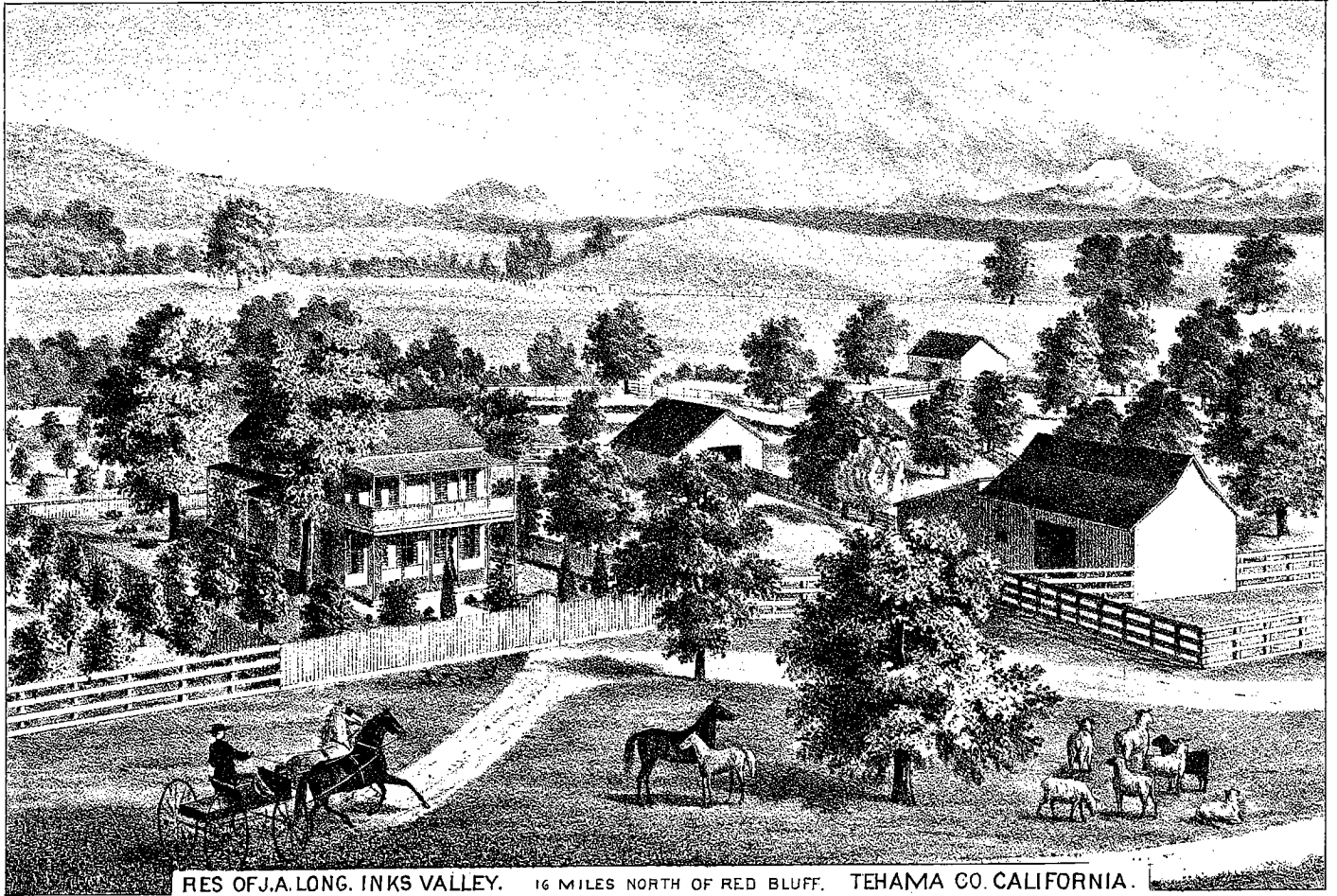
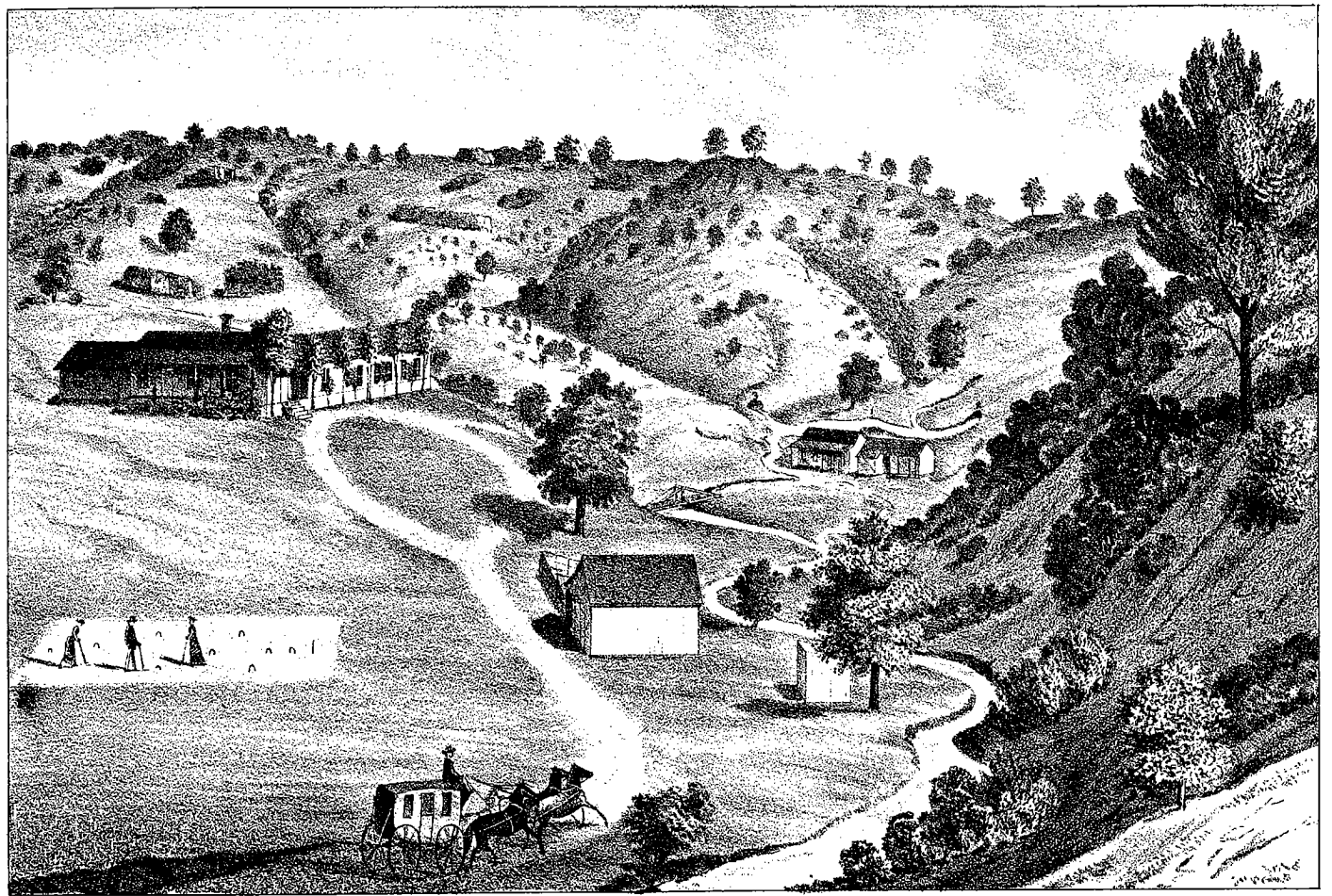


RES. OF ANDREW SIMPSON, TEHAMA, TEHAMA CO. CAL.



RES OF J.A. LONG, INKS VALLEY. 16 MILES NORTH OF RED BLUFF. TEHAMA CO. CALIFORNIA.



TUSCAN SPRINGS. MRS. J.C. BRADLEY & SON. PROP. 8 MILES EAST OF RED BLUFF. TEHAMA CO. CAL.

Nº1 BATHING SPRING.
 Nº2 WHITE SULPHUR SPRING
 Nº3 BLACK SULPHUR "

↑ SUMMER RESORT FOR TOURISTS AND INVALIDS.

him to piling lumber at two dollars and fifty cents per day. The five young men kept "bachelors hall" in a house on Pacific street, the basement being given over to midnight orgies and revelry as a dance-house. In those days one could not always control his surroundings, the city being a heterogeneous mixture of pleasure seekers and fortune hunters, and but little organized society. While with Mr. Haywood he visited Gen. and Mrs. Redington, and there met Mr. Broderick, the "Plumed Knight of Democracy," on his way East. Gen. Redington was disposed to set Kimball to work with him, but he had not yet tired of San Francisco. He returned and shortly after fell in with an old State of Maine friend, Mr. Millbury, who told him of a chance to buy a dray, with "good will," that was earning good wages, whose proprietor was home-sick to return to "the States." He bought him out, and "operated" this establishment some months, clearing one hundred dollars per month, when the original owner returned and bought back the outfit. One can hardly imagine this fragile man, who is calculated to direct labor rather than do it, handling off and on a dray hogsheads of sugar, bales and boxes of merchandise, iron, machinery, and what-not that made up the cargoes of vessels; but *labor omnia vincet* was his motto, and what he lacked in strength he made up in pluck, and we cannot doubt but that he made a first-class drayman. We next find him a full-fledged porter on one of the California Steam Navigation Company's river steamers. If he was to learn steamboating he must commence at the bottom. He attended to the various duties, as he always does, as though everything depended upon him. The pay was the perquisites of the position, as is usual on steamboats. His affable manners, good nature and zeal made him many friends; and four-bit pieces, and even larger coins, came in upon him, so that often he had twenty dollars at the end of a day's work. He soon became steward, and not long afterwards clerk, on the line running to Red Bluff, then the head of navigation on the Sacramento river. Hosts of ladies and gentlemen all over the State will remember the polite and efficient Gorham Kimball of those early days of river transportation. During all this period which brings this sketch down to 1860, Kimball enjoyed the social advantages of an inmate in Gen. Redington's home, which was presided over by his accomplished aunt, Mrs. Redington, who was, and still is, warmly attached to her nephew. It would be hard to estimate, as it always is, how much we owe to the influence of woman in our early lives; but there can be no doubt that a woman of Mrs. Redington's character and social position in that day must have done much to direct, restrain and mould the life of her nephew. Already Kimball began to see that river transportation must succumb to railroad enterprise. It is curious and interesting, as well as melancholy to reflect upon the gradual decline of the steamboating on the Sacramento, and see how one after another the towns from Red Bluff down, were given over to the railroad.

It was like the retiring of a reluctant army before superior forces. Kimball is not the man to forsake a forlorn hope, but he was not the man to cling to the failing fortunes of a corporation in which he had no pecuniary interest, and would only be given employment while it would pay. Besides, he is a man of too much breadth to content himself with being an employè where there is a chance of being a proprietor. The result of his cogitations was to go into a sheep venture on joint account with General Redington. They bought seven hundred head as the nucleus, and paid five dollars and a half per head for them; and Kimball's savings supplied the capital. Kimball managed the sheep personally, and took his first lessons at his own expense in the mysteries of sheep-raising. It was a large price to pay per head, and a pretty bold undertaking for a green man to buy and run sheep at that price. Many of our old citizens will remember this youthful shepherd as he "wrestled" with the "scab," the "coyotes," the storms of winter and the losses of summer; and went at the business as though he meant to master it. The well-dressed steamboat clerk could grace overalls and a flannel shirt as well as the cabin of a steamer; and his readiness to adapt himself to circumstances and men around him, soon made him many friends in his new field. He pursued this venture for two years and, finally, drove his sheep through Idaho to the Missouri river, where he sold some, and some he traded for mules, which he brought back and sold at Sacramento—the result showing a handsome profit. A friend at this time, to whom he was much attached, was in some need of financial aid; and the first impulse of Kimball was to place the funds at his disposal, which was done. The debts of the partnership paid off, and these two things done, found Kimball where he first began in the State,—out of money—but with an accumulated experience, however, worth more than gold. One year he bought and drove to Virginia City, where he found a fine market for mutton, the Comstock then being a large and prosperous mining camp. The mines were then worked in Virginia City on the lode itself, and one dealt direct with the miners. It had not yet been learned that the Comstock could be mined in San Francisco out of assessments. It was a wonderful discovery of modern California, and reversed the simple methods of the horny handed toilers of earlier days. Precisely what influence it has had upon the morals and finances of the population would be a curious study, not pertinent to this sketch. One cannot help expressing the opinion, however, that it would have been better had mining continued where Nature had deposited the treasure instead of pursuing it in the pockets of duped and mislead citizens. Without any capital Kimball returned to steamboating, but his health failed, and his old friend and physician, Dr. Simpson, advised him to leave the river and go to ranching. He came back to Tehama county, and began land speculation, taking up among other branches swamp land locations. He studied the land systems of the

United States and the State grants, and was not long in learning the *modus operandi* of "land grabbing," so called, and became quite successful. His native shrewdness and foresight enabled him to see where cheap land could be located to advantage. There has been much derogatory comment of late years upon land acquisitions, by a class who had not the enterprise or foresight to obtain lands, and who now look with jealousy and, perhaps, not a little envy, upon the vast possessions owned by their more fortunate neighbors. The simple truth is, that these lands were in market and were bought like any other thing offered for sale; and, unless we can show that the Government was wrong in allowing the sale to go on, there can be no good ground for blaming the land-holders, and, even then, the blame must rest on the Government, and not on the purchaser.

In 1870 the sheep mania got possession of him again, and he bought out Bierce Guyre, of Tehama county, paying three dollars each for two thousand five hundred head of ewes, and entered into a co-partnership with J. C. Tyler, which partnership still continues in the sheep business and some of his land investments. They have helped to develop this branch of industry in this and Shasta county, and have seen it grow from mere insignificance until it forms one of the chief products and resources of wealth to our county. In 1875 the failure of leading mercantile houses in Red Bluff, opened the way to his again entering a business for which he is eminently fitted. He formed a co-partnership with Lamson S. Welton, a member of the old firm of Frank, Campbell & Welton, which had also been compelled to succumb to reverses; and, buying the building and stock from the creditors of Tipton & Burt, they soon found themselves the leading mercantile house in northern California.

The advent of the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company and its extensive operations and large money disbursements, revived business and gave a new impetus to trade. The firm of Kimball & Welton became widely known as extensive wool and wheat buyers, and did a large business for two years, when Kimball drew out and J. S. Cone bought in. In less than a year after, however, Kimball returned from a visit East to his old home, and bought Welton's interest; and the firm under its new name, Cone & Kimball, enlarged its capital and operations, and is now one of the most substantial and extensive mercantile houses north of Sacramento. Kimball is the active manager, and cannot help but increase the business reputation of the house by his control of its affairs, and through his large acquaintance. Not unlike most men, he could not be content to go on accumulating with no one to share his good fortune or sympathize with him should reverses come.

In 1875 he married, and now occupies one of the finest private residences in the whole Sacramento valley, which he purchased from Gen. N. P. Chipman. These are the principal

outlines of the life of an unassuming, inconspicuous average Californian, and yet a life marked by distinct traits of character and a singular success that should act as an incentive to the rising youth of our county. In his private character and personal intercourse, Mr. Kimball respects the laws of God and man; and, although not a technical religionist, he has that broad religion of Nature which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, and that brings to the service of a friend absolute fidelity and untiring zeal. As he is still a young man, and much attached to his home, Tehama county may hopefully look upon him as a citizen to be relied upon in helping to develop its resources in the future, and making it what its commanding position and natural advantages promise—one of the leading counties of the State.

JACOB L. MUTH.

A native of Germany. Born near Frankfort-on-the-Main, and son of Jost A. Muth, a miller. When a young man he traveled for four years in different countries of Europe, viz: Poland, Russia, Turkey, Austria, France and England. In 1851 he married Miss Susan Dahlem, of Frankfort. He came to America in 1853, and resided for a number of years in Detroit, Michigan. He held an office for ten years in the "Detroit City Water-works." At the close of the year 1868, he came to California with his family, and lived a few years in San Francisco.

In 1870 he made his permanent home in Tehama county, on Sec. 3, Township 23 N., Range 3 West. The farm consists of nearly one thousand acres of bottom land, located four miles from railroad, and twenty-five miles from county seat. He has three children, named John M. F., Hattie E., and Albert M. The daughter is a teacher in the public school, and the two sons are watchmakers and jewelers. John is located in Alameda, Cal.

STEPHEN BREARCLIFFE.

Stephen Brearcliffe was born in Yorkshire county, England. His father was a farmer, and with the exception of two years spent in learning the weaver's trade, his early life was spent at home on the farm. He came to the United States with his father in 1849. They came to Dane county, Wis., and in the spring of 1850 Stephen joined a party coming to California. Mr. Dow Vincent, George Vincent, Nicolas Kemp and Stephen Brearcliffe composed the party. They started May 6, 1850, and arrived in Hangtown August 12, 1850.

They made the trip with ox-teams, and came what was called the northern route. Mr. Brearcliffe, when he joined the party, made a contract agreeing to give Dow Vincent half that he should earn the first six months after arriving in California, (which was twenty-five dollars), in payment for his passage.

Worked one summer two miles below the mouth of Feather river, then came to Stony creek and worked all winter bailing hay, and in the spring concluded to try the mines; worked in the mines all of the summer of 1852, and lost what he had made at work on the farm, about five hundred dollars, and then made up his mind that mining was not his *forte*. He then came to Red Bluff, and again went to work for Dow Vincent, on what is known as the Star Ranch, situated on the Sacramento river, just north of Red Bluff. While here he took up one hundred and sixty acres at the mouth of Reed's creek, where he now lives, this place having previously been taken up by a Mr. Cooper and an adobe house built, then abandoned.

In the fall of 1853 Mr. Brearcliff moved on to the place, and in the year 1855 married a Miss Wilson, and the family now consists of himself, wife and nine children. He has since bought more land, and now owns four hundred acres, and the location will sometime make it a very valuable farm. Mr. Brearcliff keeps a few sheep, hogs, horses and cattle, and raises wheat, oats and hay.

ROBERT HURD BLOSSOM.

Robert H. Blossom might with propriety be termed a characteristic Californian, having passed a great portion of his life since gaining his majority, nearly thirty years, in the wayward manner peculiar to the early adventurers to our Golden State. His career takes in crossing the plains, the ups and downs of mining, with sundry other pursuits, winding up as a tiller of the soil. He has now for many years stood prominently forth among the successful farmers of Tehama county. The family history is replete with interesting episodes from which we glean the following. Mr. Blossom says:—"I was born in Miamisburg, Montgomery county, Ohio, where my father still lives, on the 18th day of March, 1829. From what I have learned, all of the name in the United States sprang from one family, three brothers of which emigrated from one of the midland counties of England, and settled near Barnstable, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, before the Revolutionary war, one of whom raised a company, and as captain, participated in that struggle. After the war, one moved to the State of Maine, another into western New York, whence came the many about Buffalo, Rochester and Canandaigua. My father, Matthias Smith Blossom, was of the Maine family, and with his father, Ansel Blossom, emigrated from that State to north-western Ohio, when a small boy, settling on the St. Mary's river, near what is now Wilshire, Van Wert county. My grandfather set out the first apple orchard in that part of the State, the fruit of which was always free to his neighbors. He was the first postmaster of that part of the country, and filled the office, partly with his head, for a number of years; the particular place where he kept the mail matter being in his high bell-

crowned hat, of huge dimensions. When Jackson was elected President, and the system of "to the victors belong the spoils" inaugurated, a petition was sent to Washington, and in accordance with the prayer therein, a prominent Democrat appointed postmaster without the appointees knowledge, who declined to qualify, saying Blossom ought to hold it as long as he lives, which he did. He was the Yankee school-teacher of the period for his neighborhood, devoting portions of each week to teaching the children of his neighbors gratis, with his own, who numbered nine.

My mother's maiden name was Mary Craft, born in the State of New Jersey, also of English extraction. The family were all members of the Society of Friends or Quakers; she died when I was but thirteen years of age; I was the eldest of four children, having one brother and two sisters. My father married again after several years, whence came a second edition, consisting of three sons. He being in the saddle and harness business, I at the age of fifteen left school, and of my own accord started in to learn the trade, and after a few years became foreman in the shop, attending to sales, cutting out work, and keeping the books.

I continued at that until of age. On that eventful, cold, equinoctial morning, my father, instead of finding me with apron on at the bench, cutting as usual, eyed me curiously as I sat by the stove *with best clothes on*. At last he realized the situation, and said, "What's up, Bob?" (nobody called me Robert but my mother) "taking a holiday?" "Yes, sir!" "Thought I would not work to-day." "Well," said he, "but you did not say anything to *me* about it." "Oh," said I, "I've quit doing that." "Humph!" said he, "going to be your own boss, eh?" I said, "Yes, sir, until I get married."

I went to work in a few days and remained a year at journeyman's wages, and then wishing an out-door life, entered into partnership with a fellow-townsmen and raised tobacco one season, made a good crop, but it brought a small price, so gave up this enterprise and went to Dayton, our county seat, where I worked at my trade a few months; from thence to Wilmington, county seat of Clinton county, Ohio, where I made saddles until the first of April. Being in correspondence with my eldest sister, wrote her that I intended going to California by water in a few weeks; she answered, saying that our uncle, James M. Blossom, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, intended crossing the plains with his family, for Oregon, and wanted me to accompany him, that he would meet me at Kauseville, Iowa, about the middle of May; I wrote him that I would meet him there. On arriving at that place from Cincinnati, by river, at the appointed time, I met a gentleman who had traveled in company with my uncle, who informed me that in consequence of his children having taken the measles, my uncle had to lay by, and talked of returning home.

I then looked about to find company, and struck a Mr. Jacob Austin, who was about starting to California with a small band

of milch cows, and proposed to let me help him through for my board, *provided* I would furnish my own riding outfit. I accepted the proposition, purchased a young mule for ninety dollars, a perfect beauty, gentle as a kitten. I could not find a saddle for sale in the town, so bought a tree, a side of shoemaker's upper-leather and equipped my "jenny" in short order. I left a letter in the post-office for my uncle in case he should arrive there.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS.

I promised my eldest sister to keep a diary on the trip. "Crossed the Missouri river 23d day of May, 1852." In the Goose Creek mountains, however, it got wet, a good portion of it becoming illegible, so I abandoned the diary project. Captain Austin was of a very self-important, domineering, tyrannical disposition, and it was not long before we had a slight misunderstanding; but being the only one of the party besides himself that could with propriety show any degree of independence, having an independent turn of mind naturally, which, with my own riding animal and a little money, made me next, anyway, to master of the situation; I got along with him splendidly henceforth.

The cows were all fresh in milk, the calves having been killed; and the intention was to milk them all the way through, that they might be more saleable on arriving at our destination; cows giving milk were then worth a hundred dollars a head in California, and as I never could learn to milk, it became my duty to hold by the horns those cows that would not stand without; and I can't help but think now that I served the purpose pretty well, and that that little experience has been of advantage to me, as I have had to take the "bull by the horns" several times since.

Among the incidents of the trip, I recall a stampede of a family train of ox-teams. The train had stopped for lunch without unyoking, and had taken the hind end-gates out of the wagons for convenience, and a table improvised on the floor of the vehicles; provisions were laid out, and women and children (some in the wagons and some out), were busy eating, sitting on chairs, boxes, etc., when something occurred to start the teams, and away they all went, heads down and tails up (the cattle, of course), and out tumbled promiscuously chairs, women, children, and whatever was in proximity to that end of the wagon; the next team behind would scamper in a curve, some one side and some the other, leaving everything pell-mell, badly mixed up, and most of them bottom-side up; it was certainly the most ludicrous sight I ever beheld.

INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

We also came near having a little skirmish with Indians. A large train just ahead of us and several hundred Pawnees dis-

agreed at Shell creek, a narrow stream, the black soil banks of which rendered it impassable except at a bridge where the Indians were stationed, who said they constructed it. It was built principally of brush and dirt on stringers, sufficient for the purpose; it was said emigrants built it and the Indians had taken possession, at any rate, they demanded toll. This train preceding us, consisting of some thirty men, a number of women and children, with sixteen wagons, refused to pay, and the Indians caught a mule which was loose belonging to the party, which brought on quite a little fight. A number of shots were fired, killing one white man, as well as wounding several on both sides. The mule was recovered with arrows sticking in him, and no money paid; the party was just moving away as we came up. The redskins were very hostile. With the approach to the bridge packed in solid phalanx, our captain, having but one wagon—they charged nothing for loose stock—deeming discretion the better part of valor, paid the toll, one dollar, and we escaped peacefully.

At this point we saw one remnant of missionary work among the Indians, and further on "more of the same sort," whom we got to calling, as they themselves did, "good Indians." They were generally gotten up regardless of style, or rather, in very peculiar style, dressed in some of the cast-off garments of preachers who had labored among them; for instance, one, besides the breech-cloth (which all of the Indians wore, and some had blankets wrapped around them), assumed to cover all else that was necessary of his nakedness with a black-silk hat. Another, a worn-out swallow-tail dress coat, ribbons tied in the button-holes, and plug hat with red band; others, with the universal tile for head gear, and broadcloth frock-coat. These fellows all had a paper purporting to have been given them (and I have no doubt it was the case) for good behavior, and asking those so disposed, to give them something to encourage them in their well doing.

We stopped for lunch one day, and having had poor feed the night before, unyoked, a thing unusual at noon, and drove the cows with the work-cattle over into a little valley to feed awhile, all hands being with the cattle but Austin and myself. He went to fetch a bucket of water, leaving me standing on the wagon-tongue setting out on the grass some eatables, among other things a sack of crackers, when a fine-looking young buck Indian came up with bow and several arrows in his hand. He professed to be very friendly, showed me several scars he had received in battle, one in his side, another on his calf; finally his eye rested on the sack of crackers, and wanted, I suppose, some to eat; I took out a handful and offered them to him, but he spurned them indignantly, and demanded the whole sack. I told him no; he frowned savagely, motioned as if he would put an arrow in the bow, so I just picked up my rifle (which we always kept in front of the wagon) and he went off on the double-quick *without any crackers*. I was very much surprised, because he had looked so pleasant on his coming up.

EMIGRANT'S JURY.

The first graves I saw on the route were of two men buried near a trading-post; they were two days in advance of us. The trader informed us one owned the train and had a wife, the other was driving a wagon for him. The single man, conniving with the wife, 'twas thought, shot the other while out together with the oxen, representing that Indians were the murderers. He was seen to do the ghastly deed, and a court was improvised, and a jury of emigrants found him guilty. Two ox-wagons were run along side by side, the tongues raised perpendicular and guyed there, a cross-beam fastened to them with a rope attached, having a noose on the other end around the murderer's neck, he standing on a barrel, which was kicked from under him, and thus he payed the penalty of his misdeed. The victim, with the criminal, were both buried at the same time.

CHOLERA ON THE PLAINS.

There were many new graves made that season on the Platte river; emigrants dying with cholera by hundreds. I saw nine persons buried during one day. They would generally travel right along with the sick in the wagon until death came, then stop and dig a grave on the roadside and bury the corpse in their blankets. I have seen large holes dug down into graves by the wolves, and bones and pieces of blankets lying about. One night that we camped near a train, a woman was taken with cholera; she suffered intensely from cramps, and screamed continuously for several hours that I stood on watch; in the morning they buried her and went on.

I saw burial services performed but once; that happened on a Sunday morning. A child had died belonging to a train in which were a minister and several women; preaching, singing and prayer was performed. It was so different from what we had been accustomed to see of late, that it made a profound impression on me.

Mr. Austin started with everything he supposed requisite for the trip, for man and beast—flour, bacon, rice, coffee, sugar, tea dried fruits, pinole, etc., also a small keg of very fine brandy and a bottle of cayenne pepper; we also had several hundred pounds of salt for the cattle, which we found, on trial, they turned up their noses at, so we piled that luxury along the road.

I was taken with cholera symptoms. Mr. Austin at once stopped the train and laid up several days with me, thanks to which (and a liberal dose or so of brandy and Cayenne pepper) I recovered, and am inclined to think many a sufferer might have been saved if the same humane treatment had been tried in their case.

DISAGREEMENT ON THE ROUTE.

Two brothers, owning two yoke of cattle and a wagon, had a passenger (coming with them) who got sick. One brother,

more humane than the other, wished to stop and nurse the patient; the other refused to consent, so they divided the provisions, each took a yoke of oxen, and sawed the wagon-box in two. One went on, having the front gear, the other remained with the sick man several days, then fitted a tongue to the axle and went on their journey. The man recovered, and they soon passed the other brother on the road. I saw—besides horse, mule and ox-teams—hand-carts and a wheelbarrow man.

THE BOY AND COW.

A boy, with a cow packed, overtook us in the Goose Creek mountains; said he was from Michigan; had money enough to get into Iowa; worked there for a farmer two months, for which he got the cow and eleven dollars; so started for California. She, a large black, fine-looking cow, seemed to think as much of the plucky young chap as he did of her. She calved soon after starting. He killed the calf and had plenty of milk all the way. He turned her out with our cattle at night, in the morning would get her up, milk her, eat his breakfast, fasten on her back a pair of old saddle-bags, tie a string to her horns, say "come along, Harriet," and go trudging along perfectly happy. He traveled with us down the Humboldt and over the Sierras; he took the Hangtown road and we the Drytown. Mr. Austin offered him \$125 for the cow, but he said no, he was going to take her into Sacramento.

On our arrival at Fort Bridger we laid over several days, where I made the acquaintance of an Indian formerly from Ohio. I was strolling about when he came suddenly upon me. He was a fine-looking man, dressed gaudily in buckskin, a red handkerchief round his neck, and was mounted on a fine horse; was anxious to learn where I was from, and when I told him Ohio, seemed pleased beyond measure; getting down from his horse, he slapped one hand on his breast, saying "*Me Ohio, too; me Delaware Indian;*" and, to tell the truth, I was glad to make his acquaintance. He advised me not to trade the Indians ammunition—which had been our policy all along. Singular enough, I had an opportunity to barter the very next day. I had been hunting along the Little creek; had killed a couple of ducks and laid down in the shade of a clump of willows, and fell asleep. I jumped up at the crack of a gun near me, and saw a coyote running only a short distance away.

A SINGULAR TRADE PROPOSED.

