

**OREGON-CALIFORNIA
TRAILS ASSOCIATION**

**9TH ANNUAL CONVENTION
AUGUST 14-18, 1991**

**TOUR
GUIDE
BOOK**

● SACRAMENTO



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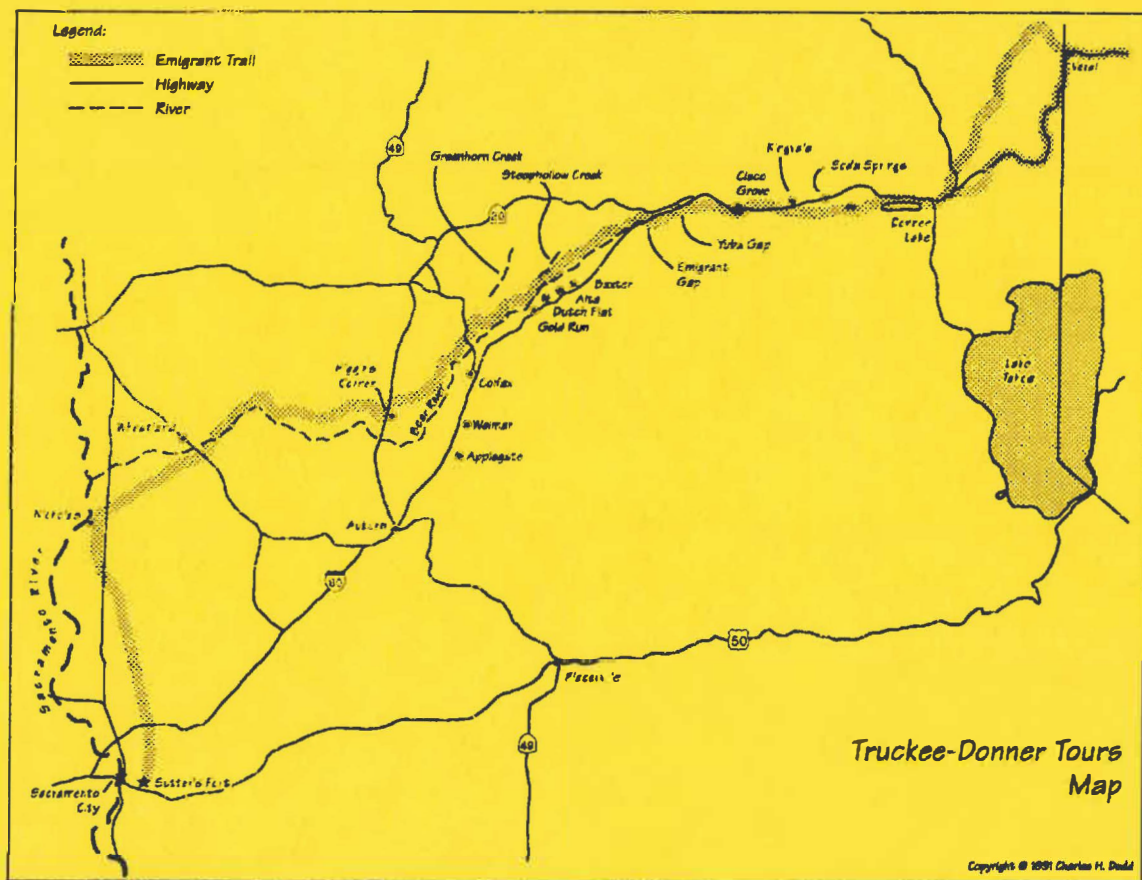
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TRUCKEE DONNER TOURS






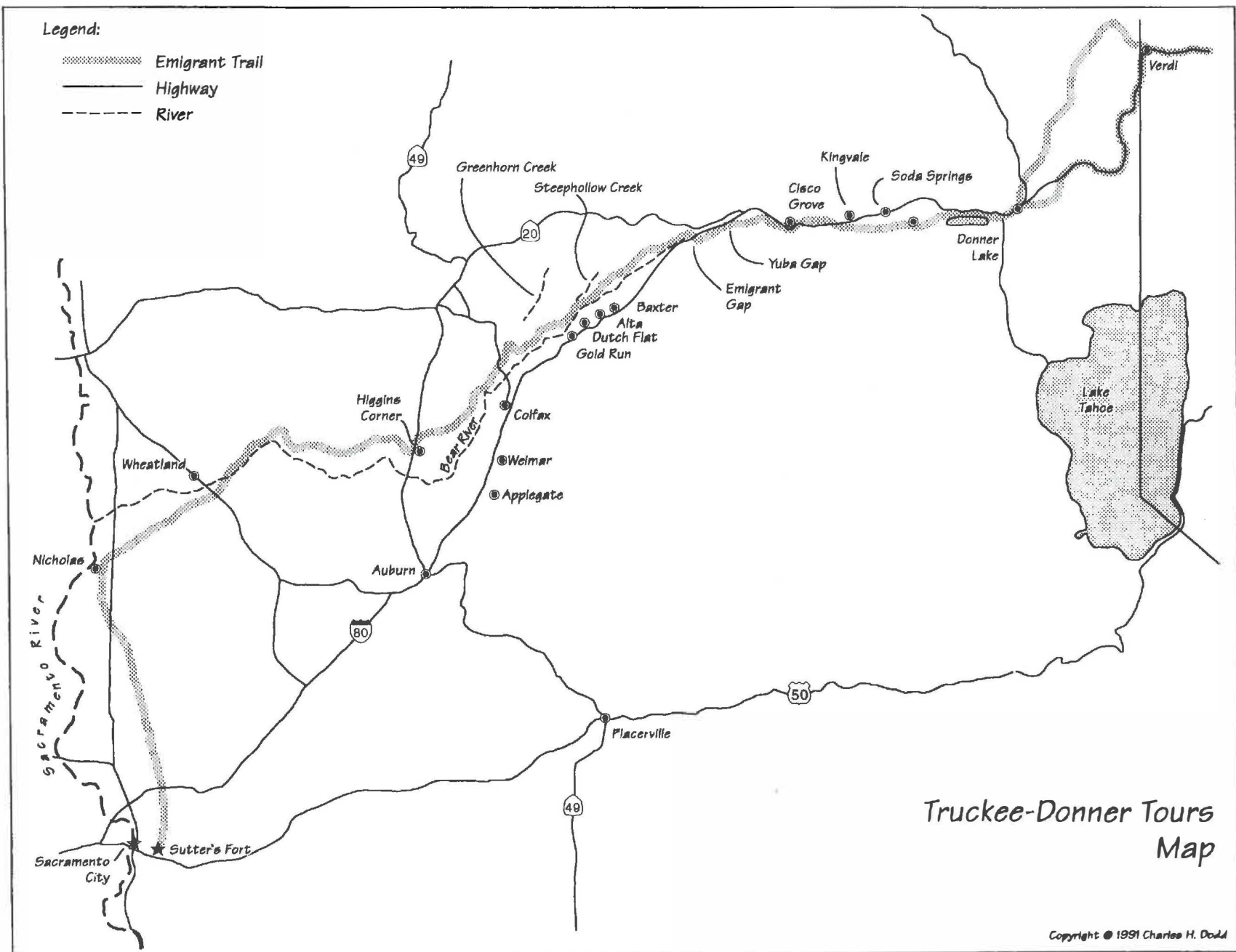
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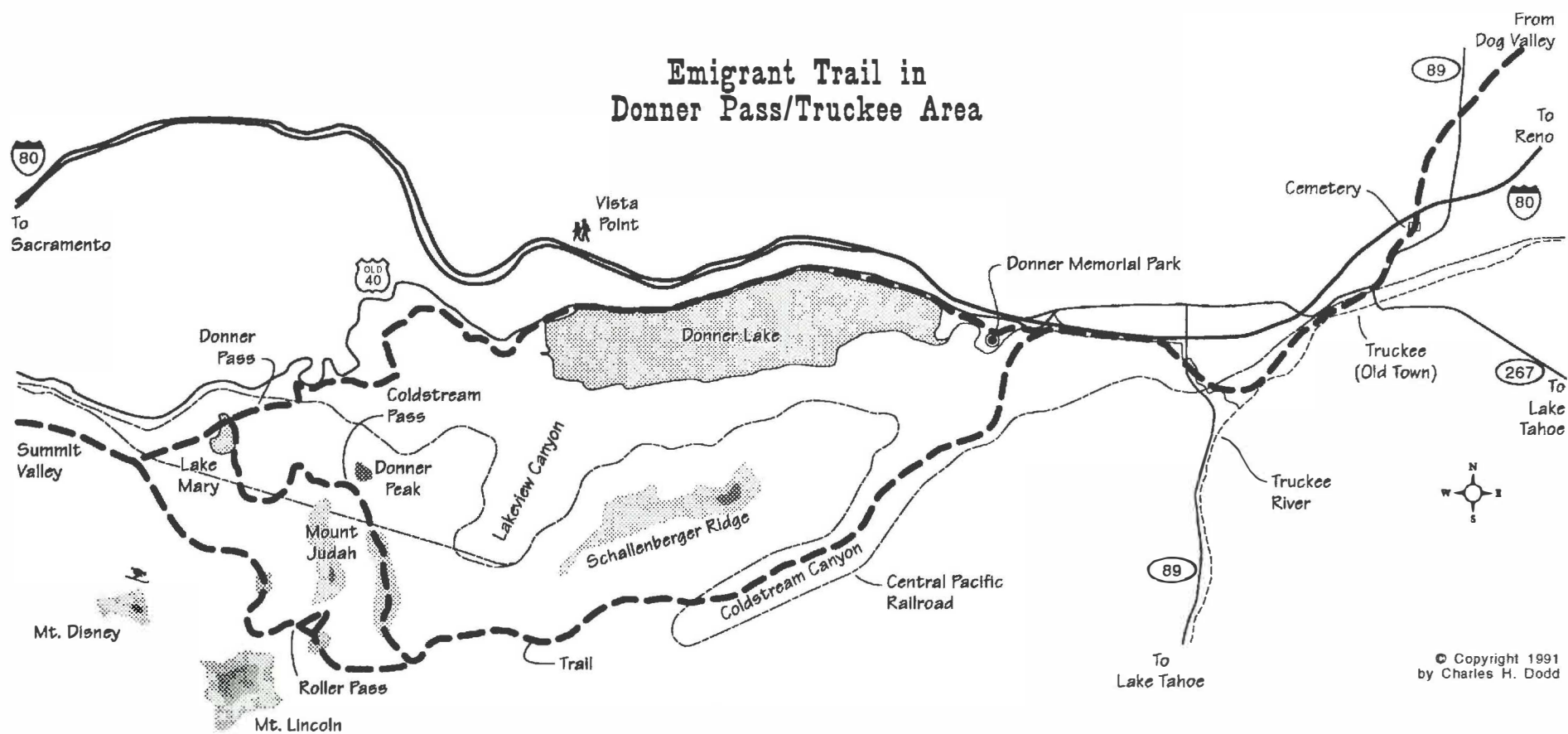
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Legend:

-  Emigrant Trail
-  Highway
-  River



Emigrant Trail in Donner Pass/Truckee Area



CALIFORNIA IN THE 1840's

By Tom Hunt

As we begin our trip to explore portions of the historic Truckee-Donner Trail, it might be beneficial to establish the historical context which surrounded the opening of the emigrant routes into California. Obviously, these openings and the overland emigrant experience of which they are a part, did not occur in a historical vacuum. The California to which the emigrants were coming deserves a little consideration in order to place the California Trail into proper perspective.

First of all, it must be remembered that in the years from 1841 (the year in which the Bidwell-Bartleson Party, the very first of all the overland emigrant wagon trains to cross the continent to the Pacific Slope, arrived in California) until 1846, when that year's emigration arrived to discover that the Bear Flag Revolt and the U.S. occupation of Mexican California had taken place, the emigrants were actually preparing to settle in a foreign country when they arrived in the Great Central Valley of California. To the native-born Californians, these American *emigrants* (spelled with an "em") were really foreign *immigrants* (spelled with an "im"). And these newly-arriving Americans fully understood that they were entering a society and a country which was quite alien to those which they had left behind — a different style of living, a different culture, a different heritage, a different style of government, a different set of laws, a different language, and, for many of them, a different religion. And yet they continued to come, and while their reasons for coming may have been varied and perhaps even unclear even to themselves, and while some of them might have secretly harbored thoughts of seeing

California bought into the American Republic, the assumption must be that, as the price to be paid for entering into a new life at the very western edge of the continent, they were prepared to accommodate themselves to these very profound changes.

Let us take a very brief look at the Mexican California of the early 1840s and at those historical events which shaped it.

After the establishment of the Mexican Republic in 1824, California (or Alta California, as it is more properly called) continued to be ruled by a series of military governors appointed by the government in far away Mexico City. Sometimes these governors were native Alta Californians; more often they were not. Sometimes they proved to be capable; often they were not. There were a great many changes of administrations, and there was much political infighting. It is also true to state that, as the years went by, the Alta Californians began to feel less and less content to be under the control of what they perceived to be the largely inattentive government in Mexico City and more and more independent and willing to challenge (or ignore) direct Mexican control of their affairs. This is not at all surprising considering how far distant Alta California was from Mexico itself and taking into account the propensity of the Alta Californians for engaging in political intrigue amongst themselves.

As early as 1836, one of the native Alta Californian governors, Juan Alvarado, declared the "free and sovereign state of Alta California." It was sort of a moot point as far as anyone else was concerned, and

there continued to be a bewildering round of governors, some native-born and some from Mexico, until in 1842 when the very unpopular Governor, Manuel Micheltorena, had the distinction of being the very last *non-Californian* Governor to be appointed from Mexico City.

It is perhaps safe to sum up the realities of the political situation in Alta California at the beginning of the period of emigrant arrivals from the United States by saying that the Californians conceived of themselves as being fully capable of running their own affairs, if not entirely capable of ruling each other. From 1842 until 1846, the political infighting and maneuvering went on, often with a division between the northern and southern parts of the state (so what else is new?) and continuing attempts by one faction or geographical division to assert authority over the whole state.

Against this ongoing background of discontent and political intrigue, we must take a look at the role played by non-Californians in Alta California. There were substantial numbers of foreigners, including Americans, living in Alta California prior to the beginning of the overland emigrations. The commerce of Alta California consisted almost entirely of the trade in hides and tallow, and the native Californians were content to produce (there) items on their immense ranchos and leave the business of trade, as well as the providing of goods and services, to others. These were the roles which were filled by the foreigners, and a great many of them became Mexican citizens, accepted the Roman Catholic faith, married into prominent Alta Californian families, and became influential and active in the life of Alta California.

Under Spanish and, later, Mexican Law, title to all land resided in the crown or in

the state, and land it could only be granted to individuals by the Crown or State. Only presidios (military forts) and pueblos (towns) were granted titles in fee when established and duly recognized. Even the Roman Catholic church did not actually hold title to its vast mission holdings, and after the Secularization Act of 1833, ownership of all mission lands officially reverted to the state. The one way for an individual to get clear title to land was to apply for a land grant from the Government. The minimum size of a grant was fixed at one square league or 4,500 acres, and the largest was fixed at eleven square leagues or just under 55,000 acres. However, additional acreages could be amassed through marriage or by gift, purchase, or bequest from a grantee. Once granted, land could then be broken up and sold in smaller units by the grantee.

The intent of the Secularization Act of 1833 was to make the mission Indians self-sustaining by turning over portions of the church lands to them. In actual practice, it led to the acquiring of these lands by the Californians and contributed directly to the further expansion of the Rancho System. Since this Land-Grant/Rancho System was to be one of the most important, if not the most important, factor in the subsequent historical interplay between the American emigrants and the native Alta California populace, let us devote a few moments to its consideration. I quote from Robert Glass Cleland's *From Wilderness To Empire*:

In applying for a land grant under Mexican Law, the petitioner stated that he was a native-born or naturalized Mexican citizen; set forth the location, boundaries, approximate size, and identifying landmarks of the desired tract; testified that none of the land in question had been included in

a previous concession; declared that he was prepared to stock the holdings with the number of horses and cattle required by law; listed the names of the neighboring ranches; and supplied a *diseno*, or rough topographical map, of the property. The *diseno* showed not only the boundaries of the grant, but also the hills, watercourses, marshes, wastelands, and other landmarks mentioned in the petition.

The petitioner then went through a verification procedure which required that the grant be surveyed by a magistrate in the presence of a number of assisting witnesses and neighboring owners. The boundaries of the grant were surveyed on horseback, and the actual measuring was done by means of a long rawhide rope stretched between to poles. At the end of the survey, the new owner (to quote again from Cleland) "entered upon and walked over said lands, pulled up grass, scattered handfuls of earth, broke off branches of trees, and performed other acts and demonstrations of possession as signs of the possession which he said he took of said lands."

(While not officially noted in this verification procedure, it might be added that it was entirely possible that some sort of monetary gratuity might also have changed hands in this process.)

Obviously, such imprecise verification procedures, in which very often such things as trees, rocks, and watercourses were used to delineate the boundaries of the grant, were bound to lead to many disputes, and this was one of the reasons why there was so much continuing litigation over land boundaries after California came under the control of the U.S. This, and the fact that the recycled mission lands often

carried no valid title with them because the Catholic Church had never had title to them in the first place.

The difficulty of obtaining land under the Mexican Land Grant System and the ongoing confusion as to title were two problems facing the newly arrived emigrants. The fact that the minimum size for a land grant was 4,500 acres presented another problem. Such a large acreage required a very substantial investment of capital in order to proceed to stock it properly as required under the law. Added to this was the fact that most emigrants were farmers in the traditional American way, and not cattle ranchers, and they were thus accustomed to thinking in terms of the acreages they needed for a successful family farm back in the States. They saw the Californian Land-Grant/Rancho System as a barrier to farming as they had always practiced it. Finally, the idea of having to give up their U.S. citizenships to qualify for a grant didn't sit well with many of them, either. All of these considerations entered into the ever-growing feeling of tension between the emigrants and the Californians.

Political developments back in the States were to have a very direct impact on events in California, too, and we here turn briefly to a discussion of those developments.

James K. Polk had become President in 1845, and he entered office with three major foreign policy goals: settlement of the Oregon boundary question with Great Britain, completion of the annexation of Texas to the Union (a process which had begun under his predecessor, John Tyler), and, due to his very strong suspicion that Great Britain or some other European power had the same thing in mind, the acquisition of Alta California from Mexico. By 1846, he

had succeeded in accomplishing two of these goals. Texas had voted to accept annexation to the U.S. in June of 1845, and Polk had succeeded in negotiating a satisfactory and peaceful settlement of the Oregon boundary dispute with Great Britain. Only the California matter remained to be resolved, and Polk was undertaking to negotiate a purchase of California from the Mexican government while, at the very same time, quietly feeling out sentiment amongst the Alta Californians for direct annexation with their concurrence. During 1845, Polk had instructed the State Department to make Thomas O. Larkin its "confidential agent in California" with an eye towards taking advantage of the disillusionment and dissatisfaction of many Alta Californians over Mexican neglect. There appeared to be a real possibility for a successful conclusion to these dual efforts, but then, in December of 1845, Congress officially annexed Texas and an outraged Mexican government broke off diplomatic relations with the U.S. and refused even to receive Polk's personal emissary for further direct negotiations on the question of Alta California. Early in 1846, American and Mexican armies faced each other along the Rio Grande. A minor skirmish served as a pretext, and the U.S., charging that Mexico had initiated hostilities, declared war.

Meanwhile, back in California, John Charles Fremont, who was just then exiting California after being ordered out by the very nervous military governor, Don Jose Castro, was overtaken on the shores of Klamath Lake in Southern Oregon by a special military courier from the States, Lt. Archibald Gillespie (Peter Lassen was his guide). Upon receiving Gillespie's communications, Fremont immediately hastened back to California. There is a continuing debate amongst historians as to the con-

tents of Fremont's messages and to his reasons or motivations for returning, but the American emigrants took it to be a sign of U.S. support for some sort of rebellious action on their part, and they flocked to his camp. The American settlers initiated several minor skirmishes with Governor Castro's forces, and within a few days they proclaimed a California Republic in Sonoma and raised the Bear Flag. Fremont arrived in Sonoma towards the end of June and took charge of the nearly two hundred men who had gathered there, and the so-called Bear Flag Revolt was underway. The California Republic was short-lived. Commodore Sloat arrived in Monterey on July 7, 1846 and raised the American flag before turning over his command almost immediately to Commodore Stockton. The Bear Flag (now California's state flag) came down at Sonoma two days later.

On August 30, 1846, Edwin Bryant, arriving by pack train at Johnson's Rancho on the Bear River North of Sacramento, had this to say in his journal about this fast-paced and bewildering run of events:

Mr J. (Mr. Johnson) gave us the first number of the first newspaper ever published in California, entitled "The Californian," and published and edited at Monterey by Dr. Robert Semple, a native Kentuckian. It was dated about two weeks back. From the columns of this small sheet we gleaned some farther items of general intelligence from the United States, all of great interest to us. The leading paragraph, under the editorial was, in substance, a call upon the people of California to set about the organization of a territorial government, with a view to immediate annexation to the United States. This seemed and sounded very odd. We had been travelling in as straight a line as we

could, crossing rivers, mountains, and deserts, nearly four months beyond the boundaries of territory claimed by our Government; but here, on the remotest confines of the world as it were, where we expected to visit and explore a foreign country, we found ourselves under American authority, and about to be "annexed" to the American Union. Events such as this are very remarkable, and are well calculated to excite the pride and vanity, if they do not always tally with the reason and judgment, of American citizens and Republicans. Distance 17 miles.

Two days later, on September 1, 1846, Bryant reached Sutter's Fort.

Keeping in mind that Captain Sutter had been one of those foreigners who had willingly adapted himself to the California system and held his large holdings under a land grant, let us end our little digression into California history with Bryant's encounter with the irony of the new state of affairs:

Crossing the Rio de los Americanos, the waters of which, at this season, are quite shallow at the ford, we proceeded over a well-beaten road to Sutter's Fort, arriving there when the sun was about an hour and a half high. Riding up to the front gate I saw two Indian sentinels pacing to and fro before it, and several Americans, or *foreigners*, (as all who are not Californians by birth are here called), sitting in the gateway, dressed in buckskin pantaloons and blue sailors' shirts with white stars worked on the collars. I inquired if Captain Sutter was in the Fort? A very small man, with a peculiarly sharp red face and a most voluble

tongue, gave the response. He was probably a corporal. He said in substance, that perhaps I was not aware of the great changes which had recently taken place in California; that the Fort now belonged to the United States, and that Captain Sutter, although he was in the Fort, had no control over it. He was going into a minute history of the complicated circumstances and events which had produced this result, when I reminded him that we were too much fatigued to listen to a long discourse, but if Captain Sutter was inside the walls, and could conveniently step to the gate a moment, I would be glad to see him. A lazy-looking Indian with a ruminating countenance, after some time spent in parleying, was dispatched with my message to Captain Sutter.

Capt. S. soon came to the gate, and saluted us with much gentlemanly courtesy, and friendly cordiality. He said that events had transpired in the country, which, to his deep regret, had so far deprived him of the control of his own property, that he did not feel authorized to invite us inside the walls to remain. The Fort, he said, was occupied by soldiers, under the pay of the U.S., and commanded by Mr. Kern (of Fremont's party). I replied to him, that although it would be something of a novelty to sleep under a roof, after our late nomadic life, it was a matter of small consideration. If he would supply us with some meat, a little salt, and such vegetables as he might have, we neither asked nor desired more from his hospitality, which we all knew was liberal, to the highest degree of generosity.

A servant was immediately despatched with orders to furnish us with a supply of beef, salt, melons, onions, and tomatoes, for which no compensation would be received. We proceeded immediately to a grove of live oak timber, about two miles west of the Fort, and encamped within a half a mile of the Sacramento River.

Our fires were soon blazing brightly, added to the light of which was the brilliant effulgence of the moon, now near its full, clothing the tree-tops, and the far-stretching landscape, with a silvery light; and rendering our encampment far more agreeable to me than the confined walls of any edifice erected by human hands.

THE HISTORY OF THE TRUCKEE-DONNER TRAIL

By Tom Hunt

The year 1844 marked the opening of the Truckee-Donner trail as the first successful emigrant wagon route over the Sierra Nevada and into California.

The party opening this route is known as the Stevens-Townsend-Murphy Party. Elisha Stevens (or Stephens) was the elected Captain of the party. With the party was the old trapper and mountain man, Caleb Greenwood, as well as two of his sons, John and Britain. Caleb was hired as the party's guide as far as Ft. Hall, beyond which he had no firsthand knowledge of the trail to California. The party worked its way down the Humboldt River as far as the Sink by the wagon route opened via City of Rocks in 1843 by the Joseph Walker contingent of the Chiles-Walker Party. At the Humboldt Sink, Walker had turned his party southward along the eastern flank of the Sierra Nevada (abandoning his wagons in the vicinity of Owens Lake) to cross into California via Walker Pass and the Kern River. The Stevens-led party wished to continue directly westward from the Sink, and after receiving helpful information from an old Paiute chief, whom the party named Truckee, the Stevens Party crossed the Truckee Forty-mile Desert to

reach the Truckee River at Wadsworth. They then worked their way directly up the river via Truckee Meadows (Reno) to the mouth of present-day Donner Creek. At the creek, the party split: a group of two women and four men, all young and vigorous, packing by horses on up the Truckee River to Lake Tahoe and then crossing the Sierra Nevada to follow down one of the tributaries of the American River to arrive at Sutter's Fort a few days before the main party; the main party following up Donner Creek to Donner Lake and camping there a few days while the men scouted out a crossing of the crest of the Sierra Nevada. Here the decision was made to leave six of the wagons, including their valuable contents, at the lake and to proceed to take the other five wagons over the difficult pass just to the west of the lake using the extra oxen from the abandoned wagons to help with the pulling. Three young men volunteered to stay with the wagons at the lake over the winter in order to protect the goods from the Indians, but the entire party proceeded to climb the pass. The climb over the granite outcroppings was exceedingly difficult and dangerous, requiring that all the contents of the wagons be unloaded and carried to the top, but in

late November (George Stewart gives the probable date as November 25) they finally succeeded in reaching the top. The three young men then returned to the lake and to the six wagons which had been left behind.

The three of them immediately set about to construct a rude log cabin, roofed with hides and pine boughs, in which to spend the winter. Later, realizing that they faced starvation due to the deep snows which prevented hunting, they make the decision to abandon the cabin and try to make it over the Sierra Nevada to Sutter's Fort. However, young Moses Schallenberger, the eighteen year old brother-in-law of Dr. Townsend, found that he could not make it and returned to the cabin to spend the winter by himself. He was found alive the next spring, and his experience remains one of the most memorable chapters in the annals of the Californian emigrations.

The main Stevens Party proceeded on from Donner Pass through falling snow to some point along the Yuba River Valley (Stewart suggests that it may have been in the vicinity of Big Bend, and this would appear to be borne out by the famous 1846 Jefferson Map). Here the party halted to allow Mrs. Martin Murphy to give birth to a baby girl, Elizabeth Yuba Murphy. Here also the decision was made to split the party for a second time. The five wagons, the women and children, and two of the men were to stay there until the rest of the men of the party could get into Sutter's and return with supplies and fresh animals. A cabin was built for those who were to stay, most of the cattle were slaughtered for food, and then seventeen men proceeded on to Sutter's. Here they were reunited with the six who had packed in by way of Lake Tahoe. The original plan was for the men to return immediately to the mountains and bring the women and chil-

dren down to Sutter's, but California was in the midst of one of its many petty revolutions, the so-called Micheltorena War, and Sutter, an ally of Gov. Micheltorena, persuaded the men that the party in the mountains was safe enough and that the snow was too deep to allow a rescue attempt, and then off most of them marched to Southern California. It was not until March of 1845 that those left in the Sierra, including young Schallenberger, were brought safely into the Sacramento Valley. Later, when the snows melted, the men went out and brought the wagons in, too. Technically, the wagons did not reach the end of their journey until 1845, but it had been proved that there was a practicable emigrant wagon route via the Truckee River. This was to remain the only route by which wagons were brought into Central California until the Mormon-Carson and Lassen Trails were opened in 1848.

In 1845, a party which included Caleb Greenwood and sons, (it also included James Clyman), returning eastward to meet that year's emigration and persuade the emigrants to come on to California, opened an alternate route northeastward from present-day Truckee via Dog Valley and then back to the Truckee River at Verdi, a few miles west of Reno. This route allowed future wagon trains to avoid all the dangerous and fatiguing crossings in the upper Truckee River canyon. This Verdi-Dog Valley-Truckee by-pass was to be used by all subsequent emigrants following the Truckee River route.

In 1846, an alternate crossing over the Sierra crest was opened from the eastern end of the Donner Lake in a southwesterly direction up through Coldstream Canyon. Two crossings were eventually opened off of the Coldstream Canyon approach - Roller Pass, the southernmost crossing, and Coldstream (or Middle) Pass between

Mt. Judah and Donner Peak. Both of these passes were about 700 feet higher than the original pass, but they were not as difficult to approach. For many years, wagon travel was almost entirely by these two other passes.

The following three paragraphs are quoted from Chuck Graydon's *Trail of the First Wagons Over the Sierra Nevada*.

The pass opened by the Stevens Party was used by those who followed until late September 1846 when the Joseph Aram Party scouted out a route to avoid the steep wall of Donner Pass. They found a route up Cold Stream Valley to a saddle 7,850 feet high between Mounts Judah and Lincoln, less than two miles south of the original pass. This pass was relatively easy to approach until the last 400 feet, where it rises precipitously up a thirty-degree slope.

Several days behind the Aram Party, a group captained by Nicolas Carriger and guided by Greenwood reached the pass. In order to reach the summit, Carriger's diary indicates that they led twelve yoke of oxen to the top, let down long chains and pulled one wagon at a time to the top. A log roller, laid across the lip of the pass over which the chains were passed, served to lessen the friction. This pass soon became known as "Roller Pass." It was perhaps two years later that a large party cut a switchback trail up the unbelievable steep mountainside.

. . . The three trails over the summit converged at Summit Valley near present Norden, and from there to the

Sierra foothills the entire route became a constant fight to overcome a myriad of steep ridges and valleys, rock-strewn canyons, and granite outcroppings.

In 1849, diaries indicate that a route was opened northward off of the historic Truckee-Donner Trail from Greenhorn Creek in the vicinity of present-day Chicago Park and Rollins Reservoir. This trail took the '49ers directly to the Grass Valley-Nevada City area.

In 1850, a route from Nevada City, following a ridge to the north of the original trail route along Lowell Ridge, was opened into the Truckee-Donner Trail at Bear Valley. This route is today very closely approximated by State Highway 20. Because of the extreme difficulties of taking wagons over the original route, especially at such places as Steep Hollow, most emigrant wagon traffic after 1850 followed this route into Nevada City, Grass Valley, and then on into the Sacramento Valley.

The Donner-Truckee Trail, while the most historic of all the trans-Sierra emigrant crossings, was far from the easiest because of the rough terrain and the necessity of having to cross from one ridge to another in the long descent to the Sacramento Valley. From what we can deduce from contemporary records, many of the other crossings were much more heavily used than the Donner-Truckee Trail. It was not until the establishment of improved toll roads, notably the Dutch Flat-Donner Lake Road, and the opening of the trans-continental railroad in the 1860's that this route again gained preeminence as the main transportation corridor into central California.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD (CPRR)

By Tom Hunt

The Central Pacific Railroad was the dream of the brilliant young engineer and surveyor, Theodore Judah, who worked out and surveyed the route over the Sierra Nevada. He also lined up the financial backing of the "Big Four" (Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and Hopkins); tirelessly promoted the concept; incorporated the Central Pacific Railroad Company in California in 1861; and, finally, obtained acceptance of the contract with the Federal Government which provided the following terms to the Company: alternate sections of land ten miles back on either side of the railroad tracks for each mile of track laid, and loans of \$16,000 per mile of track laid on the plains, \$32,000 through the Great Basin, and \$48,000 through the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. Judah, who had spent much time surveying most of the other possible railroad routes over the Sierra Nevada in Central California, was persuaded to look at the Dutch Flat-Donner Pass route by an amateur surveyor from Dutch Flat named Daniel Strong. As we shall see, a considerable portion of the route closely approximated the old Truckee-Donner Emigrant Trail.

The section of railroad from Sacramento to the Nevada state border was begun on January 8, 1863 in the midst of the Civil War, and the first locomotive to cover the complete route from Sacramento into Nevada crossed over the border between the two states on Friday, the thirteenth, in December of 1867. Much of the work was done by Chinese laborers, and in May of 1866, Charles Crocker, who was supervising construction, reported that he had between 9,000 and 10,000 men on the job as well as 1,000 horses, and that he was

ready to sign on more men if they could only be found.

The financing of the CPRR is a story all its own. Let us just say that it was very creative, and illustrate that point with one or two stories. Wishing to get the maximum \$48,000 for every mile laid through the Sierra Nevada, Stanford produced a state geologist who was willing to state his professional opinion that, based on the location of alluvial deposits, the Sierra Nevada could be said to begin only seven miles east of Sacramento. This was 24 miles from where the Sierra Nevada actually began to rise above the Sacramento Valley floor. President Lincoln, anxious because of the Civil War to have a trans-continental railroad to help hold the Union together, accepted the story. The CPRR agent who presented the argument to Lincoln later said: "My pertinacity and Abraham's faith removed mountains." The decision gave the CPRR an extra \$1 million in Federal loans. Charles Crocker, upon being called "a living, breathing, waddling monument to the triumph on vulgarity, viciousness, and dishonesty," was so impressed by the perspicacity, honesty, and eloquence of the man speaking those words of him that he immediately hired him to work for the railroad . . . and the man accepted! When Huntington was called before a congressional committee to respond to charges of graft and fraud, he arrived with the sad news that a fire had gutted the company's headquarters, all of the financial records had been destroyed, and under the circumstances, he certainly couldn't be expected to remember anything as complicated as CPRR's financial affairs with any degree of accuracy. The commit-

tee concluded that the Big Four had dishonestly enriched themselves to the tune of \$63 million through their contract and finance company (the company carrying out the railroad construction for them), held \$100 million in CPRR capital stock, and controlled 9 million acres of land granted to them by the Federal Government. Unfortunately, in the complete absence of the Company's financial records, no wrongdoing could be proved, and the matter had to be dropped for lack of evidence.

Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker, based on their CPRR fortunes, went on to become respected citizens and powerful money and political brokers in California. Some of the ill-gotten money did, indeed, come back to the public in the

form of Stanford University, Huntington Gallery and Library, and the Crocker Art Gallery. Theodore Judah died in late 1863 at the age of 38, just as work on his dream was beginning. He never got to see his railroad come to fruition. Mt. Judah, the peak just to the south of Donner Peak, is named in his honor, but the name and its significance is almost unknown even amongst Californians.

