly known, their habits being migratory, and their camps seldom permanent for any great length of time. It is not probable that the Indians knew their own number, or that they cared to know, and their rapid disappearance has left very few of whom even to make inquiry, and perhaps none who could give any definite information. We are therefore necessarily left to the alternative of estimating their numbers from the statements of early settlers and others who visited California at an early day.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Kit Carson says that in 1829 the valleys of California were full of Indians. He saw many large and flourishing tribes that then existed. When he again visited the State, in 1859, they had mostly disappeared and the people who resided in the localities where he had seen them declared that they had no knowledge of them whatever. They had disappeared and left no record of the cause which had led to their extermination.

Down to 1856 they thronged the streets of Napa City in great numbers, especially on Sundays, picking up odds and ends of cast-off clothing, occasionally fighting, and always getting drunk if the means were procurable. Male and female, they encumbered the sidewalks, lounging or sleeping in the sun, half-clad and squalid—pictures of humanity in its lowest state of degradation. I was told this story by one of our members: Her mother was greatly annoyed by these Indians lying in front of her doorway. She was living in the German House, where Gifford's store is now. And one day, while her husband was away, she decided to get rid of these Indians, so she filled everything in the house that would hold water and placed them at the front door. Then she began throwing the water on the Indians, who, of course, were greatly enraged and tried to kill her, and not until she had picked up her last pailful of water was she able to drive them away. The water-cure proved successful, for the Indians never bothered her again.

George C. Yount, the first white settler in Napa Valley (who arrived here in 1831), said that, in round numbers, there were from 10,000 to 12,000 Indians between Napa and Clear Lake. Of this number, he says there were at least 3,000 in Napa county, and perhaps twice that number.

At the time of Mr. Yount's arrival there were six tribes of Indians here, speaking different though cognate dialects, and almost constantly at war with each other.

The Mayacomas tribe dwelt near the Hot Springs, now Calistoga, and the Callajomanas on the lands now known as the Bale Rancho, near St. Helena. The Caymus tribe dwelt upon the Yount grant, to which they gave their name. The Napa Indians occupied the Mexican grant of Entré Napa, that is, the lands between Napa River and Napa Creek. The word "Napa" is said to signify "fish." The authority for this signification rests on the declaration of old pioneers, and is corroborated by the fact that in the cognate languages of the tribes on the northern coast, the word still bears the same signification. At least we have the information from one who was among the Gold Bluff adventurers, and who made a fish trade with an Indian, selling his shirt from his back in exchange for a salmon. Doubtless the Indian word for fish must have been strongly impressed upon his memory by such a transaction. The Ulucas dwelt on the east side of Napa River, near Napa City, and one of their words survives in the word Tulocay Ranch and Cemetery.

All these Indians were, in fact, as in name, "Diggers." A considerable portion of their food consisted of wild edible roots, among which was the "amole" or soap-root. They could dig small animals out of their burrows, and when hard pressed would eat almost anything that had life, even to earth worms. Of fish they had at most seasons an abundant supply. Grasshoppers were one of their favorite "dishes." They also made a kind of bread sometimes from acorns, with which the valley abounded, sometimes of pine-nuts, and at others from the crushed kernels of the buckeye, washed to eliminate their bitter and noxious qualities.

Incredible as it may seem, and loathsome even to think of, it is well authenticated that they carefully gathered certain large fat and reddish spotted worms, found at some seasons of the year upon the stalks of grasses and wild oats, and

Historic Facts and Fancies

used them as shortening for their bread. The statement is made on the authority of a pioneer of unquestionable veracity, who was with a party of Indians and who, seeing one of them gathering every worm he met with and putting it in a pouch at his side, inquired what use was to be made of them. He had been eating their bread, but it is hardly necessary to add that the stomach of even an old trapper revolted from that hour against Indian cookery.

Of the building of permanent and comfortable habitations they had no knowledge. They constructed for themselves, in the rainy season, rude shelters with the boughs of trees, by no means impervious to the rain and wind, and which, architecturally considered, were far inferior to the hut of the bear, or the lairs of the lower animals. In the summer they encamped among the willows along the streams, or in the first thicket that promised even the semblance of protection from the elements. They deemed it unhealthy to sleep in a house, and indeed for them it probably was so. At least, when years afterwards, young Indians, male and female, were either captured or kidnapped and made use of by white settlers as servants or slaves, as they were for several years, they seldom lived more than two years, being generally carried off by pulmonary diseases.

Before the period of the occupation of the country by the Americans, the Mexicans tilled but a small portion of the soil, their chief pursuit being stock raising. Immense herds of cattle roamed over the country, and many of the Indians, either by stealth or by trifling labor for the owners of grants, could obtain a supply of beef and corn and beans to eke out a precarious support. The sudden influx of an American population put an end to this condition of things. The wild cattle gradually disappeared; game grew shy and scarce. The holders of land grants were encroached upon by "squatters," who appropriated the soil without ceremony, so that they had no longer any use for the services of the Indians, and no motive, even if they had the power, for supplying their wants except in rare instances. The valleys were fenced and cultivated, and the right of private domain asserted and enforced on the banks of streams, where the Diggers had fished from time immemorial. It became more and more difficult for the comparative few that remained to subsist under the new régime, so unexpectedly and so inexorably established.

It does not appear difficult to account for the rapid decrease in the number of these savages. We have already stated that the different tribes were almost continually at war. Besides this, the cholera broke out among them in the fall of 1833, and raged with terrible violence. So great was the mortality they were unable either to bury or burn their dead.

It must be confessed that to all the causes which we have assigned for the rapid disappearance of the Indians in this valley, as elsewhere, we must add another, not creditable to civilization. The early Mexican settlers were not very chary of the lives of the Indians, and their American successors have not infrequently followed their example. While the Indians were yet comparatively numerous, their means of subsistence at some seasons of the year must have been very scant and precarious. The grant holders had abundance. Their cattle swarmed by tens of thousands over the country and offered a constant temptation to the hungry Diggers. Theft was easy and detection difficult. The settlers were annoyed by repeated losses. It was impossible to trace the offense to individuals. They only knew in general that the Indians had stolen their cattle, and, when possible, meted out to them cruel and indiscriminate punishment.

The concurrent effects of savage warfare, pestilence and such wholesale massacres seem quite sufficient to account for the rapid decline of numbers among the Indians long before the conquest.

In the excellent work of Mr. Cronice, entitled "The National Wealth of

Historic Facts and Fancies

California," the influence of the Mission system is stated to be one of the causes of the degradation and consequent final extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants. The writer says: "There is no room to doubt that the degradation of the existing race is in some degree the result of the Mission system, which deprived them of the instincts that nature had implanted and left them no dependence but upon the will of the Fathers, which was impotent to save them from extermination by the irresistible force of a higher civilization in which they were unfitted to participate."

Their knowledge of the proper treatment of disease was on a level with their attainments in all the arts of life. Roots and herbs were sometimes used as remedies, but the "sweat-house" was the principal reliance in desperate cases. This great sanitary institution, found in every rancheria, was a large circular excavation, covered with a roof of boughs, plastered with mud, having a hole on one side for entrance and another in the roof to serve as a chimney. A fire having been lighted in the center, the sick were placed there to undergo a sweat bath for many hours, to be succeeded by a plunge in cold water. This treatment was their cure-all, and whether it killed or relieved the patient depended upon the nature of his disease and the vigor of his constitution.

The sweat-house also served as a council chamber and banquet hall. In it the bodies of the dead were sometimes burned, amid the howlings of the survivors. Generally, however, the cremation of the dead took place in the open air. The body, before burning, was bound closely together, the legs and arms folded, and forced by binding into as small a compass as possible. It was then placed upon a funeral pile of wood, which was set on fire by the mother, wife, or some near relative of the deceased, and the mourners, with their faces daubed with pitch, set up a fearful howling and weeping, accompanied with the most frantic gesticulations. The body being consumed, the ashes were carefully collected.

A portion of these were mingled with pitch, with which they daubed their faces and went into mourning. During the process of cremation the friends and relatives thrust sharp sticks into the burning corpse and cast into the fire the ornaments, feathered head-dresses, weapons and everything known to have belonged to the departed. They had a superstitious dread of the consequences of keeping back any article pertaining to the defunct. An old Indian woman, whose husband was sick, was recently asked what ailed him. Her reply was that he had kept some feathers belonging to a dead Indian that should have been burned with his body and that he would be sick till he died.

The idea of a future state was universal among the California Indians, and they had a vague idea of rewards and punishments. As one expressed it, "Good Indians go big hill, bad Indians go bad place." Others thought if the deceased had been good in his life time his spirit would travel west to where the earth and sky met and become a star, if bad he would be changed into a grizzly, or his spirit wanderings would be continued for an indefinite period.

It does not appear that under the Mission system they made the slightest advance in moral or religious culture, in spite of the most zealous efforts of the Fathers. They were taught to go through the forms of Christian worship, and did so, but without the least comprehension of their significance. Heathen they were from the beginning, and heathen they will remain to the end.

True Stories of Pioneer and Indian Life in Tehama County

Maywood Club.



A GREAT deal of time would be required to give much of a history of the early days of this county or the immediate vicinity. The peaceful and happy conditions that now exist would lead us to believe that such conditions have always been much the same, but I will repeat what actually took place in the early fifties, as related to me by one who has long lived in this neighborhood.

Thomes, Moon, Chard and Toomes were among the few hardy pioneers, all of them owning large tracts of land by grant, engaged in stock raising. They were annoyed greatly by the Indians, who often stole cattle and horses, sometimes in bands of fifty head or more. These four men joined together and hired three gun men, so-called because of their proficiency in marksmanship. Their names were Henry Luttmann, James Benton and John Breckinridge, and they were paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars each per month and furnished supplies.

The mountain Indians, coming to the valley to steal stock, always traveled alone, coming from different directions and meeting at some place previously agreed upon. The gun men hiding, each in a different locality, would pick them off with their rifles, and scores lost their lives in this way and no questions asked.