I heard a chuckle and, looking around, beheld, a few yards from me, a buck Indian, an old squaw and a young one; they came up to me, pointing to the coyote. I suppose the animal had smelt my ducks, and the Indian, not seeing me, shot at it. He was very anxious to get some percussion caps and offered to swap his young squaw for ammunition. She eyed me good-

humoredly, giggling and talking with the old woman the while. I was somewhat taken with the appearance of the dusky damsel too; but, remembering the admonition of my Delaware friend, I gave the old native to understand, as best I could, that I was not hunting "*mahalas*;" couldn't take one along no way, so left him feeling pretty huffy.

SALT LAKE VALLEY.

We arrived at Salt Lake valley on the 12th of July and remained until the 27th, encamped twelve miles above the city on a bench of the mountain, near a little brook. Our nearest neighbor was a Mormon who kept a tavern on the main road, about a mile and a half from camp. He had four wives and numerous children, one of which, a big bare-footed girl, used to come to our camp to sell us garden-sass. I was considerably taken with the valley and inhabitants and had well nigh made up my mind to remain over the winter and come into California the next spring; but Austin would not listen to it; so, feeling under obligations to him, concluded to accompany him right through. The 24th of July is the day they celebrate, that being the anniversary of the day the pioneers arrived in the valley. They (the pioneers) were thirty men sent in advance to open the roads, plant seeds, etc. Being too late in the season, the corn, potatoes and other vegetables planted and depended upon for sustenance during the coming winter, failed to produce a crop. Antelope, which, fortunately, were numerous, became, from sheer necessity, their only food. We witnessed the celebration, and I never saw as great an amount of enthusiasm manifested at any 4th of July. It seemed as if *everybody* in the whole of Utah was there. Such a procession! They had brought their British uniforms with them, the only kind I saw in the ranks; bands of martial music in the lead and interspersed along the procession; marshals with the brilliant scarlet uniforms. Brigham Young was in a chariot drawn by sixteen white horses. But the prettiest sight (especially to a young man) was next the chariot; thirty young ladies, in procession, belonging to the Deseret Female University. After them came the citizens, each carrying an emblem of his trade or profession; for instance, a miniature plow, or anvil, made of wood, gilded, giving a handsome effect. Many church banners were carried by officials; and last, but not *least*, came the women. It seemed as if their part of the procession *never would end*.

I ate dinner that day at "Our House," kept by a *live* Yankee named McPherson. Antelope and everything the market could afford was served. It was the first meal I had ever paid a dollar for. The harvest was very bountiful in the valley that year, wheat being very heavy and wanting for want of hands to harvest it. Wages was a bushel of wheat a day. No money; emigrants would work for wheat, for it was almost the currency of the country, as 'tis said coon-skins used to be

in Indiana. Flour was only \$2.50 a hundred, Austin paid \$5.50 at Kauseville, and had enough to last through. Groceries were very high; provisions were generally very plentiful on the plains that year, though coffee and sugar sold (a pint for a pound), at one dollar.

We were all sorry to leave Salt Lake valley, but having laid over for two weeks, pulled out on our mountain trip again. The heaviest showers I had ever seen were on the Platte river; but in the Goose Creek mountains we encountered one night's storm that surpassed all I ever encountered before or since. It was truly grand and terrible. Of the five in our party, Austin slept in the wagon; and the other four stood guard, and watched, two at a time. We had a tent to sleep in. On the night of the storm my pard, Alex. Baldwin, and self had the first watch; we found it almost impossible to hold the cattle, but we succeeded until midnight, then Alex. went to call the watch, as usual, but they could not be aroused; so he pulled the tent-stakes on the windward side and over it went. My pard and I, wet and cold, crawled into the wagon, the other two took shelter underneath. Next day I had a violent cold and rode all day in search of the cattle, and next day had the mountain fever; so obtained a change from mule-back to the wagon for locomotion for some days, until I recovered.

I got another ducking at Thousand Springs valley; was on guard, and near morning I went to go round a white cow that was feeding too far out and stepped square off into one of the thousand springs. We had reached camp so late the night before we had no time to properly examine the nature of the place. The earth seemed like a heavy turf on water, with holes cut in, said holes being so deep that a tent-pole would not reach the bottom. It had some sort of water-grape floating on top which I found to be very deceiving. It was with no little difficulty that I managed to get out of my awkward position, and arrived, shivering, at the camp just at daybreak. The Humboldt was low that season and we had a nice trip down it. On leaving the sink we filled our barrels for teams and our canteens for ourselves, for the desert had to be passed before reaching the Carson. We started late in the afternoon, arriving at Ragtown some time next day.

Ten miles from the river, we came to the first water station, the fluid for sale at a dollar a gallon for stock and two bits a drink for emigrants. After this we found stations every mile, prices growing less as we neared the stream. The cattle smelt the water for miles and it required two men ahead to keep the foremost back and two behind driving up the lagged and weary. When we came to the river they rushed crazily into it up to their backs and seemed as though they would stand and bawl for a half-hour before taking a drink.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

At Ragtown I received my first impressions of California

life. The town was built of slight wooden frames covered and partitioned entirely with cloth (no tents) all new and white. I was informed that when building was at its height *tacks* sold for one dollar a paper. Stirring music, and games of chance of all kinds, conducted by both males and females, with the inevitable bar, was found in nearly every house. The next morning we passed on and after several weeks of mountain travel through the Sierras we arrived, without any serious mishap, at the ranch of James Whitcomb, twelve miles below Sacramento City, late in September.

After a few days, went to Sacramento City, and in the horse market, corner Sixth and K streets, kept by Captain Smith, I sold my mule, fetching just what it cost me at Kauseville. I then struck out for the mines, Auburn being my objective point, distance, thirty-five miles; fare by stage, ten dollars.

I started on foot in the afternoon, made the "Oak Grove House," ten miles on the road, viewed the ground where Denver had killed Gilbert in a duel a short time previous, the stakes being ten paces apart and still standing. The next morning, after arriving at Auburn, went down to China Bar, north fork of the American river. A company had just finished a flume one mile in length, and were hiring hands. I watched four men stripping, for some time, and inquired of them what wages were being paid. They answered that the foreman (pointing to him) was paying five dollars a day to old miners and four to greenhorns (emigrants). I walked down to the boss and asked for work. He wanted to know where I was from; told him Nelson's Creek (a mining station I had heard of). He said all right; that he was paying five dollars a day. So I went to work at those figures. Soon a shift of hands were put on, each taking half the night and half the day. I worked for that company until the rise of water carried away the flume.

MINING ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

Then, with pick, shovel, pan and rocker, I went to work on my own hook. A young Kentuckian, named Samuel Garvey, came prospecting along the Bar a short time after that and we made a team and mined together that winter. Every Sunday he would bake a "pone" of bread in two prospect pans, and I cook a pot of beans, which would last the rest of the week. We were as happy as if we lived on the fat of the land. In the spring we dissolved partnership, with a capital of \$800 each. I again packed my blankets and tools and prospected at the following mining camps: Illinois Town, Iowa Hill, Steep Hollow, on Bear River Mountain springs, Gold Run Dutch Flat, Blue Cañon, finally bringing up at Indian Hill, where I hired to work in a mine-hill diggings for \$80 per month.

BURIED IN THE MINE.

On the 3d of June, 1853, was crushed under a cave of dirt,

with the pick between my legs, handle on right thigh, and my face between my feet, coming as near, probably to breaking my neck and back as anyone could without its actually occurring. There were eight of us at work in the claim, and all saw the cave coming but me; I neither saw nor heard the danger. When my head and body were uncovered and straightened up, came the most painful moments of my life. My breath was gone and I was endeavoring to catch it; when I did, and looked around, I saw my nearest companion, Bill White, lying as he had thrown himself, full length backwards on the rocks, a large rock over one leg, resting on another rock, the other side, with a rope attached to it and some thirty men tugging like good fellows, and finally they rolled it off. His leg was not broken, but severely bruised. I laid by from work three weeks, and at the end of that time, feeling pretty well, I went to work again, and in attempting to roll a stone away, felt a sharp pain in my breast accompanied with a sickening sensation from the pain, so concluded to go to Sacramento and ascertain the extent of my injuries; found I had four ribs broken in right side, the disconnection from breast-bone, which had been doing well, cartilage forming and everything progressing nicely, but I had, by going to work again too quick, made the injuries much more serious; so was advised not to attempt hard labor again for several months.

Hearing that my uncle, Jas. M. Blossom, had made the trip through to Oregon and was located at Portland as a merchant, and thinking the time favorable for a visit, I went, leaving \$600 to assist in opening a claim that I had an interest in in Blue Cañon.

I remained in Portland two months. On returning to the mines found our claim had proved a failure, and I was busted. Not having sufficiently recovered to enable me to work at mining, went to Sacramento and worked at my trade of harness-making for three weeks, boarding at the Waverly House, corner of Fifth and K streets. I was soon offered the situation of clerk and business manager of the house.

In the spring of 1854 I purchased the lease of the proprietor, and became a hotel-keeper in earnest. I carried it on successfully for two years; then went into the business of manufacturing soda water, in partnership with M. L. Chandler.

FARMING IN TEHAMA COUNTY.

In the winter of 1857 I came to Tehama county and commenced farming, and have been engaged in the granger business ever since. Having close business connection for some years with my brother, J. A. Blossom, who came to this State in 1860, I would add an incident or two which is linked with my career so closely as to be necessary to bring him into this sketch. He settled at Star City, Humboldt county, Nevada, in the fall of 1862, where he engaged in mining, livery-stable keeping and freighting on an extensive scale. In the fall of

1865 I loaded four large freight teams with flour, ground barley, dried fruit, and other merchandise, and took the cargo out to him, going myself on horseback. The Piute Indians were troublesome at that time. Myself and men were well armed and kept a careful look-out. The Lieutenant commanding the military post at Smoke creek advised me to be on my guard and be careful. We camped at Deep Hole Springs (where Partridge was afterward killed); here I found four ox-teams, three belonging to a Mr. Clark, from Chico, and one to Joe Ballou, who informed me he had a family near Dogtown. He, poor fellow, scouted the idea of going armed on account of the Indians; said he had teamed over the road for sometime and never carried even a knife. I having horse-teams, traveled faster than the oxen, so left them. I camped next night at Granite Springs, and the next at Hot Springs, from which I went to Rabbit Hole Springs, where I fed the last of the hay at the station, at which place I met my brother, who said he had come as he feared danger from the Indians; he had ridden pistol in hand since leaving Willows Station, which place we reached next night, and from this point camped on the Humboldt river, out of danger. That night a messenger came to our camp on his way to Dun-Glen to inform the commander of the post there that Joe Ballou had been killed by the Indians. I went on to Star City, and on my return met Clark and his teams, with Ballou's body on one wagon covered with a wagon-sheet. From Clark I learned that tracks along the road showed that an Indian had walked by Ballou's side for some distance, probably talking "good Indian," until he found Ballou was alone, when he shot him in the left side, where he seemed to have stopped, as quite a pool of blood had spurted out; he then turned to take the back trail but was headed off by the red devil's, and at last fell at full length in the dust. He was also shot in the neck, between the shoulders, and several other places, being almost shot to pieces. He was stripped of his clothing and disemboweled, and was too ghastly and pitiful an object for the strongest man to look upon calmly. The terror depicted on his countenance showed what his feelings were when trying to get away from the savages.

Clark's teams had traveled by the body as it was lying on the off side of the road. Clark having no hay for his teams at Rabbit Hole, Ballou started early next morning, saying that when he would meet the team which had been sent for hay, he would take off enough for both, camp and wait for Clark to come up, so Clark expected to overtake him in camp. He saw a fire started ahead of him after dark, some distance ahead and near the road, and presumed it to be Ballou. One of his teamsters had taken sick and stayed at Rabbit Hole, so he was driving two teams himself and a Dutchman the other. Being so busily engaged he never looked up until the Dutchman exclaimed, "What's dis?" when on raising his eyes he saw Ballou's wagon on fire, just falling to pieces. The cargo consisted of liquors, butter, lard, and case goods, which were all on

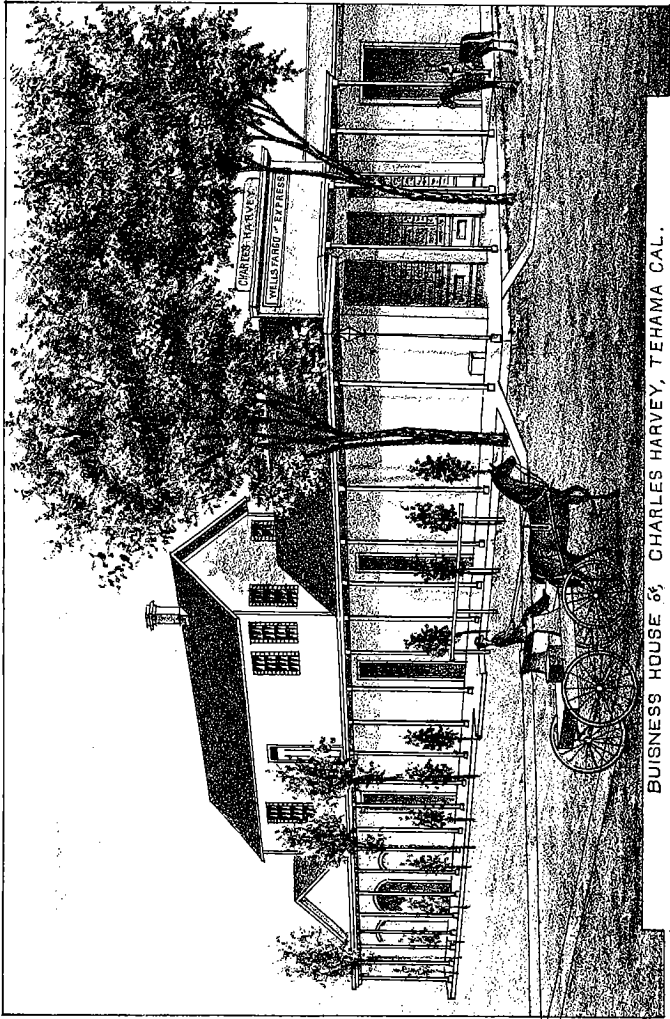
fire and were running in the wagon-ruts down hill for several hundred yards. He saw at once what was up, and exclaimed, "It is Indians, run for your life!" They did so, skulking among the sage-brush, giving the fire a wide berth, luckily taking the opposite side to the Indians, who it afterwards proved were around in large numbers, having taken out of the wagon kegs of syrup, boxes of crackers, sardines and tobacco, and were enjoying a feast at the time of Clark's scare. They were as badly scared as Clark and his companion, not knowing how many there might be with the teams. They left everything except one yoke of oxen which they drove along. The officers at Dun-Glen pursued and overtook them with a small force and got whipped, so returned, got re-inforcements and a mountain howitzer, pursued and overtook them camped in large force awaiting the enemy, but the howitzer was too much for them and they were completely routed with a loss of about sixty. So on my return the road was comparatively free from danger; I reached home without anything further of note.

My younger sister having died some years previous, and my brother married in Nevada, I received letters from my other sister, urging me to return home, saying that if I should marry, she would never get to see me again, and quoting a line from an old hymn, "If you tarry till your better, will never come at all." I answered in like phrase, "While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," Poor girl, fearing that she would not see her brother again, and being herself an invalid, with the faint hope that this climate might improve her health, came to my home in the fall of 1875, accompanied by her eldest son, stopping in Nevada with her brother, a few weeks. She survived her arrival here but three weeks, and her remains are now in Oak Hill Cemetery, Red Bluff.

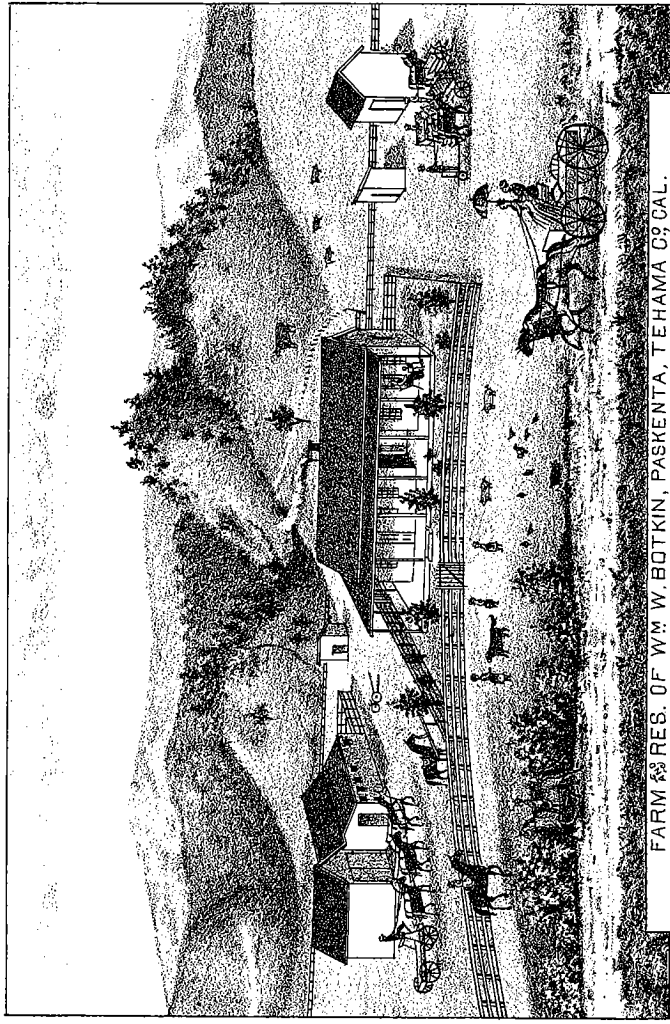
I married Miss Caroline Hensley, of Red Bluff, in the spring of 1868, who was born in Missouri, her parents being of Scotch ancestry. We have had four children, of whom three are now living."

PURCHASE OF THE "DYE GRANT."

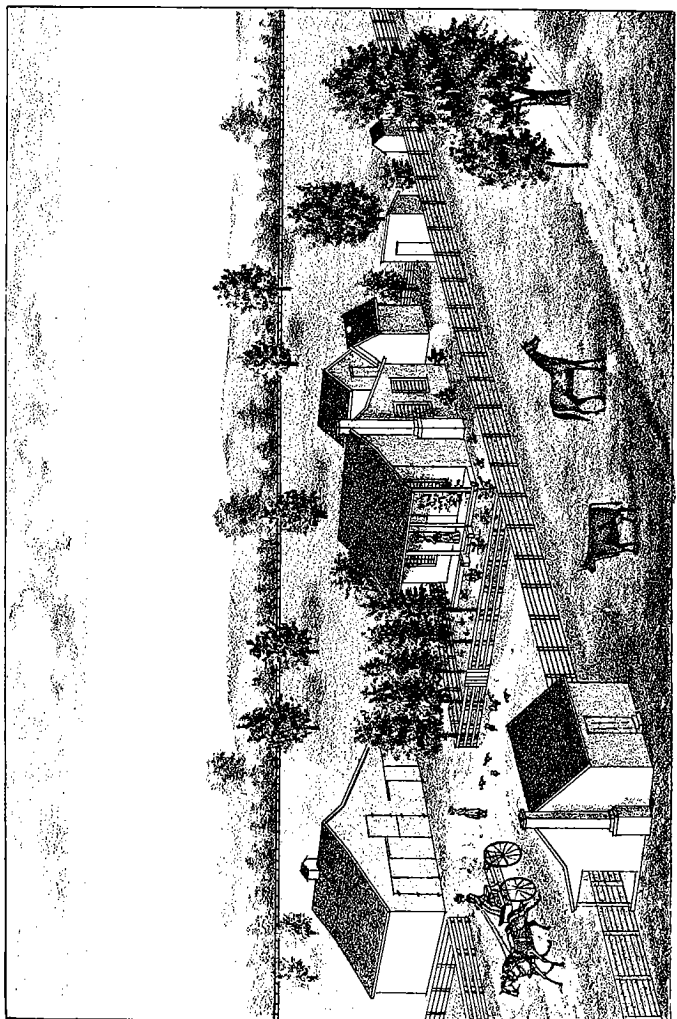
Mr. Blossom purchased in 1871, of F. W. Fratt, of Sacramento, his portion of the well-known "Dye Grant," El Rancho El Primer Cañon; Del Rio de los Berrendos, or Antelope Rancho, situated on the east bank of the famous Sacramento river, and taking in a large portion of the beautiful fertile little valley known as Antelope valley, whose soil is especially adapted to wheat growing. This extensive farm consists of ten thousand two hundred and ninety-four and four-tenths acres of land, and was exclusively used in early days for raising cattle, horses and hogs. Since Mr. Blossom's proprietorship, it has been transformed into a grain bearing farm, and some very heavy crops of grain have been harvested from it. He now has about four thousand (4,000) acres under cultivation, with quite a portion of timber land, suitable for pasture for hogs and cattle, situated in the valley; the balance is hilly,



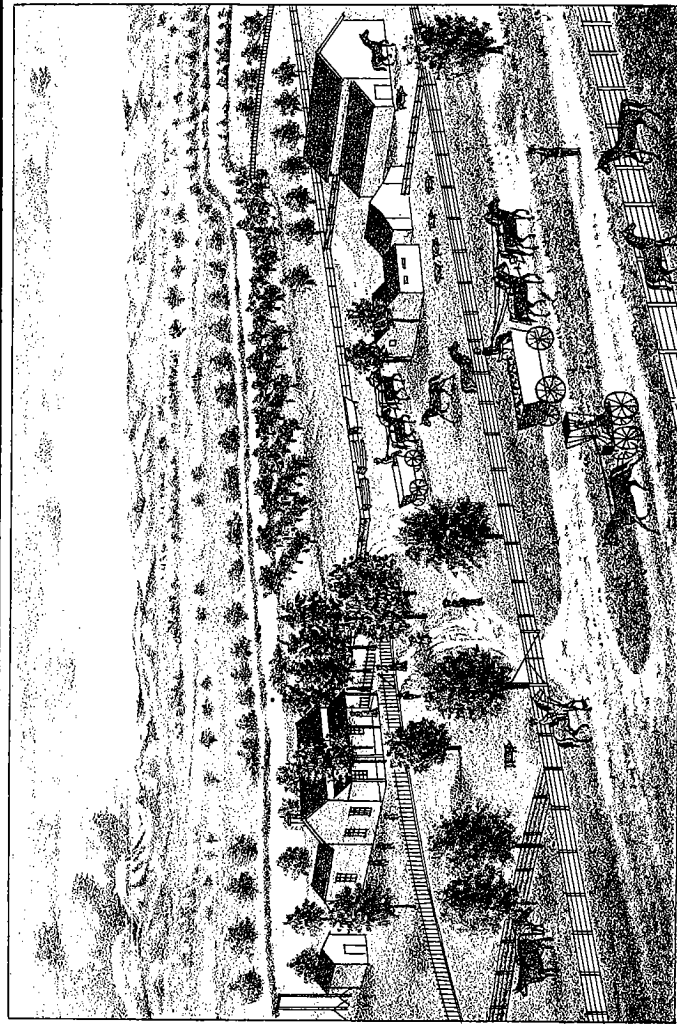
BUSINESS HOUSE of CHARLES HARVEY, TEHAMA CAL.



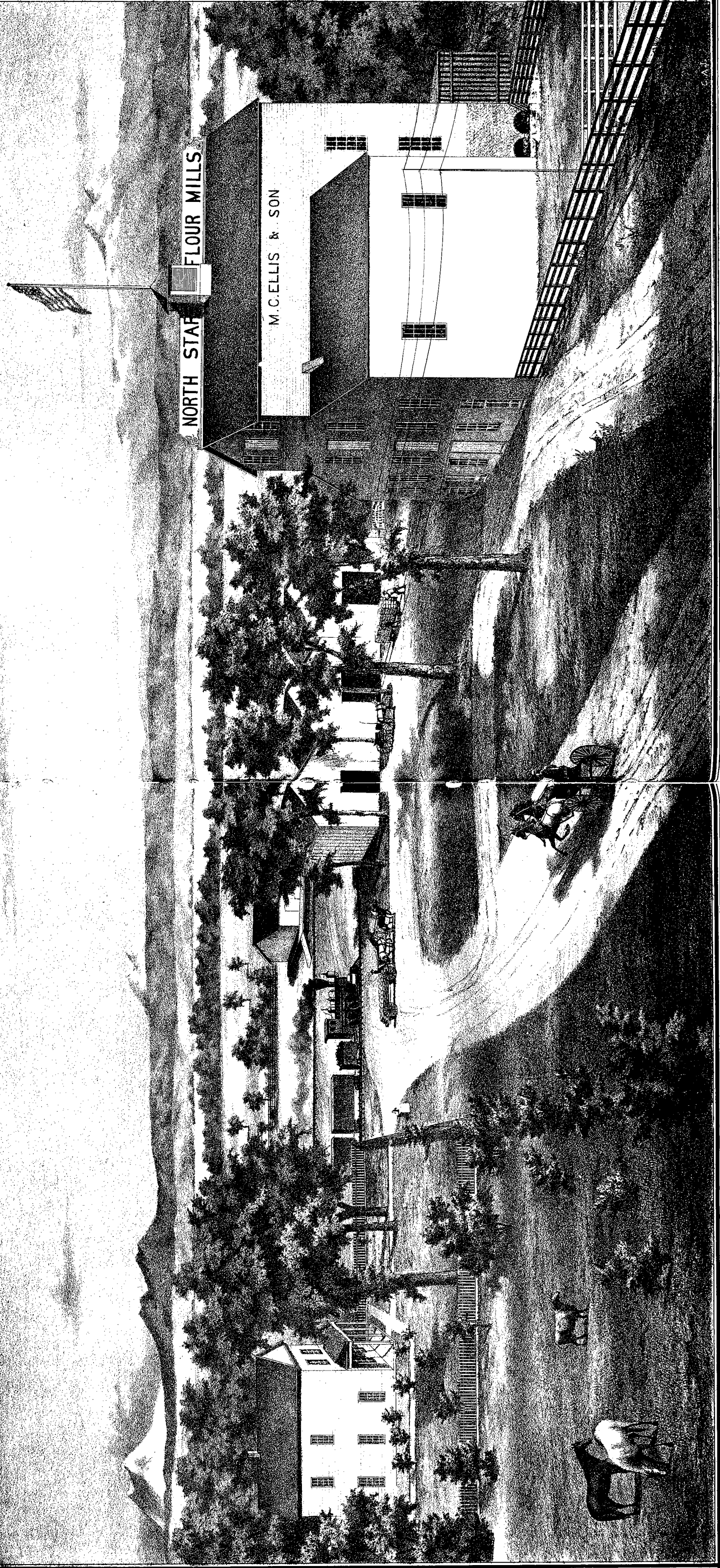
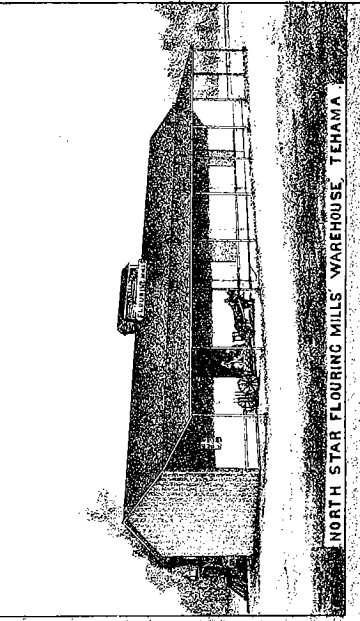
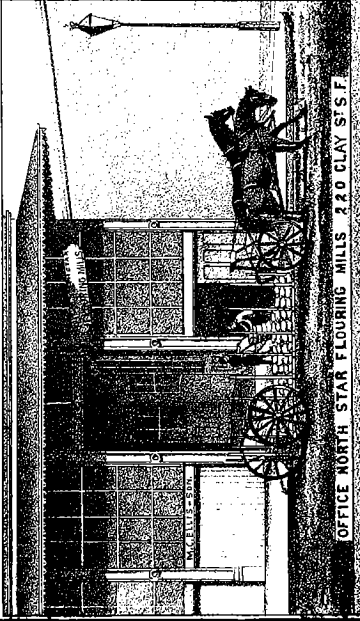
FARM and RES. OF WM. W. BOTKIN, PASKENTA, TEHAMA Co, CAL.



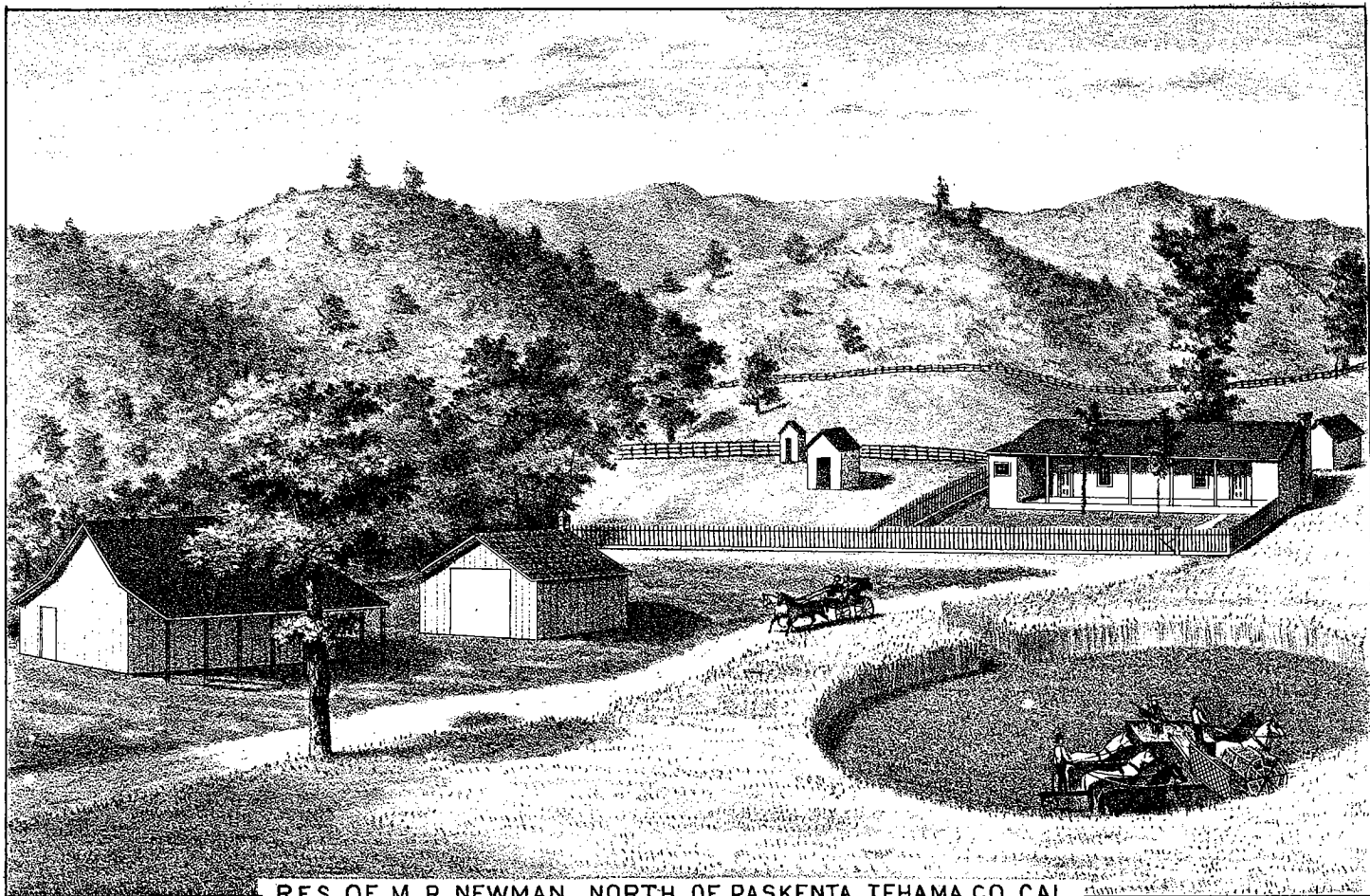
RESIDENCE OF P. M. BLECHORN 15 MILES WEST OF TEHAMA, TEHAMA Co, CAL.