The CPRR later became the Southern Pacific Railroad, and is still known by that name although it is now owned by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The remaining lands of the original Federal land grants are now controlled by the Santa Fe Corporation through a subsidiary.

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDINGS AT THE DONNER FAMILY CAMPSITE AT ALDER CREEK

Prepared by Chuck Graydon

The present Donner State Memorial Park at the east end of Donner Lake, contains the campsite of the majority of the members of the ill-fated Donner-Reed party of 1846. This site has been well identified in the accounts of many survivors, and archaeological excavations have turned up many artifacts including human bone fragments which testify to the grimmer aspects of that winter of suffering and tragedy.

However, the two Donner families did not spend this winter of misery encamped at this well-known and well-researched campsite on Donner Creek. Because of the need to repair a broken axle, the Donners, together with their teamsters, had stopped several miles back along the trail at a spot near the confluence of Prosser and Alder

Creeks. It was here, at a site located three miles north of Truckee on State Highway 89, that they would remain encamped.

Contrary to the situation at the Donner Creek site, the location and layout of the Donner Family's camp at Alder Creek has never been conclusively determined.

In the 1870's, Charles F. McGlashan, author of *History of the Donner Party*, attempted to identify the exact location of the shelters, etc. He interviewed several of the survivors who were young children at the time and whose memories were clouded by time and the trauma of their terrible experience. Then, early in the 1920's, Peter M. Weddell, an avid emigrant trail researcher, marked and mapped the locations of two shelters thought to be those

of the Donner brothers. His information was based primarily on the testimony of George Oliver, superintendent of the nearby Hobart Mills Lumber Operations, who had been taken to the site by W.B. Tiffany, an old native who had died in 1905.

Based on this type of information, the tradition has grown up the George Donner had built his lean-to of canvas and animal hides against a large Ponderosa pine while his brother, Jacob, had built his shelter approximately 250 yards to the south of it. Where the party's teamsters camped has never been determined.

Several tree stumps ten to twelve feet high and similar to those found at the Donner Creek campsite have,, until recently, stood within 150 yards of the Alder Creek campsite. The height of these stumps indicated the depth of the snow when they were cut by the Donners, and were viewed as corroborating evidence that the campsite was nearby.

Several years ago, the U.S. Forest Service (Tahoe National Forest) established a small picnic area and historic interpretation area at the Donner campsite. Signs were erected describing the details of the tragedy, and markers were placed identifying the location of the purported campsites. An ancient, fire-scarred tree, said to have been the site of the George Donner campsite, is marked by a bronze plaque. Several of Mr. Weddell's wooden markers still remain on it as well as on trees at other nearby sites.

In order to establish conclusively where the campsite was and also gain as much information as possible as to what went on during the winter of 1846-47, an archaeological excavation was undertaken in 1990 under the direction of archaeologists from the University of Nevada at Reno and

the Tahoe National Forest. What the archaeologists found — and did not find — greatly surprised them and is forcing trail historians to re-evaluate their thinking concerning the Donner campsite.

The dig around the five-hundred-year-old "George Donner Tree" revealed nothing — not one fragment or artifact and not even a trace of charcoal left by long ago campfires. The same results occurred at the well-marked Jacob Donner campsite.

At this point, metal detectors were employed in a sweep of the entire area, and two sites were discovered — one in an open meadow between the supposed campsites of the two brothers, and another much smaller one on a nearby knoll. With winter coming on and time running out, the archaeologists concentrated their efforts on these two new sites, and they hit the jackpot.

Musket balls, pottery fragments, lead bars, wagon bolts, nails, oxen shoes, crushed bone fragments, buttons, harness parts, drill bits, and glass fragments turned up in the archaeologists' screens. Add all these materials were from the crucial 1840's era.

Of greatest interest to the archaeologists were the pottery fragments. One large piece is decorated with a flower pattern which is very similar to Donner-Reed Party pottery previously found at a site in Utah.

Another small fragment has been identified as a piece of "shell-edged pearlware" of a design common in the 1700's. This could well have been a Donner family heirloom.

The meadow site was by far the largest of the two sites and contained the largest variety of artifacts. The knoll site yielded only musket balls and nails. The archae-

ologists are attempting to figure out what all this means.

Some historical accounts indicate that the teamsters may have camped on the other side of Alder Creek, outside the bounds of the present-day Forest Service Park. This would explain the lack of any evidence of their campsite.

But what is to be made of the site on the knoll? No bones or other signs of human habitation were discovered — only metal parts. Perhaps this was the location of either a wagon or a trunk. Perhaps the wagon with the broken axle had been parked there, or one of the family's trunks had been unloaded there.

Other questions remain. One mystery has to do with the complete lack of charcoal, compacted areas, or other evidence of a hearth or cooking area in the meadow site. The snowbound families obviously had to cook and keep warm during the frigid winter, so where is the charcoal from their fires? There should be plenty of it around.

It has been suggested that the numerous gophers, squirrels, and other burrowing rodents that make the meadow their home may have effectively rototilled it into the meadow many times. But one would still expect to find traces here and there.

Scientific and historical analysis of the artifacts should go a long way towards determining if this new area was the actual Donner family campsite. It is possible that tree ring analysis of the charred Ponderosa pine will allow a dating of the year when the tree was burned thus determining whether the burns were left from the Donner campfires or from possible lightning strikes or forest fires from some other time period.

A second season of digging is presently scheduled for the Donner campsite. It is anticipated that a visit to this dig will be a part of the Donner Trail bus tour and that, by then, the questions still surrounding the Donner campsite will have been answered.

NAMES ALONG THE TRUCKEE-DONNER ROUTE

Auburn: Gold discovered in this ravine by Frenchman, Claude Chana (or Charnay) in May, 1848. The area was known by several names until it was given the name Auburn, after Auburn, N.Y., in August of 1849.

Applegate: Settled by Lisbon Applegate, son of Charles Applegate and nephew of Jesse and Lindsay Applegate of Applegate Trail fame.

Weimer: Corruption of the name of Chief Weimah, prominent leader of the Oleepa Indians in the 1850's.

Colfax: Named by Central Pacific Railroad in honor of Schuyler Colfax's visit to

California in 1865. Colfax was speaker of the House of Representatives and then Vice President during U.S. Grant's first term as President.

Gold Run: Refers to the run of auriferous gravel found in the area. The run was discovered in 1850. It became area of hydraulic mining once water supply was assured. 80 million cubic yards of gravel were mined hydraulically and \$6 million worth of gold taken out before state anti-debris legislation was enacted in 1883.

Dutch Flat: Named for two Germans, Charles and Joseph Dornbach in 1851.

Also called Dutch Charley's Flat. A facetious, although active effort was at one time undertaken to change the name from Dutch Flat to "German Level." \$5 million worth of gold mined here. At one time there were as many as 45 hydraulic dams in the general area.

Alta: Spanish for "high" or "upper." Named by Central Pacific in 1866, possibly because the newspaper, *Alta California*, was favorable to the building of the CPRR.

Blue Canyon: Named after a miner called Old Jim Blue. Both placer and lode mining carried on in this area.

Emigrant Gap: Place where emigrants on the Truckee-Donner Trail descended into Bear Valley. There are over 500 geographical features in California referring to bears, including over thirty valleys.

Yuba Gap: The gap through which the Truckee-Donner Trail passed. The Yuba River flows into the Feather River, one the the main tributaries of the Sacramento River. Captain Sutter named the river "Yubu" after the name of the Maidu Indians inhabiting a village at the confluence of the Yuba and Feather Rivers. The Yuba River was discovered by Jedediah Smith on March 14, 1828, and called by him the "Henneet River."

Cisco Grove: Named by CPRR after its treasurer, John J. Cisco.

Donner Pass: Named after the ill-fated Donner Party of 1846, as were the lake below and the peak immediately to the south of the pass. Many people believe it would have been more proper to name the pass (or one of the significant topographical features in the area) after Elisha Stevens (Stephens), who captained the first emigrant wagon over the Truckee River route in 1844.

SUGGESTED READING AND SOURCES

BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Merrill Mattes:
Platte River Road Narratives

John Townley:
The Trail West

GENERAL

The following books are general books related to the Donner Trail and the California Gold Rush. By going to the bibliographies in these books, the reader can find many titles to primary sources.

Thomas H. Hunt:
Ghost Trails to California

Charles K. Graydon
Trail of the First Wagons Over the Sierra Nevada

George Stewart:
Ordeal by Hunger

George Stewart:
The California Trail

Irene Paden:
Wake of the Prairie Schooner

Joseph H. Jackson:
Anybody's Gold

Truckee: Name of the Paiute Indian Chief who assisted the Stevens-Townsend-Murphy Party to open the Truckee-Donner Trail in 1844. Chief Truckee was the grandfather of Sarah Winnemucca. The Stevens Party named both the river and present Donner Lake after Chief Truckee.

Prosser Creek: Purportedly named for a man who ran a hotel in the area in the early days.

QUOTATIONS

FROM YUBA GAP TO BIG BEND

Saturday, August 25th. . . . After this we again started, the road getting worse and worse. Three miles brought us to an uncommon steep hill and again very rocky [spur between Big Bend and Cisco Grove]. This we ascended with great difficulty. Half [a] mile farther we struck the foot of another mountain, very steep, but road comparatively good. We rolled up this one mile, there being several little smooth tables. Along and upon two of these were lakes covering one or two acres [Crystal Lake].

We then commenced descending, which was very steep, with rocks, but not large, and which was accomplished very easily. Here we struck a wood valley and rolled 2 miles when we struck a meadow or willow valley with grass and here we corralled [Six-mile Valley]. We passed this morning two old cabins upon our left, which had been burned [cabins (?) built by Steven's Party in 1844]. They presented, around, the same appearance as those on Truckee Lake, and no doubt was some of the suffering party. The mountain sides were covered with cherries which were bitter and growing upon small bushes [and with] the prickly gooseberry also, which is a beautiful fruit and very good, but rather dangerous and inconvenient to eat. Raspberries were in abundance. They grow upon a vine, the leaf of which is very much like the grape [thimble berries?]. The fruit is large and has the most delicate flavor.

For the purpose of lightening our wagons, our loose mules were packed and driven ahead. Both the men and mules are

"green" at it, and of course there was much confusion before they got off.

Sunday, August 26th. The valley we were in last night properly should be called "Yellow Jacket Valley." Such numbers never were seen before collected together. After building our mess-fire, a nest [was] found directly above us. We were anxious to compromise with them, that if they would let us alone, we would not disturb them. They would not agree, however, and opened hostilities upon us, when we thought it prudent "to raze our eyes" to withdraw our forces under cover. Here we quietly remained until nightfall, when the enemy having retired and reposed in their corral with apparent serenity, we blockaded the mouth of their citadel with a chunk of fire and finished by building our mess-fire immediately over their strong and deep founded works. In the mourning our mules were scattered in every direction having been run off by these gulliver little varmints.

Wakeman Bryarly, 1849

FROM BIG BEND TO KINGVALE

Friday, August 24th. Our mules were grazing a mile from camp and consequently we did not get them up in time to start as early as usual. Half past six, however, we were again in motion. The road was still the same except perhaps more rough than yesterday. Up and down hill, over rocks as large as the wagon itself, tumbling and throwing them about as though they had nothing in them. Four miles we came to a very steep rocky one; this, after a fashion, we descended, and struck a little creek with stony bottom. This was Bear Creek or river

[actually Yuba River]. Just where we struck [it] there was a little valley, but no grass—still nothing but bare rocks. We nooned here after crossing the river and tied up [our animals] to the wheels.

We again rolled at 2. Everyone is liable to mistakes, and everyone has a right to call a road very bad until he sees a worse. My mistake was that I said I had seen "The Elephant" when getting over the first mountain. I had only seen the tail. This evening I think I saw him in Toto. I do not know, however, as I have come to the conclusion that no elephant upon this route can be so large that another cannot be larger. If I had not seen wagon tracks marked upon the rocks I should not have known where the road was, nor could I have imagined that any wagon and team could possibly pass over in safety.

An immense hill to ascend and descend, with rocks of every description, large & small, round and smooth, and sometimes one flat one covering the whole road. You may imagine what sort of a country it is when you cannot ride a horse anywhere but immediately in the track. We were unfortunate in getting behind a large ox-train and consequently were much detained, our wagon having to stop for hours upon the side of one of these steep, rough hills. Upon riding forward I ascertained the cause of the detention to be the unyoking of their cattle and letting the wagons down by ropes. This was truly the "jumping off" place. They [the wagons] were let down over a large smooth rock. A rope attached to the wagon and then passed around a tree, commanded it perfectly, paying out as much rope as necessary, and checking it instantly if required. The bark of some of the largest trees which had been used in this way was cut entirely through.

Wakeman Bryarly, 1849.

September 2, Sunday. Left "Camp Fremont" —Fremont's Peak [Devil's Peak on ridge directly above Kingvale]—on headwaters of American Fork at sunrise this morning and travelled 6 miles, when we reached the Yuba River. Two miles more brought us to a terrible rocky "jump off" in the road, where we were compelled to unyoke our cattle and drive them round and through a narrow path. We let our wagons down over the rocks by tying a rope to the hind axle and taking a turn of the former round a pine tree while four men managed the tongue, guiding as seemed necessary. The tongue—like some other tongues—at times was quite unruly, not being particular where it struck.

After getting all our wagons over the rocks safely and our oxen harnessed up again and on the tongues, we started on our journey two miles more, bringing us to our present camp. I protest against calling our route a road. 'Tis nothing but a miserable trail such as a snake might choose.

Charles Parke, 1849.

Sunday September 16. . . . At 11 came upon a most lovely lake [Cascade Lakes] embosomed in the mountains and surrounded by forests and evergreen shrubs. At its foot was a lofty and solitary peak [Devil's Peak], rising from the woods, and looking as if the guardian genius of the spot. The famous "Lochs" of Scottish scenery cannot be more beautiful or romantic than was this and I doubt much whether the differences between the two could be pointed out.

Came down an almost perpendicular descent where wagons are let down with ropes and trees at the top cut into by their friction-like "checkposts," and encamped in Yuba Valley again — in the midst of enor-

mous masses of rock through which the Yuba tumbles and foams, a good sized creek of pure cold water. . . .

Monday, September 17. . . . Packed up and started a little past 12. The road this P.M. exceeded anything for roughness that I ever conceived of. Sometimes passing directly over huge masses of rocks were wagons had to be unloaded and lowered down 30 feet or more, and cattle driven round, at others a descent over a rocky hill like stairs jumping down two or three feet at a step and the wagon lifted down each jumping place. At others masses of stone and pebble boulders and for a mile with nothing of dirt to be seen. Any man who gets his wagon safely over these roads to California deserves a good price for it to pay him for this trouble. How triumphantly we pass all wagons and slide down the hills and over the rocks, leaving them to make their 5 or 6 miles per diem.

Elisha Perkins, 1849.

CROSSING VIA DONNER PASS (1845)

From George Stewart's *The California Trail*:

When the emigrants passed beyond the head of the lake and came into the little meadow, they were appalled at the great dead-end wall of the pass that they saw ahead. The solid granite seemed to block all progress, even though they knew it had been surmounted the year before. Some of them going ahead to scout, found no sign of a trail — naturally, since the wagons of the Steven's Party, both in the fall and in the spring, had been taken across while the mountains were largely under snow. Climbing up the pass, these scouts pronounced it impassable for wagons. But, on

going back, they found that some of their own wagons were already being taken through places which they themselves had thought to be impassable!

The emigrants now had the great advantage of being accompanied by Greenwood, who had been there in '44 and could show the route then used. But Greenwood himself, who knew little about handling wagons, was for taking them to pieces and carrying them over. William Ide, who apparently prided himself on being an ingenious Yankee, proposed that they build some kind of bridge or something like an inclined railroad. The others would not listen to him, and went ahead to attack the problem by the same direct methods that had been used in '44.

Ide himself reported some comparatively level spots with steep pitches of cliffs between them. The men, by rolling stones and piling dirt in, built up narrow and steep "roadways" from one of the leveler spots up to the next. Then, with difficulty, they took the oxen up the precipitous places, one at a time, the men pulling them with ropes to help them up. At the higher level, having assembled ten or a dozen oxen, the men yoked them, and by means of a long chain attached them to an empty wagon at the lower level. But a team of six yoke was sixty feet long, and filled up most of the space. All the men could do, then was to drive the oxen ahead a short distance — as far as the could, perhaps not more than half the length of the team. By doing so they laboriously "hitched" the wagon part-way up the steep pitch. They then held the wagon by blocking its wheels, brought the oxen back, shortened the chain, and repeated the process.

Another emigrant was David Hudson, who wrote vividly:

So we hitched up our teams and made a start, and when we came to benches or rocks six and eight feet straight up and down we would unyoke our oxen, drive them round to some low place, get them above the bench, yoke up the oxen. In the mean time some of us would cut some long poles strong enough to bear up the wagons and lay them up on the rocks. Then take enough chains to reach back to the wagons, hitch to the end of the tongue, and pull the wagon up.

Sarah Ide, who was only an onlooker, gives the feminine touch, remembering:

(It took) . . . a long time to go about two miles over our rough, new-made road . . . over the rough rocks, in some places, and so smooth in others, that the oxen would slip and fall on their knees; the blood from their feet and knees staining the rocks they passed over. Mother and I walked, (we were so sorry for the poor, faithful oxen) all those two miles — our clothing being backed on the horses' backs. It was a trying time — the men swearing at their teams, and beating them most cruelly, all along that rugged way.

CROSSING VIA DONNER PASS (1946)

Edwin Bryant was packing, not taking wagons over Donner Pass:

August 25. . . . Just before we struck the shore of the lake at its lower or eastern end, we came to a tolerably well-constructed log house [the Schallenberger cabin], with one room, which evidently had been erected and occupied by civilized men. The floor inside of this house was covered with feathers,

and strewn around it on the outside were pieces of ragged cloth, torn newspapers, and manuscript letters, the writing in most of which was nearly obliterated. The title of one of the newspapers, was that of a religious publication in Philadelphia. It had, from its date, been printed several years. One of the letters which I picked up and examined, bore the frank of some member of Congress, and was addressed to "Dr. John Townsend, Bloomfield, Ind." Another letter was dated at Morristown, J.J., but by whom it was written or to whom addressed, I could not decipher. The emigrant party which erected this cabin is the same to which I have alluded above. They were belated in the mountains, and suffered almost incredible hardships, before they reached the settlements of California.

We experienced considerable difficulty in making our way round the northeastern side of the lake, the steep side of the mountain being in many places so boggy that our mules sunk to their bellies in the mire. We reached the upper end of the lake at four o'clock, and encamped on the left of the trail, in a small grassy opening surrounded by tall and dense timber. The forest in the narrow but fertile bottom of the lake, and on the sides of the mountains, where there is any soil for its sustenance, is dense, and the trees are of immense size. A brilliantly green and highly ornamental moss covers the limbs of many of the trees. The rock composing the mountains here, is chiefly granite.

Just beyond us, and overlooking the gap where we expect tomorrow to pass the crest of the Sierra Nevada, is a high mountain with a natural fortification upon its extreme summit, which but for its cyclopean magnitude, the wild and desolate country in which it is situated, and its unapproach-

able height, the observer would at once say was the work of human hands, so apparently regular and perfect is the construction of its walls, turrets, and bastions [Donner Peak].

While travelling along the side of the mountain near the shore of the lake, we found a most delicious variety of the raspberry, ripe and in full perfection. Its flavor is, I think, fully equal, if not superior to any raspberry I have before tasted. Were it cultivated in our gardens, I cannot doubt that it would supersede the varieties which they produce, and which we so much prize.

. . . The trail leaves the shore of the lake on the right hand, ascending over some rocky hills, and after crossing some difficult ravines and swampy ground densely timbered, we reached the base of the crest of the Sierra Nevada. To mount this was our next great difficulty. Standing at the bottom and looking upwards at the perpendicular, and in some places, impending granite cliffs, the observer, without any further knowledge on the subject, would doubt if many or beast had ever made good a passage over them. But we knew that man and horse, oxen and wagon, women and children, had crossed this formidable and apparently impassable barrier erected by nature between the desert and the fertile districts on the coast of the Pacific. What their energy had accomplished, impelled though it had been by an invincible desperation, we knew could be achieved by us.

In good heart, therefore, we commenced the steep ascent, leaping our animals from crag to crag, and climbing in places nearly perpendicular precipices of smooth granite rocks. One of our mules in this ascent, heavily packed, fell backwards twice, and rolled downwards, until her descent was interrupted by a projecting rock. We

thought, each time that her career of duty and usefulness had terminated; and that her bones would bleach among the barren rocks of the mountain. But she revived from the stunning and bruising effect of her backward somersets; and with great exertions on our own part in assisting her, she reached with us the summit of the Pass.

The view from the crest of the Sierra to the east, is inexpressibly comprehensive, grand and picturesque. After congratulating ourselves upon the safe achievement of our morning feat, and breathing our mules a few minutes, we proceeded on our journey. A mile brought us to a small dimple on the top of the mountain, in the center of which is a miniature lake [Mary Lake], surrounded by green grass.

Edwin Bryant, 1846.

MOSES SCHALLENBERGER'S REMINISCENCE OF HIS 1844 ORDEAL AT DONNER LAKE

The feeling of loneliness that came over me as the two men turned away I cannot express, though it will never be forgotten, while the, "Good-by, Mose," so sadly and reluctantly spoken, rings in my ears today. I desire to say here that both Foster and Montgomery were brave, warm-hearted men, and it was by no fault of theirs that I was thus left alone. It would only have made matters worse for either of them to remain with me, for the quarter of beef at the cabin would last me longer alone, and thus increase my chances of escape. While our decision was a sad one, it was the only one that could be made.

My companions had not been long out of sight before my spirits began to revive, and I began to think, like Micawber, that something might "turn up". So I strapped on my

blankets and dried beef, shouldered by gun, and began to retrace my steps to the cabin. It had frozen during the night and this enabled me to walk on our trail without the snowshoes. This was a great relief, but the exertion and sickness of the day before had so weakened my that I think I was never so tired in my life as when, just a little before dark, I came in sight of the cabin. The door-sill was only nine inches high, but I could not step over it without taking my hands to raise my leg.

. . . My life was more miserable than I can describe. The daily struggle for life and the uncertainty under which I labored were very wearing. I was always worried and anxious, not about myself alone, but in regard to the fate of those who had gone forward. I would lie awake nights and think of these things, and resolve in my mind what I would do when the supply of foxes became exhausted. The quarter of beef I had not touched, and I resolved to dry it, and when the foxes were all gone, to take my gun, blankets and dried beef and follow in the footsteps of by former companions.

Fortunately, I had a plenty of books, Dr. Townsend having brought out quite a library, I used often to read aloud, for I longed for some sound to break the oppressive stillness. For the same reason, I would talk aloud to myself. At night I built large fires and read by the light of the pine knots as late as possible, in order that I might sleep late the next morning, and thus cause the days to seem shorter. What I wanted most was enough to eat, and the next thing I tried hardest to do was to kill time. I thought the snow would never leave the ground, and the few months I had been living here seemed years.

One evening, a little before sunset, about the last of February, as I was standing a

short distance from my cabin, I thought I could distinguish the form of a man moving towards me. I first thought it was an Indian, but very soon I recognized the familiar face of Dennis Martin.

CAMP AT DONNER LAKE

Tuesday, August 21st. ...We were informed that the cabins of the "lamentable Donner Party" were also on our road, as well as also the lake but one mile from the present trail. I immediately started off to look for these mournful monuments of human suffering. One was only 150 yards from our camp upon the left of the trail. The [the Graves-Reed Cabin] was still standing. It was two in one, there being a separation of logs between. The timbers were from 8 inches to a foot in diameter, about 8 or 9 feet high and covered over with logs upon which had been placed branches and limbs of trees, dirt, etc. The logs were fitted very nicely together, there being scarcely a crevice between. There was one door to each, entering from the north and from the road.

There were piles of bones around but mostly of cattle, although I did find some half dozen human ones of different parts. [Bryarly was a Doctor.] Just to the left of these was a few old black burnt logs, which evidently had been one of those [cabins?] which had been burnt. Here was nearly the whole of a skeleton. Several small stockings were found which still contained the bones of the leg and foot. Remnants of old clothes, with pieces of boxes, stockings, and bones in particular, was all that was left to mark that it had once been inhabited.

In the center of each was a hole dug which had either served as a fireplace or to bury their dead. The trees around were cut

off 10 feet from the ground, showing the immense depth the snow must have been. After examining this I passed on one mile where the road went to the left in a more southerly direction [Coldstream Canyon]. The old trail went on straight down the valley to the lake which was distant one mile. I went on to the lake and was fully repaid for my trouble, for it was one of the most beautiful ones on record. It was beautiful, fresh, pure, clear water, with a gravelly bottom, with a sandy beach. It was about 2 miles long, three-quarters wide and confined between three mountains on three sides, which arose immediately from its edge. On the other [side] was the valley by which I had approached it and through which a little stream was passing off from it. I here took a delightful bath and felt renovated.

In returning I came to another of the cabins [Murphy-Eddy Cabin], but which had been burned by order of General Kearney. Here also I found many human bones. The skulls had been sawed open for the purpose, no doubt, of getting out the brains, and the bones had all been sawed open and broken to obtain the last particle of nutriment.

. . . There seems to be a sad, melancholy stillness hanging around these places, which serves to make a gloom around you, which draws you closed and closer in your sympathies with those whom hunger compelled to eat their own children, and finally to be eaten by others themselves, and their bones now kicked perhaps under any one's feet. There is also another cabin [Shallenberger-Breen-Keseburg Cabin] upon the opposite side of the road, but I did not visit it.

Wakeman Bryarly, 1849.

CROSSING VIA ROLLER PASS (1846)

The First Account We Have of a Crossing via Roller Pass:

September 1, 1846. We made a roller and fastened chains together and pulled the wagons up with 12 yoke oxen on the top and the same at the bottom.

Nicholas Carriger

A Somewhat Later Account of a Crossing via Roller Pass in 1846:

[October 3] . . . From the place where we stopped at noon we could see the summit across the tops of the tall firs. We were very much astonished to see what appeared to be several covered emigrant wagons on the tops of the trees and could not understand how they got there. Only later did we realize that the wagons were not on top of the trees but on the highest ridge beyond the trees. The road wound its way higher and higher around various curves, and we got a good foretaste of how the road through the Sierra Nevada would be later on. We had traveled all kinds of bad roads, but we began to believe the worst was yet to come, and in this we certainly were not mistaken.

It was probably between three and four o'clock when we arrived at the base of the summit. The wagons were left standing when they came to this point. The summit lay two to three hundred feet higher. The wagons of the parties which we thought we had seen in the tree tops had almost all been taken on up to the summit . . . we immediately recognized the difficulty of crossing it. The combined efforts of twenty men would hardly be sufficient to drive up there. For us it was entirely out of the question. The others had used almost the steepest grade for their crossing. Since no

animal could climb up there, all the ox chains had been fastened together, and then these did not reach from the base to the summit, a number of tall young firs had been notched deeply enough that the chains could be fastened to them. Up on top, twenty oxen were hitched together by chains, one behind the other. Below, a wagon was fastened to the long line of chains and young trees, and various ropes were also tied to the tongue and to the back of the wagon for the purpose of holding it. The men took their places at either side of the wagon, then the twenty oxen above were made to start, and the wagon moved up the steep incline, with the men hardly being able to climb along. With the combined efforts of so many they finally did succeed and disappeared from our view on the western slope.

. . . Early on the fourth of October, we, the eleven owners of seven wagons, prepared to bring our vehicles across the summit. We did not have by far enough chains to attempt the same course followed by the preceding party. To the right was another way, which was longer, but the steepest stretch much shorter. We thought we could make this.

The first wagon was one belonging to Kellogg. We hitched nine yokes of oxen to it, and all eleven men helped, but in spite of all our efforts, it took a long time for us to get to the top. The second wagon was ours, and this time we came to the conclusion that our animals would be completely exhausted if we tried to bring up all the wagons in the same manner. We decided to try another scheme. We drove seven of our best yokes up the incline, then we linked together the remaining chains and several of the young trees that had been used by the preceding party, so that this line reached

across the steepest place. We brought the wagons this far with the help of Kellogg's four excellent mules and the assistance of everybody. The greatest part of the contents of the wagons we carried up on our own shoulders, which was not an easy task. It was necessary to climb with one's load, because walking was out of the question. By the time all the wagons had reached the top with hard work on the part of everybody, the sun was already approaching the distant western horizon.

Since there was no grass or water at the summit, we had no time to lose in driving down to the next little valley on the west side. Our wagon was the last one, and I was the driver that day. The air was refreshing; the sky was clear; and just as the sun disappeared, we were driving down the mountain. The clouds of dust blew into my eyes so that I could hardly see, and in addition we were driving very fast, almost at a trot. It seemed to me that we were racing rather than driving. To top it all, dusk suddenly came upon us, and more and more dust flew into my eyes. Several times I was afraid we would have an accident, but we continued down, down, down, as though an evil spirit was pursuing us. Then, blinded with dust as I was, I failed to see a hole before me, over which a tree extended a heavy branch. Down I came almost in a somersault, but quick as lightning I jumped up again, since I was afraid that our wagon would likewise land in the hole and fall on top of me. I was just able to jump aside and rub the dust out of my eyes to see what had happened, since everything had come to a sudden stop. "What's up? Where are we?" I called, and was told that we were stopping to camp.

Heinrich Leinhard, 1846.

COLDSTREAM CANYON AND ROLLER PASS

Saturday September 15. . . . Start at 9. The wolves kept up a great howling all night and this morning one lingering about our camp Cross undertook to shoot him for soup and a roast, but did not succeed. Soon after leaving camp we came to the huts built by the unfortunate Donner Party in the winter of '45 [46] where so many of them perished. . . .

The road from the Donner huts has been changed, instead of going around Truckee's lake as formerly it begins to ascent the mountain immediately, being a saving of some 4 or 5 miles. The lake is some two miles to the right and was described to me by those who visited it as a beautiful sheet of clear water about three miles long by about 1 broad. The ascent to the pass from Donner cabins is about 5 miles over rocks and steep bluffs and through majestic forests of fine cedar, fir, arbor vitae, and a rich luxuriant undergrowth of laurel and various other evergreens. The journey is wild and magnificent beyond description. I was perfectly in raptures during the whole of the toilsome ascent, and wished after that some of my enthusiastic friends at home, who go into ecstasies over our hills could by some air balloons or other labor saving machine be placed by my side. The trees exceeded anything I had ever seen and fully realized my expectations of a California forest. Hundreds of them were six feet in diameter and standing so densely together that I could hardly get myself and mule through them. The road in finding a passage through the trees and among the rocks lengthened the distance to the foot of the pass at least one half.

Up, up, we toiled wondering every five minutes how "The Dickens" ox teams and wagons can get over here, and it is a wonder indeed, until at 3 P.M. we arrived at the foot of the terrible "Passage on the Backbone." For half an hour before arriving we could hear the shouts of teamsters urging their cattle up the steep and when we were near enough to see through the forest we could look up nearly over our heads and see wagons and cattle looking like pigmies, and as if almost suspended in the air. The "Pass" is through a slight depression in the mountains being some 1500 or 2000 feet lower than the tops in its immediate vicinity. As we came up to it the appearance was exactly like marching up to some immense wall built directly across our path so perpendicular is this dividing ridge and the road going up to its very base turns short to the right and ascends by a track cut in the side of the mountains till two thirds up when it turns left again and goes directly over the summit.

The distance to the top of the pass I should judge to be about 1/2 mile, and in this short space the elevation attained is somewhere near 2000 feet! [closer to 500 feet] The mountain is mostly rock. Where the road is cut tho' it is red clay and stone, which by travel and sliding of animals feet has been much cut and powdered up making a deep dust on the first half of the steep. At the foot of the ascent we found the Missionary Train from Indiana, preparing for the enterprise. One wagon had already started with 13 yoke of cattle attached, the load in the wagon not exceeding 600 pounds, and they could get but a few yards at a time stopping to rest their team. The were about half way up when in an inclining place the wagon began to slide over the precipice! The men seizing hold at all

points stopped its progress to destruction, and by some management it was placed upon the road again. Had it got a fair start over the hillside it must have dragged all the cattle with it down upon the rocks below. We leading each his mule [Perkins' own party was packing], began to scramble up sometimes upon "all fours" like our animals and glad enough were we to stop "to blow" several times before reaching the top.

At last the summit was gained and we attempted three cheers for our success which unfortunately failed for want of breath, but sitting down for 1/2 hours we enjoyed the magnificent prospect on either side of us. Our route back could be traced for miles, and the mountains among which we had been winding our way. Far below us was snow in vast quantities which never melts and on either side were peaks some thousands of feet higher than our position. . . . I could have spent hours on this spot so many thousand feet higher than I ever was before or ever expect to be again, but the coldness of the air tho it was September, and a bright sun shining compelling us to "button up" to the chin, and the growing lateness warned us to be moving.

Descending the west side of the Pass was, tho very steep nothing compared to the Eastern ascent, and we encamped some 2 or 3000 feet below our recent elevation, near a large train which crossed the day previous, at 6 distance 15 miles. The time usually occupied by an ox team to get to the top of the pass is from 1 1/2 to 2 hours. About 8 in the evening some of the Missionary wagons which had made the ascent came down by torch light it being rather uncomfortable lodgings on top, and the effect of the blazing pine knots in the dense forest above us, the shouts of the men and rumbling wagons was very picturesque. It

reminded me much of Maelzels famous exhibition of the Burning of Moscow, which I saw some years ago, where the French baggage trains evacuate the city by torch light. We had quite a treat this evening — a man belonging to the train near us struck up some lively tunes on the valve trumpet, the notes of which rang and echoed among the hills and trees most gloriously seeming much like "sounds from home." Evening quite cool.

Elisha Perkins, 1849.

CRESTING THE SIERRA NEVADA VIA ROLLER PASS

Wednesday, August 22nd. It was very cold again last night, and it occurred to us forcibly that if it was this cold here in August, what must it be in January. Early everything was in motion. In one mile we crossed a little stream to the left, which runs from the lake. Here we stopped, and cut sufficient grass for a feed. After rolling one mile farther we struck the foot of the mountain. The road was very rough and in many places steep both going up and down. Every now and then there was a little table upon which was a little grass. We rolled thus 2 miles when we nooned (or rather rested, not taking our mules out) upon one of these tables. We stopped 2 hours, when we ascended a steep and very rocky road with many short turns around the large rocks and trees. One mile brought us to the foot of the "elephant" itself. Here we "faced the music" and no mistake. The "wohaughs" could be heard for miles, hollowing and bawling at their poor cattle who could scarcely drag themselves up the steep activity.