One incident in the experience of John Breckinridge about this time, 1852, may be mentioned. As he was returning to his post from the Moon Hotel (which still stands about a mile southeast of the ferry, near Corning), where he had gone for supplies, he came upon a freshly slaughtered horse. A couple of spears and bows and arrows betrayed the character of the perpetrators. Seeing that a part of the carcass had been carried away, he rightly reasoned that the depredators had gone with the flesh to meet other comrades, who would pass the supply along, and they would soon return. He hid both himself and his horse in the willows near by and soon had the satisfaction of seeing two Indians stealing back for more of their plunder. Riding swiftly between them and their arms, he gave battle, killing one with his butcher knife and taking the other a prisoner. He delivered him to a band of valley Indians camped near by, they in turn put him on an old mule, took him to the scene of the theft, put one end of a rope around his neck, threw the other over the limb of an oak tree, pulled it taut, tied it, and then led the mule away, returning to camp.

Such was the cruelty and hatred of the valley Indians toward the mountain Indians in those early days. The oak tree still stands, not far from the Hoag house, two miles southeast of Corning, where this took place.

One more incident, selected from quite a number, may help us to appreciate the existing condition of those stirring times of early days. Granville P. Swift, a captain in the Bear Flag war, located on a tract of land near Orland, now known as the Greenwood farm. He built an adobe hut in 1840, which is still standing.

He engaged quite extensively in stock raising, but in 1853 he varied his interests by putting in quite an acreage of barley. Harvest time came, and as there were no harvesting machines in the country, he was puzzled as to how he would gather in his crop.

He adopted the following plan: He went to the mountains and brought down

Historic Facts and Fancies

a band of Indians, by force, and made them cut the crop with butcher knives and hand scythes and also build a round corral. This was filled with the barley straw. They then turned in a bunch of horses, as many as the corral would admit, driving them round and round until the barley was separated from the straw. It was then removed and fresh, unthreshed straw filled in again, and the same process repeated until the whole crop was threshed. The barley was then cleaned by the Indians filling baskets, holding them up as high as they could, spilling it out and allowing the wind to blow the chaff away.

A good idea of the immense crop thus forcibly garnered may be more readily comprehended when it is known that Mr. Swift sacked about thirteen thousand bushels of number-one barley that year.

Mr. Weston of our town purchased his seed of Mr. Swift for planting his 1854 crop.

A Pot of Gold

From Maywood Club, Corning.

NOTE.—The same old hotel, "Moon House," is mentioned in the preceding article.—F. O. B.

THE story goes that in the late 50's or early 60's a miner from the Shasta diggings, en route to Sacramento, stopped at the old Moon House, which, in those days was a way-side inn. There, while awaiting some sort of a south-bound conveyance, he was stricken with fever and for weeks during alternating periods of delirium and consciousness, he fought an almost lone hand with the consuming disease, but at last the taper burned out. During a moment of consciousness preceding death, he told by feeble words and signs that before arriving at the Moon House he had buried, near an old oak tree to the north of the place, a pot of gold nuggets which he thought were worth about \$45,000. There are now people in the community—then young men and boys—so positive that the pot of gold is an undiscovered quantity that, though nearly forty years have passed, they may be seen from time to time during idle days upturning the earth about the old oak trees. The pot of gold has not been found so far as any one knows, and so doubtless awaits some lucky finder in the days to come.



Sebastian

Woman's Club, Bakersfield.



IN the days before the advent of the present American, when the padres held sway from San Francisco to San Diego, and Spain was in the height of her glory an Indian boy was born.

Between the Mission Indians, including the San Gabriels, the Seranos, the Camulos, the Ventureños and others, and the Desert Indians, among whom were the Mojaves, and the tribes lying east of the Sierra Nevadas, a bitter enmity existed.

During one of the raids made by the Venturas on the Mojaves, in which the latter were severely punished, the Mojaves and Careños retaliated by waging war on a band of Seranos. The Seranos occupied that portion of the San Gabriel Valley where San Bernardino now stands.

This battle between the tribes just mentioned, in which the Seranos were defeated, was fought east of the present city of San Bernardino. All the braves taking part in the battle were either killed during the fight or tortured to death afterward by their captors.

With the brutality and ferocity inherent in the Indian character, all the women were tortured with the men, except some ten or twelve of the young girls, even the expectant mothers being most horribly mutilated.

One of the older women was spared by the command of the chief, from the fact that her husband was kin to the chief, and, she, with the ten or twelve young girls, were taken prisoners to the stronghold of the Mojaves on the Colorado River.

On the principle that a dead Indian boy prevents the growth of a live Indian warrior, they massacred all the boys they saw.

Owing to a mother's love, one little boy escaped. So small, that by holding him between her knees, crouching over him and hiding his head in her bosom while she nursed him to still his cries, Sebastian was saved.

Following the tiresome march to the Colorado came years of weary waiting ere the Seranos returned to their homes.

Foot-sore and travel-stained, the remnants of the tribe, after their escape, returned to the land of their fathers, where today a handful of them survive and eke out an existence on the rocky mountainside of San Miguel Reservation, under the shadow of Old Baldy, a few miles from the town of Highland.

Sebastian was then ten or twelve years old and went to live at the San Gabriel Mission, where he was educated and taught to speak the Spanish tongue.

As he grew to manhood he went from tribe to tribe, where he was always a welcome guest. His wanderings had made him familiar with the mountain passes of the Coast Range, Sierra Madres and Tehachapi Ranges, and becoming attracted by the wonderful natural advantages of climate, water, game and seed foods which the mountains and valleys of the Kern presented, he and others of his tribe, with other tribes, finally came to the neighborhood of Fort Tejon.

He was especially friendly with the tribes along Caliente Creek. It was while he was at Fort Tejon that his knowledge of the mountain passes enabled Sebastian to serve as guide to General Fremont on his entry into the San Joaquin Valley.

Historic Facts and Fancies

When Fremont and his party reached what was then called the Rio Bravo, since called the Kern River, they found a raging torrent across which it was impossible to convey anything without the aid of boats.

Fremont needed the tule boats of the friendly Indians on the opposite side of the river to ferry his party across, but could not secure these boats unless some one swam the river. His own men, fearing the dangers of the mad water, would not venture, but some Indians who knew of Sebastian's prowess, brought him to Fremont, and Sebastian understanding Fremont's need, volunteered to swim the river.

Then arose cries of fear and expostulation. "Sebastian! don't go! You'll drown!" "Sebastian! Aren't you afraid?" "Sebastian! the river is very fierce. You'll be hurt on the rocks!" "Be careful, Sebastian!"

But Sebastian, never heeding their words, proceeded to take off his clothes, with the exception of a cloth about the loins. Folding his clothes as compactly as possible and binding them securely on his head he scornfully replied: "I am not afraid. Why should I be? Wasn't I raised near the Colorado River? Didn't I swim in the Colorado when I was a boy? Of course, I am not afraid. I can swim across," and plunging into the river with the ringing cheers, hurrahs and "Bravo!" "Bravo!" of the assembled men encouraging him, he began the perilous journey.

Buffeted by the swift raging torrent of the Rio Bravo, now carried down by the strong current, working his way back up the stream, again and again carried among the immense rocks that filled that part of the stream, but ever struggling onward toward his goal, the opposite shore of the river, and ever cheered on by the loud "Bravos" of Fremont's men for whose succor he was making the perilous trip, what a proud moment it must have been for Sebastian when he triumphantly stepped out upon the opposite bank and proved to the white men that the Indian was not a coward.

Having secured the aid of the friendly Indians, Sebastian made his way back, accompanied by some of these Indians with their tule boats in which to ferry Fremont and his party across the river.

The white men were afraid to trust themselves with the Indians in the frail *lanchas de tule*, poled by an Indian, fearing that they would be dashed to pieces on the rocks in the swift and treacherous waters of Kern River. And who of us today would be willing to trust ourselves to its angry waters as we have seen it pouring itself out from its mountain home before spreading itself out over the peaceful valley below making it "to blossom like the rose."

The Indians, understanding the looks on the men's faces and hearing their expressions of fear, asked Fremont for a rope. Having obtained the rope they made it fast on the river's bank, and crossing the seething torrent, carrying the rope with them, they secured the free end of the rope on the opposite bank and then returned to Fremont and his party, who now, embarking in the frail launches, each poled by an Indian and guided by the rope, soon found themselves safely landed across Kern River, whence they proceeded on their way to Sacramento and the north.

Just how long Fremont's party remained in the vicinity of Fort Tejon at this particular time it is impossible to tell, although Sebastian mentions Alexander Godey, one of Fremont's guides, as if he knew him well.

Tall and wearing his hair to his shoulders, Sebastian must have presented a picturesque appearance to any spectator of that time.

This little sketch cannot be concluded without giving honor to whom honor is due.

Historic Facts and Fancies

Mrs. Rosemyre, from whom the above facts were obtained, is the step-daughter of Sebastian, and her mother and her aunt have recounted to her the miseries of the ill-fated Seranos and San Gabriels.

In all of Sebastian's dealings with the Americans, General Beale is the only one who was good to him.

General Fremont did not give Sebastian even so small a thing as a cigar for the timely succor at a critical period in Fremont's career.

Through General Beale's generosity, Sebastian's last days were passed in comfort, and he was buried at the general's expense. Sebastian's death occurred in 1901. He had been blind for some years prior to his death, and was cared for by an Indian family at Tejón. As his life had been, so was his death—fearless to the last.

He knew his end was near, and said to the Indian woman who was caring for him: "It is cold. You are tired out with care of me. I shall go before morning. You go to rest now. I am not afraid. In the morning you will find I have departed." So it was, and Sebastian had gone to join his fathers.

Even yet there are a few of the Seranos and San Gabriels who are pensioners on General Beale's bounty. So old are they that the past can be but a memory and life merely passed in eating and sleeping.

No more for them shall sound the exulting cry of Victory, nor the defiant cry of Death.

It is well for them that the sunset of their lives is peaceful through the thoughtfulness of General Beale.

Tule Boats

Woman's Club, Bakersfield.



FOR many years after the arrival of the whites, the Indians in Tulare Valley clung to their primitive habits. They lived around the three lakes, Tulare, Buena Vista, and Kern. These lakes extended a hundred miles north and south, and were well stocked with excellent fish and myriads of water-fowl. The shores were shallow and literally paved with fresh-water clams.

