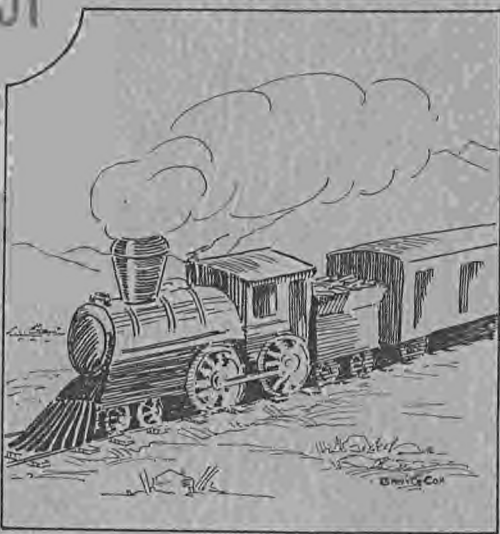


THE SISKIYOU PIONEER IN FOLKLORE, FACT and FICTION



1951





—*courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde*
WOOD WAGON—KLAMATH MINE

RANDOLPH COLLIER
State Senator



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde
CABIN AT BLACK BEAR MINE

Penberthy Lumber Co.

PONDEROSA PINE - SUGAR PINE - FIR

We Buy or Sell

Yard Off Oberlin Road

Phone Yreka 667-W

YREKA, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

FIRST POST OFFICE IN SAWYER'S BAR
Man in door is George Bigelow.

Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company OF MOUNT SHASTA

Elmer W. Kennedy

Phone 2185

16 East Lake



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde
SAWYER'S BAR

The Mt. Shasta Pine Manufacturing Company

MT. SHASTA, CALIFORNIA

LUMBER and BOX SHOOK

Established 1887

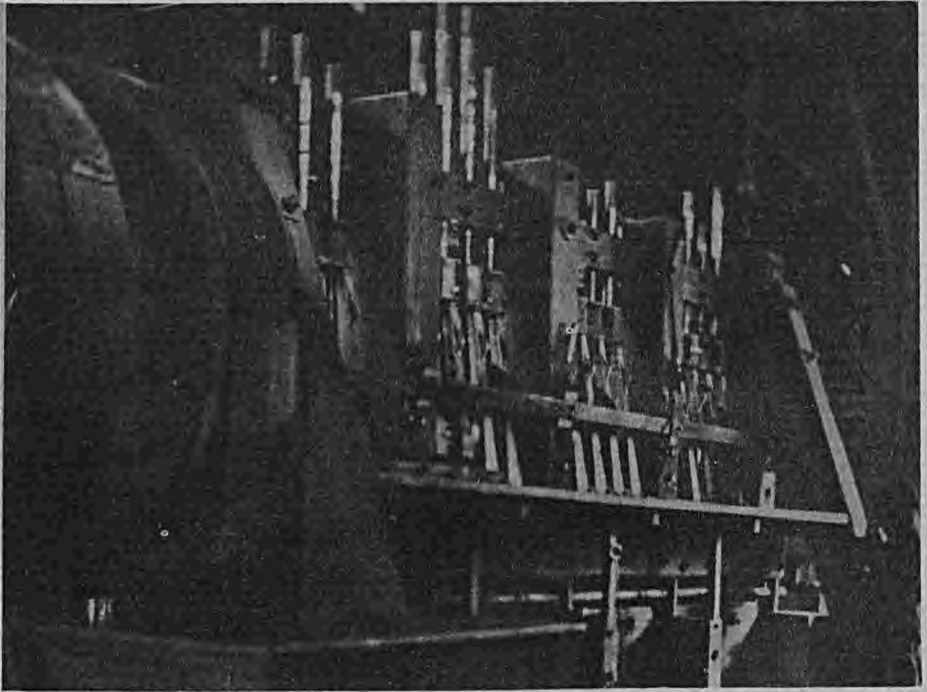


—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde
TRAIL ABOVE FORKS OF SALMON, SHOWING PACK TRAIN

Dunsmuir Lumber Co.
DUNSMUIR, CALIFORNIA

Manufacturers of PINE & DOUGLAS FIR LUMBER

Remember Fire Belongs in the Stove
Not in the Woods
Burned Timber Will Not Build Homes!



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde
BLACK BEAR STAMP MILL

J. F. Sharp Lumber Company

RUPERT E. SHARP, *General Manager*

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALERS OF DOUGLAS FIR,
PONDEROSA AND SUGAR PINE LUMBER

Sawmill and Planing Mill Located at Yreka, California

Office: P. O. Box 158, Yreka, California



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

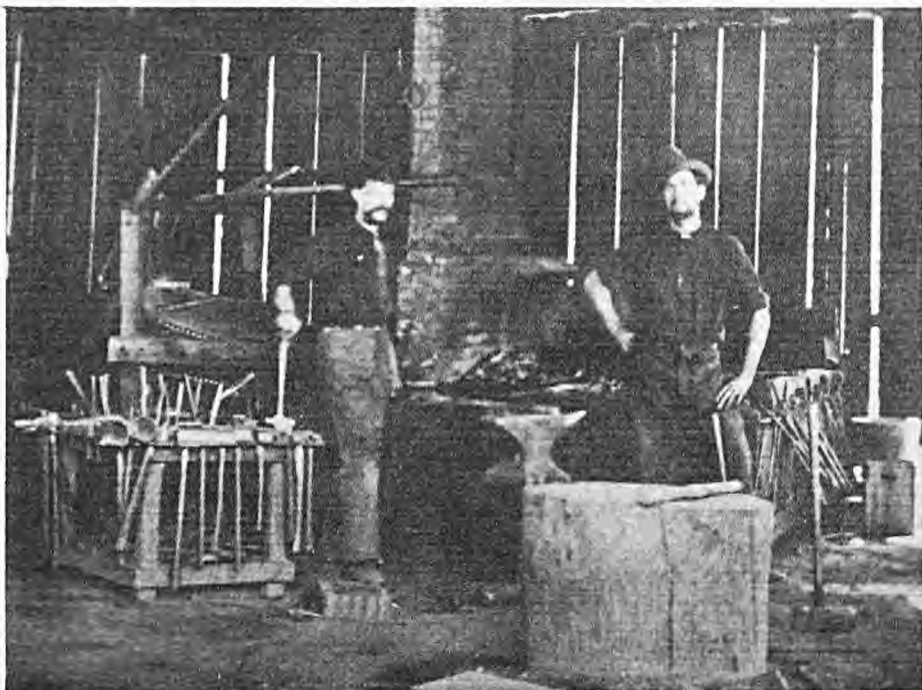
BLACK BEAR MILL
John Daggett and a man named Myers.

The McCloud River Lumber Company

McCLOUD, CALIFORNIA

Established 1896

HOME OF THE SHEVLIN PINE



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

BLACKSMITH SHOP AT BLACK BEAR

The man with the hammer is Johnson, one of the four men hanged by the mob in Yreka; he killed his wife.

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Siskiyou

Vol. 1—No 5



Pioneer

1951

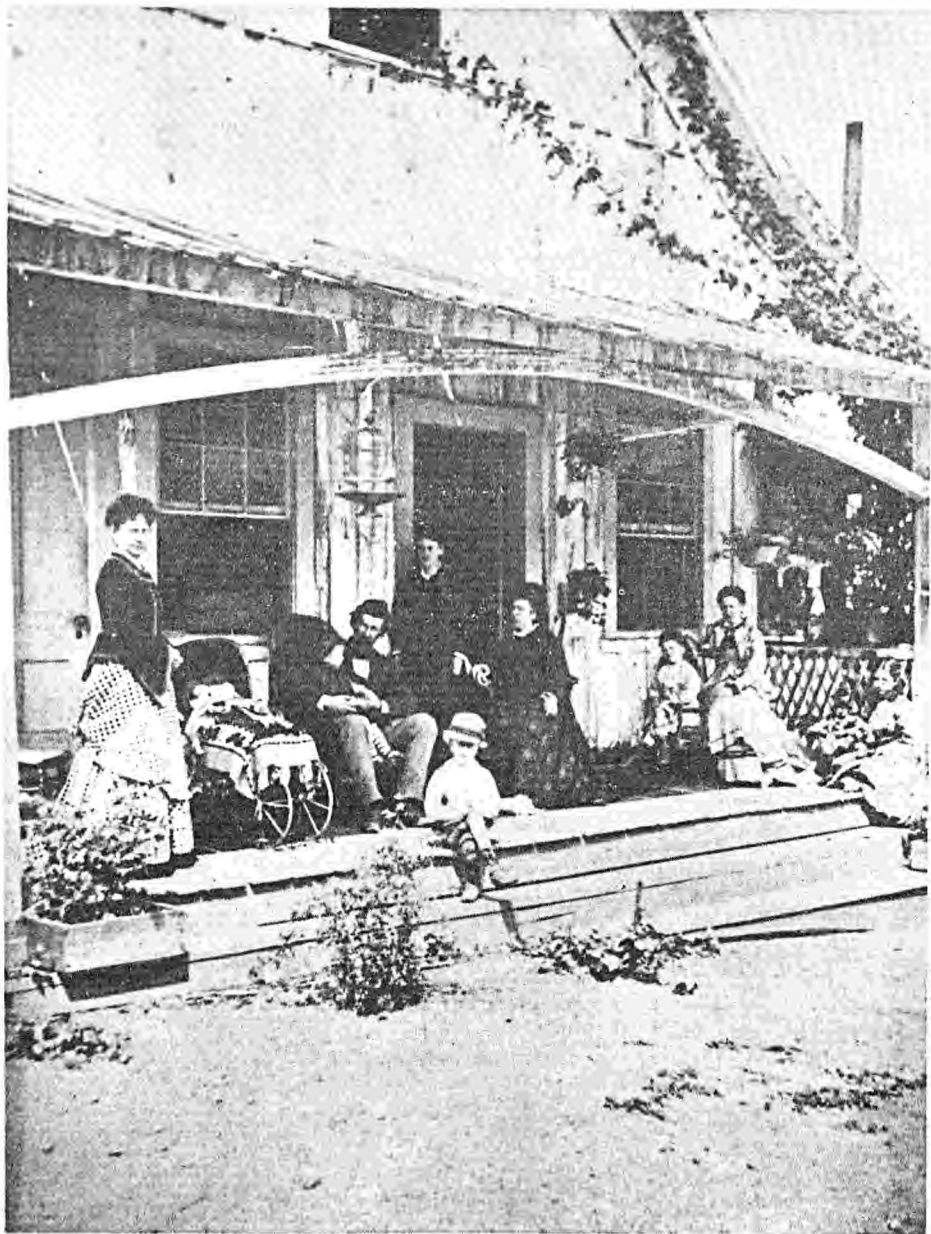
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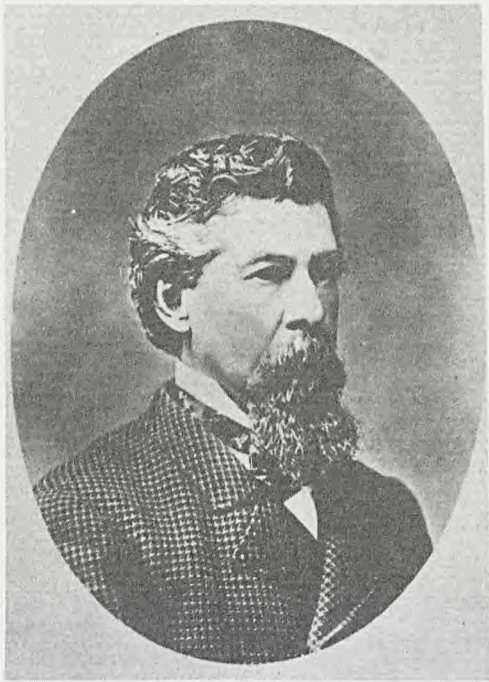
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The *Siskiyou Pioneer* and the *Siskiyou County Historical Society Yearbook*, publications of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, may be secured through the Publications Chairman, Box 633, Mount Shasta, California. Price of each of these publications is \$1.00, plus postage. All other correspondence concerning the Society should be addressed to the Siskiyou County Historical Society, Box 716, Yreka, California. Annual membership is \$1.50 per year. Life membership \$25.00. Members receive regular publications free of charge anywhere in United States and Canada.



—*courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde*
JOHN DAGGETT AND FAMILY AT KLAMATH MINE



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

MR. AND MRS. JOHN DAGGETT

The John Daggett Story . . .

By LESLIE DAGGETT HYDE

John Daggett was born in Newark, N.Y. in May 1833, one of a large family born to John and Eliza Cooper Daggett. The first of that name came from England with Governor Winthrop in 1630 and settled at Martha's Vinyard, Mass. John, Sr. owned and operated a foundry, machine shop and woolen mill, and the boys became good mechanics and draftsmen.

In the spring of 1852 several of the young townsmen returned from California bringing not only tales of gold and golden opportunity, but exhibiting real nuggets. Nineteen year old John and his oldest brother, David, decided to accompany them on their return west. The party sailed from New York in May '52 on the steamer

Illinois, crossed the Isthmus on foot to Panama, where they shipped to San Francisco on the steamer Oregon, the same steamer and captain which, two years earlier, had brought to San Francisco the news of California's admission to the Union. From here, after awaiting the arrival of their machinery, previously shipped via the Horn, they went to Sacramento where they expected to establish a foundry. Finding this site supplied, David, with a partner, went to Marysville; while John remained in Sacramento to run a stationary engine for a flour mill. Much of the flour shipped from the east at this time became hardened and had to be reground. The following year, David's health failing, he

sold the Marysville foundry to his partner and started home but died and was buried at sea just before reaching Panama. The Marysville business was to become the parent of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, now a subsidiary of Bethlehem Steel. John went to the mines in Eldorado and Calaveras counties with no special success reported. One item of interest he reports: After many fruitless weekend walks to the nearest town with an express office he was finally rewarded by an accumulation of 22 letters—at \$1.00 a piece! They were the first he had received since leaving home the previous year so not one could be spared though it took about his last dollar. Letters delivered by express rider were paid for upon delivery.

On going to San Francisco to see his brother leave for the east he learned of rich diggings in the northern part of the state and decided to try his luck there. He went by steamer to Trinidad, a busy supply town in Humboldt County serving the northern mines. The place was swarming with pack mules; but with freight at 14½ per pound and 100 pounds of flour bringing \$34.00 on Salmon River, there were no mules for riding. If you could not walk you did not get there. So John D. and Bill Hudson, with blankets on their backs started out on foot for Bestville 125 miles inland. They followed the old Indian trail used by the pack trains which avoided much of the narrow bluffy river trail as too dangerous for packing. This led over the Bald Hills to what is now Martin's Ferry, up the Klamath River to Orleans Bar, then over Orleans Mt. to Gullion's Bar—or Oliver's flat on the Salmon about four miles below Forks of Salmon. Here the main river divides, South Fork going through Cecilville and heading in the Trinity mountains, North Fork going through Sawyers Bar and heading in the mountains dividing the Salmon from the Scott River and Scott Valley. Our travelers' destination of Bestville was then the chief town on the North Fork of Salmon. The town was named for sea captain John Best, whose party discovered gold on the bar in 1850.

The same year gold was also discovered on Gullion's Bar, and on Sawyers Bar. At the latter named place discovery was by Fred Coffin's party who crossed over the Salmon Mountains from the Scott River side. When J. D. and companion arrived in June '54 Bestville was a lively town. Best's hotel, two stores, Jo Hockett's new saloon and bowling alley and all the rest of a new miners' and packers' town. But in a couple of years all activities moved 1½ miles up stream to the larger flat which is still the town of Sawyers Bar, and the Bestville flat was all mined off. Some claim that Sawyers got its name from an early settler of that name, J. D. holds that it was because the mills which sawed the lumber for sluice boxes, etc., were located here to take advantage of the fine stand of timber. The first lumber was whipsawed by hand, later Captain Best built a water power mill. About midway between Sawyers Bar and Bestville lies Paradise Flat, so called because it was the location of the church, built by the donations of the entire community about 1857 for Father Florian, and the Catholic cemetery.

J. D. spent his last dollar for a meal at Captain Best's hotel and his first mining was done at nearby Jackass Gulch. The river claims were paying well. J. D. writes of seeing \$14.00 taken out by two men in a day's work just back of the old Sawyers hotel. This evidently came out of Eddy's Gulch which empties into the Salmon just above the town. Soon men were searching for and finding the quartz which fed the placer claims. In Eddy's, White's, Black Bear and other creeks quartz mines were located. On White's Gulch was built the first stamp mill. J. D. was one of the partners and went to San Francisco to make the purchase of machinery and helped in the mill building, but the mine did not pay too well.

Until 1857 mail for Sawyers was brought by express rider from the town of Shasta, through Trinity Center across Trinity mountains down the upper South Fork of Salmon and across the mountains to Sawyers. In winter much of this way had to



JOHN DAGGETT, SR. AND ELIZA COOPER DAGGETT

be covered on web snow shoes. Letters were \$1.50, eastern papers 50c, California papers 25½c. The only silver in use then was the French franc, one went as 25c, five for \$1.00. Everything above that was paid for in gold dust at \$17.00 an ounce. In 1857 a U. S. post office was established at Sawyers with weekly mail coming in from Trinidad. A bit later there was a mail route coming over Salmon mountain from Etna. J. D. was the first postmaster using his own house as post office. This same building is still standing and has several times since been used as a postoffice. It housed the first Forest Service office in Sawyers Bar.

J. D.'s first experience in politics came when he was sent to the legislature meeting in Sacramento in January '59. It proved an eight day trip, heavy snow on Trinity Mt. caused him and the express man to spend one night standing up by a dead snag which they had been able to set afire.

On reaching Trinity Center next day, after a rest and clean up, J. D. went to the only place of entertainment—saloon and pool hall—while watching a man who seemed to be well satisfied with his skill at knocking the balls around, the fellow asked him if he would like to play a game. As J. D. had had a lot of practice on long winter evenings in Sawyers he easily beat the man who slammed his cue in the rack in no pleasant mood. Thinking to be agreeable J. D. asked if he would like to play another game, to which the fellow replied, "No, you play too good a game to be a gentleman!" His first impulse was to resent the implication, but upon glancing around he realized he was a stranger among the other fellow's friends, and a black eye would not be a nice thing with which to show up in Sacramento.

After a long mule and stage ride he reached Sacramento three days late. Being fresh from the hills he would have liked to

have entered quietly and had a bit of time to become acquainted with his new surroundings, the sergeant-at-arms had other ideas, preceeding him down the aisle with upraised hand he shouted, "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, the member from Klamath and Del Norte has just arrived." Naturally business was interrupted and every head turned. At the end of the week his voucher called for a full week's pay. This was not business as he had known it, so he called the clerk's attention to the fact that he had missed three days time. His answer was a scornful look and the remark, "You'll learn a lot before you leave here." And he did. For the next 50 years his interests were about equally divided between politics and mining, in both of which he attained high rank. He was a member of eleven legislative sessions, lieutenant governor from 1883-1887, one of eight California Commissioners to the Chicago World's Fair in 1892, Supt of the U. S. Mint in San Francisco '93-'97. There was one more step which he might have taken had circumstances been different. At the close of his term as Lieutenant Governor his friends in the Democratic party urged him to run for the U. S. Senate, but Mother objected. Just at this time her life had been saddened by the loss of their two oldest children and she could not consider the life which the position in Washington would demand. Also it is a rich man's job, and few mining men can meet that qualification. What they make at mining generally goes back into mining.

To return to mining—in 1860 a man named Hart discovered quartz near the head of Black Bear Creek. This is a tributary of the South Fork, lies between the two branches of the Salmon. It gained its name from the plentiful supply of that animal. A partnership of eight men, one of them J. D., were the first operators. Two arastras were built where the junction of two forks of the creek two miles below the mine afforded the necessary water power. The two mile road connecting these points, I think, was the first built in that section. The first ore was hauled by Deacon Lee's

ox carts, later a 12 stamp mill was built and heavy ore wagons used. These wagons had to be built at the mill as there was no road into Black Bear until the early 90's. I think the road from Etna to Sawyers Bar over Salmon Mountains was built about '90 or '91 and the continuation into Black Bear—10 miles—a couple of years later. Prior to this time everything had to be packed in on mules. You have read in a previous issue how things too heavy for packing were hauled by Deacon Lee's oxen from road's end above Callahan.

Eight partners were too many, so J. D. pulled out and went to Aurora, Nevada as superintendent of a silver mine with 20 stamp mill. He mentions being in Carson City when the Pony Express rider brought the news of Lincoln's assassination. Earlier, in Sacramento, he had witnessed the arrival of the first rider to make the run.

In 1865 J. D. returned from Nevada and with partners John Reid and John Coughlan bought out the other owners in the Black Bear mine. With an enlarged plant and improved methods they were soon realizing good returns. The postoffice was established in '69. In '72 when they sold to an English company with offices in San Francisco, they were having a monthly cleanup of \$10,000. The new owners did a lot more building, including the addition of sixteen more mill stamps, to be run by steam. Under their administration, which continued until 1895, operations reached their peak, with a payroll of 300 men. Many of these brought their families so settlements grew up at both mill site and mine. There were three stores and a school. That and lesser mines were the chief outlet for the produce raised by the Scott Valley farmers. As early as 1855 a flour mill was in operation at old Etna, the original town site. For the nine years '72 through '91 the old records show the sum of \$232,380 paid out for Scott Valley produce and horses; wages to men \$643,860. Until winter snows closed the Salmon Mountain one of Charley Baird's 36 mule trains packed hay and grain for the 24 team horses which



hauled the six, eight and ten-ton ore wagons.

At the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 J. D. went back to his old home in Newark, N. Y. And as his father had died, on his return to California he brought with him his mother and three sisters. The home which he bought for them in Etna is the one now occupied by Miss Elizabeth Clark. Being well established, with a new home at Black Bear and the mine paying well, J. D. bethought him of the girl in her early teens whom he had met earlier in Sawyers. Alice Force had crossed the plains as a baby when her father making his third trip to California had brought his family to his thousand acre Spanish grant in Yava Valley. A brother, George, was the first white child born in Solano County. Father and Mother were dead when Alice came to Sawyers with a married sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Case. Besides mining interests the Case brothers had in Sawyers a branch of their Humboldt store. I have heard Mother tell of Father Florian. She grew to like the northern country and later re-



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

Thomas P. Spencer, left, John Daggett, right, taken in 1851, in Newark, Wayne Co., New York, bears notation, "You should know that there were no necktie factories in that time."

turned to teach the little school on the Geo. Smith ranch in Scott Valley. The following year she taught in Trinidad, and in December 1870 she and J. D. were married at Black Bear. Their first child was born there. Of their six children three died young, a son Ben in 1939, and two daughters survive.

When the mine was sold in '72 John Reid bought a sheep ranch near Ukiah. John Coughlan went into the cattle business with Fairchild and Doten in Modoc, and J. D. went to Santa Clara. Later he moved to Georgetown, Eldorado County, where he bought timber land, a sawmill and a 20 mile ditch near the head of the north fork of the American River. He planned on selling water to the placer miners but the investment proved a poor one as about that time the debris bill was enacted prohibiting mining on all tributaries of the Sacramento because of filling up the channel of that stream.