We immediately doubled teams, and after considerable screaming and whipping, thus arrived safe at the top. They then returned

and took up the remainder with like success. We were but four hours ascending, and we were much disappointed, but agreeably so, in not finding it much worse. Certainly this must be a great improvement upon the old road [the original Donner Pass route] where the wagons had to be taken to pieces and packed across. We rolled down the mountain four miles, the road being rough and steep half way and then striking a valley, where it was good. We passed through a grove of woods and then emerged into a beautiful valley [Summit Valley/Van Norden Reservoir] and encamped.

. . . We were all in the most joyous and elated spirits this evening. We have crossed the only part of the road that we feared, and that without any breakage, loss, or detention. I had but the one and only bottle of cognac that was in our camp, and which I had managed to keep since leaving the Old Dominion. This I invited my mess to join me in, and which invitation was most cordially accepted. When lo and behold, upon bringing it out, it was empty — yes, positively empty! — the cork was bad and with numerous joltings, it had gradually disappeared. This was a disappointment many of us will not soon forget.

Wakeman Bryarly, 1849

DONNER LAKE CAMP, ROLLER PASS, and SUMMIT VALLEY

August 31, Friday. Left camp at sunrise and traveled 5 miles to the foot of the mountain, passing one of the houses built by the unfortunate Donner Party, 40 or 50 of whom perished during the winter from cold and starvation. This house [Graves-Reed cabin] is built of logs and divided into apartments, showing there were two

sexes in the unfortunate company. It is built on a low piece of ground in a thicket of small fir trees. Around the house there are plenty of bones, they having eaten their cattle, and rumor says some of their own company.

The stumps around the house are 15 feet high, showing the depth of the snow at the time they were cut. It would be a cold-hearted cuss that could stand on this sorrowful spot without showing some feeling for his unfortunate fellow emigrants who perished here in 1846. There were several other houses, but they were ordered to be destroyed by General Kearny on his return from California in 1847 in order to keep the Indians for living in them. Five miles farther brought us within 1/2 mile of the summit, where we in fact found "the elephant." At this place there is a small area of level ground where we rested our cattle for the ascent.

We reached this point at noon and watered our stock at a little brook by the roadside, fed by the melting snow which covered the mountain sides. Karr's Missouri Train being in front of us, we were detained somewhat, but after dinner we [made] the ascent. There are two of these about 1/2 miles in length, the first being a little the longest and lands you on a table about 80 yards in length. The second ascent starts from this table and lands you on the summit of the Sierra Nevada over a terrible road. Steep 45 degrees and winding.

This road is over a material comprised of clay, and small rolling stones [volcanic], which roll under the feet of the cattle, making it almost impossible to get up themselves let alone draw the wagons.

Some of Capt. Karr's wagons had 15 yoke of cattle attached at one time, and even then stuck fast at times. We drew our

wagons part way up the mountain with 4 yoke of cattle and the aid of a long rope round the end of the wagon, extending up by the side of the oxen and beyond. The men pulled on the rope and aided materially not only in the ascent but in keeping the oxen in line until we arrived at the most difficult point of ascent. Here we were obliged to double teams, putting 8 yoke on the wagon and two yokes to the end of the rope that was continued on up to the table above. In this way we were enabled to get all our wagons on the summit an hour by sun and without a single mishap. After giving three cheers, we started for the valley on the west side, all delighted with our success. Three miles and a half brought us into the valley where we are now camped [Summit Valley]. Grass and water good. Timber nearly all fir.

Left the great basin on the last day of summer. Last day of August and it was our last day in the basin. Don't think any one of the Como company would care to take the back track. As for me and my house, we will go home by water even if we turn Missourian and puke. 15 miles.

Charles Parke, 1849

There are several versions as to why Missourians were known as pukes. One version — the kindest — is that the word refers to the way the turbid Missouri River “pukes” into the Mississippi River above St. Louis. Another alludes to the fact that many of the frontier Missourians were over-imbibers and were, on occasion, known to puke as a result. The term — and it was not used as a term of endearment — is very often encountered in Mormon diaries when referring to the Missourians, and it stems from the persecutions which the Mormons underwent in Missouri.

YUBA GAP TO EMIGRANT GAP AND BEAR VALLEY

Sunday, August 26th.

We rolled at 6 1/2. The road was upon the side of a mountain, but good in comparison to what we have had for some time. Two miles we came to another valley [Carpenter Valley] similar to the one we just left. One mile farther the road was as rough as it well could be, down a hill and immediately up another so steep and rough that some of our teams had to double. [As] soon as we arrived at the top of this, which was 200 yards from the foot, we saw — yes, I think I can with safety say, here — we saw the “Old Gentleman Elephant of All.” If I had not seen a wagon going down before me, I think I would have sworn none could, but they were actually and really going down.

It was a hill almost perpendicular, so much so that fear was expressed that the wagon would turn head over heels down. This first was about 75 yards, down; here was a little table; then another hill, etc., etc. Four of them brought you at last in a valley with a beautiful spring, a fine stream, and plenty of grass. This is Bear Valley. By taking out the leaders of our teams and back locking and every other kind of locking, and [by] attaching a rope behind and holding it around a tree, our wagons and all, with a great deal of work, trouble and fatigue, were moored safely in the valley.

Wakeman Bryarly, 1849.

EMIGRANT GAP — DESCENT INTO BEAR VALLEY

September 4, Tuesday. Left camp this morning at 6 o'clock and traveled 6 miles over a good road, but dusty, until we reached the foot of Bear River Mountain.

These mountains are amongst the worst we have met, being both steep and long. Here it became necessary to "rough lock" our wheels, which was done by wrapping log-chains around the fellows. Some of our company adopted the novel idea of cutting down small trees and trimming them up so as to leave the stump of the limb project about 12 inches. The top of the tree was fastened to the hind axletree and as it dragged the projecting stumps of limbs plowed through the ground, filling the bill nicely. Mr. Clark was not so fortunate as the rest of our company. His chain was torn loose from the side of [the] wagon box, and the whole wagon rolled down the mountain side, scattering flour, bacon, blankets, tin-ware, and wagon wheels to the four winds.

Fortunately, there was only one yoke of cattle on the tongue. When the staples drew out of the wagon's bed, the cattle were making a sudden turn, in order to angle down the side of the mountain. At this moment, the rear end of the wagon rose heavenward in the twinkling of an eye. The rear ox fortunately threw his rear end in the same direction, allowing a large pine tree to come between him and the wagon tongue, snapping the latter off like a pipe stem. It was a sad sight to the owner, but laughable at the same time to see so perfect a wreck in so short a time. The wheels were picked up and a cart made of the hind axle.

Charles Parke, 1849.

LOWELL RIDGE AND STEEP HOLLOW

August 28. — A cup of coffee without sugar constituted our breakfast. Our march to-day has been one of great fatigue, and almost wholly without incident or interest. During the forenoon we were constantly engaged in rising and descending the sides of the high mountain ranges, on either hand of the stream, to avoid the canones, deep chasms and ravines, and immense ledges of granite rocks, with which the narrow valley [Bear Valley] is choked. In the afternoon we travelled along a high ridge [Lowell Ridge], sometimes over elevated peaks, with deep and frightful abysses yawning their darkened and hideous depths beneath us. About five o'clock, P.M., by a descent so steep for a mile and a half, that ourselves and our animals slid rather than walked down it, we entered a small hollow or ravine, which we names "Steep Hollow." A gurgling brook of pure cold water runs through it over a rocky bed. In the hollow there was about a quarter of an acre of pretty good grass, and our mules soon fed this down to its roots, without leaving a blade standing.

Having nothing else to do, we made large fires of the dead oak timber that had been cut down by the emigrants of previous years, for the purpose of subsisting their animals upon its foliage. A cup of coffee without sugar, was our supper.

Edwin Bryant, 1846

STEEP HOLLOW

Wednesday, August 29th. Some of our teams left last night at 3 o'clock, and the remainder at daybreak. The road was still rolling as usual. In 9 miles we came to another "Elephant" (they are very plenty upon this road). There was a hill as steep as any we had yet had to descent, and another equally steep to ascent immediately from its base. Trees were cut and tied behind and allowed to drag, with some men riding upon them. In this way many of [the] teams came down very well. Others again, came down with ropes around trees, and lowered gradually. This however did not answer as well as the trees, as there was great risk of the rope breaking, which would have been attended with very serious consequences. This did happen to us, breaking a rope an inch and a quarter thick. Away went mules, wagon, and driver, with great velocity for a short distance, but they succeeded in stopping them. If they had not as soon as they did, there is no knowing what might have been the result. After a time all were safely landed below and here for the first time we saw the "Gold Diggings." Wakeman Bryarly, 1849.

END OF THE TRAIL — JOHNSON'S RANCHO —

Monday September 24. ...Soon after leaving our last night camp we emerged from the hills upon the barren ridges bordering the Sacramento Valley. A few small oaks were scattered here and there and a scanty grass found some nourishment in the red clayey soil. This region looked rather desolate and dreary far different from anything we were prepared to see in this "beautiful country." At 9 we descended from these "barrens" and were at last in the

long hoped for "Valley of the Sacramento" and at 11 arrived at Johnson's famous "ranch."

A mile above Johnson's we met a party of native Californians in their fancy colored dresses and ponchos with huge spurs and fine horses and all the accompaniments of tinkling bells, dangling tassels, lasso, etc. They were driving a herd of cattle, and shouting and singing most merrily. Here I first saw the use of the lasso, and beautifully was it done. A Mexican was riding along singing cheerily and occasionally twirling his noose around his head most gracefully and easily, till the hoop spread out to 4 or 5 feet in diameter, when off it would shoot wavering through the air like a soap bubble till it dropped directly over the object aimed at.

"Johnsons" has been an extensively cultivated "Ranch," but is now neglected, and occupied by some Americans with goods and groceries. Acres of land formerly under cultivation are fenced in by a deep trench 6 to 8 feet deep and 4 or 5 across, the dirt thrown out being piled upon the inside making a kind of wall and fosse. This expensive and laborious kind of fencing I am told is the only one used by the "Rancheros." However as they can employ hundreds of Indians for a mere song in clothing and beads, perhaps these trenches may be better than a wood fence, especially as timber is scarce in the valley.

Elisha Perkins, 1849.

END OF THE TRAIL — SUTTER'S FORT —

June, 1846. Emerging from the woods lining the river, we stood upon a plain of immense extent, bounded on the west by the heavy timber which marks the course of

the Sacramento, the dim outline of the Nevadas appearing in the distance. We now came to some extensive fields of wheat in full bearing, waving gracefully in the gentle breeze, like the billows of the sea, and we saw the white-washed wall of the fort, situated on a small eminence commanding the approaches on all sides.

We were met and welcomed by Captain Sutter and the officers in command of the garrison; but the appearance of things indicated that our reception would have been very different had we come on a hostile errand.

The appearance of the fort, with its crenelated walls, fortified gateway and bastioned angles; the heavily bearded, fierce-looking hunters and trappers, armed with rifles, bowie-knives and pistols; their ornamented hunting shirts and gartered leggins; their long hair turbaned with colored handkerchiefs; their wild and almost savage looks and dauntless and independent bearing; the wagons filled with golden grain; the arid yet fertile plain; the "caballos" driven across it by wild, shouting Indians enveloped in clouds of dust, and the dashing horsemen scouring in every direction; all these accessories conspired to carry me back to the romantic East, and I could almost fancy again that I was once more the guest of some powerful Arab chieftain in his desert stronghold.

Lt. Joseph W. Revere

END OF THE TRAIL
— LIFE AT SUTTER'S FORT —
— INDIANS —

Sept 3. ...The number of laboring Indians employed by Captain Sutter during the seasons of sowing and harvest, is from two to three hundred. Some of these are clothed

in shirts and blankets, but a large portion of them are entirely naked. They are paid so much per day for their labor, in such articles of merchandise as they may select from the store. Cotton cloth and handkerchief are what they most freely purchase. Common brown cotton cloth sells at one dollar per yard. A tin coin issued by Captain Sutter circulates among them, upon which is stamped the number of days that the holder has labored. These stamps indicate the value in merchandise to which the laborer or holder is entitled.

...The laboring or field Indians about the fort are fed upon the offal of slaughtered animals, and upon the bran sifted from the ground wheat. This is boiled in large iron kettles. It is then placed in wooden trough standing in the court, around which the several messes seat themselves and scoop out with their hands this poor fodder. Bad as it is, they eat it with an apparent high relish; and no doubt it is more palatable and more healthy than the acorn, mush, or atole, which constitutes the principal food of these Indians in their wild state.

...Captain Sutter's dining-room and his table furniture do not present a very luxurious appearance. The room is unfurnished, with the exception of a common deal table standing in the center, and some benches, which are substitutes for chairs. The table, when spread, presented a correspondingly primitive simplicity of aspect and of viands. The first course consisted of good soup, served to each guest in a china bowl with silver spoons. The bowls, after they had been used for this purpose, were taken away and cleansed by the Indian servant, and were afterwards used as tumblers or goblets, from which we drank our water. The next course consisted of two dishes of meat, one roasted and one fried, and both

highly seasoned with onions. Bread, cheese, butter, and melons, constituted the dessert. I am thus particular because I wish to convey as accurately as I can the style and mode of living in California of intelligent gentlemen of foreign birth, who have been accustomed to all the luxuries of the most refined civilization.

It is not for the purpose of criticizing, but to show how destitute the people of this naturally favored country have been of many of the most common comforts of domestic life, owing to the wretched system of government which has heretofore existed. Such has been the extortion of the government in the way of impost-duties, that few supplies which are included among even the most ordinary elegancies of life, have ever reached the inhabitants, and for these they have been compelled to pay prices that would be astonishing to a citizen of the United States of Europe, and such as have impoverished the population. As a general fact, they cannot be obtained at any price, and hence those who have the ability to purchase are compelled to forego their use from necessity.

With our appetites, however, we enjoyed the dinner as much as if it had been served up in the most sumptuously-furnished dining-salon, with all the table appurtenances of polished silver, sparkling crystal, and snow-like porcelain. By our long journey we had learned to estimate the value of a thing for its actual utility and the amount of enjoyment it confers. The day is not distant when American enterprise and American ingenuity will furnish those adjuncts of civilization of which California is now so destitute, and render a residence in this country one of the most luxurious upon the globe . . .

Edwin Bryant, 1846.

END OF THE TRAIL
— SACRAMENTO RIVER —
— DISAPPOINTMENT —
— SACRAMENTO CITY —

Wednesday, September 26. ...Arrived at Vernon a small town at the junction of Feather and Sacramento Rivers, at 9 A.M. and first beheld the stream whose name and fame are known all over the world and whose golden sands seduced me from all I hold dear into the wilderness. At this place the Sacramento is a clear still beautiful river about 1/4 or 1/3 of a mile across, the banks lined with oaks and various vines and bushes, willows, etc. Its valley of the beauty of which we have heard and read so much, is a vast waste plain covered with a scanty wiry grass, with occasional marshes in patches of trees.

Never was there such misrepresentation as about this country, both as to the fertility, fertility or capability of cultivation, and richness of the mines, and all that a few men might make fortunes. Among the Emigrants you will hear Bryant, Fremont, Robinson and others whose published accounts were the chief inducement to many to leave their comfortable homes, cussed up and down. This valley presents few attractions to any one who has lived in the states. No beautiful forests, or rich meadows but very few singing birds, except owls, and these abound. There are some elk in the plains and any quantity of wolves, also in the sloughs great numbers of cranes, geese, ducks, etc, but every one without exception is disappointed both in the appearance of the country and the richness of vegetable or mineral productions.

Thursday, Sept 27. ...On review of our journey and its incidents now that it is all over and our sufferings and privations at

an end, I would not have it differ in any respect from what it was. We saw everything of frontier travelling that could be seen ad struck the life in all its varieties, with wagon, packs and on foot, and the harder the times we had the pleasanter the retrospect, by contrast. Dearly have I paid for my experience to be sure, both pecuniarily and physically, but I should know now exactly how to go back by the same route both pleasantly and speedily, and at much less expense, and consider myself pretty well qualified to give advice to any of my friends who wish to try the same journey.

Saturday, October 6. Here I am still in Sacramento City — feeling quite well and enjoying myself finely. The day after we arrived went down town to try to pawn my watch and not be obliged to force my mule into market. In course of my travels I stepped into a store and saw a young man behind the counter whom I recognized as an acquaintance I made in New Orleans, a fine clean fellow, a nephew of Col. Bailie Peyton and named Peyton himself. He also recognized me and after mutual greetings and congratulations on finding each other in the famed! land, I told him my "fix" and offered my watch till I could redeem it. Peyton only laughed at me, "Why," says he, "do you think I would take your watch for security for anything you want? Just make a bill of provisions, clothing, anything you need, Tell me how much money you want and my store and purse are at your service." Here was a "hit" indeed, and I hesitated at first about accepting his generous offer but he insisted and so I bought a lot of flour, crackers, pork, fist and little sundries and took some money for my present necessities, feeling very happy and gratified at finding such a friend when I had expected only strangers.

Two days after I sold "Old Dave" for 120\$ and was able to pay Peyton and thank him for his generosity. He is a noble fellow and I shall always remember him...

The city is a remarkable place indeed, built almost entirely of cloth spread upon light frames. In this way are built stores doing large business. Hotels, gambling houses in abundance. Theaters, etc, and almost everything can be had and seen in this city of 6 months growth as in eastern city. Lynch law is the only law known and yet though there are in the population of 7 or 8000, 20 or 30 large gambling houses and liquor bars, there has been no case of riot and bloodshed. Half the stores have no front, and no way of closing up at night, and provisions, clothing, fancy articles, etc are left thus exposed but nothing ever stolen or disturbed.

Rents and prices of land and horses are very high. The "City Hotel" a new building of wood costs 100,000\$ and rents for 50,000\$. Board at it 25.00 per week. Common store rooms rent from 300 to 1000\$ per month, etc.

The city is built at the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers, is laid off in squares and streets lettered and numbered, and is growing fast, but I think it will as suddenly go down as it has risen, before two years, there being nothing to support it when the Emigration is over and returning as hundreds are now doing. Suppose a tent in the windward side of the City should take fire, as no doubt some will do as soon as cool weather sets in and stoves are introduced, in ten minutes where would the City be?... Elishia Perkins, 1849.

END OF THE JOURNEY

Sunday; One hundred and sixteenth day out. Our journey is done, and we hardly know what to do with ourselves, and whether to be glad or sorry. No one took the trouble to stand guard last night, and as we cannot have much more use for the mules, we bore with calmness and fortitude their almost entire deprivation of grass. There will be no more Indian alarms, no more stampedes, no more pulling, carrying and hauling at wagons. Not withstanding ragged clothes and empty stomachs, we are all in an exhilarant and joyous mood. The gold is here sure enough, for we have seen it, and we can raise the color ourselves everywhere, even on this very creek [Steephol-low Creek]. Our census counts ten men, twenty-four mules, three horses and two wagons of our original party and outfit. On the other hand, we are in rags, almost bare-footed, without provisions and almost without tools, nearly all of which have been broken to pieces or abandoned. But however sad for the fate of the poor fellows who fell by the way, we're are glad to have got here at all. Isaac Wistar, 1849.

Monday, September 23. ...Following down a ravine, the center of which, with its rocks and trees, had been torn up by gold hunters, I passed through Nevada City, which was little else than a row of canvas covered houses on either side of the emigrant road in the valley of Deer Creek.

The street and surroundings were filled with people. Every nation, island, and tribe seemed to have its emigrant representative. Here were all grades of society, from the latest devotee of fashion from Paris, to the tattooed New Zealander, and all shades of complexion, from the pale, blue-eyed stranger from the bleak hills of

Norway to the swarthy Ethiopian from the hot sands of Africa; while all the living languages seemed to find utterance in the motley crowd.

Moving through that strange mass of humanity like one in a dream, I at last reached Deer Creek. Here the gravel from the Coyote Diggings was washed, and the clang of shovels, longtoms, rockers, pans, and the vociferous jargon of strange tongues, broke in weird confusion on by ears.

Passing a row of large buildings, strains of stirring music arose with such swell, trill and cadence, that I paused to listen. Stepping inside of a spacious apartment I saw upon numerous tables piles of gold and silver coin, with various valuable specimens of gold from the mines. There was also a display of pistols and bowie knives, and grouped around each table a gambling company. At some they were silent, and deeply intent on the game; at others, flushed and desperate; at still other tables, angry and threatening.

I had never before looked upon such a scene. In nationality, color and language it resembled the crowd on the street, only here was a larger proportion of young men and boys and a general evidence of a greater or less degree of intoxication. From a bar, which occupied one side of the room, liquors were dealt out to a boisterous throng, whose blasphemies and ribald jests were enough "to make one shudder and grow sick at heart." [The author was to become a minister.] Four men in a kind of gallery, near the main entrance, by discoursing instrumental and vocal music, attracted the passers from the street; and there was something wonderful in its attractive power.

I turned to go out, but my glance fell upon a large mirror, and the image it reflected at once arrested my attention. It was a human face, sun-tanned and brown as the barehead Indian who roams the woods, the bleached outlines of an incipient beard around the mouth and chin; a mass of long tangled hair, reaching to the shoulders; boyish features, [the author was 18 years old at the time] and withal so thin and mature it might have puzzled an anthropologist to determine which of the numerous races it represented.

I, however, had an impression that often before I had seen its dim outline, mirrored in the mountain stream, or bubbling spring, where I had stooped to drink. But then some relieving ripple always disarranged the exact resemblance to that which bent above.

Day at last declined, and I returned to the camp of my companions; and as twilight deepened, the woods and every cliff and glen were illuminated by innumerable camp fires. The miners, having returned from their work, were engaged in cooking supper preparatory to their much needed rest.

Reader, the busy scenes of the day, the burrowed hills, uprooted trees and overturned rocks along the ravines, the gleaming fires, no longer in line with the road, and the absence of teams and wagons, remind us that we have reached the mines, and have completed the road to California.

John Steele, 1850.

END OF THE TRAIL — FINAL PARAGRAPH OF JOSEPH WARE'S "THE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA," 1849 —

A word before we part, you are now in a country different from that which you left. recollect that you are a component part of the country. Take no steps that will not reflect honor, not only upon yourself but your country. Oppose all violations of order, and just law. Unite with the well disposed to sustain the rights of individuals whenever incroached upon. Introduce at the earliest practical moment, those institutions which have conspired to raise our beloved country to the highest elevation of nations: — let schools, churches, beneficial societies, courts, etc., be established forthwith. Make provision for the forthcoming millions that shortly shall people your ample valleys, and golden hills — and above all, recollect that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Joseph Ware wrote his emigrant's guide — one of the better guides — without ever having been over the trail to California. In fact, although he set out to California in 1849 — probably with his own guide in hand — he was never destined to reach the Golden State. Alonzo Delano in his famous *Life on the Plains* and *Among the Diggings* relates the sad story:

August 1. ...But the most lamentable case was that of the abandonment by his companions, of Joseph E. Ware, formerly from Galena, but known in St. Louis as a writer, and if I recollect right, the publisher of a map and guide-book to California. He was taken sick east of Fort Laramie, and his company, instead of affording him that protection which they were now more than

ever bound to do, by the ties of common humanity, barbarously laid him by the road side, without water, provisions, covering or medicines, to die! Suffering from thirst, he contrived to crawl off the road about a mile, to a pond, where he lay two days, exposed to a burning sun by day and cold winds by night, when Providence directed Fisher and his mess to the same pond, where they found him. With a humanity which did them honor, they took him to their tent and nursed him two days; but nature, overpowered by exposure as well as disease, gave way, and he sank under his sufferings. He told Fisher who he was, and related the story of his company's heartlessness. He was a young man of decided talents. Fisher was confident that if he had had medicines and proper attendance he might have recovered. What misery has not California brought on individuals? — and this is but one of the many tales of suffering which might be told.

Alonzo Delano, 1849.

CALIFORNIA IN THE SPRING

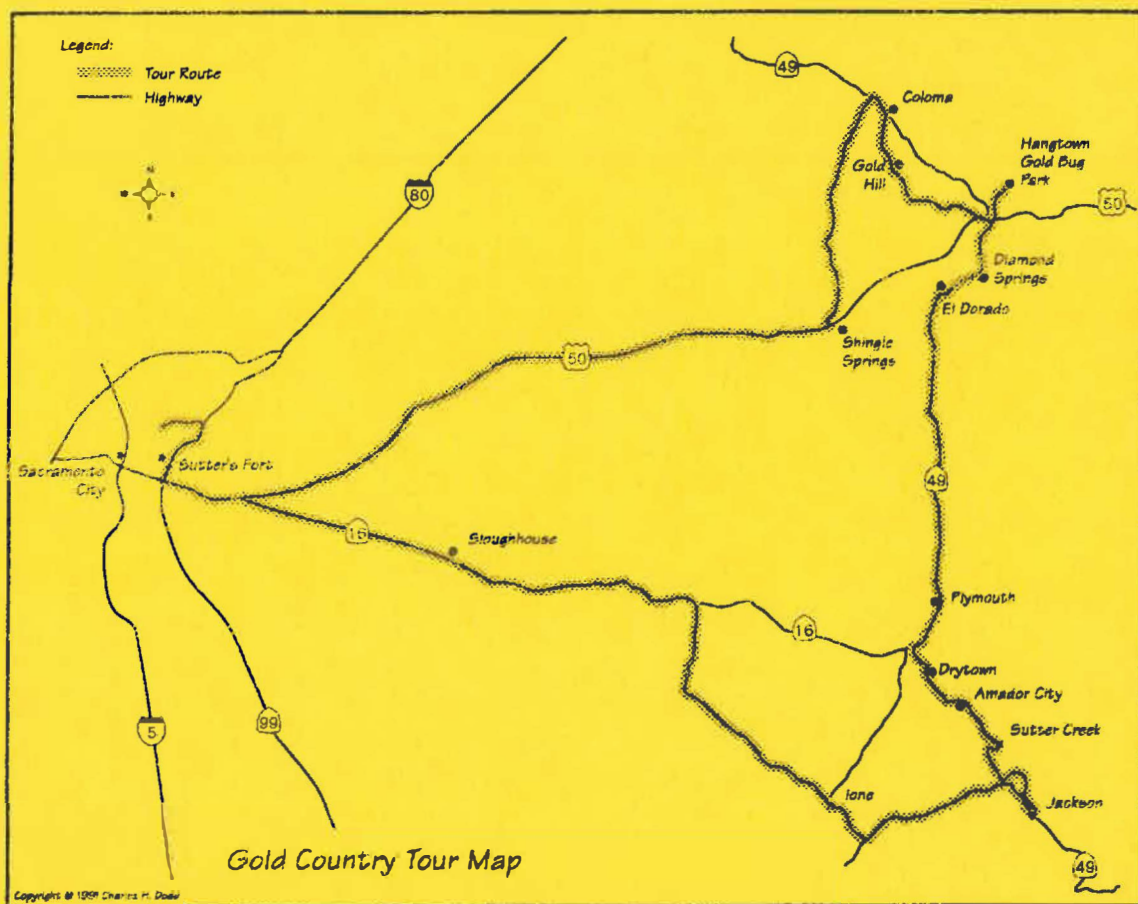
April 17th 1844. We continued on through a succession of valleys, and came into a most beautiful spot of flower fields; instead of green, the hills were purple and orange, with unbroken beds, into which each color was separately gathered. A pale straw color, with a bright yellow, the rich red-orange of the poppy mingled with fields of purple, covered the spot with a floral beauty; and, on the border of the sandy deserts, seemed to invite the traveler to go no farther . . .

John Charles Fremont

Every turn gives some vista of beauty in this Garden of Eden; the soft southerly breeze is perfumed with the delicate odor of millions of the smaller varieties of prairie flowers, in some places so abundant as to color acres — whole hillsides — so thickly as to hide the ground, and my mule had to eat flowers rather than grass. One without home ties might well feel all his days could be passed in the beauties of these valleys, roseate yellow — and blue so soft that the purest sky cannot surpass the color for delicacy. Tangled masses of vines climb everywhere, hiding the hard surfaces of the quartz rocks, and beyond this exquisite vegetation always some view, wild and impressive meets the eye.

James W. Audubon, 1850.

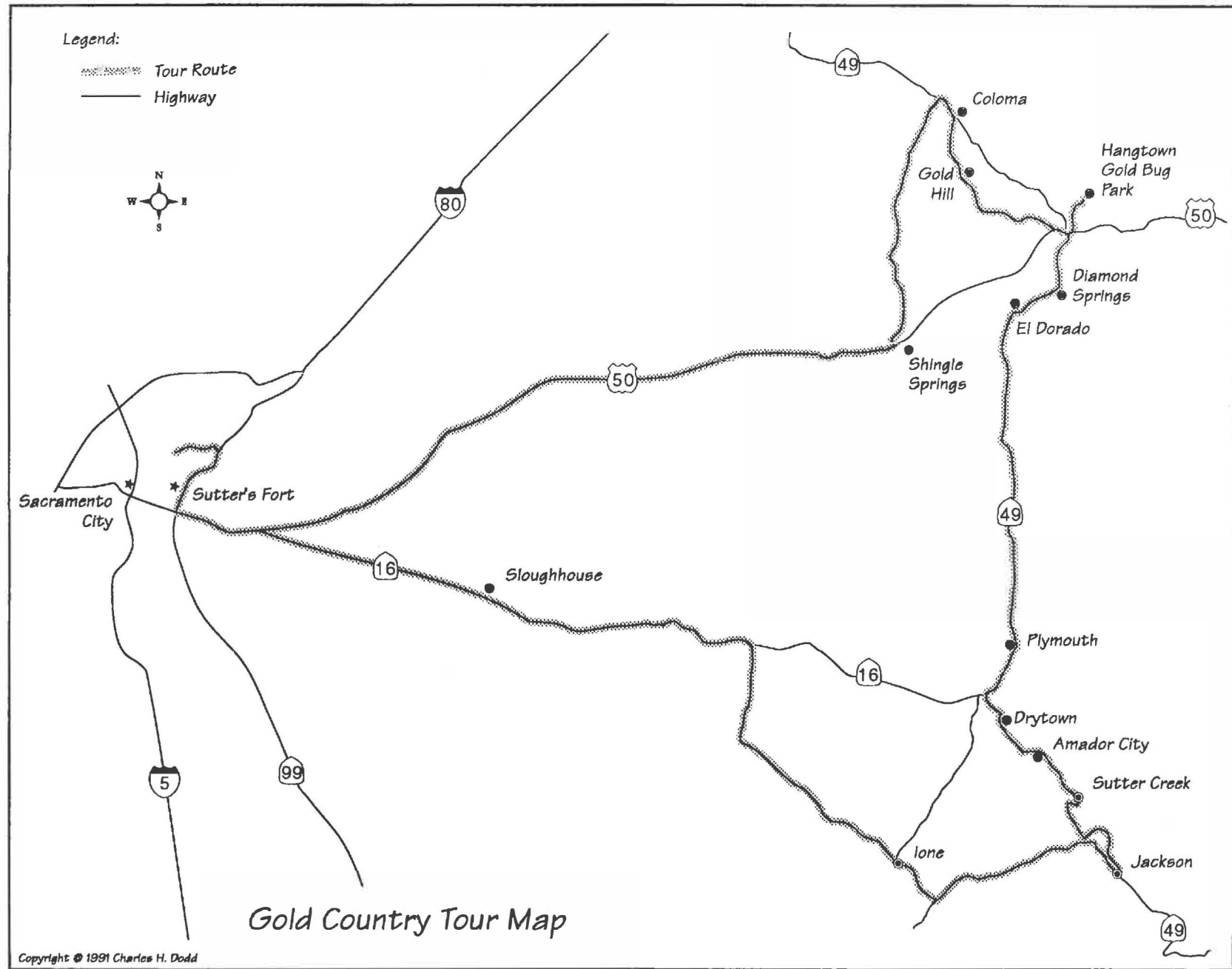
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[Maps and Illustrations Courtesy of Jack Clough]



AMADOR COUNTY

Compiled by Eileen Gebhardt for Amador County Unified School District,
School Year, 1985-1986

Formation and Growth of Amador County

The first twenty-seven California counties were created by the legislature in 1850. Amador County was not one of the original ones, as it was then part of Calaveras County. Pleasant Valley, or Double Springs, was the county seat. An election was held in 1850 to place the county seat in either Jackson or Mokelumne Hill. First count of the ballots gave Mokelumne Hill the honor; a later count showed Jackson had more votes. Another election in 1852 moved the county seat back to Mokelumne Hill.

In 1853 the inhabitants of what is now Amador County were eager to establish a county independent of Calaveras, and permission was given by the legislature. "Washington" was the name chosen, but "Amador" was substituted in the Assembly. The county was named for Jose Maria Amador, who had mined in the area in 1848. Jose was the son of Sgt. Pedro Amador, a Spanish soldier who was one of the sixty-four members of Portola's expedition who set out from San Diego on July 14, 1769. Sgt. Amador was stationed at the presidio in San Francisco; in 1771 he settled in the San Ramon Valley and became a rancher.

Amador County was actually formed from Calaveras County in 1854. Later, territory from El Dorado County was annexed. In 1864 Alpine County was formed from the extreme mountain territory of Calaveras, El Dorado and Amador Counties.

Rivalry for becoming the county seat existed among four towns — Ione, Sutter Creek, Volcano and Jackson. Ione had become established as a supplier of fruit, vegetables, hay and barley to the miners, had plenty of level ground to build a town on and raised \$6,000 toward the construction of county buildings. Sutter Creek, growing from the development of quartz mining, claimed to have "high-toned, moral people, where no dance houses or kindred institutions were likely to demoralize the public officers."¹ Sutter Creek raised \$10,000 toward county buildings. Volcano was growing rapidly and wanted the county seat also. Early writings of Amador County repeatedly mention intense rivalry between Jackson and Volcano and give this rivalry as a reason for wanting the government to be taken from Jackson and placed in Volcano. Jackson had been the county seat and the community was aware of the profits. The town still had the old jail that could be used again; \$10,000 was raised for county buildings.

Every town had candidates for office.

Voting settled the issue of the location of the county seat. Results were: Ione, 496; Sutter Creek, 539; Volcano, 937; Jackson, 1,002. Three or four months after the election, Jackson had erected the first Amador County Court House.

Improved methods of mining brought an increase in population, and with this increase came the institutions that expanded the growing towns — dance houses, saloons, gambling halls, bordellos, boarding

1. History of Amador County, Ca., J.D. Mason, Thompson & West, 1881, p.77.

houses. At the same time churches, schools, banks, hotels, stores of all types were built and tradesmen established themselves in the communities.