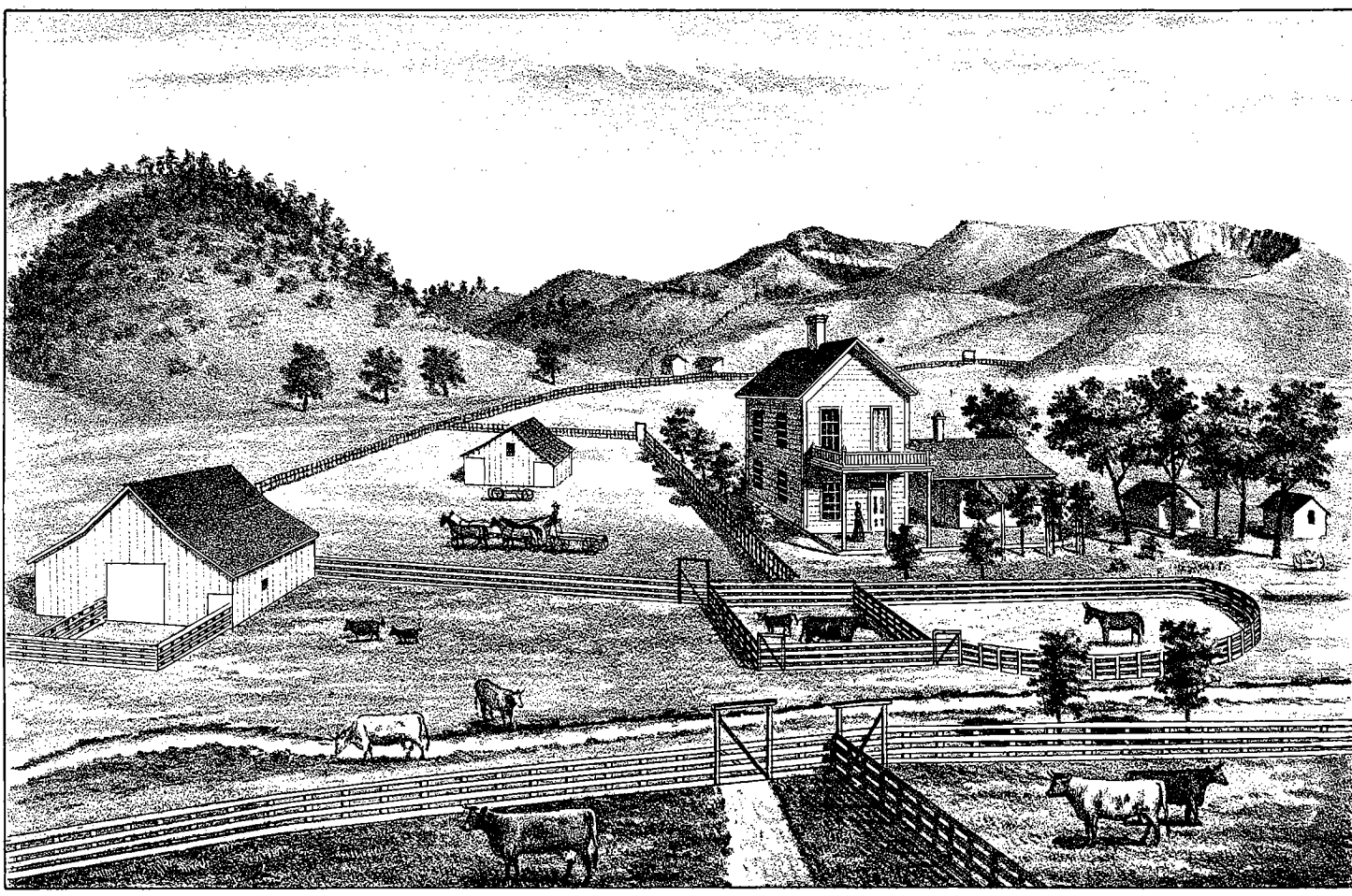
FARM AND RESIDENCE OF STEPHEN BREARCLIFFE, RED BLUFF, CAL.



NORTH STAR FLOURING MILLS, PROPERTY OF M.C. ELLIS AND SON, SESMA, TEHAMA CO. CAL.



RES. OF M. R. NEWMAN, NORTH OF PASKENTA, TEHAMA CO. CAL.



RES. OF MRS. ALICE WILLIAMS, PASKENTA, TEHAMA CO. CAL.

situated in the foot-hills of the Sierra range of mountains, admirably adapted for sheep range, being well watered by the Antelope creek, and affording shelter and protection from the inclemency of the weather. Wheat raising, however, is the principal industry entered into by Mr. Blossom, his hill range being rented to some of our extensive sheep men.

The yield of grain on this prolific farm in 1879, was twenty thousand sacks of wheat, four thousand sacks of barley. In some pieces of land the yield of wheat that year ran as high as forty-four (44) bushels to the acre; of hay about five hundred tons were saved, everything being in harmony with the extent and liberality with which nature has provided this prolific farm; the machinery is of the latest modern invention known in agricultural pursuits.

HARVESTING OUTFIT.

In harvesting the immense crops, speed, economy and thoroughness must be assured, so none but the most improved machinery is used to this end. Mr. Blossom is noted among his co-workers, for the excellency of his harvesting *outfit*, which is replete with every necessary, and manned by thorough and efficient hands. Among the many fine machines, we note a fine Gaar & Scott engine of twenty-five horse-power, which drives one of the largest size "Gold Medal" separators of a forty-inch cylinder capacity, fitted with a Jackson's self-feeder with two elevators. The engine is a straw burner, being economical and fuel saving. The hungry separator is kept busily at work from daylight till dark, from several ten and twelve foot headers which quickly fill the vast header wagons, which are provided with the unloading nets, one of California's new inventions, which is unloaded by horse-power in an instant, doing away with the pitching of the grain. Mr. Blossom being a practical and liberal tiller of the soil, believes in progression, and is ever ready to practically prove the worth of novel, labor-saving, agricultural implements. He has in each of his mammoth barns, a Clark's Elevator and Carrier, for unloading and stacking hay or straw.

The well arranged and ample farm yard is replete with commodious, substantial and comfortable out-houses, barns, granaries, blacksmith and machine shop, and all necessary sheds for the vast amount of agricultural machinery he has always on hand. The vineyard is beautifully situated on a flat facing east from the picturesquely situated farm house, which is so artistically represented in the lithographic view.

The site chosen for the dwelling by Mr. Fratt, the builder, and former owner, is an excellent and artistic one, being on an old Indian mound known as a rancheria, forming a knoll, which gently slopes from every side, assuring a dry and healthy domicile, which is of a Swiss Cottage style of architecture, forming a rural and harmonious effect, screened at all points from the summer's sultry sun, by the clinging ivy, honey-

suckle and other tendrils. The lawn is neatly laid out, and is graced with majestic oak, fir, fig, laurel, arbor vitæ, oleander, and other fine shade trees, almost hiding from view the threshold of the hospitable home. The cool and commodious wine cellar is conveniently situated, and is in every respect worthy to hold the delicious vintage with which it is stored. The vineyard contains over five thousand old vines of the best variety of grapes. It is very prolific, and its wine has gained a local fame which will soon extend when the Antelope valley wines are introduced abroad; over two thousand gallons was pressed during the season of 1879. The vegetable, or kitchen garden, is an institution which many California ranchers too often neglect; but Mr. Blossom recognizes the necessity of affording the many laborers he has on his farm, every comfort he can consistently provide, and vegetables are a necessary which should be furnished the hard working plowman as well as the easy going visitor.

ABUNDANCE OF FRUIT.

A very extensive kitchen garden is one of the principal features of this homestead; it is under the management of an experienced gardener, who takes a just pride in the produce of this prolific spot. It is irrigated by a ditch brought in from the famous Antelope creek, assuring vegetables in their *season*, all through the year. Strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, and small fruits of all kinds are raised here in abundance; cherries, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, and other table fruits can be found in the fine orchard. The work on such a ranch as this requires a great many hands, the usual complement is from thirty to forty, which of course is increased very materially at harvest time.

One hundred head of work animals, consisting of mules and horses, are always necessary, and during the busy season, many teams have to be hired, especially in hauling the grain to the shipping point. The stock of hogs fluctuate, but five hundred head was on the ranch after the killing of the fat ones for table use, in the killing season of 1879. A few milch cows are always kept to supply the table with sweet, fresh milk, and some fifteen to twenty head of young cattle are kept for beef; otherwise no stock to signify is raised, it being a wheat growing ranch and not a stock raising one.

This magnificent farm has a frontage on the Sacramento river of about two miles, with the living stream, Antelope creek, alongside and through its full length (more than four miles), affording unexceptional watering facilities. It is located about eight miles south-east of the growing city of Red Bluff, with the southern portion about four miles from the California and Oregon branch of the Central Pacific Railroad at Sesma, bringing it within easy distance of transportation. The management of such a noble property requires one who is clear-headed and able in every respect to depend upon his own judgment; he must have executive abilities above the average, and thor-

oughly understand the management of large enterprises. The success which has attended Mr. Blossom in carrying on this enterprise, is sufficient to establish the fact that he is the right man in the right place. He stands at the head of his noble profession, as an example of what honesty, sobriety, industry and pluck will accomplish. He is beloved by all, and respected by the laboring classes (who are ever ready to pick a flaw in the character of those possessing so abundantly of this world's goods.) He stands high in the esteem of his neighbors and brother ranchers in the county, and has a credit unlimited among her merchants. His jovial countenance is a free passport in all assemblies, and his name brings assurance of honesty and truth.

JOSEPH SPENCER CONE.

One of the prominent citizens of Tehama county, is a fair type of the better development of Californian civilization. In a country where almost every phase of life is characteristic, unique, peculiar; where no fixed laws or customs have much to do with moulding character, and not only men but also their employments and successes stand out as the result of individual effort entirely unaided by factitious circumstances; where about all that can be said of a man to his credit may at once be attributed to the mettle that is in him; in a country where the forces of society are centrifugal, driving men away from rather than drawing them near to a common point of social contact, it is something to find a well-poised, well-disciplined, self-restrained symmetrical character. Perhaps no man in the State belonging to its early history, whom the votes of the people have brought into prominence, has adhered more closely to the direct line marking his own business, mingling less in public affairs yet never shrinking from a public duty; unambitious of public honors yet worthy of any to which he might aspire, as the subject of this sketch. He belongs to that class of whom there are never many in any one State or at any one time. His early associates in the East would fail to recognize him, for he has developed out of proportion to their own advancement. His neighbors here have been accustomed to refer his successes in business and his recent selection as Railroad Commissioner to a certain "luck," which by the casual observer is a favorite method of accounting for events and men they cannot comprehend. The most conspicuous person on the globe to-day glided unperceived out of comparative obscurity eighteen years ago, and with dazzling rapidity became the foremost man of his time, and his career is still incomprehensible to all who knew him then, and ever will be an unsolved riddle to this generation.

Any one who has studied California men—not those who immigrated in palace cars—but those who came in the flush of youth, in ox-wagons and with pack-trains, and who have fashioned the laws, the customs and the thought of this coast, cannot have failed to observe an unusual number of unusual

men, capable of great deeds and high achievements should the occasion bring them out. It is impossible that the great ranches owned and operated here, the colossal fortunes shrewdly made and ably handled; the enormous Railroad enterprises put in motion; the stupendous mining developments carried through, should not bring to the surface extraordinary men. Let no one then be amazed to find great qualities reposing among this people.

Mr. Cone was born August 26, 1822, in Marietta, Ohio, where he remained until of age. A good common school education was all that could be given him, and this had to be acquired while doing his part on the farm. He was less fortunate than our present Governor, who graduated about this time at the Marietta College. His father, Timothy Cone, was born in Connecticut, and his mother, Sarah Bailey, in Massachusetts, and were both of English descent. The family in this country take their origin among the hardy, determined Plymouth Rock progenitors of our northern race.

In 1843 he emigrated to Missouri, and settled in Jasper county, in the south-western portion of the State. He farmed a little here, but was mainly employed in buying flour, bacon and other products and shipping to the Cherokee Indians in the Indian Territory. The life of the Missourian then was the simplest possible. People had no title to lands; paid no taxes; there was but little local government or occasion for any. They lived within themselves, manufactured their own wearing apparel; raised cotton, hemp and wool, carded by hand and made their own cloth. An ordinary farmer and large family would get through the year with a fifty-dollar store bill; at a fashionable wedding one would not see a stitch of clothing not home-made. A mail once a month, and postage twenty-five cents each letter; not three houses in the county where a newspaper was to be found, and when a paper arrived the neighbors assembled to hear it read by one of their number; there were but three Whig votes in the county; the rest were Democrats, and not being able to find competent material for officers, two of the Whigs were chosen. St. Joseph was just being suggested, and St. Louis a small city just emerged from a French trading-post. Railroads had not entered the wildest imagination of that simple people. Missouri had then been a State for over twenty-three years. The mind can hardly realize the truth which this primitive life shows contrasted with life now even on this far-off coast. Daily mails everywhere; daily newspapers in every house; postage three cents, telegraphic news from all parts of globe at our breakfast tables; the insignificant farm of Jasper county, Missouri, here has expanded into broad acres requiring thousands of dollars to carry it on, and at the farm house every luxury of life may be found. On this south-west Missourian's farm in Tehama county you will see in harvest time over seventy-five men employed; his flock of sheep now numbers twenty thousand; his crop of wheat of one year would bring more money than

all Jasper county was worth then; his farm machinery reminds one, when parked, of a great artillery camp in time of war; to see the train of wagons, headers, separator, engine and other paraphernalia moving into the field one can readily convert it by imagination into the vast array of horse, foot and dragoons of an army. But we are departing from the sequence of events which made possible this striking contrast between Jasper county, Missouri, in 1843, and Tehama county, California, in 1880.

It is quite easy now to see why this man was stirred by the excitement of 1849 and yielded to that spirit of adventure so characteristic of the American people.

In May, 1850, he started across the plains to California. On the North Platte his small party abandoned their wagons and packed the rest of the way. On the Truckee they got out of provisions and lost their pack animals, except one pony and one mule, and with these and such food as could be skirished for on the way they landed in Nevada county in August.

That overland journey was an important preparatory school for the hardships and toils and the wonderful future that awaited these gold seekers of the Pacific. Coming from the great plains and valleys and dull, monotonous forests of the Mississippi basin, and traversing in their journey the vast Rocky Mountain ranges, climaxed by the noble Sierras, and descending from their snowy heights into the loveliest region the sun ever shone upon, it was perfectly logical that from these buoyant, hopeful, ambitious American youths should spring a race of men in many respects unparalleled.

When we recall the occupations pursued by these early Californians and see them now filling high places, we are surprised at nothing that may be told of them.

Mr. Cone mined a little that year, but he had no taste for the life, and turned his attention more to traffic. He made shakes and constructed houses. For shakes that now sell for four dollars per M, he got one hundred dollars per M. That winter he went to Placer county and mined some.

In 1851 he teamed from Sacramento to Rough and Ready and Grass Valley. Thomas Findley, once State Treasurer, was a fellow-teamster on the same road. He got two hundred dollars per ton for freight that may now be delivered probably for five dollars per ton.

In 1853 he returned to Missouri and drove out stock in 1854. Settled in Sacramento county and remained there ranching and buying and selling stock until 1859, when he came to Tehama county, and settled down near the Nomee Lackee Reservation, where there was then a garrison of U. S. troops. Was engaged here principally in cattle raising until 1865, when he went into sheep husbandry. His stock roamed over Government land, then not supposed to be of any value for agriculture, and which no one would buy. Now all over this country are wheat fields of wonderful productiveness.

In 1867, finding that it was not good to live alone, he went

back to his native State and returned with his bride, the daughter of Col. Reppert, a lady of refined and cultivated tastes, who, together with her husband, dispenses a generous hospitality at their happy ranch home.

His business opportunity had not yet come, but in 1869 he saw it. The owners of Rancho Rio de los Berrendos, a tract of fourteen thousand acres on the east bank of the Sacramento river opposite Red Bluff, becoming discouraged and being unable to make the property pay expenses, offered it for sale. Mr. Cone borrowed the money necessary to buy it, and at once embraced what clearly appeared to him the opportunity of his life, although to his neighbors it seemed a hazardous undertaking.

Here first began the unfolding of this man's possibilities; here began and is still in progress that careful administration of business that has developed qualities thought by the people of the State too valuable to be confined to private enterprise. This man has made this hitherto unproductive farm to yield of its rich fruits year by year, until it has not only paid for itself, paid for improvements upon it more costly than the farm originally, paid for stocking it with innumerable sheep, cattle, horses, hogs, farming utensils by the acre; but he has made this farm build a large lumber flume property; has made it help to establish the Bank of Tehama county, and has made it open one of the leading mercantile houses in Red Bluff. We have here an explanation of the promise of Mr. Cone as a man of affairs in his vicinity: that while other and able ranchers are struggling against adverse circumstances, and now and then one disappears beneath a sea of debt, he, whether as rancher, merchant, banker or lumberman, displays the same quiet force; the same imperturbable manner; the same reticence of his business; the same self-reliance that exhibits a man always in command of himself; and we find him always attended by the same success. He moves among his fellows in the simplest way, and, aside from a certain dignity of manner and personal reserve, would not be distinguishable from them. Yet it is easy to discover his leadership. When he holds wool, his neighbors hold it; when he sells wheat, they sell. All communities have one or more men to whom others turn instinctively for direction in important matters.

Mr. Cone is such a guide for his part of the State, and like all such men he has a generosity and liberality of heart that never turns away a worthy petitioner.

He is not a man specially for details, although he can understand details, and knows the minutest appointment of his immense estate, but his strong point is in generalization, in reaching results from given premises by applying general principles.

While always showing commendable interest in the affairs of his county, he has never cared to hold office. His natural independence and individuality of character are to a certain extent incompatible with those qualities requisite in persons

who seek office as a means of gratifying ambition. His connection with the county has illustrated in an eminent degree the value of that kind of citizenship which makes one's duty to his family and himself reflect ultimately the highest character of the citizen. Citizenship, like all other high qualities, begins at home, and a good father, husband, neighbor, and manager of his own business is almost invariably a good citizen. It is a great mistake to suppose that a man's usefulness and influence in the world depend upon his making himself conspicuous by entering the public service. It is the aggregate private sentiment that makes public opinion, and it is the aggregate private worth that makes the sum of our civilization. It is the fact that all over our country are scattered solid, conservative, self-reliant, intelligent farmers and business men that make our government one of the strongest, safest and most enlightened among the nations of the earth.

For twenty-one years Mr. Cone has been a part of Tehama county. He has seen it develop from the pastoral stage, when it was a great waste of wild oats and grasses, feeding innumerable stock, and holding a population mainly of the original California type, into the second and higher stage—that of agriculture, with increased population, new industries, and a broader type of people and a higher degree of development. He has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, and by following that homely but pregnantly wise rule—of minding his own business—he has attained a position, both as respects pecuniary success and influence among his fellows, that should satisfy any just ambition. He is and has been a part of the county during its transition period, and may now enjoy with becoming pride the fruits gathered among this people.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER.

Perhaps no one of his neighbors was more surprised than he when the State Republican Convention placed him upon the State ticket as one of the Railroad Commissioners, an office created by the new Constitution, but his firmness, judgment, and honesty were qualities required for this high duty, and at once commended him to the suffrage of the people. His quiet, unobtrusive life had not been so inconspicuous but that he was readily trusted by the voters of his district. It is too soon, now, to forecast the result of his selection; his commission has an arduous and difficult work, and one requiring patience and time to accomplish, but we may predict of the future what the past will warrant of this man's purpose and motive; and judging by this test, the people may rest secure in the belief that he will make a record, and will serve them with zeal and efficiency. Whatever of honor to him personally or usefulness to the people may result from this relation, to the mind of the writer of this brief sketch, Mr. Cone will never find a higher or nobler duty than that of managing the splendid farm of which he is proprietor, and on which he is always at his best; and if

his children grow up to perpetuate the virtues and worth of their parents, we may hope that very many years will come and go before their family name passes out of the records of Tehama county.

RANCHO DE LOS BERRENDOS.

This magnificent property, of which Mr. Cone is owner, and on which he resides, deserves in this connection a passing notice. It lies on the east bank of the Sacramento river, near Red Bluff, and comprises about fourteen thousand acres, stretching across the valley and well up on the foot-hills of the Sierras. Antelope creek debouches, at the north-east corner of the rancho, into the valley, and spreads out fan-like into four running streams of sparkling mountain water, that course across the valley to the river at diverging distances apart.

As a wheat and stock ranch combined, it would be difficult to find a better in the State. The valley land is interspersed with spreading oaks and presents an orchard-like appearance—one of the picturesque peculiarities of the Sacramento valley, while the Sierras and their foot-hills form a grand background. Mr. Cone has this year (1880) harvested over eighty thousand bushels of grain from the agricultural lands, and as he summer-fallows, there is land ready for seeding that will produce a like crop next year should the season be favorable. On the stubble and on the grasses of the foot-hills he pastures in winter from fifteen to twenty thousand sheep. Last winter he killed five hundred fat hogs and sold numerous beeves. There are five fine gardens and orchards at different points on the ranch, from which a considerable revenue is obtained. As a typical California rancho, a full description of its appointments and management would make a most readable magazine article, and would illustrate ranching in California more fully than any ranch known to the writer.

This ranch is operated by its owner for the pleasure as well as profit it gives. It is his home, and each year new comforts of living are added and new improvements made, and higher cultivation aimed at. It is now worth a long journey to see, and must grow more and more attractive year by year. If anything can redeem large land holdings, it is ranching as Mr. Cone does it in Tehama county, and General Bidwell in Butte. Of the many fine estates in Europe and America that have been visited by the writer, these two, Mr. Cone's and General Bidwell's, stand out at once types of their kind and monuments to their owners; and it must be a somewhat melancholy reflection to these gentlemen, that a few years at most, must witness their segregation into small tracts, and their identity lost as great ranches. Such, however, is the inevitable law of descent in this country. Primogeniture cannot live in the atmosphere of a Republic. One man builds up and succeeding generations pull down and scatter. But while we have these great estates, let us give all credit to owners who use them with enlarged views and make them produce the maximum benefits to society.

JACKSON EBY, ESQ.

RED BLUFF, December 25, 1879.

To the Publishers:

GENTLEMEN:—The following biographical sketch of Jackson Eby, Esq., I have written without his knowledge or consent, upon the principle that a politician's life belongs to the people, and his social qualities to his friends, among whom none are more ardent than his humble servant,

C. A. COMSTOCK.

The people of Tehama county who are particularly interested in the publication of this work, aside from the considerations of policy, will appreciate its contents in reviewing the biographical sketches of their public men and men of prominence, from the fact that it is an illustration of their own wise choice, and a proof also of their good judgment in selecting such to fill places of great responsibility and trust; and in this degenerate age, when corruption stalks abroad like a pestilence and high-handed villainy is gilded over by pretended rank and aristocracy, it is a cheerful reflection that there are those with whom honesty, truth and manhood are innate and inborn principles, that will neither break nor bend, let the temptation be what it may; there are those who have by their fidelity to the people's welfare—merited the encomium of the sacred writer, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." And I hesitate not to say, that no public officer either in the past or present is more worthy of the appellation from the inspired book than the gentleman whose name graces the top of this page.

Jackson Eby was born near the town of Bristol, Morgan county, Ohio, on the 6th of December, 1832, and when a small boy, his parents removed to Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana. Consequently he was born a "buckeye," and grew up a "hoosier." He remained with the "old folks at home" until his twentieth year, laboring during the spring, summer and autumn, and attending school in the winter like all other boys of that period whose parents were in moderate circumstances, and thus acquired sufficient education to enable him transact all ordinary business of life. He then in company with an elder brother purchased an outfit, and started overland for the El Dorado of the Pacific. Nothing unusual transpired on their long and tedious journey, it was sunshine, storm, dust and Indians, but perseverance, combined with hope and pluck, brought them safely through to Hangtown, now the flourishing city of Placerville. He there purchased an interest in several mining claims and met with rather indifferent success in proportion to the severe labor and toil which he applied to the new, and to him, strange vocation.

After a ten months' weary trial, seeking for the "gold of Ophir," among the hidden treasures of the earth, he abandoned it and turned his thoughts toward the "tall cedars of Lebanon," among the gigantic redwoods of the Coast Range, near Santa Cruz, where he manfully swung the ax and plied the saw, making posts, shakes, shingles, etc., finding a market among the farmers and settlers of that portion of the country.

At this employment Mr. Eby soon tired from the fact of its being so very different from his former mode of life—he was raised among the golden fields of grain; he was fond of lambkins sporting on the lawn; he loved to see the cows come home with their dingle dangle dingle, etc. He knew the pleasures of a farmer's home and occupation, of their independence, and he sighed to be one again. He could not follow Mr. Greeley's injunction to "Go West," for he stood upon the utmost verge overlooking the everlasting sea.

A divinity that shapes our ends—or chance—beckoned to him to turn his footsteps to the North, not in search of the long-sought-for pole, but in search of rich alluvial soil, of sparkling streams of water. He did so, and when he reached Tehama county, he said to himself, "Eureka, I have found it, here will I pitch my tent and plant my vine and fig tree." He went to work with a will and energy that nothing could dampen, from 1854 toiling early and late a bachelor for six long years, before he felt prepared to take the responsibility of a family. On December 6, 1860, Mr. Eby was married to Miss Helen M. Miller, daughter of Samuel W. Miller, Esq., now residing at Red Bluff. A very amiable lady, the very personification of health and happiness, the mother of seven children, who after twenty years of wedded life, looks even now like a young lady in her teens, the husband and father discloses more the effects of growing age, although he is in the prime of life, strong and muscular, yet long years of toil with the cares and perplexities of a responsible office have wrought some wrinkles on his face. For a period of twenty years, Mr. Eby has been a tiller of the soil in Tehama county, he has sowed and reaped many a bountiful harvest and sometimes too he has been obliged to suffer the loss of an unpropitious season. There is many a "golden cloud with a silver lining that vanishes in storm and tempest. The harvest sometimes fails even in our own grand Tehama, 'tis so throughout the world."

In 1873, Mr. Eby was put in nomination for the office of Assessor by the Republican party, and was elected by a large majority, in 1875 he was again nominated and elected by an increased majority, the term of office being four years. Again in 1879, he was the unanimous choice of his party, and went into the campaign, and although his opponent strained every nerve to make the hitherto invincible champion succumb to a defeat, yet he came out triumphant, being the leading candidate upon the ticket. Mr. Eby has not only been a "hearer of the word, but a doer of the work" in the party to which he belongs. In fact, he is one of the pillars upon which that party holds its power in Tehama county, and an adversary against whom his political opponents have more to fear than any other in the field.

There are many reasons for his popularity with the people, he is affable in his manners, extends a kind courtesy to all with whom he has intercourse, obliging, ever ready and as willing to give information to the most humble and poor, as to

the opulent and rich. With a keen and quick perception to adjust whatever is right, and also the perfect and systematic order in which he conducts his important trust, selecting for his deputies none but those of tried ability and character, and employing no less an expert than Peter C. Scott, Esq., one of the ablest book-keepers on the Pacific coast, a gentleman of culture and unquestionable integrity. The repetition therefore of Mr. Eby's election is not a matter of surprise, because it would be difficult, indeed, if not an impossibility, to find a man, let him belong to whatever party he may, to serve the people as he has done, and well the people know it.

The residence of Jackson Eby, Esq., is located on Main street, on the first block south of the Red Bluff Hotel, and was among the first substantial dwellings erected in Red Bluff. It was built in 1856, and has been occupied by George Hoag, Judge Earle and General E. J. Lewis, from whom Mr. Eby purchased the property in 1870.

It is an enclosure of eighty-seven feet front, and ornamented with several stately oak trees, giving it a venerable appearance, and whose branches in the summer time afford a pleasing shade to its occupants. It is of the "cottage style," unpretentious in its proportions, yet sufficiently large for a comfortable home, and whose doors are ever ready to swing open to give the most cordial welcome to a friend.

ABRAHAM TOWNSEND.