In order to facilitate visiting between their camps, as well as to cross the lakes when necessary, they had to have boats or canoes, and as there was no timber suitable for such, they found a ready substitute in the tule stalks, which grew in the greatest profusion, and which could readily be found from sixteen to eighteen feet in length.

When they wanted to make a boat, or "balsa," as they were called, they sent the women in with knives to cut the longest tules they could find. They were gathered at one place and spread out to dry. When sufficiently dried, a large lot of green willow withes were gathered, also some poles that were peeled and hardened by heating in the fire, and were as long as the contemplated boat was intended to be.

The women then took the dry tules, laid them down smoothly on the ground, strung out to the length of the proposed boat, sixteen, eighteen or twenty feet, as the case might be, lapping the butts at the center and then causing the roll to taper, cigar-fashion, from the center to nothing at each end.

Historic Facts and Fancies

With green withes they securely bound these bundles, the poles shaping and stiffening it, and great weights could be carried. When finished, they were trimmed neatly on the outside and rode the water as buoyantly as a duck, and could be handled as securely and easily as any boat.

When not in use, they were drawn out of the water and allowed to dry out. By careful use, they could be made to last a long time.

We learn from the history of the Conquistadores of Mexico and Peru that similar craft were in use on the lakes of Mexico (Chapala) and also on the lakes of Peru, particularly on Lake Titicaca, 12,500 feet above sea-level, at the north end of which are found the remains of cyclopean buildings, which seem never to have been completed, and which belonged to some civilization anterior to that of the Incas found by Pizarro.

Upon some of these buildings were found carvings representing the same kind of "balsa" in use then as at this day, and such as our Tulare Indians seem to have understood how to construct most perfectly.

When Two Gods Were Worshipped

A Story of Santa Barbara Mission Life.

Santa Ana Club.

WORDS AND MEANINGS.

Kiwa—A large burden-basket resting on the back and shoulders, and secured by strap across forehead.

Gentile Indians—Indians who did not accept the Mission teachings.

A-chup or Chupu—The god of the stream now known as Mission Creek.

Mimaluse—Dead.

Majella—Mah-hay-lah.

Calistro—Kah-lees-thro.

Mejias—May-hee-us.

Portola—Por-to-lah.

Engracia—Angrashia.

Eduardo—Ed-ward-o.



IST!"

Without a change of expression, Engracia's eyes turned toward the direction from which came the sibilant sound, then stealthily glanced at the women who were somewhat in advance. At last she spoke, as though talking to herself.

"Why come you here? Do you not know that Father Portola has said until the harvest passes we may not mate?

Go now, for I am even thus too weary to keep up with the other squaws, and if my kiwa (kee wah) be less filled, 'twill but prolong our waiting.

"Engracia, I do not like this life. Marda tells me that we were once like the Gentile Indians, among whom a brave may take his squaw at his sweet will. 'Tis now four moons since you were fit to mate and I languish without you. Why should you toil for all, when I need you?"

"Ah, Eduardo, when you talk to me in this way, my heart is wild within me

Historic Facts and Fancies

and I tremble lest I throw discretion to the winds, as the squaws the chaff at the threshing. I fain would fling me at your feet, for my life is ripe for love. Last night, I was for stealing away to you. I feigned sleep, when the saintly Majella came and lay beside me, telling me of Mejias' determination to become a priest——"

"Mejias a priest!" interrupted Eduardo, with a grunt. "And why but that the coward's heart failed him when Majella told him she should devote her life to the Mission Fathers! I tell you, Engracia, Mejias' heart is hot with love as is yours and mine, and but for the Mission, Majella would sleep in his arms tonight, whether she willed or not, even as is done daily among the Gentile Indians. But Majella is enthralled of these mouthings taught in the chapel, and she bewitches Mejias with the incantation, so he chokes his fiery desire and cravenly pretends to undersand the responses. Engracia, I tell you I will not submit to such as this. Majella shall not persuade you. You shall come to me! You share my couch this night!"

Yet, as he moved to lay hands upon the girl, the brush crackled and old Marda's hawk-like eyes peered at them.

"Huh, huh! Eduardo, get you away at once, for yon overseer has been looking for this young squaw and ill would it fare with you both did he find her loitering."

"Loitering, is it? Why should she thus gather seeds for the Mission? Suppose the grain does run short! Would that they should lack until all could again go free! Who made these Spaniards our masters? Methinks our gods were kinder; they did not require these meaningless mouthings which the Fathers call Mass."

"Hush! Eduardo, it had been pleasure to you but for your failure with the music. Huh! you need not dart your killing glances at me. Old Marda may say her prayers in the humility becoming her as 'squaw trusty,' but she loses little of what goes on among the discontented people of the Mission. Here, you, Engracia, your kiwa is not such as to please. Have you no regard for the hunger that may follow such negligence?"

Though her tone seemed severe, the harsh, cynical cackle with which she ended her words belied the implied severity.

As Engracia moved to adjust her kiwa, her ankle turned, causing a faintness, which, added to the indisposition with which she had all day been struggling, left her senseless on the ground. Eduardo sprang forward, seized her in his arms, and started off in a mad run for liberty. What if she did not know it, she was his squaw! He would escape to the Gentile Indians. As he ran, stumbling over low brush in the gathering dusk, he held the senseless form passionately to him, exultingly grunting his satisfaction.

But he had not taken into account old Marda's warning about the overseer. A blow from behind, and he fell. With discretion born of the experience of others, he feigned unconsciousness.

Señor Jose had not had his work hindered by this refractory fellow to the betterment of his disposition, and he stopped to mercilessly gore this "dog, of an Indian" with his spurs. Now did Eduardo's stoical ancestry bear well its fruit, for, though the blood flowed through the torn clothing, the fallen brave did not wince. Señor Jose was completely deceived. Lifting the senseless girl across the pommelless saddle, he left the young buck for a later reckoning and returned to the Mission with his almost lifeless burden.

When he sought for Eduardo, he found him not, nor did the trusty neophytes who searched many hours the succeeding day. Only old Marda suspected the feint which had outwitted the overseer. And Marda, true as she was in all out-

Historic Facts and Fancies

ward observances of the church, was yet much of an enigma. In her mingled strangely the new faith and the superstition of her former condition. True to all tangible trusts, she yet warned and helped any neophytes who desired to escape the routine of prayers and work which made up by far the greater part of the Mission Indian's life. No overt act betrayed her, nor was she suspected of anything which would reveal her sympathy with her people's wrongs, real or fancied.

The next day, when Marda and her charges went into the fields to gather seeds, from which atole could be made when the Mission stores ran short, or were like to run short, Engracia did not go with them. Señor Jose had given orders that she be detained in the quarters of the unmarried women, until the field-laborers had left the Mission, when she was to go to the grinding-room. Those in this room were farther removed from the men's quarters than were the other workers.

But Señor Jose had no cause to fear anything from Engracia today. The girl lay on the rude but comfortable bed shared by her with Majella. The eyes were dull and staring vacantly into space; the hands were limp and clammy; the heart-beats slow and irregular.

Several of the children had been stricken in a similar way, and few there were who had improved under the Fathers' ministrations. Illness and death among the older Indians were so common as to cause little concern, but when the young, who were uncommonly hardy, began to fall by the dread destroyer, much anxiety was felt, for on the youth who were being reared in the Church depended the hope for permanency in the Mission work.

Majella reported the condition of Engracia, and with sinking heart the Father bade that she be brought, that he might minister to her body and bless her soul to recover her from the contagion. Though all was done, at dusk she still lay as at dawn, nor was there any change the following morning.

Moreover, there were others ill, this being the beginning of the worst epidemic known in the history of the Santa Barbara Mission. Each day, new cases were reported and each night found many newly made graves in the burial-plot near the Mission, where on the cemetery cross hung the image of the Saviour, calm even in crucifixion.

No previous sickness had so baffled the skill of the priests. Fasting and prayer seemed of no avail, and an abject terror seemed to possess the Indians, inasmuch that it was difficult to persuade the well to nurse the stricken ones. Perhaps no greater responsibility can be felt than when a body of human beings, who scarcely reason for themselves, turn for help—indeed for very life itself—to a conscientious man who feels his incompetency to cope with the dire conditions of their lot. The self-sacrifice and anxious care can be known only by those who have met such a demand.

At last several of the Indians, seeing no respite, notwithstanding the untiring ministrations of the priests, began to murmur their discontent. Meet for such a time was the sudden advent of Eduardo. Watching till the Brotherhood were on their way to the farther side of the Indian quarters, the exile crept stealthily to an opening in the walls and gave a low guttural "Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!"

Immediately, all was attention among the Indians who were not asleep, and several of the restless ones glided noiselessly out in response to the summons. Once safely out, they would not be missed, for the patients, who had been removed to the hospital quarters, required all the thought of the missionaries at this time.

As Eduardo noted the braves who came out to him, he seemed dissatisfied

Historic Facts and Fancies

that they were so few in number. Drawing himself up till he seemed to tower above them, he gave vent to his scorn. "Go back! Go back to your mouthings; go back to your cringing servility; go back to your ravaging plague. Outside the Church, we are protected by Achup, whose stream these self-styled benefactors drink from. Think you that while he is god of the stream, he shall not repay these usurpers who have builded on its banks, perfidiously using the water while they decry the god of the water? Though the priest bless the water over and over, the curse of Chupu is more powerful, and those who drink of the stream without sacrificing to its god shall not recover, though these men spend all their time on their knees. I have seen one of the Brothers ascending the tower steps on his knees and saying his prayers at every step. But was the plague stopped? Was it not rather the worse? Huh! Go back, you long to sleep in the mimaluse dust. Huh! huh!"

"What is this?" queried the group of Indians. Long had the priests striven to win them from the worship of Achup. Doubtless what they had just heard was true, and they were under the curse of their former deity. Interest and caution were manifest in each movement as they drew nearer to Eduardo, who, seeing the effect of his words, at once assumed the office of medicine-man and began chanting weirdly in muffled voice, calling upon Chupu to verify his statements.