In 1874 he returned to the Salmon County, bought and operated the Klamath Mine at the head of Eddy's Gulch about

midway between Sawyers Bar and Black Bear. This mine was very rich in spots, but formation broken up so was hard to trace. In '82 he returned to politics as Lieutenant Governor. During his term he was also interested in silver mines in the Calico district of San Bernardino County. Most of this time the family lived in Los Angeles, then a small half Spanish town. The Santa Fe Railroad was just building west of town on their line near the "Silver Odessa" mine is named Daggett.

When silver value depreciated J. D. returned to his old love, 1885, bought back the Black Bear mine, which he was to own and operate with more or less success for the rest of his life.

Indifferent and extravagant management had shaken the faith of the absentee stockholders, but J. D. believed that with better management and improved methods another fortune awaited him—at a deeper level. The superintendent's own report and that of men working there at the time told of good ore at the bottom of the 600 foot shaft when the mine was sold. But J. D.'s fondest dream was not to be realized. There was no liking between him and the superintendent and before leaving the latter pulled the pumps and let the lower levels fill up, caving the timbers. Dewatering the mine by steam power was too big and expensive a job and electricity was a long way off. So he had to be satisfied with undiscovered pay ore at the upper levels.

J. D.'s last political job was Supt. of the U. S. mint in San Francisco. At the close of his term '93 - '97 he took a chance on reopening an ancient Spanish mine in Old Mexico. It paid handsomely for a couple of years. Stock bought at 10c went to \$8.00! Had he sold then—But who knows? It would likely have gone into Black Bear to reopen that old shaft. Few real miners ever sell when things are paying—and when they aren't pay is just ahead. Then too, I think, he might have been influenced by the idea that as chief owner who had influenced his friends to buy, it would not look quite right for him to clean up and pull out. Bad management and downright

stealing caused the dividends to change to assessments which soon ate up both profits and stock. At the turn of the century the family returned to Black Bear where father and son Ben continued to work the Black Bear for some years. But Ben's eyes were set in Mexico where at times he made good money and had great hopes. But the unsettled political state of that country made it increasingly difficult to interest U. S. capital there. At different times leases were arranged to operate Black Bear but with little financial success as those taking charge insisted on spending the money above ground rather than on the mine. In 1928 it passed into the hands of a Seattle company, and since 1931 has been idle. It leaves a production record of \$3,000,000.

In his later years J. D. was interested in collecting Indian basketry and native lore, and photography collections of his are with the California Pioneer Society, Stanford and Oakland museums and some of those once in Golden Gate Park museum are now in Fort Jones and the Siskiyou County museum in Yreka. He gave Indian lectures with slides at both universities and at places in San Francisco, but his last hobby was writing for the local papers his early experiences in both the mining and political life of California. He had enjoyed the friendship of and been one of the big men who made California and Nevada history. Tho' he grew up in the "roaring" days of California when two kegs of whiskey with a top pack of flour were known as a "Salmon" pack he neither drank nor gambled and on his doctor's advise gave up smoking early. But lest you get a wrong impression here is a quote from a local bartender: "He did not drink, but could always tell when he was in town, his clear carrying voice would be the center of a laughing crowd of friends listening."

He was a loyal friend—it might even be added a bit too trusting perhaps of those who he regarded as such. He was devoted to home and family; and on his return from a trip there were always gifts for us all. Even towards his last days on his return from a ride on his old "Dolly" mule



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

DWELLING AT BLACK BEAR MINE

there would be a handful of wild flowers "For Mother". He was a lifelong Democrat and liked to tell how his first and last votes were cast at Saywers Bar. He joined the Masonic Lodge in Scott Valley in the 60's later transferring to Golden Gate Lodge in San Francisco. After a long and eventful life he passed away at the old home at Black Bear on August 30, 1919 at the age of 86. Although there is a family plot in the Oakland cemetery in which city they once thought to live permanently J. D. was buried with Masonic rites in the Etna cemetery. Somehow it seemed fitting that he should lie among his old friends in the northern country.

He must have loved it best for to it he always returned.

The following lines tho' written for Alaska pioneers, might be fittingly written for pioneers in any country:

"You pioneers are a courageous lot; and when you settle down in your old age you can think over your days and realize what you have done. You'll be proud to have been an early settler of Alaska. You may die poor, but you'll always have a treasure of memories. You'll get the deepest meaning of life. You might as well be prospecting for gold as anything else, because all we do in this life is strive and struggle anyway."

From

THE YREKA WESTERN RAILROAD

by Cy Rippon

The first man to pull the throttle on old No. 1 was Frank Dean who was assisted on his runs by Bill Larison and later by Jack Frizell as firemen. These men ran the first engine for the Yreka railroad for about a decade, Frank Dean being replaced at about the end of that time by Charles Lewis as engineer, Jack Frizell remaining as Lewis' fireman. Later on Harry Walther took Lewis' place as engineer. Walther's firemen were Jack Frizell and later James Garvey. Walther, after serving as engineer for a few years, later became superintendent and then vice-president of the road. When Walther took up his new duties, his position as engineer was taken by a Frenchman named Archie DeLa Montanya. James Garvey fired for DeLa Montanya, later becoming engineer when DeLaMontanya left the railroad. Jack Frizell also fired for James Garvey, whose hand guided No. 1 for many years.

Once No. 1, with engineer Dean and his fireman Jack Frizell at the controls, made a flying trip from Yreka to Montague. . . . Made it over in 11 minutes it is said, ahead of a flat car on which was loaded Yreka's horse-drawn steam fire engine and its team. That was the day an urgent call came from Montague, when the Flock Hotel and half a dozen of the little community's business houses went up in roaring flames, including the lone barber shop and three of its numerous saloons.

On down through the years and through the many changes of crews, No. 1 chugged and puffed back and forth between the two towns on its daily trips, hauling freight and passengers, until time and constant service had left their marks on this old pioneer of the rails, and the little 26-ton engine grew inadequate for the service and growing business of the line. . . . And so one day in 1906, Archie DeLaMontanya climbed into the cab and opened the throttle on Old No. 1, starting it on its last run over the Yreka R. R. This locomotive, the first to be owned by

the Yreka Railroad, was put out of service during 1906, after 17 years of continuous operation. No. 1, still in a fair state of repair, was sold to a logging concern near Coos Bay, Oregon and there, no doubt, saw service pulling logging trains for many years.

Yreka R. R.'s second engine, No. 2, was also of the Baldwin woodburner type, but of different construction, having two very large drive wheels on each side, built for speed more than pulling, it would seem, and was equipped with a tender in back. No. 2 was on the road for some time previous to 1906 to supplement No. 1. No. 2 was run on the line until 1926, when it was condemned by the state boiler inspector, after numerous permits had been issued for its operation, which had for some time been deemed unsafe.

No. 3, the third engine purchased by the Yreka R. R., was of the McQueen type. This locomotive, also of the wood-burning type, had three drive wheels to each side. These drivers were not so large as No. 2's. This engine was evidently not of good construction, as after a few years' service it was condemned and was sidetracked, to be later taken away for disposal.

No. 3 was brought in a few years after No. 2 was purchased, as an extra engine, for the simple reason that No. 2 being a wood burner, it was usual for it to be laid up for repairs about half the time. No doubt the company's repair troubles were practically doubled, what with their owning two wood burners at the same time, which possessed the same general characteristics.

A TOAST TO THE KLAMATH . . .

by Ben H. Fairchild

Here's to the Klamath
A beautiful stream
Gateway to joyland
A sport's perfect dream
A refuge for those
Who are tired and need rest
Klamath the beautiful
The pride of the West.



—courtesy Lottie A. Ball

DEACON LEE (Extreme Right on First Row) ABOUT 1900

Life Story of Mancell Lee . . .

By LAURA J. GREEN
Written from data gathered by his daughter,
MRS. CARRIE LEE MAPLESDEN

In this present age of rapid and easy transition from place to place, it is difficult to form a just conception of the tediousness, hardships and duration of the early emigrations to the Western Eldorado. Instead of our transcontinental railways, equipped with every convenience and luxury, spanning the United States from ocean to ocean in little more than four days, or our passenger planes, where comfort reigns supreme, covering the coast to coast distance in little more than eleven hours, we find our pioneer fathers and mothers traveling with slow-plodding oxen, and some few horses, in the traditional "covered wagon," with the trip covering a period

of from four to six months. Had this trip, "across the plains," been otherwise, much of the romance and poetry would have been lost and the interesting and oft-times lurid adventure been lacking.

While we are drifting down the Stream of Life to the boundless Ocean of Eternity, is it not right that we halt occasionally and review the lives of some of our pioneer friends, whose efforts have been directed towards the things that have materially aided in the civilization that we enjoy and that have also helped to promote and sustain the religious ideals, without which any civilization must perish.

Among these, our attention is directed to Elisha Mancell Lee, the youngest child in a family of nine, five girls and four boys. The parents, Elisha Guilford Lee and Elizabeth Israel Lee, with their family, resided in East Union, Knox County, Ohio, where the subject of this sketch was born August 24, 1830, more than a century ago. They continued to reside in the vicinity of East Union and Pipqua, Miami County, until 1846, when the parents with the two younger children, Carrie Malinda and Elisha Mancell, decided to move to Oscaloosa, Mahaska County, Iowa, where an older son, William Guilford, and family, had moved two and one half years prior (1843). Iowa, at this period a comparatively new country, held splendid opportunities for settlers, and Elisha G. Lee, a doctor by profession, took advantage of the fact and decided to buy a drug store and move same to Oscaloosa. It was easy to find people who wanted to go west, and he secured the services of two men who were willing to pay their way by driving teams, and in the fall of 1846, we find them journeying westward from Ohio to Iowa. Another son of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha G. Lee, Moses Israel, was finishing his education at Keosauqua, Van Buren County, Iowa, this being headquarters for Northern Iowa at this period.

Upon the arrival of the family at Keosauqua, they found their son very ill and three days later he passed away. It now seemed necessary to remain for awhile so they secured storage for their drug store equipment and awaited developments.

True to the old saying that troubles never come singly, the younger boy, Elisha, now sixteen years of age, was taken ill and much of the labor fell to the father, who was still on crutches as the result of an accident with a runaway team of horses the summer before. The extra work, together with the grief and worry, was more than he was able to endure and he too fell ill, and died a few days later. The father and son were laid side by side—some of the tragedies that lurked along the western trail. The deaths of the son and father

left the mother alone with the two younger children and word was dispatched to the son William at Oscaloosa, Iowa sixty miles from Keosauqua, and their intended destination. The son came, and upon his return to his home, was accompanied by his mother and the younger brother and sister.

Elisha M., the subject of our sketch, had been handicapped in educational lines, owing to malarial trouble preventing him from regular attendance at school, and upon the death of his father he was obliged to give up school entirely and go to work in order to meet the responsibility that had fallen upon him in the care of his mother and sister. Elisha and his brother, William, opened a drug and general merchandise store in Oscaloosa and in the fall and winter of 1848 and 1849, to add to their interests, Elisha branched out farther north, trading goods in exchange for furs from the Indians.

Many amusing incidents were related by him on his dealings with the Red Men. Their love for bright colors prompted him on one occasion to include a piece of goods woven with a bright green stripe. He feared tearing the material, so proceeded to cut it with the scissors. This aroused suspicion on the part of the Indian women and a squaw stepped forward and attempted to tear it; when it ruined the sale by splitting lengthwise, the very thing he had tried to avert. Naturally suspicious of the whites, they refused to patronize him further and he had to move on.

The variety in food lines was also very meager, and one trip, covering a period of six weeks, he had wheat bread but once—corn bread being almost the universal diet. On February 24, 1849, his sister, Carrie Malinda, was married to a man who was sufficiently supplied with this world's goods to provide for her a good home, and the mother-in-law was invited to live with them. Elisha was now free to follow his own inclinations, as his responsibility to his mother and sister had practically ceased. The western rush to the California gold fields was on, following the discovery of

the precious metal in 1848. Elisha M. with his older brother William G. and family, another brother Chauncy H. and two single men, started west, and their three wagons were among the hundred wagons drawn by ox teams that left Oscaloosa, Iowa, in the latter part of April 1849 for California. The trip to the Des Moines River, only a hundred miles from their starting point, occupied a full month.

This slow travel was necessary to insure their safety as the Indians were very treacherous at this time. The emigrant train was obliged to camp early in the afternoon to allow their oxen time for feeding before herding them in the corrals for their protection during the night. These corrals were formed by lining up the covered wagons in a circle with sentinels posted very near each other in order to give the alarm in case of attack. The men took turns guarding the inclosure, except William G. Lee, who had been appointed train physician. An Indian chief notified the emigrants that he did not wish his people to disturb the whites, but they were having trouble among themselves and he seemed powerless to quell the dissatisfaction among the young braves and would not be responsible for anything that might happen, and they must be prepared to look out for themselves. The Indians were not so troublesome after crossing the Des Moines River. At this point the train divided into two sections. The main difficulty with a train of one hundred wagons or more lies in the matter of having to wait on each other, as some would be ready to start far in advance of others and finally become separated entirely.

After the trials, hardships and vicissitudes incident to a journey across the plains at that early period the train arrived at Hangtown, which is now called Placerville, California, on October 5, 1849. Had they been lacking in fortitude, the discouragements and disappointments would have prevented them from reaching the goal of their heart's desire. Elisha and his brother William mined for a short time and then opened a merchandising business. Elisha

was purchasing agent and often visited Sacramento and other places to buy goods, while his brother attended the store. Finally, things were in shape to seemingly insure a prosperous business and Elisha purposed going back East to finish his education, when the store burned, incurring a total loss, just two years after landing in California.

Elisha M. Lee was a man of courage, and would defend with his life one who was in trouble, providing that one was in the right. This was evidenced in Sacramento in 1852, when a man by the name of Stanford who was in business in Sacramento, came to Mr. Lee, fifty miles from there, asking for his aid—after having been unjustly accused of cattle stealing. The man was willing to go to Sacramento for trial, but in those days life was very cheap, and he knew that he would never reach his destination. Mr. Lee with seven young men who were working for him, all in the prime of young manhood, each one well-armed and devoid of fear, proceeded to Sacramento.

Mr. Lee called upon these parties and informed them of the injustice of their charge and said they would have to take his gang before they could touch Stanford. They did not wait for further trouble and were not heard of again. Mr. Stanford was a brother of Leland Stanford, the far-famed donor of the Leland Stanford University of Palo Alto.

In the early 50's, Mr. Lee was quite adept in the handling and breaking of horses. The Spanish breed of horses was particularly unmanageable and difficult to conquer. This was a challenge to Mr. Lee, for he loved to do that which was almost impossible, and followed this for some years until from the standpoint of age it became necessary to stop. He made this remark, "I would rather ride a bucking horse than eat my dinner."

In the spring of 1853 he bargained for a tract of land in Sonoma County, California, upon which the City of Santa Rosa now stands. It had been a Spanish grant

and the title was not clear, so he gave it up and in the spring of 1854 came north to Shasta, now one of the ghost towns of past memories, but at that time a very enterprising little city. He had tired of the bustle and confusion in the central part of the state, for there was a ceaseless onrush of people to the reputed "Land of Gold". He made inquiries at Shasta as to where there might be a place farther north in California, more difficult of access. He was informed that there was a mining center at Sawyers Bar in Klamath County. He answered, "That is where I am going." He immediately proceeded north to the point mentioned but upon his arrival was amazed to find people in vast numbers coming and going, for the gold fever was intense.

He, however, concluded to stay awhile and await developments. There were about five hundred Irishmen and perhaps forty Americans who were permanent.

There seemed to be a feeling of strength in numbers among the Irish and there was great rivalry between these people. If an American found a good prospect the opposing faction would take it away from him. A stabbing affray on New Year's Eve, 1854, during a drunken brawl between an American and an Irishman, resulted in the death of the latter. The American escaped but was later captured near Callahan, Siskiyou County, about thirty miles from Sawyers Bar. He was taken to Yreka, the county seat of Siskiyou, but as the crime was committed in Klamath County, he had to be returned to Sawyers Bar for trial. A jury of six miners was summoned, the trial was held and a verdict of murder in the third degree resulted, which would send the prisoner to the penitentiary. The Irishmen were very wrathful over the verdict and said, "No man who has killed an Irishman shall leave the river alive," and they seized him and hanged him to a nearby tree. Mr. Lee had served on this jury and was very bitter over the action on the part of the Irish, so made this statement, "I will bring you people to justice if it takes six months."³

Prior to this event the Deputy Sheriff of

Sawyers Bar had been very ill and had been cared for by Mr. Lee in the latter's cabin. He therefore felt under obligation to Mr. Lee and empowered him as far as he dared to attend to the affair. It was a difficult matter to get a sufficient number of followers that could be fully trusted. They held their meetings in Mr. Lee's cabin, the Deputy Sheriff still being unable to leave. Mr. Lee was warned by a friend that he had better vacate while possible to do so safely. He informed the party that he would get out and take him with him. Klamath County was likened to a pair of saddle-bags with Sawyers Bar at one extremity and Crescent City, the county seat, at the other with a long stretch of very rough country between. Nothing daunted Mr. Lee with his characteristic grit and stubborn determination, made the trip to Crescent City, obtained the warrants for the arrest of six men and returned without anyone being the wiser. He then called a meeting to be held at his cabin and disclosed his plan. He with his trusted helpers was to surprise these men at their claims the forenoon on the following day and serve the warrants. Although Mr. Lee was very explicit about the exact hour, some arrived too early and aroused suspicion so that some of them escaped before arrest, but it broke up the gang. It required six months to accomplish this and cost Mr. Lee eight hundred dollars. During the next few years he was obliged to have a revolver within reach for he was in constant danger. It was said by some that he did not know what fear was. His enemies decided to get rid of him by hanging and called at his cabin with this idea in mind. (The entrance to some of the cabins was made by cutting out a portion of one log for a door and the entrant was obliged to crawl in on hands and knees.) Mr. Lee was sitting behind the table with a revolver in each hand and he told them that if they wanted him they would have to take him right then, so they reconsidered and did not trouble him again.

Mr. John Daggett, in telling of this incident years after, said that Mr. Lee was the calmest man in face of danger that he ever saw. Until 1855, there was no Protestant

religious organization in Sawyers Bar, and but two individuals who had affiliated with any church. Mr. Lee, who had united with the Methodist Church in 1852, the other a Presbyterian who had been a former deacon in that church. He dubbed Mr. Lee "Deacon," and the name remained with him up to the time of his death.

These men were active in building a Methodist Church in Sawyers Bar.

He was engaged in mining in that section until the fall of 1858, when he left for Scott Valley, on the east side of the Salmon Mountains, with the intention of renting a farm, as he had tired of mining. He farmed for a year but early in 1860 returned to Sawyers Bar and directed his attention to the sawmill industry. He built a mill, which was run by water power and as he was getting fairly started, the floods of '61 and '62, which ruined so many enterprises, washed his property away. Mr. Lee rebuilt his sawmill in 1862 and operated same for a period of four years. In the early '60's the Indian outbreaks were not uncommon in the Salmon River sections, and Mr. Lee, fearless in every undertaking, was quite as helpful in subduing trouble along this line. He also held the office of County Superintendent of Schools in Klamath County in 1862. He was Justice of the Peace for a number of years in Sawyers Bar. In 1866 he disposed of his milling interests on the Salmon and purchased sawmill property on Kidder Creek in Scott Valley. This mill was operated by water power also. When the water failed, along in June and July, he would close the mill and return to the Salmon section and do contract work in various lines, thereby losing but little time. Perhaps his greatest achievement, along the lines of the apparently impossible, was the transportation of heavy mining machinery over the Salmon Mountains prior to any road building. We are indebted to Judge L. H. Cory for the following article of extreme interest descriptive of this great accomplishment.

He says, "My first meeting with Mr. Lee was in the fall of 1869, when I went to his sawmill for a load of lumber. His

mill was located on Kidder Creek, a tributary of Scott River, which had its source in the Salmon Mountains to the west. These mountains, being very lofty and the snow accumulation very deep during the winter, furnished most excellent water power during the spring and summer. Mr. Lee had been operating his mill for some time prior to my meeting with him, and he and others told me that he was among the original first settlers in what is now known as Siskiyou County. He continued to operate his mill for a number of years after I became acquainted with him, and in the summer of 1871 contracted to haul some heavy quartz mill machinery from Scott Valley over the Salmon Mountains, a distance of about 25 miles for Mr. John Daggett, who was the owner of the Klamath Quartz Mine. The route over which this machinery was to be transported was directly through the mountains, with no semblance of a road and no one in the country ever thought of tackling the job except "The Deacon". He already had his ox teams with which he supplied his mill with logs, and he bought some new two-horse wagons, uncoupled them, and made two-wheeled carts of them.

"Where the track was anywhere near level he used the wheels as usual, but most of the way was along the mountain sides, where the large wheel was placed on the down-hill side and the small one on the up-hill end of the axle. Even when thus placed there was much of the track so sideling that a long pole was lashed across the load with ropes attached to the up-hill side and men hung on to these ropes to prevent the wagon and load from upsetting. These loads were advanced in trips that could be accomplished in one day's drive, unloaded and left until a stated amount accumulated, when camp would be moved and the machinery moved to the next station. This was an arduous undertaking and Mr. Lee received for hauling to destination, approximately twenty-five miles, twenty-five cents per pound. During the summer and fall of 1871 he hauled in the machinery for the Klamath Quartz Mill being built for John Daggett, and during the season of 1872, he hauled approximately a like outfit for the

Black Bear Quartz Mill for a company of English operators. In this case he was overtaken by winter and forced to leave the machinery there until the next summer when he completed his contract for the Black Bear Mine."

One should see these mountains to thoroughly appreciate the real magnitude of this seemingly impossible project. Recently an ox shoe was found in this mountainous region by some parties who were rounding up their cattle for winter and brought to Etna. This recalled to mind pioneer history and the story appeared in one of our county papers. The peculiar shoe, formed in two sections to accommodate the split hoof, is an interesting souvenir to the present generation. Mr. John Daggett was asked, prior to the accomplishment of this difficult task, if he thought it was possible to transport the machinery over the mountains, and he replied: "I do not know how he will do it, but if he promised to place it in the tallest tree, he will get it there." It was a mystery at that time and continues to be a mystery after sixty years. Mr. Lee used to say, and seemingly proved the truth of his assertion, that at least in his own vocabulary, there was no such word as can't. The fall of 1881, he leased his mill to J. W. Young, and visited his brother William, and family in Hollister, returning the following spring to Scott Valley. He operated the mill for Mr. Young in 1882. He went back to Hollister and spent 1883 in that vicinity. In the spring of 1884, he went to Arcata, Humboldt County, and was employed in setting planes in the mills situated in the redwoods. On June 26, 1884, he was married to Miss Julia Williscraft at Eureka, Humboldt County. He met this lady while on a visit to his brother William, she being a sister to the latter's wife. When the mills closed that fall and Mr. Lee came back to Scott Valley, Mrs. Lee did not accompany him but arrived during the following year. He spent some time in mining and did some farm work, and later he located on Crystal Creek, and built another sawmill, and continued in the lumbering business until 1901.

After closing the milling industry he assisted his wife until 1913 in a small fruit business that she had started eight years before. The infirmities of age were creeping on and he left Crystal Creek on November 2, 1920, and went to Greenview, a distance of four miles from his home, where he passed away at the home of Charles B. Maplesden, at one o'clock p.m. November 24, 1920, aged ninety years and three months.