In the peak year for California mining, 1852, \$81,294,700 in gold was taken from the ground. By 1854 the loose gold found in placer mining had been depleted and miners were moving around looking for new diggings. Many men went to the cities to find employment; others established ranches and farms; others worked at trades of various kinds. As deep quartz mining developed in Amador County, mining companies, rather than individual miners, were established in order to raise the necessary capital to mine profitably. Towns where these deep mines were located, such as Jackson and Sutter Creek, continued to be "mining towns." Other communities became established towns with economy based on agriculture, other types of mining, such as copper or clay; still other communities quickly became ghost towns.

According to Mason's *History of Amador County*, 1881, the county assessor's report lists in 1860 "15 saw mills . . . 32 quartz mills . . . 600 miles of main canals, 10,000 acres of cultivated land" yielding hay, wheat, barley and corn, besides other produce. There were nearly 10,000 head of cattle, 1,700 horses, 6,000 swine, 60,000 fruit trees and 300,000 grape vines. Pertinent issues were the formation of Alpine County and the wagon road to Carson Valley. In 1862 the Amador Wagon Road was established. Between 1860 and 1870 Amador County faced growing failure of the placer mines, disastrous fires, problems with management of county finances, effects of the Civil War and the assassination of President Lincoln. Quartz mining saved the county's economy. Mason's account gives the following population statistics:

<i>Precincts</i>	<i>1870</i>	<i>1860</i>
Jackson	2,408	1,344
Ione	1,779	2,712
Volcano	1,357	1,545
Sutter	1,966	1,214
Drytown	853	1,550
Oleta (Fiddletown)	1,219	1,191
Rancheria		478

Within the boundaries of Amador County are diverse geographical areas and resources. Early settling of the county clearly emphasizes this diversity, as the areas developed for different reason. Ethnic groups — Slavonian, Italian, Irish, Cornish, Chilen, Mexican, Chinese and many other nationalities — settled together in the various sections of the county, also.

Mason states that in 1853 schools had been established in Volcano, Jackson, Sutter Creek and Ione. From then until 1880 salaries for men ranged from \$60 to \$80 per month, for women \$47 to \$62 per month.

Discovery of Gold and Early Settling of Amador County

On January 24, 1848, James Marshall discovered gold at Coloma, on the south fork of the American River. This was not the first gold found in California, but the minor finds previous to Marshall's discovery had not become widespread knowledge. News of Marshall's discovery caused men to leave whatever they were doing and spread out over the area hoping to find a fortune in gold.

Ione Valley and Ione

Ione was founded in 1848 as a supply center, first for the mines and then for the farms and ranches of Ione Valley. The town continued to develop not as a mining camp but as a stage stop, agricultural center, rail center and as a clay and sand producer. The original name of the town was

Bedbug, then Freeze-out, than the more dignified Ione, after the heroine of Bulwer-Lytton's novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Three men — Martin, Hicks and Childers, crossed the plains together and came into Ione Valley in 1848. They found one adobe house with a family living in it.

Hicks built a house of poles covered with hides and he and Martin began a cattle business, driving the stock from Southern California. Hicks soon converted his "house" into a store, the first in the valley, with Childers as manager. They hauled the first goods from Sacramento in a cart. Indians and Mexicans had been placer mining in the area and Hicks took gold in exchange for the merchandise in his store. Historian Mason estimates an Indian population of around 5,000 in the area at that time.

Settlers came into the valley to take advantage of the fertile land. In 1850, a group of men established the Q Ranch (named by a member of Co. Q, Ohio Volunteers). In 1853, this ranch was purchased by Charles Green, who with John Vogan, established a stage line between Sacramento and Sonora, via the Q Ranch, Jackson and Mokelumne Hill. A post office, blacksmith shop and race track were located on the Q Ranch. Other settlers established farms and built homes, assuming the land belonged to the United States, only to be evicted during the Arroyo Seco land dispute.

Ione City developed along with its surrounding lands. The first frame house was built in 1850, with building materials brought around the Horn. The first saw mill was built in 1851, the first flour mill in 1855. Daniel Stewart built the first brick store in 1855 for his general merchandise. The cornerstone of the Methodist

Church, and example of Gothic architecture, was laid July 4, 1862. The first school sessions were held in 1853, in a private residence; the first school house was built in 1858. The practicing physician also taught singing. A town hall, also used as a church, was built in 1858.

At the 1876 Centennial celebration, a brief history of Ione City was given as well as the "condition" at that time, "as it will be of interest hereafter." There were about six hundred citizens; one hundred were Chinese. There were four churches, one public school, four stores, two hotels, one meat market, one brewery, one restaurant, one millinery establishment, one art gallery, six saloons, one drug store, one barber shop, two paint shops, two blacksmith shops, one harness shop, one tin shop, three shoe shops, one variety store, one jewelry store, one cabinet shop, one powder house, one livery stable and two flour mills, one run by steam and the other by water power. This centennial celebration was the beginning of the annual homecoming picnic held the first week-end in May.

Another important development in 1876 was the completion of the railroad to the town limits. The line connected Galt to Ione, through Carbondale (then Buckeye), mainly to transport coal, sand and clay.

The clay and sand industries have been important to Ione. Clay taken from the vicinity of the Dosch Pit two miles from Ione was transported by Indians to New Helvetia (now Sacramento) to be used in the building of Sutter's Fort. Extensive beds of lignite have been mined in the area since the 1870's.

Although Ione had fires, most involved single buildings. A fire in 1865, however, consumed a block of businesses; the buildings were soon rebuilt, mainly of brick.

Flood proved to be more disasterous. Sutter Creek, running through the town and the valley carried accumulated tailings from the mines. At times the channel would become filled nearly to the surface; then a mass would erode new channels or carry great quantities of sand over the farms, destroying orchards, vine- yards and gardens in the valley. In the town, houses, bridges, and fences were swept away. In 1878, a cloudburst occurred not in Ione but in Jackson, Sutter Creek and Amador City. The torrents that came downstream filled the channel and overflowed into Ione and the valley. An outbreak of malaria resulted as well as the destruction of buildings and land.

Cornerstone of the Preston School of Industry was laid at Ione on December 23, 1890. The purpose of the school was to establish a separate institution for youthful offenders, who, prior to this time, were housed with adults.

From the early 1860's Ione residents have enjoyed the use of Howard Park (The Picnic Grounds), on the outskirts of town. The race track laid out here may have been California's first. The two-mile track was called a "spring bottom track." It was constructed by laying boughs and trees on the course and covering them with dirt so that the track was cushioned. In 1887, a two-story, 150 foot long grandstand was built with additional buildings that could house one hundred horses. Well-known horses were brought to Ione to race before capacity crowds. The structures burned in 1894, and were not rebuilt, but Ionians have used the Picnic Grounds continuously from the 1860's to the present.

Jackson

Jackson was originally know as Bottileas (Botellas), because of the many bottles scattered around a fresh water spring used

by miners and teamsters going between diggings at Drytown, Ione Valley and the Mokelumne River. The site is marked by a plaque behind the National Hotel. Later the town was renamed for Colonel Alden Appolas Moore Jackson, a miner who was a leader in the early development of the community. The name "Jackson Creek" was shortened to "Jackson."

During the early placer mining years, 1848 into the 1850's, Jackson developed not as much from gold mining as from commerce, because of its accessible location to richer mining areas nearby, including Big Bar, Middle Bar, Oregon Bar and others along the Mokelumne River. By November of 1848, Jackson's Creek was a tent town with about sixty miners; by 1850 the population was over 1,500. In the 1850's, when gold was discovered in quartz veins of the Mother Lode, it was found that the main lode ran directly under the city of Jackson. From that time on hard-rock mining was the most important factor in the economy.

Of the many hard-rock mines in the area, the Argonaut and the Kennedy proved to be the most important. The Argonaut was opened in 1850, but it produced very little until 1893, when the Argonaut Mining Company was formed. The Kennedy started in 1856; in 1912 the tailing wheels were built to carry waste gravel away from the mine. The wheels were enclosed in buildings until 1942, when the corrugated iron structures were torn down for salvage for World War II purposes. (The booklet, "The Kennedy Wheels", will be available at the site by residents of Amador County working to restore and maintain the Wheels.) At one time these two mines had the deepest verticle shafts in the world, extending over 5,000 feet into the ground. There were 150 miles of under- ground tunnels. To prevent flooding at the lower

levels, 75,000 gallons of water were pumped out every twenty-four hours. Both mines operated until 1942.

Jackson had once been the county seat of Calaveras County and in 1854, again became the seat of government of the newly created county of Amador. From this time on rapid growth is recorded. With Jackson as the county seat and with the steady economy of hard-rock mining, a cosmopolitan community of many ethnic groups developed. Cornish, Serbian, and Italian men experienced in hard-rock mining arrived; men came from other parts of California as well as from the Eastern states; they came from Germany, Wales, Switzerland, France, England, Prussia, Ireland and other countries. There was a Jewish community; in 1860, twenty percent of the population was Chinese. Hotels, general stores and bars were built. The first grammar school was built in the 1850's, in 1851 the first Catholic Church and the present one in 1868, and in 1853 the first Methodist Church. St. Sava's Serbian Orthodox Church was built in 1894 (was the Mother Church in North America). The Brown home (now the Amador County Museum) was built in 1859, the court house in 1863. The Louisiana House (now the National Hotel) has been in operation since 1863. A gas pipe line was laid along the streets. The pipes were later used as a water line.

Fires and floods took their toll. Two especially severe fires occurred in 1852 and in 1862. Mason's 1881 history tells of the flood of 1861 — "Houses along the creek were resting on poles set in the ground by a little ways." The buildings on both sides of the creek and the bridge gave way, with the whole mass "grinding and crashing into the canyon below . . . the quantity of lumber that went through Jackson was enormous . . . several thousand feet could

be gathered in a few hours, so much was broken, however, as to be useless except as firewood. Much of it went into the bay and thence to the sea." These disasters resulted in the citizens rebuilding with brick and iron to avoid as much destruction as possible.

Jackson Gate was forming at the same time as Jackson. The name came from a fissure in a ridge of rock that crosses Jackson Creek. In 1850, about five hundred miners, veterans for The Mexican War, were given claims in the Jackson Gate area. The first mining ditch was dug there; water sold for one dollar per inch. Chichizola's store was built in 1850; it was operated as a general merchandise store from its opening until 1979.

A colorful figure in Jackson Gate during the placer mining days was known as Madame Pantaloons. Dressed in men's clothes and doing a man's work, she is said to have mined \$100,000 before she sold her claim for \$200.00.

Jackson steadily expanded during the years 1860 to 1900. Among businesses established then were Amador Soda Works (late 1860's), the Crystal Soda Works (1870's), and Strohm's Brewery (1886). In 1881, the Italian Benevolent Society was founded and held its first picnic the following year.

The organization of the Native Daughters of the Golden West was founded in Jackson in 1886 (Ursula Parlor #1). St. Sava's Church was built in 1894; the Bank of Amador was established in 1896.

Mason's account records Jackson's population in 1860 as 1,344; in 1870 it was 2,408 and in 1880 the census shows 2,331.

Volcano

Gold was discovered at Volcano about midsummer, 1848, by a group of discharged soldiers from Col. Jonathan Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers.² When Col. Stevenson and his ex-soldiers began prospecting, they found placers and clay beds so rich that they averaged \$100 a day.

The camp was first called Soldiers Gulch. As other miners came to the area, it was renamed Volcano because it appeared to be located in the crater of a volcano.

The mining camp grew quickly to a town of 5,000. There were thirty-five saloons, two breweries, twelve restaurants and seventeen hotels. The St. George Hotel, built in 1862, on the same site as three other hotels that were destroyed by fire, is still in operation.

When placer mining gave out, hydraulic mining took its place. It is estimated that the total value of gold taken from the early period and the later hydraulic period is \$90,000,000. There were no deep quartz mines in or around Volcano.

Volcano claims several "firsts" in California's cultural history. As early as 1850, merchants were lending books for a fee of ten cents a volume and in 1854, the Miners Library Association was formed. Admission fee was one dollar and monthly dues were twenty-five cents. Weekly meetings were held to discuss and debate social, political and scientific subjects, with lectures

on various topics whenever it was possible to secure someone. When the treasury built up to one hundred dollars, books were ordered and the library was opened.

All went well for three or four months, then attendance at religious revival meetings reduced usage of the library. A rumor spread that the Library Association found it impossible to retrieve the books.

California's first little theater movement, known as the Volcano Thespian Society, was organized in the winter of 1854 and 1855. Some promoters of the Library Association were instrumental in organizing this group.

Volcano is also credited with having the first astronomical observatory in California.

Limestone caves near Volcano were the site of the first five meetings of the Masonic Lodge of Volcano, organized in 1854.

Sutter Creek

As early as 1844, John Sutter sent men into the Sutter Creek area to cut timber for building needs at his Fort. In 1848, Sutter, with a work crew of Indians and Hawaiians, set up a mining camp along the creek named in his honor. He recorded, "I located the camp on Sutter Creek and thought I should be there alone. The work was going on well for a while, until three or four travelling grog shops surrounded me. Then, of course, the gold was taken to these places for drinking, gambling, etc., and the following day they were sick and

2. Col. Stevenson's unit of 250 members had arrived in March of 1848 in San Francisco to participate in the war with Mexico. As the war had ended the previous month (2/2/48, with the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo), the men were discharged and absorbed into the California population. One member of the group, William G. Marcy, a former captain, was to become Secretary of the Constitutional Convention in Monterey in 1849. A group from the unit remained in the San Francisco area, called themselves the "Hounds" or "Regulators", and they terrorized the city with acts of violence. Actions of such gangs caused the formation of the Vigilantes. Another group from the unit came to Volcano to prospect for gold.

unable to work. I found that it was high time to quit this kind of business and lose no more time and money. This whole expedition proved to be a heavy loss to me."

With Marshall's discovery of gold in January, 1848, men poured into the area and were mining on every nearby creek. At this time Sutter Creek developed more as a supply center for the miners than as a rich placer mining area. A cloth tent was erected at the crossing of the creek, where a man from Oregon sold supplies — "meat, whisky, some provisions" — to the miners working the placers in the area. Mason writes in 1881 that on Sundays some of the miners gathered here "when the weather did not permit them to go to Drytown or Jackson."

In August of 1849, tents were pitched along the stream and some log houses were under construction, but not until spring of 1851, when quartz gold was discovered, did Sutter Creek establish itself a permanent community. From then on placer mining became a minor interest compared to mining the veins of quartz.

The first families to settle in Sutter Creek arrived in 1852, and others soon followed. These first families quickly began to establish community institutions — a school, churches and Sunday schools. The First Amador County Superintendent of Schools was a Sutter Creek citizen. Fine homes were built from the mid-1859's on. The Methodist Church, of Greek Revival architecture, was built in 1862, with additions constructed in 1892 and 1894. The brick Sutter Creek Grammar School was built in 1870-1871.

Nearly all the business portion of Sutter Creek burned in the disastrous fire of 1865. The owners rebuilt in more permanent construction and business prospered along with the mines.

The creek flowing through the town was named for John Sutter and the new permanent settlement was called Sutter's Creek, Sutterville, then Sutter Creek.

Amador County was formed in June, 1854. Sutter Creek incorporated as a town in 1856, then reincorporated in 1873 in order to correct defective aspects of the first organization. Limits of the town were one square mile. Central point was "liberty pole" in front of Hanford and Downs store, today the rise on Main Street near Wells Fargo Bank and the Native Sons hall. Early records show the citizens respect for order and ordinances were passed ". . . to determine and abate nuisances; to prevent animals from running at large; to prevent and punish disorderly conduct; to license shows, theaters, hawkers and peddlers . . . boys were required to be at home at eight o'clock and there was a marked improvement in the appearance of the town, especially after night fall."

Rich quartz mines were developed around Sutter Creek after 1851. The first mining company was Amador Quartz Mining Company and its mine Amador No. 2, later to be called the Union. One of the first stamp mills in the Mother Lode was located at the Union mine, renamed after it was purchased by Leland Stanford. Stanford used the profits from this rich mine to invest in the Central Pacific Railroad. The Central Eureka Mine was a combination of several mines, including the Southern Eureka and Old Eureka or Hetty Green. Hetty Green, owner of the Central Eureka, became one of the richest women in the world with the profits from the mine.

Knight's Foundry and Machine Shop was established in 1873 by Samuel N. Knight. The main product of the foundry was the water wheel developed by Knight and manufactured for the mines. Machine

parts that the mining industry required were cast at this foundry. The business has been in continuous operation ever since its establishment. It is the only water-powered foundry in the United States; water comes from Sutter Creek by ditch and pipe from the headwaters of the Mokelumne River.

A planing mill was built near Sutter Creek, where, Mason states "all kinds of fine work is done equal to the best of city work."

Sutter Creek did not suffer the fate of neighboring towns of Amador City and Drytown, where the population left en masse with discoveries of new bonanzas in other areas of California and in Nevada. The surviving early buildings have been cared for and many have been in continuous use from construction to the present.

There is a pamphlet, "Discover and Explore Old-Fashioned Charm in Sutter Creek", (available at City Hall) features a walking tour with interesting information.

Amador City

Amador City was named for Jose Maria Amador, a rancher from what is now the San Ramon Valley. In 1848 Jose established a camp on the creek later named for him, with the help of friendly Indians nearby and mined for gold. During the winter of 1848 men from Oregon were mining on the creek also.

Cabins were built in 1849, and former Virginia residents kept a stock of goods to sell as a sideline to mining. The original townsite was at Amador Crossing, where Turner Road crosses the creek a mile east of town. The present town started in 1851 around the Original Amador and Spring Hill #1 quartz mines.

Amador City is credited with being the site of the original discovery of gold in

quartz. In February, 1851, a Baptist minister, Rev. Davidson, found gold in boulders lying on top of the ground. It was determined that the boulders were detached from the main vein. Davidson and three associates (Glover, Herbert and Cool), all ministers, staked the claim known as "Ministers' Claim" located on the gully named "Ministers' Gulch." Samuel Hill provided financial backing and the Spring Hill Company was formed. The operation was not very successful, as they did not employ the correct methods to extract gold from the quartz. Others worked, trying various methods that still were not efficient. Finally, a German immigrant, drawing on previous mining experience in Peru, proposed using arrastras (a crude machine used for crushing ore). The result was the first successful quartz mining in Amador County. The German miner received one-thirteenth of the gold extracted for his share in the operation.

In 1851 the mines in the area consolidated to become the Consolidated Keystone Mine. This mine operated from 1851 to 1942 and produced \$24,000,000.

At one time Amador City had a population of 10,000 people. Now it is the smallest incorporated city in California.

The placers (loose gold) of Amador City were not as rich as neighboring Drytown. A good day's pay would be twelve to twenty dollars. Quartz mining was far more important when it was developed.

Among interesting buildings still standing from early days are the Imperial Hotel, with its carved wood railings, The Amador Hotel, built in 1856, and the Wells Fargo Office dating 1868. In the post office are marble floors that were brought by mule team from the quarries in Fiddletown.

Drytown

Drytown was established in 1848. It is the oldest town in Amador County and the first one in which gold was found. As early as May, 1848, fifty or so people, mostly Mexicans from the Monterey area, were mining around Drytown. More men, including Europeans of various nationalities, arrived during the summer. The following spring (1849) brought many more prospectors, including some discharged soldiers from Col. Stevenson's regiment. (Men from this same regiment were the first to find gold in Volcano.) Ravines and gulches were rich and easy to mine, as the gold was located on the bedrock near the surface.

Indians, Mexicans, and whites mined agreeably. In the summer of 1848 the men averaged \$100 a day. There were tents or makeshift shelters under trees.

During the summer and fall of 1849 "around the Horn" men arrived. Some brought families along, and permanent residences were built. Miss Mollie Boone, born February 2, 1849, was the first white child born in the county. There was only one spring for drinking water to serve the town. Many people contracted scurvy, brought on by the hardships of the long journey by sea or land and the absence of vitamin C in the diet.

Until 1853 most of the buildings were log cabins and shake shanties. Improvement in building began and an all-purpose hall was built which was used a church and schoolhouse. Several brick buildings considered fireproof, were constructed in 1854. There were twenty-six saloons. Many Chileans lived in Drytown in the section of town known as Chile Flat. Mason's history of Amador County, published in 1881, states that Drytown's highest population, about 10,000, was in 1856-57.

In the fall of 1857, a fire destroyed all but three buildings. Most of the Mexicans and Chileans left and did not return. Although many people rebuilt their residences, at this same time the placer gold was becoming depleted and men were leaving for other, richer mining areas.

No deep quartz mines were located in the Drytown area. From 1861-1864 copper was mined at Central House, two miles north of Drytown. However, the "boom" days of the 1850's were over.

Plymouth

In the 1850's the settlement of Pokerville stood on the lower end of the flat on which Plymouth is built. Twenty to thirty miners lived here. In 1871 the name of the town became Plymouth. Either two settlements merged into one, which took the name "Plymouth", or citizens of one settlement changed the name from Pokerville to Plymouth.

Early settlers of Plymouth were Green Aden and other quartz miners. In 1873 Hayward, D.O. Mills and Co., purchased the mines and the town began to grow.

The Empire or Phoenix Mine, 1,800 feet deep, was connected to the Pacific Mine, which in one five-year period yielded \$7,000,000 in gold. In 1883, the two mines were formed into the Plymouth Consolidated Mining Co. and continued operating until into the 1940's. Plymouth mines yielded \$13,000,000.

In the 1880's Plymouth citizens owned a racetrack one-half mile south of town. There were twenty-two saloons and the usual fire loss plagued by all the Mother Lode communities.

The Empire building on the main street was the old mining company's brick office. Near the entrance to the fairground is the

old Gold Rush building that was once a Chinese store. The building shows the common construction of brick back and front walls with fieldstone side walls.

Although Plymouth started as a gold-mining community, it became a trading center for farms, ranches and vineyards in the nearby Shenandoah Valley. Surrounding farming land supplied the demand for hay and barley.

Mason's 1881 history mentions white sulphur mineral springs two miles north of town as well as an extensive marble quarry nearby, which furnished ornamental rock and lime for building.

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SLOUGH HOUSE

The Grant Line Road of the Omochumnes Rancho

By Judy Allen

In 1841, a cook at Sutter's Fort, William Daylor, trailed some lost horses to the rim of the hills overlooking the Consumnes River. As he viewed the valley of the Consumnes, he recognized the potential of the valley for agricultural purposes. He returned to Sutter's Fort and enlisted the aid of his friend, Jared Sheldon.

Jared Sheldon, a native of Illinois, arrived in California via the southern route in 1839. An educated man, former teacher and farmer, he engaged in the building trade after his arrival in California. Sheldon held Mexican citizenship. The Mexican government also owed Sheldon money for his help in building the customs house

in Monterey. Due to his citizenship and the Mexican debt, Jared Sheldon submitted the request for a grant in his name. The Omochumnes Rancho that was awarded to Sheldon consisted of about 22,000 acres of land along the north side of the Consumnes River.

The grant was valuable for its capacity to produce livestock and grains. Neither Sheldon nor his partner Daylor possessed cattle to stock the rancho. The two men agreed to a simple partnership. Daylor would have responsibilities for the day to day operation of the rancho while Sheldon would use his building expertise to raise funds for purchasing animals. Sheldon

worked for John Marsh in exchange for 300 head of cattle. Driven overland to the site, these cattle were the beginning stock herd of the ranch. With the aid of Indian labor, Daylor enclosed 100 acres of land and planted wheat that had been purchased from John Sutter. In 1847, Sheldon built a grist mill to grind the grains.

The relationship between Sheldon and Daylor began in southern California when Daylor "jumped ship" and Sheldon hid him until the vessel departed. They both worked for John Sutter. The bond of friendship was further cemented when the two ranchers married the Rhoades sisters.

American migration to California increased in 1845 and 1846. The Mormon family of Thomas Rhoades arrived at Sutter's Fort October 5, 1846. Although the Rhoades family arrived in California without incurring great hardship, their traveling companions the Donners were not so fortunate. The Rhoades elected not to take the ill-fated "cut-off" that so delayed the Donner party. Two of the Rhoades sons, John and Daniel, participated in the rescue efforts of the Donners.

The Rhoades family consisted of twelve children. The oldest daughter Elizabeth who was twenty married Sebastian Keyser, co-owner with William Johnson of the Johnson rancho on the Bear River. The Rhoades arrived a Johnson's rancho on October 1, 1846. Elizabeth chose to stay on the rancho and on December 12 began her stormy marriage to Keyser.

Shortly after their arrival at Sutter's Fort two more of the sisters married. Seventeen year old Sarah married William Daylor, age thirty-seven, on March 4, 1847 at Sutter's Fort. Ten days later fifteen year old Catherine and thirty-four year old Jared Sheldon married, thus further binding the two partners family ties. Within a year the

gold rush changed the lives of these families.

Jared Sheldon and William Daylor quickly joined other Californians in the search for gold. In the summer of 1848, Sheldon and Daylor drove cattle to the mountains to graze, sold the cattle to miners for beef, and while returning mined along Weber's Creek. These efforts produced over \$60,000 in gold for the fortunate partners.

After the first successful summer, Sheldon and Daylor concentrated upon the development of their agricultural interests. Daylor opened a store stocked with items from Sam Brannan's store in Sacramento, beef, and produce from his own ranch. As miners flooded the area, Daylor's store became a well-known stopping place on the way to the diggings.

On October 31, 1850, William Daylor died of cholera contracted at Sutter's Fort. His partner Jared Sheldon did not long survive him. Sheldon owned a piece of Consumnes River property on which he build a dam to hold water for crop irrigation. Constructed of timbers and rocks, the dam rose about 16 feet. Miners in the area of Cook's Bar believed their diggings to be threatened with water that backed up behind the dam. Sheldon and the miners met several times for discussion concerning the dam. When the miners threatened to destroy the structure, Sheldon built a fort at the dam and placed a small cannon within it. Tensions mounted between Sheldon and the miners. On a Sunday morning in July of 1851, Sheldon received word that the miners had occupied the fort. Sending to Sacramento for the sheriff, he went to the dam area accompanied by employees and his small son. Sheldon was unarmed but others possessed firearms. Using an axe, one miner attempted to destroy the dam. While

shouts and threats of reprisal filled the air, an unidentified assailant shot and killed the miner. The miners then turned on Sheldon and an employee, killing them both. Thus within a year two very pretty, very young, moderately rich girls were widows.

Needless to say, neither would remain bereaved and unsolaced for long. Both remarried and their descendants live in the Sloughouse area of the Consumnes River today.

MICHIGAN BAR

By Judy Allen

The Consumnes River begins in the Sierra Nevada, traversing the foothills and collecting gold from the Mother Lode. The river joins the Mokelumne River before it merges with the San Joaquin River. The Michigan Bar area was the richest areas along the Consumnes River.

In 1849 two miners from Michigan panned along the Consumnes River at a wide place later named for their home state. In the spring, several other Michigan miners joined them, panning along the riverbanks.

Michigan Bar was the largest mining camp along the Consumnes River. Estimates of population conclude approximate two thousand people occupied the area at Michigan Bar by 1850. Boarding houses, stores, hotels, and saloons operated in Michigan Bar. Today only a single ranch denotes the site of the once populous mining site.

Cook's Bar also on the Consumnes River, named after Dennis Cook, contained stores, hotels, and boardinghouses. In the great placer mining days the Cook's Bar was about 500. Lorena Hays wrote in her diary in 1854:

This morning came to Cook's Bar where we now live. The place is mostly composed of small canvas

houses, many of them placed in a grove of trees. . . .

By 1860, Cook's Bar disappeared as an active mining camp. After the numerous floods of the past little remains to see at these locations.

At first claims were small along the Consumnes River at the Michigan Bar area. Sixteen feet was the maximum for a claim. Each mining district created their own regulations. In one district in Tuolumne County, the size of a claim was twelve feet. Mining occurred in the gulches in the winter because of the availability of water, but in the summer the miners hauled their dirt to the river to sluice. John Doble wrote of his experience in mining in the gulches:

I went to work sinking a hole on a small flat below Latimers. I worked all day but could get nothing but small specks which I did not save. I worked very slow as I knew nothing about it and the ground was hard to dig and full of stones. By night I got a hole about three feet square and four feet deep and was very tired at that. The next day being Sunday Major and I went and sunk the hole to the ledge but found nothing more. The ledge or bedrock is found almost

everywhere among the hills at a few feet below the surface. And that is where most of the gulch gold is found. After we had quit the hole we went down on the river and washed several pans of dirt but got nothing more than the color and in that very small specks.

By 1851 the Knightsomer ditch brought water from El Dorado County to the diggings at Michigan Bar. This ditch provided water for washing the river gravel as well as the dirt from the gulches. Soon the Davidson and O'Brien ditches on the southside of the river brought additional water for mining purposes. Water cost the miners a dollar a miner's inch. Panning and working the rocker demanded tremendous exertion: standing in freezing water,

shoveling gravel and dirt, lifting and bending. Daniel Woods wrote in his journal:

The gold digger may not stand still. No stone must be left unturned — the treasure may lie beneath the next. This is the miner's work; he must spend his efforts and his years rolling over stones, even though his heart is sick with hope deferred — it may be under the next.

Hydraulic mining began in 1858 along the Consumnes River. This method used high powered hoses to wash the dirt from the hills and gulches into areas where it could be sluiced for the gold. It also was highly destructive to the surrounding lands. The hillocks in view around the Michigan Bar area resulted from the hydraulic mining of the nineteenth century.

PLACERVILLE

The Gate Way to California Gold Mines

From Jack Clough

Location

Placerville and the Placerville gold mining district are located in the west central portion of El Dorado County. The district includes seam and lode mines of the Mother Lode which extend north through the Placerville District. Placer gold deposits are located at Smith Flat, Texas Hill, Coon Hollow, Diamond Springs, Oregon Ravine and Cedar Ravine areas.

History

Capt. Charles Weber, with Indian labor, discovered and washed placer gold in 1848 from Weber Creek.

Perry McCoon, William Daylor and Jered Sheldon and their Mexican vacqueros (cowboys) in July 1848, were herding cattle into the high country from their ranchos on the Consumnes River. During their stop, they discovered rich gold deposits in a creek now known as Hangtown Creek, which flows through Placerville, parallel and north of Main Street.

Placerville soon became a bustling mining town of brush lean-tos, canvas tents and log cabins. Many foreign miners joined the numerous American miners by October 1849. Placerville was originally called Dry Diggins because of the lack of

water to wash the gold deposits from the gravels.

As you will notice when visiting Placerville, the town was built in and along various ravines, and at one time, Ravine City was considered as a possible name for Placerville.

In the Fall of 1849, Dry Diggins became the first known mining town to use swift pioneer justice. Three men were captured and convicted by a jury of a major crime and hanged within hours from a tree. The oak tree stood near the corner of Coloma and Main Streets. Cut down many years ago, the stump of the tree was preserved and according to local legend is under the floor of the "Hangman's Tree Bar" on Main Street. The mining town then became known for its swift justice and was called Hangtown. Hangtown Creek preserves the nickname given to the early mining town.

Over a million in gold came from Cedar Ravine and several million in gold from Oregon Ravine. Gold Bug Park is located in the area of what is known as Poverty Point. It is claimed that 2 pans of gravel deposits from Hangtown Creek yielded 35 ounces of gold. The Placerville area held some of the richest deposits in the Mother Lode. Three miners took out approximately \$17,000 in gold in one week, at a time when the price of gold was only \$16 to \$19 per troy ounce at Wells Fargo Bank and the U.S. Mint. To merchants, traders and gambling halls, the price was \$13 to \$15 per troy ounce. A "pinch" of gold, the amount of gold dust you could pick up with your thumb and forefinger, was worth \$1 in value.

Placerville, like the rest of California during the early Gold Rush, was a mere "melting pot" of the entire civilized nineteenth century world. Placerville's population was considered as cosmopolitan as

San Francisco's during the early years of the gold rush, and, for a brief time, it even had a larger population. Early settlers brought with them established identities. Certain occupations were in high demand during the first years of the Gold Rush. Many immigrants were skilled blacksmiths, carpenters, dentists, doctors, and businessmen; others were hard working laborers. Whatever the occupation, the immigrant had the opportunity for social advancement unlike in his native land. Chinese, Hispanics, Italians and Anglo-Saxon Europeans generally formed their own social groups.

Early Placerville was characterized by haphazard building along the ravines. During the mid-1850's, canvas and log structures gave away to brick, stone and frame buildings. During this period, we also saw the emergence of sidewalks, water cisterns for fire protection, McAdamized roads, and the first city water system. A gas company also began pumping gas to various businesses in town from their plant at the corner of Coloma and Spring Streets.

Between the summer of 1849 and 1850, the rich placer gold deposits began to run out. The problem, compounded by the infrequency of summer rain, and spring torrents, made gold recovery very difficult. Consequently, water had to be bought to the dry ravines by means of extensive canal and flume systems. Many of the first mining centers dwindled to only a handful of miners by 1852. Primarily because of its central location between Sacramento and the major passes over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Placerville survived.

With the growth and division of Placerville into Upper Placerville and Lower Placerville by 1854, an election was held June 5, 1854, to elect officers to administer the growing segments of the city. Most

of those elected were either British or Irish, a few may have been second- and third-generation "Americans." City ordinances were adopted by the City Council reflecting the city's unsanitary living conditions. Many of the citizens and businessmen of Placerville did not originally invest their money in extensive stone and brick "fire-proof" buildings until the devastating fires of April and July 1856. Many never rebuilt their homes and businesses after the fires; and those who stayed and rebuilt suffered a decline in business between 1856 and 1858. When the gold and silver strikes of the Comstock Lode (in Nevada) were discovered, a new mining rush began. In 1860, Placerville's population swelled to over 5,000, with the county's population estimated at over 20,000. Most of the travel going to Virginia City, Nevada, passed through Placerville.

The 1880's were characterized by a decline in mining and an increase in farming and grazing. These economic changes were instrumental in the ever-changing character of El Dorado County and the Placerville area. Many of the first Italians who came to the gold region came from the Ligurian region of Italy, with Genoa as its major port city. Together with the Italians came the Swiss-Italian, who predominately emigrated from the Canton of Tinico District between Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland. The majority of the Italians and Swiss-Italian immigrants were previously employed in their homelands as agriculturalists, dairymen, fishermen, or artisans of various trades.

During the early years of the Gold Rush there was great demand for beef and agricultural products. Italians living outside the city generally supplemented their income by dairying, growing vegetables and grapes, and their surplus products were sold at the markets in Placerville. By the

1870's ranching was the main occupation of the Italians and Swiss-Italians living in El Dorado County.