It needed little to influence his listeners, and they protested their desire to follow him to freedom at once. But Eduardo was keen enough to see how short-lived would be his popularity among the Gentile Indians, whose religious feelings partook less of superstition than did those of the neophytes, in whom the new faith and the old worship struggled alternately for mastery. He retired somewhat, still chanting, then came toward them in crouched, mysterious manner, murmuring indistinct words. After peering long and fixedly into first one face and then another, he straightened himself to his full height and spoke in low, vehement tone:

"No, come not with me. Go rather to each Brother in the Mission and say the plague will not depart till each convert has repudiated his faith in Christus, and sacrificed to Achup. But stay! He who reveals to the priests this secret worship shall suffer slow and horrible torture till he dies." Thus saying, he turned and stalked majestically away.

The frightened Indians watched him a moment, then turning toward the Mission, counselled how they would get the word to the women-patients' quarters. One went to the men's quarters, others to the families', and Calistro, an unusually daring yet wary buck, sought old Marda. In less than an hour every Indian knew, and the resolve was taken. In vain did the ministering Brotherhood moisten the dry lips, no patient swallowed. The message was aided in its journey by the fact that neither Spaniard nor Indian comprehended much of the other's vocabulary.

At last, a sufficient number of trustees were left in charge, so that most of the patients could be taken to the stream, and the worship began. Some died before this was accomplished.

For several days this secret sacrifice was continued, Eduardo giving commands from time to time. Perhaps the new interest had something to do with it, or perhaps the water from an old Indian spring, which water Eduardo had ordered used, contained less impurities that were harmful in this particular sickness; or, perhaps, the epidemic had had its day. However it may be, certain it is that the contagion began to abate and a large percentage of the then stricken ones were saved. Though Engracia had been among the earlier victims, unlike the others she had lain all the time in a stupor, and, when

Historic Facts and Fancies

all were recovering, had drifted back into consciousness, much emaciated, but undoubtedly convalescent.

Eduardo had gained little. The long illness had made the priests more tender of the converts, and it was at the season when there was less work than at any other time of the year. While the Indians could secretly worship Achup and be fed and clothed at the Mission, no active measures were taken. So matters went on for some time.

On his stealthy visits, Eduardo had not seen Engracia. After making many futile attempts, he at last told his friends, who came out for his communications concerning Achup, that he had dreamed that when he had the maiden he could invoke the curse of Chupu upon the priests, so that all who continued to use the water from the stream would die. Then, said Eduardo, the orchards and vineyards would be theirs to use as they chose; also the musical instruments and bells, the rich tapestries, and the brilliant pictures. Besides, then they could ride again their horses over the hills at will, combining the comforts of the new life with the pleasures of the old. It is but just to say the better class of the Indians would have scorned this, for they loved the priests and were much concerned if one of them lay ill for several days.

The malcontents, having no appreciation of the selfless devotion of the Fathers, were persuaded by such generous promises for the future, and the next night, when all else was silent in sleep, they brought Engracia to the outer enclosure. On returning to the Mission, they spoke to some of the curse now to hang over the Brotherhood, and for several weeks there were those who watched for it to fall. But there came no change; no deaths occurred, nor were any of the missionaries ill. Their explanation of this came about somewhat indirectly.

A half-wit was repeatedly disorderly in the chapel, and at last one of the Fathers, who had in vain used other means, inflicted corporal punishment. In his extreme anger, the offender called upon the god of the sun to curse the priest. For this, he was placed in a dark room, and Mejias was given the task of bringing him to realize the enormity of his crime. How well he succeeded may be known from the result, for when repentance came, the sinner refused food or drink. This was meet, indeed, for a convert of the Franciscans, who so firmly believed the soul could be bettered by afflicting the body. But Mejias was not yet a priest and there still lingered sympathy for the physical man. After many efforts, he discovered that the fear that the curse he had asked for would fall and destroy the priest was the cause of the poor Indian's wretchedness. So he told him that the holy water made the priests invulnerable to the curse of all gods save one. The poor half-wit, in his joy, told several of his fellows. The Achup followers accepted this, and most of the Indians, ever changeable, again took up the Mission service with zeal.

Again came the annual seed-gathering, and old Marda marshalled her forces and went to the fields. It was a goodly season this year and the harvest lasted late, else a part of my story had not been written. The last day of the gathering was at hand; dusk had already fallen while they were still some distance from the Mission, and old Marda slowly followed her charges homeward. The sound of running arrested her attention, and as she halted, a specter-like woman, gasping for breath, reached her side and dropped quickly into her arms a small bundle which gave forth a wailing sound. Old Marda looked long at the silent mother, who turned and soon disappeared in the direction from which she came. It was Engracia, and though no words were spoken, Marda understood that she gave her babe to the Church.

Immediately upon her arrival at the Mission, Marda sent word to Father Portolá, who came and baptized the child. The lands about the Mission were

Historic Facts and Fancies

searched and watched for several days, but no one of them ever again saw Engracia.

The child was named Jesus (Ha-suse) and a fine little fellow he proved to be. Never had Marda shown such interest in person, place or thing as she did now in her infant charge. When he waked, she watched and played with him; when he slept, she habitually took him to the chapel, where she made the sign of the cross on his forehead with the holy water. Her unusual devotion was noticed by the priests, who observed to one another that it would but more fully consecrate Jesus to the Church.

Marda grew bolder. Ostensibly preparing to wash the step just outside the chapel door, she filled her basin with the holy water, replacing it with water from a jar that stood in the corridor. Then hastening to her quarters, she bathed the little Jesus. For several weeks, she secretly exulted over the blessing she had thus brought him. She then decided to repeat the work in order to make it doubly sure. All went well as before until she reached the chapel. Her keen eyes swept the room, but failed to see the Brother kneeling near the first altar. Just as she lifted the upper vessel, the Brother turned. Horrified at the sacrilege, he put her out of the chapel and fastened her in a dark room.

Here the poor old woman languished for a sight of her loved child, but no word of explanation or repentance could the good Father wring from her lips. At last, Majella was permitted to go to her. Marda received her with inscrutable expression and said not a word, until the girl told her that Jesus was ill for want of her care, and not until some reason for her action was given could she be taken to him. Crying out incoherently at first, she told Majella of the curse of Achup; that the holy water had protected the priests and she desired the same immunity for Jesus.

Gladly the girl summoned Father Portolá, who heard it from her, for Marda was less communicative after her first outburst. But this tacit confession had to be taken, as Marda relapsed into her dogged silence, and the priests were loth to trust Jesus to less experienced hands just then.

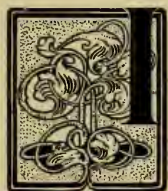
This was the beginning of a series of confessions, the secret sacrifices to Achup were disclosed, and the priests could work more intelligently against the superstition, which was eventually rooted out. And in the history of Santa Barbara Mission will be found the story of the epidemic and the long struggle to dethrone the superstitious worship of Achup.

The Whistle in the Straw

A Christmas Legend of Santa Clara Mission, by Charles D. South.

Mountain View Woman's Club.

I.



N the long ago at the Christmastide,
In the Mission of old Saint Claire,
The faithful gathered about a crib
Decked out by the Padres there.
The rich and the poor knelt down to pray
As they gazed on the image sweet
Of the Holy Child that lay on the straw
At the Virgin Mary's feet.
And some threw silver down to the Babe,
And some threw gifts of gold,
And some brought only the gift of love,
So prized in the Master's fold.
And one there was, and a child was he—
A wee, little Indian boy.
His clothes were ragged; his feet were bare;
Yet his tan face shone with joy.
He saw the givers and all their gifts,
And he thought, "How poor am I
Who nothing bring to the Infant Lord,"
And there rose from his heart a sigh.

II.

He waited there till the crowd was gone,
And then to the crib drew nigh,
And the Babe Divine, with a love untold,
Looked up with a beaming eye.
Then the Indian boy from his coat of shreds
A little tin whistle drew,
And lilted a bit of a Spanish air—
The only tune that he knew.
He played for a while and paused to see
If the music pleased the Child,
And the lad's face gleamed, for the Infant King
In radiant ecstasy smiled.
Then over and over he played his tune,
And he thought, as he whistled away,
"Though silver or gold I have none to give,
He is happiest while I play."

III.

When he parted thence from his Baby Lord,
In his mud-walled home the boy
The tale of the Babe and the whistle told,
And the wonderful smile of joy.
And he cried: "I love, and the Babe loves me—"

'Twas my soul that played, I know;
I'll back to the crib and my whistle leave
For the Babe when he starts to grow.
My little tin whistle is all I have—
It is all, save the love I hold;
But the Child will like it—I know He will—
As dearly as if 'twere gold!"

IV.

In the long ago, at the Christmastide,
In the Mission of old Saint Claire,
This tale was told by a whistle they found
In the straw by the Infant there.

A Yoko (Yokohl) Funeral Ceremony, 1866, Over a Dead Chief

The writer is indebted to Orlando Barton, one of the boys who were present, for the description of this ceremony.



IN September, 1866, nearly three thousand Indians from all the surrounding country assembled on a salt-grass flat about thirteen miles northeast of Visalia, near where the Hamilton school-house now stands. There they held funeral services for a chief who had departed for the "happy hunting grounds" more than a year before.

Soon after sundown the campfires were builded, and all was in readiness.

The ceremonies took place in front of a semicircular brush platform about three hundred feet across and a foot high. Back of this was another small platform, four feet wide, fenced off with poles. This was occupied by the musicians, four in number, who each played upon a different instrument; a drum, and peculiar stringed instruments each made of forked sticks, across which strings of skin were tightly drawn.

On the main platform with the priests were twelve male singers. The priests, four in number, were dressed in Indian costume, with the addition of "overalls," and each wore a head-dress made of long feathers, standing straight up.

The head priest stood in the center of the platform and an Indian guard sat on each of the front corners. Around the platform and back of it stood prominent Indians. In front was an audience of between two and three thousand Indians, four white boys (Jim Jasper, Enos and Orlando Barton, Neph Bennell) and a negro boy named Jack Cronley.

When all was in readiness the musicians played and the choir sang. This was followed by a consultation of the priests, at the conclusion of which, each made a few remarks, raising their hands heavenward as if invoking the blessing of the "Great Spirit." The head priest then delivered

Historic Facts and Fancies

the oration. He was a perfect type of physical manhood, possessed great dignity of manner and had a rich musical voice.