Services were held at the Greenview Methodist Church at eleven o'clock a.m. on Friday, November 26, 1920, with interment in Fort Jones Cemetery.

Mr. Lee, unable to finish his education because circumstances did not permit, was, nevertheless, very well informed for a man of his day. He was a great reader and a keen observer, which coupled with the experiences of years gave him a valuable fund of information, a rich possession in itself.

As a boy before leaving his childhood home in Ohio, he would spend Sunday afternoons out in the open reading aloud to his boy friend. He especially loved history and used to say, "If you read history, you have a good story and a true one." In the early days, before nursing was commercialized, he was always ready to help in any way that might be needed, or in case of death he was ready to assist in preparations for burial. In the early days of pioneering, many emergencies were constantly arising that demanded versatility on the part of some one who was willing. Mr. Lee was very rigid in his views on the temperance question and had affiliated with the order of Good Templars and also the Sons of Temperance. He was one of the first three to vote the Prohibition ticket in Siskiyou County, in 1872, and continued to vote likewise with but one exception until 1918, which was the last time he voted. The exception was made because he happened to know two of the parties on the ticket and did not think that they were true. In his religious activities he had filled the office of steward, class leader, Sunday School superintendent and teacher in connection with the Methodist Church.

(continued on page 19)



—courtesy Wilmer Hilt

JOHN HILT AND HIS WIFE, NAN HILT

This is one of the pictures taken by the Southern Pacific Railroad at the opening of the "Mount Shasta Route," and has their advertisement, including rates and timetable on the back.

Origin and Story of Hilt . . .

By WILMER HILT
As told to IRENE TALLIS

The town of Hilt was named after my uncle, John Hilt. His home was originally in Ofallon, a little town a few miles east of East St. Louis, Illinois. He crossed the plains to Hangtown, now called Placerville, California in 1851. He, in company with W. H. Smith who was from Michigan, walked and carried their pick, pan, shovel and blankets to Yreka in the spring of 1852 having heard of the gold strike there. When they got to Yreka they heard of the gold strike in Cottonwood, now called Henley, and came on up to Henley. They mined there for several years. When my uncle

quit mining, he took care of his place at Henley which was mostly orchard, did some carpenter work and made shakes on the west branch of the Cottonwood Creek until 1877 when he bought W. H. Smith's sawmill on the west branch. He ran the sawmill for a few years and then put up a new 10,000 foot capacity circular mill a mile and a half above, at a place that is now called the Circle P Ranch and is owned by Mr. Reginald H. Parsons. In a few years time, he and his wife sold out to H. C. Kenney, a Grants Pass merchant, Frank and Warren Mee, lumbermen from the

Applegate, and Victor Peterson. They named their company the Hilt Sugar Pine Company and the town, Hilt.

The Hilt Sugar Pine Company put up a 35,000 foot capacity circular mill and had their lumber hauled to Hilt by horses at a price of \$2.00 per thousand feet. This was contract work and anyone hauled that wanted to. After operating this mill for about five years, in 1906 the Hilt Sugar Pine Company sold out to the Northern California Lumber Company.

The Northern California Lumber Company borrowed one hundred thousand dollars from the Fruit Growers Supply Company and built a railroad to the mill, a distance of four miles, and on up to the head of the creek. Later they turned the mill into a band mill and built a box factory and machine shop down on the flat near town.

After running the property a few years they were too deeply in debt and finally went into receivership. Mr. Hutchens, manager of the Fruit Growers Supply Company, was appointed receiver, and they took over the property in order to get their money out of it. They ran the mill a while and then moved it down to the town of Hilt where they have enlarged and improved it from time to time. They built lumber sheds, a planing mill and a box factory, also a cover plant in recent years. They also took up the railroad down to where the old sawmill was and extended it in a northwesterly direction to Hunts Creek and on over the mountain to the Hungry Creek country and there branched out in several directions to Bumblebee Creek, Mickleweight Creek, North and South Hungry Creeks, Grouse Creek and the head of Beaver Creek where they logged extensively. In 1933 they took all the railroad up and have been since getting their logs from that vicinity by trucks.

The first buildings at the site of the town of Hilt were rough lumber put up for stores, restaurants and saloons to accommodate the people working for the Southern Pacific Company while they were putting

in the railroad through this part of the country in 1887. The train would bring passengers to the end of the line where they were picked up and taken to Ashland by stage coach. For a while the train stopped at Hilt with these passengers, then as the road was built the stage met the train at Cole and later White Point on the Siskiyou. The railroad was completed to Ashland in December 1887 and then most of the people moved away and all of the buildings but three were taken down.

George Sears, who had a saloon, stayed until his death in 1895. He was killed by two holdup men that were hanged with two other murderers a short time later by a masked mob in Yreka. The two men that killed Sears came to rob him, but he, being a powerful man, put up such a fight that they had to shoot him to carry out their purpose. Sears had a house by the side of the saloon where his children stayed. They were all gone at the time, and Casher Meierhands, a little harmless old German, had asked Sears if he could stay there for the night and had gone to the house to go to bed. It was almost dark when he heard the shots and came to the back door of the saloon where he was shot by the holdup men too. They robbed the till, took some whiskey and left. One was captured the next day by the sheriff over on the West Branch, and the other was captured in Klamath by a barber. The night before the trials were to begin a very orderly mob of some two hundred and fifty men stormed the jail taking these two men and two other prisoners and hanged them in front of the courthouse. There had been a lot of killings and robberies going on in this part of the country but after the hangings you didn't even hear of a fist fight for a long time.

The Hilt Sugar Pine Company started the town of Hilt. They had a store which is part of the Hilt store now, a two story dwelling for Victor Peterson who was the yard foreman, a cookhouse, a barn and a planer shed. After the Northern California Lumber Company came into possession of the property, they commenced building quite extensively. They enlarged the store,



MASTODON TUSK UNEARTHED AT SODA SPRINGS,
Cottonwood Creek Canyon by Wilmer Hilt, 1908.

built an office, manager's house, a hotel and several other houses. The section house is the oldest house in town.

About 1906 or 1907, Victor E. (Slim) Warrens bought ten thousand dollars worth of stock in the Hilt Sugar Pine Company for the privilege of building a saloon on their land. The bar and fixtures were supposed to be one of the finest in the state at that time. There was a robbery in this building about 1914 or 1915 which caused quite a bit of excitement. Two masked men went in one evening about nine, when there were quite a few men in the saloon. One went toward the back of the saloon where the men had collected and pulled a gun on them. The other fellow stayed at the front of the building where Mr. Warrens had his office which consisted of a partition from near the front door back to near the bar. The partition was of mahogany lumber about five feet high with seven heavy frosted plate glass panels above which had the letters PRIVATE in the center

in clear glass. The partition ended with a round mahogany post about six inches in diameter. A heavy curtain hung between the post and the end of the bar. The man who stayed near the door put his hand between the post and curtain and yelled, "Stick 'em up." Mr. Warrens said, "Do you mean it?" and at the same instant pulled the drawer of his desk out, grabbed his gun and fired a shot which went through the partition and just over the fellow's shoulder. They shot at each other until all of the plate glass but one was broken. As the robber fired his last shot, Warrens dropped out of his chair onto his knees, tore his diamond stud from his shirt collar and threw it under the desk. The fellow in the back of the saloon said, "You got him that time." The fellow in front of the saloon walked to the far end of the bar where he could see Mr. Warrens, pointed his gun at him and told him to come out. Warrens said, "All right, I'm coming," and the battle was over. The rob-

bers took some money from the other men and two diamond rings that Mr. Warrens had on his fingers but I do not know how much money they got from him. Sheriff Howard went over into Oregon and found the two men and the diamonds.

Mr. Warrens enlarged the building several times and ran it as a soft drink parlor after whiskey was voted out. It now belongs to the Fruit Growers Supply Company and is now called the Community Center Building. The old bar is still in the building.

The first school district was formed about 1878 or 1880 and named the Bailey Hill School. The first classes were held in the old Fairking house which was on the north side of Bailey Hill by the old stage road. There were twelve or thirteen pupils at this time. Later a school house was built near the fork of Cottonwood and Cole creeks. School was held there until the Fruit Growers took over, when school was moved to the town of Hilt.

In 1906 I sold my place on the West Branch to the Northern California Lumber Company and moved to Soda Bar to do more mining there. My uncle who had been living in Ashland for a few years came to Soda Bar with me, built himself a house and stayed there until his death in 1909 at the age of eighty-five years. This was a very interesting place and some very good placer mines were worked in that vicinity in the early days. As much as an ounce a day to the man was taken out in several places.

Bill Jasper and another man were mining at Soda Bar one time, with their guns sitting by a pine tree near them, when some Indians sneaked over the hill, picked up the guns and shot Jasper and his partner with their own guns. Bill Jasper was shot in the shoulder and managed to roll away into the brush later making his way to Henley. His partner was killed.

There is a deep hole in the rock at Soda Bar five or six hundred feet across and from thirty to fifty feet deep. This is where the mastodon bones, teeth and tusks

were taken out, some of these relics are now at the Siskiyou County Historical Society museum at Yreka. Andy Jasper, a brother to Bill, who was shot by the Indians, took out the first thigh bone in 1879 or '80. Then in 1884 J. T. Ireland took out a tusk, some teeth, foot bones, pieces of ribs and vertebrae joints. These are the ones on display at the museum, they were contributed by Will and Emma Parshall. Mr. Ireland took these bones to Yreka for the Fourth of July celebration thinking he could make some money charging people to have a look—he only made forty cents on this venture.

After I started mining at Soda Bar I found another mastodon tusk, some vertebrae joints, foot bones and pieces of ribs. These tusks were ivory and hollow like a cows horn and was covered with what seemed to be a kind of enamel, not ivory, about three sixteenths of an inch thick which easily slid off the inner layer of ivory.

The Mountcrest Ranch at the fork of West Branch and Cottonwood Creeks, two miles southwest of the town of Hilt, now owned by Reginald H. Parsons, was first located by Byron Cole who built a very good log house which is a part of one of the Mountcrest buildings now. Mr. Cole later moved to the foot of the Siskiyou in Oregon. When I first saw the place in 1898, it was owned by S. S. Shattuck who later sold it to R. J. Cole and he sold it to Mr. Parsons around 1908 or 1909. The Circle P Ranch, now part of Mountcrest, was the place formerly owned by my uncle and aunt, John Hilt and Mrs. N. E. Hilt, who sold it to the Hilt Sugar Pine Lumber Company.

The S S Bar Ranch, now owned by Mr. Thomas E. W. Sawyers Jr., was first located by Rufus Cole, brother to Byron Cole. He settled here in the very early days, about 1852 I think. There is a tablet there that states the place was a stage station from 1854 to 1887, but I don't believe this is quite right as Mr. Cole's first house was about three-fourths of a mile, and almost directly north of the section house at Hilt,

and more than a mile from the present site of the house, where there is a big spring from which water is piped to the present house. The first original road came over the hills and by this spring where Mr. Cole had his first house which I was told he moved to the present site and built the lower story under it. Under these conditions 1854 would have been almost too soon for the house to have been built where it now stands. I think the second story and a half must have been moved to the present site about 1859 as at about that time the Toll Road was built through the upper Cottonwood Creek Canyon by William Rockefeller, a cousin to John D. Rockefeller. Mrs. Clarence Lane, a niece of A. G. Rockefeller, has two cash books that were kept by Ivan D.

Applegate showing the tolls collected. And the first record of the stage going over the Toll Road was in October 1859. At first the stage company was charged forty dollars a month and later in 1868 these books show charges of eighty dollars a month.

These cash books are very interesting to read, besides showing the daily traffic over the road there were items on the weather, the hunting and Mr. Applegate's trips to Ashland. The charges varied according to the type of traffic; one horseman for twenty-five cents, one buggy for \$1.25, one pack-train \$2.25. On November 3, 1864 there is an entry reading, "No toll collected — President elected." Also on July 27, 1867 there is an entry reading, "Pixley sisters (real pretty)—\$1.50".

LIFE STORY OF MANCELL (DEACON) LEE . . .

(continued from page 14)

He had made a great study of John Wesley's life work and had a fine understanding of the Bible. He also enjoyed good literature. After helping very materially in the building of the Methodist Church in Sawyers Bar in 1855 he donated the lumber for the Crystal Creek Church in 1867. This latter building is still standing—an old landmark in Scott Valley. In 1900, Mr. Lee was asked to write the history of Northern California along the lines of Methodism, but he refused as he was not fond of writing and had no memorandum of dates. When he was nearly eighty years of age, a pastor remarked, "While the church has been wavering to and fro, not knowing which side to take, there has been one who was firm to his convictions, and that one is Brother Lee." In his latter days he compared his life to an incident in his childhood. He had come into the possession of a revolver—did not remember how—but he traded it for a pig and from it he raised four others. They were fattened and butchered and made into bacon. He sold the bacon and bought a colt. When the family were leaving Ohio, the colt would be of no use on the trip, and, as

they needed another horse, the father persuaded him to allow him to trade the colt for a horse and when they reached Oscaloosa, he, the father, would buy him another colt in its stead. We have read farther back in this sketch of the father's death before their arrival in Oscaloosa, and his little business transaction was at an end. He worked hard but seemingly to no purpose. His life work, however, was represented in a series of incidents that required pluck, persistence, grit and determination, that would have floored many an individual. The one great achievement in the matter of the transportation of the mining machinery over almost insurmountable difficulties has immortalized his name in the records of northern California. In the language of his daughter, "My father, like many others, had faults—but the other side outshone them."

From *Harper's Bazaar*, August 12, 1876:

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another.

"You had better go home and read your *Robinson Crusoe*," was the withering reply.



HIRAM GANO FERRIS

Born: Howard, Steuben County New York, 1822. Died: Carthage, Illinois, 1893. Crossed the plains from Illinois to California, 1850. Arrived at Hangtown, or Placerville, July 10, 1850. He came to northern California in 1851, and was one of the commissioners appointed to organize the county in 1852, and was elected the county's first county clerk in 1852 and was re-elected for a second term. He engaged in mining, owned a ranch in Scott Valley, was prominent in political life and was active in Masonry as a member of St. John's Lodge No. 37 at Yreka, and was appointed Senior Grand Deacon of the Grand Lodge of California in May of 1855. He returned to Illinois in 1856 and became prominent in business and public affairs, residing at Carthage, Hancock County, Illinois.

This picture, an enlargement made from a daguerreotype which was probably taken in Yreka about 1852, has, with copies of letters written by his father in the years 1850 to 1856, together with other documents, been presented to the Siskiyou County Historical Society, by his son, Joel E. Ferris of Spokane, Washington, April 18, 1951.

Hiram Gano Ferris . . .

PIONEER DAYS IN ILLINOIS AND CALIFORNIA

By JOEL E. FERRIS

This brief history of the life of Hiram Gano Ferris, pioneer of Siskiyou County and one of the Commissioners appointed to organize the County in 1852 and the County's first Clerk, and which also has a brief history of Julia Holton Ferris, wife of Hiram Gano Ferris, was written by Joel E. Ferris of Spokane and presented to the Siskiyou County Historical Society. A portion of this history was printed by the California Historical Society in December, 1947. Contained in this material are copies of letters written by Hiram G. Ferris during the years 1850 to 1856, during his residence in Siskiyou County and in California, the letters having been written to his parents and other relatives living in Illinois.

PART I

The period, or years, from about 1820 to 1850 saw what has been called, "the great migration" from the New England states, the eastern states and the southern states, to the far west, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and also into the northern states, Minnesota and Wisconsin. My grandparents Stephen Gano Ferris, born in 1778 and Eunice Beebe Ferris, his wife, born in 1778, were living in southern central New York State, Steuben County, and in the year 1832, and with neighbors and relatives, became interested in moving to the then far western state of Illinois and taking up virgin land and pioneering in that state. In 1831 a brother-in-law of my grandfather, Jabez Beebe, journeyed to Illinois to look over the land and prepare for the rest of the relatives. His wife and one or two children accompanied him.

Early in 1832 my grandfather and grandmother Ferris, with their children, John Milton aged 17, Leonard Thompson aged

15, Francina aged 14, Hiram G. (my father) aged 10, Dorothy aged 7, and Phidelia aged 3, left their home in New York State and drove by wagon (probably neighbors driving them) about eighty miles to the town of Olean, then called Olean Point, in southern New York State, and then the head of navigation of the Alleghany River. It seems that they were delayed at Olean, due to low water, and finally, together with two neighbor families by the names of Stearns and Carmen, they built a large flatboat or raft which they covered and provided with facilities for cooking and sleeping for their families. They floated down the Alleghany River probably 120 to 150 miles, but due to low water, sand bars, rapids, etc., the journey required nearly nine weeks. They were accompanied by an Indian pilot who guided them through the rapids.

At one point in Pennsylvania the three boys were investigating and found an oil spring bubbling up in a bog or swamp. It is interesting that oil was first discovered and the first well drilled in that area much later.

At Pittsburgh they sold the raft or boat and bought or built an Ohio River boat, a batteau, to voyage down the Ohio as far as Cincinnati. There apparently were two types of boats used by immigrants, one, the raft type, and the other the "ark" type, which type was about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. I believe they must have had an ark for the three families. Apparently Grandfather Ferris bought a small cargo of window sash to sell to settlers along the river or in Cincinnati. They sold their boat and the window sash at Cincinnati and secured passage on a river steamer, the "Niagara," to Cairo, Illinois,

where the Ohio River flows into the Mississippi. At Cairo they secured passage on another boat up the Mississippi about 100 miles to St. Louis, which at that time was an outfitting post for the fur trade and the Indian country to the far west, and numbered about ten or twelve thousand people. They were delayed at St. Louis for some time as the season was quite late, approaching December, and it was difficult to find passage on a river steamer up the Mississippi at that season.

While at St. Louis my grandfather took my father, a boy of ten years, to Jefferson Barracks, a military post nearby, to see Black Hawk, the great Indian chieftain, a prisoner there, who conversed with my grandfather and held the boy on his knee which fact greatly impressed the small boy.

They finally secured passage up river on a small steamer, the William Wallace, whose captain, a tough, profane individual, finally agreed to make an attempt to get up the river before winter closed in. The point my grandfather wished to reach by boat was about 200 miles north of St. Louis, in Illinois, directly across from the present site of Keokuk, Iowa, and about forty miles north of Quincy, Illinois.

Upon reaching Quincy the captain declined to go farther up the river unless paid liberally, which was done by the few families still on the boat, and finally, on December 10, 1832 the family was landed on the Iowa side of the great, mile-wide Mississippi River at a point known as Traders' Landing, now Keokuk, Iowa. The captain refused to land them on the Illinois side.

Traders' Landing consisted of three or four log cabins at the base of a steep hill and a large number of Indians and half-breeds were camped nearby. Across the river there was one log house, the cabin of Abraham Smith. Grandfather Ferris paid a man \$16.00 to ferry his family and household effects, and those of one other family, across the river. The boat was a leaky affair and badly overloaded and was towed three miles up the stream by horses.

After various exciting difficulties with the rapids and the rocks in the river their boat, about one-third filled with water, reached the Illinois shore and the cabin of Abraham Smith, thus practically completing their journey from New York State to Illinois.

The crossing of the river was made on December 13, 1832 and immediately Grandfather and his oldest son walked the twenty miles across the unbroken and largely unsettled prairie to the cabin of his brother-in-law, Jabez Beebe, who had preceded him the year before. They sent an ox-drawn wagon back for Grandmother, the children and the household effects, and finally reached their new home December 15, 1832. They shared the Beebe log house until the next spring when they built their own log home.

A small settlement developed at or near these two log houses, which were located on the edge of the prairie, near a large spring known as Horse Lick Spring, and not far away there was a timbered area along a small creek or river. Grandfather changed the name of Horse Lick Spring to Fountain Green, which in a very short time became a small trading point, and post office and today is a lovely little town, the center of a rich farming country, some miles from the railroad, with about 100 inhabitants, lovely old homes and huge elm and maple trees.

Since I am telling of pioneer days and my parents' part in them, and since my mother's people came into Illinois soon after my father's folks reached that state, I will switch the scene or story to my Grandfather Isaac Holton, my mother's father, who was born at Westminster, Vermont in 1790. Grandfather Holton came from a family of teachers and preachers and graduated from the University of Vermont, at Burlington, in 1814. He was admitted to the bar as a lawyer in the State of Vermont but followed the vocation of teaching in Maine and elsewhere and at the University of Vermont. In 1836 he joined the great throng moving to the then far west, the State of Illinois. For some relatives in Hills Grove, Illinois my

mother wrote the two following brief accounts of her father's life and his work with the Hills Grove Seminary:

ISAAC HOLTON

JULIA HOLTON FERRIS, DAUGHTER

Isaac Holton was born March 13, 1790, at Westminster, Vermont; was married January 5, 1827 to Phoebe Arnold, daughter of Seth and Esther Ranney Arnold, born January 29, 1798, at Westminster, Vermont.

Mr. Holton prepared for college at the Academy of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the University of Vermont at Burlington in 1814. While a student here he saw the land and naval battle at Plattsburg and on Lake Champlain. Among his classmates were Constantine Gilman, Isaac Moore, and Erastus Root, M.D. He read law with his brother, John, in Springfield, Vermont and later with the Hon. William C. Bradley, of Westminster. After a brief law practice he accepted a position as teacher, in which profession he was eminently successful. He commenced teaching as principal of the academy at Chester, Vermont, and successfully filled the same position in South Berwick and Limerick, Maine and Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Having purchased some tracts of land called "Patent Quarters" in McDonough County, Illinois, he decided to emigrate to the then "Far West". In September, 1835, he left Vermont with his family, accompanied also by his brother, William, whose children, John and Isabel, came with him. Isabel helped mother with the children. Mother carried Charles on a pillow all the way. With a one-horse wagon which contained supplies for the trip and the new home, they undertook the long and perilous journey, lasting fourteen weeks, reaching their future home December 15, 1835. They found on the land an unoccupied log cabin of which they took possession. It was perhaps eighteen feet square, one room, a clapboard roof, puncheon floor, no windows, light coming in by the door when open. A little light came through the poorly chinked logs and mother said she

could see the stars through holes in the roof. After the long and trying journey, they were glad to find any place they could call home.

Our family at this time consisted of Father, Mother and four children, Seth, Rebecca, John and Charles. I was born the following March. Many years passed before we had anything but the bare necessities of life.

As soon as the seminary was completed, Father began teaching the school, having pupils from the primer to the higher branches, even having a number who came from other localities. He was also made postmaster, which was a great convenience as heretofore we had received our mail from a neighboring town. Macomb, twelve miles away was the county seat and much business was done there, but Warsaw was the nearest trading point. There were occasional church services by ministers from nearby towns and later the Methodist circuit riders came at stated times. Each family took its turn in entertaining the minister. A Congregational church was formed and Sabbath school regularly sustained.

After teaching there for twelve years, a committee from Carthage urged Father to come there to teach, which he did. When we moved to Carthage, Mrs. Minerva Holton Gilchrist, a niece of Father's, was appointed postmistress, which office she held until it was abandoned as too small to be maintained. She was the first woman to hold that position in this part of the country.