A. Townsend, the founder and proprietor of the *Sentinel*, was born in Sandusky city, State of Ohio, on the 28th day of June, 1823. He was a great favorite in his infancy of Dougall Campbell, the editor and proprietor of the *Sandusky Clarion*, owing to which fact he became a typo at a very youthful age, being only six years old. He was left an orphan by the death of his father, Ephraim K. Townsend, when he was only four years old. At the age of six years, his mother again married, and emigrated to Cass county, Michigan. His step-father, like most step-fathers, was anything but a pleasant parent, which induced him to make an effort to gain his own livelihood. At the age of thirteen, he concluded to fight the battle of life independent of his step-father's influence. He made application to Judge Shannahan, of the Probate Court, who, being a great friend of his, and his grand-parent, Abraham Townsend, Sr., gave him the proper papers to act for himself, notwithstanding the many importunities to the contrary. Having thus freed himself from his unpleasant position, he took up his home with his grand-parents, Abraham and Statty K. Townsend, by whom he was furnished, not only with a pleasant and happy home, but with the necessary means to obtain a very good common-school education. He then assiduously applied himself in the printing office that he might become perfect in the art of his choice.

In August, 1846, he bought the *Cass County Advocate*,

located at Cassopolis, the county-seat of Cass county, Michigan, which was only four miles east of the home of his grand-parents. On the 17th day of September, 1847, he was married to Miss Ettville Ballard, of Adamsville, Cass county, Michigan, and, having by his assiduity and perseverance, accumulated a considerable sum of money he and his young wife soon built up for themselves a beautiful and pleasant home. But the spring of 1849 found them both in feeble health, and through the advice of their physician and friends they disposed of their property that they might travel for the benefit of their health. The change proved to be very beneficial, as the following winter found them both in the enjoyment of fine health and spirits. On the 6th day of February, 1850, he and his wife emigrated to Iowa, where a few months previously he had purchased a large tract of land. The winter of 1850-51 found them comfortably located in Iowa City, having accepted a situation in the State printing office during the session of the Legislature. On the 9th day of February, 1851, their first child was born. In March of that year they returned to their farm in Johnson and Cedar counties, Iowa, which he successfully cultivated.

In the winter of 1853-54, he became favorably impressed with the idea of a removal to California. He, like others, having a very severe attack of the gold fever, was not long in disposing of his broad acres, and closing out his business, for, on the 6th day of February, 1854, accompanied by his wife and boy, and all his personal effects, he took up the line of march for Council Bluffs; that they might be ready to accompany the first train to cross the Missouri river, bound for the "Golden State." On the 29th day of April, with his family and two young men, assistants, they struck their tents, and started on their long, weary and tiresome journey across the plains, which was accomplished without any unusual incident or casualty worthy of note.

He arrived in Shasta City, Shasta county, on the 29th day of July, 1854. In the fall of that year he erected and opened a hotel at what was known as Lower Texas springs, which proved a success beyond his most sanguine expectations; but having a strong desire to engage in mining operations, he disposed of his hotel and, in the fall of 1855, became an "honest miner." On the 31st day of July, 1856, his wife presented him with his first and only daughter. In the spring of 1857, having amassed quite a handsome little fortune in his mining operations, he again became impressed with the idea that there was no situation in life in which a man could enjoy himself more than as a farmer. With this idea, he visited Tehama and Colusa counties, purchasing and locating in what is now known as Townsend valley on the north branch of Stony creek. This last trial of farming was not altogether a financial success.

In the summer of 1862, he disposed of his farm and moved to Red Bluff, where he engaged in teaming and jobbing, until the summer of 1866, when he gave up that business and accepted a situation in the *Independent* office, then owned and

conducted by W. Chalmers. He retained his situation in that office until February, 1867.

At this juncture of things, having disposed of his team, and necessity being father to the thought, he concluded to publish a Democratic paper in opposition to the *Independent*, a Republican paper. The leaders of the Democratic party were at once smitten with the idea, and promised to stand by him with all necessary pecuniary aid. The necessary material was immediately purchased.

FIRST NUMBER OF "SENTINEL," IN 1867.

On the 9th day of March, 1867, the first number of *The Sentinel* was presented to the public. It was outspoken, able, bold and fearless in the advocacy of Democratic principles, and its locals were witty and spicy, which brought to its support capital and talent of adjoining counties as well as of Tehama. The advent of *The Sentinel* was the death knell to Republicanism in Tehama county, as but few offices have been filled by the Republican party since its inauguration. The *Sentinel* has not only been a power in the land in vindication of the cause of Democracy, but its powerful influence has been felt and appreciated in every enterprise and industry within its broad circulation. From a twenty-one by thirty-one sheet of a few hundred copies, printed on a hand press, it has advanced to its now mammoth proportions, twenty-eight by forty-two, printed on one of Potter's latest-improved number three cylinder presses, which is run by steam, turning out its thousands of impressions of dailies and weeklies.

Its job office is the largest and most complete of any north of Marysville, and has been in a great measure the cause of the financial success of the *Sentinel*. During the many years that the *Sentinel* has been in existence it has been the official organ of the county, with the exception of twelve months.

In 1877, the citizens of Tehama county, fully appreciating the talent and ability of Mr. Townsend, elected him County Treasurer of Tehama county, which office he filled with credit to himself and honor to his constituency. "A."

JOHN BARRY.

John Barry, one of the pioneers of California, lives on the banks of the Cottonwood, a short distance from the village of that name.

He was born in Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, February 15, 1827. He left his Ireland home for New York, in May, 1850, and reached San Francisco, January, 1851. Like every one at that time, he first proceeded to the mines, and mined in Weaver, Trinity river and Idaho, but principally in Trinity and Shasta counties, with good success.

In April, 1857, he came to his present home, and engaged in farming and stock raising. His farm consists of about 3,000

acres, of which 500 is under cultivation. About half of the farm is bottom land, and the balance slightly rolling and timbered with oak. The summer fallow land averages twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and of barley thirty bushels. He is sixteen miles from county seat, and only half-mile from a good school.

Mr. Barry is one of the large sheep raisers of Tehama county, and usually has a flock of 5,000 sheep. He also keeps about forty head of horses, besides other animals.

He married Miss Hannah Brannon, November 11, 1855, in San Francisco. She was a native of same place as her husband. Their children are John H., James, Nellie, Addie, Robert E., Mary and Thomas F. Barry.

John Barry is a very careful farmer, and by steady perseverance and integrity has made his business profitable, and at the same time secured confidence and respect wherever he is known.

JOHN GLEASON.

John Gleason is a native of Prussia, where he was born in 1836. He was the oldest son and labored on the farm when quite young. His first place of work after leaving home was for a Mr. Godfrey, when sixteen years of age, for \$130 per year, which was more than the average price of wages for a man at that time and date.

He left Napierville, Illinois, and arrived in California in 1852, and pursued mining at Diamond Springs, Hangtown and in Nevada county, but without making money. He came to this county in the spring of 1855, and engaged in teaming, and Mr. Gleason says he could, and did, make from \$40 to \$100 per day.

His farm, on which he now lives, contains 1,400 acres some twenty miles from Red Bluff and sixteen from the railroad. It is only one mile to school and one mile to church, on one of the best natural roads known. The farm has plenty of timber, and it can produce anything in way of grain, fruit or vegetables. It is in a healthy location, with plenty of running water. As will be seen in the view of this place, Mr. Gleason has a good house, out-buildings and improvements, located on the road from Red Bluff to Paskenta, Round Valley and Newville.

To give an idea of Mr. Gleason's energy, perseverance and success, we quote his own words: "I received a fall from a horse in 1857, and have not been able to do a days' work since that time. In 1859 I paid interest on \$6,500, 3½ to 4½ per cent per month, until it took nearly \$29,000 to pay it up. In 1860 I went to doctoring with a physician in San Francisco. After staying four months I returned home receiving no benefit, and my property would not pay my debts into \$3,000. After a year or two, in 1863-4, I made enough to pay all I owed. I kept on in farming and stock business on a small scale until 1873, when I owned 1,000 acres of land worth

\$35,000 with improvements. Since that time I have bought 400 acres additional, and made additional improvements."

GEORGE HOAG.

George Hoag was raised on a farm about nine miles from Dundee, Scotland, where he was born in 1838. He spent one year on Lord Newry's farm in the county Down, Ireland, before starting for the United States.

He first resided in Michigan and Missouri, and left the latter State at New Madrid, on the Mississippi river, for New Orleans. He left that place, July 20, 1858, and had a pleasant voyage to Havana; thence to Aspinwall, and arrived in San Francisco August 13, 1858.

Mr. Hoag never paid much attention to mining as was the universal custom of those who came at an earlier day. He resided in Sacramento county from August, 1858 to the spring of 1860.

He located in Tehama county in August, 1860, and engaged in sheep raising; having purchased a small band of one hundred sheep in Sacramento county in 1859. His farm at the present time consists of about three thousand acres near Riceville, Tehama county. It is a fine body of land, of a clayish soil, inclined to adobe. It is eighteen miles from Red Bluff and nine miles from road at Tehama village, which also affords the nearest church, but school is only about a mile distant. The soil is fertile and averages a production of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and of barley thirty-five to forty bushels.

George Hoag is one of the large and successful sheep-raisers of which Tehama county is so noted. He keeps at the present time six thousand five hundred head. Besides the sheep and general farming conducted by him, he also keeps about fifty head of horses, forty hogs, twenty head of cattle. He is a practical farmer and manages his farm in a successful manner. The farm has good out-buildings and is supplied with water for use near the house by wind-mill. Mr. Hoag's career shows what industry and perseverance will accomplish in a few years.

SAMUEL F. FRANK.

Is one of the active business men of Red Bluff, and was born in the year 1826, in South Carolina, which State he left at an early age for Carrollton, Illinois, where his father carried on a mercantile business for several years. In 1852 the desire to see the famous gold country took control of Mr. Frank, and landed him at Volcano, in Amador county, where he mined successfully for some two years, after which he moved to Yreka, which at that period was the liveliest mining camp in northern California, and one that suited the pushing energy of Mr. Frank. Scott's Bar, another lively camp, was the next

abiding place of this rolling-stone, where he gathered quite a quantity of moss, but lost it by fire, the whole camp being swept away by the consuming element, ruining Sam financially, and sending him to the historical mining town of Shasta, where he soon recuperated.

In 1855 he took charge of the then famous Dry Mill at Shingletown, owned by Uncle Billy Smith, now of Parkville. He managed the above mills for several years, after which he opened a trading post at Ogburn's Ranch. Two years of successful business at this point and another move was made. This time Battle Creek was chosen, where he established himself in a general merchandising store, which venture paid him so well that a partner was taken into the concern by his marrying Miss Mary Eiler, an estimable lady. Santa Rosa the next abiding place of him and his family, was not healthy enough for his wife, so he sold out a fine business and moved to Red Bluff. Here he formed a partnership with R. H. Campbell, *at that time* one of the sterling young business men of the town, and established a business which for several years was one of the most extensive general mercantile houses in the northern part of the State. From two partners, with a growing trade, the firm increased to three, L. S. Welton becoming one of the firm. The purchasing of wool, wheat and other products were largely entered into by the firm, and their yearly transactions ran up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Prosperity was assured to them on every hand.

In 1871 or 1872 the members of the firm, with K. Powell, an experienced lumber man, established the celebrated Blue Ridge Flume and Lumber Company, to cut and market the excellent quality of sugar pine lumber which abounds in the foot-hills of the Sierra range of mountains. The company prospered for a time, and at last sold out to the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company.

Too much praise could hardly be allowed to the original founders of this enterprise, which Mr. Frank and his partners conceived, for the benefit which Red Bluff and Tehama county has derived from its establishment could never be over-estimated.

In 1871 or 1872 Mr. Frank built his substantial house, and laid out the very pretty grounds which are situated on the fifth avenue of Red Bluff, Jefferson street. From a well-executed sketch which adorns a page of this work, the reader can see that the taste displayed by Mr. Frank in choosing such an advantageous spot is admirable. A short time before the transfer of the lumbering interests of Frank, Campbell and Welton, Mr. Frank retired from active business, but such a stirring business man could not stay long idle, so he entered into the forwarding and commission business, which, in conjunction with auctioneering, he executes with vigor shipping a great quantity of the supplies to northern California and southern Oregon merchants. Long may he live.

FELIX.

GEORGE L. KINGSLY.

A prominent citizen of Red Bluff, and one whose eventful and successful life will do to imitate, was born in St. Lawrence county, New York State, June 29, 1827, which place he left in the latter end of December, 1850, for California *via* Panama, at which place he contracted a fever peculiar to that country, and from the effects of which he suffered for nearly two years. Early in February, 1851, he found himself on Mormon Island, on the American river. Owing to the Panama fever he was unable to mine, or do any out-door labor, so accepted a position as dish-washer, at the hotel where he was boarding, for his living first; from dishwasher to head cook, at a liberal salary, was his next position, and for nearly a year his prospects improved. From this place he moved to Michigan Bar, on the Cosumnes river, twenty-five miles from Sacramento, where he started a newspaper route, delivering Eastern papers and the old Sacramento *Union*; also speculated largely in gold dust, shipping the precious metal to San Francisco Mint, receiving back golden eagles, which at that time were a scarce commodity. Mr. Kingsly held the responsible position of Agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., at Michigan Bar for a number of years. At this point of his career he took to himself a helpmate in the person of Mrs. C. A. Macomber, whom he married in 1858. His success as a speculator in gold dust and other business transactions was advantageous in every respect. He found himself a rich man, consequently he wished to conduct a more independent business, as well as one more congenial to his taste. Cattle and sheep raising was at that time the leading industry of the State, so he invested his capital in herds and flocks as well as a fine farm with fitting dwelling for himself and wife. 1861 and 1862 was a disastrous time for cattle and sheep, as a heavy flood swept away thousands of herds in several parts of the State. Mr. Kingsly lost heavily, both in cattle, sheep and stock, as well as having his home inundated, ruining him very nearly.

He pluckily started for a more congenial clime, and his travels brought him to Tehama county, where he arrived in the spring of 1862, his worldly possessions being a remnant of his sheep, a small band, \$600 in money, his unerring rifle, and a faithful wife. From a Mr. Hayden he purchased the well-known Kingsly flat, where George Lowry now has a magnificent sheep range. His nature was peculiarly adapted for hunting, which in those days was followed as a pastime by cattle and stockmen, so on his arrival in this paradise for hunters, he hired two boys—James Howell, one of our substantial sheep men of the present time, and Wm. McNamara, well known throughout the county—to herd his sheep, while he entered the ranks of the mighty nimrods. Deer, bear (grizzly especially), elk and antelope were very plentiful throughout this upper country at that early day, so game was always procured when Mr. Kingsly went after it.

A GREAT HUNTER.

His prowess with the rifle has gone forth to the world as a deer-slayer; he probably stands ahead of any man in the United States of America to-day. Of grizzly bears he has had his full share, having killed three or four a day when they were very plentiful. The life of a hunter suited him and was profitable; he sold the carcasses in the hunting season, and dressed the hides in the winter.

Mrs. Kingsly for many years accompanied her husband in the summer months on his hunting trips, and she is the first white woman that ascended the well-known snow-capped Yollo Balley which stands out on the Coast Range so picturesquely. The home-lacking Indians were at times threatening, but they never molested Mr. Kingsly during his hunting trips through their country. No person is so well versed in the topography of the mountain regions surrounding the valley of the Sacramento as Mr. Kingsly is, every glade, meadow and spring is familiar to him.

KINGSLY'S GLOVE FACTORY.

In 1866 he moved to town and purchased the lot on which his pretty cottage (which adorns a page of this work) now stands. The time was now come for him to settle down from the roving hunter to a thriving business man. During his hunting life he found a demand had grown for buck-skin gloves, and the idea came into his head that if he could manufacture a first-class article out of the hides of his own dressing they would command a big price; so, after a great deal of experimenting he and his helpmate struck upon a die for their now-famous gloves. From that time on he has entered industriously and profitably into the manufactory of buck-skin gloves, and ships his goods to all parts of the Pacific coast, Oregon, Washington Territory, Utah, Nevada and the Eastern States.

The incalculable benefit which the town of Red Bluff has received from the establishing of the "Kingsly Glove Factory" cannot be over-estimated. Hundreds of poor families have been supplied with means to keep the "wolf from the door" in work provided from this establishment. Such a crack shot was sure to have the finest of rifles, and had a practical knowledge of what kind of a gun others would require. So early in the history of his town life, he opened a shop for the sale of superior weapons, also has employed skilled workmen from Eastern factories to repair and make first-class guns.

The secret of his success has been from a personal supervision of all work sent out from his shop, as well as the closest attention to the superiority of the material in his goods. Today Mr. Kingsly stands forth as an example which our young men may well follow, as one who has depended upon his own exertions for a competency.

FELIX.

ROBERT ROSEVEARE.

One of the most remarkable instances of success in business, within the knowledge of the writer, is illustrated in the career of the gentleman who is the subject of this biographical sketch, Robert Roseveare, Esq., druggist at Red Bluff. Coming here a stranger from a foreign land, alone, friendless, and penniless, he has, in a few years, arisen from poverty to affluence, from a houseless wanderer to a home surrounded by all the comforts of ease and domestic felicity, and it is all explained in three words, viz., Perseverance, Integrity, Economy. These have been his "watchwords" and he has clung to them with the devotion of an idolator.

Mr. Roseveare was born in Cornwall, England, December 2, 1844, of very respectable parents, his father holding a responsible office under the Government. He died, however, when Robert was in his tenth year; but, notwithstanding the loss of his father in early life, his education was not neglected, and at the age of twenty he embraced an offer to go to Hong Kong, China, where he obtained a thorough knowledge of the drug and apothecary business. He remained four years in the flowery kingdom of the moon-eyed Mongolians, and went to Yokohama, Japan, where, after one year's residence, he took passage across the Pacific to San Francisco, and came direct to Tehama, in Tehama county. This was in the year 1870. Here it was his good fortune to meet with and form the acquaintance of R. W. Bettis, Esq., who proved a valuable friend up to the time of his death. He remained one year in business with Mr. Bettis, and went to Jacksonville, Oregon. It was there that he first saw and became acquainted with the young lady who afterward became his wife. She was teaching at the public school at Jacksonville, while he was furnishing the institution with fuel. Not finding a situation adapted to his capacities, unlike many others, he did not sit down—Micawber style—and wait for something good to turn up, he took off his coat, then took a saw and buck, and bravely went to work sawing wood at \$1.25 per cord. The young lady admired his pluck, and pledged her troth. After remaining there awhile, he retraced his steps again to Tehama, and sawed wood by the cord for John Simpson, Esq., until finally Mr. Bettis re-engaged him to take the management of his drug and prescription business, and from that time on success has followed him in every move.

In 1875 Mr. Roseveare became proprietor and owner of the large and lucrative business in which he is still engaged in Red Bluff, and often gives an expression of his heartfelt thanks to P. C. Scott, Dod Cameron and Major Bettis for the material aid they rendered to give him a start in life. The romance of his history—"often more strange than fiction"—is, that after traveling around the world and seeing life in almost every phase, he was stricken with the tender passion at the very time that gaunt poverty was staring him in the face. His love

was reciprocated, and his fondest hopes were realized, as the event proved. The young lady, Miss Letitia Knox Eckelson, true to her vows, came down to Red Bluff by appointment and they were married by Rev. Mr. Mayhew, on the 14th day of May, 1872. They have four beautiful children, of whom no father can be more dotingly fond, and no wife and mother evinces a greater desire to make home beautiful and blest than she. Thus has a brave heart been rewarded for his manhood. Aside from his close application to business, Mr. Roseveare seizes upon every opportunity to ride over various portions of the country (being almost an infatuated lover of agriculture), to study its interests and the developments of the soil.

A vigorous writer, also, he has contributed many able articles for the daily and weekly papers published in Red Bluff, which have conveyed much valuable information to those seeking homes, as well as words of cheer and encouragement to the hardy tillers of the ground. There is scarcely a farm or ranch within a range of twenty miles that has escaped his personal inspection or a description by his ready pen, under the *non de plume* of "Felix." The long-drawn furrow of the keen-cutting plow, the scattering of the seed, the fields of golden grain, the merry harvest time, and gathering in the prolific reward of the laborer's toil, are all themes upon which it gives him pleasure to dilate. In him industry has a champion and friend; in him the community have an upright, honest citizen; in him—though born in the mother country, England—this, the land of his adoption, has a subject that guards, loves and obeys its laws and institutions. "S."

HON. SAMUEL JENISON.

Samuel Jenison, one of Tehama county's most worthy citizens, was born in Chenango county, New York, in 1805 and went with his father to Covington, Kentucky.

Mr. Jenison says: "My parents' names were Rufus Jenison and Jurusha Field. My father was born in Worcester, Mass., and my mother in New Haven, Connecticut. My grandfathers were both Revolutionary soldiers. John Field, my mother's father, was in all the main battles of the Revolution, and at the taking of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. He lived to be 104 years old, the last forty years drawing a pension.

My father settled in Cincinnati in the year 1807, and in the year 1813 settled in Covington, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, and owned and run the first horse-boat as a ferry-boat, from Covington to the foot of Main street, Cincinnati, then a small place, and it was considered as great an improvement in navigation (on the river Ohio) as steam is at the present day.

In 1821 my father attended the land sales at Indianapolis and bought land and a four-acre block, and in 1823 moved from Kentucky to Indianapolis, the country then an immense forest. I rolled logs and helped clean away the underbrush where grew to be one of the great cities of the West. The

population was then mostly Kentuckians. We had to organize militia companies. I had grown up by the side of Newport Barracks, Kentucky, where the regular soldiers were drilled every day, and learned Gen. Scott's tactics, and heard tattoo and reveille every evening and morning. As a matter of course, I was elected one of the captains of the First Battalion and First Regiment of Indiana militia.

I resided in Indianapolis until 1852, and during that time held the offices of Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace, Commissioner on Central Canal; elected to Legislature from Hamilton and Boon counties, and served in the sessions of 1846 and '47. I was always a Democrat up to 1860. In the month of November, 1852, I left New York for California, by sea, in steamer for Aspinwall; crossed the Isthmus on mules; from Panama, on the old steamer *Columbus*, with 300 passengers; had a storm three days out, lasting 48 hours, and in that time lost nine passengers, buried at sea. After the storm abated, we formed a line and baled out the water which had swept the deck and partly filled the steamer. Nothing further occurred on the trip and we arrived safe in San Francisco about the 1st of February, 1853.

I lived in Shasta county from the 1st of April, 1853, to the 1st of August, in what was called "Rich Gulch," now Copper City; took out \$550 and left for San Francisco, where I got an appointment in the Post-office, Col. Henly being Postmaster, and also a place in the Custom House under Major Hammond.

I came to Tehama county in April, 1855, and have lived where I now reside ever since; engaged in the sheep business for eighteen years. Last year I engaged in farming, having and owning about 2,000 acres of land that I bought for grazing purposes for sheep, 1,000 acres of which is good farming land.

In early life I married Elizabeth Wingate, a native of Kentucky. I raised two children, Joseph Wilson and Eliza Ann, both of whom are married and have children.

My first wife died in Indianapolis in 1844, and in 1854 I married Mrs. Mary McGovern, in San Francisco. She has a son, Edward McGovern, which is all the family we have.

I took an active part in the organization of Tehama county. The township where I reside was called "Paskenta," which is the Indian name for the high bluffs before my door, on Thomes creek. The first election that was held in the Township was at Paskenta precinct, at my place. We were all Democrats, and elected as delegates to the County Convention, John Freeman, Sr., Col. McCollow (killed at Pea Ridge), and myself to serve in the Convention at Red Bluff.

I was elected Justice of the Peace, which office I held about eight years, and during that time was elected, by virtue of my office, Associate Judge of the Court of Sessions and served during the term of Judge Hall and Judge Stout.

In the year 1863, I was elected from Colusa and Tehama counties to the Legislature, and on my return home in 1864,

was nominated on the first ballot, to go back again, as they thought I had served them conscientiously—as a good and faithful servant—but I declined the honor, and have since devoted myself to my domestic affairs and the care of my invalid wife."

STEPHEN CHARD.

Prominent among the sturdy agriculturists of Tehama county stands Stephen Chard, "a native son of the Golden West." His father, William George Chard, was among the earliest pioneers of California, and at an early day settled in Santa Clara, where he married Mary Oaks, a lady whose hospitality and grace will ever be green in the memory of the early settlers of this county.

FIRST FRUIT ORCHARD.

Stephen, her youngest son, was born on April 20, 1874, at Santa Clara. His father was a cattle and stock-raiser, as well as an orchardist; he set out the first orchard of American fruit that was ever planted in the State, probably. This orchard was chosen for the site of the convent of San Jose. Soon after the birth of Stephen his father came north, seeking pasture for his increasing herds. He came to Tehama county, and for awhile made the town of Tehama—which was at that time the county seat—his home. In 1853 he sent for his family, and resided with them in that town until he built them a home on the bank of the Sacramento, a little north of Elder creek. The site of the house has long ago been washed away by the swift waters of the river.

Stephen's life was one full of excitement in his early boyhood days, he living in the saddle half his time, almost. The exciting business of stock and cattle raising had, at that early day, a peculiar fascination for a boy. Ofttimes he would not be in school five minutes until his father would call for him to ride all day after cattle. No mustang was too wild for him to ride, and the lasso and stock-whip were his constant companions. His early education was practical rather than theoretical, and was in ear-marks and brands, instead of grammar, history and geography. In his adventuresome boyhood days, the saddle and spurs claimed him as an apt pupil; he became inured to the fatigue of riding, and tired out three mustangs a day during the busy seasons of the year. Owing to the active, busy life of his youth, his dates cannot be depended upon, and this screed is not so complete or authentic as it should be.

The princely possessions of his father in the early history of Tehama county is set forth more elaborately in this work by an abler pen than the writer's, so those wishing to be accurate as to facts and figures in regard to the famed Chard grant, will find what they seek in the able article written by Hon. Judge E. J. Lewis. Suffice is it for the writer of this to say, that the herds of stock and cattle belonging to Stephen Chard's father,

were in accord with the immense body of land then owned by him—which was granted to him by the Mexican Government—and which served for the pasture of his increasing herds.

In 1855 or '56, W. G. Chard moved to Elder creek, where now stands the old adobe home of Stephen's young days. It is a comfortable one-story and a half building, arranged after the style of plantation houses in the South; is in a fair state of preservation, and is now inhabited by A. M. Gedney, a brother-in-law and partner of Stephen's. It is on the bank of Elder creek, and the site was chosen by the elder Chard because R. H. Thomes, another pioneer of this State, had built him a home on the same stream just opposite, on the south bank, so the two could be neighbors, and enjoy friendly visits when the stream was fordable. Elder creek was the dividing line of their vast landed estates, and Mr. Chard's house overlooked nearly all of his princely possessions, the house being built on a natural eminence.

In 1858 Stephen's father made a present of the land known as the Rawson ranch to a Mr. Beldon, now of San Francisco, so as to have that gentleman for a neighbor. FELIX.

SEVERE WINTER OF 1862.

The ever-to-be-remembered year of 1862 was a perfect "Waterloo" to stock and cattle owners. Snow fell to the depth of five or six inches on the level, throughout the valley, staying on a week or so, causing thousands of head of cattle to perish; owners chopped down live oak and other trees, for the starving animals to browse upon their branches, but with all their care and management, ruin reigned among cattle and stock owners. Stephen's father, among many others, was very severely crippled by the immense losses he sustained among his herds. Many prominent citizens of Tehama county made their start in 1862 and '63 from the sale of hides taken from the heaps of carcasses strewn over the plains throughout the county.

In 1872 Mrs. William G. Chard died, and the old gentleman then gave up all interest in farming and all business pursuits, and gave Stephen three thousand five hundred acres of land as his portion, all of which is good tillable land, and is farmed by him successfully. This year he has one thousand eight hundred acres in to grain, and has a splendid crop. Tehama county, which, in its early history, was prominently a grazing county, has, in the last ten years, become wholly an agricultural county, and Stephen Chard, with the assistance of his able manager, A. J. Jennings, has made a very handsome and productive farm out of what was considered, in the early days of agricultural experiment in this county, as being a poor piece of farming property.

In 1874, one of Red Bluff's fairest daughters captivated Stephen, and he married Miss Emma Townsend, the captivator, and they now have two daughters. Mr. Chard is personally

of a quiet, reserved disposition, though of a generous nature, and is regarded as a good manager and a strict business man, honest in all his dealings, and a favorite among his neighbors, having grown up from boyhood among them. He is doing well, and need not fear for the future, as his land is of a good quality, and his crops sure. In Stephen Chard, Tehama county has one of the right stripe of citizens, industrious, sober, honest and capable. FELIX.

JAMES MILTON HOWELL.

This splendid specimen of a western farmer, an early settler of Tehama county, when cattle, sheep and other stock was the principal mainstay of this county, was born in Warren county, Missouri, January 15, 1843. His father, Francis Howell, was a farmer in very moderate circumstances; his mother, Mary Howell, died when he was only two years of age, in consequence, his early life was anything but happy; of education, he had very little, but he was fortunately endowed with pluck and a fair share of physical strength, backed with industry, which partially made up for his lack of learning. Perseverance, one of his leading traits—carried him through his boy-hood days, which were spent in Missouri, until April, 1859. He then determined to go further west, California being his objective point, and hired out to drive an ox-team across the plains; the party, which consisted of ten to fifteen families experienced novel and interesting incidents as well as the usual amount of hardships and drawbacks; but, finally arrived, safely in Sacramento City in October, 1859.

Jim Howell had just one dollar in his pocket when he parted with the train he crossed with; not to be down-hearted, he shouldered his blankets and started to hunt work, which he procured in Ione, valley, getting fifteen dollars per month as a ranch hand; from here he drifted into Buckeye valley where he fortunately found work on the "Niagara Ranch," S. Keeney proprietor, of whom Mr. Howell speaks in high terms of praise, and who was ever a friend to him. Wishing to be more his own boss, he thought he would try the mines, so, went to Michigan Bar, where he mined faithfully for two months; but the Goddess of Fortune refused to smile on his hard work, and a return to Niagara Ranch was determined upon, he was heartily welcomed by the genial proprietor.

FLOOD OF 1862.

He staid on the ranch in charge of Mr. Keeney's sheep until the Spring of 1862—that year of floods and ruin—its owner's sheep were swept away by the high waters; carrying ruin and devastation over the Niagara Ranch, stock of all kinds were swept away, and Mr. Howell's kind employer was a ruined man; and of course unable to give him any more work.