So perfect was his facial expression and his gestures in illustrating the principal events in the life of the illustrious chief that even those who knew not a word of the language understood perfectly what was said—fighting, hunting, and fishing were vividly brought out through the medium of gestures.

In telling how the old chief finally reached the night of years—became ill, and laid himself down to die—the speaker's countenance changed; his voice became soft and low. The audience stood breathless, with eyes fixed upon him. They seemed to live over again that death scene, so perfectly was it portrayed. The speaker paused—then with uplifted head and a sweeping gesture of the right hand, accompanied by a sound like the whispering of the winds through the pines (a long, sibilant cry), first loud, then gradually diminishing, he told how the spirit of the great chief floated out into space—the sound gradually died in the distance—a most dramatic climax.

The band again played and the choir chanted a sort of lamentation or dirge. Just at this moment a drunken Indian with a long knife pressed toward the boys, who were standing near the platform, threatening to kill them. The abusive fellow was finally taken away and a while after the white boys were escorted to the rear of the shed. There a ghastly sight awaited them. Lying on the ground, with lips slashed and bleeding, was the drunken Indian. The Indians wished the boys to understand that they would quickly mete out justice to those who did not observe their rules.

In the meantime preparations were being made for the funeral dance. The young men formed a circle about three hundred feet in diameter in the center of which was a large fire. They joined hands and swung to the left, singing as they went—

A him — o ha na
ha na ne

Later on the step quickened and the music changed to

Wis a na la t coho lo ne
dun da

This dance was kept up nearly all night. It was a point of honor to see who could hold out the longest. Those who became tired and left the circle received not cheers but jeers from those who remained. As the night advanced, however, the circle became smaller and by three o'clock less than one-third of the original number remained. During the dancing about a hundred young squaws arranged themselves in three rows in front of the platform. They reclined with the left elbow on the ground, the head resting on the hand. All cried in unison in a peculiar low, weird, mournful tune. At the high part of the chant they raised the body but still kept the elbows on the ground. Like the dance this was kept up the greater portion of the night.

Historic Facts and Fancies



OLD VALLEJO HOUSE.



OLD ADOBE NEAR ST. HELENA.

The old adobe was built in 1845 by Cayetano Juarez, who owned a Mexican grant of 8,865.58 acres of land. He was very prominent in Napa county history. The place is still occupied by a daughter of his and her family, and is now known as the Medcalf place.

The Old Adobe, Petaluma County, California

Contributed by the Woman's Club, Petaluma.



ALTHOUGH Petaluma was settled very early, even before California became a State, yet landmarks and relics are rare. One of the best known is called the "Old Adobe," and was built by General M. G. Vallejo on his ranch, Arroyo Lema. In searching for authentic information, the following letter was received from General Vallejo in 1889:

"I built the house from 1834 to 1844, and it was of immense proportions, owing to its having different departments for factories and warehouses. I made blankets enough to supply over 2,000 Indians, also carpets and a coarse material used by them for their wearing apparel; a large tannery also, where we manufactured shoes for the troops and vaqueros; also a blacksmith shop for making saddles, bridles, spurs and many other things required by the horsemen. I have a blanket still in my possession made there, and, although in constant use, is in perfect condition.

"My harvest productions were so large that my storehouses were literally overfilled every year. In 1843, my wheat and barley crop amounted to 72,000 Spanish bushels. My plowmen were *only* 200 men. Corn, about 5,000 Spanish bushels, besides a superabundance of all the grains in daily use, as beans, peas, lentils and vegetables of all kinds. All these products were stored in different departments of this large house, besides giving freely to the Indians—who lived in the surrounding country and at peace with me. A large number of hides were preserved every year, also tallow, lard, and dried meat to sell to the 'Yankees.' In one wing of the house upstairs I lived with my family when in Petaluma. The south front was 250 feet long, and formed a large square, it having an immense courtyard inside, where every morning the laborers met to call the roll before dispersing for their various occupations.

"The house was two stories high and very solid, made of adobe and timber brought by oxen from the redwoods, and planed for use by the old-fashioned saw by four Kanakas (my servants) brought from the Sandwich Islands by Captain Cooper, my brother-in-law. It had wide corridors inside and outside, some of which were carpeted with our own made carpets. Mr. Fowler, father of Mr. Henry Fowler of Napa, was the last carpenter who worked on my old house. It was *never* attacked by the *Indians*. When I was taken prisoner by the Bear Flag party this house was filled with what I have already mentioned, and they disposed of everything. The word Petaluma signifies in the Indian language 'a beautiful panorama seen in a great declivity from all points.'"

"Yours very truly,

"M. G. VALLEJO."

Dolores

Pleasant Hour Club.



HERE are unusual signs of life on the rancheria known as "Agua Caliente," on this evening in early September, for word has been passed around among the dwellers on the hillside and in the valleys of the remote Indian village in Southern California, that a teacher is coming to them from the great world over the mountains, and that the building just erected near the old mission church is to be her home. This tribe of Indians, like many others in California, had many years ago received valuable instruction from the Mission fathers, but since the secularization of the missions in the early thirties, there had been a gradual decline in their manner of living, until at the time we are introduced to them, they had lost much of that which they had received from those faithful and self-sacrificing missionaries. The older members of the tribe have told the younger members of Padre Alcuna, who lived with them many years and who taught them the prayers which they still repeat, and of God and Christ and the saints; but years have passed since then, and, but for the yearly visit of a padre from Old Town by-the-sea, their flickering faith in the religion taught them would have entirely died out, and the primitive faith of their forefathers, who, for so many years, had claimed the valleys, the surrounding mesas and mountains as theirs, would have been their only belief, if such it could be called.

The long line of dust is the signal that the stage is coming, and as its arrival is the most exciting event of the day, as usual, a crowd is collecting at the hostelry known as "El Casco Blanco." The halt, the lame, and those afflicted with the diseases that flesh is heir to are greatly in evidence, for have not the baths of Agua Caliente had the reputation for ages of being a cure-all for all infirmities? A cluster of old adobe houses and some more recent ones of unpainted lumber, a few bath-houses of rude construction with a stream of steaming water, make up this primitive sanitarium. Not far distant, on the other side of the acequia, is the Campo Santo, the burial place of these people, and the graves with their white crosses and images, and the white picket-fence that surrounds them, stand out in bold relief against the background of gray sage-brush. A dozen or more of the children and a few of the older people, impatient to see the passengers and, especially, to get a glimpse of the teacher, have gone out beyond the springs and are waiting by the roadside. Among the group is a white man, and the little bright-eyed, dark-faced girl, with the red rebosa over her head, calls him "father." In perfect English he bids her get down from the manzanilla tree, where she has climbed, and calls her "Dolores." This man, who is called by the Indians Señor Burton, is one of the characters of the place and has a history, a little of which we must give to you. Twenty-five years ago he came to this resort, then almost unknown save to the natives. For many years he had been in ill health and was directed to this place by a friend, and so attached did he become to the easy-going life of the Indian reservation, that he cast his lot with them and took to be his wife one of the maidens, Maria by name. Dolores, the favorite child of this union, now a girl of fourteen, shows plainly that the blood of two races is surging through her veins, and, comparing her with her brothers and sisters, you are forced to the conclusion that the inheritance from the superior race is

Historic Facts and Fancies

much in preponderance. The large, questioning eyes, with the longing, anticipating look in them are strangely unlike those of her sisters, Chica and Eletha, or her brothers, Felipe and Refugio; otherwise they are much alike, and you would readily recognize them as half-breeds and brothers and sisters. Ever since Dolores has been old enough to think, she has been curious to know of her father's home and people, and of the great world, of which her home, shut in by the mountains, is but a speck.

The bronchos, panting and nearly exhausted from the tiresome uphill drive of forty miles, come slowly up the rough road, past the ruins of the ancient pueblo and the mill, "El Molino," and are driven to the hitching-posts in front of El Casco Blanco. Five, dust-covered, weary travelers alight and among them Mrs. Vaughan, the teacher; Salvador, the alcalde, and Señor Burton are on hand to welcome her. "Will the *señora* please pass this way?" It is Salvador to whom this duty has fallen, and in his best English, learned of Señor Burton, he asks of her trip over the mountains and if she is not tired. Passing through the patio, she is shown her room which opens off from it, and is pleased to find that it is spotlessly clean and has everything in it necessary for her comfort. After removing her dust-covered garments and refreshing herself in the water poured out for her, she awaits the call to supper. The children of Señor Burton, because of their knowledge of English, are often called on by Manuel, the proprietor of the hotel, to assist in serving the meals. Dolores has the honor of bidding the teacher to supper, and of waiting upon her at the table. This reservation, like all in California, shows unmistakably the work done by the Mission fathers, and so we find here nearly all, young and old, speak Spanish. Dolores does not know the English names of some of the dishes she is to serve and she asks, "Will the *señora* have *chile con carne*? *Frijoles*? Of course, she will have *tortillas*? And figs with cream? And melon?" The little maiden, interspersing English with euphonious Spanish, has already aroused the curiosity of Mrs. Vaughan, and she asks how it is that she speaks so well the two languages. "I learn English from my father and Spanish from my mother. My father not always been here; my mother never been anywhere else. She sabe Spanish and Indian; she no sabe English much."

Mrs. Vaughan is not a stranger to the Indian and his ways, for she has been sent here from another reservation because of her peculiar fitness for organizing schools of this kind. The meal over, she returns to her room to think over the situation and plan for the morrow. She must have some one to live with her, and, charmed with the little girl who is her first real acquaintance, she decides that it shall be Dolores. At the table, next morning, she finds a bunch of roses by her plate, and her little friend ready to wait upon her. The meal over, escorted by the alcalde and a few of the leading men of the town, she enters the building which, for many years, is to be her home and the place from which are to go forth many influences for good to this people, but to none more than to the child, Dolores. In an eastern city, the children of Mrs. Vaughan are at school and her mother-heart is empty. Perhaps the dusky child, Dolores, will help the heart-ache, and so she visits Señor Burton and asks that she may live with her. Only too glad to have his daughter in such good hands, he gladly consents, and Dolores's cup of happiness is full. After a few days, we find a school-room full of children of all ages. Little ones seated on the floor, with bright-colored blocks and pictures, and the older ones seated at desks. The stolid faces light up and encouraged by the teacher, in broken English, and better Spanish, they occasionally ask a question. Everything outside this mountain

Historic Facts and Fancies

home is a mystery to them, the untutored and neglected. Dolores frequently acts as interpreter and the teacher appeals to her often for assistance. Until recently the few Spanish and Indian words of the home have served their simple needs, but now their vocabulary must be enlarged to meet the demands, and the language, some of which they have already learned, must be mastered.