Father taught in Carthage one year, after which failing health compelled him to give up teaching altogether. He returned to his old home where he lingered in failing health for two years, the end coming June 26, 1850, at 60 years of age.

My father was a very religious man, very strict in his observance of the Sabbath — Sunday commenced at six o'clock Saturday night. After the necessary chores were done, all but the indispensable cooking and house work was dispensed with. If mail

was received late Saturday evening it was laid away unopened until Monday morning. At that time there was a great prejudice against eastern people, "Yankees," but Father's interest in the children and young people disarmed their distrust and eventually they joined with him in his plan for the betterment of conditions.

I remember Indians (probably Sacs and Foxes) on their way to their reservation talking with Father. It is supposed that a certain place west of our home had been their camping grounds, for arrow heads, stone hatchets and other Indian implements have been found there. A company of young bucks rode through our yard and garden helping themselves to whatever they wished. Rebecca snatched me up and hid in a closet under the stairs until she thought it safe to come out. They were friendly Indians and as Father showed himself friendly, there was no more trespassing.

Our family consisted of seven children: Seth Arnold, Rebecca Ranney, John Ambrose, Charles Augustus, Julia Esther, Anna Phoebe and Joel Alexander. Anna died at the age of nine and Joel at twenty. The three brothers served in the Civil War. Seth and John were connected with the Medical Depository at Washington, D.C. After the war Seth had a position in the Pension Department at Washington for a great many years and died at the home of his sister, Julia Holton Ferris, at Carthage, Illinois in 1908. John became a dentist and died in 1873 in Arkansas. Charles was a minister in the United Brethren Church and died in 1887 in Blackstone, Illinois, Rebecca, who married Rev. Joseph Mason, died in Godfrey, Illinois in 1881.

THE HILLS GROVE SEMINARY

MRS. JULIA HOLTON FERRIS

The schoolhouse at Hills Grove was built by my father, Isaac Holton, in 1836 or 1837. It was built as soon after he came to Illinois as he could interest the people in the movement. It was what we should call now a community house or center as well as a school. It was built of

logs hauled in from the neighboring woods. In the old times when a house or barn was to be built, all the men of the surrounding country got together to help raise the logs in place, hence the terms "house raising" and "log rolling". The logs were hewn and notched at each end so that they would fit into each other and make a firm wall. On the day set, the wives planned for a big dinner for their part in the undertaking.

The man who was best fitted for superintending the work gave directions as log after log was rolled into place with great shoutings.

The seminary, as we called the school building, was a one-story structure with a loft above, 20 x 24 feet on the ground. It faced the south with the entrance door near the southeast corner. There was a window about the middle of the south wall, another so located in the north wall with one in each end. The door was fastened merely by a peg in a hole in the door casing. In the History of McDonough County published in 1885 it is said to have been a station of the "underground railroad" for escaping slaves. It stood in what is now George Foley's front yard.

To heat the seminary, Father had a sheet iron stove made in which we burned wood (as coal was not yet dug from the mines of Colchester). The stove stood a little east of the center of the room and the wraps, caps and dinner pails were hung on wooden pegs on the east wall.

The floor was of split logs hewn flat with ax and adze, of the type called puncheon. Of course the nails were wrought home-made by a blacksmith, about two inches long and as big around as a lead pencil. The roof was of split shingles, now sometimes called "shakes"—split from a straight grained log about thirty inches long. We called them clapboards. They were held in place by long poles laid on top of the clapboards at the overlap.

The seats were of logs split, with auger holes bored in rounded side for the wooden legs, thus having the flat side up. Some legs were made shorter for the smaller

children's benches. Later there were desks, each for two persons, with a shelf below for books, slate and pencils. There was a desk on a raised platform where Father sat as teacher, keeping rather strict discipline as I well remember. This desk was used as a pulpit on Sundays.

Father always used a bell to call the children in morning, noon and recess. The bell he used was the one he had used in his former schools, a brass bell with a wooden handle about ten inches long and for a long time after his death we had it in our home.

My father taught the common branches to the children of the neighborhood but he also had a class of young men whom he instructed in the languages, mathematics and other subjects preparing them for college. Some of these young men later became prominent citizens of the state.

I do not know definitely what Father received for teaching but think it was a certain sum per month for each scholar and it was probably paid in labor or produce.

I well remember those happy days. We had recess morning and afternoon. The children coming from a distance brought their lunches in dinner pails. We played the many children's games: such as black man, blind man's bluff, ante-over, etc.

Asal Fulkerson bought this building in 1877, (having been used for a dwelling for sixteen years by Jacob Fousal and his family) for fifteen dollars (\$15.00). The floor had to be taken up with a crowbar. The building was knocked apart and taken to Mr. Fulkerson's place. The logs were marked in successive numbers and the building was re-erected as it formerly stood except the windows, as it was to be used as a barn.

In the years following 1832 there was a steady flow of settlers into Illinois. Counties were organized, including Hancock County where my Grandfather Ferris settled, and the adjoining county, McDonough, where Grandfather Holton settled. The two settlements in which my grandparents lived were only about eight or ten miles

apart. The population of Hancock County in 1830 was about 300, and McDonough County about the same. About 1839 the leaders of the Mormon Church (called Latter Day Saints) along with most of their followers, having been driven from Missouri through conflict with the early settlers there, purchased a large tract of land on the Mississippi River, in Hancock County, and established their headquarters or Church Capitol at a new town or city which they named Nauvoo. Beautifully located, it was the Mecca for the new religion or faith, and converts and followers poured into the city along with a generous fringe of promoters and rascals in a great stream, giving Nauvoo an estimated population of from twelve to twenty thousand in about the year 1844, making it the largest city in Illinois and bringing problems of many kinds which finally resulted in the murder of the founders of the church, Joseph and Hiram Smith at Carthage, Illinois, and the ultimate migration of the Mormons across the plains to Utah in 1847. This great historic movement deserves a special study.

During railroad construction days ties were supplied generally through a number of small contractors along the right-of-way.

Ties were tiered up and the contractor paid regularly for the ties supplied to date. The railroad inspector who accepted the ties stamped each one with a brand on the end.

Certain contractors not unwilling to make a dishonest dime would frequently saw off a half inch of the branded ties, thereby removing the brand and resell them to the railroad a second or even third or fourth time.

Tie tallies did not agree with construction work and in course of investigation these snide practices were discovered and promptly eliminated by driving a ten penny spike in the center of the brand. This removed all temptation from the tie contractor, for cutting off sufficient amount of the end to eliminate the spike shortened the tie below specifications.

—John W. Schuler

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA,

SCOTT & KLAMATH RIVERS,

— THEIR —

**INHABITANTS AND CHARACTERISTICS—HISTORICAL
FEATURES—ARRIVAL OF SCOTT AND HIS
FRIENDS—MINING INTERESTS.**

A TRUE PORTRAIT OF THE MINER.

TOGETHER WITH

A LIFE-LIKE PICTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY A PRACTICAL MINER.

**YREKA:
UNION PRINTING OFFICE—MINER STREET,**

1856

"Northern California—Scott and Klamath Rivers", by a Practical Miner, was one of the first, if not the first, publication to be produced in Siskiyou County. The Practical Miner was George W. Metlar. It was published at the Yreka Union Office by J. Tyson in 1856.

It is not known how many copies were published, but the only copies which have been found to date are in the Bancroft Library at the University of California and at Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

A copy of this publication would be a valuable addition to the Siskiyou County Historical Society's Library.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTT RIVER, SISKIYOU COUNTY, CAL., }
February 22d, 1856. }

GEO. W. METLAR, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Having learned that an article descriptive of Scott River, its mines and general characteristics, has been penned by you the object of which was more particularly for perusal by those living in the Atlantic States and to give them (as near as possible) a clearer, and more correct account of this section of California; permit us to respectfully request, as a favor, that you will allow the same to be published at such time, and in such manner as best suits your convenience. We would suggest, however, to be better for transmission, and preservation, it might be published in pamphlet form; and also that you will publish, with the above, the highly commended article from your worthy pen entitled, "San Francisco, a Life-like Picture." With acknowledgements of high regard, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

YREKA,

N. Dejarlais,
H. K. White,
Jas. Searcy,
D. D. Colton,
G. W. S. Cumings,
A. M. Rosborough,
H. G. Ferris.

WHITING HILL,

Dr. F. B. Gardner,
Peter Whiting.

JOHNSON'S BAR,

D. W. Dodge,
S. M. Mapes,
J. Archambault,
W. H. Swift,
A. Charlebois,
James Casey.

SCOTT BAR,

A. Dejarlais,
E. D. Wood,
John G. Berry,
A. M. C. Jones,

ROCK HOUSE BAR,

Sigmund Simon,
Charles Neutzel,
W. O. S. Crandell,
Christopher Neutzel,
Samuel Roberts.

VIRGINIA BAR,

Benj. Maplesden,
William Dawson,
Henry Warden,
Van Buren Woodson.

SCOTT VALLEY,

D. M. Davidson,
C. N. Thornberry,
Silas Pattison.

FRENCH BAR,

S. A. Duval, M. D.,
J. C. Wilson,
E. J. Elzy,
W. F. Rubottom,
C. Morgan,
Ephm. Durham,
James George,
A. S. Wilson,
A. J. Bonner,
D. F. Finley.

JUNCTION BAR,

G. W. Crook,
Anthony Lillis,
M. E. Willsey.

HAMBURG BAR,

Joseph K. Reese,
J. J. Walker,
George Hubbard,
J. M. White.

JOHNSON'S BAR, SCOTT RIVER, SISKIYOU CO., CAL., }
March 20th, 1856. }

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your kind and friendly letter, under date of the 22d inst., emanating from my friends and neighbors soliciting the

publication of an article descriptive of Scott River, its mines and general characteristics, which was intended more particularly for perusal of citizens of the Atlantic States; together with my previous article entitled "San Francisco, a Life-like picture." I most cordially accede to your request, and only fear you have too highly estimated its merits; though I trust I may be permitted to say that I have been strictly governed by nature and truth, in its various allegations, and should its dissemination find a response in public sentiment, and thereby prove instrumental in suppressing alleged evils, it will not only impart pleasure to me, but prove a source of extreme gratification. Please accept, gentlemen, collectively, and individually my profound regards of high personal esteem, and believe me

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE W. METLAR.

Northern California,

SCOTT AND KLAMATH RIVERS.

BY A PRACTICAL MINER.

It was on the afternoon of May 22d, 1855, that I attempted without guide or trail, to cross a stupendous mountain, en route for Scott River. I became bewildered—lost;—and was doomed to pass a weary and sleepless night beside a large rock on the naked earth, in a dense forest, without covering or anything to eat. At early dawn I arose and resumed my journey, descending a deep valley, and after travelling eight miles, for the first time beheld the river, and there met my companions, who pursued the valley route, which though some miles further, proved preferable—they having arrived at our destination the evening previous. As you may well suppose I entertained little fears of the dyspepsia, and possessed almost the hunger of the Hyena. So after satisfying the cravings of nature, I sought repose by the shortest route to my bed.

Scott River originally bore the name of Beaver River; it takes its rise in the giant ranges of Scott and Trinity Mountains, some seventy miles above this Bar, flowing through Scott Valley. Each of these places is endowed with the name of its discoverer.

The valley is most beautiful, with a large quantity of agricultural land, and has extensive grazing capacity. The river is from thirty to forty yards in width, deep in many places, with a current of from five to seven miles per hour. It shapes its course through chains of stupendous mountain ranges, whose sides are precipitous while their lofty summits penetrate ethereal regions, and are clothed in many places with almost perpetual ice and snow, which, flowing down their sides and base, is dissolved by the copious showers of rain and genial sunshine that prevails in our valleys. Thus it may be remembered, that when rains descend in the valleys, the clouds that hover around the mountain tops are forced to a higher altitude and a colder atmosphere, by virtue of the current of air that prevails, which is controlled by their formation, and invariably produces snow upon the mountains at the same moment that rain is descending in the valleys. Beyond doubt,

these mountains are volcanic in their formation and character, as their summits, sides, and excavations around their base, bear a multitude of the most tangible and unmistakable evidence. The river winds her serpentine course around, and through them, in such a circuitous manner, as to be entirely hidden, in the shortest possible distance, from sight. Thus does it continue onward with the same characteristics until it empties into the Klamath, and by virtue of this connection, is only second in size to the largest river in California, *vs.* the Sacramento. Apparently, the waters of these rivers, almost refuse to unite; the Klamath, being the larger, is usually clear and transparent, while Scott River, is turbulent and muddy on account of its extensive mining operations—a line of demarcation is always perceptible where they approach each other. After this union they flow onward with increased velocity of current, amidst giant chains of mountains, through an almost uninhabited and wild region of country, familiar only to the unlettered savage, the ferocious grizzly bear, the California lion, and many other species of wild beasts that roam in this portion of the world.

Oh! ye citizens on the Atlantic side of our continent—you that dwell in marble, stone, brick and frame palaces—you that roll through Broadway, New York; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; or State street, Boston, in your richly ornamented equipages, in regal splendor—the leaders of fashion, wrapt in your silks, satins, broadcloths and ornaments of gold—could you but for one single hour, stand upon the *pinnacle* of one of these giant sentinels of the skies, reared, and made perfect by the Grand Architect of the Universe, then behold the silvered stream, sweeping around their base, penetrating the green and verdant valleys, decorated with myriads of flowers, commingling her voice with the tuneful notes of the feathered songster, until in the distance she is hidden amidst mountain chains, whose sides are covered with gigantic firs and chapparel, forming a wreath of perpetual green—while at a higher altitude you will behold her enrobed in a spotless mantle of snow, and beyond this, environing her topmost pinnacle, is seen a veil of gossamer clouds upon which the God of day diffuses her transcendent brilliancy, at once blending it with the tints of the rainbow, lending her smiling countenance to illuminate, and as it were to crown this peerless beauty and giant monument of our Creator, while upon her sides and around her base the chrystal fount or limpid streams pursue their ceaseless track, not only to beautify, but invigorate and serve mankind. The balmy breeze of the Pacific Ocean, sweeps over this region, and commingles with the cool and bracing mountain air; which by virtue of this incorporation not only adds to inspiration and beauty, but through the wisdom of an all-wise providence bestows upon a climate of unrivalled purity, an atmosphere most exhilarating, where sickness, is, comparatively speaking, unknown, and is universally conceded to be one of the most healthy climates on the habitable globe.

This scene, I say, is in a word, exhilarating and inspiring, it teaches man his duty to his Creator, stamps its impress indelibly on the memory until the hand of the Author is lost in the vortex of time—reason deserts her throne, and the eye that traces these lines, is closed in death. Where then I say is all your pomp and pageantry? 'tis at an end; in the language of Byron, "there is not an echo of it left to earth or air," while these glorious scenes remain to honor their Creator.

The river Klamath is fed by Lake Klamath, whose locality is about one hundred miles above the mouth of Scott River. Its character is imperfectly known at the present day. The face of the country is generally mountainous; several rich and beautiful valleys, possessing admirable agricultural inducements on either side, her entire length. From Scott River to the Ocean is at least one hundred and fifty miles; whale-boats have ascended it, laden with provisions, some forty miles from its mouth. The Trinity, Salmon and Indian Rivers are her most important tributaries, together with a host of smaller streams. Formidable cañons exist in several places—their narrow chasms and rock ribbed sides are in such close proximity, as to almost forbid the river's passage; while she with seeming consciousness of the conflict that is to ensue, prepares herself by increased velocity of current, dashes headlong upon her antagonist and becomes a foaming cataract, sending forth spray and mist that gambol in the sunshine—in a little distance her limits widen, when her surface again assumes its wonted placidity; thus do these formidable barriers so often exist, as to preclude its navigation to any great extent. With these attributes of character does she traverse this country, discharging herself into the largest body of water known to man, the Pacific Ocean, some thirty-five miles from Trinidad or Humboldt Bay.

Now, a word in relation to the mining interests of this river; it is in its infancy but is destined to occupy the front rank. On Hamburg, Happy Camp and Orleans Bar, brilliant rewards have been realized. Many other Bars are in a state of nature, while hill claims in numerous instances have yielded admirably; as the miners say it has not yet been even prospected.

I am the last person to build false hopes, or entertain visionary anticipations; at the same time I do not hesitate a moment to declare it, as the unqualified opinion of many intelligent practical miners, with whom I concur, that it is a field for operations, boundless in extent and character; and, that a larger amount of gold exists on this river than can be found in any other portion of Northern California. The future will not only confirm the prediction, but it will also prove to the world that it is a chest of gold, the lid of which can only be opened by the hand of industry, enterprise and energy.

The United States Government has recently established an Indian Reservation, comprising twenty-five thousand acres of land, embracing territory upon each side of the Klamath River from its mouth upward. In a little time will the white men begin their encroachments. The Indian institutes complaint—to no purpose however. *They say to him: "well, if you are not satisfied, sell us your lands and move further back!"* The Indian says: *"and if I do, will you not stretch forth your hands and grasp that also?"* Thus has it ever been—let the pages of our country's history be subjected to impartial examination, and we will find the most irresistible evidence of the fact (and to our shame and disgrace be it said,) that in seven out of ten cases of violence and outrage, the white man has been the aggressor. At this moment the work of blood is going onward, and their star of destiny in the western horizon, is on the eve of setting. In a little time the race of the red men will have become extinct—their career will be closed forever.

The year is divided into two seasons, the inclement and dry. The first ordinarily commences in December and continues until May—sometimes a

little earlier or later—the balance of the year, no rain. Oftimes in winter, we have lucid intervals in our valleys, approximating to a summer mildness. There appears to exist very little patronage for the medical faculty here, and, as a natural consequence, they emigrate rapidly wherever their pecuniary resources are more likely to be promoted.

In 1856, when Scott and his party appeared on this river, the whirlwind of emigration was attracted to Southern and Middle California, where gold was first discovered and a milder or more genial climate was known to exist, and the Indians less hostile. Scott and his friends, prosecuted their searches in this region, finding gold in the crevices and upon the surface of the rocks, exposed to the naked eye at this place, which has since that time been known as Scott Bar.

The hostility of the Indians was soon excited, particularly the Shasta Valley tribe, aided by the Pitt and McCloud River tribes together with some few Scott Valley Indians. Assembling on the opposite shore in every place of concealment, they would discharge volleys of arrows into the little parties that were engaged in the prosecution of their searches for gold, which then, afterwards, and up to the present moment, has been attended with the most brilliant success. Under this state of things they were not only annoyed, but many of their number severely wounded, while others lost their lives. To guard against future dangers, they concluded to establish a cordon of sentinels, to protect themselves from further attacks while engaged in the pursuit of gold. This was not all. So greatly did they impede their operations and add to their difficulties, that they resolved to shoot down every Indian they should meet; otherwise they were positive that the lives of every member of their party would be sacrificed. So adopting the latter alternative, it was soon found to be the only effectual remedy. An account of the continued career and success of Scott and his friends in this region in quest of gold, I shall for the present, be compelled to suspend on account of its comprehensive character.

From the designated point at which I arrived on this river to where it unites with the Klamath, there exists at short distances, on either side, what we designate Bars, that owe their paternity to mountain slides, volcanic action, the annual floods caused by winter rains and dissolving snow. These floods rush down the mountain sides, and through precipitous cañons in wild confusion, sweeping in its course, earth, gravel and boulders, which become permanently incorporated with the Bars. Thus do these periodical contributions increase their proportions and compel the current to make encroachments upon the opposite shore. Their sizes vary from three to fifty acres, and within the distance of three miles, are located Scott, Poor Man's, French, Franklin, Lytle, Michigan, Johnson's, Virginia and Junction Bars, where the Scott and Klamath Rivers unite. Then there are a countless number of hill claims, to which may be added the wing dam operations in the bed of the stream, while tunneling, stripping and excavating is in full tide of operation upon all the designated points; at the same time two hundred and fifty water wheels are day and night revolving, filling the air with discordant sounds, varying from the screeching hyena to the roaring lion. These wheels subserve the double purpose of furnishing water for washing the earth deposited in the sluices, and of relieving the tunnels of

their accumulated water by the action of the pump day and night. Beyond doubt, it is a most inspiring and invigorating sight to behold the burrow-load of earth, (with which the miner emerges from the subterranean angles of the dark deep tunnels) cast into the sluices. First, a deluge of muddy water rolls off, then gravel or cement, as the case may be, is seen; after which, bright and sparkling scales of gold, which are seventeen times heavier than water, become visible. At this moment the water becomes clear—the precious particles, with apparent reluctance, commence their trackless path downwards, momentarily clinging to every defect or little fibre that exist within their grasp, until the irresistible forces of the current compels them to abandon these momentary stopping places, and seek to their more legitimate tenement, the riffle box, where they rest until convenience dictates their removal.

Ofttimes, however, the hard working and meritorious miner witnesses the reverse of this picture, while at the same time many a profligate and unworthy person, in close proximity, steeped in vice and dissipation, will suddenly come upon the richest deposits. His success, however, ofttimes furnishes him the means of hastening his earthly career, and he sinks into the grave neglected and forgotten, without even a stone on it to mark his narrow tenement. He sleeps in death, and hears of friends no more. Oh, that man should possess so little self government, and assimilate so nearly the brute!

During the last year, say within the distance of five miles, some three thousand miners were in full tide of operations—while the coming season, it is believed, will approximate to at least five thousand.

The excavations and tunnelings upon the Bars are extremely heavy and perilous. The boulders, unusually large, require the constant use of the sledge, and when that proves ineffectual, the drill, the fuse, and a little tin canister labeled Dupont, triumphs over the disjointed rock or boulder, scattering its obstinate fragments in wild confusion on every side, accompanying it with a loud report which rolls along the river and revibrates through mountains, earth and air, like the deep tones of thunder. Thus, during the busy season, a succession of heavy discharges are heard, as though Heaven's artillery had opened in this region. In this manner does the sturdy miner enter into combat with every obstacle that exists in his pathway, until his ends and purposes are attained. At the same time I am prepared to say, that no man who follows mining can do so without working hard; and he that pursues it with increasing energy and perseverance, is compelled to undergo the severest ordeal of service that the human frame can endure, and at the same time we add, there is not within the province of knowledge any occupation wherein there is so great an amount of labor performed in the aggregate, and so little compensation realized.

The results of mining here may be termed brilliant, excellent, good, bad and indifferent. The largest specimen of gold ever found upon this river, was valued at \$3,180 00, while six pieces have been found whose average value, each, exceeded \$2,000 00. I do not doubt that at the present moment, it will compare favorably with any other mining locality in this country, if it be not the richest known at the present day.

Towns are built upon Scott, French, Johnson's, Virginia and Hamburg

Bars, while the southern side of the river, for miles, is dotted with a host of cabins in almost every conceivable locality, that consults the convenience of its owner's occupation.

Too often has the respectable and industrious miner had his character libeled and caricatured by some senseless fop or worn out book worm. Doubtless, they have sins enough to atone for without being made the subject of misrepresentation and falsehood. I can designate on this river, citizens who are persevering and industrious, but as intelligent, honest, upright men, as can be found in any community. No grain of allowance is conceded him, to compensate for the mighty sacrifice which he is compelled to undergo in being an exile from the sunshine of his nativity, separated from his wife and children, father, mother, sister and brother, and from other kindred and beloved associations, which serve to ornament and illuminate his pathway through life. He, in the plenitude of their wisdom, should be placed on the iron bedstead of equality, and should his feet protrude too far, they should be chopped off. Their stupidity and ignorance is without bounds, being so palpably visible as to destroy all susceptibility of appreciation—that is, if they ever possessed any of that commodity, which is extremely doubtful.