The black population during the early Gold Rush was never large. Most blacks coming to California were brought by their masters, and then emancipated after their arrival. Most blacks not working in the mines were employed as shoemakers, barbers, laborers and occasionally in saloons.

Placerville's Chinatown was located between Quartz Alley, Fiske Street, Benham Street and Sacramento Street. It was the area where the Chinese first worked, lived and worshiped their deities. The Chinese, like their American counterparts, had vices, which included opium dens, houses of prostitution, and gaming houses. A large amount of the money made by the Chinese and sent back to China was acquired at their gaming houses.

Between 1855 and 1870, the Chinese population was at the maximum in Placerville. During the next decade or so, many Chinese left the area to work in the mines of the Comstock, and in construction of the transcontinental railroad. Those Chinese who remained maintained their own lifestyle in back of the commercial district of Placerville well into the early 1900's.

By late 1849, a sizable number of German Jews reached California. Many came west bringing merchandise to sell immediately upon their arrival. Others worked for a time after their arrival for firms in San Francisco and Sacramento that were owned by Jews. They learned the business, obtained credit, and moved to the mountains with a stock of merchandise to sell, whether a backpack full, or enough to outfit a whole store.

Like other mining "boomtowns" across the western United States, some people re-

mained while others left as soon as another new mining frontier opened. The people who remained shaped the character of the land and became a part of the region's cultural heritage. Most of the contributions left by the various cultures touching Placerville throughout the years have gone largely unnoticed in our modern society. In most instances only lonely grave markers in the cemetery, or the fading ink on the official documents in the county offices remain to mark their contribution to our modern society. However, the heritage of the gold rush and of many cultures which have come together here is still to be found by those who are willing to look. As you walk through Gold Bug Park, visit the various mines and displays, or perhaps come back and walk the streets of downtown Placerville on your own, ponder and

reflect for a few moments of the pioneers who were here before you.

Notable People From The Area

John Studebaker, a wheelwright who made wheelbarrows and returned to Detroit to manufacture automobiles.

Philip Armour, a butcher who became famous for meat packing.

Collis Huntington, a hardware store owner who later became a railroad tycoon.

Edwin Markham, a famous poet.

"Snowshoe" Thompson, who carried mail across the Sierra to Mormon Station for many winters.

Hank Monk, a famed stagecoach driver on the trans-Sierra route.

HANGTOWN'S GOLD BUG PARK - PLACERVILLE

From Jack Clough

Situated within the city limits of Placerville, just a mile north, off of Highway 50, on Bedford Avenue, is Hangtown's Gold Bug Park.

This 61 acre park, once dotted with over 250 mines, is now being developed as a historical site as well as a picnic and hiking area. Soon, additional attractions including both historical exhibits of mining equipment and documents relating to mining will be available at the artifact and museum center. Originally leased to the City of Placerville by the U.S. Bureau of Land Management in 1965, the property received its final survey and was deeded to the City in 1981.

During the past years, visitors have had the pleasure of entering an actual gold mine — Gold Bug Mine — and getting the "feel" of the Gold Rush era. In 1965, the city put lights into the mine, built a path to the Priest Mine, closed the entrances to unsafe mine tunnels, built a road to the stamp mill, and added some picnic tables and barbeques. A small sign with interpretive information was installed, but it was repeatedly destroyed by vandals.

In April 1980, a group of citizens who were concerned with the neglect and vandalized condition of the park decided to make a community effort to improve the historic site. They approached the City Council and an ad hoc committee responsi-

ble to the Placerville Recreation and Parks Commission was formed to "upgrade Bedford Park". In a show of additional support, the city declared the park a Historical Site on October 28, 1980.

The entry road into the park — Log Cabin Ravine Drive — parallels Big Canyon Creek, which was first placer mined by Chilians in 1848. The Chilians were very soon pushed back to the American River by "the white man."

Resting on the eastern side of the famous Mother Lode vein, the park area yielded thousands of dollars in gold. (Estimates are that 90% of the Mother Lode is still in the ground, so it is little wonder that there continues to be interest in mining to this day.)

Big Canyon Creek was dammed for use by the Gold Bug and Priest Mines. Since the creek flows to the American River, it was a natural spawning stream for native trout and future plans call for the pond to be developed for fishing. The creek, spring fed, dries in late spring and remains dry on through fall only to be replenished with fast run-off water in winter and early spring.

Gold Bug Mine was first opened in 1888 by Craddock and Dench who named the mine "Hattie" after Craddock's eldest daughter. Craddock worked out the mine until 1916. In 1926, the next owner, McKay, renamed the mine "Gold Bug" and operated it until World War II.

Primarily a slate mine, the quartz vein can still be seen as you walk through the

mine. Criss-crossing the mine is another tunnel — the Priest Mine, located above, with its air shaft connecting to the mine below. The roof of the Priest Mine comes together in an almost gothic ceiling, and miner's tool marks can still be seen on its sandstone walls. Continuing on up Joshua Hendy Drive from the mine area, the site of the local Chinese Cemetery is located on the small rise off to the west.

The two sets of the four stamps of the 8-stamp mill were probably placed on its site in the late 1920's or early 1930's. Used as a community crusher for anyone needing their ore separated, it has withstood the ravages of weather and time. Now on public land and the only stamp mill on its original site, the mill will be restored to working order in an educational project by Westinghouse Electric Corporation. A new building will protect the machinery and will contain exhibit rooms with other Joshua Hendy Iron Works mining equipment of early mining days.

Further visitor facilities will include an amphitheater, a group picnic area, a small children's playground, and a series of hiking trails interconnecting throughout the park. Various picnic areas will be located around the park as well. The natural terrain of the park will be maintained as well as existing flora. Development of the park will be for the education and enjoyment of the young and old alike — a link with the past.

Gold Bug Mine was nominated to the National Register of Historic Places on February 1, 1965.

THE "HANGTOWN FRY" STORY

Courtesy of Jack Clough






A famous dish of Gold Rush days comes from one of California's famous mining camps — Hangtown. (The town was named for its swift justice and a hangman's noose for wrong-doers during a lawless time.)

The telling story is of a weary and hungry prospector who had just struck it rich at nearby Shirt Tail Diggins. He walked into the best hotel in Hangtown, the Cary

House, and, putting his poke on the table, asked for the finest and most expensive meal in the house. The cook chose oysters (\$11 a dozen) in a can from the East Coast, eggs (\$24 a dozen), and bacon (\$5 a pound), frying up the ingredients with seasoning. The dish became known as "Hangtown Fry" and was a celebrated dish in the Gold Country for those who could afford to buy it.

Hangtown Fry

Ingredients

-  5 slices bacon
-  8 large or 10 small oysters, patted dry
-  4 eggs, beaten
-  3 Tbsps. cream
-  2 cups of fine cracker crumbs



Fry Bacon crisp in a medium size skillet. Remove bacon and leave 4 tablespoons of bacon grease. Dip each oyster in the egg batter, then into the cracker crumbs. Fry in bacon grease at medium heat until golden brown on both sides. Drain off excess bacon grease. Mix the eggs and cream together and add salt and pepper. Reduce heat to low, pour the beaten eggs and cream over the oysters in the skillet. Cook this mixture as an omelet and brown lightly on both sides. Serve hot with bacon, sourdough toast and a steaming hot cup of coffee. Serves 2 or 3, or one very hungry miner fresh from the diggins.

METHODS OF GOLD MINING

From Jack Clough

Panning

The simplest way to separate placer gold deposits from dirt, sand or gravel. A batea is about 12-18 inches in diameter and made of wood. Gold pan is shallow and about 18-24 inches in diameter. A shovel full of gold bearing material was scooped in the pan, water was added and carefully swirled around so that the water and light materials spilled over the sides of the pan, allowing the heavy materials and gold deposits to settle in the bottom of the pan. It took approximately 20 minutes to wash a single pan down to just the gold deposits. A miner in a day could wash between 25 to 40 pans in a 10 hour day.

Rocker or Cradle

Replacing the slow panning procedure. A rectangular wooden box set on a slope and mounted on rockers; 15-20 inches wide, 15-20 inches high, and 36-48 inches long. Several shovelfuls of material were placed in the hopper and with a rocking motion, water was poured over the dirt, sand or gravel. The small size deposits passed or flowed through the sieve with holes up to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter. Large material was thrown out and material passing through dropped on to an apron of canvas or burlap, collecting the fine deposits as the flow of material and water passed over cleats of wood in the bottom of the cradle. Gold deposits settled as they passed over the cleats and were trapped in the sheepskin, carpet, blanket or burlap which was clamped down by the cleats to the bottom. The waste materials and water passed from the rockers open end. A miner in a day could work 3-5

yards of material in 10 hours, using 100-800 gallons of water. To collect fine or "flour" gold particles, mercury was placed inbetween the rockers cleats. Remaining material in the rocker was panned out.

Long Tom

An inclined two section wood trough which has greater capacity then the rocker. Built on a 2-6 inch slope per foot, the first section has 8 inch sides, 18-24 inches wide at the upper end and 24-36 inches wide at the lower end where a screen or perforated steel sheet prevents course material from going into riffle box. The first section is 10-12 feet long, the last section with 8 inch sides is 24-30 inches wide and 4-6 feet long. The riffle box covered with sheepskin, carpet, burlap or blanket was clamped down between the cleats to catch the fine gold particles. Two to three miners could operate a Long Tom: two men shoveling into the sluice and one man removing large rocks and waste material. The Long Tom needed a continuous flow of fast moving water. The capacity was 4 to 6 yards of material per man in a 10 hour day. Once or twice a day the cleats in the riffle box were removed and the sheepskin is cleaned and panned.

Sluice

A long version of the Long Tom — up to 3-8 sections. The last section being one long riffle box with cleats the full length. Several times a day, the cleats in the riffle box were removed and the sheepskin or carpet removed and cleaned to be panned out.

River Mining

Dams, ditches, and flumes used to divert streams from their natural beds. This was a form of large scale placer mining along the South Fork of the American River and other large streams or rivers. Numerous companies of miners were formed to operate together in diverting the river to parallel its natural course. As soon as the natural river bed was exposed, the mining company would placer mine the river bed. These dams or diversions would not withstand the heavy winter floods.

Wing Dams

A variation of river mining, but no flume or ditch had to be built. Only half of the river bed was mined. A wing dam shaped like a "L" which extended from the river bank out into the middle of the river was built at right angles and extended down stream at the middle of the river.

Hydraulic Monitor

One of the most efficient methods of getting the gold out of the ground, but the most destructive was introduced in 1853, by E.E. Matson, a Nevada City miner. A small volume of water carried through a canvas hose with a metal nozzle, directed a jet stream of water. Water under high pressure directed at a bank of gold deposit gravels, disintegrated rapidly and washed down-hill into huge sluice boxes which caught the gold deposits. Monitor and nozzle, fabricated from metal, could be pivoted up or down, or left or right by manual control. The key to hydraulic mining was a constant source of water under pressure. Big nozzles, 9 inches in diameter, required 30,000 gallons of water a minute. Flumes and ditches had to be 10-20 miles long with a natural drop of 100-400 feet to build up high force for the monitor nozzles. The waste or "slickens" clogged riv-

ers causing flooding. Hydraulic tailings were rich in gold deposits.

Ore Crushing

Rocker, Long Tom, Sluice and Hydraulic miners crushed large ore containing gold by simple and primitive methods. Sledge hammer and stationary stone slabs in a circular pit were used whereby a movable stone slab was drawn in a circle around the pit by mule or man, crushing the ore between the slabs. Iron or stone containers (pestles) were used to hold gold ore and a rod was used with an up and down motion crushing the ore. Then mercury was added to the pulverized ore to remove the gold. The amalgam was put in a covered retort and heated, evaporating the mercury and leaving the gold in a mass with air holes (gold sponges) which was melted into gold bars. Note: the evaporated mercury was collected by passing through coils similar to a still where it returns to a liquid state to be used over again.

Dredge

Dredges work in a deep gold bearing gravels and streams. Buckets could dig up material 100 feet below water level and bring it up and aboard the floating processing plant. Gravels were screened, tumbled and washed. The gold and sand settled and were forced into drums where copper plates with mercury trapped the gold. The waste was carried on a conveyor over boards from the dredge and dumped into piles called "tailings." A dredge could work in its own pond of water and move forward following gold-bearing gravels. The dredge pivots 360 degrees on a center spike that it set down deep before starting its operation.

Quartz Mining

Quartz mining is "hard rock" mining, first done in 1849 in Mariposa. Tunnels

(drifts) were dug horizontally into a hill or mountain side to follow or intersect the gold-bearing vein. Shafts were sunk or drilled down into the earth vertically near a vein and drifts were dug to intersect the vein at various levels. Incline shafts at 30-50 degree inclines were sunk following the vein and drifts dug as needed to work the vein. Gold bearing quartz or rock containing gold deposits was removed by drilling a series of holes by hand power — one man with a 12-15 inch star drill and a sledge weighing 3-6 pounds (single jack). One man holding a long star drill and another man hitting the drill with a 4-6 pound sledge was called a double jack. Pneumatic drills came into use in the later 1880's and were powered by air. The air pressure from a Pelton water wheel powered the compressors. The miner drilled a series of holes in a predetermined pattern in the drift or rise head wall. The pattern was cut with holes in the center, reliever holes were placed around the cut-holes. Edge-holes were placed around the outer edge of the side walls and head wall. Lifter-holes were placed across the bottom of the foot wall. Black powder was carefully tamped into the drilled holes. The amount of black powder in the holes determined the power of the blast. A Bickford fuse (spitter) was inserted into the black powder and the hole was capped with mud

or clay. The fuse was notched at intervals allowing a count to be made before "firing the hole". The detonation was in a series of split seconds. The fuse was lit by a candle stub (snuffer). Dynamite was invented by G. Nobel in 1867. The first mixture was Fullers earth and nitro packaged in sticks wrapped in heavy waxed paper. After the "firing", time was allowed for the dust to settle and a check for the presence of mine gas. When all was clear, the blast-shattered ore — "muck" — was loaded into an ore car and taken to the outside or to the top of the mine. Waste ore, or tailings, was dumped over the side and the gold bearing ore was taken to the stamp mill to be crushed or to a tumbler mill where the ore was crushed by tumbling iron balls. The amalgamation table and mercury or cynite process was used to remove the gold from the quartz or host rock. A miner in a hard rock mine was a face crew who drilled blast holes, set charges and fired the charges. A mucker was a man who loaded ore carts with blasted muck after firing.

Drift Mining

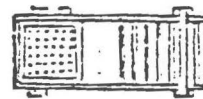
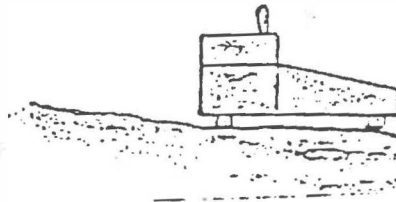
Drift or a tunnel into a hill side or a ridge.

Lode Mine

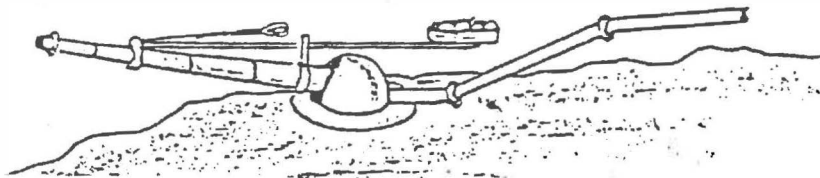
Surface or open pit mine.



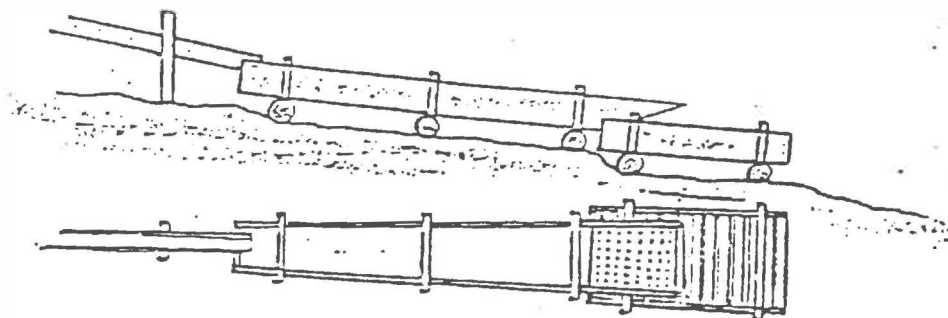
Gold Pans



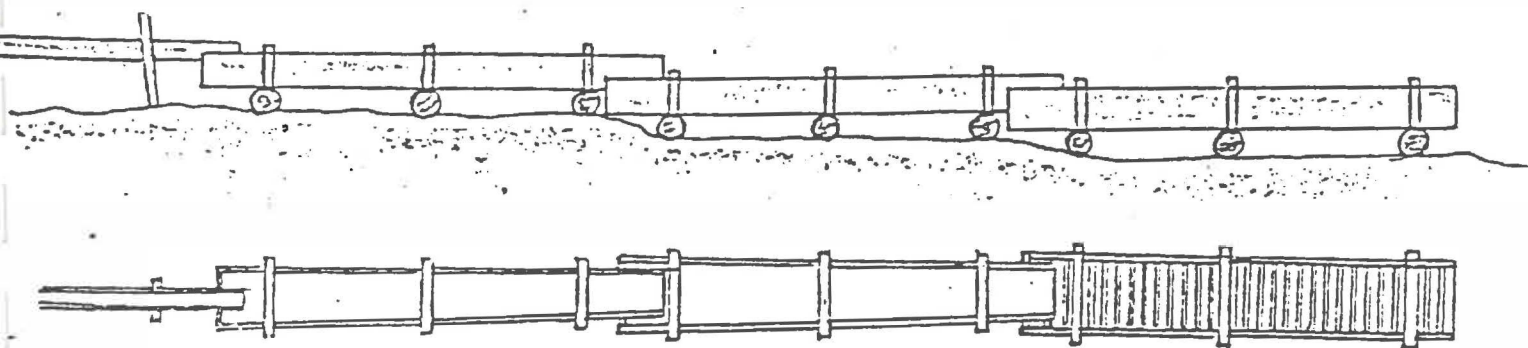
Rocker



Hydraulic Monitor



Long Tom



Sluice

THE MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS

From the *Mountain Democrat* of May 30, 1891

We mention several weeks ago the receipt from Mr. Bennet of Gold Hill, Nevada, an illustrated issue of the Miner's Ten Commandments. They are unique, and we give them herewith. If the miners had lived up to them faithfully, the early communities would have been decidedly changed from what they actually were.

A man Spake There Words and Said: I am a miner who wandered "Away Down

East," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "See the Elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness that, from the key of trunk to the end of his tail his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a clapboard shanty; then, with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle as though he would say "READ!" and I read —

THE MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

I

Thou shalt not have no other claim than one.

II

Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man by jumping one. Whatever thou findest, on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice underneath the rock, or I will visit the miners around to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick, thy pan, thy shovel, and thy blankets, with all that thou hast, and go prospecting to seek good diggings; but shalt find none. Then, when thou hast returned, in sorrow shalt thou find that thine old claim is worked out, and yet no pile made thee to hide in the ground or in an old boot beneath thy bunk, or in buckskin or bottle underneath thy cabin; but has paid all that was in thy purse away, worn out thy boots and thy garments, so that there is nothing good about them but the pockets, and thy patience is likened unto thy garments; and at

last thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy bacon.

III

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, or thy good name, to the gaming table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, poker and lansquenet will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but — insane.

IV

Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath Day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayst dig or pick all that thy body can stand under, but the other day is Sunday; yet thou washest all thy dirty shirts, darnest all thy stockings, tap thy boots, mend thy clothing, chop thy whole week's fire wood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans that

thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long-tom weary. For in six day's labor only thou canst not work enough to wear but thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months; and thou and thy son and thy daughter, thy male and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience be none the less better for it, but reproach thee shouldst thou ever return to thy mother's fireside; and thou strive to justify thyself because the trader and the blacksmith, the caprepter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews and Buccaneers defy God and civilization by keeping not the Sabbath day, nor wish for a day of rest, such as memory of youth and home made hal-
lowed.

V

Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold, nor how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou wilt enjoy it after thou hast ridden rough-shod over thy good old parents' precepts and examples, that thou mayest have nothing to reproach and sting thee when thou art left alone in the land where thy father's blessing and thy mother's love hath sent thee.

VI

Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shall thou kill thy neighbor's body in a duel, for by keeping cool thou canst save his life and thy conscience. Neither shall thou destroy thyself by getting TIGHT or STEWED or HIGH, nor CORNED, nor HALF SEAS OVER, nor THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND, by drinking smoothly down BRANDY SLINGS, GIN COCKTAILS, WHISKY PUNCHES, RUM TODDIES, nor EGG NOGS. Neither shalt thou suck MINT JULEPS nor SHERRY COBBLER'S through

a straw, nor gurgle from a bottle the raw material, nor take it neat from a decanter, for while thou art swallowing down thy purse and thy coat off thy back, thou art burning the coat from off thy stomach; and if thou couldst see the houses and lands, and gold dust, and home comforts already lying there — in hugh pile — thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat; and when to that thou add'st thy crooked walking and hiccapping; of lodging in the gutter, of broiling in the sun, of prospect holes half full of water, and of shafts and ditches from which thou hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou wilt feel disgusted with thyself, and inquire, "Is thy servant a dog that he doeth these things?" Verily, I will say, farewell old bottle; I will kiss thy gurgling lips no more; and thou, slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, nogs, toddies, sangares and juleps, forever, farewell. Thy remembrance shames me; henceforth I will cut thy acquaintance; and headaches, tremblings, heart-burning, blue devils, and all the unholy, catalogue of evils which follow in thy train. My wife's smiles and my children's merry-hearted laugh shall charm and reward me for having the manly firmness and courage to say: "No! I wish thee eternal farewell."

VII

Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hadst made thy pile, because thou hast not struck a lead nor found a rich crevice nor sunk a hole upon a pocket, lest in going home thou leave four dollars a day and go to work ashamed at fifty cents a day, and serve thee right for thou knowest by staying here thou mightst strike a lead and fifty dollars a day, and keep thy manly self-respect, and then go home with enough to make thyself and others happy.

VIII

Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a pan, or a shovel, from thy fellow miner, nor take away his tools without his leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare; nor return them broken; nor trouble him to fetch them back again; nor talk with him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim; nor undermine his claim in following a lead; nor pan out gold from his riffle box; nor wash the tailings from the mouth of his sluices. Neither shalt thou pick out specimens from the company's pen to put in thy mouth or in thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of his share; nor steal from thy cabin mate his gold dust to add to thine, for he will be sure to discover what thou hast done, and will straightaway call his fellow miners together, and if law hinder them not they will hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes or shave thy head and brand thee like a horse thief with "R" upon thy cheek, to be known to all men, Californians in particular.

IX

Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "gold diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayst benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions and tools, and blankets he cannot sell; lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returns through the snow with naught but his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog thou shalt fall down and die.

X

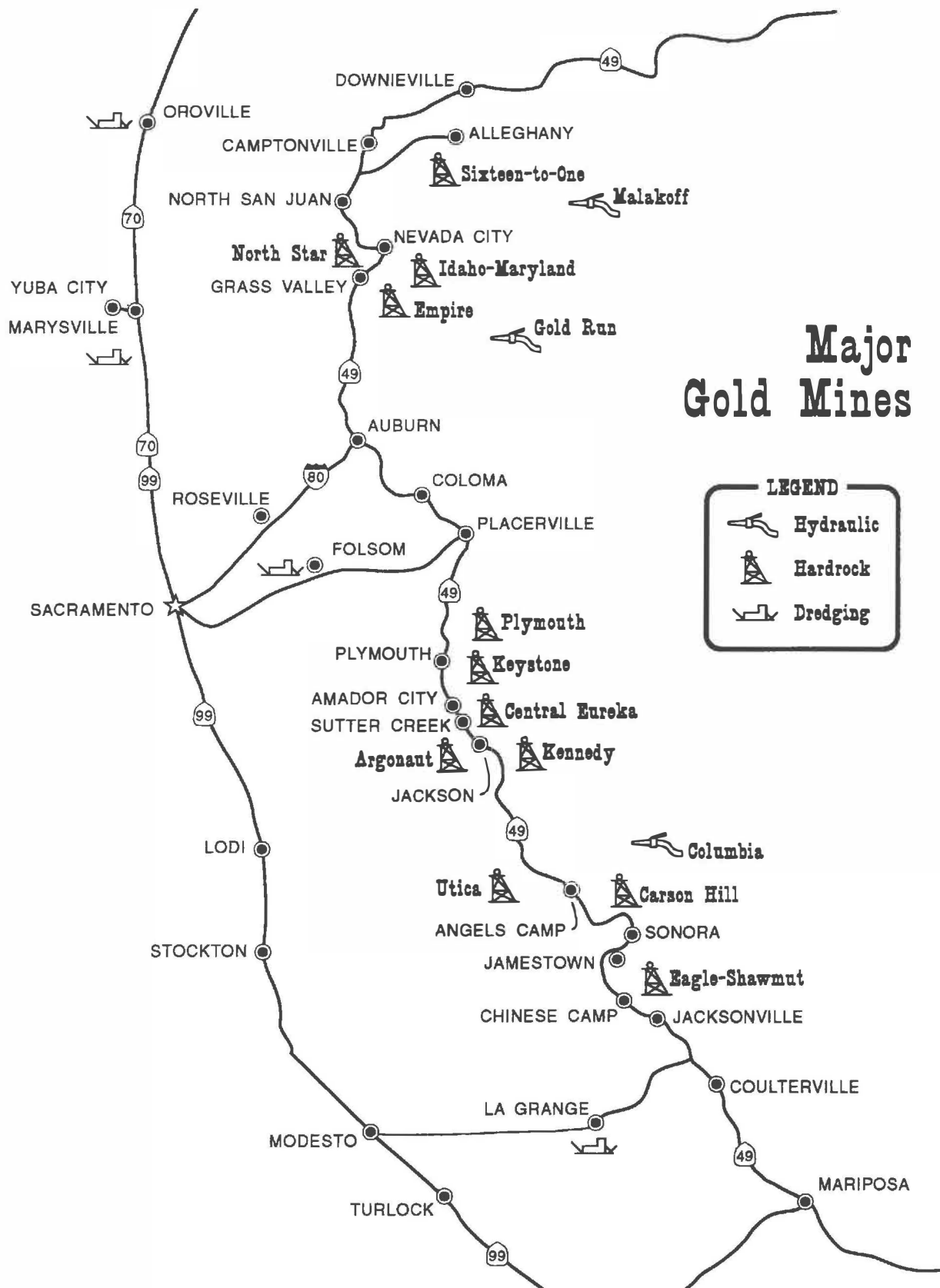
Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony nor covet single blessedness, nor forget absent maidens, nor neglect thy first love; but thou shalt consider how patiently and faithfully she awaiteth thy return; yea, and covereth each epistle that thou sendeth with kisses of kindly welcome until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covert thy neighbor's wife, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou love and covet each other, thou shalt pop the question like a man, lest another more manly than thou art shouldst step in before thee, and thou lovest her in vain, and, in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment thou quote the language of the great, and say "such is life"; and thy future lot be with that of a poor, forlorn despised and comfortless bachelor.

A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO THEE

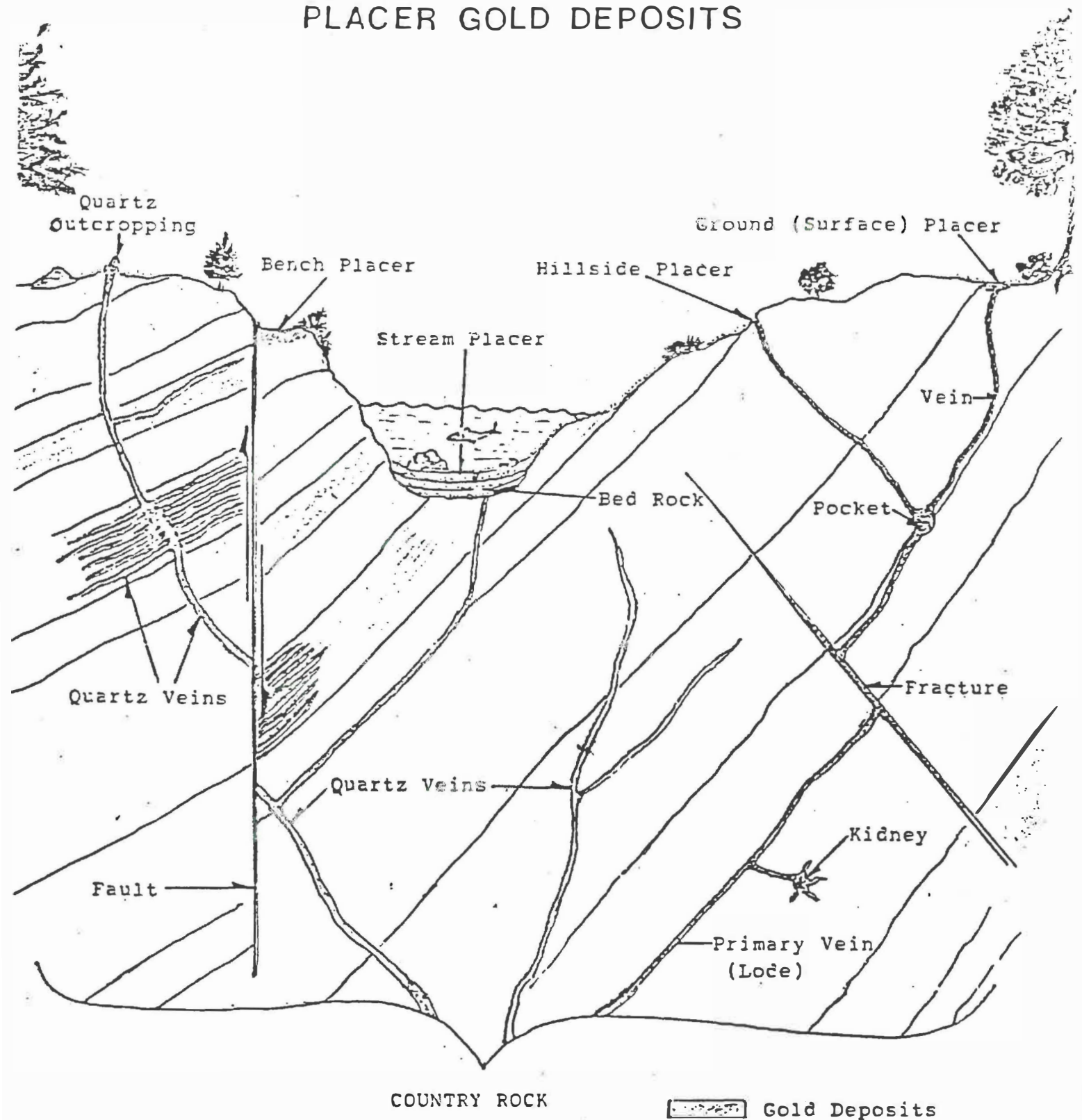
If thou hast a wife and little ones, that thou lovest dearer than thy life, that thou keep them continually before thee, to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say, "I have enough; God bless them; I will return". Then as thou journiest towards thy much loved home, with open arms, shall they come forth to welcome thee, and falling on thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come; then in the fullness of thy heart's gratitude thou shall kneel before thy Heavenly Father together, to thank Him for thy safe return. Amen. So mote it be.

California Gold Deposits





PLACER GOLD DEPOSITS

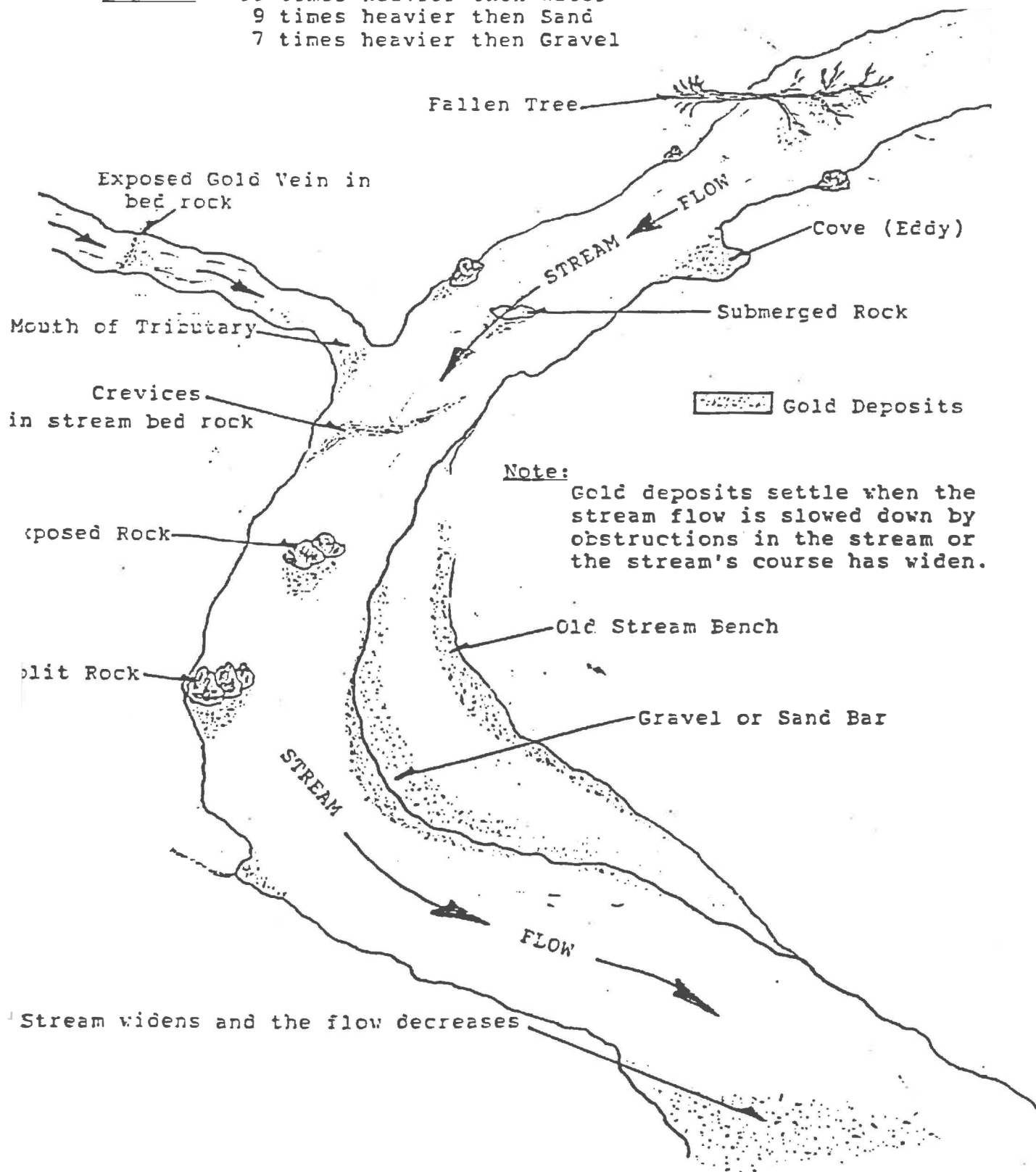


Note:

- Not ALL Quartz Veins contain Gold.
- Size of Veins out of portion for illustration purposes only.