In looking around for a job, he met a Mr. George L. Kingsley

(now of this county), then moving from Michigan Bar, who wanted a reliable man, acquainted with the management of sheep, to bring a flock—the remains of his fortune—to Tehama county, a task of no small import, owing to the high water and the terrible condition of the roads. As luck would have it they struck a bargain, and Mr. Howell started with his charge from Buckeye valley, and after one of the most disagreeable, wet and uncomfortable, as well as anxious trips, he got safely through, though the memory of that trip will ever be fresh, owing to the hardships encountered. After bringing the flock to Tehama, he managed them for a year, he then was taken into partnership with Mr. Kingsly, and for six years they were very successful. His personal attention was given to the herding and a close watch kept on every detail; improved breeds were worked into the bands, with an aim towards superiority of wool, and at the end of six years when the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Howell found himself possessor of five bands of high graded sheep, famous for their wool and a credit to his careful management. At that time range for sheep was plentiful, and the Kingsly & Howell range—which was from Red Bank to Cottonwood, taking in what is now some of the best farming land in the county—was considered second to none.

In 1866 Mr. Howell, foreseeing that this county would eventually be an agricultural county, invested in about one hundred and twenty acres of fine bottom land which formed the nucleus of his now magnificent farm, situated on the north bank of the famous water course, Thomes creek, which runs through some of the finest farming land of Tehama county. He, however, has never given up the lucrative industry which first gave him his start, his flocks are as famous as ever, his wool considered as fine as any in the market, and he looks upon his sheep as something to fall back upon, if it were *possible* for his prolific farm to fail in raising a crop.

He purchased his first piece of farming land from Thomas Boardman, a pioneer merchant of Red Bluff, and built the snug but unpretentious cottage, which, with its well laid out grounds, now adorns a page of this work. It was at this period of his life, 1866, that the warning of the Good Book, which says:—"It is not good for man to be alone," admonished him to take unto himself a wife. Miss Elizabeth J. Moore, the object of his choice, has been an helpmate indeed; they have six children to bless their wedded life, and to comfort them in their growing years.

DESCRIPTION OF HOWELL'S FARM.

From one hundred and twenty acres, this farm has grown to the handsome proportions of one thousand five hundred and sixty acres, which, in old Missouri, would be considered a rich inheritance. It is replete with every needed, improved agricultural machine, as well as provided with ample

out-houses and other paraphernalia necessary to carry on a first-class farm. It is sixteen miles south-west of Red Bluff; ten miles from the railroad, and the same distance from water communication; two miles from a good school, and the same distance from church. It fronts Thomes creek for three miles, is therefore well watered, and has three hundred acres good loam, which will yield from thirty to forty bushels of grain to the acre; the rest is table-land of good quality, especially adapted to raising hay, and is used as a winter and spring range for sheep; it is also good tillable land, yielding from eighteen to twenty-five bushels to the acre. It has the following stock—which of course fluctuates and is now rather lower than is generally on the ranch—cattle, fifteen; head of hogs, one hundred and fifty; sheep, three thousand three hundred, with fine prospects of a large increase in the spring; horses, nine; and mules, eight. The water facilities of this ranch are second to none in the county, especially at the homestead, where the owner has very wisely erected a mammoth water tank, which, by the aid of one of Althouse, Wheeler & Co's powerful windmills, is filled from an excellent cool spring of water. The tank is some thirty-five feet from the ground, not only being a conspicuous landmark for the weary traveler as he traverses this thinly but hospitable section, but it is in case of fire on the premises a safeguard that few ranches are fortunate enough to possess; it can throw a stream of water over any building in the vicinity of the homestead. The stock and cattle are watered with ease, troughs being placed conveniently for that purpose near their barns and feeding grounds. The system of irrigation of the fine orchard and kitchen garden is complete in every detail, owing to the facilities at hand from this source. It is the intention of Mr. Howell to build a fine dwelling on the table-land, which will then complete as fine a piece of property as any one can reasonably wish for.

FELIX.

HOSMER C. COPELAND.

H. C. Copeland is a native of Ohio, where he was born August 8, 1823, in Delaware county. His father, Dr. Eleazer Copeland, married Hannah Hough. Hosmer resided in Ohio until 1850, when the wonderful stories from the Pacific shores induced him, with thousands of others, to seek the land of sunshine and gold. So he set out March 20, 1850, with a band of horses and mules, and had excellent luck, losing none of them on the road.

He arrived in Hangtown September 9, 1850, and first followed mining on the Cosumne, and in 1851 on the Klamath and at Weaverville, with moderate success. In 1852 he came to Tehama county, and engaged in teaming and farming. He was married to Miss Catherine Fuller in 1868, who was a native of New York.

His farm consists of fourteen hundred acres, lying on the east side of the Sacramento river, only three miles from Red Bluff.

The farm is mostly bottom-land, devoted largely to wheat, of which large crops are annually produced. Some general farming is done, and there is usually kept on the farm forty horses, twenty head of cattle and other necessary stock.

The farm is under a good state of cultivation, well fenced and supplied with necessary out-buildings and improvements. It is in one of the finest agricultural sections of the State, and the day cannot be distant when it will be exceedingly wealthy. The broad expanse of fertile soil, its genial climate, its great arteries of communication—the river and the railroad—give assurance of the bright future.

From the residence an enchanting picture can be seen, impossible to be portrayed by the pencil of any artist, combining the bountiful with the beautiful. The great valley stretches out like an illimitable plain, north and south, beyond the reach of vision, while bordering it on the west are the swelling hills of the Coast Range, and in the dim distance the snow-white crest of the Sierra Nevadas extends for hundreds of miles along the eastern horizon.

THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAK OF SHASTA.

To the north a singular object, like a monument of white marble, rises apparently from the plain. It is the snow-capped peak of Shasta, the most symmetrical mountain of the State. Upon a clear day this peak is distinctly visible from points south two hundred miles distant. The base and intervening hills being hidden by the curvature of the earth. The rugged peaks of Lassen Buttes in another direction rise grandly in the horizon, causing many expressions of admiration. Both of these noted mountains appear in several of our illustrations.

In the foreground of the view we give of Mr. Copeland's ranch will be noticed a steam road-engine. This engine travels over the roads or across the fields drawing wagons loaded with grain, or as in the picture, drawing a separator to the scene of operations. There are, we believe, only one or two similar engines used in this State.

Mr. Copeland is one of the prominent and influential citizens of Tehama county. He was elected to the Board of Supervisors and served in 1866 and 1867 with satisfaction to his constituents, who re-elected him in 1878, which position he still holds, serving as chairman of that body, which consists of five members.

JOSEPH A. LONG.

J. A. Long has a ranch situated in Ink's valley, on the banks of a creek by the same name, about a mile from the old "Sierra Flume Dump." It consists of thirteen hundred and twenty acres, and is located sixteen miles from the county seat and nine miles from the railroad. Some four hundred and fifty acres of the tract is of the best bottom-land, while the balance is rolling grazing land, lightly timbered with oaks. On this farm he

keeps two thousand eight hundred sheep and four hundred and fifty hogs, besides other stock and animals to work the farm.

The residence is in a beautiful part of this valley. It is a two-story house with verandas and surrounded by shrubs and beautiful flowers. There are some noble large trees in and about the yard, adding greatly to the beauty of the home surroundings. In the background of the view of this place will be seen the distant mountain peaks capped with everlasting snows.

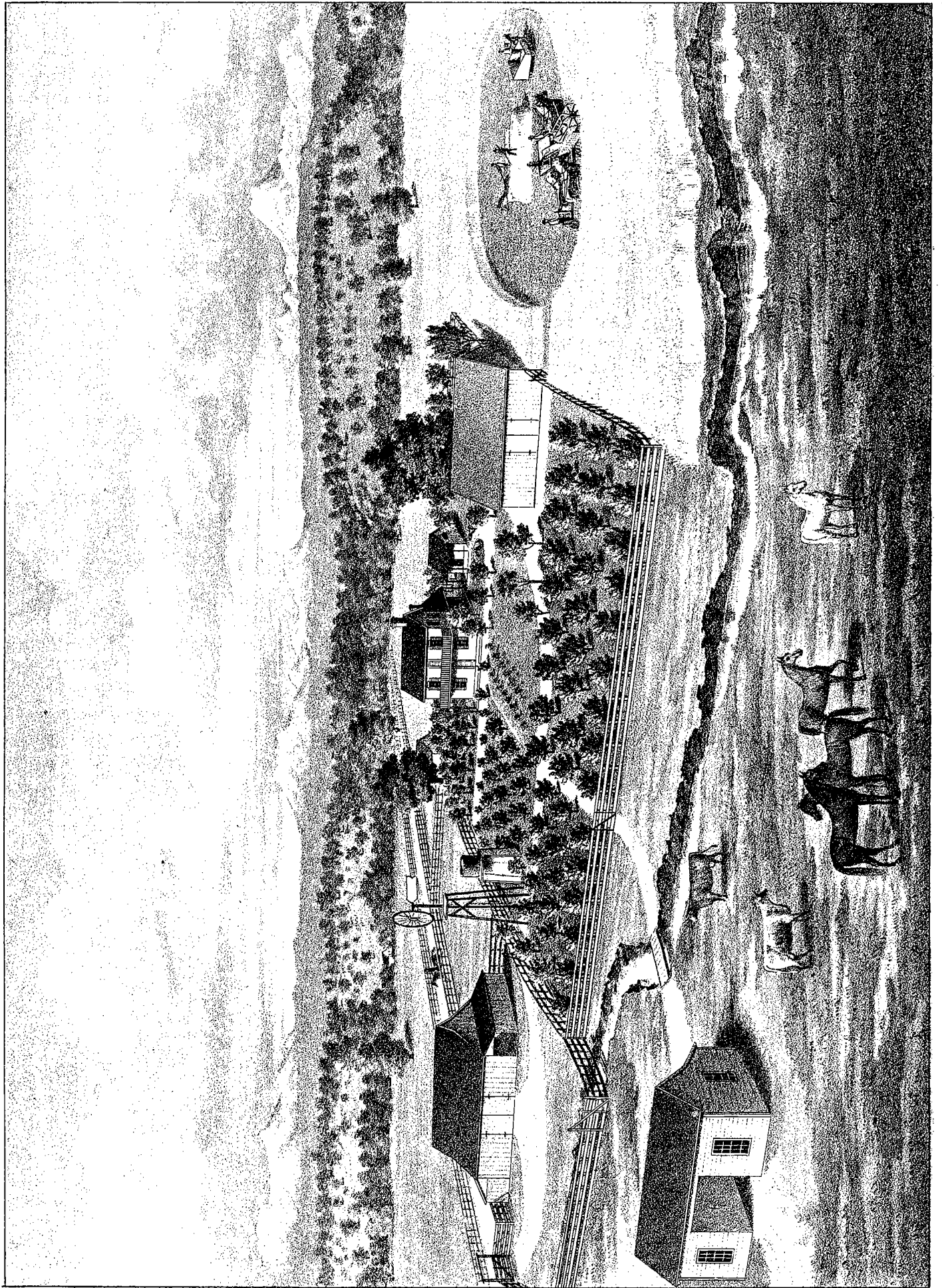
J. A. Long was born July 21, 1833, in Howard county, Missouri. He left Lynn county, Missouri, April 4, 1853, with a band of cattle for the Pacific coast by way of Soda Springs and the Carson route, and had a very enjoyable trip. He arrived at Sacramento September 19, 1853. He followed mining in Trinity county, California, until September, 1858, with good success. He lived one year in Yolo county and one year in Trinity county, engaged in farming and stock-raising, and came to Tehama county July 8, 1875. He married Julia A. Musick, October 16, 1863, who was a native of Franklin county, Missouri. They have six children: James W., Lizzie A., Joseph K., Frankie C., Robert E., and Mattie G. Long.

JOHN SKILLINGS DAVIS.

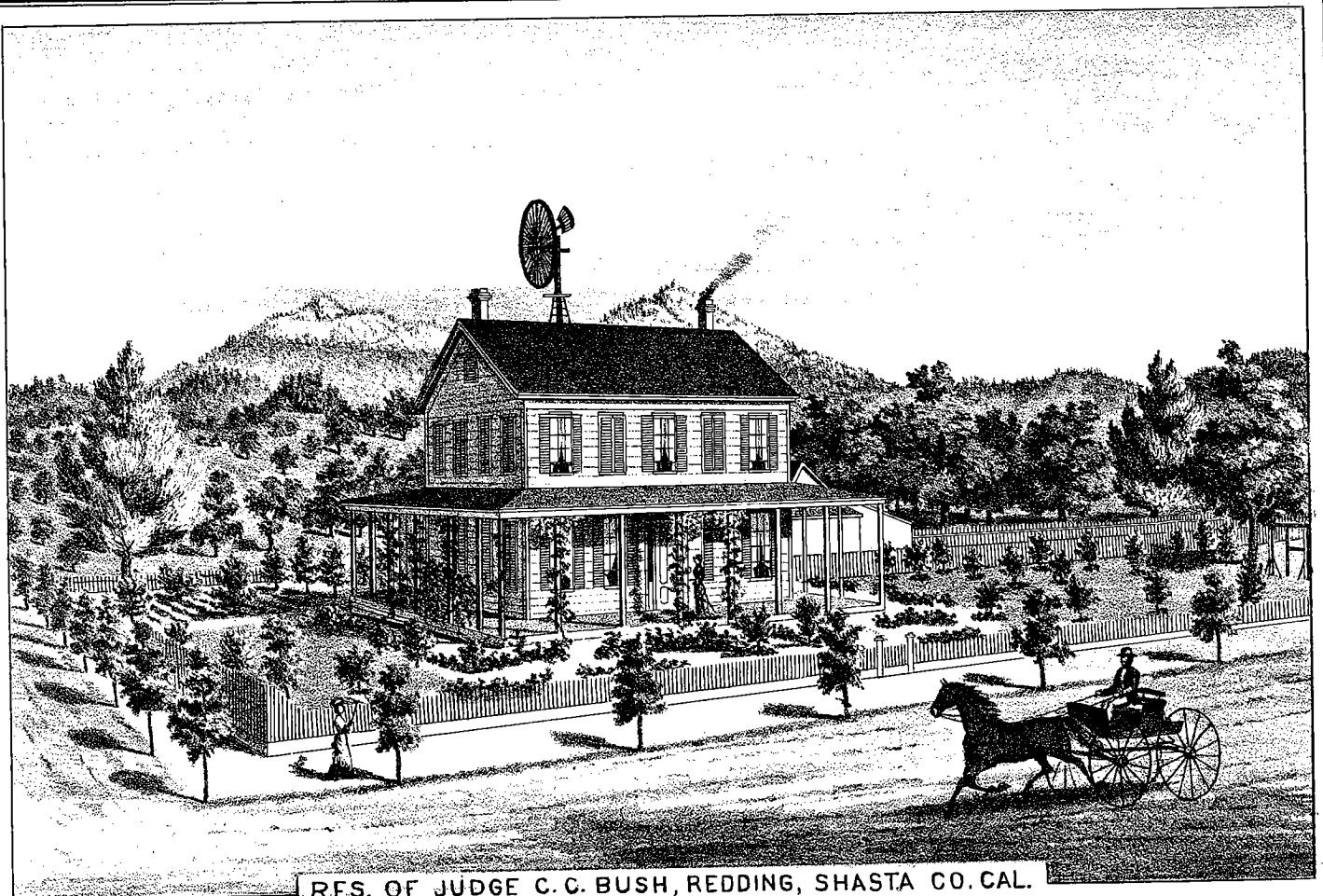
J. S. Davis is a native of New York City, and was born in 1830. His parents were Jonas F. and Mary E. Davis. From 1841 up to 1848 he was a carrier for the New York *Sun* and Brooklyn *Eagle*. He left New York in the spring of 1848, and resided in De Kalb county, Illinois. He followed auctioneering in Chicago up to the 19th of April, 1852, and then started for California with an ox-team, arriving in Shasta county in October, 1852. He followed mining for some time with moderate success, and after engaging in the hotel business, he came to Red Bluff, June 3, 1853, and thence to Marysville. After examining all parts of the State, he decided on locating near Red Bluff, where he has a farm of eighty acres. It is devoted to grazing land, on which is kept hogs, cattle and poultry. He has the finest chicken-ranch in the county, on which he keeps two hundred head of poultry.

FRED AHERNS.

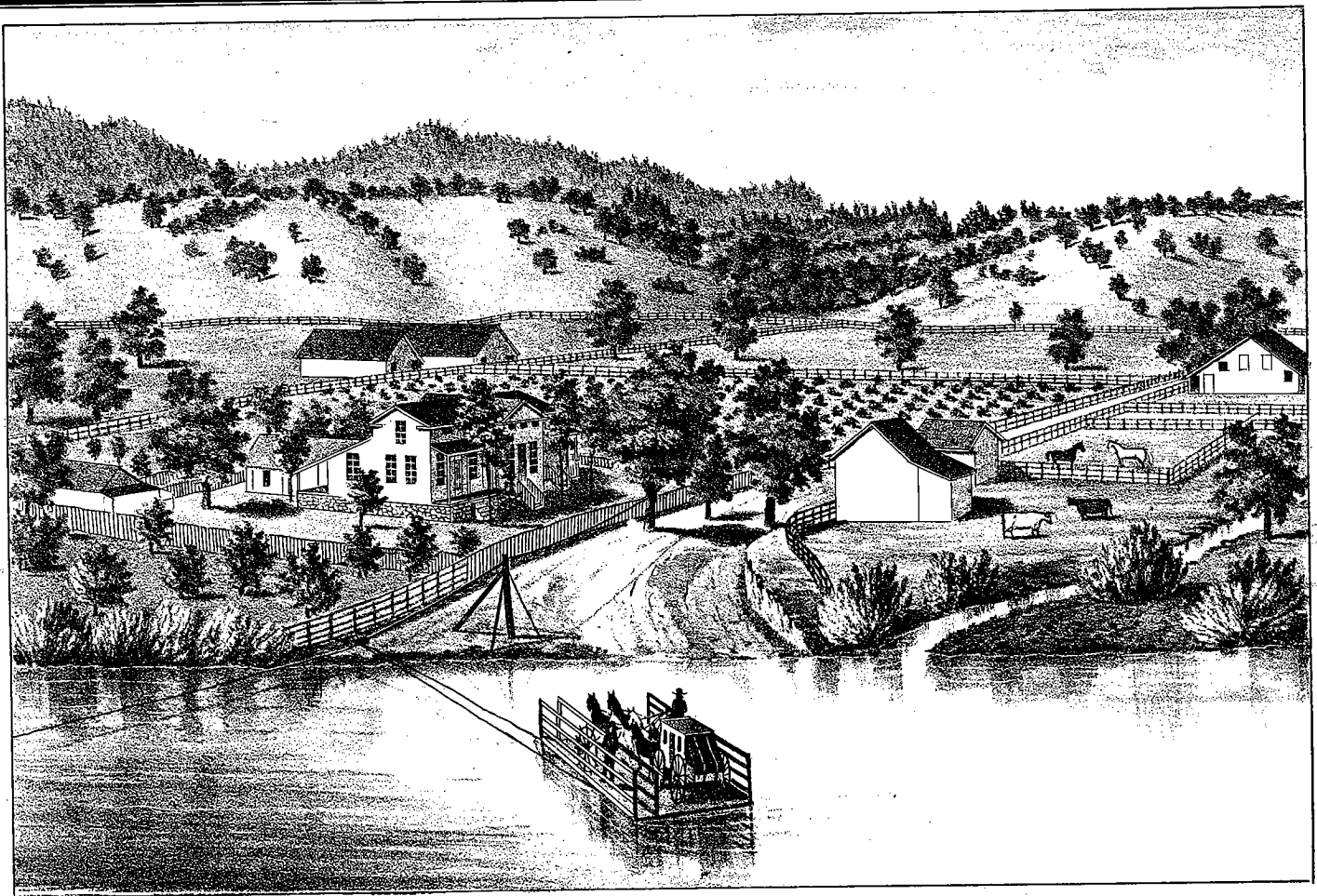
Fred Aherns is a native of Germany, where he was born in 1823. He began to learn the trade of a shoemaker at the early age of 13. He left the old country in 1845, going to Louisville, Kentucky. After residing in St. Louis, he came across the plains to California, arriving at Placerville October, 1858. Mr. Aherns came to Tehama in 1869. He is now engaged in the boot and shoe business, having purchased a corner lot on D and Fourth streets. By steady industry and economy Mr. Aherns has succeeded in business, and secured the confidence of his fellow-citizens.



RES. OF WILLIAM HAWES, 6 MILES SOUTH OF MILVILLE, SHASTA CO. CAL.



RES. OF JUDGE C. C. BUSH, REDDING, SHASTA CO. CAL.



RESIDENCE & FERRY OF E. A. REID, REDDING, SHASTA CO. CAL.

HIRAM ARNOLD RAWSON.

The name of H. A. Rawson is so associated with the past prosperity and the present progress of Tehama county, that a history of the ups and downs of the county could not be completed without mention of "Hi Rawson," the indefatigable rustler, the never-at-ease, but always busy, sheep-owner. He is the introducer and proud possessor of the finest graded sheep the State ever produced; a restless, hard-working agriculturist, who is the first in the field and the last to retire. His aim has been to promote the interests of the county at large, as well as to succeed in having the best known grades of sheep, the finest fibre of wool, and the handsomest lambs. "Hi Rawson" and the development of the sheep interests of Tehama county are inseparable subjects. At no time in its history, as an industry, has the name of Rawson ever been separated from the great and profitable industry of wool-growing. Not only has this one branch of industry been successfully introduced and followed by Mr. Rawson, but he, like many other Tehama county sheep-owners, has had to give way to the restless plow, before whose ruthless share the sheep have to fall back. To-day H. A. Rawson stands prominently forth as one of the largest farmers in Tehama county.

The Rawsons have a long and interesting history in the early colonial days of America. Edward Rawson was the progenitor of all bearing the name of Rawson in the United States, with a single exception, so far as has been ascertained. The founder of the Rawson family, was Secretary of the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay" from 1651 to 1686. The untarnished family name has a good representative in the lineal descendant in this county. H. A. Rawson stands forth with an unsullied character, respected and admired by his co-laborers in the agricultural and wool-growing profession.

Mr. Rawson was born January 23, 1825, at Victor, Ontario county, New York. His father, Joseph Rawson, was a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he married Eunice Arnold, a lady of refinement and culture. The elder Rawson purchased a farm at Victor, in 1814, and remained on it until 1840, when he purchased another farm near the town of Victor, moving his family thereon, with the exception of Hiram, whom he left in charge of the old homestead, which was a magnificent farm, costing \$20 an acre as early as 1814. Hiram managed the home farm until his father's death, which sad event occurred in 1845, his mother having died in 1842. At his father's death the old homestead was willed to Hiram, and the farm near Victor was left to his only brother, Cyrus.

Hiram remained on the place of his birth until May 15, 1853, when he went to Boonville, Cooper county, Missouri, where he joined a large company which formed at that time for the purpose of purchasing sheep to drive to California. After several months had been spent in getting the flocks together, they started on May 2, 1854, from Cass county, with

ten thousand fine stock-sheep, H. A. Rawson and Angelo Rawson, a cousin of Hiram's, in charge, with twenty-four other men, and five wagons, making quite a cavalcade. The incidents and accidents of such a trip would of a necessity be stirring and numerous, and not liable to be tame affairs.

A successful and satisfactory journey was made, and the party crossed the Carquinez Straits at Benicia, on the same old ferry-boat which plies its avocation to this day, with five thousand head of sheep, the latter part of October, 1854. Hiram took the band to within four miles of Oakland, where he wintered them; a task which was one of extreme hardship and discomfort, the winter being a very wet one, and the only shelter afforded the tired, weary men at night was a tent, where it was impossible to kindle a fire. Cold, wet and hungry, Hiram had to retire to his wet blankets, and the coyote would every now and again come down upon the flock, compelling the tired man to jump up with a rifle to make the brute drop the lamb which he probably had already killed. The experience of that winter would have deterred many from ever entering actively into the sheep industry in California, but it only seemed to make the subject of this sketch more keen to follow up the exciting sport. He sold his flock in the summer of 1855 to John and George Stevens, now of Yolo county, extensive bankers and farmers.

In the fall of 1856 he returned across the plains to Missouri, in company this time with his brother, Cyrus Rawson, from Oregon, who here entered into partnership with Hiram, and the firm of Rawson Bros. has existed in a flourishing condition ever since. On their return to Missouri they picked up a fine band of seven thousand high-graded sheep and left Cass county May 6, 1857, and made a better trip than the first one, landing in Tehama county with over four thousand good sheep.

The brothers settled on the ranch now owned by Champlin & Boggs, extensive sheep-owners of this county, the latter part of October, 1859, where they settled down in good earnest to sheep-raising, entering land as it came in their way and as the necessities of their increasing flocks required; that year they entered over three thousand acres. This was the time that Tehama county farmers and capitalists began to see the advantages of sheep as a source of revenue, and entered readily and numerous into the industry. The bands brought across the plains by Rawson Bros. soon commenced to be thinned out by sales to anxious purchasers, so H. A. Rawson left Cyrus in charge of the increasing property in this county, in the fall of 1858, and returned again to old Missouri and purchased eight thousand sheep, in company with G. W. Grayson, now of Oakland.

In May of 1859, they started back with a choice band, among which were a "bunch of pure-bred Cotswold sheep;" they were very large and handsome animals, and were given in charge of a young man well known to Mr. Rawson as a careful and reliable man. The poor fellow was the victim of the

cruel vindictive Sioux, under the following circumstances:—He, in company with a young son of J. R. Woods, now working on the Rawson ranch, were traveling a little in the rear of the main band of sheep with these fine Cotswold sheep, when a couple of big buck Sioux Indians came across them, and the extraordinary size of the "handsome sheep" struck the avaricious savages, and one of them demanded a sheep should be given them. The brave shepherd of the flock courageously refused to accede to the demand, and backed up his refusal with his revolver, hoping to scare the cowards away, but the buck sprang upon him, and in the scuffle stabbed the faithful guardian of the flock to death. Mr. Grayson, who was in the rear, soon came on the scene, and the savage fled, but was afterwards captured and taken to one of the forts; owing to no prosecuting witness appearing, probably was never tried. The party, however, arrived back on the Rawson sheep-ranch in October, 1859.

In the spring of 1860, G. W. Grayson purchased one-half interest in the Rawson Bros. property in Tehama county, and the firm of Rawson & Grayson carried on the business of wool-growing and sheep-raising with marked ability and success, introducing every improvement as to length of wool, weight of fleece, fineness of staple and purity of breed, until the industry was thoroughly and successfully established broadcast throughout the county, and the revenue from this industry was the mainstay of its inhabitants.

In 1867 Rawson Bros. purchased the interest of their partner, Grayson, who drove a large band of sheep to Idaho, where he afterwards became famous in the terrible contest between the mines "Golden Chariot" and "Ida Elmore," a contest which drew the attention of the Pacific slope toward the contestants, and brought the mighty arm of the Federal authorities to bear upon the case before an amicable settlement was effected.

In 1868 Rawson Bros. disposed of their sheep-ranch to George Champlin, one of the present owners of the place, and went to Los Angeles county, where they purchased a fine grant of land, admirably adapted for the industry of sheep raising, which they stocked with their usual good judgment, Cyrus taking charge of this branch of their possessions, where he has since remained; they have some sixteen thousand sheep on the place in 1880.

Hiram remained on the bottom-land in Tehama county purchased from the Ide heirs in 1861, where he now resides and is engaged in his well-learned profession of sheep-farming, mixed with considerable wheat-growing; an industry, which of late years, has thrust itself forward to the detriment of sheep men, who, as a rule, have driven their flocks to the frontier Territories, making room for the rattle and hum of the separator and plow.

Mr. Rawson now farms some four thousand six hundred acres of a mixed grade of land; he had in the harvest of 1880 over sixteen thousand sacks of a splendid quality of wheat, and only

a small portion of his ample possessions have yet been seeded. In 1880-81 a large area of this magnificent farm will be seeded, a large portion of which lies fallow for the fall. Mr. Rawson has of late lessened the number of his sheep; in 1879 he sent a large band to Montana. His winter range is in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and is admirably adapted for the successful wintering of the flocks; his summer range is in the beautiful mountain country of Battle Creek meadows, where he has ample range, with a luxuriant growth of grass and water privileges second to no range in the State.

In March, 1863, H. A. Rawson married Miss Josie A. Chase, of Vermont, in Red Bluff, the ceremony being performed in the building belonging to Captain E. G. Reed, which was built in 1851 or 1852 for a hotel, and was in use at the time of the ceremony as an Academy, by the Rev. James McLaughlin, the clergyman who officiated on the auspicious occasion; they have five children, four daughters and one son.

The spirited sketch of the Rawson home is worthy a place in these pages, as beneath this humble roof the restless owner finds a peaceful, quiet home, where he can for the time, throw off his anxiety and enjoy the shade of his own vine and fig-tree. In the view are a few specimens of his fine sheep. Mr. Rawson has already fenced off a site, for the erection of a fine dwelling, facing the railroad track, on an elevated piece of land, which will command a noble view of his princely possessions, and give him a picture no brush can paint nor poetic pen describe. It is to be devoutly hoped that in after years, when his silver locks appear among the gold, Hiram Arnold Rawson and his brave helpmeet, with their sturdy son, shall sit on the porch of their new home and view the teeming fields of waving wheat surrounding them with the consoling thought that he has honestly earned this handsome principality. FELIX.

HENRY WETHERS BROWN.

The subject of this sketch stands foremost among the successful business men of Tehama county. He holds a high position in the worthy ranks of the sturdy husbandmen of his county and has won the esteem and admiration of his co-laborers in their pioneer life, as well as the respect and confidence of the community, who look up to him as an untiring, energetic man of business integrity, and sterling qualities. Unostentatious in all his acts, he labors for the common weal, aiming to leave footprints in the sands of time, which weary followers shall take heart at, and carry out those projects time will not allow him to accomplish, thus leaving an unsullied record, and a brilliant character for unswerving industry, and unselfish motives. In Mr. Brown, we have one whose life has been active in carrying out enterprises which often overcome those who have dared on such grandeur; but, he has manfully carried out to a successful issue all he has undertaken, and to-day he owns one of the finest farms, with a stock of high

breed of sheep, which, by careful management, will be one of the finest pieces of property held in Tehama county. Of his early life, there is but little of interest to narrate, as his active career for the last forty years, has obliterated from his memory scenes of his boyhood, a few remarks, however, on his parentage and early life were gleaned by the writer.