Our living is humble, yet wholesome; articles of merchandize, &c., are exacty on account of the difficulty of conveyance from San Francisco. Early in the morning the smoke is seen ascending from the miners' humble abode, the dawn of day summons him to arise and prepare his breakfast; after which he is seen threading his pathway to the mines, his partners, naturally prompt themselves, require the same rule of observance: in other words, each person is required to toe the mark in the various duties, otherwise dissatisfaction, as an inevitable consequence, will ensue. Now you will see him light his candle, and wind his way into the tunnel; then the pick, shovel, sledge and crowbar, are in continued requisition as his necessities require, and skill or judgment dictates; now you see him erect, but more frequently upon his knees or in a more confined position, twisting his body or limbs in every conceivable shape or form, wherein some advantage may be derived; heaving a plentiful supply of mud and water, battling among rocks and boulders which encompass his every step. Often may be seen enormous stones, hang, as it were suspended over his head, tumble in upon the identical spot where he, a moment previously, stood—which had he been beneath his life would have been forfeited. The injury that he receives, the pain that he endures, is only known to himself. Then his dinner hour arrives—he lays aside his tools, extinguishes his lights, and emerges from his dark abode, and probably for the first time that morning, he beholds a cloudless sky, with the God of day shining forth in his efulgent brilliancy; yet he has no time to enjoy his beauteous smile, but directs his footsteps over the same pathway passed in the morning. Now he is at his cabin door—yet no wife, mother or sister is there to greet him or prepare his humble repast. It remains for himself to perform that duty, be he weary or not, and that quickly; for his noon hour admonishes him to lose no time; so setting himself to work in this important duty, he prepares it indifferent, as you doubtless would infer, as but few of us sufficiently understand Mrs Lealie, or possess a Parisian education, to discharge this important duty; so dispatching it

hastily, back to the mine return again, resuming labors until the sun bids us adieu, when he again seeks his abode with weary frame, his spirits either heightened or depressed in proportion to his success; now does he prepare and partake of his supper, then devotes a few moments to his pipe and conversation, after which the ordeal of service which he has undergone that day admonishes him to seek his humble bed for rest, that he may thereby feel better prepared to discharge the duties of the ensuing day.

A repetition of this programme ensues daily, while what are termed his leisure hours, are occupied in washing, cooking, and mending, until the pantaloons are ornamented with patches of so many different colors, as to utterly destroy all claim to originality.

So it will be seen that his country, his home, his habits, his circumstances and other attributes of character, endow him with the intrepid daring of Daniel Boone, together with the characteristics of Robinson Crusoe. Yet the nice young man, as the young ladies term him, that bestows the greatest attention in the decoration of his precious form and attitudes, takes such pains to give a peculiar shape to his moustache or whiskers, embalms his exquisite form in rose and lavender, passes hours before the mirror in ecstasies of delight, closely examining the set of his coat, vest, hat and collar, with white kids to adorn his beautiful taper fingers, which he believes were never designed for vulgar labor. This pink of perfection, as many young ladies regard him, does not for a moment believe that the cultivation of the intellect is of the slightest importance; and should he have been endowed with even the semblance of an education, can better inform you of the date of Julius Caesar's assassination, or the career of Count Smith, than the mighty events that ushered into existence this great and glorious Republic, or the history of our immortal Washington. Nay, he would even turn up his proboscis in horror, at the appearance of the hard-working miner, for he possesses the discretion of an ass, the manners of a fool, and is endowed with about the same amount of intellect as is contained in a galvanized squash.

Yes, ladies, only deliver to me this nice young man as we see him attired for forty-eight hours service in the tunnel, then permit me to place him before you. Should the price of admission to the exhibition be even exorbitant, I would cordially give it for the benefit I should derive in hearing you discuss his claims to beauty. Then comes the charming Miss, shall I proceed to draw her characteristics? but no, no, the subject is too comprehensive and prolific, my time and limits will not permit it. And then she might tell me what Mrs. Malprop says, that *too much freedom breeds despise*.

Though, I cannot pass from the subject without a single remark: Why will the fond and doting parents, be their wealth what it may, permit their children to pursue a career of vanity and folly, without intellectual cultivation and instruction in some honored calling or profession, so that when the tides of adversity overtake them, they may be better prepared to resist the velocity of its otherwise irresistible current, and thereby not swept headlong into the yawning gulph, that is ever ready to claim its victim.

But to my subject—our nearest Post Office is thirty-five miles distant: By express we receive our letters, together with Atlantic and California newspapers. We have no library or public schools, few places of public worship, with a limited number of ministers, while in some cases pretended

professors, not possessors, shielded in a garb of hypocrisy traverse our country, its towns and villages, and by virtue of their example, prove a curse instead of a blessing, to that Divine cause. No vehicles can be used upon the river. The faithful mule, with a few jacks, are the only medium of conveyance.

Trading posts, and other stores exist in every town; drinking houses very numerous, where it is said an article can be obtained which kills at sixty yards. Females of respectability are limited in number, with a preponderance of those who possess no claims to that title. I have seen them at times attired in mens' apparel riding at full gallop up or down the river, beyond doubt they are birds of extra plumage. Then comes a horde of vultures in the shape of gamblers, who migrate and emigrate from one town to another, in quest of victims, who are to easily become their prey. The late law, enacted for its suppression, has as yet only checked its open exhibition. I believe a sound, public sentiment will go even further to suppress this foul leprosy, the curse upon the human race, which exists not only in this portion of our continent, but throughout all the Atlantic States, and more particularly her chief cities, whatever the constituted authorities may do to prevent it.

Our supplies of living are derived from San Francisco, via Shasta and Crescent City. One predominating feature in the miner is his benevolence, his generosity is oftentimes excited to an extent uncongenial to his welfare. His door is open, his table free to the wearied traveler, provided he be respectable. Having toiled and struggled himself in this strange land, and new country, his naturally generous sympathy is easily enlisted, and as a consequence his heart, hand or purse, is ever open to a friend. I have witnessed many generous and noble acts, disinterested in their character, which if performed in other localities, would inevitably meet the public eye, through the medium of the press.

Here permit me to inquire, what would have been the condition of this country to-day, had she remained in the possession of Mexico? *A desert waste!* What were her products? *Hides and tallow! hides and tallow!* and very little of that. Now behold her giant strides of industry and enterprise, visible on every side, which has endowed her with a world wide renown. To whom does this honor belong? To Brother Jonathan! He has caused her to make you an annual contribution of sixty million of dollars through the hard toil and indefatigable industry of the miner.

I distinctly recollect a conversation with an eminent medical professor of the Pennsylvanian University, who having made the tour to Europe, Asia and Mexico, wherein he remarked to me, that his own personal observations were productive of this conclusion; that the American people, as a nation, were the hardest working people on the face of the Globe.

Now in relation to Mexico; she insults us by claiming the title of a Republic: she is neither an abstract, or a metaphysic—she is a nonentity—in other words a counterfeit edition of the Spanish race. Her chief ruler a curse, her inhabitants so steeped in vice, ignorance and degradation, that even Jonathan pronounces their tuition a hopeless contract, figure as you may, so when the slated period does arrive, which it inevitably will, either sooner or later, Uncle Sam will not only pocket her domain, but his next step will be even down to Tera Del Fuego, for we feel our national compe-

tency to take charge of this portion of the continent, at the same time make England a present of its inhabitants, which doubtless she may need to replenish her army, by the time she is done with the Russian bear: so rave and bluster as you please, 'tis all fame and vapor; your propensities are thoroughly understood, and then, in relation to acquisition of continent, you have again and again given to the world, practical illustrations of your skill in that science.

You have sneered at Jonathan for his skill in manufacturing wooden nutmegs and white oak hams. Be it even so—what can you think of the people who buy them? Your British oracle, the *London Times*, that reflects the tone and sentiment of your countrymen, has exercised the boldness and mendacity to proclaim to the world, these words: "Whatever the Americans may accomplish by their steam marine in either sound or river navigation, Britain will maintain her supremacy of the ocean." Not content with this declaration, she makes another, even were it possible, more surprising, viz: "That the Americans are followers of us in everything we do." *Indeed*. Now let us examine into the veracity of this declaration. It was only recently that a yacht, named the *America*, appeared on the coast of England, and there entered the contest with your renowned vessels in the presence and under the eye of Her Majesty, your Queen, stripped you of your laurels.

Numberless times have our winged racers, the clipper ships, beaten yours upon the ocean, and thereby caused you to abandon your Chinese ware junk models, and adopt the conventional rules of architecture and science, as taught by the Americans.

It will be also remembered that the Collin's mail steamship *Baltic* made the passage upon the Atlantic race-course, between New York and Liverpool, in a little over nine days; and it was very currently reported that her commander, out of sympathetic feelings, proffered your swiftest steamer a line to tow her to Liverpool, and thereby rescue your dispatches and papers from age, your letters from mould.

Did Professor Morse follow you, or you him, in the invention and introduction of the Magnetic Telegraph? Your Royal Academy at one time, possessed a President, from whose prolific brain and genius, emanated three Scriptural representations entitled, *The last supper*, *Death on the pale horse*, and *Christ rejected*; either of which has rendered his pencil, and his fame immortal: his name was Benjamin West, a citizen of America, born in Pennsylvania. To the same catalogue can we include Lealie, so also is Hiram Powers entitled to the highest honors on the scroll of fame in sculptural art.

Did not the Turks avail themselves of the eminent services of Henry Eckford, to improve and render their naval marine more efficient? Prussia and Austria availed themselves of the mechanical skill of Messrs. Norris & Brothers, and Russia, or her deceased Emperor, selected Messrs. Eastwick & Harrison, all from Philadelphia, to build her locomotives and to construct her railroads, uniting St. Petersburg with Moscow. Has either of these powers, or their confidential organs, strove to rob us of these undisputed facts? I think not. You stand alone, the claimant to that renown; and then is your memory so seriously impaired as to have forgotten that a son

of Uncle Sam made the voyage to Australia and there dispelled the mist that enveloped your sight, and laid bare the gold, to your surprise and astonishment, that there existed, telling you in friendship to lay aside your belligerent propensities, and remain at peace with the world, put your people to work, and through industry, and perseverance, liquidate that National Debt of yours, which otherwise will exist from July to eternity. As to *following* you, one of our witty countrymen says, "Yes, you can testify that our soldiers followed yours very closely, during the Revolution." We hope in future to see you exercise more regard for your national veracity, and not rob Gulliver and Baron Munchausen of their historical exploits, or become a victim to the *lock jaw*, for, unless reformation follows, either one or the other is inevitable. So, adieu for the present, Mr. John Bull.

Having presented you a truthful portrait of the respectable miner, and as this country is prolific in euphonic titles, I hope I may be permitted to award him his just due, that he is California's only legitimate *sovereign*. And now, in view of justice, I am prepared to admit the existence of another class who are not few in number, that are heedless as to time, consequences, or character, with whom there is a hope of reclamation, although it be a faint one. While beneath them, may be seen another party, who are such devotees, and so deeply allied in vice and degradation as to be utterly unfitted for the decencies of society, unless reclaimed quickly, which is extremely doubtful; we however have the gratifying consolation to know that they are decreasing in numbers, as well as influence, in this region of country; in view of this state of things, it will be seen that various grades of society exist here, as on the Atlantic side, with this difference, however, here we behold it in its naked deformity, without any effort of concealment. There the picture is equally dark, though less visible, in consequence of intrigues practiced, or skill displayed, in surpressing its publicity.

In conclusion, if our national attributes of policy is controlled by the dictates of humanity and justice, not even Imperial Rome, the proud Mistress of the World, in her palmyest days, could aspire to the acme of renown and glory of this mighty Republic. The Father of our Country has bequeathed us a brilliant inheritance; behold him in the hour of darkness and gloom, when the national pulsations almost ceased to beat, and deep despair, with her funeral pall, overshadowed the land, he, in connection with his devoted band, prepared to advance upon Trenton. It was the hour of midnight—holding a light as he was passing the head of his column, he was observed to suddenly pause, and stopping, beheld a dark substance on the snow, which upon close examination, proved to be blood, from the feet of a brave soldier, horrified at the sight, he seized his sword, drawing it from its scabbard and pointing it towards Heaven, made use of these remarkable words: "*I place my trust in Almighty God and my sword for the redemption of my Country!*"*

This thrilling incident should be indelibly impressed upon the heart of

* This incident connected with Washington, is not contained in history, but was related to the author, by his friend, the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, United States Senator from New Jersey. Mr. Southard's father not only fought, but commanded at the battle, was eye witness, and heard the words pronounced by Washington.

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every American. It should be his motto to all future time, blended in his duty to himself, his country, and his God, so that when his sun is about to set, his pilgrimage of life is approaching her dissolution, he may depart in peace, as our immutable, immaculate, and beloved WASHINGTON, in the fervent hope and blessed assurance of a bright and brilliant inheritance in the realms of eternal bliss beyond the grave.

Covered Wagon Pioneers . . .

OF SCOTT VALLEY AND HAPPY CAMP MR. AND MRS. ARMSTRONG EVANS

By MARGARET COWAN EVANS,
a daughter-in-law

In the early spring of 1860 the Evanses with their three small children joined a party leaving for the west. Instead of oxen they had a team of horses hitched to their high seated wagon.

On the second day out the horses became frightened and ran away throwing Mrs. Evans out and the baby under the wheels.

Since they didn't wish to bury the baby on the plains, they returned to Bloomfield, Iowa, then had to wait six weeks to join another company.

On May 4, 1860, a hundred covered wagons under the leadership of Captain Stockton and scouts on horseback, left Bloomfield for Oregon.

One evening far out on the plains the wagons were surrounded by Indians but the men appeased them with gifts, so no fighting took place.

The party arrived in Oregon in the latter part of September. A year or two later the Evans family came to Scott Valley owning the ranch known later as the Steve Burton place. Later he sold that farm and purchased a 160 acre farm a few miles from Happy Camp. Mr. Evans also ran a pack train from Happy Camp to Crescent City and to Yreka. This business didn't prove lucrative so Evans went into cattle raising, grazing his stock in the surrounding small valleys. He built a road over one mountain which is known as Evans Mtn. A cabin was built in Bear Valley for the cowboys, their saddles and their equipment.

At that time Happy Camp was part of Del Norte County and Mr. Evans was county supervisor for two terms. Then it became part of Siskiyou County.

The family grew to ten children—five boys and five girls. All later left Happy Camp except the oldest son, Nathan, who owned a hotel and store in the town. The store is still owned by his last living child—Ora Evans Head.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, in their old age, sold the ranch and spent their last days in Gazelle and Dunsmuir. Only three of their children are now living.

Even though the old settlers of Siskiyou are no more, let us perpetuate their memory in our writings.

"Tyee Jim," the leader of Indians of this valley, was dragged to death last Monday night, Jan. 21, 1908. He fell from his buggy near the Meamber School and was dragged to Chas. Wiek's place which is over a mile. His body was mangled. Jim is one of the oldest Indians in the county, it was through his influence that his tribe did not join the Modocs in the war. Jim is between seventy and eighty years of age. He saw the first whiteman come to this valley; has seen him gradually crowd back the redman and still he bore no malice toward him.

Coroner Kuck held an inquest over the body Tuesday night and the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death by being dragged by a horse. He will be buried today.—*From a newspaper clipping loaned by W. T. Davidson of Ft. Jones.*



—courtesy Helen F. Foulke

MOLLIE OSCAR, 1941

(Photo by Marie and George Ball)

U-Slips-Tonish . . .

By CHAS. S. GRAVES

This is the story of Youp-Shreeta-Neetah, meaning "an infant" in the Klamath Indian dialect.

Her birthplace is unknown, and I am unable to tell you the name of her tribe for the reason that when she was a small baby all of her people were massacred. She was too young to understand any Indian dialect, and she therefore speaks "white-man talk" even as you and I.

This story, as told to me by herself, and which I believe to be true, shows that the white man's treatment of the Indian has sometimes been unjust and cruel.

In the summer of the year 1856 a tribe of Indians were camped in the mountains somewhere between the old town of Shasta,

and Scott Valley, California. These Indians had always been friendly and many times guided white men through the mountains, and they taught the "Boston Man" how to live without "white-man grub," the country affording an abundance of food if one knew how to procure it. Where these Indians were camped Mount Shasta was in plain sight. The Indian name for Mount Shasta is E-Tie-You, which means "White Mountain". A stream flowed by their camp where trout could be seen leaping at all times. These people were happy, and thought they were safe from all harm by white men or Indians.

One day a young girl, a beautiful maiden, wandered down to the brook; for a moment

she stood enraptured, gazing upon the face of E-Tie-You. Then she walked down to the creek and admired her reflection in the crystal clear water, and as she arranged the wild flowers in her hair she had no thought of danger.

She did not know that at that very moment a white man was stealthily approaching and that when he was close enough he would strike her down and carry her to a retreat far back in the mountains. This man did strike her down and while she was still unconscious started to carry her to a place where he would be safe from anyone who followed on his trail. When the Indian girl did not return to camp, her brother started to find her, fearing that she had met with an accident. He hastened down to the stream and there found evidence that his sister had been attacked by a white man. He vowed that for the atrocious act the white man must die. He followed the trail and soon overtook the white man and killed him. Then tenderly carrying his sister back to the camp, he laid her still unconscious form upon the ground. He told the medicine woman to revive her.

While the medicine woman was working over the girl, the party of white men of which the attacker was a member learned that her brother had killed a member of their party, whereupon they fell upon the Indians and killed every member of the tribe, or so they thought. There was one that they failed to find.

The morning of the massacre of the Indians by white men, an Indian mother had just completed a baby basket and placed her baby therein. She hung the basket high upon the limb of a tree where it would be safe from any prowling animal. The white killers did not discover the baby; if they had, that baby would not be alive today.

People migrating to Oregon followed the old wagon road over the mountains from the old town of Shasta, California, to Scott Valley. There they camped for several days for their stock to recuperate before going on to their destination. A party of

these emigrants were on their way to Oregon on the same day of the massacre, and coming to the place where the Indians were killed, they buried the dead, and searched for any that might still be alive. Before they left, one of them said, "Wait! I hear a peculiar sound; a noise like a baby crying." They listened and could hear a faint cry. They could not locate it until one of their number looked up into the tree under which they were standing and there saw the baby in her basket hanging from a limb of the tree. They gently lowered the basket and baby and placed it in one of their wagons and proceeded on their way. When they arrived in Scott Valley, the Indians learned that the emigrants had an Indian baby in their wagon and thought that she had been stolen by the whites. After being told of the massacre, they were asked to go to the place where the Indians were killed and see for themselves. They did so and upon their return said they were sure that these people had nothing to do with the killing, for if they had done the killing they would not have buried the dead. Before the emigrants left they were asked to leave the Indian baby with a white family who would care for it as though it were their own.

This is the life history of Mrs. Mollie Oscar, whose people were massacred by the whites. She was the only one of her tribe left alive. She was raised by white people on a farm and married a chief of the Shasta tribe and became a member of the tribe by adoption.

She had two sons in the World War, Ray Oscar and Henry Oscar. Ray was wounded; both were in the thickest of the fighting. Henry was in the army fighting in the Argonne Forest. Both have passed away.

When the Lord spared her life, he knew that she would be a mother to motherless Indian children and white children who proclaim her as a noble woman and remember her with gratitude. This is a true story of Mrs. Molly Oscar a full-blood Indian, as told to the writer by herself.

—Charles S. Graves

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—*courtesy Lottie A. Ball*

JAMES ABRAMS WHEN HE CARRIED THE MAIL IN THE '80's

Abrams . . .

By **LOTTIE BALL**

One hundred years ago, Abrams, a trading post at Big Flat in the Salmon-Trinity Alps, was a busy place. Its combined store, saloon and eating place, its butcher shop and corrals served gold seekers and other adventurers rushing from the Sacramento Valley via Shasta and the Trinity watershed across the pass at Big Flat to the newer gold diggings on Salmon and Klamath Rivers, and others hurrying in the opposite direction from Trinidad on the coast of California following the same streams on their way to the Trinity, Shasta and Sacramento Valley. The post was named for its founder, James Abrams, who built it in 1850.

James Abrams, William M. Buell, familiarly known as Colonel, John Wenger, and a few other adventurous men whose names have been forgotten, visited Big Flat in October or November 1849 and may have been the first white men to see this remote pass through the Alps.

Scouts and trappers for the Hudson Bay Fur Company had reached Scott Valley before 1830 and by 1845 had moved on in search of new places to set their traps, leaving a few permanent settlers in the fertile valley. Nearly two years had passed since the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in January, 1848, Lindsay Applegate and his men had done some mining at the head

of Scott River less than 50 miles from Big Flat in June of the same year, and at the same time miners were working at Readings Bar (Wells History). In 1849 these gold miners were returning to Oregon and San Francisco with gold they had dug. It is reasonable to suppose that during nearly 30 years some of these men may have followed the streams to their sources in the higher mountains, but history does not mention them.

Abrams and his companions seem to have been on a scouting trip in '49. They had been at Shasta and on the Trinity and had followed an Indian trail from the place that is now Trinity Center, on up Swift Creek and over the mountain later to be named Preacher's Peak and down to Big Flat.

They soon found that there were no pick and shovel diggings on Big Flat and moved down the South Fork of Salmon River canyon six miles to a gravel bar below the junction of Big Bend Creek and the South Fork. Here they found gold, but while they were away from their camp Indians robbed them of their supplies. Instead of going back to the Trinity and Shasta, the group went on down the South Fork nearly to Forks of Salmon, 30 miles away, before finding a white man's camp where they could get food. They did not suffer from hunger as fish were running in the river, trout were biting and there was plenty of game.

Abrams and his friends did not stay at the forks of Salmon River. They went on up the North Fork where they saw a few white men and over the mountain to Scott Valley to spend the winter of 1849-'50.

We know little about James Abrams before he came to Big Flat. He was born in England in 1832. His English parents came to the United States while James was a baby and settled in Illinois, where his brother Francis was born. Both the father and mother died while the boys were young and they appear to have been the wards of

William M. Buell of Joliet, Illinois. When James was about 18 he came to California with Buell and John Wenger. The three started from Joliet and reached San Francisco in the summer of 1848. They came via Cape Horn and were six months on the way. When they landed in the city it was seething with excitement caused not only by the discovery of gold on the Yuba and San Joaquin Rivers earlier in the year, but by reports of new, rich gold diggings being found daily on other streams. The excitement was fanned by the sight of gold brought from the mines and by newspaper items such as this one in July 1848, which reads: "The writer of this item made \$100 per day using only a pick, pan and shovel!" Men were leaving San Francisco as fast as they could find ways to go and the three from Joliet went with them.

After spending the winter of '49-'50 in Scott Valley, Abrams, Buell and Wenger returned to Big Flat, probably in June. Apparently the bed of an ancient glacier, the flat is long and wide with forage there for a large number of horses, mules and cattle. As it is the pass through the mountains dividing the Trinity and Salmon watersheds, no traveler could go around it. It was the logical place for a summer trading post. Already the trail across the flat was being used by prospectors, miners, and adventurers of all sorts and nationalities, some carrying their packs and some with pack animals. Both men and beasts were ready to stop and refresh themselves after climbing the extremely steep and rough trails leading to Big Flat.