GOLD DEPOSITS in a STREAM

Gold is - 19 times heavier than Water
9 times heavier than Sand
7 times heavier than Gravel

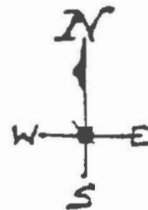


HANGTOWN'S GOLD BUG PARK -



Lotus →

AUBURN (1841)
GOLD
DISCOVERY
(JAN. 24, 1848)
SITE →



ORIGINAL
MILL SITE

FOR AMERICAN
I-CON

**BEDWICK
MORTAR**

(MINING DISPLAYS) { WAH HOP
MAN LEE

SUTTERS
SAWMILL
(REPLICA)

BRIDGE

**BELLS
STORE**

Coloma
Schoolhouse

LOOF.
HALL

-ST. JOHN'S
CHURCH

EMMANUEL
CHURCH

PIONEERS CEMETERY

PLACERVILLE
(P.M.)

33

R-RESTROOMS

P-PARKING

JOHN MARSHALL
MONUMENT

MARSHALL'S
CABIN 7

MONUMENT RD.

COLDMA
WINERY

PLACERVILLE

JOHNSON RANCHO TOUR

★ JOHNSON'S
RANCHO



JOHNSON'S RANCH TOUR

By Jack Steed

George R. Stewart, in his book, *The California Trail*, tells of Johnson's in this manner, citing the year of 1846:

At this time, in the second week of September, an over-all picture is possible . . . in this year the distance had been shortened by the establishment of Johnson's Ranch, about forty miles north of Sutter's Fort, and the emigrants began to date the end of the journey by their arrival there.

The owner of this new outpost of "civilization" was described by one emigrant as "a rough sailor, dwelling in a dirty, little hut, and surrounded by naked Indians — a fact which we understand caused some confusion among the ladies of the train."

Nevertheless you could sometimes buy beef on the hoof at Johnson's and on arriving there you consider yourself out of the woods.

Later, Stewart continues:

About October 1 the wagons began arriving at Johnson's and within a few days about sixty were in . . .

Only one party was still on the trail . . . They were to supply most of the adventure for the year.

This sole remaining party was, of course, that of George and Jacob Donner, and the fact of their predicament-to-come is, in the main, their reason for our being on this tour today.

* * *

When you arrive at Johnson's Ranch at this time of year, the place will look the same as encountered by pioneers; few of whom were pleased. Used to the wet summers of the past, many travelers complained of Johnson's dry, parched appearance. Later on, pioneer complaints turned to praise as they gloried in the beauty of a green and beautiful California springtime.

1 At our first stop, in downtown Wheatland, we will pause to read the Johnson Ranch sign in the little park next to the railroad tracks. This park outlines what once was the Southern Pacific Railroad Station in Wheatland.

2 We turn off the main street to a monument which commemorates the site of the Wheatland hop riots of 1913. These labor riots, only the second of their kind in the United States, caused the death of two lawmen and two strikers. The unrest centered about unsanitary working conditions. A lesser reason was that of seeking a higher pay scale.

3 We continue to the Spenceville Road. The distant portion, angling to the northeast, once was the main post — 1849 Emigrant Road to Sacramento via Nevada City. In 1940 this road interfered with Camp Beale (Air Force Base) and was closed to through traffic. This closure interrupted a very historic portion of the trail, for it was this route that Lt. George A. Derby in 1849 called: "The Emigrant route by Truckee River." This little-remembered route is now under investigation by OCTA members and others in order that it be given the legitimacy it deserves.

4 We now pass — and will come back to — the Damon Ranch at the water tower on our right. It is through the courtesy of the trustees and managers of this ranch that we are able to proceed to Johnson's crossing. But first, we continue down the Spenceville Road to a marker, struck in 1976 but not installed until 1986. This marker is important, so have your cameras ready!

5 Back to Damon Ranch. This Ranch is administered through a Hawaiian trusteeship. It is the estate of Samuel Mills Damon. The ranch manager is John Eachus. His immediate superior and the overall manager of Damon Ranches in California is Bill Waggener of Chico. Both gentlemen are among the most cooperative persons one will ever meet, as are the actual owners of the lands upon which rest the Johnson adobe and Burtis Hotel — the brothers Carroll and Harold Wilson. Octa is indeed fortunate to have these two wonderful owner/management groups in support of our preservation efforts.

*A rest facility will be available soon.
Please now inform your guide if it
will be needed.*

6 Passing the Damon Ranch bridge you view one of the finest English Walnut ranches in the world. The shells of this variety literally crumble from finger pressure, yet the meat is so white, tender, and sweet it boggles the mind to contemplate just how this is achieved. There are over 2,000 acres of walnuts under cultivation.

7 Atop the levee: Notice that the ground on your left is lower than to the right. This is because of the levee, constructed about the turn of the century, was made from the available rich bottom-land. The orchards to the right represent the original ground-level. By the way, occa-

sionally one is able to notice the old stream-bed of Bear River, which coursed immediately to the right of this levee. In the 1870s Bear River rerouted about a mile to the south — leaving Johnson's crossing high and dry and, fortunately for us, forgotten — except by dedicated residents of Wheatland who, over the years, continued to honor its memory by updating it with signs and monuments.

8 We are at Johnson's crossing. The fence along the levee separates the Wilson/Damon properties. Halfway down the larger levee, on the south side, may be seen a marker installed in 1972 — long before Richard and I knew anything about this area. This marker was an update of earlier pioneer identifications.

The end of the pre-gold rush California trail may be seen coming down from the high ground to the north. This level of ground at the bottom was the original level at which the trail passed Bear River.

What we believe to have been the Burtis Hotel rested upon the high ground at this point. Many wagon artifacts were taken from the area just north of the "hotel." My son and I spent many fruitless weekends in this area searching for the Johnson adobe. Little did we realize how near lay the object of our quest . . .

A well or cistern, likely post-dating the earliest period, may be seen within the berry-patch.

9 Passing the eastern tree-line, we climb a rise and come upon one of California's longest-kept secrets — the remains of the Johnson adobe house.

Pioneer Heinrich Lienhard, coming downstream, placed it upon "the elevation to the right."

In 1876, Judge Philip Keyser of Marysville told of his 1849 arrival at Johnson's thusly:

There was an adobe house upon the land, standing upon a high, natural mound and surrounded by out-houses and corrals.

We stand upon truly historic ground. That it lay so long undiscovered, or if known, unrecognized, only makes each trip to this spot the sweeter for your host, who never fails to give thanks that it remained intact for so long.

Quoting Edwin Bryant in 1846:

The house of William Johnson is a small building of two rooms, one-half constructed of logs, the other of adobes or sun-dried bricks. Several pens made of poles and pickets surround the house.

In the eastern room we found ox shoes, a compass face, chain remnant, rifle patch-box cover, brass shield from a grimsley saddle, to mention just a few of the many things recovered here.

The western room contained buckles, trunk keys, pottery, clay pipes, a powder flask, and so on. Both rooms contained many square nails of varying sizes.

Continuing the accounts of pioneer travelers we find that one A.R. Burbank, on September 21, 1849, records:

M. Johnsons is a house built of adobas, or sundried brick, covered with rafters and boards . . .

The road runs through one field . . .

The river runs through the farm and overflows the farm at its swelling . .

All has a dry and parched appearance

The Yuba Road comes in here from the north east . . .

This place is quite a rendezvous for the miners and traders as the pass up and down . . .

Since all that we have seen today matches the Burbank account, little more need be said as to the correctness of the site identification.

We now turn to the single most compelling reason for our being drawn here. I refer, of course, to the Donner Party rescue.

A quote from Donner rescuer Daniel Rhoads, one of the bravest men in California history:

Finely we concluded we would go or die trying, for to not make any attempt to save them . . . it would be a disgrace to us and California . . . as long as time lasted. We started a small company of seven men: myself, John Rhoads, Mr. Glover, Joseph Forster, and some sailors. We took 50 pounds of provisions and a heavy blanket to each man, and started.

A rescued Eliza Donner (Houghton), in 1911, records:

We all resumed travel on horseback and reached Johnson's ranch about the same hour in the day. As we approached, the little colony of emigrants which had settled in the neighborhood the previous autumn crowded in and about the two-roomed house which Mr. Johnson had kindly set apart as a stopping place for the several relief parties on their way to and from the mountains.

Survivors of the forlorn hope and of the first relief were also there awaiting the arrival of expected loved ones.

That house of welcome became a house of mourning when Messrs. Eddy and Foster repeated the names of those who had perished in the snows. The scenes were so heart-rending I slipped out of doors and sat in the sunshine waiting . . . and thinking of her [mother, Tamsen Donner] who had entrusted us to the care of God."

The history at this spot is profound, indeed.

Just outside the adobe outlines on its western side there once was located a tent, perhaps military, for among other things we found military-type utensils, grommets, many pieces of lead, a double-set trigger, oil lamp, fire grill and a large fork. As General Kearney, Fremont, and other soldiers were known to have camped hereabouts on their trip to Fort Leavenworth, the possibility exists that this may have been their camping-place. Thus far, however, we have been unable to prove this concept.

10 The Camp Far West pioneer cemetery, serving interior California's earliest army post (1849-52) — Conventional wisdom placed the center of the post at the cemetery flagpole. Doubtful of its identification from the commencement of our investigations, Richard and I finally were able to prove otherwise, as will be shortly shown.

Within this cemetery both pioneers and soldiers were buried. It is believed that many years ago the soldiers were moved to

Golden Gate cemetery in San Francisco, as the army custom was (and still is) to re-inter its dead in military cemeteries whenever possible.

The monument was placed in 1911. The wall was built in 1949 by convict labor, supervised by a stonemason from West Virginia.

11 We move some 400 yards east of the cemetery, to the actual Camp Far West location.

Pioneers J.R. Hartley and Sam Wolford, as interviewed in 1940 by Wendell Robie, stated that Camp Far West was located:

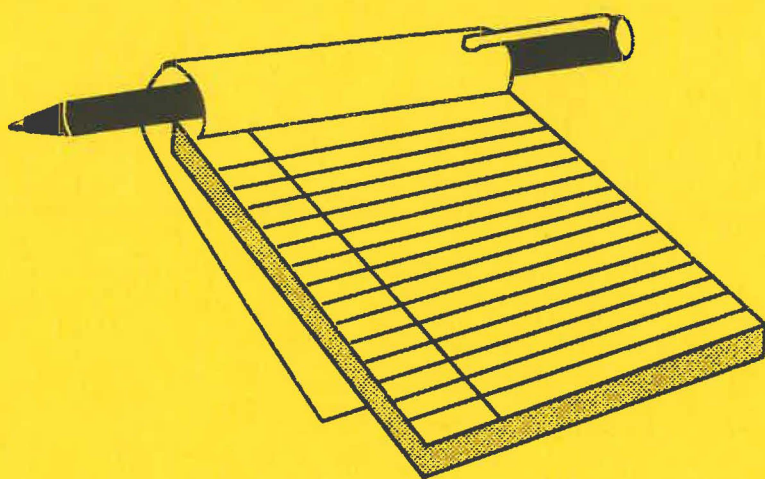
400 yards to the east of the Far West Cemetery, on a bluff overlooking Bear River, at a point where a line of foothill oaks gave way to the grass plains of the valley.

By measuring, (a) from the trees at the hilltop (shown on Lt. Derby's second 1849 map), (b) lining up this hill (shown on the 1849 sketch) and, (c) reading the above 1940 testimonials taken from the two pioneers, Richard and I have updated this point — 400 yards east of the cemetery — as the correct location of Camp Far West. A resident of Yuba City, OCTA member Bill Knorr, agreed with us and examined this area with a metal detector. His many relic findings support our site identification.



This concludes our 1991 Sacramento OCTA convention trip through Johnson's Ranch. Your host hopes you have enjoyed it and will join with OCTA in the ongoing efforts toward preservation of this historic and, as yet, unspoiled place.

ARTICLES



*California Gold Rush:
An International Affair*

by Judy Allen



*Life in the
Early Mining Camps*

by Keith Arnold



*Geologic History of the
Sierra Nevada*

by Ben Lofgren



CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH: AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

By Judy Allen

Within two years of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848, California teemed with an international population. Its name recognized throughout Europe and the Far East, California evoked visions of easy wealth and the fulfillment of dreams, drawing to its shores peoples from throughout the globe. Few anticipated remaining in California longer than the several months needed to acquire their riches. Most believed one season would be sufficient time to accumulate enough wealth to last the rest of their lives. The argonauts of the California Gold Rush represented a population mostly of young men full of the spirit of adventure, willing to take risks, and often surprisingly well educated.¹ These seekers of wealth also brought with them their cultural backgrounds, national ideals, and prejudices. The gold rush experience embodied a mingling of nationalities, races, and cultures creating a cosmopolitan society on the isolated shores of California.² While diverse populations intermingled in the mines, no semblance of a cohesive society existed. Each nationality remained apart and, at times, in conflict with other cultures. This survey will address the diversity of the cultures arriving in California and the clashes which arose from the meeting of these differing peoples.

The news of the discovery of gold in January of 1848 reached the southern ports of the Pacific coast via ships returning to the Eastern states. In August of 1848,

Matzatlan, Lima, Santiago, and Valparaiso heard of the great discovery to the north before the eastern-bound sailing vessels rounded Cape Horn. The practice of gold mining existed in these Latin American countries prior to the European conquest. Knowledge of mining techniques, proximity to California, and a merchant group who had traded in California in previous years paved the way for the success of the early arriving Sonorans, Peruvians and Chileños. Among the first to arrive in the gold fields, these Latin Americans often came in groups, some well prepared, and even bringing their families. Daniel Woods who spent sixteen months in the goldfields wrote:

I saw one family, the father of which, assisted by the older children, was "panning out" gold on a stream near his rude home made of hides. The mother was washing clothes, while the infant was swinging in a basket made fast to the branches overhead. An interesting girl of five years, with a tiny pick and spade, was digging in a hole, already sunk two feet, and putting the dirt in a pan, which she would take to the stream and wash, putting the scale or two of gold into a dipper a little larger than a thimble.³

The Mexicans from the northern states of Sinaloa, Chihuahua, and Sonora arrived first, traveling overland to reach the gold fields by late summer of 1848. The citi-

1. Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949), 192.

2. Rodman Paul, *California Gold* (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1947) 24-27.

3. Daniel B. Woods, *Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings* (New York: Arno Press, 1973), 100.

zens of the state of Sonora dominated the migration and the sobriquet "Sonorans" came to refer to all Mexican nationals in California. Many settled near the city whose very name reflects their presence, Sonora. Anglo-Americans, many of whom were fresh from the battlefields of the Mexican War, intensely disliked the Sonorans; the Anglos resented their usurpation of the best claims by their earlier arrival and their success in operating their claims. The Americans openly displayed their antipathy. In his journal, William Perkins wrote of the Anglo-Americans " . . . the Yankees have evinced a brutality which does them little honor."⁴

Many Sonorans faced with this hostility began to return to Mexico in the summer of 1849. Anglos formed mining districts and issued orders for Sonorans and Chileños to leave the mines forcing many to congregate in the area of the southern mines of Tuolumne and Mariposa. The miners at Jacksonville in Tuolumne County formed a mining district in January of 1850. Among the articles of governance of the district, number eleven stated:

No person coming direct from a foreign country shall be permitted to locate or work any lot within the jurisdiction of this encampment.

The California legislature of 1850 passed a foreign miner's tax that required a fee of twenty dollars per month. The resulting economic pressures also forced Mexicans from the mines. Many merchants did not welcome the removal of the Sonorans from the diggings; merchants felt the loss of revenue because the Mexicans freely spent their earnings on merchandise rather than accumulating cash. With their

departure, retail businesses' profits plummeted.

The foreign miner's tax, based on the public opinion that aliens should not profit from American public lands, failed in California. It was unenforceable, and by 1852 even its strongest proponents admitted the tax's benefits did not materialize, the state's coffers did not bulge, the development of a large pool of cheap menial laborers did not ensue. Xenophobia and mob rule still existed, and an unforeseen rise in violence occurred.

The anti-Mexican attitude reached culmination with an outbreak of banditry of the southern mines. Resenting the economic and cultural pressures, an increase of intercultural violence occurred throughout the mining areas. In Amador County, a particularly vicious robbery and mass murder occurred in the small town of Rancheria. In this mayhem several Mexicans robbed and murdered the inhabitants of the local hotel including the wife of the hotelowner. The pursuing posse found the perpetrators in Calaveras County, and in the ensuing fight, the Sheriff of Amador County fell wounded and died. The bandits captured by the posse soon hung from famous hanging tree in downtown Jackson. The citizens turned their rage upon the many Latin Americans living in the area and evicted them from their homes and claims, even hanging several innocent people. Long after the Rancheria murders faded from memory, few Latin Americans returned to that county.

Calaveras County witnessed the exploits of a bandit, called Joaquin Murieta. This phantom terrorized Mexicans and Anglos alike. Many claimed to have been victimized by Murieta or someone named

4. William Perkins, *Three Years in California: William Perkins Journal of Life at Sonora, 1849-1852*, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1964), 281.

Joaquin. The state legislature posted a bounty for the capture of Murieta, and the governor sent Captain Harry Love in search of the villain. With a bounty of five thousand dollars urging them on, the posse soon claimed success. A hail of bullets ended the life of a Mexican, and his head removed and saved in alcohol proved the authenticity of the bounty claim. Affidavits asserting the validity of the identity of Murieta assured the awarding of the money. Much skepticism accompanied the stories of the battle that ended the life of Murieta, the identity of the deceased, and reality of Murieta's existence. But the reality of the hostility between the Anglos and the Latin Americans demonstrated itself in continuing violence, such as the hanging of Juanita in Downieville. The numerical growth of the American gold seekers and their hostile reaction ensured that by 1854 emigration from Mexico to the California gold fields all but ceased.^{!5}

Not only the Mexican miners but other Latin Americans felt the pressures of social antipathy. By the time the Anglo-American gold seekers arrived in the summer of 1849, besides the Mexicans, the Chileños who had arrived by sea in the fall of 1848 also occupied many of the choice diggings and, using an arrastre, worked them successfully. The Chileños who had traded in California prior to the discovery of gold received news of the bonanza in August 1848, and by February 1849, 2,000 argonauts left Valparaiso for San Francisco. Although the population drain concerned the Chilean government, the gold

rush provided Chile with a market for agricultural products such as wheat, beans, and dried fruit.^{!6} Many respected Chilean trading firms opened offices in California.

Although the Chileños shared a common cultural heritage with the Mexicans, each possessed a unique psychological background. The Chileños typified a more aggressive personality. Anglos perceived all Latin Americans as the same. Americans discovered themselves unprepared for meeting these proud, fierce people with their fighting traditions. Perkins in his journal wrote:

. . . they are excellent miners, fond of gambling and drink, and are quarrelsome in their cups; ever ready to use the knife, and are not to be cowed by the insolence of the North American.^{!7}

Clashes occurred in the mines, culminating in the Chilean "war" of Calaveras County. This conflict occurred along the Mokelumne River in Calaveras County. In dry diggings miners prepared the gravels and earth during the summer months awaiting the fall rains to provide water for washing the gravels and separating the gold from the gravels. A group of Chilean miners returned in the winter of '49-'50 to their dry diggings and found Anglo-Americans preempting their claims. The Anglo-Americans formed a local mining district and excluded the Chileños. The Chileños responded by obtaining an injunction from a judge in Stockton and returned to Calaveras to arrest the leaders of the mining district. Capturing the leaders, the Chileños

5. J. D. Mason, *History of Amador County* (Oakland: Thompson and West, 1881) 83-88; Richard H. Peterson, "The Mexican Gold Rush: 'Illegal Aliens' of the 1850s," *The Californians* (May-June 1985) vol. 3, 19-23; Richard H. Morefield, "Mexicans in the California Mines, 1848-53," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, vol. 25 (March 1956).
6. Diary: Mrs. James Caples, California Room, California State Library, Sacramento, California. In order to support her family after arriving in Placerville, California, Mrs. Caples baked and sold pies made from dried fruit imported from Chile.
7. Perkins, 223.

attempted to return to Stockton with their prisoners; a group of Americans pursued and intervened. With the deaths of several Anglo-Americans, a tumultuous outrage spread throughout the southern mines, eventually forcing the Chileños to San Francisco. The treatment of the Chileños in the gold fields remained long in the memory of the nation of Chile creating problems in diplomatic relations for the United States for many years.⁸

The exodus of Latin Americans from the gold fields paved the way for the introduction of the Chinese as the source of cheap labor. Soon the Chinese workers encountered the same hostility from the Anglos as had the Latin Americans.

Initially, the Anglo argonauts regarded the Chinese as a positive influence in the mines. Young, industrious, and servile, the Chinese population performed services that no one else would. This attitude changed as the number of Chinese entering California grew. At first the Chinese migration remained small. H. H. Bancroft states that first Chinese accompanied Charles V. Gillespie on the American brig "Eagle," arriving in San Francisco on the 2nd of February 1848. Three Chinese passengers disembarked, two men and one woman. The men went to the mines and the woman worked in San Francisco for an importer of Chinese goods. As long as the number of Chinese remained small, 2,700 in 1851, no problems existed.

Estimates of the Chinese population growth state that in 1852 more than 20,000

passed through San Francisco. The Chinese entered both the northern and southern mines, from the Feather River to Mariposa. They congregated in camps along the rivers or in Chinatowns in the larger towns and cities. Situated apart from the main business centers, Chinese businesses catered to the needs of their countrymen who wanted familiar food and personal items. Isolated by language and culture from the European population, the Chinese developed these communities for supplies, food stuffs, and socialization. Their mining methods demanded use of numerous laborers. The Chinese reworked older diggings, recovering gold lost during the first mining of the gravels and earth, not seeking to open new areas or compete with the Anglo miners.

But as the Chinese population increased and the placer mining earnings decreased, the Anglo miners believed that the Chinese profited from the reworkings of the older diggings, and this revenue returned to China, removing from the economy the rightful money of the United States. William Perkins wrote:

... and when a Chinaman amasses a small amount of cash, he immediately returns home to the "flowery land."

This determination seems to be in almost all cases premeditated, for none have brought their wives and children.⁹

By 1852 the Chinese too felt the burden of being a stranger in a foreign land.¹⁰

8. James J. Ayers, *Gold and Sunshine: Reminiscences of Early California* (Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1922); Edna Bryan Buckbee, *The Saga of Old Tuolumne*, (New York: The Press of the Pioneers Inc., 1935); George Edward Faugsted, *The Chileños in the California Gold Rush* (San Francisco: R and E Research Associates, 1973); Carlos U. Lopez, *Chileños in California: A Study 1850, 1852 and 1860* (San Francisco: R and E Research Associates, 1973); Jay Monaghan, *Chile and Peru and the California Gold Rush of 1849* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1973).

9. Perkins 319.

10. Thomas W. Chinn, ed., *A History of the Chinese in California: A Syllabus* (San Francisco: Chinese

Europeans responded to the lure of gold in California, arriving from all parts of the continent. The French, in reaction to the Revolution of 1848 and the economic depression that followed, formed emigration companies to journey to California. Little assimilation of the French occurred in the mines. Referred to as the "Keskydees" in derision of the French question "Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?", the French remained in their own cultural groups. The French felt most compatible with the South American miners and often situated their camps within close proximity.

Bayard Taylor saw prosperity among the French in 1849, but the French consul in 1850 observed poverty and misery among his countrymen as he traveled up the Mokelumne River at Lower Bar, Middle Bar, and the Dry Diggings (Jackson). Isolated groups of five to ten miners worked the Mokelumne River area in 1850. The French as a national group prospered little in the mines. The Miner's Tax forced many from the mines. Small enclaves of French turned to agriculture as at French Bar on the Mokelumne River. But the French exerted little influence on the culture of California.¹¹ Few businesses or family groups remained in California after 1852.

The German also left Europe for the mines after suffering from the debacle of the 1848 Revolution. Army conscription

and economic depression caused many Germans to seek the gold fields of California. The 1850 Census lists over 3,000 Germans in California. These hardworking people quickly assimilated into the California culture by their own efforts. They learned the language and economically moved quickly from mining into other business ventures. By engaging in other businesses such as butchering and freighting the Germans avoided the hostility surrounding the Miner's Tax and related cultural clashes; they directed their energies to a variety of enterprises. The Germans soon owned land and businesses which provided services for the miners.¹²

By far the largest group of Europeans to enter California came from the British Isles. British trade policies caused unemployment to rise, industrialization of many trades eliminated jobs, throwing more people into the ranks of the unemployed, and in Ireland the potato famine increased the emigration from that area of the British Isles. These English speaking miners possessed a similar cultural background as the Americans, and soon they assimilated into the California society. The Irish miners exhibited a distinct culture, and the Irish entered exuberantly into California life and politics.¹³

The California gold rush represented a truly international event. From numerous

Historical Society of America) 9-11; Leigh Bristol-Kagan, *Chinese Migration to California, 1851-1882* (Ann Arbor: University Microfilms International, 1982); A. McLeod, *Pigtails and Gold Dust: A Panorama of Chinese Life in Early California*, (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Press, 1947); Sylvia Sun Minnick, *SamFow: The San Joaquin Chinese Legacy* (Fresno: Panorama West, 1988); Stephen Williams, *The Chinese in the California Mines, 1848-1860* (San Francisco: R and E Research Associates, 1971).

11. Lombard, "A French Pessimist in California," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, vol. 31 (June 1952) 143-46; Rufus Kay Wylls, "The French of California and Sonora," *Pacific Historical Review*, vol. 1, No. 3 (Sept. 1932) 337-59; Bayard Taylor, *Eldorado or Adventures in the Path of the Empire* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949) 176.
12. Erwin E. Gudde, *German Pioneers in Early California* (Hoboken: Concord Society, 1927).
13. Doris M. Wright, "The Making of Cosmopolitan California: An Analysis of Immigration, 1848-1870," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, vol. 19 (Dec 1940) 323-43; vol. 20 (March 1941) 65-79.

countries came the young, the adventure-some, the educated, the professional, the ignorant and the brash, all hoping to achieve wealth from an easy accumulation of golden ore. Never had such a gathering of peoples and cultures happened on the North American continent.

The strife and conflict evoked by the proximity of these varied cultures displayed a microcosm of international rela-

tions. The California experience influenced United States foreign relations with many nations, including China, Chile, France, and Mexico. The diversity of the gold seekers with their unique cultures provided a rich tapestry of humankind, much dissension, and an international flavor to the great assemblage of argonauts within the United States' newly acquired territory called California.

LIFE IN THE EARLY MINING CAMPS

By Keith Arnold

Every Argonaut who left his home in the East to seek his fortune in the California gold fields expected to pick up gold nuggets with little or no effort. Most of them planned to spend only a short time in California — just long enough to gather a fortune, then they would return home with their pockets full of gold.

Dr. William L. Thomas, John Markle, and Steven Wing were typical of those seeking their fortunes in the California gold fields. The excerpts from the written records they left of their days seeking gold, provided on the following pages, give us a window into their lives during those adventures.

Dr. William L. Thomas, originally from Kentucky, arrived in Hangtown (Placerville) on August 11, 1849. Dr. Thomas had spent a year practicing medicine in Marceline, Illinois, prior to leaving for California in April, 1849.

Following his time in the mines, Dr. Thomas lived in Coloma for several years where he was in partnership with a Dr. Taylor. Dr. Thomas invested heavily in the construction and operation of water ditches in and around the Coloma area. He also invested in gold mines in Placer and El Dorado Counties as well as in a silver mine in Nevada. He eventually returned to Kentucky where he married Martha May Dugan in 1866. Their union produced three children. Dr. Thomas died in 1884 at the age of 60.

John Markle left St. Joseph on April 18th, 1849 and crossed the Missouri river below old Fort Kearny on May 6th. Markle traveled to California over the Truckee Route and arrived in Sacramento on September 3rd, 1849.

Not much is known about John Markle after he stopped writing in his diary on January 6, 1850. We do know that he apparently spent the remainder of his life in Northern California as the following passage appears in the 1883 publication of Sioli's History of El Dorado County, California:

Mosquito [Valley] is connected with Placerville by a good wagon road and a suspension bridge across the South Fork of the American river, a trail is running in the direction of Kelsey, the township center. Dixon, Summerfield, Adam Melchior, Christopher Finnan, John Selleck, Mrs Couchien and John Markle are the present inhabitants.

Stephen Wing left his home in South Yarmouth on Cape Cod in 1852, went by ship to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed the Isthmus and then completed his journey by ship to San Francisco.

What is known about Stephen Wing comes from *The Daily Journal of Stephen Wing, 1852 to 1860*:¹

The gold rush of 1849 and 1850 was over — but the influx of people into California had only begun. In 1852 Stephen Wing and his friends were among the thousands who arrived by land and sea. It

1. Copyright 1982 by Phyllis Gernes. Published by Phyllis Gernes, 5760 Spanish Flat Road, Garden Valley, California 95633.

seemed the stories of many hardships, misfortunes, and deaths of the goldseekers were ignored. News of fabulous fortunes acquired kept enthusiasm at a fever pitch, and eager Argonauts continued to come.

These newcomers, on arrival, found that the mining towns were usually still crude affairs, with board and canvas structures; the diggings were crowded; and the interest rate charged to the penniless arrivals was often as high as 5% per month — or 60% a year!

Just hard work was no longer enough to glean any paying amounts of gold from its hiding places. Ingenuity led men to try tunneling for tertiary (ancient river beds) gravels; prospecting for quartz ledges; building waterwheels and pumps; building extensive flumes; sewing canvas hose to carry water to hydraulic the mountain sides. Large investments of time and money were needed to carry out projects of this magnitude. Otherwise it was back to the rocker or long tom, using pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow in “worked over” gravel.

Stephen Wing stayed in California until 1860 when he returned to his home on Cape Cod.

In retrospect, Wing had this to say about his years of adventure:

And now comes the question — was this long absence from home of any profit? In a pecuniary sense, I answer “No.” Yet, I have never for a moment regretted the time I spent there. Although my purse was no heavier, I had in another direction profited greatly from the experience gained. During this time I had been thrown altogether upon my own resources, and I think every

young man, who has been for years in California, will testify that those who were not ruined by associations, which always exist in a new country, received lessons of self reliance which will ever be remembered with profit.

Excerpts from Letters from Dr. William Thomas to his Family²

Ursa, Illinois — Apl 3rd 1849

I know it is a wild and hazardous trip but I think the inducements are strong. A number of my acquaintances have already gone and many more are going. Dr. Hall, formerly of this place, and one of my acquaintances here went last winter by water. He writes to his father-in-law, Mr. Whips, a great deal about California and concludes his letter by saying, “the half has not been told.” There will be some two or three thousand emigrants from Independance, St. Joseph and various points of rendezvous on the Mo. River this spring. A majority are going with oxen. Many however will go with mules. I have six first rate mules, a good waggon and well fixed as I could wish to be. There will be three of us together. I do not calculate to be gone more than two years at the most, when I expect to return laden with Gold.

St. Joseph, Mo. April 27, 1849

I do not know that I ever wrote to you the particulars of my outfit. James Colvin furnishes an outfit for three, Jno Heaton, Woodworth and myself — consisting of a waggon, four mules, and each of us furnishes a pony, (my pony I exchanged for a mule). We go to California and stay as long as we deem prudent, with full power to invest our money in Real Estate

2. The letters of Dr. Thomas were made available to OCTA by Mrs. Avriel Henikman, P.O. Box 474, Mullan, Idaho 83846 and Marna Hing, 9876 Territorial Road, Lorane, Oregon 97451.

or anything else, at the expiration of our adventure after all expenses are paid we give him (Colvin) one full and equal third of our profits. If we make nothing his outfit is entirely lost.

Kelsey's Dry Diggings Calif. Oct. 14th '49

I arrived at the first gold diggins on the 10th of August after a long tedious and toilsome trip of 101 days. After my arrival a few days were consumed in resting, disposing of our waggon and team, preparing for work in the mines etc. Since which time I have been variously employed, digging, cooking, traveling from place to place, packing my blankets, mining tools, provisions and cooking utensils on my back — an employment which every miner must necessarily engage in. But thanks to good luck and kind fortune, my days of toil and fatigue climbing mountains with a heavy pack on my back are at an end, at least for some six months to come, for we have just finished a comfortable cabin and have it well stored with provisions. Here we intend to winter. This little town or village consists of about 300 inhabitants, about 25 cabins and perhaps twice as many tents. It is situated north east of Sutter's Mill six miles and about 3 miles from the Sacramento River. It is the most moral place in all California. Not the slightest species of gambling have I seen here and but one man intoxicated.

The first day Woodworth and myself worked in the mines we made \$31.50 — not quite an ounce apiece. This is probably more than an average days work since it is easier talking about making gold than doing so, though there is no doubt of this country being literally filled with it, but getting it is the trouble. You can take a pan of dirt from almost any place and find in it some gold, but so

little as not to pay, it appears to be generally diffused through out the whole country, in many places, however, much richer than in others.

To give you some idea of the enormous prices of this country, I need only state the cost of our cabin and provisions for five months. House, \$500, 800 lbs of flour at 32 cents a pound, \$256.00. 700 lbs of pork at 60 cents — \$420.00. Making for house, meat and bread, \$1176.00, besides coffee, sugar, salendus salt and other little necessities.

Kelseys Diggins Oct. 28th, 1849

. . . on Saturday, I went in the mountains 4 miles from our cabin, sunk a deep hole, worked hard and alone until 2 o'clock without finding anything. Thinking it would not pay I tried another place. After clearing off the top earth I got down into the hole and commenced scratching with my butchers knife, in a few minutes I had picked out \$10.50. This I concluded would suit me. I shouldered my pick, came home and on Monday went over again.