Let us leave the school-room for a few minutes and find, by crossing the hallway, what kind of a home has been made by the teacher and her protégé. The large room, which serves as a sitting- and sleeping-room, has in the middle of it a table covered with a bright cloth. A student lamp, a few books, and a vase of flowers are upon it. There are also an improvised book-case, well stocked with books; a folding couch, some easy chairs, and a few other necessary articles of furniture. Upon the walls hang several pictures, reminders of home, and upon the floor are bright-colored rugs of Indian manufacture. A part of the broad veranda in the rear has been enclosed, at the suggestion of Mrs. Vaughan, and a comfortable kitchen and dining-room have been made. One end of the hall which separates the school-room from the home has been curtained off and is Dolores's room. Keenly she has watched and copied minutely everything pertaining to her toilet, fearing lest she may offend by the ignorance of the proprieties of civilized life, and caring for nothing so much as to be worthy of the love and esteem of her "school-mother." "I am your 'school-child,'" she often says, and takes good comfort in the thought.

Let us look upon them after the day's work is over. They are sitting at the table and one is reading a letter from her far-away children: the other has her books around her and is studying. Occasionally a question is asked and answered. A great longing to be like other people of whom she has read and heard has taken possession of her, and she asks, "Can I ever go out in the great world and be something, or somebody; a nurse, or a doctor, or a teacher? Oh, is it true that because I am not white, there is nothing for me but the life which my mother's people have led for ages? You are so good, but when you go back to your children you will not care for me," and the tears which she cannot control fall upon the book. "Oh, why did my father leave his beautiful home and bring himself and me into this place, where we know so little and can do nothing but the things which I dislike! All my life long, or since I have been able to think, I hated the dark and dreary Indian life, and longed for the life which you live. My father never tells me anything about his old home, but three times I have looked into the little leather trunk which he brought with him when he came to this valley many years ago. I know, now that I can read, that he lived in a grand old city, with many large and beautiful houses, and he lived in one of them, and I have seen the picture of it and of his father, and mother, and a brother and two sisters.

"You tell me that in another year, if I study all that is in my school-books, I shall go with you and you will leave me at the great school for Indian boys and girls. You tell me that I may be a nurse or a teacher, and perhaps a doctor if I study long enough. I want so much to go, and if Felipe can go with me, I shall not be lonesome. I want to know much, very much, so that I may come back and teach our people how to live. Then they will not sit on the ground to eat, as they do now, but will sit at the table, as we do, and will wear good clothes."

Mrs. Vaughan enjoyed nothing better than to assist her, and the even-

Historic Facts and Fancies

ings around the student-lamp in the living-room were a delight to both teacher and pupil.

* * * * *

The years have come and gone, and the fourth year is drawing to a close. Word has come from Washington that if five pupils can be found, who can pass the examination, they may enter Carlisle. Dolores can hardly wait for the time to come, for she has so thoroughly mastered her studies that she does not fear for the examination, but her anxiety is great for Felipe who has had a great struggle to learn his lessons, and she fears he may not pass. The father, through dissipation, ill-health, and the years spent among the dark people, cares little for the advancement of his children or that they may have that which he prized so little. Those who know him best are sure that an unwritten history not favorable to his character is the answer to this indifference.

June has come, and the school with its forty pupils is about to close. The final examination is over. Dolores heads the list, with Felipe not far behind; Juan, Pasqual, and Ramon have also passed and complete the list. The school-mother is looking forward with pleasure to the trip East and to the entrance of these children into the school at Carlisle. Dolores makes a parting visit to the old home and vainly tries to impress the father and mother with the great honor that has come to them in having two children ready to enter the great school in the East. Good-byes are said, and four stalwart horses are pawing the earth in front of El Casco Blanco, ready to carry the teacher and her charges to the station. The sadness of the few moments of parting are soon over and, as they leave the mountains behind them, which have so long shut them in from the great world of which they are now to learn so much, they cast a last, lingering look at the old peaks and cry, "Adios, Adios!"

Dolores, fearing the boys will become frightened and run away, tries to keep them interested by telling them of the locomotive and how, many years ago, a little boy, watching the steam as it came from his mother's tea-kettle, gave to the world the thought that led to the locomotive. "Do you remember how the men refused to work when they were putting down the pipe from the mountain spring at Campo Santo, because they could not understand how the water could get to the school-yard where the teacher wanted it? They did not understand that because the spring, from which the water came, was much higher than the school-yard, it would be forced up the hill by pressure. They pointed at teacher and said 'Loco, loco!' and would not go on until she promised to give them four dollars a day for their work if the water did not come. When the yard was reached and the pipe was placed, and the water came gushing out, they looked up in the sky and said something in the Indian language, and then off at Campo Santo. When we were told that if we went over to Santa Isabel, we could talk through a wire and get an answer, miles and miles away, Juan said he believed everything that the teacher told him, but he wouldn't believe *that*, until he had talked through the wire and got an answer; and wasn't it kind of Mrs. Vaughan to take us with her down to Santa Isabel, when she went down to talk to the Indian agent. Juan talked through the wire and got an answer, and said that he would believe the teacher now, no matter what she said. He then tried to talk to his grandmother, who died a long time ago, and when no answer came he said she was a bad woman, for he had heard that she killed a man and he was afraid that she had gone to the 'bad place,' and that was the reason he could not hear from her."

Historic Facts and Fancies

Can you imagine the scene? Five dark-skinned children of nature taking their first ride on the cars. At first, too excited and awed to talk, the school-mother anticipates their questions and tells them where they are, and points out the places of interest.

An hour or two is spent in Los Angeles, where necessary clothing is purchased. On the cars again, they rush over bridges and through tunnels; "loop the loop" at Tehachapi, which the teacher explains to them, telling them that it was a Los Angeles school-boy who solved the problem to overcome the obstacles at this point; then on through the San Joaquin Valley to Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City; over the beautiful prairies of Illinois, into the great city of Chicago. Another stop, and on they go; waving fields of grain, orchards and meadows on every hand. They find that the world which the mountains of Southern California have hidden from them so long, is a very, very big place, and wonder how any one ever found them or cared for them.

Six days of travel and they are at their journey's end. A three-seated omnibus drawn by two prancing horses is being driven to the station. It is the school "bus," and the driver is one of Mrs. Vaughan's former pupils on a Minnesota reservation. Samuel Tuttle is the name the good Bishop of Minnesota gave him when he became his charge, and now, a promising young man, he is working his way through the Carlisle school. Swiftly, the teacher and her charges are carried to the school, and on the following day we find them with several hundred young Indian men and women in the assembly-room, waiting to be classified. Sad but hopeful good-byes were soon said, and here we must say farewell and leave them for a time.

* * * * *

In July, 1906, there convened at Lake Mohawk, New York, one of the most interesting meetings of Indian workers ever held, and in one of the New York dailies there appeared a very full report of the proceedings. A few extracts from this report will be given. Among the complimentary things said were the following:

"Addresses were made by Dr. Samuel Tuttle, a Sioux Indian, and his wife, formerly Dolores Burton, a half-breed Mission Indian, born and raised on a reservation in Southern California. The lecture delivered by Dr. Tuttle on 'The Physical Deterioration of the Indian and the Causes,' was one of the most interesting and instructive of the convention. The addresses by Mrs. Tuttle were on 'The Reservations, Their Needs'; 'Government Schools,' and 'Art Among the Indians.'" There appeared this compliment: "It is seldom that we have seen upon the platform a more highly cultivated or refined speaker than Mrs. Tuttle, or one who understands more perfectly the subject of which she treats, and knows how to enlist the sympathy of those who listen. When we are told that a few years ago she was an untutored child upon a remote mountain reservation, we are free to confess that it pays to equip and maintain the best of schools for these people."

In the spring of 1893, a sister of Mrs. Vaughan, a writer of some note, spent a few weeks with her at Agua Caliente. She was engaged at this time in securing a collection of Indian baskets, drawn-work, and blankets for the Smithsonian Institution, and Dolores, then a girl of seventeen, assisted her. She found her so intelligent and interesting that she prophesied a future for her. On seeing this account of her in the New York paper, and wishing to know of her life since 1893, she sent the following message to her:

"Dear Mrs. Tuttle: I have just been reading an account of the Confer-

Historic Facts and Fancies

ence at Lake Mohawk, and am sure that you are the Dolores Burton of Agua Caliente. I write to know if you will not give me a brief outline of your life from the time you entered the school at Carlisle in 1894. I hope to meet you some time and renew the pleasant acquaintance of 1893. Will you allow me to make use of the outline which you send me?"

In a few days the following reply was received:

"Dear Mrs. Edsall: Your letter is at hand. I can not tell you how proud I am that you have remembered me and feel an interest in my welfare, and I am glad to be able to give a fair report of myself.

"You perhaps remember how sad I used to be, to think that there was no future for me; no place for me to fill, except such as I had no taste for. Really, I made myself very miserable and grieved Mrs. Vaughan by my behavior. You ask for an outline of my life since 1894. I cheerfully give it, and if you can use it to encourage some one, I shall be thankful. Please do not use anything pertaining to my father that will in any way affect him or his family. I have much to tell you regarding the time spent in Philadelphia, but will leave that for another time.