Henry Wethers Brown was born in Jackson county, Ohio, on February 10, 1823. His father, Zephaniah Brown, was a farmer on a small scale, and, like the early pioneers of the agricultural States, had use for his son other than sending him to school, so his son only received a few months' schooling. In 1829, the family moved to Indiana, where Mr. Brown steadily followed the plow, until, in 1840, the last day of the year, when he was only eighteen years of age, he entered the ranks of the benedicts, by marrying Miss Juliette Parish, of Tippicanoe county, Indiana, who has shared his sorrows and joys for forty long years, and to-day enters into his projects and enterprises with the energy of one whose companionship has been profitable and happy. The young couple stayed hovering around their family roof-tree for four years, when they moved in 1844 to Illinois, which at that time was the far West, thinly inhabited, and just opening up as a farming country. Here, the sturdy young yeoman farmed successfully, until 1849, when he migrated to Iowa, where he contracted the roving disease, then known as the "California fever," which culminated in starting him on an overland tramp to the El Dorado, in 1850.

He, with a small party of emigrants with ox-teams drawing their worldly possessions, made his way—with the usual incidents and accidents—through the wearisome journey to the promised land, flowing with milk and wild honey—metaphorically speaking—where he arrived alone, having sensibly left his young wife in Iowa.

He arrived at Hangtown (now Placerville) in the middle of September, 1850, and mined at Mud Springs during that fall, with moderate success, after which he moved to Forbestown, Butte county, where he again followed mining during the winter, remaining at that camp during the spring and summer, doing well.

In the fall he returned to Iowa for his family. The spring of 1852, on April 20, he started on the return trip, crossing the plains for the third time. They started out with bright hopes and cheerful prospects, but the hand of death laid its unrelenting grasp on two bright buds, which a mother's dotting care and a father's pride had reared; cholera, that dreadful scourge, carried off their two eldest sons; who, with many others found a resting-place in the great wilderness near the Rocky mountains. With sad and heavy hearts, the sorrowing family arrived at Forbestown, in September of 1852, after a weary trip of five months.

Mr. Brown, at this point of his career, entered the mercantile ranks. Having successfully conducted a general merchandise business for six months, he then built a large hotel, which he

successfully carried on for a number of years; but his roving, bustling disposition again took possession of him, and he disposed of his well-paying hotel, and went delving in the bowels of the earth for the root of all evil, "gold," by mining on "Ohio Flat," where he did well; and I would here mention, this was his last mining venture.

In 1857, he moved to Newville, Colusa county, and returned to his old love, the ancient and honorable profession of "farming"—incorporated with cattle and stock-raising—on an extensive scale, having one thousand three hundred acres of land, most of which was only fit for pasture. He prospered at his early-learned trade, and was considered among the substantial stock-men of Colusa county; but he felt as if a change for the better could be made, so in casting around for a larger field, he chanced upon a partner, as ambitious and daring as himself—John Curtis (now of Oakland), who assisted him in finding a large property for sale in Tehama county, then owned by Phillips, Chandler & Champlain, consisting of several thousand head of sheep, and a large tract of grazing land; the whole worth the magnificent sum of \$46,000; but after a short ownership, the property was sold back to the same parties.

In 1872, Curtis & Brown purchased from Gooch Brothers, a tract of land said to contain three thousand five hundred acres of deeded land, and seven thousand head of sheep, with all the floating stock then running over the place, paying \$75,000 for the property. The able management of this noble property under the partnership, soon developed it into gigantic proportions, and in 1874, Henry W. Brown purchased the interest of John Curtis and became sole proprietor. The most lucrative branch of this property was its excellent breed of sheep, which, under Mr. Brown's special supervision, became a profitable source of revenue. His aim has been to improve his stock by purchasing pure breeds of bucks and breeding up to a fine grade. His wool has always commanded a high price in the market, and his judicious management of his flocks has well repaid him for his foresight.

In 1877 he conceived the idea of driving a large band of sheep to a far-off market, where big prices could be realized for them, and he talked the project up with several of the large sheep-owners of Tehama county, but, received no encouragement, nor did any one wish to risk their flocks by joining in with him to make up a big drive, and test the feasibility of marketing their surplus flocks to graziers in Colorado.

In the early summer of 1877, he entrusted some ten thousand head of very fine sheep to Eugene Reardon, an experienced sheepman, who drove them with care and judgment to Colorado, where he found a ready and profitable market for them; thus proving Mr. Brown's keen foresight to be sound and penetrating; the beginning once made, was easy to follow up, and the sheep-raisers of this county soon realized that Mr. B.'s example was worthy of following, and, since the inauguration

of the enterprise, tens of thousands of sheep leave Tehama county annually for Colorado, Montana, and other distant markets, with profit to those who followed a plucky man's example. In 1879, Mr. Brown sent over six thousand two hundred head under the care of Charles Bullard, with the same good results.

The topographical peculiarity of this magnificent body of land owned by Mr. Brown requires more than a passing mention, as the formation of the greater portion of it is almost wonderful, and is worthy of description, though to receive a realistic idea of the place, an abler pen than the writer's will be necessary for the delineation. The ranch lies west of Red Bluff, and is distant about twelve miles, is situated—or the main body of it—between Lize creek and Reed's creek. It has two strips of rich bottom land, on each side of the peculiarly formed farm, the east side consists of a pretty stretch of rich pasture land, whose approach through a pleasant lawn-like drive, is covered with fine oak trees. It widens out as the drive extends, until a flat of several hundred acres of rich pasture is brought to view.

SHEEP AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

At this point is the winter quarters of the thousands of sheep and the convenient lambing place, which is sheltered from the wintry blasts by patches of undergrowth, where the innocent lambs can be screened while they are in their infancy. No sheep range in Tehama county has a better lambing pasture, probably, than can be found at this point. The "sheep camp" as this portion of the ranch is called, is the locality where the sheep-shearing and doctoring is carried on; from a careful inspection of this well-appointed camp, I am convinced that Mr. Brown thoroughly understands how to take proper care of sheep. The corrals and shearing sheds cover several acres, and everything is kept in thorough working order, the fencing around the corrals, if stretched out in a straight line, would measure a long distance, the innumerable gates of all sorts and sizes, and for all sorts of useful purposes, will puzzle anyone but those who are accustomed to the care of sheep.

The dipping of sheep in this country has been brought to a fine point, and the facilities for the handling of a great number of sheep is here in abundance, and shows ingenuity and practical knowledge has been exercised in the fitting up of the dip-vats, dripping pens, and other adjuncts. A fine brick furnace which heats a boiler sixteen feet long, two and a half feet deep, and thirty inches wide, is a splendid piece of work and is second to none in any camp in the county. From this boiler the hot water is carried into a dip-vat twenty-five feet long, four feet deep, sixteen inches wide, built of brick with the best cement. The vat has two man-holes by the side of it, also built of brick, which answers a double purpose, that of

supporting the wall of the vat, and for the men dipping the sheep to stand in, enabling them to handle the sheep while in the solution to a better advantage. Dripping pens, marking pens, chutes, shearing pens, and every facility for the thorough doctoring and handling of sheep are to be found at this well-ordered camp. A well of pure and healthy water is adjacent to the boiler, from which a chute leads, enabling one hand to fill the boiler without the trouble of carrying the fluid in vessels; the well is fifty-five feet deep, bricked and well-cased. With the facilities at hand on this place, two thousand five hundred to three thousand sheep can be dipped in the vats in a day by experienced hands. The shearing sheds have accommodations for sixteen to eighteen shearers to work at gathering the semi-annual crop of wool.

On the west side is a fine body of grain-bearing land, consisting of well-tilled fields, which, at Mr. Brown's purchase of it from Gooch Brothers, was mostly covered with heavy timber and thick underbrush; Mr. Charles Hessel, a renter, has in three hundred acres of this prolific land to wheat, and J. C. Troughton, another industrious tiller of the soil, rents about two hundred acres nearly all of which he has in to grain, so five hundred acres of this strip is under cultivation. We now come to the "heart of the ranch," which is the most peculiarly formed piece of tillable land ever seen out-of-doors; it consists of a succession of cones of an irregular form, thrown up to a height of thirty, fifty and often to one hundred feet, resembling large "mole hills, or fancy a gigantic prairie-dog colony, a thousand times enlarged, with now and again a steepled home of the little mound-builders, representing some mammoth hill, which, at a distance looks to be a rival of Shasta Butte.

CAPABILITIES OF THE SOIL.

This knobby, waving and undulating land has been the "Mecca" of thousands of sheep and bands of stock and cattle, in the history of Tehama county, and in former years was considered totally worthless for farming purposes other than for grazing of flocks and herds; but in the last two years the plow has cut into the sod, and has practically demonstrated the feasibility of tilling this rough-looking country as well as having proved the depth of soil to be inexhaustible, even to the very crown of the bald-headed cones. Last harvest Mr. Brown harvested a bountiful crop of wheat and barley from this hilly land, and this year his prospect for a large yield is excellent; he also had teams summer-fallowing the bald hills all the spring. Another two or three years, and this, at one time supposed to be non-tillable land, will be all sown to grain, and will yield a larger revenue to its plucky owner than he has reaped from his tens of thousands of sheep, which formerly held the first rank in his productive possessions. The amount of deeded land embraced in this magnificent property, is now far in excess of what was embraced in the original purchase of

Curtis & Brown, as the present proprietor has continually added to his domain.

A LARGE FARM.

He now has deeds to over ten thousand two hundred and forty acres of number one land, nearly all of which he has within a ring fence. The item of fence, alone, on such a large place, is no small one, over twenty miles of board fence stands on this property, with several miles of brush fence, making a heavy demand on the purse of the owner to keep it in repair. All sheep owners of the valley of the Sacramento, have to provide summer range in the cool shades and grassy meadows of the mountain ranges.

Mr. Brown has a splendid summer pasturage for his flocks in the Coast Range in the vicinity of the celebrated North Yolo Baley mountain, which is well watered, and capable of summering ten thousand head of sheep. He drives his bands up in May, and brings them back in September. It is within easy distance of his home and is well adapted for the purpose.

On nearing the homestead of the owner of this princely property, we are struck with the cozy and neat appearance of the picturesque and unpretentious cottage, where it lies almost hidden in the shade of a clump of noble oaks, whose friendly spreading branches temper the wintry blasts, and stay the torrid rays of summer's sun from withering the creeping vines of all descriptions which hide the windows, and give an air of coolness to the hospitable home. A well cultivated garden surrounds it, in which vegetables of all varieties are grown for the use of the kitchen; several young and vigorous fruit trees laden with young fruit, ornamented off with a large and select variety of sweet-scented roses, make a romantic and artistic finish to the beautiful scenery surrounding this vast domain. This happy roof-tree has a romantic bit of history, which will endear it to the memory of one of Red Bluff's citizens as long as his mind keeps active.

The builder and first proprietor of the neat little shelter, James C. Gooch, one of the Gooch Brothers, and now one of the heavy capitalists of Tehama county, was the architect and builder of the house, and the only tools used in the construction were a jack-plane, hand-saw and a hammer, and the builder never worked a day at the carpenter trade in his life. The chimney with its old-fashioned, comfortable, open fire-place, which is yet in fair condition, was a master-piece of this builder's work, and will favorably compare with the work of any professional bricklayer. The bricks were laid in mud taken from the bank of an adjacent slough, no lime or cement being used in the manufacturing of this primitive mortar. During the building of the mansion, Mrs. Gooch looked after the home-place which was a mile and a half from the work, and she brought her husband's dinner to him, and oftentimes assisted in

planning the construction. Mr. Gooch often refers with just pride to the year 1866, when he built his new house all by himself. It has withstood many a stormy winter, and still stands as a monument of early pioneer pluck and energy.

The spirited sketch and lithograph of this quiet nook, which adorns a page of this history, conveys but a faint idea of the sylvan beauties surrounding it, and must be seen in all its primitive loveliness to be thoroughly appreciated. The two sons of Mr. Brown that are left to him are both practical young farmers, and each take their share of the heat and labor of the day in assisting their sire to manage this fine property.

FELIX.

JACOB FORSTER.

Jacob Forster, a native of Bavaria, on the river Rhine, was born August 25, 1828. His father's name was Martin Forster. In 1845 he came to St. Louis, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits until leaving for California in 1850. At that time much trouble was had with the Indians, and two of Forster's partners were killed by them while on the trip. After about three months he reached the Hangtown diggings. He mined with fair success in Shasta county and other localities. He returned and brought his family to California in 1853.

His ranch is located on the Cottonwood, and consists of five hundred acres of high and low land, suitable for cultivation or grazing. Of wheat he obtains from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre for an average. He keeps on the farm about one hundred hogs, seventy-five head of cattle and twenty-five horses. He carries on general farming in a successful and profitable manner. He is well and favorably known to the general traveling public of northern California.

He married Miss Adeline Harting in 1850. She was a native of Bavaria. The children are named Adeline, Mary, John, Charles and Joseph Forster.

COTTONWOOD VILLAGE.

Forster's Hotel is the chief building in this little hamlet, situated twenty-four miles north of Red Bluff, and near the county line on the railroad. This hotel is a two-story building, with verandas and large shade-trees in front, making it a pleasant home for his family, as well as a "home for travelers." This large and well-known house is in excellent condition, and no pains will be spared by the proprietor to entertain his guests in the best possible manner. A first-class bar and billiard saloon is in the house. A commodious and well-kept barn and livery stable is in connection with the hotel, where attentive men will take excellent care of all stock entrusted to them. Comfortable conveyances are ready at all times to take travelers to any part of the surrounding country, with well-known, careful and experienced drivers.

HERBERT KRAFT.

H. Kraft stands conspicuously forth as a mercantile "Colossus of Rhodes," in the early history of Tehama county. From the foot of the ladder, as a journeyman tinker (whose stock-in-trade was said to be a lump of charcoal, a pair of soldering irons, and a joint of stove-pipe) he has scaled to the topmost rung of mercantile renown, against impossibilities and untold hardships. A man of ordinary capabilities (seeming), with no education—in the ordinary sense of the word—and with no pecuniary backing, he established and successfully maintained one of the heaviest stock of merchandise, in the hardware line, that was ever carried by one individual, in the early history of our State, outside of San Francisco, and whose fame was known all over the Pacific slope.

His sound judgment manifested itself, when he selected the then village of Red Bluff for the establishing of a tinsmith's shop. He argued that the undulating prairies, then covered with a luxurious growth of wild oats, on which roamed thousands of head of Spanish cattle, and the fertile valleys surrounding this natural site for a city would eventually be brought under cultivation, and the future prosperity of the place would be permanent. His foresight proved his fortune, and by industry, sobriety, strict economy, with sound business principles, he built up such a fortune that he does not half realize its extent to-day. The rising generation in perusing the pages of this work, will do well to take example from the industry, sterling integrity, ceaseless perseverance, and moral courage of the German tinker, who, at an early age was thrown on his own resources, and so nobly carved a niche for himself in the annals of his county's history, and gained the esteem and confidence of those who know his sterling worth. He stands forth as one who, unaided, won for himself a future that will redound to his credit as a man who made himself from the beginning up.

A hardy pioneer of this city, he has at all times had the interests of its prosperity at heart; he has in many ways—unknown to any but those he has lent a helping hand—aided enterprises for the general welfare and ultimate prosperity of Red Bluff.

Herbert Kraft was born on March 15, 1831, at Mariazell, Würtemberg, in Germany, and came with Xavier Kraft, his father, and the rest of the family, to the United States in 1841. They settled down in Louisville, Kentucky, where his mother still resides, and where his father died in October, 1878. The family was a large one, and his father not very well off in this world's goods, so Herbert was compelled to work at that early age, being about ten when he landed in the blue-grass State. He worked at gardening and farming until 1847, when he thought he would like to learn a trade, and took the first opportunity to get an insight into the tinsmith trade, at which he worked faithfully until the winter of 1849-50, when the spirit of unrest took hold of him, and he was eager to

travel into other States, but could not get his father's permission, so he made bold to leave without the paternal consent, though his purse was light, having only nine dollars in it, which he had earned by doing extra work when at the shop in which he was learning his trade. He struck boldly out on his own hook; on the 1st of December took passage on an Ohio river steamboat, on deck, for St. Louis, where he arrived in the dullest part of the season, but he fortunately got a job at his trade. It being the dull part of the year in the tinsmith's trade, but little work was to be had, so his purse got pretty low and his spirits lower, and had he left his home under different circumstances, he would have gladly returned, as he was not a little homesick; but to return was out of the question. Fortunately at this time he got an order to go to Farmington, Illinois, where he got work at his trade, and remained until the winter of 1851-52, saving every dollar he made.

He took the California fever in an aggravated form, so much so that, in company with another fever-stricken youth, who followed harness-making for a living, he concluded to come by water to the land of promise. It being the dead of winter, stages did not run, the rivers were frozen over, ice-boats were in the distant future, and the railroads not thought of, and a tramp to St. Louis, a distance of two hundred miles, was determined upon, until someone informed them of the long stretches of trackless prairies they would have to traverse, which led them to abandon "Foot and Walker's" line, though they did make a start, and for two days struggled along manfully; but the cold was too severe and they could not stand it, so they hired a farmer to carry them to Jacksonville; from there they took stage to Alton, and a farm wagon to St. Louis, where they had to wait for the ice to break up, so the steamboats could take them to New Orleans. After waiting five days, they embarked on the *Columbus*, the first boat of the season and after a run of twelve days of not first-class travel, they arrived in New Orleans. The very next day was steamer-day, and, on a visit to the office for the purpose of procuring passage, they found that emigration from that point was so great that passage accommodations were all engaged two weeks ahead. Not wishing to waste any time they took passage on a schooner for Chagres, which brought them to that port safely in twelve days, where they engaged passage on a Chagres river steamer for Gorgona. Here they met thousands of travelers returning from Panama, as they could not procure passage for California on that route. The funds of our travelers being inadequate to permit them to wait for a favorable time at this point, and the unhealthy climate, with no certainty of ultimately getting through on this route, they returned to New Orleans, where they arrived on Mr. Kraft's birthday, March 15, 1852. Here they took the first boat to St. Louis, where they arrived on the 25th of March, a month too soon to start overland; but as the funds of the wanderers were getting less every day, Mr. Kraft concluded to work a month at his trade, so he procured a job on Satur-

day, calculating to start in at work on Monday, but during Sunday he had been thinking over the possibilities of his remaining in St. Louis all the rest of his days, and he would never see the El Dorado.

The two again started on their travels toward St. Joseph. At Independence the harness-maker concluded that the California fever had about left his system, and H. Kraft kept on alone to St. Joseph, where he arrived on April 1st, with just an even one hundred dollars. He had to wait at this point one month, during which time he got acquainted with three young fellows who were imbued with a desire to reach the land of gold, so a partnership was entered into, three yoke of cattle, a wagon, and a riding-mule were purchased.

On April the 28th, a start for the exciting journey across the vast plains was made. On August 2, 1852, the party arrived at the well-known mining camp then called "Hangtown," but now called Placerville. Here a division of the property and dissolution of the copartnership took place, and Mr. Kraft found himself with just two dollars and a half in his pocket. But Hangtown at that time was the liveliest place on the coast, money was no object, wages were high, and he soon got at work in a tinner's shop, at a generous salary, and in a month left that lively camp for Sacramento, where he worked steadily at his trade.

In the spring of 1854, he took a prospecting tour through the northern part of California and southern part of Oregon, on foot and alone. At this point in his history he made the best move he could have possibly done by settling down to his trade in Red Bluff, where, in his own words, he found "the prospects mighty slim for even making a decent living, saying nothing about making a raise."

He first opened a small shop for making tin utensils, and worked at plumbing, with a discouraging result at first, but, being a good mechanic and understanding his trade thoroughly, he was patronized and supported liberally after one or two months, and a Mr. J. F. Moore, who at that time had a little wooden shop (where now stands the fine brick store in which Voluntine & Manasse have their business, and the property of Mr. Kraft) in which he had a small stock of hardware, made a proposition to Mr. Kraft to take half of the store as a workshop, rent free, for the accommodation of having him in the building to sell the hardware during Mr. Moore's absence, a proposition which Mr. Kraft gladly accepted. In some three or four months the business became a paying thing under Kraft's able management, and on the return of Moore, Kraft purchased the stock, building and ground, and from that time on so improved the stock of hardware by direct importations from the manufactories of Sheffield and Birmingham in England, that he soon controlled the whole hardware trade of northern California.

For years he was the only merchant on the coast who handled the celebrated sheep-shears of I. H. Sorbey & Son, and

Ward & Payne. Mr. Moore being a Boston man, was enabled, on his return to the Hub, to introduce Mr. Kraft to the large stove and iron dealers of that city, through whom he could procure, direct from the foundries, the latest styles and newest patterns, which proved an immense advantage to him. In less than five years from the time of his opening a hardware business in this place, by close attention to business, and by the exercise of judicious economy and a careful selection of the best stock, he possessed the finest hardware and tinner's business north of Sacramento.

In 1861, after thirteen years absence from the "loved ones at home," and without any fear of the old gentleman, whose consent to leave home he could not procure, he paid the dear old home a visit, and in meeting father, mother, sisters and brothers, the thought came to him that man should not live alone; so an old flame was rekindled, and on March 15, 1861, on his birthday, (that's why he remembers it, he says), he was married to Miss Elizabeth Krauth, of Louisville, Kentucky, in whose father's shop he first learned the tinner's trade. On the next day after the wedding the happy couple started on their return to Red Bluff.

In 1861 he built the lower story of the neat and substantial dwelling which adorns a page of this work. It was built of cobble-stones, and was an excellent piece of work, and until 1875 served to shelter the increasing family, which numbers six children. In the spring of that year, a brick story was added, and internal improvements carried out, making it one of the most convenient dwellings in Red Bluff. In the spring of 1876, Mr. Kraft, thinking he had done his share of hard work—as he, at all times managed his hardware business, and oftentimes worked at the bench, manufacturing tin-ware, mending machinery, and generally superintending the whole business—sold out, and now turns his attention to the management of his vast capital. He ranches on an extensive scale, owning several very valuable farms, which he rents or works on shares. His ventures have generally turned out profitable, his sagacity in investing being penetrating and unerring. In fact, as a thorough-going business man he has no superior, and very few equals in this wide-awake State, and he undoubtedly deserves the prosperity which he has attained.

FELIX.

R. H. BIERCE, ESQ.

Among the leading, most industrious and influential citizens of Red Bluff is R. H. Bierce, Esq., who was born September 2, 1833, at Prattsville, Greene county, in the State of New York, which makes him at the publication of this work in his forty-seventh year, in the very prime of life and usefulness.

When in his fourteenth year, his parents emigrated from the Empire State to Illinois and located at Dixon, then a small village and now a city of some note. In 1859, Mr. Bierce crossed the plains and landed at Weaver, Trinity county, and

for two years devoted himself to mining; but the "golden stream not flowing with that rapidity upon which he had calculated," he removed to Red Bluff where he applied himself to his trade, being a mill-wright and joiner of the first-class. The first work which he performed in his line was assisting in the erection of the splendid flour-mill on the Antelope some six miles east of Red Bluff, and which was destroyed by fire in 1874; some \$40,000 worth of grain was consumed, and Major T. R. Ryan was a heavy loser.

In 1863 Mr. Bierce formed a copartnership with Messrs. Powell & Bartlett for the manufacture of doors, sash, blinds, etc., and in connection established a lumber-yard, at that time much needed, and which materially aided in the building and improvement, not only of the town, but also the surrounding country. Lumber was transported by teams a distance of some thirty or forty miles. It was at this period that the project of floating down lumber with the V-flume was first thought of and afterwards put into successful operation on the completion of the Blue Ridge flume by Messrs. Frank Campbell & Welton. They were fortunate, however, in the selection of Mr. Bierce as manager, he, not only being a mechanic of the first order, but his perfect knowledge of lumber rendered his services almost invaluable. All that is necessary for the customer who is about to erect a building is, to give him its dimensions and he immediately fills the bill—knowing kind, quantity and quality better than the purchaser himself. When the Blue Ridge Company disposed of their interest to the Sierra Flume & Lumber Company, Mr. Bierce was retained in his position, and when the Sierra Flume & Lumber Company failed for an enormous sum, exceeding two million dollars, Mr. Bierce was retained at his post, and is still there.

In political affairs Mr. Bierce has never sought for distinction, although firm in his convictions and party affiliations, he chooses not to become a leader, but is always ready and willing to share, and bear his portion of any required outlay of either money or time for public improvement, or for the general good; and for the success of our public schools, perhaps no citizen of Red Bluff has evinced greater interest than he, having been elected one of the School Trustees for six years continuously.

At the last general election, Mr. Bierce was placed in nomination for one of the county Board of Supervisors to represent the town of Red Bluff. The result must have been a flattering, yet well-deserved compliment to him, indicative of the high standing which he holds in the community where he has lived so long, having been elected by a large majority.

It is an old and trite saying, that to know a man thoroughly, one must study him at home. Acting upon that theory, we place the subject of our sketch at his own fireside, in his genteel mansion drafted by himself and built by his own hands, surrounded by his amiable wife and three little boys, his household gods, and at whose shrine he worships. Up to 1870 Mr.

Bierce had remained a bachelor, when fortunately he became acquainted with a Mrs. Margaretta Mitchell, a young widow lady from Virginia City, State of Nevada. His quick perception discovered in the lady a congenial spirit and one with whom he imagined he could float down the stream of life in happiness and peace; nor has he been disappointed.

In his social life and associations the true character of a gentleman has shone conspicuously in him in whatever position placed. As a member of the fraternity to which he belongs, and to which he is ardently devoted, the Masonic order, he is held in high esteem, having been more than twelve years an officer, and for the last two the Worshipful Master. His hand is ever open to relieve the distressed, and his heart beats in kindness for the widow and the orphan.

In the dark days of the rebellion, when it required some little courage for a man to avow his patriotic sentiments and his devotion to the flag of our fathers, he never flinched nor faltered, but was one of the leading spirits to organize a company of home-guards and stood ready to fight and die, if need be, in defense of our Union—one and inseparable.

MRS. ALICE WILLIAMS.

Among prominent residents and large farmers of the southwestern part of Tehama county is Alice Williams. The family came to California in 1852, arriving at Sacramento October 15th of that year. They started across the continent from St. Louis, Missouri, with an ox-train, consuming seven months on the way. No unusual events occurred on the trip, except on the Platte river their stock was stampeded by Indians, and another important event was the birth of a child while on the journey.

Alice Williams was born in Liverpool, England, in 1818. Her parents' names were Thomas and Jane Robinson. She married Thomas Williams when twenty years of age. They had three children before leaving England. They came to America in 1846, and resided for six years in St. Louis before setting out for California. The children's names are Mary, Grace, Alice, Lewis and Owen Williams.

On first arriving they followed the business of dairying and stock-raising in Sacramento county, and came to Tehama county in 1858, and engaged in farming and stock-raising. Of four thousand acres of land situated in that part of the county, four hundred acres in the home place is cultivated. It is first-class land, being of an adobe nature, and of a rolling, hilly character. It produces fine wheat, barley and oats. There is kept on the place three hundred head of cattle, two hundred and fifty hogs, thirty-five horses, and other animals. The home place is represented among our illustrations, and forms a pretty view, in which will be noticed the rolling hills, forming a beautiful scene. The place is thirty-seven miles from Red Bluff, the county seat, thirty miles from the railroad, and two miles from the village of Newville, in Colusa county.

JAMES MONROE KENDRICK.

James M. Kendrick is one of those sturdy pioneers who did battle for California's admission into the Union. He, with other brave and reckless youths, formed the celebrated "Texas Ranchers," led by David S. Terry, comrades with Henry C. Wilson and other noted public men of to-day. Mr. Kendrick is an honored soldier in the ranks of the sturdy yeoman of this State, and a fitting example for the rising generation to pattern from. He has prospered and built up a reputation for honesty and integrity that will be a lasting memorial after he is gathered to his long home.

James Monroe Kendrick was born in Bibb county, Alabama, where his father, Benjamin Kendrick, was a planter, November 1, 1824. He lived in Alabama until nine years of age; his father then moved to Mississippi. In that early history of the country schools were very scarce, so James had very few advantages to acquire an education. His mother, Elizabeth Kendrick, carefully trained him to the extent of her power, but owing to his father's limited means the son had to take his place on the plantation as a regular hand, working hard to assist in the support of the family.

On February 17, 1849, he left for California with a large party of young men from the surrounding country, among whom were several men of public note, now in this State, David S. Terry being the acknowledged leader. The party numbered some sixty men well mounted, armed and equipped. They went from Mississippi to New Orleans by water; from this point they started with their little army to Galveston, in Texas.

Passing through Texas and Arizona, they struck the Colorado river, at which point they set out for Lower California, having a very adventurous trip, and one not unmixed with hardship and danger.

They arrived at Warner's Ranch about the first of September, 1849, where they camped one day, after which they went to Los Angeles, from which point they traversed up the coast to San José, and started from this point to Stockton, which place was reached October 1, 1849.

James Kendrick, after recruiting up a day or two at Stockton, purchased a mining outfit, and started for Don Pedro Bar, on Tuolumne river, where he mined about three weeks, making from ten to fifteen dollars a day, by washing with a pan. At this point of his history he left mining for something more congenial to his restless roving nature. In partnership with a Mr. Jennison, of Stockton, he made up a pack-train to run between Stockton and Don Pedro Bar. At this venture he did moderately well. On April 1, 1850, dissolved partnership and started a pack-train on his own account, keeping on same route until May, when he came north to Sacramento and Marysville, and packed on the Yuba to Downieville, keeping that route open until the middle of June; then coming farther

north, going up into Trinity county, where he sold out his goods and all his train, except one mule. From here he returned to Stockton with his old fellow-voyager to this State, Henry C. Wilson, where they purchased a regular pack-train of fifty mules, which they loaded with a fine stock of general merchandise, and returned to Trinity county, traveling through the several mining camps, finding a ready sale at profitable prices for the whole cargo. From Weaver the two successful men went to Salmon river, and packed from Trinidad bay back to Salmon river, Scott's river, Trinity and the Klamath, until 1852, making a very successful paying business.

They disposed of their pack-train advantageously, and came down to the great valley of the Sacramento and turned farmers, purchasing, in partnership, the splendid ranch now owned by Henry C. Wilson, situated on the banks of the famed Thomes creek. Mr. Kendrick remained on the farm, while his partner returned to the States, across the plains, to purchase cattle and stock to populate their vast ranch. As the land was then unsurveyed, and the Government owned all of this splendid undulating valley, which, at that early day, was covered by a noble growth of wild oats, Kendrick and Wilson claimed of this magnificent grazing ground all they could conveniently manage, as was the custom at that time. It was a splendid stock farm, and the plucky owners soon realized very handsomely on their venture.