With the help of John Wenger, Abrams built his trading post on the flat near a natural meadow of 23 acres that was fenced later. Some of the original rails split by Abrams and Wenger are still serving their purpose there nearly 100 years later. For the post buildings they used materials at hand: logs, split boards and shakes.

Buell, an older man, and apparently the leader of the group, went to Big Bend Bar, six miles down the South Fork Canyon from Big Flat, and built a store and saloon



—photo by Mrs. E. Roff

LAKE ON BIG FLAT



—courtesy Lottie Ball

PREACHER'S PEAK AND LAKE ON BIG FLAT

there. Both Abrams and Buell selected sites for homes on the South Fork, Abrams at Lakeview four miles from the flat, and Buell at Big Bend. Both of these beautiful Alpine farms produce fine hay and fruit today.

While no record mentions other white men having been with Abrams at Big Flat and Buell at Big Bend, we know that there must have been several at each place, not only to help with the work of building the posts but as a protective measure against possible Indian raids.

Indians were troublesome on both sides of them in 1850-51-52—at Reading's Bar on the Trinity side and at the junction of the Klamath and Trinity Rivers on the other, but they did not trouble Abrams Post then or at any later time.

There was a large Indian camp near what is now Trinity Center and others at favorable places down on the South Fork of Salmon River. Indian trails led to every part of the mountains as these people were always going from place to place. Sometimes it was for hunting or fishing; they knew where the deer would be at certain seasons; they knew where the bears would be eating acorns and getting fat before hibernating. In summer there were the patches of wild plums, cherries, service berries and blackcaps and further down on the Salmon River, huckleberries and Salmon berries. The acorn crop was important and drew them to the oak groves. Then there were the tall, black-stemmed maidenhair fern for basket weaving and certain needed grasses. They had trails in every place and the white men followed them.

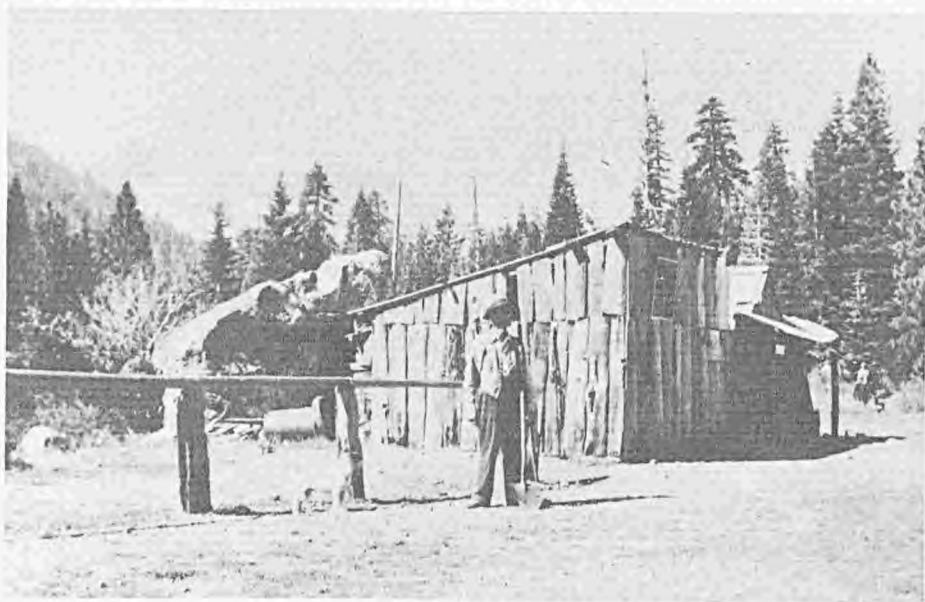
Indian trails went directly to the spots the Indians wanted to visit; there was no attempt to grade them. When white men using the Swift Creek trail finally realized they were almost a thousand feet higher than Big Flat on the trail crossing at Preacher's Peak, they made a new trail following the comparatively easy grade of Coffee Creek to its source on the flat, and abandoned the Swift Creek trail.

Both Preacher's Peak and Coffee Creek were named for incidents that happened at these places. The mountain was named Preacher's Peak after Rev. J. A. Brooks who perished there during a snowstorm. Brooks, whose home was on the Klamath River in Klamath County had been visiting friends in Trinity County and was returning home alone in December via Swift Creek and Big Flat. He was never seen again after starting up the Swift Creek trail. A heavy snow storm prevented his friends from searching for him. In the spring they went over the trail hoping to find his body, but only his watch and a few bones were found on the mountain.

Coffee Creek had no name until one of Abrams' mules loaded with coffee fell into the stream while crossing a ford when the water was high. The mule was saved and no harm was done to the coffee, as in those days coffee beans came unroasted in 100 pound sacks and it was not difficult to dry them.

From the beginning business was good at the post and Abrams soon found he needed pack animals, not only to bring supplies to the post but to deliver them to his customers. He sent for his brother, Francis Abrams. When Francis arrived at Big Flat he became a full partner in the business there and had charge of the pack-train.

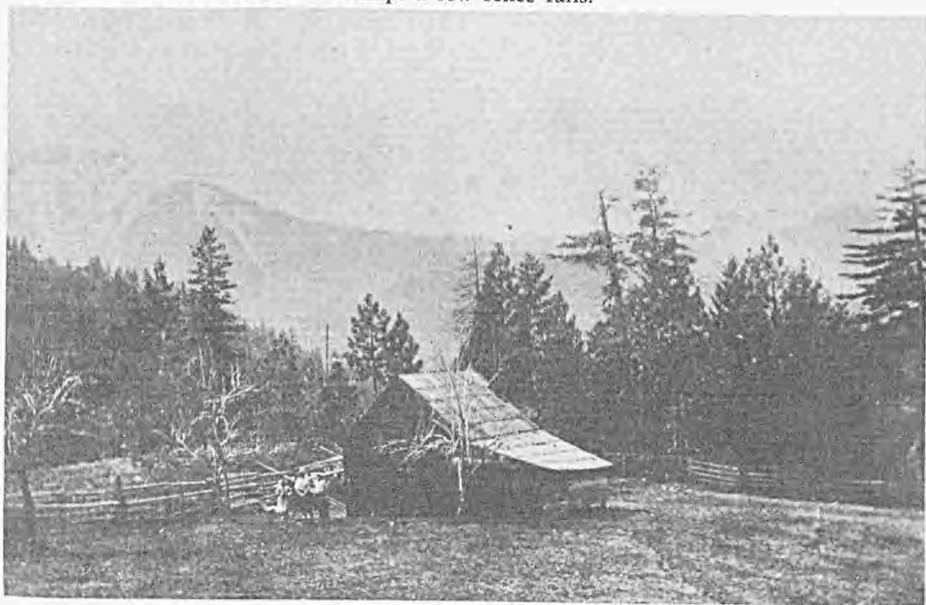
By 1852 Abrams Brothers were doing so well, James now 20 years of age, returned to Illinois to marry his sweetheart, Caroline Shaw, leaving the post in charge of Francis. It is probable that James started east during the winter of '51-'52 as trade was slack at the Abrams post when snow was on the ground. Within a year James returned with his bride. It is said the trip east was made both ways via Cape Horn, but the couple may have shortened the time and distance of the return trip by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, a route which was in use by 1852 and eventually caused the terrible trip around Cape Horn to be discontinued.



—courtesy Lottie Ball

OLD DAIRY BUILDING AT BIG FLAT

Used as a storehouse, 95 years old—All that remains of Abrams Post
except a few fence rails.



—courtesy Lottie Ball

VIEW FROM HOUSE AT LAKEVIEW

Cow shed in foreground.

Mrs. Abrams spent one or two winters at Big Flat. As the altitude at the flat is 5,072 feet snow is often deep there in winter. Seven to 10 feet of snow on the level is not unusual at Big Flat and upper Coffee Creek. In the high mountains it is usual to build the woodshed against the dwelling, with a door opening from the woodshed into the house. When the snow is deep an incline leads down into the woodshed; if that is not convenient an opening is made through the roof. Winter could not have been a comfortable time at the post and there was little trade. Miners and settlers down on the South Fork could trade at Buell's Post at Big Bend. There was no need to climb several miles and a thousand feet higher to trade at Big Flat.

In 1854 Abrams built the log house at Lakeview four miles down the South Fork. Lumber for the floors, door and window sills and furniture was whipsawed by hand while the house was going up. This lumber is still good. The large, comfortable log house was so well built it is still in use as a store house after 97 years. Boards have been nailed vertically against the outside walls to support the logs, for even a good log grows "tired" and will bend when old, then break, if unsupported. (See picture.)

After the house was built at Lakeview the Abrams family moved there each winter, leaving a couple of men as caretakers at the post. All of the stock was turned onto winter range on lower South Fork of Salmon River and at Canyon Mountain in the Mathews Creek area.

A butcher shop was added to the business at Abrams Post, and then a small dairy. Cattle were driven in on foot from the valleys beyond the mountains. There were more cattle available than one might suppose, as cattlemen had discovered the hundreds of acres of good pasture in the valleys and were ranging their stock in them some years before the northern gold rush began.

At an early date a few Chinese were being added to the mixture of nationalities coming and going past Abrams Post. Starting with three emigrants from China in 1848, nearly 12,000 Chinese men and boys had entered Pacific coast ports by 1852, and the number grew larger each year. Wealthy Chinese brought their countrymen over from China to fill labor contracts. Labor was scarce in the young state. The emigrants were required to contribute a certain part of their work to their Chinese patrons until they had paid for their passage to California and had repaid aid advanced to relatives left behind in China. The Chinese were industrious. Often a group of them was in charge of a Chinese boss and did as he told them without protest. When pick and shovel mining in California was in its hey-day, a large number of the miners were Chinese. There were several large camps of them on South Fork of Salmon River in the '50's and '60's and even in the '70's. One of these camps was at Buell's Bar, a larger one with a store at Petersburg and others within a few miles. There were also independent Chinese workers. A few of these helped with the work at Abrams Post.

After the butcher shop was added to the business at Abrams Post, bears became a nuisance. They would come in the night and carry away meat hung in the shed that served as a meat shop. There were many small brown and black bears in the mountains around Big Flat and it was supposed that one or more of these were raiding the shop. Francis volunteered to watch during the night and kill the bear with his muzzle loading rifle—good for one shot. He had several of the Chinamen at the post with him, they expected to get the bear's paws, a great delicacy, and its gall, a potent Chinese medicine. When the animal did come there was no shot, as it turned out to be a huge Grizzly bear. The terrified watchers made no attempt to stop it while it tore down and carried away the whole carcass of a beef that had been killed that day. Several older men with rifles watched for and killed the animal some days later.



—*courtesy Lottie Ball*

OLD LOG HOUSE AT LAKEVIEW

Standing and usable after 100 years. Note braces nailed to logs.



—*courtesy Mrs. Lottie A. Ball*

LAKEVIEW HOME

House at extreme left built by Francis Abrams in 1898—next to it is the original large log house built by James Abrams. Picture taken by Mrs. Euphemia Roff, granddaughter of James Abrams and owner of Lakeview.

There were serious disturbances between the Hoopa Indians and whites on the Klammath River in 1863-64. Rumors that the Hoopas were planning to raid the white settlements on South Fork of Salmon River caused some of the white settlers on upper South Fork to move their women and children to the town of Shasta for the winter of '63-'64. The men returned to their work and brought their families home the next spring. Abrams' daughter, Margaret, was born in Shasta that winter.

The Hoopa Indians did come up the South Fork of Salmon River as far as George G. Brown's trading post at the mouth of Plummer Creek, in January, 1864. They stole his supplies and wrecked his building and went back down the river. This writer lived for a time in the Salmon River country and often heard Mr. Brown relate his experience, a story he never tired of telling.

Abrams Post at Big Flat lasted a little over 10 years. It was the first to go of a dozen similar posts and larger villages on the South Fork of Salmon River. One reason, it was a summer post, another, the trail past it was no longer the main artery of travel into the South Fork country. Freight and passengers from Redding were being diverted by the California-Oregon route across Scott Mountain to Scott Valley. Another reason, one that hastened the end of the other Salmon River posts as well, was that the best of the narrow rim placers and shallow gulch diggings were gone, leaving the deeper gravel bars and river channels that could not be worked by hand.

Soon after 1860 Abrams brothers closed the post. They retained the buildings and premises and cut hay in the meadow. Their packtrain business was good and both men were kept busy. It continued to be profitable for some years but competition increased as new trains came with goods from Callahan via Jackson Creek, Trail Creek and East Fork of the South Fork of Salmon River. Then Francis sold his interest in the train to his brother James. Unlike

James, Francis wanted to do some mining. He had a claim on Caribou Gulch near Big Flat and made money there "ground sluicing" in the bottom of the gulch. He afterwards did some hydraulic mining on the South Fork below Lakeview and at other places.

James Abrams continued to run the pack train. He had two sons, Gordon and Fred, and two daughters, Margaret and Annie, who were able to help him and he employed a packer as well.

A mail route was established to bring mail from Carville in Trinity County to Cecilville in Siskiyou County via Coffee Creek, Big Flat and South Fork of Salmon River, a distance of 44 miles. James Abrams secured the contract to carry the mail over this route in 1877. As there was no parcel post in those days, he usually brought only one pack animal. (See picture.) In winter part of the trip had to be made on skis carrying the mail sack on his back. Some of the old post buildings at Big Flat were still left and he kept a saddle animal there. It is not far from the meadow to the trail down South Fork and there never is as much snow on it as there is on Big Flat and on the Coffee Creek trail.

Mrs. Abrams died at the Lakeview home August 13, 1879. She was buried with her baby on the mountainside above her home.

H. D. McNeill, a native of Prince Edwards Island, came to Big Flat in 1880 and helped Abrams with his pack train which by then is said to have been a 54 mule train. Two years later McNeill and Abrams' daughter, Margaret, were married. About the same time Abrams' other daughter, Annie, was married to Henry McBroom, a miner on the South Fork. The Abrams boys, Fred and Gordon, were bachelors.

Abrams could not compete with the pack trains coming from Scott Valley and sold his train to Bennett and Miller, prosperous Salmon River merchants and pack-

train owners. He continued to carry mail until the route was changed in 1892 and mail for Cecilville was brought from Callahan in Scott Valley via South Fork of Scott River and East Fork of the South Fork of Salmon River. This writer remembers seeing Abrams on his big sorrel horse as he came to the Cecilville postoffice in 1890-'91-'92.

Abrams retired to his home at Lakeview after the mail route was changed. Francis Abrams also lived at Lakeview. He died there May 20, 1898 and was buried on the mountain beside his sister-in-law, Caroline Abrams. James Abrams died at Lakeview May 1, 1904. He, too, was buried on the mountain. The plot is surrounded by a metal fence and the three graves are marked with headstones brought from Redding and packed up the Coffee Creek trail to Lakeview by Abrams' son-in-law, H. D. McNeill.

James Abrams lived in three counties during his 54 years at Big Flat and Lakeview; in Trinity County until the Act of May 28, 1851 created Klamath County; in Klamath County until it was dissolved May 30, 1874 and then in Siskiyou County. He saw two phases of mining on South Fork of Salmon River. Hand work when miners used pick, shovel and pan and rockers; next hydraulicking, first with canvas hose, small brass nozzles and little water pressure followed by riveted steel pipe, large giants with deflectors and water under pressure. The third phase, dredging, is still to come on South Fork.

Today Abrams is a dot on old maps; an almost forgotten name; a so-called ghost town, one of dozens of similar trading posts and small villages on South Fork of Salmon River and Coffee Creek in the '50's and '60's. Most of them disappeared completely when they were sluiced away by miners who came later. As there was no mining at Big Flat the rough milk house, probably 95 years old, is still there.

Some of Abrams' grandchildren and great-grandchildren cling to their ancestral

homes on South Fork of Salmon River and follow him as postmasters, merchants and packers. It may well be said, "Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers." (Proverbs xvii, 6).

ABRAMS is the story of James and Caroline Abrams and James' brother, Francis Abrams. No attempt has been made to include other persons in it. Items of their personal history were supplied the writer by Abrams' granddaughter, Mrs. Euphemia Roff.

THE NAME DIDN'T STICK . . .

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The railroad men have given the new station on Little Shasta road, at red hills 6 miles east of Yreka, the name of Adobeville, which they consider is more appropriate than Montague. The first trains reached there last Tuesday with construction material, and in a few days it will be made the terminus for freight and passengers for Yreka and Scott Valley.

—*Yreka Journal*, Jan. 5, 1887

Could everything be done twice, everything would be done better.

* * * *

The new is always liked, though the old is often better.

There is no virtue in a promise unless it is kept.

* * * *

Better ask twice than lose your way once.

* * * *

Everybody is wise after the thing has happened.

* * * *

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship—never. *Almanac*, 1884

EASTERNERS TAKE A DIM VIEW OF R. R. LAND GRANTS . . .

It has become quite as fashionable in the East to declaim against the Pacific railroads on the question of land subsidy, as it is on the Pacific coast against the Chinese. And there is just about as much good sense in the one case as the other.

The great hue and cry that is made at times by the people and press of the country, in regard to "giving away the lands," "squandering the public domain," etc., which censure the Government for giving, and the railroad company for receiving grants of land in aid of this road, are very surprising in view of the facts. We would like to know what the lands on the line of these railroads would be worth without the road?

Did the Government ever sell any? Could the Government ever sell them? Never! It could not realize as much from a million of acres as it would cost their surveyors and land-agents for cigars while surveying and looking after them. When the Pacific road commenced, there was not a land office in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah or Nevada, and only one or two in each of the other states or territories. On the other hand, by the building of the road, many millions of dollars have already found their way into the Government treasury, and at just double the usual price per acre. These grumblers would place the Government in the position of the boy who wanted to eat his apple, sell it, keep it, and then get credit for giving it away. Oh! how generous!

—Crofutts *Overland Tours*, 1888
courtesy William Kunze

THE BATTLE OF LIFE . . .

by Ben H. Fairchild

Life's a battle of existence
From the cradle to the grave
Where the weak and old are vanished
Those that win are strong or brave

Fate may work her charms and wonders
May protect you in the strife
But you must be up and doing
It's a battle all through life

In the early mining days there came to the Salmon River country a couple with a bunch of small children. They settled in a cabin at the mouth of Jackass Gulch a couple of miles below the town of Sawyers Bar. But the man was not a successful miner. So, with winter coming on, the good people of Sawyers took up a collection to send the family out to where living would be easier. How to take the children out the 25 mile trail over Salmon Mountain? That was easy—meat boxes by mule back! So, when the pack train moving the family was under way, the father stood by the side of the trail watching to see if all were riding well. When, lo, there was one child short! A hasty return found him playing by the side of the cabin.

All good stories should have a happy ending, even true ones like this, and I think the family must have prospered, for I knew of a grandchild, a miss of about 12, who attended a fashionable girls' school and drove her span of Shetland ponies. I often wonder if her father might have been the one who was almost left at Sawyers Bar.

Meat was very cheap in those days. Good Scott Valley beef, as well as hogs, came to Sawyers on foot. The former sold at Nalley's shop at four cents and five cents the quarter, and was delivered by pack mule to the surrounding mines. The delivery boxes were of heavy lumber, about 36 inches long and 18 inches deep. The side was at a slant, making the box 24 inches wide at the top, but only 18 inches at the bottom. They were hung by heavy rope loops to the forks of the packsaddle tree, with the flaring side next to the saddle so as to ride level. The two loops had knotted ends run through the auger holes. Two small children facing each other, or one larger one, made a side pack. If they did not balance—put in baggage, or a rock. Probably in case of children, a single sling rope was used instead of the "Diamond" to keep the boxes steady.

A Pioneer Parlor of '49 . . .

By CAROLINE BIGELOW MILLS

Someone said it was a blessing to grow old gracefully. That is the sixty-four dollar question; but with me, I take no note of dreams of what may come, an endless panorama of events dating back to 1865. Memory does not flow along in an orderly manner. One event recalls another that connects and mingles with my wandering thoughts in disorderly array; but these memories are so outstanding that they make history.

They recall the trials and tribulations of pioneer life. Only those who have experienced the changes of these years can appreciate the transition of primitive life to a more affluent way of living. The changes came gradually, but it is a long jump from log cabin to the gracious homes of today that are enjoyed by the grandchildren of these old pioneers.

It seems to the real "dyed in the wool" pioneers that the word pioneer is getting to be a misnomer. We pioneers consider that the honored name is applied to only those who came here in the 1849's to the 1879's, that year being the deadline. By the time the 1880's arrived they were looked upon by the pioneers, as youngsters, tenderfeet, yes, even intruders. They took hold and changed in every way the comfortable but unprogressive way of living at that time. The oldsters just couldn't be bothered with the new fads.

My mother and I cannot be classed as of the *early* pioneers. We did not arrive in California until 1866. We came when the "Argonauts of the plains" were beginning to awaken from their Rip Van Winkle sleep. The road that we traversed had not long been converted from the old miners trail to a well defined roadway into the lovely valley of Shasta one of the habitats of the pioneers.

The early pioneers were so thankful for the security of their well tilled acres, the growing herds of cattle, they just forgot the nice things of life they had had "back in the states". They were too busy filling the old buckskin purse with twenty dollar gold pieces and acquiring acres upon acres that have now become almost inflated burdens.

It is said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Those old pioneers were good providers. They ate well and were called "good liver". Theirs were not "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," it was just good provender to fill the inner man, and so their dining tables groaned three times a day with the fruits of their labor and the labor of the cooks. Cooking was a sort of recreation to the pioneer woman, giving her an outlet from boredom. Nor did she have any clubs, church or lodge affiliations, nor the luxury of good reading through the many magazines such as are available to us now. She had to rely on the books she brought with her across the plains and which were passed on and on to her neighbors until they became dog-eared. The distance between ranches was so long, (with old Dobbin in the harness) and as time was of the "essence" they did not get together very often. Winter was their play time. Winter found them "holed up" by the snows where they enjoyed the comfort of their fireplaces. Playtime meant doing such things as knitting, spinning, carding wool for comforters and an occasional sleigh ride to some neighbor's for a dancing party.

My mother came to live among them as the bride of Mr. Watson, well known as "Squire Watson". She was a brave little bride and brought with her new ideas of what was gracious living. She needed all the courage she had as she viewed the new

old home. It was a veritable "Bachelor's Hall" though the bridegroom himself was neatness personified. But like all men, he couldn't see the dirt in the corners. There was so much to be changed. New paint and paper, and more windows were needed. In the planning of making the old home over she felt she *must* have a parlor, a thing not known in these modern times. She could afford it, as she had been very thrifty and would not have to call on the new husband for the anticipated luxury; *and so a parlor of 1849 was born.* In her mind's eye she saw the walls of her parlor rise up in pale gray paper embossed with small gold flowers, a carpet of gray background with pink roses as big as cabbages, a mantel mirror flanked by two urns, a marble top table, long lace curtains that lay in folds on the floor, the carved furniture upholstered with old fashioned horse hair, pictures of steel engravings representing "Washington and Family," a painting of the "Old Oaken Bucket" and a few old oval framed photographs of the vintage of that time. It was a Victorian parlor if there ever was one.