"I entered the preparatory school at Carlisle in 1894, after spending the first six months in the regular school work. I, with several other Indian girls, was selected to take a course in Domestic Science, and at the close of the term in June, I found a place, or rather, a place was found for me, where I might put in use what I had learned, and so a pleasant and profitable summer was passed. When school opened in the fall, my record was so good that I was promoted to a grade which would allow me to enter the training-school for nurses, and it was here that I became better acquainted with Samuel Tuttle, a Sioux Indian, who was the pupil of Mrs. Vaughan when she had charge of an Indian school in Minnesota. At that time he was known by his Indian name; but afterward, Bishop Whipple, who took a great interest in him, gave him the name Samuel Tuttle, after a deceased class-mate. He, with other medical students, gave lectures before the class of nurses, and this was the beginning of a friendship which now means everything to me. At the close of the second year I was sent to Philadelphia to work in a hospital, and through this not only practiced work in my chosen profession, but had an opportunity to see in reality that which I had only seen the shadow of in the old leather trunk. I had carried in my mind the street and number of the house and had no trouble in finding it, and oh! everything was so much prettier than the picture that I wondered how my father could leave such a home. An old Quaker lady lived in the house adjoining and the nurse who was taking care of her was my friend, and through her I learned things about my father that make me very sad.

"In 1897, having completed the course and holding a graduate's certificate, or that which signifies the same, I was given charge of a ward as head-nurse in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, with an opportunity to study medicine in a night class. When the Spanish War came on and nurses were needed, I was selected to go to Tampa, Florida, under the Red Cross Society, and I am glad to tell you that, notwithstanding my dark skin, I was given one of the most responsible positions and was treated by all with kindness and consideration. In 1899, I made a visit to the old home, but what I saw and heard filled me with sorrow. My father had nearly lost his mind and seemed to care little for me or anyone else. I wanted so to tell him of my visit to his old home, but could not interest him in anything, and so did not do it. My mother was sitting upon the ground, as of old, and seemed to have changed very little. Felipe had a position in a

shop in San Diego and was doing well. His four years' course at Carlisle had been a great advantage to him. Of the other boys who went with us to Carlisle, I could learn nothing, except from Juan, who is married and has settled in the San Jacinto Valley. My sisters, Chica and Eletha were also married and living on the reservation. The school had then two teachers and was sending a student or two every year to Carlisle or Hampton. I returned to my position in Pittsburg and remained until 1900, when I was married to Dr. Samuel Tuttle, who was then a physician on his old reservation in Minnesota. For the past two years we have been traveling from reservation to reservation, looking after the welfare of our people and occasionally giving a lecture in the large cities. We are appointed by the Government and are paid liberally for our work. My life with such a companion as my husband can not be other than happy, for, while only an Indian, he is one of Nature's noblemen.

"I have more to tell you when I see you.

"Your friend,

DOLORS."

Anecdotes of the Indians

Elsinore Club.



It has been said of the Indians for many years, "All good Indians are dead." I can say from personal observation that it is not true. There are those in many tribes whom it will not do to trust; but we can say that of white people. In their primitive homes, the family from the old, white-haired grandmother, down to the papoose strapped to the little mat, are jolly and full of wit.

Having lived among three tribes, I had opportunities to learn their ways of living. The Papagoes were a quiet, self-supporting tribe, industrious and neat as far as they knew how. Most of them were living in houses and the children attended school.

The Pinnos are the most civilized tribe, and yet many of the old members of the tribe can be seen clad only in comice and gee-string.

Many of the boys in school were married, and when Friday afternoon came and they would return home, the squaw would meet her husband with the Indian pony; and, when they returned, the buck rode the pony while the squaw walked.

They often go from village to village. It is customary for the woman to carry a load on her back large enough for a small spring-wagon, but they go on a dog-trot, never looking right or left; the men come along on the ponies, but all seem contented.

When they first enter school it is very hard to get them to take to our dress, especially the underclothing. The girls, as well as the boys, are good looking and learn rapidly.

The religion is varied in the different tribes. If they have lived good, religious lives, they are buried in the grave-yard; if not, the bodies are rolled in many cloths and laid at the foot of the mountain and stones are rolled down until the body is covered.

On Sunday they come to hear the missionary, and it is rather amusing to see them in their usual dress, with the modern dress on their arms. When

Historic Facts and Fancies

the ravine is reached, the skirt, waist and shoes are put on and worn during church hour. Those who have attended school join in the singing. Gambling is one of their chief amusements; the squaw with her few yards of calico of brightest colors and strings of beads, and the buck with his Indian pony and fat steer. Everything is put in sight of the gamblers, and at the end of the game, without noise or confusion, they take their shares and all go to their villages as jolly as can be.

They have their own medicine-man, and he is given his knowledge by "a little bird." They are great believers in counter-irritants. When an epidemic occurs, sacrifices of various animals are made, and even one of the tribe may be killed as the one doing the harm. They are very glad to have a regular physician, and if his medicine gives the desired effect, the whole tribe want to try it.

It is a matter of history that for hundreds of years no white man has been killed by a Papago Indian. Their traditions are handed down from generation to generation.

I will close with the description of the burial of a little girl. Mourners were hired and a tom-tom used. This is an instrument made of gourds. The more mourners and noise the more the relatives must pay. The child was carried on the back of the poor old grandmother, if there is one—if not, the next oldest woman of the family. She must have been punished in some way and her hair cut close in hopes of appeasing the sufferings of the child.

The grave is four feet deep, with the little case at the bottom neatly lined with bright calico. In it is all the earthen-ware the child had owned; some filled with *penochi*, a flour made of parched wheat.

After all is arranged, the child is placed in the case and covered with more bright calico. Again the noise starts up and, while the men fill the grave with arrow-weed and cacti, the moans continue. When filled and covered, they feel that it will keep the whites away.

Historic Facts and Fancies



CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Colorado Cliff Dwellings Association was organized some dozen years ago in Colorado for the purpose of preserving the cliff and pueblo ruins on Mesa Verde of Colorado. The California Chapter was established November 6, 1905, at the home of Mrs. A. J. Eaton, Los Angeles, by Mrs. Charles Nelson Green, a vice-regent of the National Association. This chapter is in a flourishing condition and this year has published a unique programme, which includes the papers on geology and ancient history.

Kah-le-kah (Blue Lakes)

Indian History.

Saturday Afternoon Club.

EXPLANATORY.—In the early settlement by the whites of Ukiah and Potter Valleys, there were many rumors of a monster that inhabited the water of Blue Lakes.

The Indians believed implicitly in the "Cog-och" (water-monster), and to this was added the reports of hunters, who had obtained a glimpse of an "immense serpent," or "huge, indescribable body," swiftly coursing the water. So frequent were these reports, on such seemingly good authority, that even the most incredulous wondered "just what it could be." Some watched for hours and were rewarded with a glimpse of a large, dark body, with a size and shape that varied according to the vision or imagination of the beholder. A hunter was passing on the trail that led along the mountainside, above the lake, when his horse lost its footing and rolled down the steep incline into the water, the rider barely saving himself by catching on to some brush. The horse passed immediately from sight, and it was conjectured that this was due to the "Monster of the Lake," and the hunter, fearing the creature might be amphibious, lost no time in getting to the other side of the ridge.

After some years, by comparing notes, it was learned that the appearance of the monster was at a certain time of the year; then a more careful observation cleared away the mystery, and demonstrated that the disturbance of the water was due to the rapid passage of a shoal of fish.

Those of the present day, who have witnessed the phenomenon, are very lenient in their criticisms of the credulity of the old settlers.



CHIEF Cha-bal-la and his people were made the fortunate owners of Kah-le-kah at the time of their creation. In time, they became wealthy in skins, beads, and baskets. This was not because they were less indolent or less improvident than others, but on account of Nature's abundant supply of all their needs. With affluence, came a lack of sociability and indifference toward other tribes. This engendered a feeling of jealousy among the less fortunate ones, which resulted in nothing more serious than standing aloof from the inhabitants of Kah-le-kah and calling them "Ba-ha-ma" (bad people).

Cha-bal-la was the father of three sons; two of them, tiring of isolation and familiar scenes, and longing for adventure, stealthily left home without the knowledge or consent of their illustrious father, and journeyed a long way to the south (Berries Valley), regardless of danger from hostile tribes and wild animals that infested the mountains.

One day, while reconnoitering from the shelter of some chaparral, they espied, in a little valley near by, two young women filling their baskets with fresh-picked clover; this being their part of the work of preparation for the great Feast of Cha-de-evil (the ceremony of chasing the devil, which occurs once in seven years). By imitating the notes of rare, wild birds, the wily sons of Cha-bal-la lured the maidens from their pleasant occupation, and were successful in carrying their captives to Kah-le-kah. The old chief made no serious objections to receiving them as his daughters, and they in turn were dutiful and became strongly attached to their husbands and compulsory relatives.

When the young women failed to return with their baskets of clover, a great fear fell upon the tribe. Cha-de-evil was accredited with spiriting them away. The ceremony and clover feast were abandoned in superstitious alarm, and for three days they did not venture outside their little huts, and cried incessantly to the Devil to bring them no more disaster. (Indians believing the Coyote—God—to be always their friend, offer no supplications to him, but cry to Cha-de-evil or any evil spirit that they imagine is plotting to injure them.)

Historic Facts and Fancies

Ki-i (the Crow) carried information to the tribe of the whereabouts of the women, but before starting on the journey, he took the precaution to pluck a feather from his wing to mark the locality. The feather fell into a little spring and, floating out on the clear, cold water, was carried to the lake, gradually assuming on its way a hideous shape that was evermore to be the enemy of man.

Cha-bal-la, being a very just man, sent of his stores what was deemed an equivalent for the women. The gift was accepted, but such unfriendly demonstrations followed that he again sent valuable presents, which were received as before; still, the results were alike unsatisfactory.

During the intervening time, calamity after calamity befell the Ba-ha-mas, and when the women of the tribe began to disappear, the chief was so grieved and alarmed that he refused to eat the pinola that was temptingly placed before him, and waved away the pipe that had been smoked so many years in the security of his mountain-encircled home. Whither the women went, or by what means they were spirited away, was a deep, dark mystery that Cha-bal-la and his people could not solve. Their numbers were daily decimated, and the most heart-rending cries told of the loss of each additional victim. While Cha-bal-la fasted, he cried continuously to Cha-de-evil, beseeching him to bring no more sorrow to the tribe and to spare their women.