Sacramento City April 25, 1850

My abdominal ponderosity has entirely disappeared and now I can get into as small a pair of pants as most men. My appearance has greatly changed, you would scarcely know me. My long beard (not having shaved since I left home) pea jacket and round crown wool hat affords a disguise that would deceive many an old and intimate acquaintance.

Kelseyville Nov. 24th 1850

Mr Woodworth is as nice a housekeeper as any woman in the world and a great deal more particular than many, he regulates our house according to the old maxim — "a place for everything and

everything in its place" — We eat all kinds of vegetables here pickles, preserves etc. The only thing we lack are fresh buttermilk and eggs. In the lower part of this country they raise fine vegetables, fruit, etc. I ate as fine watermelons this summer as ever I ate in my life, but they tasted pretty strong of the dust being from three to five dollars apiece.

Coloma, Calif Jany. 28 1851 (from a letter to his younger brother)

You ask me something about the girls. I can just tell you I don't trouble myself about them either here or at home. This trip has cured me of all love notions, I have gotten too old to think much about the girls. You are just entering the state between boyhood and manhood in which every pretty girl sets you almost crazy. I know how you feel and sympathise with you — I have traveled over the same road. You will in a few years be entirely cured of this most distressing malady, don't despair.

Coloma, Calif. March 10, 1851

I have known men to spend over a thousand dollars on one spree, return to the mines flat broke, commence work and in a few weeks have plenty of money which is squandered as before. Each time plunging deeper and deeper in dissipation. A sojourn of a few months in this country proves destructive to the morals of many an intelligent young man who had they remained home might have become bright ornaments to society. Every species of vice is practiced here gambling, stealing, robbing, and even murder, had become common. Horse stealing is carried out here perhaps to a greater extent than anywhere else on the face of the globe. . . .not frequently one of these desperados are caught. No mercy is

shown them, invariably now they are hung without benefit of clergy.

Coloma, Calif May 20, 1851

. . . for as I said before the surface of this country has pretty much all been dug out and much more money can only be made now by heavy, deep, digging and in quartz rock.

We had quite an excitement in our town caused by the report that the troop that were sent out a few days ago to chastise the Indians for some of their depredations had come in contact with them yesterday and had been repulsed with the loss of one man killed and three others mortally wounded. A company volunteered and will start tomorrow to join them. The Indians are getting extremely troublesome and eventually will have to be exterminated. . . .the Indians surrounding this place are very much frightened and are congregating in large numbers in the suburbs of the town, they think the citizens of Coloma will protect them.

Coloma, Cal Nov 12th 1851

I have had many ups and downs in this country, have made a heap of money and lost it, though now I think the prospect for a fortune is more flattering than it ever has yet.

Home — what a variety of feelings is produced by that one single word. When I think of home, I remember the many happy scenes of my youthful days and then realize they are gone forever. That they only live in memory and that my lot has been cast in a far distant land. My life is so different from what it was a few years ago, so different from what I then thought it would be. I am almost persuaded to believe in predestination of fatality.

Coloma, Cal March 12th 1852

. . . and many a poor fellow who a few weeks ago looked forward a few months to the time when he would with a joyous heart bid adieu to California and with mighty and happy anticipation of a hearty good welcome from near and dear friends . . . is doomed to bitter disappointments and perchance from despair to an untimely end — such is the fate of many by reference to the report of the Lunatic Asylum of this state, it will be sure that California has admitted more insane into the institution above referred to within the past year than half of the other states of the union together. Disappointment, sickness and many other causes, acting upon the mind of the friendless wanderer, is almost enough to shatter the reason of anyone and my only wonder is that there are so few cases of mental derangement.

Coloma Cal March 13th 1853

It costs about two dollars to live in the most economical manner per day; now most persons coming into this country have no money and necessity compels them to hire for wages. They not wishing to rest spend a month on sinking a shaft or running a tunnel which perhaps might prove a failure, and surface diggings are now scarce and river claims are all around. Therefore the only resort left is to work for wages, consequently a great deal of labor is performed for a small share of money. leaving the great profit of mining to capitalists. I mean by capitalists men who are sufficiently beforehand to risk their time prospecting and should they be fortunate to strike a rich deposit, they hire men making it more profitable.

There is great excitement amongst this community in regards to the mines of

Australia, many of my acquaintances have already gone and more intend to go.

Excerpts from the John Markle Diary³

Monday 3ird

Today we lay in the city; caroused around during which time I discovered that I was poisoned with poison oak

Thursday September 20th 1849

Since the third my residence has been under an oak tree within the superbs of the City during which time I done nothing as my hand was badly poisoned. to day there was an election in town. the City was trying to get a charter; for which I voted. But it was defeated by 146 of a majority. by this time the city has become filthy from Caron and other filth

Wednesday Sept 26th

By this time I have got much better of the poison. this evening Lorin Robbins and I agree to go the mines together

Thursday Sept 27th

this morning we got some provisions and about 4 O'clock PM. we got them on an ox wagon, and started for North Fork dry Diggins. we traveled with the wagon awhile but it being slow we started ahead and got to the blue tent at 10 O'clock, where we waited until the wagon came up we then got our bed and slept at the root of an oak. distance today was 10 miles

Friday September 28th 1849

To day we wandered along until we came to the half way house where we got dinner 4 miles more Brought us to the oregon tent where we staid all night with some New Yorkers that came around the horn

3. The John Markle diary is the property of the Native Sons of the Golden West, Auburn Chapter #59.

Saturday 29th 1849

7 miles this morning Brought us to the Minors hotel where we cooked dinner we then started ahead of the wagon and 8 miles brought us to another Boarding tent kept by a Mormon being lost from our wagon, and not knowing when it would come up we called for supper and got it by paying 2 dollars each

Monday October 1st 1849

To day Robbins and Risher (a man that came up with us) sold some articles they had left when they were up here before and in the evening we moved up the left hand ravine about 1 1/2 miles to a spring where we staid all night

Tuesday Oct 2nd

To day Robbins and I made a tent and Risher went to river to prospect

Wednesday Oct 3rd

To day Robbins and I went to the river. we prospected with our pans but could get nothing we then loaned a washer and washed about 5 dollars worth

Thursday Oct 4th 1849

To day Risher and I went prospecting farther up the river But did not succeed well, and Robbins went to buy a mule to pack our things to the Middle Fork, But like us he did not succeed in getting one

Friday October 5th 1849

To day we all went to the river and panned out about 2 dollars apiece and rather than climb the mountain to our tent we concluded to stay at the river our bed was on peble stones and O such a sleep as we had

Saturday 6th

To day we washed awhile and then went to our tent where we suppered on flap-jacks then retired

Sunday 7th

To day we were wandering around in the dry diggins and I succeeded in picking out a lump worth from three to four dollars. I then gathered up about a gallon of dirt, carried it to the water and washed it and found about 2 dollars more in it

Monday 8th

To day we dug in the dry diggins and made about 6 dollars

Tuesday October 9th 1849

To day we done as yesterday. in the evening it rained enough to wet a man through his clothes. the first rain I have saw fall for some time

Wednesday 10th

Still working at the same place Robbins found a lump worth 12 1/2 dollars in travelling from our camp to the diggins we saw a Pismire flitting there were millions of them going from low ground to high it rained in the evening

Thursday 11th

To day we dug and threw up dirt to pack to the water Robbins found anoth lump worth 19 1/2 doll clear in the evening and no rain

Friday 12th

To day we bought a horse and packed dirt to a well that we dug

Saturday 13th

To day we packed 6 loads and got 20 dolls

Saturday October 20th 1849

Since monday we have been packing dirt and working it

Monday 29th

To day we washed what dirt we had packed and concluded to throw up dirt to wash when the wet season set in as we conclude to winter here

Thursday November 1st 1849

This morning we commenced to build our cabin the day was clear and a little cold

Friday November 2nd 1849

Still at work at the cabin it rained some little through the day and at night it poured down the water came through our tent our bed clothes became wet and our sleep was not as pleasant as might have been

Saturday November 3rd

This morning the rain still continued to pour down the fires all out and our bed wet and still getting wetter Robbins, looking at these things got the blues bad enough for both of us, so I laughed it off without much trouble

Wednesday 7th

Today it rained by showers and we worked by intervalls

Saturday 10th

This morning I took two horses and started for Sacramento City in company of Risher who was going home

Tuesday Nov 13th

To day I waited until the steamer Mekin came up expecting to get some letters but got none it rained during the day in showers at night it came down in torrents

Wednesday Nov 14th

This morning it was clear and I started for home with about 50 lbs on one horse and 75 on the other by wading and ploughing through water from 1 to 2 feet deep I got across the valley my horses frequently mired down so that I had to unload them and about sunset one of them mired down so bad that I had to unpack him tie the bridle reins to his feet and roll him over before I could get him out by this time it was dark and I was unable to proceed farther so I wrapped myself in my blanket and was lulled to sleep by the howling of coyotas

Tuesday 20th

To day was clear and warm and we finished the cabin

Sunday December 2nd 1849

To day I tried to bake some ginger cake but made a mistake and put in mustard in the place of ginger

Tuesday December 25th 1849

Since saturday the weather has been fine; to day being christmas we did not work O glorious christmas Hall, Robbins and I got a quarter of venison and a bottle of old Monongahela and retired to the cabin we than made a pot pie after it was cooked we eat and drank and was merry until evening we then topt it off with taffy pulling it was quite amusing when we got our fingers mixed with the stickey molasses and at night I dreamed on conversing with Uncle Joseph Markle

Tuesday January 1st 1850

To day it rained moderately and about 11 O'clock Robbins and I took our plates knives and forks and went to McCall and Martins tent to partake of a pot pie made of beef and potatoes for the occasion the

feast was glorious and good and not without a little of that stuff which makes a person happy for a short time at night we went to Auburn where we spent the evening

Excerpts from The Stephen Wing Journal⁴

1852

In 1851 the gold fever reached the highest point. During that year I took the fever, which for a few months was intermittent in its character, but at the close of the year it became seated, and I had it hard.

March 14 1852

Arrived at San Francisco (he traveled by ship) at 8 a.m. We had no baggage to bother us, for it had not arrived in Panama when we left, but having paid \$7.50 each to have it forwarded by express — we expected to receive it sometime.

March 16th

Cannot get work — so will go to the mines.

March 17

Sailed on the Camanache for Sac City. Levee had broken the day before and the streets were flooded. The buildings were roofed with cotton cloth — duck. Don't like the looks of this place — anyhow — no!

March 18

Bradbury, Willoughby and myself started on foot — without tools or blankets. Met men returning completely discouraged. But we continued with "hope" for a companion.

March 20th

Started for Ophir . . . Found our way to the New World Hotel . . . The floor was always there, dirt, and had required nothing more than levelling and smoothing . . . At ten o'clock the landlord announced that those that wanted to "turn in" could do so. He added that he hoped that they had blankets as he had none to supply. Some hay was brought in and spread along each side of the hotel, "and our beds were ready". I dropped right off to sleep but was awakened in a couple of hours bothered with fleas. One flea is bad enough — but let 1500 of them jump all over you —.

. . . The three inches of hay under us became less as the hours wore on, for several mule teams arrived from the mountains late in the evening, and the mules were tethered all around the hotel, and after eating their allowance of hay, they put their heads under the sails and attacked our beds. Quite a number of the lodgers awakened in the morning with their heads on the ground, and one man lost a little hair. Rates here are thirteen dollars a week, payable in advance.

March 28th Sunday

. . . Went two miles to Doty's Flat to look at a cabin on Bald Hill. We bought it for \$30, (as soon as we could get the money), and also a longtom for \$15. We laid in a stock of provisions; a camp kettle, coffee pot, tin pan, and three tin cups, and three tin plates, \$90.

March 29

Settled in our new home and drew lots for who should cook for a week. . . . A green live oak branch was used for a crane (to

4. The Daily Journal of Stephen Wing, 1852 to 1860. Copyright 1982 by Phyllis Gernes. Published by Phyllis Gernes, 5760 Spanish Flat Road, Garden Valley, California 95633.

hold the cook pot), resting it on stones on each side. However the stick would dry out and then burn, tumbling the kettle into the fire. The fireplace was 8 feet wide and 6 feet deep. It took two men to place the backlog, which might be 2 1/2 to three feet in diameter. the pancakes were often flipped too vigorously — in which case they stuck to the roof!

May 10th

. . . Sewed canvas roof for blacksmith shop for \$7.

August 20

Going to build a reservoir to store some water from ditch. Length of dam 440 feet. 8 feet high.

September 9

Hired \$75 at 60% interest, payable on demand from Dr. J.G. Pike.

September 11

. . . Still working on the dam — Getting all the dam dust back in our faces. [Have] been working on the dam for 40 days.

September 25

\$2 is all the cash we have at this time. . . .No letters from home — think I no longer have any friends. Our cabin is infested with squirrels, rats and mice — who steal everything they can lug off.

October 1

Have been working 49 days on the reservoir.

Oct 12

. . . Our cabin and a neighbors was robbed during the day. Thought to be Indians.

Dec.11

Part of the reservoir, 12 feet, has broken away — lost all of the water. . . .Settled note held by Dr. J.G. Gilman Pike, which with interest was \$124.25.

March 1st, 1853

. . . Our cabin was broken into and (someone) took \$128 coarse gold.

May 30

Cook and me moved to Spanish Ravine and hired two Chinamen to tend the "toms" we set. Paid Chinamen \$3 each, #4.50 for water. Our share was \$2.60.

July 12th 1853

Ophir was burned flat to the ground this afternoon — with the exception of two buildings, the brewery and the bowling saloon.

July 13, 1853

Mercury at 107 — but have rheumatiz in my legs. Must get wet all over every time we wash dirt and take cold nastier than in the winter. Hired Chinamen Looun and Mo-lin.

Sept 2, 1853

Water has failed in the Bear River Ditch leaving 100 of us poor dirt diggers to build a poor house and live in it at the expense of the town or worse. Cut some wood for winter — and then continued to cut more to sell.

Oct 5, 1853

Getting some water from Bear River. Lathrop Taylor arrived from Volcano — bought in and we moved our sluices up to Humbug Flat. Just about breaking even with the cost of water.

Oct 20, 1853

Wind blew down a long flume which had just been built to carry water over the Divide.

Nov.

Making about five cents a day above the cost of water.

March 1, 1854

Winter supply of wood gave out. Had to stop to cut some.

March 14, 1854

Raining — did not work and someone jumped our claims! Gave up on Humbug Flat and carried two boxes on our shoulders about a mile "thereby making asses of ourselves." Steeped some wormwood for diarrhea.

March 31, 1854

Went to Auburn to see a man hung — Jas. Scott — for murder.

GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

By Ben E. Lofgren

One of the most majestic mountain ranges in North America, and certainly a formidable barrier to early overland travelers coming into California, is the lofty Sierra Nevada trending northwesterly through the eastern part of the state. The range is 50 to 80 miles wide, and over 400 miles in length — from the Mojave Desert on the south to the Cascade Range and the Modoc Plateau on the north (Figure 1). Through this entire length, only a half-dozen routes across the Sierra Nevada into California were accessible to early-day emigrants with wagons, and these generally with great difficulty.

The range also is a significant barrier to storms moving eastward from the Pacific. Moisture-laden air masses generally drop much of their precipitation as they rise to cross the Sierra. West of the Sierran crest, precipitation increases dramatically with elevation, ranging from 12 to 18 inches per year along the foothills bordering the valley to three times this rate along the Sierran crest. East of the Sierran crest the descending air masses are usually moisture deficient. In these rain-shadow areas annual precipitation generally ranges from 5 to 15 inches per year.

The geologic history of the Sierra Nevada extends over a half billion years and is highly complex. With a few maps and a brief introduction, however, many relics of the geologic past can be recognized in the field, even by a first-time casual observer. Such geologic recognition and awareness greatly enhances ones appreciation of this majestic mountain range and the hardy emigrants and miners, some prepared for the encounter and many not, who person-

ally met the rugged mountain head-on in the mid-1800's.

The following maps and brief discussion are intended as background for members of Oregon-California Trail Association (OCTA), whose principal interests relate to the historic trails and travellers who crossed this range. It is hoped that all may better appreciate the majestic Sierra Nevada, the fabulous Sierran gold fields, and the tremendous "gold rush" of 1849-60 into California over these historic trails.

GEOLOGIC CHANGES WITH TIME

The geologic story of the ever changing Sierra Nevada began 500 million years ago and continues. It has been conveniently subdivided by Bateman and Wahrhaftig (Calif. Div. Mines and Geol., Bull. 190, p. 107) into the following four overlapping periods: (a) A long period during the Paleozoic Era (for geologic time scale see Figure 3) when the region was mostly under a shallow sea and slowly receiving sediments from distant eroding highlands; (b) A shorter period in the Mesozoic Era when the Paleozoic sediments were down-warped and complexly faulted into a gigantic sinking synclinorium which was filling with layers of volcanic and sedimentary detritus. These rocks were strongly deformed, repeatedly intruded at great depth by granitic magmas, and 9 to 17 vertical miles of rock eroded from the surface; (c) A short period of relative stability during the early Cenozoic; followed by, (d) Uplift, tilting, faulting, and canyon down-cutting, accompanied by pulses of widespread volcanic activity, in the late Cenozoic.

Even today, the story of the emplacement of the Sierran batholith is not well understood. The five cross sections of Figure 2 (Bateman and Wahrhaftig, 1966, Figure 2), however, show a reasonable interpretation of the emplacement of the massive granites and the gold-bearing quartz veins at great depth in the Sierra Nevada. These intruding molten magmas not only elevated the overlying Precambrian and Paleozoic formations, but also melted and digested large volumes of these older rocks. Evidences of this melting process are the large and small dark "blobs" of partially digested metamorphic country rock, known as "xenoliths", frequently seen in exposed granites of today's landscape.

Detailed studies indicate that the Sierran batholith did not form as a single event, but as widespread magmatic surges from numerous scattered sources during 130 million years of Mesozoic time. In general, the Sierran granitic rocks are oldest along the eastern margin of the range and get progressively younger to the west. To the layman, the Sierran granitic rocks are collectively called "granite". Technically, however, the chemistry of the various intruding magmas varied considerably, and the granitic rocks are more precisely called granodiorite, quartz monzonite, granite, diorite, and quartz diorite, based largely on the rock chemistry. Since the differences in these rock types is subtle in the field and defined largely in the laboratory, the Sierran granitics collectively are quite appropriately called "granite".

The schematic time scale of Figure 3 describes the geologic events discussed above during the last half billion years of Sierran history (note the telescoped time scale). Beginning about 130 million years ago, after most of the magmas and gold veins had been emplaced, the Sierra Ne-

vada entered a long period of widespread erosion (early Tertiary). A tremendous thickness (possibly 10 to 15 miles) of rocks were stripped from the Sierran surface and carried by numerous Tertiary streams to the western sea. This 35 million years of erosion, (1) removed most of the older rocks overlying the granites, (2) laid bare the mineralized quartz veins found mainly in the metamorphosed Mother Lode belt along the western margin of the range, and (3) accumulated rich placer deposits in the channel sands and gravels of the Tertiary streams.

During most of the Tertiary Period the Sierra Nevada was much lower, warmer and more rainy than today. This permitted the red "lateritic" soils that still blanket large areas of the western slopes of the Sierra to slowly develop. These red soils typically form when warm rains percolate downward through the ground, dissolving and carrying away all but the least soluble materials — usually aluminum oxide and red iron oxide. Occasional changes in stream gradients, due to changes in sea level or tectonic uplift in the Sierra, caused the Tertiary streams to shift their processes of erosion and redeposition across the landscape for 35 million years. Then, during the last half of the Tertiary Period, a succession of widespread volcanic eruptions and mudflows blanketed much of the Sierran landscape, especially in the northern part of the range.

Beginning in the Pliocene (late Tertiary) and continuing to the present, the Sierran block has uplifted more rapidly and tilted westwardly. This has caused the deep down-cutting of the Sierran canyons to their present relief. Also, periods of basaltic (black) and rhyolitic (bluish) volcanic activity in the northern Sierra and extensive glaciation in the high Sierra occurred. On today's Sierran landscape relic evi-

dences of each phase of this half-billion years of geologic change can be seen.

THE SIERRA NEVADA TODAY

Most of the rocks exposed in the Sierra today are granitic, being part of the massive Sierra Nevada batholith of Mesozoic age. As such, they are part of belt of plutonic rocks that extends from Baja California, through eastern California and western Nevada and probably connect with the Idaho batholith on the north. Granites dominate the southern Sierra landscape (see geologic map of California). In the northern half of the Sierra, however, a belt of steeply-dipping metamorphosed Paleozoic rocks and the famous gold-producing Mother Lode occurs. North of Lake Tahoe, young Tertiary and Pleistocene volcanic rocks generally mask the underlying granitic and Paleozoic metamorphic basement rocks, except in deeply incised canyons.

Throughout its length, the Sierra Nevada is a strongly asymmetrical range (Figure 1B). It formed as a mountain range of high relief during the past 3 million years as a huge rising block of relatively flat-lying earth's crust ruptured along an eastern boundary, today's Sierra Nevada fault system, and tilted westward toward a subsiding Great Valley (Figure 1). Today we see an abrupt, steep escarpment (to 25-degrees) east of the Sierran crest, and evidences of a deeply eroded late-Tertiary surface, gently sloping (2-degrees) from the Sierran crest, across foothills flanking the range, to the present Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys.

During the Pleistocene the rapid down-cutting of well-watered Sierran streams carved the once tilted Tertiary surface into a series of deep canyons and steep separating ridges. With few exceptions, the deeply incised main rivers flow westward at right angles to the crest of the range (Figure

1B), while the tributary streams frequently follow the structure of the underlying rock formations. As one gazes from a high vantage point on one ridge across the tops of successive tilted ridges, the common flat surface from which these ridges were carved becomes apparent. Looking south from I-80 above Bowman, a few miles east of Auburn, one sees six or eight ridge crests all rising to a common westward tilting Tertiary erosional surface.

On both the northern and southern ends of the range, peaks along the Sierran crest are from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level. In the central Sierra, however, many peaks exceed 12,000 feet, and Mt. Whitney (14,496 feet) east of Fresno is the highest spot in the conterminous 48 states. It is noteworthy that Mt. Whitney, the highest spot, is only 90 miles northwest of Death Valley, the lowest. This attests to the rapid rate of active tectonism continuing along the eastern front of the Sierra. Throughout the high Sierra, evidences of extensive glaciation during the Pleistocene—numerous cirques and cirque lakes, striated rock surfaces, erratics, moraines—abound today.

The geologic map of Figure 4 shows the major rock units along the Mother Lode in the central Sierra Nevada. As shown, the gold bearing fracture systems, along which most "hard rock" lode mines are located, occur mostly in highly metamorphosed Paleozoic slates, greenstones and schists, and seldom in the granites. In the south part of the area shown, the Mother Lode divides into an East Belt and a West Belt.

Figure 5 shows the location of the main Tertiary stream channels (discussed above), which in no way conform to the courses modern rivers systems. Concentrated in these sands and gravels are gold values emplaced in gold-bearing veins in the metamorphic rocks overlying the gran-

ites during the Mesozoic, then eroded when the metamorphic rocks were largely stripped off the granites during the Tertiary. Today the sands and gravels along these Tertiary channels often have significant gold values, and are attractive sites for future placer mining. Most of these Tertiary rivers gravels are buried, however, and are sometimes difficult to locate and follow in the subsurface.

From Sacramento to Donner Summit along Highway I-80

Highway I-80, proceeding northeasterly from Sacramento to north of Lake Tahoe, traverses a Sierran landscape quite different from landscapes farther south. This route crosses an unusually thick sequence of Paleozoic and Mesozoic metamorphic rocks, skirt around the north end of the broad belt of exposed Sierran granites, and at higher elevations crosses a terrain of mostly Cenozoic volcanic rocks.

For the first 20-miles from Sacramento, I-80 crosses the flat alluvial plain of the Sacramento Valley (Figure 6), comprised mainly of recent sands and gravels eroded from the Sierra Nevada and deposited in the valley during the past few millions of years. The westward dip of these beds increases with depth and also with distance westward toward the subsiding Central Valley trough.

As shown in the geologic section of Figure 6, three groups of valley deposits overlie the granitic basement rocks. In descending order of occurrence, these are: (1) roughly 300 feet of Pleistocene sediments, here labelled the white clay and the Fair Oaks Formation, (2) below a widespread erosional surface, a thick sequence of assorted beds of the Mehrton Formation (Pliocene), and (3) distinctly older pyroclastic beds of the Mehrton Formation. The blue-gray pyroclastic conglomerates of the

Mehrton formation are not easily seen along I-80, however, east of Roseville they are well exposed.

Between Roseville and Auburn, I-80 traverses a terrain of shallow soils overlying weathered granite bedrock. At Rocklin, a granite outcrop has been quarried for building stones for many years, and evidences of the old Griffin quarry are still visible from the highway. The granite exposed at Rocklin is apparently part of an independent intrusion of Mesozoic granitic magma, one of many small intrusions that comprise the Sierran batholith in this area.

Proceeding east on I-80, we see in a long road cut about 2 miles west of Auburn an abrupt change in rock types. In this cut, younger granitic rocks on the west are bundled with much older paleozoic rocks on the east. These older rocks are comprised of steeply-inclined sequences of dark blue and green slates, schists and greenstones. From this change eastward to Emigrant gap, a distance of about 60 miles, these dark Paleozoic metamorphic rocks comprise most of the deep bedrock. Along most of this distance, however, these metamorphic and occasional granitic rocks are seldom seen in road cuts along the highway. Rather one usually sees a much younger terrain—exposing Tertiary stream deposits, andesitic mudflows, basaltic lavas, and glacial moraines, as suggested in schematic cross-section Figure 7.

In the vicinity of Gold Run and Dutch Flat the dramatic scars of hydraulic mining, primarily in the 1857-83 era, are observed along the highway. This large gold district is located where several major channels of the Tertiary American River converge. About 300 feet of Tertiary gravels overly a complex bedrock of metamorphic rocks. Reportedly, about \$5 million of gold was taken from this district. The ver-

tical cut faces at roadside, left by the hydraulic "giants", expose the complexity of the Tertiary water-laid channel deposits in this area. The town of Dutch Flat is a well-preserved mining town worth visiting. A few miles above Dutch Flat a thick section of Tertiary ash beds are exposed north of the highway.

The historic geologic map and cross sections of Figure 8 were prepared by W. Lindgren and others in the 1890's. Since this report, the rock dates and terminology have been modified somewhat. As shown, rocks in the area can be separated into three major divisions: (1) The basement composed of metamorphosed sediments (slate, quartzite, schist) and intruded granite (granodiorite, gabbro), (2) Tertiary stream deposits and overlying rhyolitic, andesitic and basaltic volcanic deposits, and (3) Pleistocene glacial, landslide and alluvial deposits.

Not shown in Figure 8 are: (1) a complex system of generally NNW trending faults that help define the east margin of the rising and tilted Sierran block, and (2) scattered Quaternary cinder cones, such as those seen a 3 miles south of Truckee and east of the highway to Tahoe City. In general, the western major faults of the NNW trending system cut across the mapped area just east of the lofty Castle, Donner and Lincoln Peaks, thus forming the steep climbs necessarily negotiated by the already weary emigrants.

The two geologic cross-sections of Figure 8 show the relationship of the Tertiary and Pleistocene deposits overlying the Mesozoic granitics

and on the west end of the upper section, the Paleozoic slates and schists. The two cross sections also show some of the NNW trending faults being younger than

the granitic granodiorite but older than the Tertiary andesites and basalts.

Lake Tahoe

Lake Tahoe (1,645 feet deep) fills a structural valley that gradually sank during the past several million years, while the Sierra Nevada on the west and the Carson Range on the east gradually rose. An outpouring of Quaternary volcanic rocks built a dam completely across the Truckee Valley, thus impounding Lake Tahoe. Subsequent glaciers from the Sierra have modified the valley significantly. It is believed that in the past, Sierran glaciers have plugged the outlet of Lake Tahoe with ice causing levels of Lake Tahoe to rise as much as 600 feet. Melting of the ice released catastrophic floods, which carried huge boulders downstream past Truckee.

Landslides have long been a problem in the construction and maintenance roads and land developments in the Tahoe area. Today, however, the greatest threats to the pristine condition of the area and the Lake are people and pollution. Lake Tahoe is especially vulnerable to pollution because the volume of inflow each year is so small in comparison to the volume of water in storage. It is estimated that if the lake were somehow drained, it would take 600 years of natural runoff to refill the lake to its present level.

Sierran Gold

Although gold was mined in scattered areas of California before the February 24, 1848 discovery at Coloma, by far the greatest production has been in districts of the northern and central Sierra Nevada since the Coloma discovery. In these areas, gold occurs in two different geologic settings: (1) placer deposits, where the heavy gold eroded vein in older rocks is concen-

trated in stream sands and gravels, and (2) hard-rock or lode deposits, where the gold is still in veins in the original bedrock.

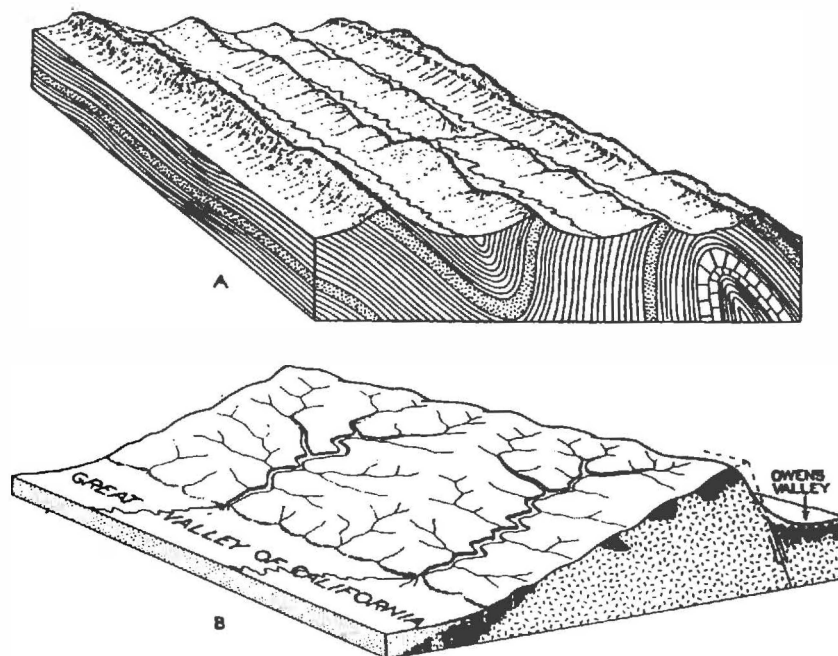
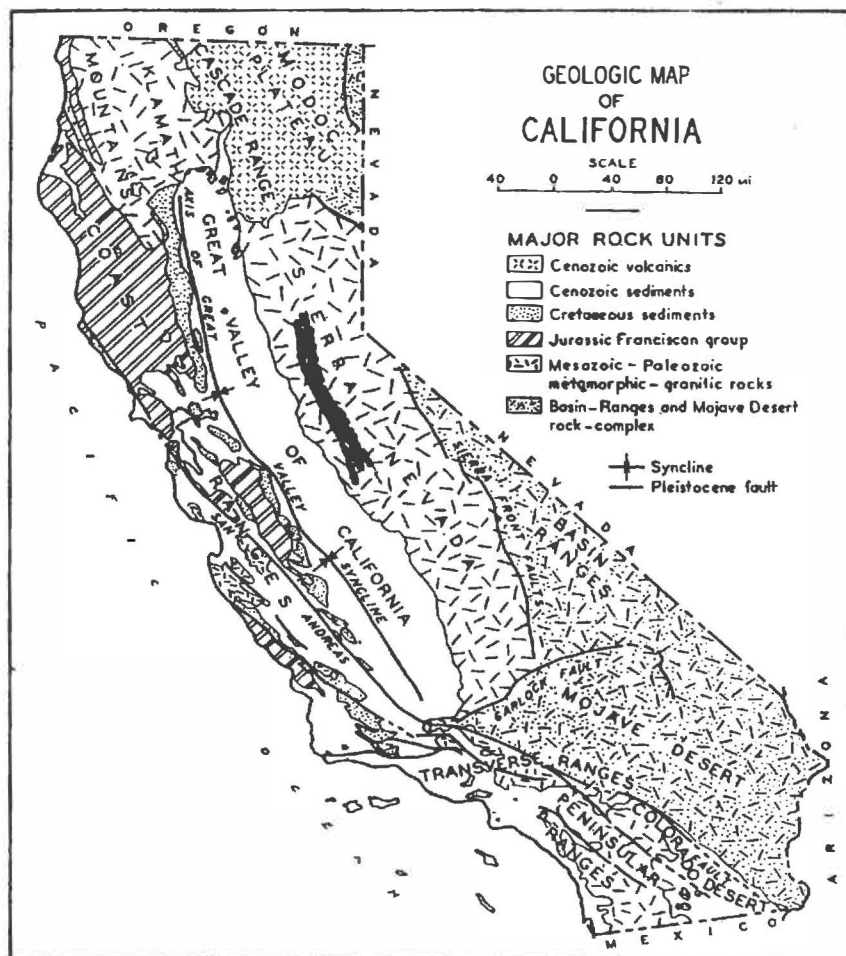
Most of the gold of the "gold rush" was easily recovered from the sand and gravel bars of major Sierran streams, especially those streams that during the Pleistocene had cut through older gold-bearing Tertiary deposits. The hard-rock or "lode" deposits usually are gold-quartz veins in faulted and fractured bedrock. They generally are associated with, but are not in, the granitic rocks of the Sierra Nevada batholith.

In the northern Sierra Nevada, the productive gold belt is up to 70 miles wide.

Southward the gold belt narrows and dies out.

The Mother Lode

Although the entire foothill area of the Sierra Nevada is sometimes loosely referred to as the "Mother Lode Country," technically the Mother Lode refers to the belt of gold-quartz veins and mineralized metamorphic rocks along a well-defined set of fractures in the foothills from Mariposa on the south to north of Placerville. Figure 4 shows the geologic setting of the Mother Lode in the Sierra Nevada.



- A, Block diagram illustrating Cretaceous Sierra Nevada topography. The upturned edges of bedrock controlled the drainage pattern, which was later inherited by streams of the early Eocene period. *After Matthes, U. S. Geol. Survey, Prof. Paper 160, 1930.*
- B, Block diagram to show tilting of the Sierra Nevada and its effect on stream cutting. Erosion, prior to the tilting, planed down the surface and exposed the granite, leaving only occasional fragments of the intruded metamorphic rock-bodies as roof pendants. The streams, at the point where they leave their mountain canyons and enter the Great Valley, form alluvial fans. *After Matthes, U. S. Geol. Survey Prof. Paper 160, 1930.*

Figure 1. Geologic map of California, showing: major rock units, location of Sierra Nevada, and block diagrams of past conditions of Sierra. Mother Lode belt added.