In the fall of 1852 Mr. Kendrick went out across the plains to meet his partner, H. C. Wilson, who was coming in with a fine lot of cattle. On meeting the band, a party of travelers was found to be in company with Mr. Wilson, among whom was a young lady, Miss Long, whom friend Kendrick found to be very attractive; and after the arrival of the party to the farm, and everything got settled down to a working basis, James found time to pay his addresses to Miss Elvine Long, whom he married on February 25, 1853. This estimable lady is a sister of Uncle Johnnie James, of Paskenta. She is a very intelligent and amiable lady, and has many warm friends and admirers.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick is in quiet peaceful retirement, somewhat isolated but beautifully situated. It is a very substantially built dwelling, modeled after the old plantation homes in Alabama, and the warm hospitality dispensed there is after the liberal manner of their Southern home.

The Kendrick ranch is one of the prettiest farms in Tehama county; it is situated some three and a half miles from the town of Newville, where it nestles in one of those garden spots of valleys, of which this section of our county abounds.

One cannot but admire the taste of the owner in his selection of a home. To this home, which is situated on the headwaters of Stony creek, Mr. Kendrick moved in 1854, when he dissolved partnership with his old-time friend, H. C. Wilson. This truly magnificent farm consists of over five thousand

acres of land, where he carries on the multifarious duties of agriculture. Mr. Kendrick is one of the substantial men of the county. He is retiring in his nature, unostentatious, and withal congenial; his hospitality is proverbial, and his charity bountiful. The spirited sketch of the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick, which adorns a page of this volume, will convey a slight idea of the order and neatness governing this splendid homestead; it stands second to no farm dwelling in our prosperous county, and well deserves the prominence given to it in this work.

FELIX.

GEORGE PULS.

George Puls left Germany for the United States in 1854, going to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1856, and the next year starting for California and coming directly to Red Bluff. He lived a short time in New Orleans, and came to the coast by way of the Isthmus in steamer "Philadelphia," as far as Havana, Cuba, where after three days waiting, the steamer "Northern Light" took the passengers to Aspinwall.

Mr. Puls was born in Holstein, Germany. His wife's name was Mary Kohrunel. They were married in 1877, and have one child, George Puls.

He is engaged in general farming and stock-raising on his valuable tract of six thousand acres. He has at present four hundred head of sheep and about fourteen horses. It is a valuable farm, and successfully managed. Mr. Puls gives considerable attention to sheep, but carries on a variety of farming in a profitable manner.

His residence is a two-story building, with a neat picket fence around it. Several varieties of ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers abound in the yard. These surroundings add immensely to the comfort and value of a home. The owner deserves great credit for his taste and efforts to make his surroundings pleasant and at the same time one of the most beautiful and valuable in that section.

P. M. CLEGHORN.

P. M. Cleghorn was born in Scotland in the year 1822, and came to America in 1848. He lived in New York State until 1857, then came to California, and worked at herding sheep for J. N. Montgomery. After working four years as a herder, he bought a few sheep and started for himself. His few hundred gradually increased, and to-day he keeps from two to three thousand, and owns twenty-five hundred acres of land, some of it as fine land as any in Tehama county. Mr. Cleghorn keeps a very fine grade of sheep, and is what is called a thorough sheep man, his sheep always shearing more than the average. His residence is situated near Gleasonville on Thomes creek, and about eighteen miles from Red Bluff. In 1873 Mr. Cleghorn married Miss Maggie Orr, a native of Ireland, but of Scotch descent, and who came to California in early days.

WILLIAM W. BOTKIN.

W. W. Botkin has a farm situated north-west from Paskenta three miles. It is well watered, and is second to none in the county as a stock farm. It consists of five hundred and fifty acres, located thirty-five miles from the county seat, and twenty-five miles from railroad and water transportation on the Sacramento river. School, church and store are about three miles distant. He carries on general farming, keeping some hogs, horses and cows.

In the view of the residence and surroundings of this place will be noticed some beautiful buttes in the rear of the cottage, and forming a picturesque background that no pencil, however skilled, can adequately portray.

Mr. Botkin came to California October 13, 1870, and arrived at Chico on the 19th, and came to the present location the same year, where he has since resided. He was born May 24, 1844, in Plymouth, Ohio, and his parents' names were Charles and Experience Botkin. He married Mrs. Julia A. Hoffman, a native of Virginia, in 1867. The children's names are Katherine A., Joseph G., Lizzie M. and Edith E. Botkin.

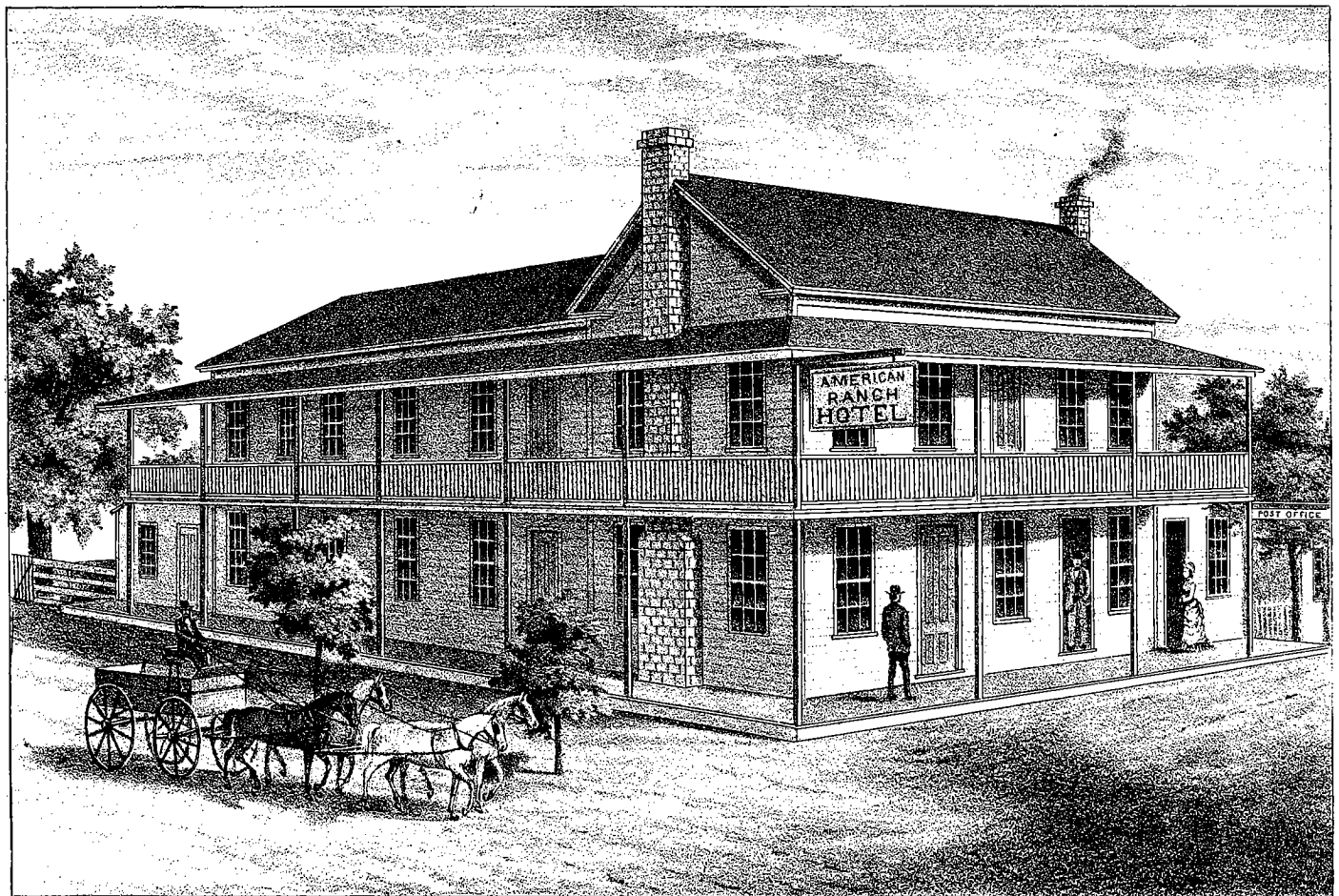
HON. JOHN SIMPSON.

John Simpson is a leading merchant of Tehama, heretofore mentioned. He was born in Dumfries, Scotland, on the 22d of March, 1837. When he was eighteen months old his parents, John and Robinia Simpson, emigrated to the United States and settled in Carbondale, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. After receiving a limited education he learned the machinist's trade and worked at that until he was eighteen years of age. In 1852 his father went to California and engaged in the foundry business in San Francisco until 1855. Then he settled in Tehama and engaged in the blacksmithing business. He prospered here and sent for his family. John, as the oldest son remaining at home, was at the head, the family all coming to this coast by the Panama route. They came on the steamer "Illinois" from New York, touching at Kingston, Jamaica, for coal. From Panama they came on the steamer "J. L. Stevens," being thirty-two days out.

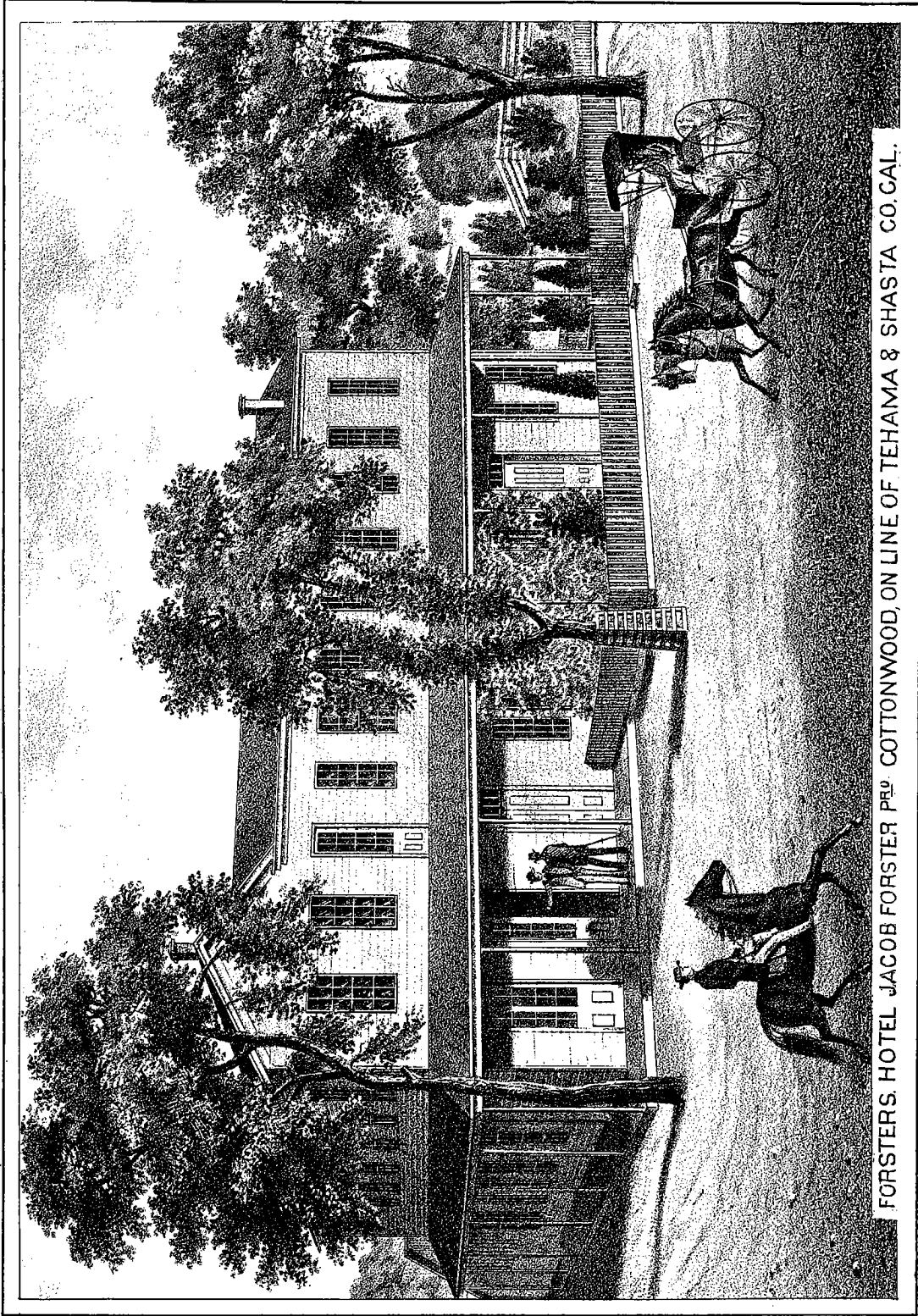
He arrived at Tehama on the 10th of October, 1856. Here he engaged in blacksmithing with his father, and when, in 1850, the latter died, continued it on his own account. In 1871 he entered into the hardware business in partnership with Chas. Harvey, under the firm name of Harvey & Simpson. In 1873 A. G. Toomes, the owner of the Ranch de los Molinos, joined them in the business and they enlarged to a general merchandise business. Mr. Toomes soon after died and the business was continued by Messrs. Harvey & Simpson until November, 1875, when Mr. Simpson withdrew from the firm. In April, 1876, he opened the business upon the basis of which grew the one which he owns at present. He lately bought the two brick buildings which he now occupies.



RES. OF M^{RS}. H. ANKLIN, MILLVILLE, SHASTA CO. CAL.



AMERICAN RANCH HOTEL, E. ANDERSON PROP. ANDERSON, SHASTA CO. CAL.



FORSTERS. HOTEL JACOB FORSTER, PROP. COTTONWOOD, ON LINE OF TEHAMA & SHASTA CO. CAL.

Mr. Simpson also had the honor of representing the counties of Colusa and Tehama in the Halls of the Assembly in 1873-74. He was married to Miss Jeannette McNeal, in 1856, and has two sons living. John A., the oldest, is over twenty years of age, and has charge of the books in his father's store. George, the youngest, is a bright lad of thirteen, and bids fair to follow his father's footsteps in skill and enterprise.

CHARLES CADWALADER.

Rich as California is in historical materials, romantic as its story of Spanish occupation, and thrilling its transition from Alcalde rule through the fire of vigilante to the firm basis of recognized American law, it is even more interesting in its biographical phases—in its men and their histories and personal experiences. The writer gives it as his opinion, that there is not a State in the Union in which so much that is striking and peculiar and illustrative of American character is to be found as in California. Other States, and groups of States, have their distinctive features, with some shades of each more or less intermixed with the other, but one must study the free handling and the broad life of the American drawn here from all parts to see the greater variety represented on one stage. The sketches that appear in this volume may not bear out the conclusions which a close observer here readily reaches, for the scope of the work admits only of a brief outline, but they nevertheless show strong traits and striking features. If it were permitted to go into personal adventures, there is not a county in the State that would not produce tragedies, interspersed with comic episodes drawn fresh from life, as thrilling as a Wilkie Collins romance.

Classes as such can hardly be said to exist in California. Rapidly-made fortunes give us a spasm of mushroom aristocracy, liveried out-riders, monogramed landaulets, but it is such ghastly affectation and so incongruous when taken in view with ordinary life here, that it soon succumbs and proves as evanescent as the fortunes on which it is built. California is an absolute leveller, a destroyer of titles and dignities, an uprooter of caste, a general jumbler up of natural born princes with the commonest stuff of which humanity is made; and yet a people ready to extend the warmest welcome to its ex-President, and to pay him the most loyal honors; a people proud of its men of genius while entertaining a contempt for all conventionalities and all forms of humbug and affectation; a people whose grand hope of to-morrow throws a quick oblivion over yesterday. But this volatile, touch-and-go character is underlaid by genuine loyalty, a quick comprehension of important political events, a rare genius for projecting colossal enterprises and pluck to stay by them, but totally destitute of that patience in small things that in older communities builds up fortunes by slow accretions. Let us not, however, be drawn into further generalizations, but take up and run

through the outline of a life yet but half spent and still in its vigor, for it is such men who are carrying the State through its second stage of development.

Charles Cadwalader is a descendant of one of the early American names, whose ancestors in this country coming from Wales, preceded William Penn by a few years; and, though followers of that disciple of peace as were the descendants down to the father of Charles, let not their religion stand in the way of a patriotic duty when war was declared with England; and we find enrolled among the immortal names of our revolutionary heroes that of this old Quaker family of Pennsylvania. In this State, at Brownsville, March 3, 1833, Charles Cadwalader was born, and while yet an infant, his father removed to Zanesville, Ohio, with all his immediate family, where Charles remained until 1852. His father, General Allen Cadwalader, who died at Willows, in this State, November 27, 1879, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, was in many respects a remarkable man, fond of original investigation and a devotee of the natural sciences. He was one, unfortunately for the world, of that too large class who, acquiring immense and valuable stores of knowledge, never find time to record the results of their observations, and passing away leave the world to mount their enchanted heights by the same patient labor which opened to them the hidden secrets of nature there to be found.

In Zanesville, Charles laid the foundation of his training and education, which have served him to such excellent purpose in his later life; here he was inspired with that quick, determined resolve that has marked the steps in his promotion, as we shall see, to do well and thoroughly whatever he put his hand to, leaving his career to mark out and develop itself. Half the men of attainment in the world are stunted and never reach a useful maturity, because of resolving while yet boys, that they will force a profession or pursuit wholly regardless of fitness or natural bent. His early education was acquired at the McIntyre Academy in Zanesville. It was then an old established school, and was the first fruits of a noble bequest of the family of that name, and has since, by judicious management, grown to a fund sufficiently large to defray the entire expense of maintaining all the schools of that city of now over 20,000 souls.

In 1850, while this young man was but seventeen years of age, he broke away from the restraints of his books with his mind turning towards railroad engineering, and engaged as axman at seventy-five cents per day and boarded himself, joining the party building the Central Ohio Railroad, between Wheeling and Columbus. In less than a year he had so impressed himself upon the managers of the road that he had full charge of the construction party between Newark and Zanesville, and was made resident engineer. He had studied higher mathematics, but not with reference to the specialty of civil engineering. Except, perhaps, at the West Point Military

Academy, the country offered no opportunity of studying civil engineering as a separate course. Here were the first fruits of having a purpose in life. A promotion from axman to resident engineer in the brief space of a few months was not accidental. He simply felt that it was in him to make the leap, and resolved that his conduct and ability should so manifest his fitness that the promotion would follow. These are the episodes and salient changes of fortune in one's life that are teachers to the rising generation. Nature and education have something to do with one's success, but after all it ultimately rests with one's self.

He built the road between Zanesville and Newark, and was engaged on the survey of the road from Zanesville to Wheeling, and Newark to Columbus, when, in April, 1852, he started for California. His brother George had been to California with his father, and returning gave such glowing accounts as to unsettle Charles' purposes, and he returned with him; and in September, 1855, Edward, Frank, Henry and a sister, now Mrs. Robert Graves, the remaining members of the family, followed them.

The writer of this sketch has no personal acquaintance with any of these except George Cadwalader, and of him he cannot refrain from a passing word. A teamster, a merchant, a man of all business in the early days here, he finally, in 1855, resolved to be a lawyer and went into the office of Edwards & English, a leading law firm of Sacramento, and in 1857 was admitted to the bar.

He had shown such zeal in his studies and aptitude for the profession, and such practical talent in the management of business, that before he was admitted he had a respectable clientage, and was offered a partnership in his tutor's firm on his admission. A commendable self-reliance and a disposition to be master of his own affairs prompted him to decline this generous offer, and has kept him apart from partnership entanglements ever since, while a lover's devotion to his profession has led him easily to put away all allurements of the judicial office for which he is eminently fitted.

Our Supreme Court reports are enriched by the learning of his briefs; the community in which he has lived for twenty-five years look to him as a wise adviser in all things, while to the profession he is a Nestor in comparative teens. A hospitality dispensed by a most amiable wife, his table round is a delightful anticipation to all who have once enjoyed its *pot pourri* of wit, wisdom and rare dishes.

Upon reaching California, Charles went first to Mokelumne Hill, and assisted his father in a general merchandize store and as a dealer in gold dust, and remained until December, 1855. In January, 1856, he went as superintendent of a prospecting corps to explore the quicksilver deposits on the great Almaden lode near San José, where he remained one year. Nothing specially important was then developed, although since this region has turned out untold riches. He returned to

Sacramento and went into his brother George's law office. Meanwhile his father had got possession of about 8,000 acres of land, supposed to be a part of the Sutter grant, fronting eight miles on the Sacramento river above the city. In passing upon the Sutter grant title, the United States District Court confirmed it in two disconnected portions, leaving out this connecting link or portion occupied by the Cadwaladers. Charles had joined his father in the enterprise and shared the disappointment and loss when they saw their labor of three years taken away without remedy.

He next engaged as writer in the clerk's office of the Supreme Court, where he was during the winter of 1861-2. The great flood occurred this winter, which almost destroyed the city and forced the necessity of building levees or abandoning the site. It was a great undertaking and involved an expenditure of over a quarter of a million of dollars. Levee commissioners were appointed, some of whom have since linked their names imperishably with the history of the State. Among them was Charles Crocker, one of the projectors and builders of the Trans-continental Railway; H. T. Holmes, now a large dealer in building material in San Francisco; Francis Tuky, who signalized himself in working up the murder of Dr. Parkman by Prof. Webster; Judge Swift, President of the Sacramento Savings Bank. Here was an opportunity for Charles Cadwalader to connect himself again with engineering work and to resume a pursuit so congenial to him. He sought and obtained a position as assistant under the superintendent, Andrew Jackson, Engineer in Chief. The experience of Zanesville and Newark repeated itself, and before the work was near its completion he had entire charge.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

He was on the work until January 1, 1863, when the construction survey began for the Central Pacific Railroad, under Theodore D. Judah. Mr. Judah had observed the capabilities of Cadwalader on the levee work, as had also Mr. Charles Crocker, and they solicited him to assist for a few weeks, not expecting to need him longer. Cadwalader, however, eagerly embraced the opportunity, although having a good position, for he saw in the distance a great enterprise looming up, and with just ambition desired to be connected with it. The same resolve went with him here as in the railroad building in Ohio and the work on the Sacramento levees, which was simply to make himself indispensable, leaving promotions to take care of themselves. He was kept in the preliminary service until May, 1864, which covered the preliminary work from Sacramento to Clipper Gap, and in June, 1864, then only about thirty years of age, was given charge of the construction work from Penryn to Blue Cañon, which occupied him until 1866. The company, in order to build more rapidly and compete with the Union Pacific in the strife for the subsidy and land grants,

resolved to do grading and laying track in advance of the continuous completed work, and sent Cadwalader over the mountains to the Truckee river in the fall of 1867. It is like a wild story of Baron Munchausen, as we read how these bold men dragged iron over the mountain steeps on snow in sleds and on wagons, and struggled through those mountain fastnesses improvising many of the requirements for railroad building and defying the very protests of Nature herself.

By the time the main party had passed the summit, Cadwalader was ready to join them with about fifty miles of completed road, taking them at one leap nearly to Reno. In 1868 they built about four hundred miles, over a mile a day, laying some days over three miles of track, and climaxing the wonderful achievements of their colossal work, by laying ten miles of track in one day.

It was plain that Mr. Judah's request for Cadwalader's services of a few weeks was to settle the career of this man for many years. He was appointed locating and constructing engineer of the Contract and Finance Company under which the road was built. In this capacity he built the road from State Line to Humboldt Wells, a distance of many miles, and had charge of track-laying and finishing grading to Promontory Point, where the connection was made finally with the U. P. R. R. by the immense stride of ten miles on the last day, May 10, 1869.

During this time Cadwalader lived mostly in tents, his family being his only companions. Often they hauled water fifty miles, the thermometer many times at twenty degrees below zero, their wood was sagebrush, their stock without shelter, and much of the time the party in a hostile Indian country, without a single soldier for protection; the water they drank often deeply impregnated with alkali, permanently injuring many of the men; yet in all their exposure and danger and rude life, so well were these forces handled and disciplined that but one man died during the construction of this part of the road.

History has rarely recorded achievements like the building of this great trunk railway; and, in this rushing, break-neck greed of ours for new worlds to conquer and forces of Nature to subdue, it is well to stop and take breath while we survey the Aladdin-like exploits of the past few years.

OREGON DIVISION OF C. P. RAILROAD.

In May, 1869, Cadwalader moved to Chico and was put in charge of the location and construction of the Oregon Division of the Central Pacific Railroad. The road had been completed to Marysville by another company, which was bought out by the Central Pacific Railroad Company. He built that season twenty-two miles to Biggs Station, and July 4, 1870, completed the road to Chico. October, 1870, he moved to Red Bluff, and connected the road to that point December 6, 1872, and September 1, 1873, had finished it to Redding.

He was made resident engineer for the road from Roseville Junction to Redding, and has ever since resided at Red Bluff.

On September 3, 1875, he helped to organize and incorporate the Bank of Tehama county with a capital of \$100,000, of which he was made president, and still remains at the head of the bank, and is its responsible manager. Among its original incorporators and directors, and chief stockholders, were J. S. Cone, H. Kraft, John C. Tipton, H. A. Rawson, W. B. Parker, J. D. Loomis, Charles Cadwalader, and its cashier, W. B. Cahoone, of Tehama county; S. S. Montague, Judge D. C. Pratt, Decker & Jewett, Edgar Mills, B. B. Redding, F. F. Low, and Ignatz Steinhart. Its original capital has been increased to \$200,000, of which \$160,000 has been called in. The bank has disbursed in dividends and carried reserve in five years \$100,000, leaving paid up capital intact. The reserve is now more than the original capital paid in.

There is probably no banking house in the State, except possibly the Bank of Colusa county, that can make such a relative showing. It is amusing and at the same time marks the growth of people when we remember with what jealousy and suspicion the bank was looked upon at first by certain citizens who pretended to think, or did think, that some dire or unimaginable harm would come of this *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, and whose prejudice was so blind that for a year or more they would not set foot in the bank.

Cadwalader was largely instrumental in securing a charter for the town of Red Bluff, and was appointed one of the trustees and afterwards elected by the people to the same office.

In 1873 he was appointed by Governor Booth Brigadier-General of Militia, commanding the Fifth Brigade, and reappointed by Governor Irwin at the expiration of his commission, which position he still holds.

Latterly his functions as resident engineer have been somewhat changed; the engineer department of the Central Pacific Railroad is separated from the track department. The latter is now under the superintendent's department, and the chief engineer has four general assistants, any of whom is subject by orders to be sent to any part of the company's road in California, Nevada, Utah or Arizona, and he is one of these four assistants.

General Cadwalader is still a young man. His duties may not call him out of the serener and more quiet domain of supervision of completed work, but no one can read the story of this man's life thus far without concluding that he is capable of achieving great results should the opportunity offer.

It is the presence of many such men, not all like him or fitted for like fields, but men of unusual attainments and natural ability in our county, that justifies the statement of our possessing a very large per cent of more than ordinary men.

We may well indulge the hope that the future of Tehama county is assured in such hands.

CHARLES A. GARTER.

If to be a '49er is greater than a king, certainly to be the son of a '49er is greater than a prince. Of these are the young or second growth of California. Their branches may not be as outspreading or their roots as deeply sent down into the soil, but they are sons of worthy sires: they have all the *esprit*, enthusiasm, ardor, and hope that characterized their early progenitors; and the State may look confidently to them to carry her through the second great period of her history.

Mr. Garter is the son of Judge E. Garter of Shasta, who came to this State in 1849, and has since been one of the prominent figures in his part of the State. He died at Shasta in June, 1880. His mother followed her husband to California in 1855, and their lives went out almost simultaneously—she having died a few days after Judge Garter's decease. Charles and his sister, now Mrs. Felix Tracy, came to the State in 1856. He was then fourteen years old, and was born October 11, 1842, at Medina, Orleans county, New York.

Young Garter attended public school one year at Shasta, and worked one year in the printing office of the *Shasta Republican*, of which Judge Myrick, now of the Supreme court, was part proprietor. In 1858 he was sent to the school of Prof. Durant at Oakland, who was afterwards president of our State University. His ambition, however, was for a higher degree of study than could then be attained here, and in 1859 he went to Buffalo, New York; and with F. M. Hollister as his chum, prepared for admission to Harvard college. He was under the tutorship of George Herbert Patterson, who was able to place his pupil in Harvard in less than two years, where he entered in the summer of 1861 at the age of nineteen years. He was a close student and acquired knowledge easily and rapidly, and always stood high in his class; but his health gave way at the end of his sophomore year, and he was forced to quit college. He came home and as soon as he was able to work, went to the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., where he remained one year.

His health restored, his yearning for his books came back upon him, and without difficulty he entered the junior class of the College of California at Oakland, which was afterwards merged into the present State University. He graduated in 1866 with the degree of A. B., and received the honor of the selection by his class as valedictorian. Subsequently, in 1870, he received the degree of A. M. from the State University.

He entered the law office of S. M. Wilson, Esq., one of the most prominent lawyers of the State, in 1867 and read under his instructions for six months, and in the winter of that year became a pupil at the Albany Law School at Albany, New York, where he graduated in 1868 with the degree of LL. B., and was admitted to the bar in that State. In the latter part of the year he returned home and commenced practice at Shasta.

June 4, 1868, he was married at Oakland to Jennie E., daughter of John B. Kelsey of Rockaway, New Jersey. In the spring of 1870 he went to Sacramento and opened a law office, but returned to Shasta in May, 1871. In November, 1873, he entered into a partnership with the Hon. E. J. Lewis, now Superior Judge of Tehama county, at Red Bluff, with whom he remained some time; and, dissolving partnership, opened an office alone. When his old partner, Colonel Lewis, was appointed Major-General of the State militia, he appointed Mr. Garter his Judge-Advocate with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and with this exception he has never held office. In July, 1879, he formed a law partnership with General N. P. Chipman, with whom he is now engaged in a successful law practice.

Mr. Garter is still a young man and his future cannot be forecast, but his previous success marks him as a rising man in the State. He has naturally a legal mind, a quick and retentive memory, is an effective debater and advocate, and combines what rarely is found in a good advocate—the qualities of a good pleader. His mind takes hold of a question in logical order and works it out by sequences to his satisfaction or not at all. If the argument does not lead up to a fair and logical conclusion, he sees at once that a mistake has crept in, and his mind naturally searches it out or will not be convinced.