"Time and tide wait for no man," and soon new homes with parlors came into being much nicer than the "Squire's Wife's". But log cabin or mansion what are they but *homes*? The word "home" has many synonyms. There are poems and songs of home. Memory brings to me out of the far away past, a song that came in tones of lilting beauty from the voice of one whom we familiarly knew as "Lucy Edson":

*"Home is where the heart is
Home is where there is one to love us."*

I hear her now as I heard her in the days gone by, as she strummed the accompaniment to that lovely song on our old guitar. That voice is stilled forever except in my memory. Surely there must be other old pioneers, who remembers the lovely things that gave us pleasure in the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49.

THE PROSPECTOR'S CREED . . .

by Ben H. Fairchild—1948

I love creation in the rough
Its open space and scenic beauty rare
I try to solve the secrets that she holds
To find her golden treasures hidden there.

To play the game upon the square
And never wrong my fellowman
Be mindful of the Golden Rule
To do the very best I can.

To have the courage to pursue
But never fall for selfish greed
With faith and hope let Fate decide
And let this be my sacred creed.

When the Chinese were taken off the railroad section gangs, they were in general replaced by sons of sunny Italy, but lately across and quite as gullible as any tenderfoot in a strange land.

Quite often their foreman would be an Hibernian not far removed from the Auld Sod and not unwilling to make a little "off the prairie" from the unenlightened members of his gangs. A favorite trick of the foreman was to impress his crew with their importance as railroad men and with the fact that as railroad men they must carry a watch. The men were then told that through the benevolence of their foreman they would be supplied with proper watches at the very low cost of twenty dollars per. The money received the foreman went to town and returned with the proper number of very popular watches, "Ingersoll's Dollar Special".

—John W. Schuler

Stages for Oregon will connect hereafter with the train at Montague, so that passengers can reach the Oregon Terminus for Portland train leaving the next night. A six horse swing will be run into Yreka from Montague, connecting with Scott Valley stage line.

—Yreka Journal, March 12, 1887

History of Siskiyou County, California

By HARRY L. WELLS

CHAPTER VI GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF SISKIYOU COUNTY

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

Extending from the ridge that lies between the Salmon and Trinity rivers on the west, to the lava beds on the east, and from the Sacramento divide on the south to the Siskiyou mountain on the north, the county of Siskiyou contains a total superficial area of over three thousand square miles. It is essentially a region of mountains. Great ridges and spurs of pine-clad hills reach out in all directions, their canons, gorges, precipitous bluffs combining with the graceful sides of other green hills to form a picture of wonderful beauty, wherever the eye may rest. Here it is impossible to withdraw the eye from beholding the loveliness of Nature. When intervening hills obscure from view the hoary crown of Shasta and the grant but less imposing peaks that lift themselves into the sky on every hand, the eye rests with pleasure upon the obstructing hills themselves, and sees in them beauties to admire and love. The deeper we plunge into the rocky canons that shut us in from the great world without, the more we come into sympathy and union with Nature, and admire the simple grandeur she there reveals to us. We sit in some cavernous depth or perch ourselves upon some commanding peak and think of the long centuries that rolled swiftly by, while the red men called this home and disturbed not with profaning hand the simple order Nature had established in her chosen dominion. The deer, the bear, and the antelope roamed its valleys and penetrated the dense forests that covered its mountain sides; the simple natives lived in peace and quietude, so few and so retired that the first white men who passed through scarce saw them at all. This

was the condition till thirty years ago, when the magic wand of gold was waved over the mountain tops, and a new race came to supplant the old, to level forests and disembowel the earth, to subdue the soil and deface the brow of Nature with the crown of civilization.

WELLS EXPLANATION OF THE NAME "SISKIYOU"

This is one of three origins which have been attributed to the name "Siskiyou". See Siskiyou Pioneer, 1948, "Possible Origins of the Name Siskiyou".

Siskiyou County was named after the high range of mountains that rolls the waters of its northern slope into the Rogue river, and those that fall on the south into the rushing Klamath. On the summit of the mountain, just over the divide, in Oregon, there is a beautiful level spot, watered by cool springs, that overlooks the country for miles around. It was here that the powerful Shasta, Rogue River and Klamath tribes used to congregate, smoke their pipes, indulge in dancing and games, and exchange those friendly offices so usual with neighboring tribes living at peace with each other. This place they called Sis-ki-you, or the council ground, the name now borne by one of the largest counties in California.

KLAMATH, SCOTT, SHASTA, SALMON AND TRINITY VALLEYS

Siskiyou and the counties of the northern mountains have a system of water-courses distinct from their sisters to the south. The great Klamath River rises in the lake of the same name, and in its windings through the mountains takes a general westerly course until it pours into the ocean near Crescent City the combined waters of the Klamath, Shasta, Scott, Salmon and Trinity

ivers, with their hundreds of tributaries. The volume of water that goes surging through its rocky gorges and precipitous canons in the winter season is tremendous and the slowly melting snows on the mountain peaks keep the stream a rushing torrent till late in the summer. The name Klamath is of Indian origin and was first applied to the stream near its source by the early trappers, who asked the natives there what they called the stream and were answered "Klambat" or "Tlambat". (It is spelled by Fremont "Tlamath.") The tribes that lived along the stream each had its name for the great river but the name adopted by the whites soon became known from the mouth to the source, and was also applied to the lakes from which it springs, though for these the Klamath tribe that inhabited their borders had different and distinct appellations. This stream as well as its first important tributary, the Shasta, was known to the trappers before the advent of the prospector, their frequent journeys from the Sacramento Valley to the Willamette, making their names and location familiar. The Shasta rises in the hills that form the north and western base of the noble Shasta peak, and flows in a northerly course through the valley of the same name till it mingles with the waters of the Klamath a few miles below the town of Cottonwood. The name of both river and valley was received from the patron peak that towers above them. Knowing such a river to exist, the miners as they advanced from the south and west in 1850 first supposed the Salmon River to be that stream, and next Scott River, not finding the true river till the middle of the summer.

The next stream of importance is Scott River, which takes its rise in the giant ridge that lies between Scott and Shasta valleys and the great Scott Mountain that separates it from the head-waters of the Trinity. It runs in a general northerly direction through the valley, plunges into the mountains that hedge in the Klamath, and then loses itself in that stream. The name was derived from John W. Scott, who mined for gold on Scott Bar in July, 1850, and has been handed down to the valley

through which it runs and one of the mountains from which it springs.

Just beyond the range of mountains that hem in the valley to the west, runs the Salmon River, first discovered and named early in 1850. The north fork rises in these dividing mountains and flows west, while the south fork comes from the Scott and Trinity mountains on the south, the two uniting but a few miles before their mingled waters are poured into the Klamath. This stream traverses no large valley, but runs through an unbroken series of mountains from the sources of both forks to their junction with the Klamath. Until 1875 the country drained by this stream formed a portion of Klamath County, but at that time it was annexed to and became an integral part of Siskiyou.

The next and the last great tributary of the Klamath is Trinity River, lying wholly in Trinity and Humboldt counties. It received its name from Major P. B. Reading, who trapped on its headwaters in 1845, and named it Trinity because he supposed it to empty into Trinidad Bay, discovered by the early Spanish explorers, an error which misled thousands of gold seekers in 1849 and 1850, who sought to reach its famous mines by entering the bay in vessels and passing up the stream from its mouth.

Other tributaries of the Klamath are Butte Creek, Bogus Creek, Shovel Creek, Willow Creek, Cottonwood Creek, Humbug and Little Humbug creeks, Weaver Indian Creek, and a number of others, while McAdams, Crystal, Moffat, Patterson, Indian and Etna creeks flow into Scott River, and Little Shasta, Yreka Creek and Greenhorn contribute their waters to swell the Shasta River.

THE McCLOUD AND THE PIT

That portion of the state embraced in Modoc was, until 1874, a portion of Siskiyou, and is tributary to the Sacramento River, lying on the eastern slope of the mountains that wall in the Klamath and its tributaries. Two great branches of the

Sacramento, the McLeod and the Pit, receive the waters of this region. The Pit River is properly the Sacramento, and heads in Goose Lake on the Oregon border. It received its name from the custom of the natives along its banks of digging pits in which to capture bear and deer, and even entrap strange warriors who might set hostile foot in their hunting grounds. The pits were dug in the regular trails made by animals, and were from twelve to fourteen feet deep and conical in shape with a small opening at the top, which was covered with brush and dirt so carefully as to completely deceive the unpracticed eye. All loose dirt was removed and a trail made over the pit, near which signs, such as broken twigs, etc., were placed that gave warning to members of the tribe of the location of the dreadful pitfall. Sharpened stakes were sometimes set up in the bottom, upon which any object falling into the pit was certain to impale itself. The name is usually spelled Pitt, the mistake arising from ignorance of its origin. The McLeod, or, as it is usually called, the McCloud, received its name from an old Scotch trapper, who, in 1827 (by some authorities, 1828), led the first party of Hudson Bay Company trappers that ever penetrated into California. Having passed down from Oregon, along the sea-coast, and entered the Sacramento Valley from the west the snows of winter caught the party trapping beaver on this stream. They narrowly escaped the fate of the lamented Donner party, in 1846, and were compelled to cache all their furs and traps and make their way over the snow and mountains to a more hospitable climate. The name of this trapper was Alexander Roderick McLeod, and the river has ever since borne his name. Years later, when white men had settled in this region, a well-known and worthy citizen, Ross McCloud, a surveyor by profession, lived on this stream, and the similarity of pronunciation in the two names led to the common error of supposing that his name was the one the river bore, and thus it stands upon the maps. It is an error that should be corrected, and the name of the first white trapper to penetrate this region

should be handed down in history associated with the mountain stream upon whose banks he and his party suffered so much. (See last of Chapter VII.)

In its general topographical features, Siskiyou County may be said to consist of two large valleys, hemmed in on all sides by lofty ranges of forest covered mountains. On the south lie the Trinity, Scott, and Sacramento mountains, on the east the Butte Creek, on the north the Siskiyou, and on the west the Salmon range. Through the center, from north to south, separating the two valleys and the waters that fertilize them, runs a range from the Klamath River to the Sacramento divide. A small portion of the county lies both east and west of these mountain bulwarks, the Salmon River country lying to the west and the Butte Creek region to the east. Among these towering ranges are many places of grandeur that deserve a special mention, and one, Mount Shasta, of world-wide fame and notoriety.

MOUNT SHASTA

The snowy crown of Shasta was a familiar sight to the early settlers in the lower portion of the state long before the foot of the white man ever pressed the green grass at its base. Standing in the Sacramento Valley, one can plainly see its white top lifted proudly above the blue range that closes in the valley to the north. From Mount Diablo it is distinctly visible, and from the dome of the state capitol at Sacramento it meets the eye of many a gazer who knows not its name nor the great distance it lies to the north. The mariner on the ocean can see it, and the emigrant on the parched deserts of Nevada has often traveled towards it day after day, an infallible guide to lead them on to the land of gold. The Russians who settled at Bodega could see it from the mountains of the Coast Range, and called it Tchastal, or the white or pure mountain. This name the early Americans adopted, spelling and pronouncing it Chasta, time having made the further change of substituting the soft sh for the hard ch. The name was also applied by the trappers to the valley that

lies at its northern base and the river that bears its cold, snow waters to the Klamath, as well as to the tribe of Indians that inhabited Scott and Shasta valleys and the mountains to the north. The true name of their tribe they have forgotten or will not tell, having been called Shastas for half a century, but the name of their beautiful, patron mountain still remains to us, *I-e-ka*, the white.

The Indians have a tradition that the mountain is the abode of the Great Spirit, and that the whole country about was inhabited by grizzlies, who captured the daughter of the Great Spirit, and married her to one of their number. These were the progenitors of the Indians. They built Little Mount Shasta for a wigwam for the captured girl, that she might live near the lodge of her father.

The Little Mount Shasta referred to in the legend as the wigwam of the daughter of the Great Spirit, generally called the Black Butte, is a miniature counterpart of the great mountain itself, minus the snow and ice. It looks as if the Creator when he made Mount Shasta took the dirt and stones that were left over and made a little one, which he set by the great masterpiece to show how truly great and grand it was. Nothing gives us so good an idea of the greatness of Shasta as to compare it with the apparently dwarf-like hills that surround it, and which, were it not for the overshadowing presence of the mighty mountain would be great themselves. Surely a peak ten thousand feet high, like the Goose Nest, is no little hill, and yet beside Shasta it looks like the little pile of snow beside the great snowball the boys roll up in winter. The mountain is an old volcano, which still exhibits its vitality in the shape of the hot springs that bubble up on the apex of the highest peak. They are thus described by the United States Coast Survey: "A very remarkable feature of Mount Shasta is the collection of hot springs two hundred feet below the top. The extreme summit is a steep ridge not more than two hundred or three hundred feet through on a level with the springs,

and composed of shattered lava which looks as though any water falling in rain or formed by melting snow on it would immediately run out through the cracks. There is in the material nothing which, when brought in contact with the air or moisture, would cause heat by chemical action; yet at the bottom of the steep ridge there is a little flat of half an acre, full of hot springs, most of them very small and the largest not more than three feet across. They have a temperature of 100 degrees, and their water is strong with sulphur and other minerals. In some, the water bubbles up violently, and there are openings in the earth from which hot steam rushes out with great force and considerable noise. One of these vents throws out a jet of steam two feet in diameter. These springs, and the earth around them, retain their heat through winter as well as summer, notwithstanding the severe cold which must prevail there. On the first of October the thermometer was below the freezing point, at both sunrise and sunset and the temperature of the year there is probably, for we have no series of observations, not higher than 30 degrees, possibly much below that figure. Immense masses of snow lie on the southern side of the mountain through the summer, and on the northern side there is a living glacier. Notwithstanding the almost constant cold resulting from the snow, ice and high elevation, the great heat supplied from the heart of the mountain does not give way. The waters of these springs must be forced up by a power, which though small in comparison, still suggests the mighty forces that piled up this cone to the height of 8,000 feet above the highest adjacent ridges, and from its extinct craters poured out the lava that covered hundreds of square miles with desolation."

There are several craters on Mount Shasta, but the largest is on the western peak that is several hundred feet lower than the main summit on which are the springs, and separated from it by a deep gorge filled with frozen snow and ice. The height of the mountain as given by Professor Whitney is 14,440; by the Coast Survey is 14,

443 ft. W. S. Moses was on the mountain from sunrise till three o'clock August 21, 1861, and made eleven observations with an instrument furnished him by the Smithsonian Institute for that purpose, and fixed the height at 14,437 feet. Professor Whitney made but one observation still his estimate, 14,440 feet, is the usually accepted one. There are but two points higher on the coast, Mount Whitney, 15,000 and Mount Williamson, 14,500 feet. These peaks, however, cannot approach Shasta in grandeur and magnificence, for their bases rest on the top of high ridges of mountains, above which they rise but a few thousand feet, while the base of Shasta is but 3,570 above the level of the sea, and the mountain towers up in one single peak nearly 11,000 feet, the grandest and noblest in America, imaged on canvas and immortalized in song.

FIRST ASCENTS OF THE MOUNTAIN

Capt. J. D. Pierce, alone Spring 1854; Pierce, McDermit Martin, Garland, J. L. and J. S. Cummins, Dr. Hearn, Parker, Stratton, Holden and 3 others Sept. 1854; Mayhew spends night on mountain, 1859; Pyle, Pennington, Morse, Johnson, Moses, and others August, 1861.

The ascent of the mountain, until recent years, was an undertaking of considerable magnitude and danger, but now, by means of the experience of years and the services of well-trained guides, it is possible to all those who have the strength and endurance to stand the fatigue of so long a climb. It is customary to advance as far as the timber line, and there remain all night. From here, by starting early in the morning, the top can be gained and a descent made the same day. After a toilsome climb and an hour or two spent on the summit, enjoying the panorama of mountains, lakes, valleys, rivers, and ocean spread out before the eye, it is pleasant to sit on the board or blanket used for a sled, and with a long pole that serves both as a rudder and a brake, shoot down the snow surface of the mountain side in one long, wild slide of several miles, the spray-like snow flying in a perfect cloud about the head, and blinding the

eyes like the drivings of a storm. The rapidity with which the traveler shoots over the snow in the steeper places is terrific, and gives him almost the sensation of falling through interminable space, but when the snow disappears in the great forest below, and the coaster rises to his feet and gazes up the great mountain down which he came in as many minutes as it took him hours to ascend, he realizes still more the immensity of his journey and feels himself over to see if he is all there, or if pieces of himself have been scattered along the route, giving a sigh of satisfaction when he discovers himself to be sound in body, and mind, and longs to go up and try it again. It was four years after the adventuresome miner penetrated this region before anyone attempted to make an ascent of Shasta. Early in September, 1854, Capt. J. D. Pierce, a merchant of Yreka, ascended the peak alone, and so incredible did his story of it appear that few would believe him, and a party of thirteen from Yreka, Humbug and Scott Valley was organized to go with him on a second trip. Pierce guided them safely to the top and proved his claim he had made to be the first white man (and it is not known that any Indian ever was there) to set foot on the barren top of Shasta's lofty peak, fourteen thousand and four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. The Yreka portion of this party lost their horses and were thus delayed one day, passing the others coming down as they went up. The party that made the ascent with Captain Pierce, September 19, 1854, was composed of Major Charles McDermit, Captain William Martin, Norval Garland, and three others. In the Yreka party that went up the next day were J. Lytle Cummins, J. S. Cummins, Dr. F. G. Hearn, Holland Parker, R. B. Stratton, and Yank Holden. On the barren lava rock that composes the extreme summit they made a little depository of rocks in which they placed a copy of the Mountain Herald, New York Herald, New Testament, constitution and by-laws of the Sons of Temperance and Odd Fellows, where they remained for years in a perfect state of preservation, the papers not even rot-

ting or moulding where they were folded. The temperature here, probably, seldom rises above the freezing point, and the barren rock and preservation of these papers seem to indicate that snow or moisture of any kind never falls on the extreme summit. The custom of leaving some paper or article there has been a general one, and gives much pleasure to those who find them years later. Dr. Hearn had with him a Roach's thermometer, and recorded the temperature every five minutes from the timber line to the summit.*

Temperature of the boiling spring is 180 degrees. This temperature is much greater than given by the Coast Survey, and it probably raises many degrees, being sometimes simply warm water, and at others emitting clouds of steam.

There are but three months in the year when it is considered safe to ascend the mountain—July, August, and September. Long before the winter rains set in storms rage about its lofty brow, and woe to the adventuresome traveler who has to contend with their fury. In the spring, storms beat upon its face when all is quiet below, and the frozen snow is so hard and slippery that danger attends every footstep. It is then only when the weather is fairest and after the rays of the sun have so softened the snow that a good foothold can be had, that the pleasure-seeker attempts the long journey to the top, though for scientific reasons, ascents have been made as early as April and as late as November. To see the sun rise from the apex of Shasta has been the ambition of thousands, but few

have dared to brave the rigors of a night on its frigid top. The first to attempt it was N. C. Mayhew, who left Shasta Valley one night in the summer of 1859, with two or three companions, carrying blankets wood, and coffee. While on the journey up their exertions kept them warm, but when they reached the springs they found the wood, blankets and coffee which they warmed in the springs, none too much to keep them from freezing. As the sun began to rise, the east was all aglow with light, while to the west the lofty peak cast a shadow of intense gloom that extended clear to the ocean more than a hundred miles away, its sides being clearly defined by the increasing light. As the sun gradually mounted the crimson vault, the higher peaks that lay within the mighty shadow pierced the gloom, while below them reigned midnight darkness. Gradually the mountains evolved themselves, then the valleys, then the ocean, and at last the darkness was conquered and the full rays of the sun irradiated every object. On the twenty-first of August, 1861, a party from Deadwood, consisting of C. H. Pyle, Brice C. Pennington, Wesley Morse, Colonel Johnson, W. S. Moses of Yreka and a few others, started from the timber line in the night, and reached the summit just five minutes before the sun appeared in the east, and witnessed the glories of its onward march. Since then quite a number have gone up to see the rising sun, while others have spent the night by the friendly springs, shivering and freezing, to be the first in California to greet the god of day, in the morning.

These were the first observations taken, and are given here condensed to four observations per hour:

Time	Degree
6:00 A.M.	61
6:15	61
6:30	62
6:45	58
(Vegetation growing)	
7:15	55
(First Snow)	
7:15	55
7:30	54
8:00	52

8:15	52
8:30	54
8:45	58
9:00	58
9:15	54
9:30	52
9:45	61
10:00	58
10:15	46
10:45	50
(Red Bluff)	
11:00	60
11:15	50
11:30	50

11:45	55
12:00	50
12:15	54
(Picked up a butterfly off the snow one mile from summit)	
12:30	54
12:45	50
1:00 P.M.	50
1:15	44
1:20	70
(Hot springs)	
1:30	36
(Summit)	

GEOLOGIST KING DESCRIBES CRATER
AND EXPERIENCE ON SUMMIT IN 1870

Mr. Clarence King, the geologist, spent two nights, one on the crater peak and one on the summit, which he thus describes in his *Mountaineering in the Sierras*, in 1870:

"September 11th found the climbers of our party—S. F. Emmons, Frederick A. Clark, Albert B. Clark, and myself—mounted upon mules, heading for the crater cone over rough rocks and among the stunted firs and pines which mark the upper limit of forest growth. The morning was cool and clear with a fresh north wind sweeping around the volcano and bringing in its descent invigorating cold of the snow region. When we had gone as far as our mules could carry us, threading their difficult way among piles of lava, we dismounted and made up our packs of beds, instruments, food and fuel for a three days' trip, turned the animals over to George and John, our two muleteers, bade them good-day, and with a guide who was to accompany us up the first ascent, struck out on foot. Already above vegetation, we looked out over all the valley south and west, observing its arabesque of forest, meadow, and chaparral, the files of pines which struggled up almost to our feet and just below us the volcano slope strewn with red and brown wreck and patches of shrunken snow-drift.

"Our climb up the steep western crater slope was slow and tiresome, quite without risk or excitement. The footing, altogether of lodged debris, at times gave way provokingly, and threw us out of balance. Once upon the spiry pinnacles which crown the crater rim, a scene of wild power broke upon us. The round crater-bowl, about a mile in diameter and nearly a thousand feet deep, lay beneath us, its steep, shelving sides of shattered lava mantled in places to the very bottom by fields of snow. We clambered along the edge toward Shasta, and came to a place where for a thousand feet it was a mere blade of ice, sharpened by the snow into a thin, frail edge, upon

which we walked in cautious balance, a misstep likely to hurl us down into the chaos of lava blocks within the crater. Passing this, we reached the north edge of the rim, and from a rugged mound of shattered rock looked down into a gorge between us and the main Shasta. There, winding its huge body along lay a glacier, riven with sharp, deep crevasses yawning fifty or sixty feet wide, the blue hollows of their shadowed depth contrasting with the brilliant surfaces of ice. * * *

"Our little party separated, each going about his labor. The Clarks, with theodolite and barometer, were engaged on a pinnacle over on the western crater-edge. * * * Emmons and I geologized about the rim and interior slope, getting at last out of sight of one another. In mid-crater sprang up a sharp cone several hundred feet high, composed of much shattered lava, and indicating doubtless the very latest volcanic activity. At its base lay a small lakelet, frozen with rough, black ice. Far below us, cold, gray banks and floating flocks of vapor began to drift and circle about the lava slopes, rising higher at sunset, till they quite enveloped us, and at times shut out the view. Later we met for bivouac, spread our beds upon small debris under lee of a mass of rock on the rim and built a little camp-fire, around which we sat closely.