(Modified from Calif. Div. Mines, Bull. 141, p.20, Figs 5 and 6)

THE LONG PAST OF THE SIERRA NEVADA telescoped in sections

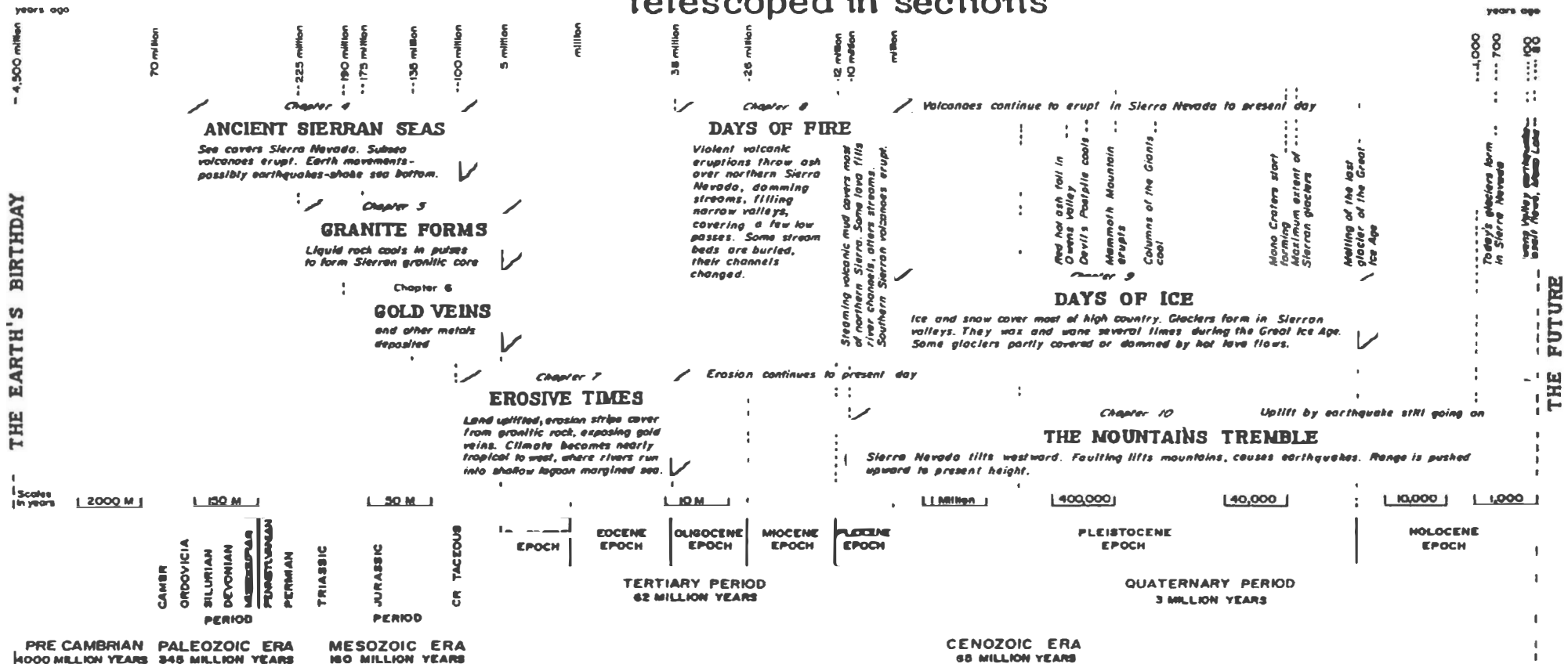


Figure 3. Geologic time scale and major geologic events.

(From Mary Hill, *Geology Of The Sierra Nevada*.
Copyright (c) 1975 The Regents Of The University
Of California. Permission granted)

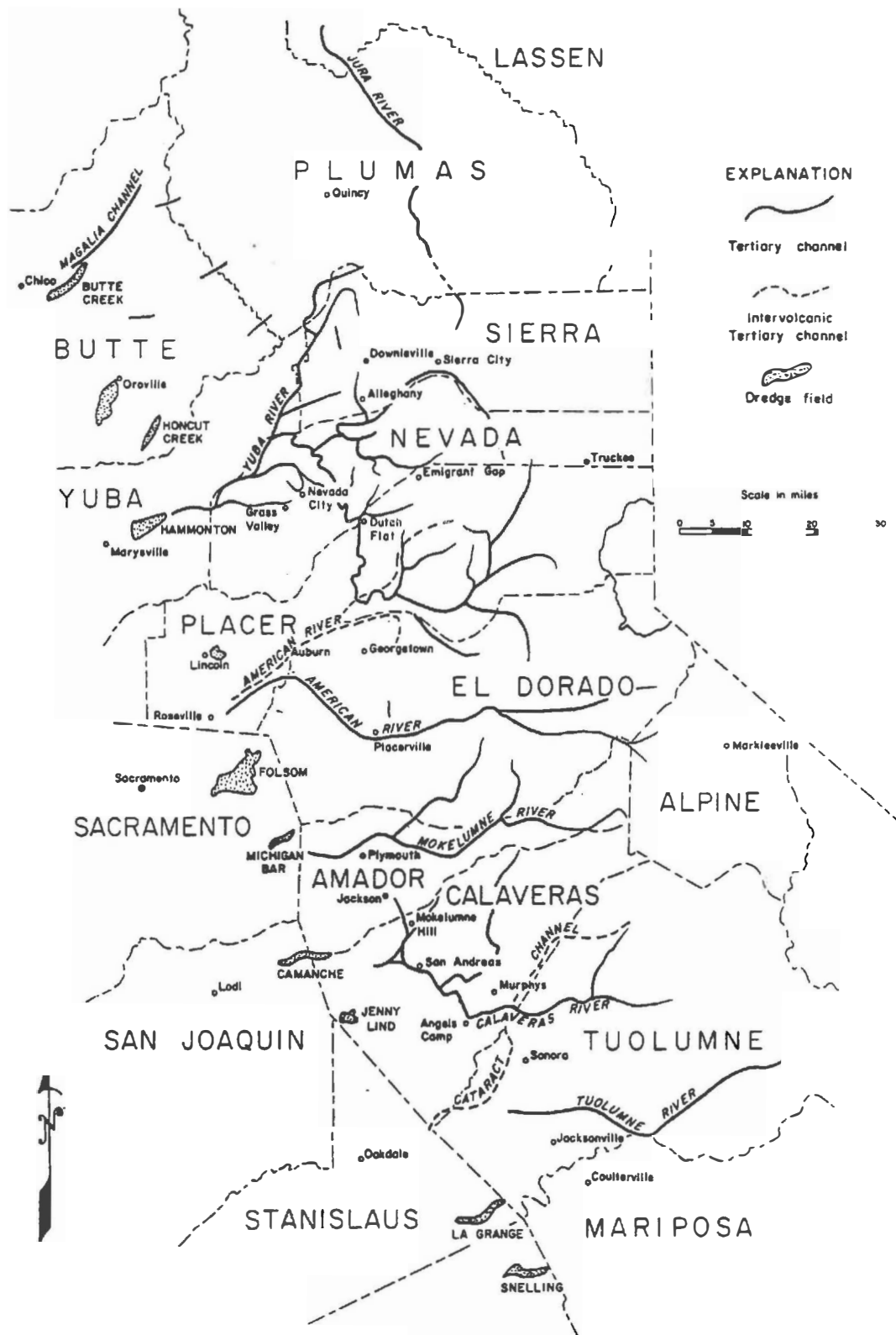


Figure 5. Map showing the principle Tertiary stream chancels and Dredge fields of the Sierra Nevada.
 (From Calif. Div. Mines and Geol., Bull. 193, p.18, Fig.5)

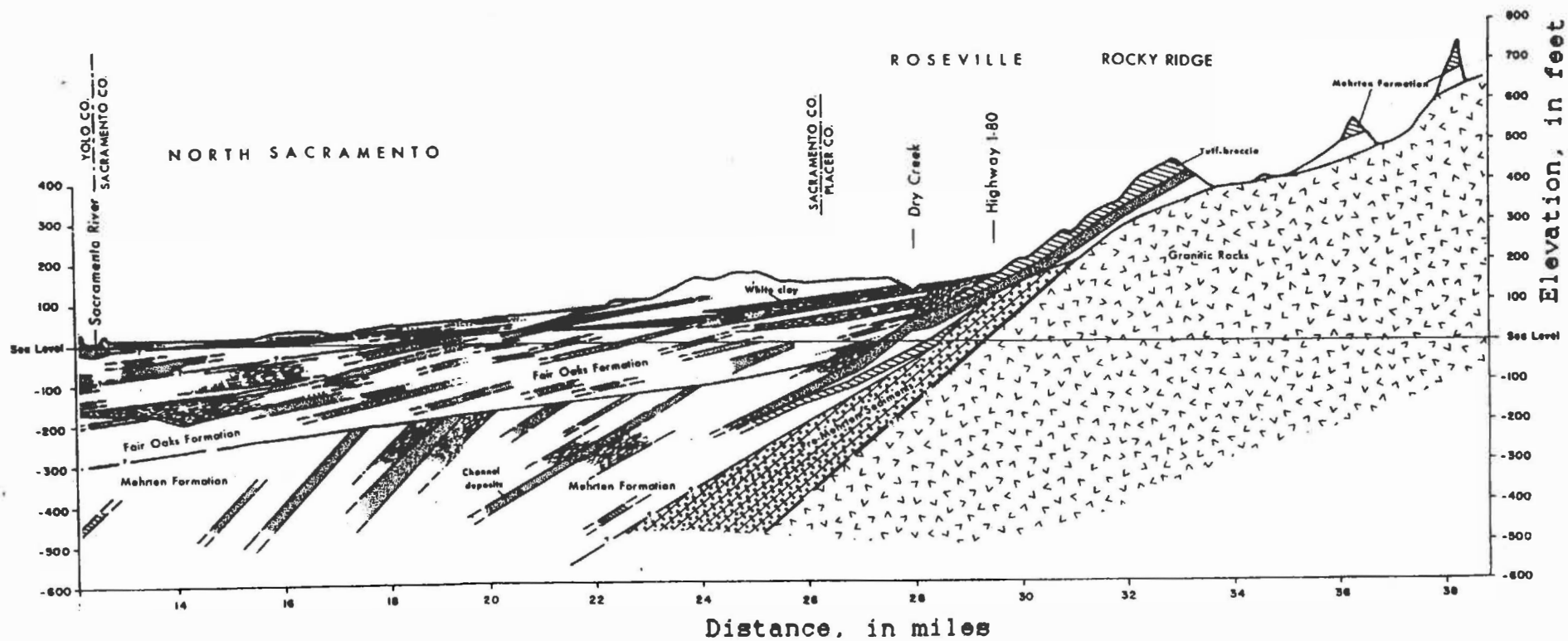


Figure 6. Geologic section from Sacramento to 8 miles northeast of Roseville. (Modified from Calif. Dept. Water Res., Bull. 118-3, Sheet 1, Fig.4B)

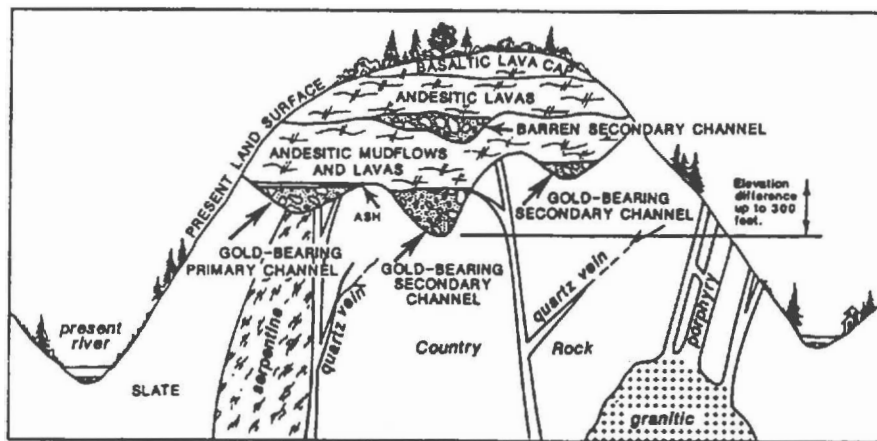
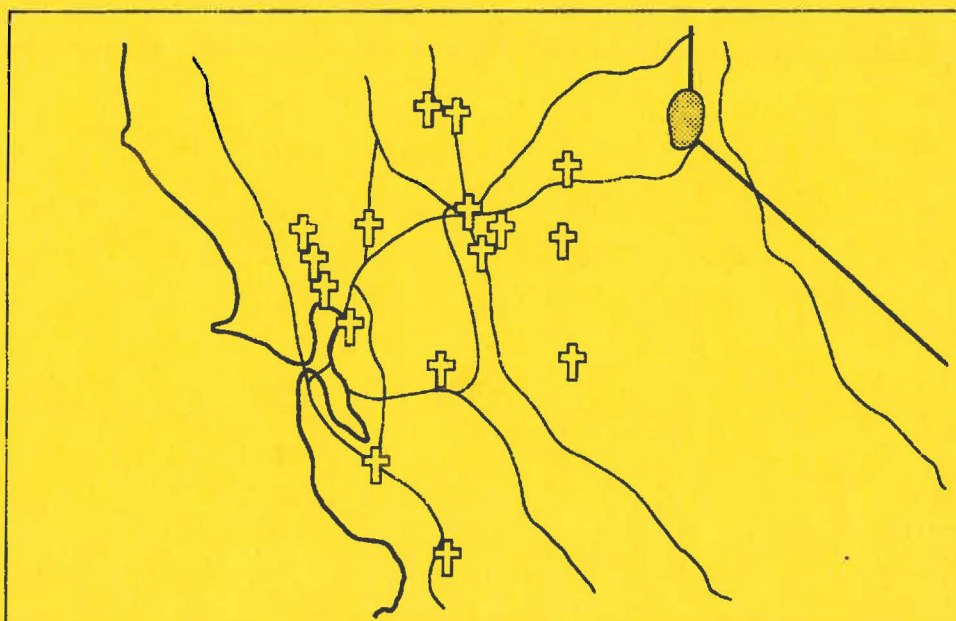


Figure 7. Schematic cross-section of present day topography showing buried Tertiary stream channels under basaltic lavas and andesitic mudflows in the northern Sierra Nevada. (California Geology, June 1987, p.123, Calif. Div. Mines & Geol.)

PIONEER CEMETERIES

NEAR
SACRAMENTO

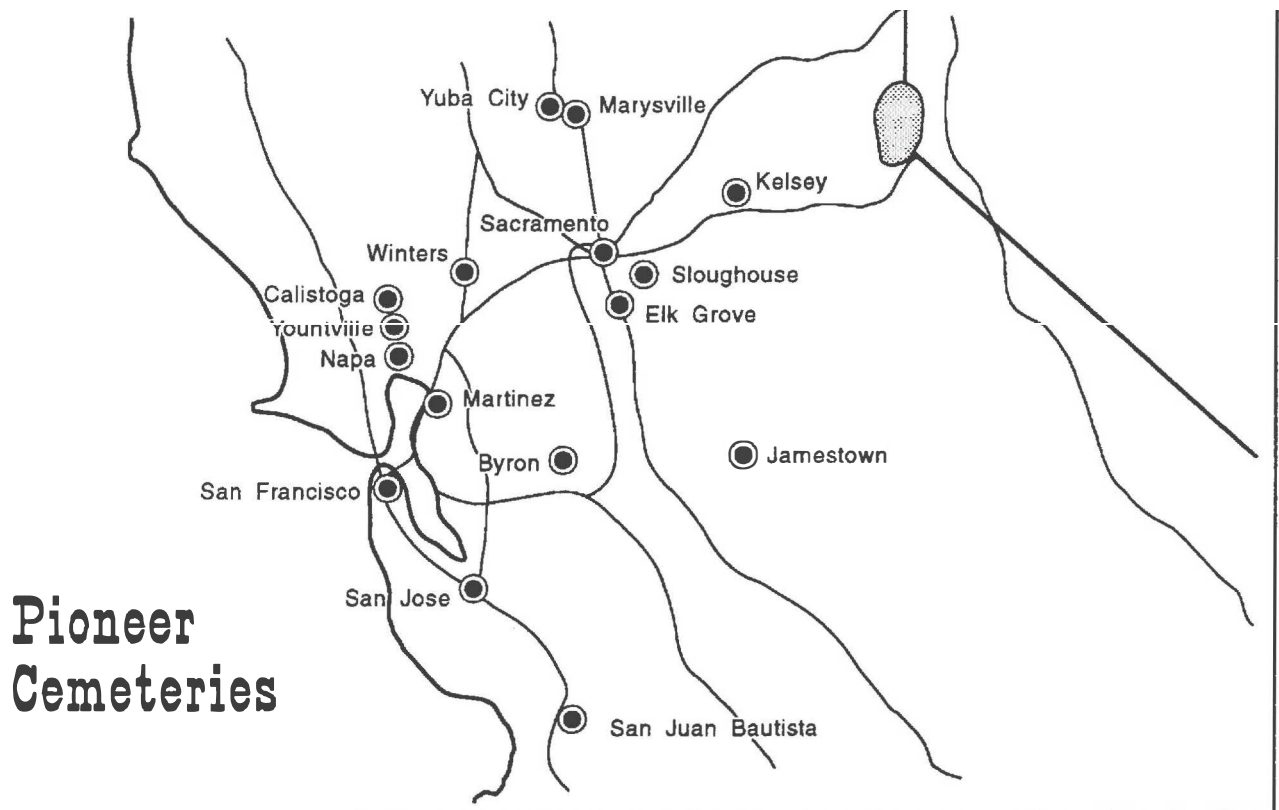


PIONEER CEMETERIES NEAR SACRAMENTO

Prepared by Ilene Hunter

The successful lives of the pioneers are often forgotten when we recount the dangers and sufferings of the trail west. In spite of harsh experiences many pioneers started new lives in the small settlements near Sacramento. Here they worked to establish their homes, raise their children and live out their lives. Cities have grown and erased most of the old homesteads but the cemeteries have been preserved in most areas.

Many members of the Donner-Reed party (marked with an *) lived in this area and in many cases there is no notation on the headstone of a connection to that disastrous event. A number of the famous guides also "retired" near here. Even a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition lived and is buried in the little town of Franklin 20 miles away. The following is a selected list of pioneer cemeteries within easy driving time of Sacramento.



Sacramento. *Broadway and Riverside. Map available at Broadway entrance. Dockets.*

- * Phillipine Keseberg (wife of Lewis Keseberg)

John Sutter Jr. (son)

Alexander Hamilton's youngest son (cholera)

Many, many other California notables

Elk Grove. *Highway 99 (right side of the road just before entering the city)*

- * Elitha Donner Wilder

Franklin. Highway 99 to Elk Grove. West on Franklin Blvd. Cemetery in central area.

Alexander Hamilton Willard, one of the Lewis and Clark Explorers, 1904-06. He came west with his family, some of whom are buried here, too.

Sloughhouse. *Highway 16 (key at bar in old historic Inn still in business)*

John Rhodes, Donner rescue group, carried 3 year old Naomi Pike from lake camp to Johnson's Ranch. John's father and brother, in the same rescue team, also lived and are buried here.

Winters. *Highway 505 west of Davis.*

- * Solomon Hook, stepson of Jacob Donner. Worked on Wolfskill Ranch.

Kelsey. *Road 193 off to 50 and 49. Up the hill from Coloma - very little left. Named for Nancy and Benjamin Kelsey who lived here in the early gold rush.*

James Marshall, discovered gold at Coloma (came with Clyman-McMahon group in 1845). Marker in central area beside small post office. Re-interred in Coloma with large monument and statue.

Calistoga. *Highway 29 north of Napa. Town founded by Sam Brannon. Robert Louis Stevenson lived there awhile.*

- * Eleanor Graves McDonnell
- * Franklin Graves
- * Lovina Graves Cyrus. In Pioneer Cemetery. The graves children came here. William and Eleanor [Graves] McDonnell made it their permanent home.

Napa. *#128 Tulacay Cemetery.*

Calab Greenwood and sons. Guides to Stevens Party. Many other activities.

James Clyman. Mountainman and guide. In 1823, he sewed Jedediah's ear on after a grizzly bear attack. Donner party refused his advice.

Yountville. *North of Napa Highway 127 to 29.*

George C. Yount. Came to California in 1831.

Marysville. *Highway 65 or 99-70 (Catholic Cemetery — key at local church).*

- * Mary Murphy Couvillaud (town was named for her)

C. Couvillaud, founder of Marysville, Pioneer cemetery north of town.

Martinez. *Highway 680. Pioneer cemetery overlooking Suisun Bay (ask for permission and key at the Martinez Police Station).*

Joseph Walker. Mountainman and famous guide. The Donner Party should have listened to him. Asked that his tombstone read "Camped in Yosemite 1833."

Yuba City. *Sister city of Marysville.*

- * Murphy, several family members

Jamestown. Highway 49 south. Just beyond the Columbia State Park.

* Leanna Donner App

Byron. Highway 5 south toward Stockton, 4 east, J4.

* Francis Donner Wilder

San Jose. Highway 82 at Curtner Ave. Oak Hill Cemetery. Printed guide at office. Beautiful cemetery with a flock of peacocks.

* Reed family with children, including "little Patty Reed"

* Virginia Reed Murphy, adjoining Catholic section

* Mary Donner Houghton, adopted by Reeds. She had severe burns from an accident on the rescue trip. She married Houghton but died in childbirth. Later Houghton married Eliza Donner. Together they raised the little girl.

* William Eddy, leader of Forlorn Hope group

* "Big Bill" William McCutchen

John Murphy, Townsend Stevens Murphy Party in 44 (married Virginia Reed)

Moses Schallenburg, spent the winter alone at Donner Lake in 44-45

Dr. Townsend, Townsend-Stevens-Murphy Party

Hiram O. Miller, 4th Relief Party, appointed guardian of the Donner girls

San Juan Bautiste. Highway 101 to 156. A very interesting town with a well preserved mission and the Breen House maintained as part of a State Park. Breen descendents still live in the area.

* Breen family, parents and children, special marker.

Members of the Donner Party Buried in Other Places:

* Naomi Pike Shenck. The Dalles Oregon

* Eliza Donner Houghton. Rosehaven Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

* Georgia Donner Babcock. St. John, Washington (30 miles from Cheney). She moved from Mountain View, California, to a large Washington ranch.

* Sarah Foster. Ft. Bragg Cemetery.

* Brit Greenwood. Ft. Bragg Cemetery. Son of Cabab Greenwood. (The other son in this famous trio is reputed to be buried in the town of Greenwood, near Georgetown.)

Patty Reed's home is still standing in Santa Cruz. The candy factory started by her son continues in business and makes delicious candy.

Much of above information is from notes left by Julie K. Brennan.

On the Banks of the Sacramento



On The Banks Of The Sacramento

This song book accompanys the tape "On the Banks of the Sacramento," recorded by the Back 40 String Band and Kinfolk, members of District 6, California State Old Time Fiddlers' Association.

This song book is dedicated to the memory of the Bidwell-Bartleson Party, the first wagon train to start for California, in 1841.

The song book and recording has been produced specifically for the Oregon-California Trails Association Convention, Sacramento, California, August 12-18, 1991. Providing the songbook and the recording for the convention tour buses is an original idea of Bob and Edna Laughter, OCTA members from Reno, Nevada.

SONGS

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Sweet Betsy	.14
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SACRAMENTO*

*Then blow ye winds, hi-oh
For Cal-i-for-ni-o!
There's plen-ty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to*

A bul-ly ship and a bul-ly crew,
Doo-da, Doo-da,
A bul-ly mate and a cap-tain, too,
Doo-da, doo-da-day.

*Then blow ye winds, hi-oh
For Cal-ifor-ni-o!
There's plen-ty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to*

Oh, the land we'll save for the bold and brave,
Doo-da, Doo-da
Have determined there never shall breathe a slave,
Doo-da, doo-da-day.

*Then blow ye winds, hi-oh
For Cal-ifor-ni-o!
There's plen-ty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to*

Let foes recoil for the sons of toil,
Doo-da, Doo-da
Shall make California God's Free Soil,
Doo-da, doo-da-day.

*Then blow ye winds, hi-oh
For Cal-ifor-ni-o!
There's plen-ty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to*

*To the tune of Camptown Races

OH! SUSANNA

I-come from Al-a-bam-a
with my banjo on my knee;
I'm goin' to Lou-si-an-a
my true love for to see
It-rained all night the day I left,
The weath-er was so dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death
Su-san-na, don't you cry.

*Oh! Su-san-na,
Oh! Don't you cry for me
I come from Al-a-bam-a
with my banjo on my knee.*

I had a dream the other night,
when ev'rything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna dear,
a-comin' down the hill;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm comin' from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry.

*Oh! Su-san-na,
Oh! Don't you cry for me
I-come from Al-a-bam-a
with my banjo on my knee.*

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And then I'll look around,
And when I find Susanna,
I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her,
This man will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.

*Oh! Su-san-na,
Oh! Don't you cry for me
I-come from Al-a-bam-a
with my banjo on my knee.*

YANKEE DOODLE

*Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,
Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be han-dy.*

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
A-long with Cap-tain Good'-in,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as has-ty pud-din'.

*Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,
Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be han-dy.*

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping Stallion,
A giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

*Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,
Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be han-dy.*

Yankee Doodle went to town,
A-riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni.

*Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,
Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be han-dy.*

OLD DAN TUCKER

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

I came to town de ud-der night
I hear de noise, den saw de fight,
De watch-man was a-run-nin' 'round
Cry-in' "Old Dan Tuck-er's come to town!"

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

Old Dan-iel Tuck-er was a might-y man,
He washed his face in a fry-ing pan,
Combed his head wid-a wag-on wheel,
An' died wid de tooth-ache in his heel.

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

Old Dan Tucker's back in town,
Swingin' the ladies all aroun';
First to the right and then to the left,
And then to the gal that he loves best.

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
He fell in de fire an' he kicked up a chunk;
De red hot coals got in his shoe
An' Whee-wee! how de ashes flew!

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

Tuck-er is a nice old man
He us'd to ride our darby ram,
He sent him whizzin' down de hill'
If he hadn't got up, he'd laid dar still.

*Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
Git out de way, Old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper.*

DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cav-ern, in a can-yon,
Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine;
Lived a min-er, for-ty-nin-er,
And his daugh-ter, Clem-en-tine.

Light she was and like a fair-y,
And her shoes were num-ber nine,
Her-ring box-es, with-out top-ses,
San-dals were for Clem-en-tine.

Drove she duck-lings, to the wa-ter,
Ev-ry morn-ing just at nine,
Stubbed her tow u-pon a splin-ter,
Feil in-to the foam-ing brine.

Ruby lips a-bove the wa-ter,
Blowing bub-bles soft and fine,
But alas I was no swim-mer,
So I iost my Clem-en-tine;

Ther's a Churchyard on the hillside,
Where the flow-ers grow and twine,
There grow roses, 'mongst the pos-ies
By the grave of Clem-en-tine.

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

*O, my dar ling, O, my dar-ling,
O, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine;
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.*

ANNIE LAURIE

Max-wel-ton's braes are bonnie,
Where ear-ly fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that An-nie Lau-rie
Gave me her prom-ise true.

*Gave me her prom-ise true,
Which ne'er for-got will be
And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie
I'd lay me doon and dee.*

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan
Her face it is the fair-est
That e'er the sun shone on.

*That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie
I'd lay me doon and dee.*

Like dew on th' gow-an ly-ing
Is th' fa 'o'her fair-y feet,
And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing,
Her voice is low and sweet.

*Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie
I'd lay me doon or dee*

THE BLUE TAIL FLY

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

When I was young, I used to wait
On master and give him a plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being very shy,
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

One day when ridin' round the farm,
The flies so num'rous they did swarm,
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
'The Devil take the blue-tail fly!

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

The pony jump, he run, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

THE BLUE TAIL FLY (Continued)

We laid him under a 'simmon tree
His epitaph was there to see.
'Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie-
Victim of the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

Ole Massa's dead and gone to rest,
They say all things is for the best,
I never shall forget till the day I die
Ole massa and the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

The hornet gets in eyes and nose,
The skeeter bites you through your clothes,
The gallnipper flies way up high,
But wusser yet, the blue-tail fly.

*Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my, crack corn, and I don't care,
Old Mas-sa's gone a-way.*

SALEM CITY*

*Oh! Cal-i-for-nia
Oh! That's the land for me,
I'm goin' to Sac-ra-men-to
With my wash bowl on my knee.*

I come from Sa-lem Cit-y
With my wash bowl on my knee;
i'm goin' to Cal-i-for-nia
The gold dust for to see.

*Oh! Cal-i-for-nia
Oh! That's the land for me,
I'm goin' to Sac-ra-men-to
With my wash bowl on my knee.*

I soon shall be in 'Frisco
And then I'll look around,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.

*Oh! Cal-i-for-nia
Oh! That's the land for me,
I'm goin' to Sac-ra-men-to
With my wash bowl on my knee.*

I'll scrape the mountains very clean,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of gold bring home,
So, brothers, don't you cry.

*Oh! Cal-i-for-nia
Oh! That's the land for me,
I'm goin' to Sac-ra-men-to
With my wash bowl on my knee.*

*Oh! Cal-i-for-nia
Oh! That's the land for me,
I'm goin' to Sac-ra-men-to
With my wash bowl on my knee.*

*To the tune of Old Susanna

SKIP TO MY LOU

*Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.*

Fly in the but-ter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo!
Fly in the but-ter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo!
Fly in the but-ter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo!
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

*Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.*

Lost my girl, now what'll I do
Lost my girl, now what'll I do
Lost my girl, now what'll I do
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

*Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.*

I'll get another, prettier than you
I'll get another, prettier than you
I'll get another, prettier than you
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

*Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.*

Kitten's in the haystack, mew, mew, mew
Kitten's in the haystack, mew, mew, mew
Kitten's in the haystack, mew, mew, mew
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

*Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.*

Continued on next page.

SKIP TO MY LOU
(Continued)

Pig's in the rosebush, boo, hoo, hoo
Pig's in the rosebush, boo, hoo, hoo
Pig's in the rosebush, boo, hoo, hoo
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

Now sing it over till half past two
Now sing it over till half past two
Now sing it over till half past two
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my dar-ling.

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU

I . . . live for the good of my na-tion,
And my sons are all grow-ing low,
But I hope that my next gen-e-ra-tion
Will re-sem-ble old Ros-in the beau . . .

*I've trav-el'd this coun-try all o-ver,
And now to the next I will go:
For I know that good quar-ters a-wait me,
To . . . wel-come old Ros-in the beau . . .*

In the gay round of pleas-ure I've trav-eled,
Nor will I be-hind leave a foe;
And when my com-pan-ions are jo-vial,
They will drink to old Ros-in the beau . . .

*But my life is now drawn to a clos-ing
And . . . all will at last . . . be so:
So we'll take a full bump-er at part-ling,
To the name of old Ros-in the beau . . .*

When I'm dead and laid out on the coun-ter,
The peo-ple all make-ing a show,
Just sprin-kle plain whis-key and wa-ter
On the corpse of old Ros-in the beau . . .

*I'll have to be bur-ied, I reck-on,
And the la-dies will all want to know,
And, they'll lift up the lid of my cof-fin,
Saying, "Here lies old Ros-in the beau . . ."*

Oh! . . . When to my grave I am go-ing,
The chil-dren will all want to go;
They'll run to the doors and win-dows,
Say-ing, "There goes old Ro-sin the beau . . ."

*Then pick me out six trust-y fel-lows,
And let them all stand in a row,
And dig a big hole in a cir-cle,
And in it toss Ro-sin the beau . . .*

Then shape me out two lit-tle do-noch,*
Place one at my head and my toe,
And . . . do not for-get to scratch on it . . .
The name of old Ro-sin the beau . . .

*Then let those six trust-y good fel-lows,
Oh! Let them all stand in a row . . .
And rake down that big bel-lied bot-tle,
And drink to old Ro-sin the beau . . .*

*Drinking-mugs

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prai-rie with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cat-tle and one spotted hog,
A tall Shang-hai roos-ter and old yal-ler dog.

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks
And camped on the prairie for weeks upon weeks
Starvation and cholera and hard work and slaughter
They reached California spite of hell and high water

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Out on the prairie one bright starry night
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight,
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
And showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train.

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,
And Betsy was skeered they would scalp her adored;
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
And there she fought the Injuns with musket and ball.

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

The alkali desert was burning and bare,
And Isaac's soul shrank from the death that lurked there:
"Dear old Pike County, I'll go back to you."
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Now you have heard of sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prai-rie with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cat-tle and one spotted hog,
A tall Shang-hai roos-ter and old yal-ler dog.

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

Sing too-ral-100-ral-100-ral-i-ay

BUFFALO GALS

*Buf-fa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
come out to-night, come out to-night;
Buf-ffa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
and dance by the light of the moon.*

As I was walk-in down the street,
Down the street, Down the street;
A pret-ty girl I chanced to met,
Un-der the silv-'ry moon.

*Buf-fa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
come out to-night, come out to-night;
Buf-ffa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
and dance by the light of the moon.*

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,
stop and talk, stop and talk;
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
She was fair to see.

*Buf-fa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
come out to-night, come out to-night;
Buf-ffa-lo gals won't you come out to-night,
and dance by the light of the moon.*

I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Be my wife, be my wife;
And I'd be hap-py all my life,
If she would mar-ry me.

*O, I danced with the dol-ly
With the hole in her stock-in';
And her knees were a-knock-in',
And her toes were a-rock-in';
I danced with the dol-ly,
With the hole in her stock-in',
And we danced by the light of the moon.*

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces, though . . . we may roam,
Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's . . . no . . . place like home!
A charm from the skies . . . seems to hal-low us there
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where;

*Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home,
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home.*

An . . . ex-ile from home, . . . splendor daz-zles in vain;
Oh! . . . give my my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain;
The birds . . . sing-ing gai-ly, that come . . . at my call;
Give me them . . . with that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

*Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home,
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home.*

How sweet 'tis to sit . . . 'neath a fon . . . fa-ther's smile,
And the cares of a moth-er to soothe and be-guile;
Let oth-ers de-light 'mid new pleas-ures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home.

*Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
But give me, oh give me
The pleasures of home,
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home.*

To thee . . . I'll return, . . . o-ver bur-den'd with care,
The heart's dear-est so-lace will smile on me there;
No more from that cot-tage a-gain will I roam,
Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

*Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home,
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no . . . place like home,
There's no . . . place like home.*