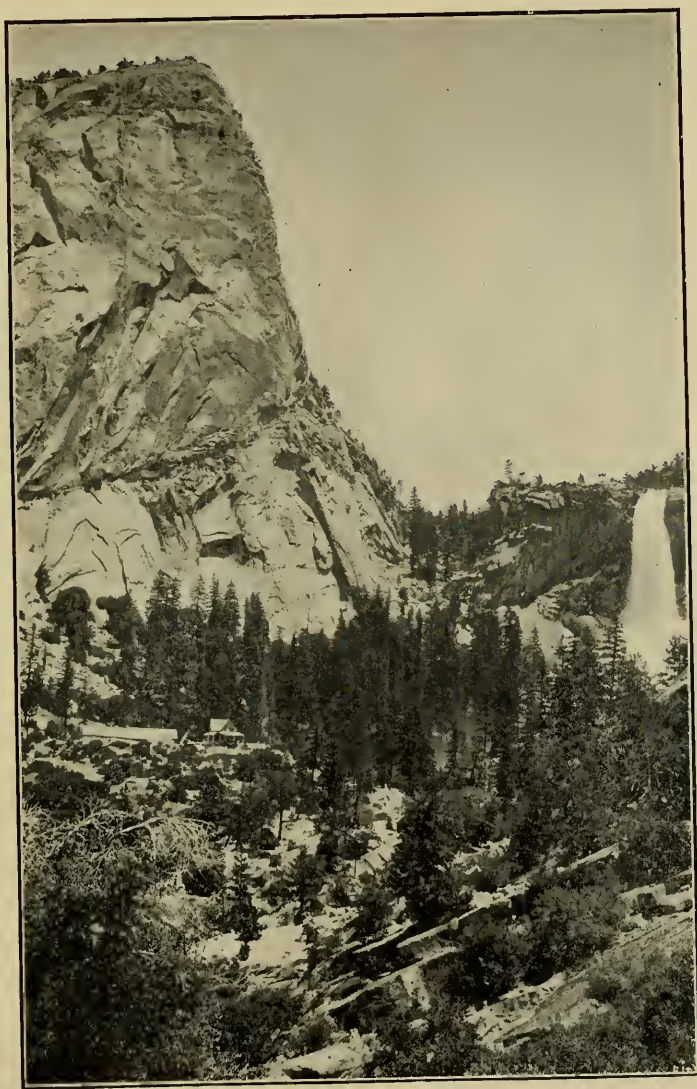
Whether he acted upon a suggestion from Cha-de-evil to return his sons' wives to their friends, or whether from cowardice or a sense of injustice, may never be known, but he finally ordered his sons to return their wives to their own tribes. The husbands did not dare to oppose the wishes of their father, and so prepared to accompany their wives on the journey. The chief sent them in charge of his youngest son, who was called Cha-bal-la-ko (Second Cha-bal-la). The journey was made in safety, and, for a time, Cha-bal-la-ko was kept a prisoner, but finally succeeded in making his escape and reached home in time to apprise his father of the approach of his relentless enemy, who were coming to battle with Cha-bal-la's tribe.

Cha-bal-la had little time to prepare any defense, and having no knowledge whatever of warfare, and being weak and dispirited, he fell an easy victim. The entire tribe, with the exception of Cha-bal-la-ko, was exterminated. Those who did not fall by the deadly arrow sought refuge in the lake and were quickly dragged to the mossy depths, over which presides the monster Cog-och (Water-Ghoul). Cha-bal-la-ko escaped across the mountains to the land of Be-lo-ki (Potter Valley), and, claiming the protection of the Pomos, was, with many misgivings, allowed to remain.

Being of a jovial, fun-loving disposition, he won the favor of the tribe, and was their chosen chief at the time some Spaniards took their stock into the valley to graze. After this, he dropped the title of chief and the euphonious name of his fathers, and when Be-lo-ki, by settlement of the whites, became Potter Valley, Cha-bal-la was transformed into "Captain John." He received every kindness from one of the first white families that invaded his country, and, becoming very much attached to them, adopted their name (this became an Indian custom), and was ever after known as Captain John Menhinney. Throughout the rest of his life he was a staunch friend of the writer, who is a member of this family.

In the Indian mind, there is still a cloud of superstitious mystery hanging darkly over the Kah-le-kah, and never, since the time of the Ba-ha-mas, has an Indian dared to live in this beautiful spot, or take a solitary walk within sight of its blue waters.

Historic Facts and Fancies



NEVADA FALLS, YOSEMITE



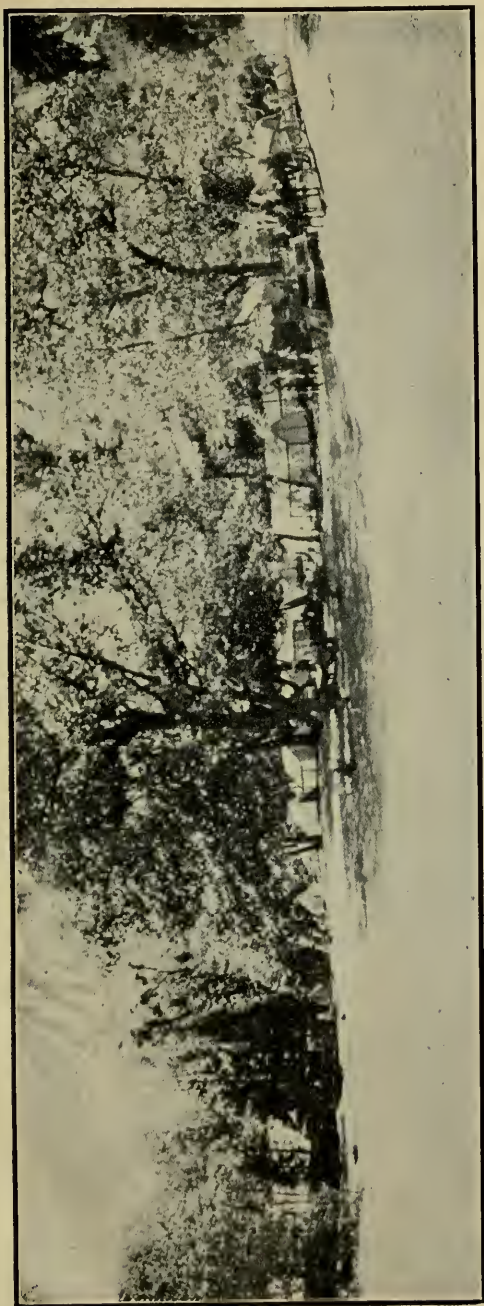
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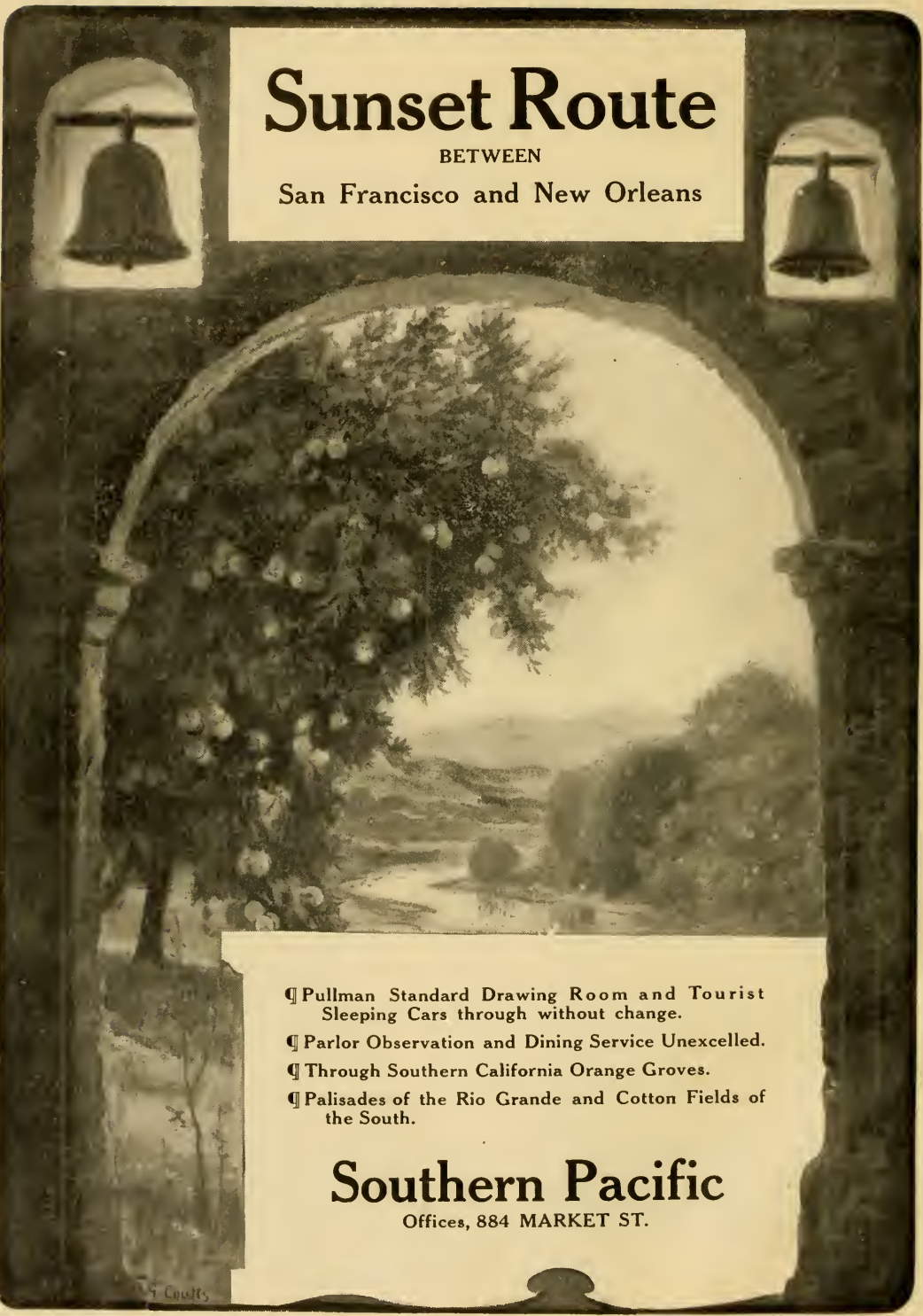
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