"We turned in; the Clarks together, Emmons and I in our fur bags. Upon cold stone our bed was anything but comfortable, angular fragments of trachyte finding their way with great directness among our ribs and under shoulder-blades, keeping us almost awake in that despairing semi-consciousness where dreams and thoughts tangle in tiresome confusion. Just after midnight, from sheer weariness, I arose, finding the sky cloudless, its whole black dome crowded with stars. A silver dawn over the slope of Shasta brightened till the moon sailed clear. Under its light all the rugged topography came out with unnatural distinctness, every impression of height and depth greatly exaggerated. The empty crater lifted its rampart into the light I

could not tell which seemed most desolate, that dim moonlit rim with pallid snow-mantle and gaunt crags, or the solid black shadow which was cast downward from southern walls, darkening half the bowl. From the silent air every breath of wind or whisper of sound seemed frozen. Naked lava slopes and walls, the high gray body of Shasta with ridge and gorge, glacier and snow-field, all cold and still under the icy brightness of the moon, produced a scene of Arctic terribleness such as I had never imagined. I looked down, eagerly straining my eyes, through the solemn crater's lip, hoping to catch a glimpse of the lower world; but far below, hiding the earth, stretched out a level plain of cloud, upon which the light fell cold and gray as upon a frozen ocean. I scrambled back to bed, and happily to sleep, a real, sound, dreamless repose.

"We breakfasted some time after sunrise, and were soon under way with packs on our shoulders. * * *

"After we had walked along a short curved ridge which forms the summit, representing as I believe, all that remains of the original crater, it became my occupation to study the view. A singularly transparent air revealed every plain and peak on till the earth's curve rolled them under remote horizons. The whole great disc of world outspread beneath wore an aspect of glorious cheerfulness. The Cascade Range, a roll of blue forest land, stretched northward, surmounted at intervals by volcanoes; the lower, like symmetrical Mount Pitt, bare and warm with rosy lava colors; those farther north lifting against the pale, horizon-blue solid white cones upon which strong light rested with brilliance. It seemed incredible that we could see so far toward the Columbia River almost across the State of Oregon, but there stood Pitt, Jefferson and the Three Sisters in unmistakable plainness. Northeast and east spread those great plains out of which rise low lava chains, and a few small burned-out volcanoes, and there, too, were the group of Klamath and Goose lakes, lying in mid-plain glassing the deep upper violet.

Farther and farther from our mountain base in that direction the greenness of forest and meadow fades out into rich mellow brown, with warm cloudings of sienna over bare lava hills, and shades, as you reach the eastern limit, in pale ash and lavender and buff, where stretches of level land slope down over Madelin plains into Nevada deserts. An unmistakable purity and delicacy of tint, with transparent air and paleness of tone, give all desert scenes the aspect of water-color drawings. Even at this immense distance I could see the gradual change from rich, warm hues of rocky slope, or plain overspread with ripened vegetation, out to the high pale key of the desert. Southeast the mountain spurs are smoothed into a broad glacia, densely overgrown with chaparral, and ending in open groves around plains of yellow grass. A little farther begin the wild, canon-curved piles of green mountains which represent the Sierras, and afar, towering over them, eighty miles away, the lava dome of Lassen's Peak standing up bold and fine. South, the Sacramento canon cuts down to unseen depths, its deep trough opening a view of the California plain, a brown, sunny expanse, over which loom in vanishing perspective the Coast Range peaks. West of us, and quite around the semicircle of view, stretches a vast sea of ridges, chains, peaks, and sharp walls of canons as wild and tumultuous as an ocean storm. Here and there above the blue billows rise snow-crests and shaggy rock-chains, but the topography is indistinguishable. With difficulty I could trace for a short distance the Klamath canon course, recognizing Siskiyou peaks where Professor Brewer and I had been years before; but in that broad area no further unraveling was possible. So high is Shasta, so dominant above the field of view, we looked over it all as upon a great shield which rose gently in all directions to the sky.

"Whichever way we turned the great cone fell off from our feet in dizzying abruptness. We looked down steep slopes of neve, on over shattered ice-wreck, where

glaciers roll over cliffs, and around the whole broad massive base curved deeply through its lava crusts in straight canons. These flutings of ancient and grander glaciers are flanked by straight, long moraines, for the most part bare, but reaching down part way into the forest. It is interesting to observe that those on the north and east, by greater massiveness and length indicate that in former days the glacier distribution was related to the points of compass about as it is now. What volumes of geographical history lay in view! Old mountain uplift; volcanoes built upon the plain of fiery lava; the chill of ice and wearing force of torrent, written in glacier-gorge and water-curved canon. * * *

"A fierce wind blew from the southwest, coming in gusts of great force. Below, we could hear it beat surf-like upon the crags. We hurried down to the hot-spring flat, and just over the curve of its southern descent made our bivouac. Even here the wind howled merciless and cold.

"We turned to and built of lava blocks a square pen about two and a half feet high, filled the chinks with pebbles, and banked it with sand. I have seen other brown-stone fronts more imposing than our Shasta home, but I have rarely felt more grateful to four walls than to that little six by six pen. I have not forgotten that through its chinks the sand and pebbles pelted us all night, nor was I oblivious when sudden gusts toppled over here and there a good-sized rock upon our feet. When we sat up for our cup of coffee, which Clark artistically concocted over the scanty and economical fire, the walls sheltered our backs; and for that we were thankful, even if the wind had full sweep at our heads and stole the very draught from our lips, whirling it about north forty east by compass, in the form of an infinitesimal spray. The zephyr, as we courteously called it, had a fashion of dropping vertically out of the sky upon our fire and leaving a clean hearth. For the space of a few moments after these meteorological jokes there was a lively gathering of

burning knots from among our legs and coats and blankets.

"There are times when the extreme of discomfort so overdoes itself as to extort a laugh and put one in the best of humor. This tempest descended to so many absurd personal tricks altogether beneath the dignity of a reputable hurricane, that at last it seemed to us a sort of furious burlesque. Not so the cold; that commanded entire respect, whether carefully abstracting our animal heat through the bed of gravel on which we lay, or brooding over us hungry for those pleasant little waves of motion which taking Tyndall for granted, radiated all night long, in spite of wildcat bags, from our unwilling particles. I abominate thermometers at such times. Not one of my set ever owned up the real state of things. Whenever I am nearly frozen and conscious of every indurated bone, that bland little instrument is sure to read twenty or thirty degrees above any unprejudiced estimate. Lying there and listening to the whispering sands that kindly drifted, ever adding to our cover, and speculating as to any further possible meteorological affliction was but indifferent amusement, from which I escaped to a slumber of great industry. We lay like sardines, hoping to encourage animal heat, but with small success.

"The sunrise effect, with all its splendor, I find it convenient to leave to some future traveler. I shall be generous with him, and say nothing of that hour of gold. It had occurred long before we awoke, and many precious minutes were consumed in united appeals to one another to get up and make coffee. It was horridly cold and uncomfortable where we were, but no one stirred. How natural it is under such circumstances to

*'Rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know
not of.'*

"I lay musing on this, finding it singular that I should rather be there stiff and cold while my likeminded comrades appealed to me, than to get up and comfort myself

with camp-fire and breakfast. We severally awaited developments. At last Clark gave up and made the fire, and he has left me in doubt whether he loved cold less or coffee more. Digging out our breakfast from drifted sand was pleasant enough, nor did we object to excavating the frozen shoes, but the mixture of disintegrated trachyte discovered among the sugar, and the manner in which our brown-stone front had blown over and flattened out the family provisions were received by us as calamity. However, we did justice to Clark's coffee, and socially toasted our bits of meat, while we chatted and ate zestfully portions not too freely brecciated with lava sand. I have been at times all but morbidly aware of the power of local attachment finding it absurdly hard, to turn the key on doors I have entered often and with pleasure. My own early home, though in other hands, holds its own against greater comfort, larger cheer, and a hundred times, when our little train moved away from grand old trees or willow-shaded springs by mountain camps, I have felt all the pathos of nomadism, from the Aryan migration down.

"As we shouldered our loads and took to the ice-field I looked back on our modest edifice, and for the first time left my camp with gay relief."

JOHN MUIR SPENDS NIGHT AT HOT SPRING APRIL 28, 1875

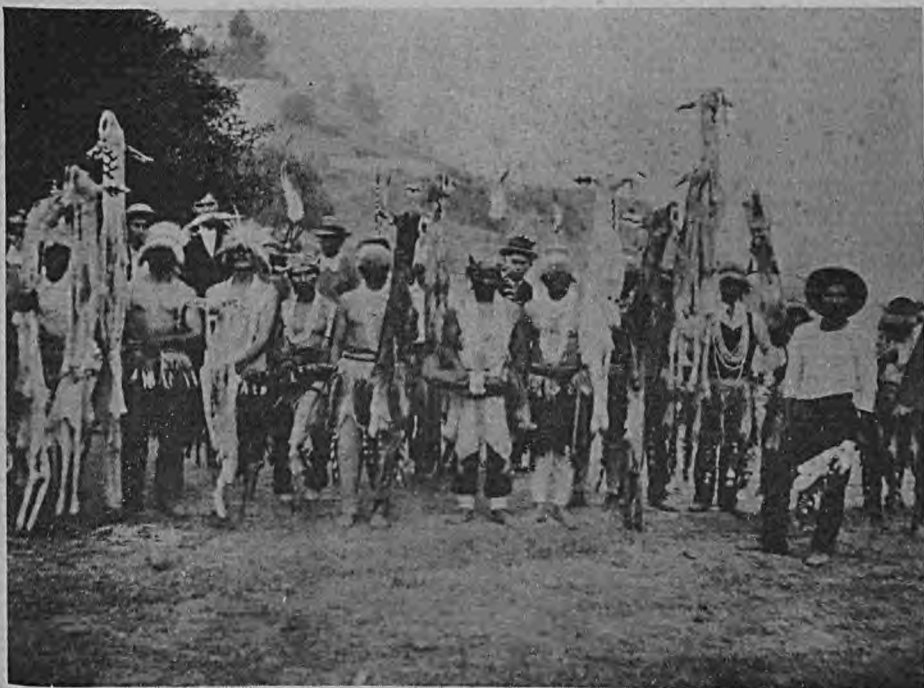
Prof. John Muir, the celebrated mountain geologist, and A. F. Rogers of the United States Coast Survey ascended Shasta, with a guide, April 28, 1875 for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of erecting a monument on the extreme summit. The next day Muir went up with the guide, while Rogers remained below to answer signals. About ten o'clock a storm arose that obscured the mountain so that signals could not be seen, and as Muir had been there during a storm the previous October, he determined to remain until three o'clock, with the hope that by that time it would have cleared up sufficiently to permit observations to be made. The storm increased in violence, so that descent was impossible, and the two men were compelled to pass the night there, without any-

thing to wrap around them or of which to build a fire. Hastening to the hot springs that boil up near the summit, they endeavored by lying in the mud to keep from death by freezing. A cold wind blew in a perfect hurricane, while the thermometer was many degrees below zero. Blistered by the heat below and benumbed by the chilling wind above, they suffered untold agonies throughout that terrible night. Now lying on the back, now on the face, now on one side, and now on the other, they changed their position as often as the heat of the mud became unendurable, and, as they rolled over, the raw wind swept across the blisters the heat had raised, and added new suffering to the sum of their agonies. As soon as morning dawned they started to descend, weak, feeble, and almost crazy from pain, and were met by friends who had started up to their relief, but not until their blistered feet had become frost-bitten and their clothing had frozen and mercilessly chafed their parboiled flesh. Their experience was a terrible one, and will serve as a warning to any fool-hardy man who may think that April is a safe month in which to test the fitful temper of old Boreas on Mount Shasta.

U. S. COAST SURVEY PLACES MONUMENT ON MOUNT SHASTA, OCTOBER, 1875

In October, 1875, the monument was set in place. It weighs two thousand pounds, and is cylindrical in form, sixteen feet high and three feet in diameter, made of boiler iron. The cylinder is surmounted by a bell-shaped cap of polished composition that reflects the rays of the sun, and can be seen with a powerful glass at a distance of one hundred miles, even when intervening clouds obscure it from the vision of those at the base of the mountain, and, to the mariner on the ocean, is an infallible landmark and guide. It was taken up on wagons a distance of five miles, then on mules a distance of two and one-half miles above the old camp ground, and, from that point to the summit, thirty men carried it, in small pieces, on their backs.

(Chapter VI will be continued in our next publication.)

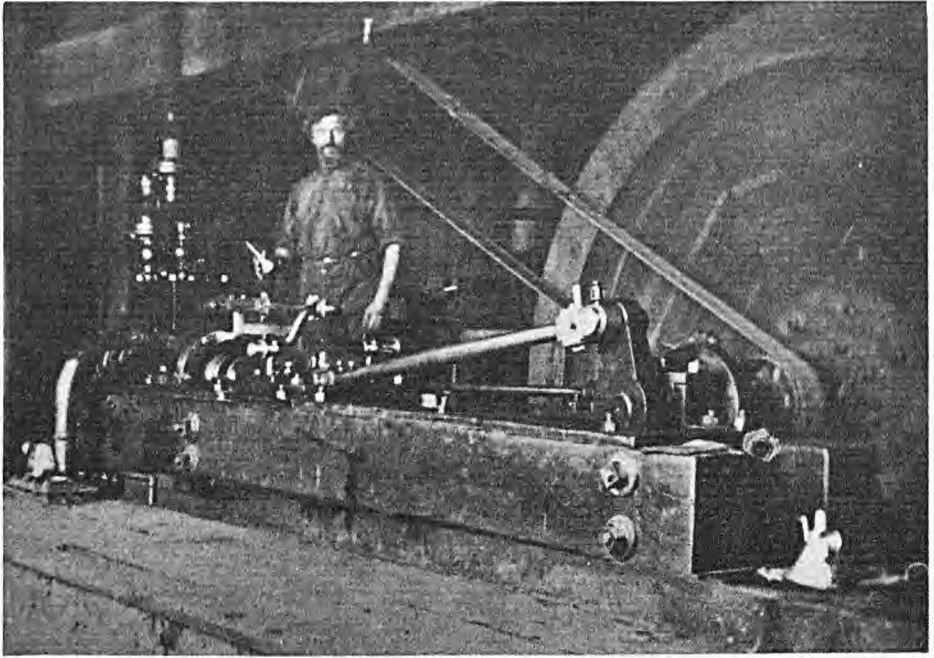


—courtesy Leslie D. Hyde

WHITE DEER SKIN DANCE AT ORLEANS,
Humboldt County, October 1, 1902.

McCloud River Railroad Company

McCLOUD, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde
ENGINE—KLAMATH MILL

Associated Lumber and Box Company

DORRIS, CALIFORNIA



—courtesy Leslie D. Hyde

YREKA AND ETNA STAGE.

Dan Cawley, driver drove the first stage over Siskiyou Mountain.
View on Yreka Mountain.

Costello and Deter

OLIVER COSTELLO

T. M. DETER

YREKA, CALIFORNIA

LUMBER MANUFACTURERS

PINE

FIR

CEDAR



—courtesy Leslie Darggett Hyde

BLACK BEAR MILL

WEED DIVISION

Long - Bell Lumber Company

WEED, CALIFORNIA

Dependable as the West

Established 1903



—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

BLACK BEAR FOUNDRY

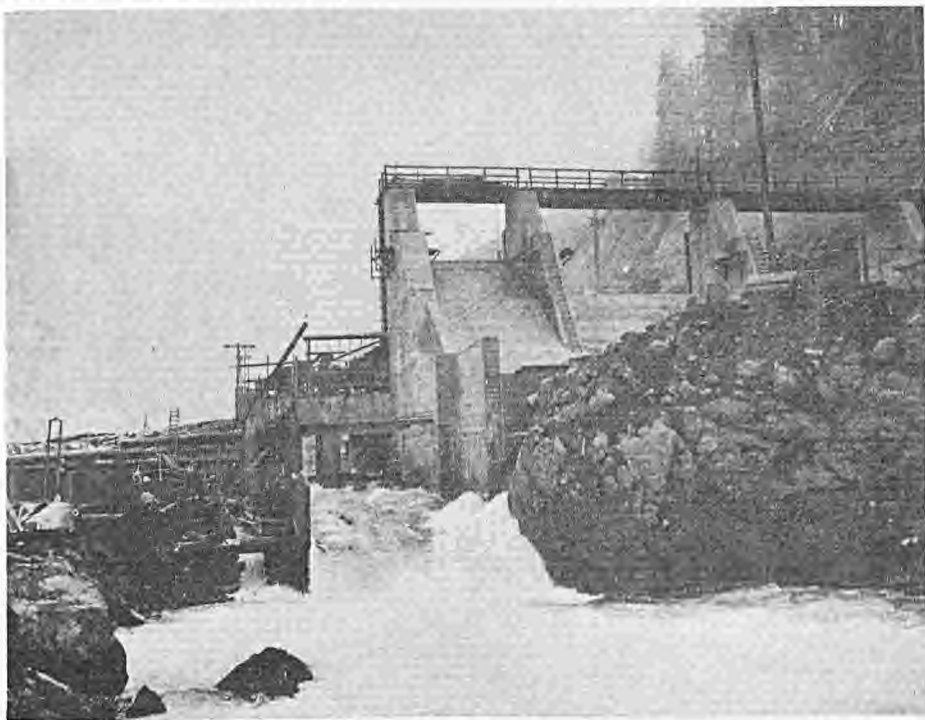
Schuler's Department Store

Since 1890

MOUNT SHASTA

DUNSMUIR

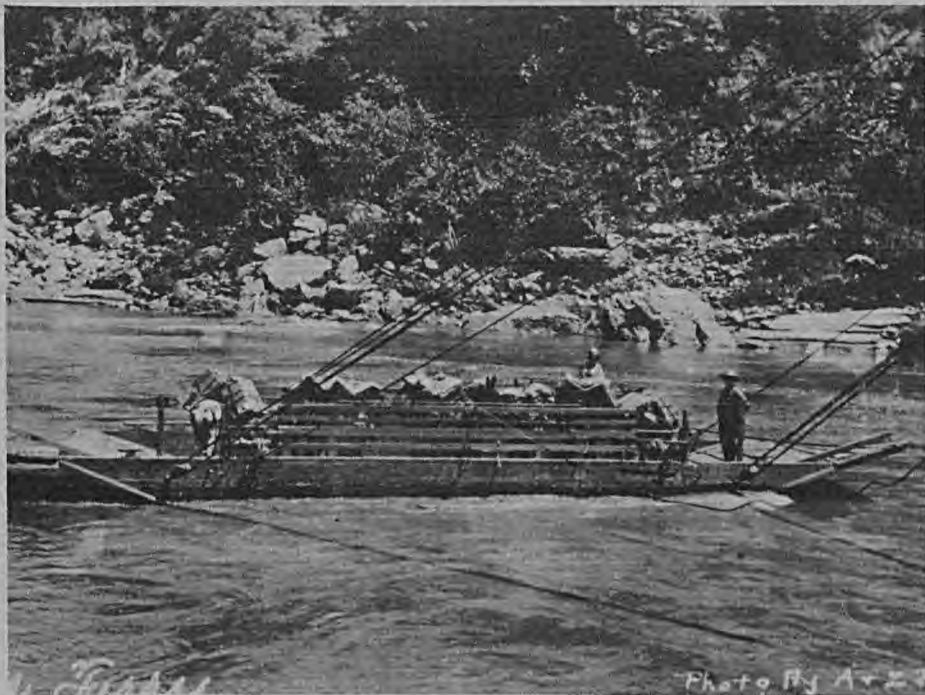
CALIFORNIA



CONSTRUCTION WORK ON SODA SPRINGS DAM
THE NORTH UMPQUA—An Activator of PROSPERITY

The turbulent waters of the North Umpqua River in Oregon are being harnessed to produce that vital ingredient for a sound economy—hydroelectric power. With two plants completed—Toketee in 1950, and Slide Creek in 1951—Copco is rapidly pushing ahead with its power development program on the North Umpqua River. A third plant, Soda Springs, is well under way and is scheduled to go on the line near the close of the year; while a fourth plant, Fish Creek, is planned for operation early in 1952. The remaining four plants in the North Umpqua area are planned for completion between late 1952 and mid 1955. These additions to Copco's system capacity are your assurance of an ever adequate supply of electric power.

California Oregon Power Company



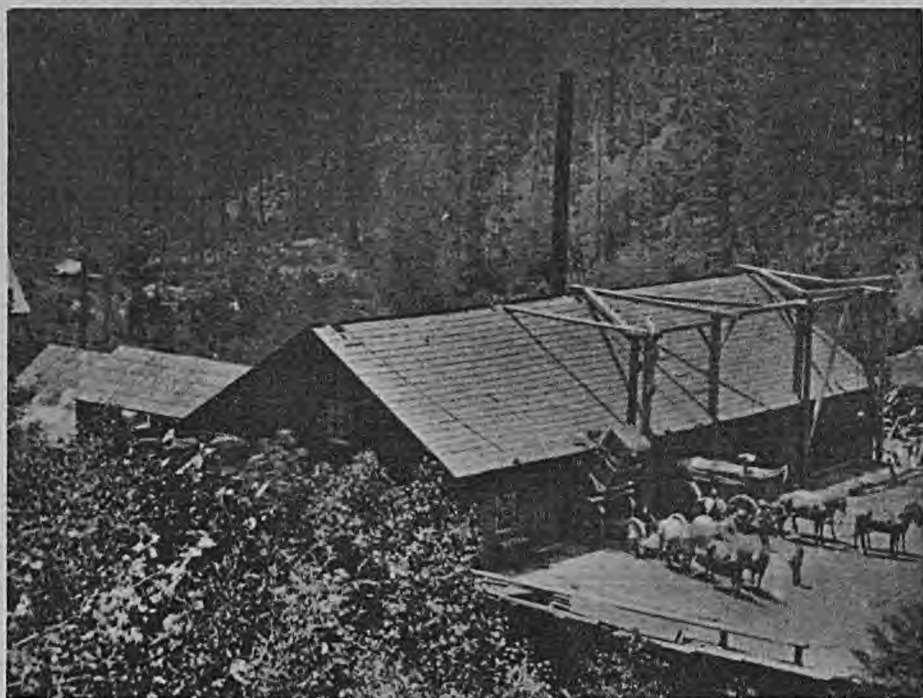
—courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde

MARTIN'S FERRY

Castle Creek Lumber Company

CASTELLA, CALIFORNIA

Manufacturers - Pine and Fir Lumber



—*courtesy Leslie Daggett Hyde*
TEAMS DUMPING QUARTZ AT BLACK BEAR QUARTZ MILL

J. E. Turner & Sons

YREKA, CALIFORNIA

Since 1906

“THE HOME OF FINE FURNITURE”