In politics he is an ardent Republican, and makes a stirring speech; is rather fond of politics, but is wholly indifferent to holding office, and is not likely ever to be lured from the higher and nobler achievements of the law by the Dead Sea fruits, which political successes offer.

A good citizen, a true friend, a genial companion, Mr. Garter cannot fail to have a marked influence in whatever community his lot may be cast.

E. J. LEWIS.

Judge Lewis was born in Middletown, Connecticut, A. D., 1831. He was educated at the school known as the Middlesex School, in his native town, which institution he attended eleven years. At the age of eighteen years, the spirit of adventure and the courage of manhood took possession of him, wrested him from the quietness of his New England home, and brought him, *via* Cape Horn, to the rugged and primitive experiences of Forty-nine California life. He arrived at San Francisco on the 28th day of June, 1849, proceeded immediately to the north fork of the American river, and became a delver for gold. He was successful, but enticing reports of richer and remoter mines came, and in the spring of 1850 he pitched his camp on Butte creek, in Butte county. Here again good fortune attended him, but with less swift and certain step, and growing impatient at the lagging pace of the fair goddess, he sought new methods to win her favor and her smiles. So, in the spring of 1851, at Neal's Ranch in Butte county, young Lewis turned his apt hand and industrious

efforts to the modest but then lucrative employment of making saddle-trees. It is the characteristic of this man to do well everything that his hand finds to do. He despises mediocrity and the commonplace, and is never content to rest in subordinate and inferior conditions. With astonishing rapidity he became master of his trade, and pursued it until 1853 at Neal's Ranch, and thereafter at the town of Tehama until 1855.

ELECTED TO THE ASSEMBLY.

At this time Mr. Lewis had attracted the attention and inspired the confidence of his fellow-citizens by his genial qualities, industrious habits and splendid natural gifts, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, in the fall of 1855 (he being then twenty-four years of age) he was nominated and elected on the Democratic ticket, over a popular opposing candidate, as member of the Assembly to represent Colusa county in the State Legislature. In the Legislative atmosphere he gave instant conclusive evidence that he had found his natural element. His fine physique, affable manners, his energetic and persevering industry, his shrewd and accurate knowledge of human nature, and his extraordinary gifts of eloquence placed him at once in companionship with the most prominent and useful members of the Assembly. He introduced and procured the passage and approval of the bill organizing and establishing the county of Tehama. This measure, involving as it did an encroachment on the territory of organized, rich and populous counties, was strenuously opposed, and its successful accomplishment was regarded as a most brilliant achievement on the part of the youthful legislator.

In 1856 Mr. Lewis began to study law, with intent to practice it as a profession. In 1857 he accepted a clerkship upon the Nomee Lackee Indian Reservation, but the duties of that position did not interrupt his legal studies, which he still followed under the tutorage of Vincent Geiger. In the fall of that year he was re-elected to the Assembly, this time to represent the county which owed its existence to his magnetic power. The Hon. John B. Weller was then Governor of the State, and, attracted by the executive qualities of Mr. Lewis, he solicited him to become his Assistant Private Secretary, a position which, from its surroundings and the opportunities it would afford for the prosecution of his studies, was very attractive to him, and after the adjournment of the Legislature he accepted it, and entered immediately upon the discharge of his duties. While thus acting as Private Secretary to Gov. Weller, in 1858, he was admitted to the legal profession, upon examination in the Supreme Court of the State.

On the 4th day of December, 1859, Mr. Lewis married a daughter of William G. Chard, a wealthy and honored citizen of Tehama county, and from that time until 1866 he resided on his large and magnificent farm, of which he had then come into the possession. During this period he devoted himself to

the management of his large agricultural interests, never, however, losing interest in public and political affairs, and always maintaining his influence as a leading member of the Democratic party. In the Presidential contest of 1864, his party honored him with the nomination as McClellan elector. In 1866 he became a resident of the town of Red Bluff, and a permanent member of her bar. In 1867, in connection with Abraham Townsend, Esq., he established the Red Bluff *Sentinel*, but jealous of its encroachments on the time and labors required by his profession, after a short journalistic experience, he resigned his interest in that journal into the hands of Mr. Townsend as sole proprietor.

ELECTED STATE SENATOR.

In the fall of 1867 he was elected Senator, to represent the district comprising Tehama and Colusa counties, and was President of the Senate during the last session of that term. In 1871 he was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket headed by Governor Haight. In 1873 Senator Lewis came within one vote of being the nominee of the Democratic caucus for United States Senator. Judge Hager, the fortunate recipient of the nomination, was elected. In 1875 Senator Lewis was again returned to the State Senate from his district, by a majority so overwhelming as to demonstrate that in his election all partisan consideration had been lost in a general expression of respect, confidence and esteem for the successful and distinguished candidate. During his last term as Senator, he occupied the responsible and conspicuous position of Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, wherein he attained such signal success, that upon the expiration of his term he received from the Senate the unusual compliment of a vote of thanks for his zealous and efficient services. Senator Lewis subsequently received the appointment as Major-General of the National Guard of California, an office which he occupied until called upon to fill a position more congenial and more onerous.

JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

He is now Judge of the Superior Court of Tehama county. Probably no member of the legal profession in this State was more successful than Judge Lewis while engaged in the active performance of its duties. His accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the principles of law, his untiring and enthusiastic zeal in the causes he espoused, his surpassing eloquence, and his unswerving fidelity to his clients, rapidly gained for him a leading and lucrative practice, which was still increasing when he removed to the more peaceful and dignified field of the judiciary. His habits of life, labors and acquirements have well fitted him for the bench, and in the brief time he has occupied it, he has already given signs that he will build upon his former creditable and substantial achievements. *

REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY OF TEHAMA COUNTY.

No one thing will show more clearly the rapid and substantial progress of Tehama county from year to year, than the increase of the total valuation of property, as shown by the assessment rolls. In 1876 the total valuation footed up \$3,634,896, and in four years it had doubled and was \$6,627,363.

In this county land ranges in value, according to quality, location, improvements, etc., all the way from \$1.25 to \$200 per acre. There is still some Government land open for entry at the lower price, and occasionally a piece of rich, alluvial lowland is held at the higher figures. But between these extremes good land, with or without improvements, can be bought at reasonable prices. The average price of land for the entire county, would be from \$10 to \$15 per acre. A large amount is unoccupied or untaxed, as may be seen in the table of "comparative sizes of counties."

TOTAL VALUATIONS FROM 1874 TO 1880.

The following statement, prepared by the County Assessor, shows the value and increase of real estate and personal property in Tehama county, from 1874-5 to 1880 inclusive:—

1874-5—Real estate.....	\$2,436,172
Personal property.....	1,642,713
Total.....	\$4,078,885
1875-6—Real estate.....	\$2,335,641
Personal property.....	1,534,662
Total.....	\$3,870,303
1876-7—Real estate.....	\$2,668,232
Personal property.....	966,664
Total.....	\$3,634,896
1877-8—Real estate.....	\$2,681,629
Personal property.....	1,157,833
Total.....	\$3,839,461
1878-9—Real estate.....	\$3,022,073
Personal property.....	1,177,925
Total.....	\$4,199,998
1879-80—Real estate.....	\$3,467,899
Personal property.....	928,592
Total.....	\$4,396,491
1880—Real estate.....	\$5,392,656
Personal property.....	1,234,707
Total.....	\$6,627,363

CENSUS OF THE STATE BY COUNTIES SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

COUNTIES	1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.	Increase in ten years.
1 Alameda		8,927	24,237	63,639	39,402
2 Alpine (a)			685	539	dec 146
3 Amador		10,930	9,582	11,322	1,740
4 Butte	3,574	12,106	11,403	19,025	8,622
5 Calaveras	16,884	16,299	8,895	8,980	85
6 Colusa	115	2,274	6,165	13,362	7,197
7 Contra Costa		5,328	8,461	12,400	3,939
8 Del Norte		1,993	2,022	2,499	628
9 El Dorado	20,057	20,562	10,309	10,647	338
10 Fresno		4,605	6,336	10,459	4,123
11 Humboldt		2,694	6,140	15,515	9,375
12 Inyo			1,956	2,401	477
13 Kern (b)			2,925	5,200	2,275
14 Klamath (i)		1,803	1,686		
15 Lake (c)			2,969	6,643	3,674
16 Lassen (d)			1,327	3,341	2,014
17 Los Angeles	3,530	11,333	15,309	33,392	18,083
18 Marin	323	3,334	6,903	11,326	4,423
19 Mariposa	4,379	6,243	4,572	4,700	128
20 Mendocino (e)	55	3,967	7,545	11,000	3,455
21 Merced		1,141	2,807	5,657	2,850
22 Mono (f)			430	5,416	5,013
23 Monterey	1,872	4,739	9,876	10,934	1,058
24 Modoc (j)				4,700	4,700
25 Napa (c)	405	5,521	7,163	12,894	5,713
26 Nevada		16,446	19,134	20,534	1,400
27 Placer		13,270	11,357	14,278	2,921
28 Plumas (d)		4,363	4,489	6,881	2,392
29 Sacramento	9,087	24,142	26,830	36,200	9,370
30 San Benito (j)	798			5,593	5,593
31 San Bernardino		5,551	3,988	7,800	3,812
32 San Diego		4,324	4,951	8,620	3,669
33 San Francisco (g)		56,802	149,473	233,066	83,593
34 San Joaquin (h)	3,647	9,435	21,050	24,323	3,273
35 San Luis Obispo	336	1,782	4,772	9,064	4,292
36 San Mateo (g)		3,214	6,635	8,717	2,082
37 Santa Barbara	1,185	3,543	7,784	9,478	1,694
38 Santa Clara		11,912	26,246	35,113	8,864
39 Santa Cruz	643	4,944	8,743	12,808	4,605
40 Shasta (d)	378	4,360	4,173	9,700	5,527
41 Sierra		11,387	5,619	6,617	998
42 Siskiyou		7,629	6,648	8,401	1,553
43 Solano	580	7,169	16,871	18,744	1,903
44 Sonoma	560	11,867	19,819	25,847	6,028
45 Stanislaus (h)		2,245	6,499	8,680	2,181
46 Sutter	3,444	3,390	5,030	5,212	182
47 Tehama		4,044	3,587	9,414	5,827
48 Trinity	1,635	5,125	3,213	4,982	1,769
49 Tulare		4,638	4,533	11,330	6,797
50 Tuolumne (h)	8,351	16,229	8,150	7,634	dec 516
51 Ventura (j)				5,088	5,088
52 Yolo	1,086	4,716	9,899	11,880	1,981
53 Yuba	9,673	13,668	10,851	11,540	689
Total	92,597	379,994	560,247	858,864	303,190
White	91,635	323,177	499,424		
Colored	962	4,086	4,272		
Chinese		34,933	49,310		
Indian		17,908	7,241		

The returns of 1850 for Contra Costa and Santa Clara were lost on the way to the Census Office, and those for San Francisco were destroyed by fire. The corrected State census of 1852 gives the population of these three counties as follows: Contra Costa, 2,786; San Francisco, 36,154; and Santa Clara, 6,764; and gives the total population of the State (save El Dorado, not returned) 215,122. El Dorado was estimated at 40,000, which would make the total population at that date 255,122. (Vide Doc. No. 14. Appendix to Senate Journal, 4th session Legislature of California.)

- (a) In 1863 Alpine from Amador, Calaveras, El Dorado, and Mono.
- (b) In 1865 organized.
- (c) In 1863 Lake from Napa.
- (d) In 1863 Lassen from Plumas and Shasta.
- (e) In 1860 organized.
- (f) In 1863 organized.
- (g) In 1857 San Mateo from San Francisco.
- (h) In 1854 Stanislaus from San Joaquin and Tuolumne.
- (i) Divided and attached to other counties.
- (j) Organized since 1850.

INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE CLIMATE.

BY PROF. E. S. GANS.

Climate, more than any other one property, determines the comparative and intrinsic worth of a country for habitation. Every other condition may be, to a less or greater degree, altered by human agency; climate remains a steadfast servant to its mistress, Nature. The soil may be unfruitful; timber wanting; the waters unfit for use; man remedies such defects, and nations are planted in the midst of these adverse surroundings. Climate unaltered outlasts the labor of races.

In the location, then, of a permanent settlement and the choice of a home climatic conditions form the first and chief factor. Men pierce the frozen barriers of the north or brave the wasting torrid heats in pursuit of wealth only that they may dwell in comfort where the seasons come and go mildly. Human adventurers are not bound by frost and heat; and yet homes are not made of choice too near the extremes of either.

The most dense population, the highest intelligence and the most general prevalence of the useful arts, are found along those isotherms opposing the fewest rigors of climate to be overcome. Here, too, national and individual wealth are accumulated in the largest abundance. For physical discomforts require less expenditure in food, clothing, and shelter, and thus subtract less from the sum total of labor, leaving a maximum to be added to the individual and general capital. The north temperate region, accordingly, affords resources for the highest individual and national welfare. Enough seasonable variation exists to make the race vigorous, to produce grains and fruits of the finest quality, and the best varieties of domestic stock. At the same time out-door labor suffers little interruption by reason of weather stress.

While this is true for a temperate zone it is in many respects especially true of the upper Sacramento valley. There are disadvantages of a serious nature, it is true, but the general climatic condition is favorable to industrial pursuits above almost any other locality of equal latitude. The snow limit is practically north of the valley, and while the effects of a rigorous winter are never felt, there is still enough of cold to give a bracing reaction to the animal system, and to render in a measure a hardy condition of plant life. At no point between the Rocky mountains and the Black sea, do we find the snow line with so high a latitude as on the Sacramento. Immediately east of the mountains the line deflects south into Mexico, thence going little north of New Orleans it crosses the Atlantic to the strait of Gibraltar. The limiting line passes south of Italy, through Greece to the sea before named. There is, therefore, the unusual sight witnessed here, not seen within eight thousand miles eastward on this parallel, of a flora peculiar

to two zones. The nutritious fruits and grains of the temperate belt, as well as the rich products of semi-tropical plants, here side by side mature and ripen in due time. Nor is this all. Fruits, grains, and flesh keep sweet for a season seldom equalled in the excessive heat, which prevails at times during mid-summer. This could occur only in places having an extremely low humidity.

CAUSE OF REMARKABLE CLIMATE.

A traveler on learning that the Sacramento valley is not in the snow zone naturally looks about for the cause of such remarkable mildness of climate at latitude $40^{\circ} 30'$ north. He sees on the west the Coast Range, a spur of a mountain system with an altitude from three thousand to five thousand feet; on the east the Nevadas from six thousand to nine thousand feet high; and he likewise observes that the two ranges unite at the head of the valley with a considerable elevation. There is thus formed a natural barrier, shutting out much of the cold northers, and inclosing a body of measurably isolated air tending to hold an even temperature. But the great chief cause of our year-long summer is that portion of the Japan current turned toward the coast, and skirting it from Victoria to Central America. Both continents are, therefore, similarly affected by like cause operating on the north-west coast; while the eastern coasts of like latitude have winters of severe rigor. These conditions readily account for the temperature of the valley, which seldom falls below 27° and rises frequently to 110° in the shade during mid-summer. The mean annual register at Red Bluff is about $66^{\circ} 15'$, a temperature approaching closely that of the Florida peninsula, and having near the fortieth parallel no corresponding average on the eastern continent west of the Black sea.

The degree of heat is largely affected by the winds; a lower register being had for the south wind, though in the winter months a north wind is at times the coldest of the year.

It will be necessary in order to understand the California seasons and their division into wet and dry to treat the matter briefly from a scientific stand-point. The winds and their relation to the rainfall, with particular reference to the upper Sacramento, will be considered chiefly.

Taking it for granted that all know something of the air currents and their causes, a brief outline of atmospheric movement will be sufficient for the purpose of showing the relations of winds and rains. The greater rarefaction of the atmosphere near the solar vertical causes a double ascending current of air, which at a considerable height retreats toward the poles of the earth. A large part of this return current falls to the earth's surface at not farther than 28° from the equator, and turns toward the ascending column directly under the sun. In the northern hemisphere this current forms the north-east trade-winds. Another portion of this upper air descending at various points in the temperate regions, produces the south-west winds and

other movements according to the contour of mountain chains, valleys, etc. The remainder of this northerly flow, after losing still other portions wherever the conditions of density admit, reaches the pole and moves southward as a north-west wind.

THREE WIND ZONES.

There are, then, three wind zones in each hemisphere. North of the equator there is the torrid zone with easterly winds; the temperate with westerly; and the polar with north-westerly movements. That body of the atmosphere 56° in width and directly under the sun constantly moves with the sun in its declination, and in a great measure shifts the positions of the adjacent wind zones. June the 21st the sun is $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of the equator, and at this point the systems of trade-winds meet, ascend until they become colder and lose some degree of their moisture-retaining capacity. A part of the moisture is condensed and a rainfall is the result. Outside this trade-wind belt the upper air descends at different points from a colder condition above to a warmer one below, acquiring an increased capacity for moisture; and instead of producing rain absorbs rapidly from every moist surface until saturation is reached or the temperature of the air body reduced. These winds of the second belt, variable for the most part in direction though often from the south-west, are then necessarily dry winds and render the region over which they prevail rainless. This zone extending during our summer from about 32° to 43° north, covers California and a portion of Oregon, causing the dry season of the coast. Outside the second zone smaller portions of the southerly currents encounter the colder north winds, and mists and rains are produced. Oregon, in the northern part, and Washington Territory are visited by these mists.

At the winter solstice, the sun having passed south of the equator to the southern limit of the torrid zone, the wind belts have made a corresponding change. The northern limit of the middle belt does not extend to a point above 10° north of the equator, and the dry zone has passed many degrees nearer the torrid regions. The belt in which the Oregon and Washington summer rains occurred was drawn southward, stretching out over California and causing the winter rains. The south-westerly return trades, passing over the Gulf of California, come up the interior coast well freighted with vapor, which on being penetrated by the north winds condenses and descends to water the valleys, replenish the springs and snow banks of the hills. The rainfall of the Sacramento valley is found to increase in amount as positions higher up the valley are assumed.* At Red Bluff the minimum amount is 21, the maximum 53, and the average about 37 inches. See pages 67, 68.

* The phenomenon is sufficiently explained by the conformation of the surrounding mountains. The two inclosing ranges approach more nearly together at the northern part. The rain-bearing clouds are thus forced together and yield greater quantities of rain.

EFFECT OF NORTH WINDS.

A highly important feature in the climatology of this region is the north wind. During the spring and fall months these winds blow at intervals more or less frequent. As few as twelve days of north wind have occurred during a spring season and as many as forty. In a large number of instances a wind from the north does not cease under three days, though they sometimes last during a single day only, and much oftener extend during a week, rarely several weeks.

The north winds are remarkable for an extremely low humidity, reaching often as low as 18. During their prevalence there is a general feeling of depression in the animal spirits, and plants suffer largely. Growth of vegetation is retarded, and fruits and grain suffer in form and substance; wheat just coming into the milk state being especially injured. The exceeding dryness of these winds is readily accounted for by well-known atmospheric conditions. That portion of the upper current which descends to the earth at very high latitudes has as a consequence precipitated moisture to the possible limit.

The winds moving southward over the third zone force their way well through the second zone uninterrupted by any descent of the upper strata. The tendency of this lower body of air to approach the equator is a natural one under existing atmospheric laws; and the failure of the north winds to continually penetrate to the second zone is owing to the almost constant descent and interruption by counter currents styled the return trades. When the northerly body and the upper southerly currents maintain their original order and motion we feel the north winds. As before observed, those surface winds have been reduced to the lowest state of humidity in their appropriate zone, and with a rapid motion and low temperature they traverse the portion of the second zone north of our inclosing mountains. When those currents descend into the Sacramento valley the temperature is measurably raised and capacity for moisture largely increased. They thus come to us as unusually dry winds, so dry indeed in some instances that the land and water surfaces, animals and plants, are called upon to lose the surface moisture to an extreme degree in quality and rapidity. To such facts are those depressed feelings experienced by most living things within their influence due. The winds are freighted to some extent with electrical properties but not to that degree often supposed. The nervous uneasiness often felt during the northers does not come from the presence of electricity, but is an affection in the animal system caused by overaction in the tissues and excessive evaporation from the body. The theory that these winds come from Arizona is not tenable as the mountain formation precludes such a movements without extraordinary forces in the case, a condition for which there is no known reason.

BOTANY OF THE COUNTY.

List of Native Trees, Flowers, Plants, Shrubs,
Vines, and Cereals of the Northern Sacra-
mento Valley.

BY E. S. GANS.

NATIVE PLANTS AN INDEX TO THE SOIL.

Next to climate, that feature of a country most interesting and important, is its botany. No one thing so enhances the natural attractiveness of a region as does an exuberant vegetation; while the economic value of any section is made or marred by the character, kind and quantity of plants. Indeed, so accurately does the native flora determine the paternal soil, the water resources and the prevailing climate, that abounding plants are a sure index of the extent to which a country can be immediately utilized for residence and industry. Temperature, moisture, winds and other meteorological phenomena have their records written by the earliest signal service—the size, tissue, fruit and species of vegetable forms.

TEMPERATURE CHANGES CHARACTER OF PLANTS.

The high annual temperature of the Sacramento valley and adjacent mountain slopes, the almost total absence of snows from the plains and the seldom occurrence of frosts make the flora peculiar in some respects and unusually interesting. Some annuals of other climates become perennials here; certain plants, growing elsewhere as shrubs, develop into trees when transplanted to the valley; a few edible roots acquire a woody fiber in place of the usual fleshy tissue. A greater tendency to admixture, among plants of the same family growing adjacent, seems to exist. Several fruits are much impaired in quality, while others are improved in size and flavor. Even in the case of plants confined entirely to the valley, two things, moisture and altitude, affect marked differences in quality. On the plains when, after the winter rains, the surface ground loses all moisture, few plants survive midsummer; trees seldom grow at all on the elevated and dryer portions. In favorable places, along the streams, the tree-growth is of the most moderate sort. Somewhat above the foot-hill slopes, where the deeper ground retains the water of the winter rainfall, or receives constant renewals from the melting snows or living streams, the forests are made up of trees of splendid growth, while beneath, the ground is carpeted with rich native flowering plants. The plains, however, are not, on account of the dry season, valueless

for pasture or agricultural use. All the grains yield well under proper cultivation, and many grasses and other plants, valuable for grazing, mature and ripen seeds in the earlier part of the dry season. So that, while uncultivated fields appear, to Eastern visitors especially, to be parched and barren, they are, in truth, rich very often with seed-laden plants and prove to be the best pasturage. Much of the seed, too, in the chaff or free, falls on the ground and by the action of the winds gathers into such depressions as stock tracks. These small seed deposits prove to be good feeding to grateful flocks till the rains come. Here is the mystery of fat stock upon lean-looking fields, as remarked by travelers.

APPARENT INVERSION OF THE SEASONS.

It is interesting, too, to recall the apparent inversion of the seasons. The November frosts elsewhere lock in a fast sleep deepened by succeeding snows, all plant life and for all winter long; here Nature, at the bidding of the fall showers, spreads a mantle of green over the valley fields, and things live and grow most at our coldest season.

A treatment of this subject from a strictly scientific stand-point does not seem in harmony with the purpose of this work. It is therefore proposed to introduce such matter as will bring the prominent and common botanical features out to a reader abroad. The following schedule of indigenous plants will contain only those that are most common, or such as have, at least, striking and peculiar parts. It will be in giving the useful, cultivated varieties the aim to indicate the character of the region in an agricultural view. Therefore, for the most part, plants lately introduced, and new and rare native species will be omitted.

CEREALS AND PASTURE PLANTS.

Aside from the large general cultivation of wheat for home use and exportation, that of corn to a limited extent and that of oats and barley chiefly for a stock-feed, few others of the small grains are grown at all. It does not come within the proper scope of this article to introduce relative statistics and it must suffice to indicate wheat as the predominating grain harvested. All the grains are cut at an immature stage for hay, as wheat, barley, oats (wild and tame). For the same purpose or for grazing, there are, for the most part, the clovers (*trifolium pratense*, *T. tridentatum*, *T. depauperatum*, and numerous other natives). The native clovers found in this country and the adjacent region are above twenty in number and alone form an interesting and extensive botanical study. There may be added to these general classes, sweet clover (*melilotus parviflora*), alfalfa (*medicago sativa*), bur clover (*M. denticulata*), the poas, cheat (*bromus secalinus* and *B. malis*), vetch (*vicia sativa* and *V. linearis*), blue joint (*calamagrostis*),

filaria (*erodium cicutarium*, *E. moschatum*), several varieties of setaria, agrostis and numerous other varieties of grasses.

NATIVE FLOWER AND FRUIT PLANTS.

Of a very extensive flower-bearing class, noted for flowers only, a few characteristic species will be named. This is the larger division of the botanic field common to the county and valley; and to the botanist by far the most attractive. The expert, however, would call the attention of anyone seeking the general character of the plant-life of the region to the distinguishing forms. Such forms are pretty well agreed upon for most sections and for our county and region, may be about as follows: Aristolochia (*A. umbellata* and *arenaria*), honey-suckle (*tonicera involuerata*), elder (*sambucus canadensis*), eschscholtzia (*coespitosa* and *douglasii*), ranunculus (*aquatilis*, *alismaefolius*, California, and others), snow plant (*sarcodes sanguinea*), violets (*V. aurea*, *V. ocellata*, *V. sarmentosa*, etc.), larkspurs (*delphinium simplex*, California, and more—a variety with yellow flowers in the mountain valleys, east side), lilies (Washington and all California varieties), *spirea areæfolia*, tulip, pond lily (*nuphar*), pitcher plant (*Darlingtonia*, California), tritillia, Solomon's seal (*smilacena racemosa*), aquileya—Columbine (*A. canadensis*, *leptoceras chrysantha*, California hybrida, etc.), nemophila (*insignis*, *maculata*, etc.), calandrinia menziesii, climbing hyacinth (*brodiaea*, California), rhododendron, California, and convolvulus occidentalis. This brief mention, while scarcely appreciable in comparison with the extensive field, will serve to indicate the nature of the flowers of the valley and adjacent districts. Some of the native fruits are plum, cherry, strawberry (*fragaria chilienris* and California), serviceberry (*amelanchier*), elder (*sambucus*), huckleberry (*vaccinium ovatum*), thimbleberry (*rubus nut kanus*), raspberry (*R. teucodermis*), blackberry (*R. ursinus*), gooseberry (*ribes cynosbati*, etc.), currant (*R. aureum*, etc.).

USEFUL PLANTS AND TREES.

On the plains and along most streams, even at considerable altitudes, the oak, of numerous kinds, is abundant. The white oak (*quercus alba*) of California is very inferior to the same tree in a colder climate. The California tree is fit for fuel only, while the Eastern tree is the most reliable lumber for strength and lasting qualities. Several varieties of the live oak (*Q. vireus*) abound near moist places. *Q. falcata*, *Q. nigra*, *Q. rubra* and other kinds are generally found. But the royal family of trees, royal in all respects—splendid growth, beauty, fine lumber properties—is the cone-bearing order.

Peers and dukes in other lands they rise here to the supreme dignity of monarchs. The Sequoias hold the first place among all the grand forests of the world. Outranking all the other brotherhood of trees in majestic height, they also furnish an

incomparable quality of lumber; light, durable, of fine finish, easily worked, it takes a place at once in any market as a most desirable wood.

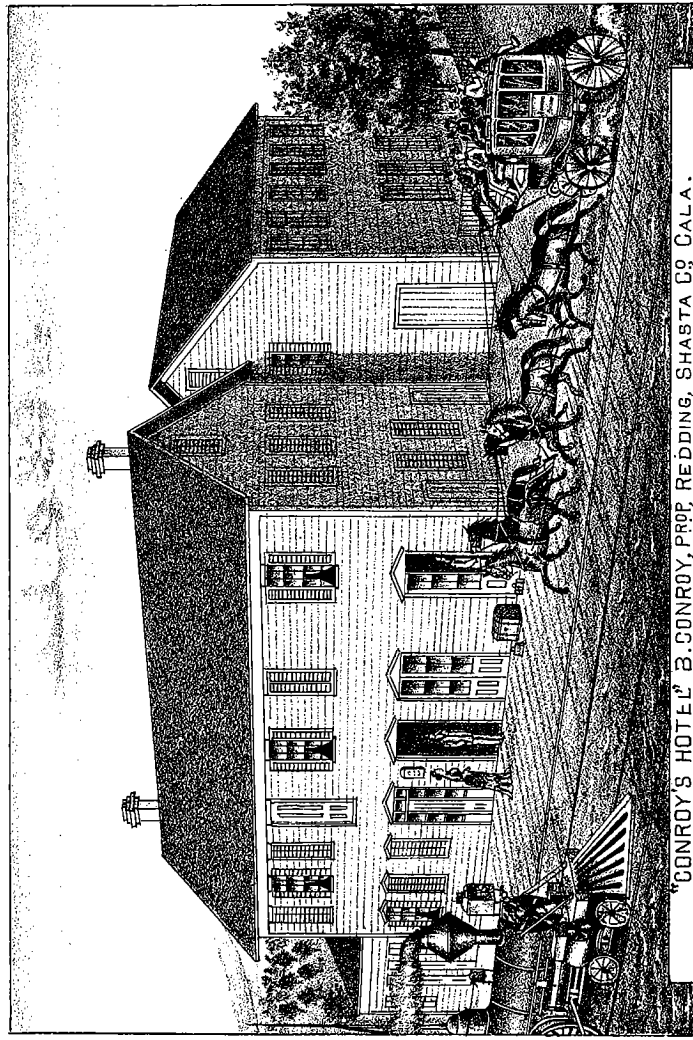
There are cut and marketed in this portion of the State several kinds of pine. Among these the best is the sugar pine (*P. Lambertiana*, three varieties). Splendid as a forest tree, it gives a light-colored, soft, lasting lumber, for which there is always ready sale at high figures. The sugar pine is not unfrequently six to eight feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet in height. Another white pine, the *P. Strobilus*, also occurs and yields a valuable lumber. Several yellow pines largely compose our forests, and numerous pitch pines everywhere abound along the foot-hills and mountains. Among the latter the *P. ponderosa* is a tree of striking beauty, and is much transplanted. Then may be mentioned also Menzie's spruce, Douglas' spruce, balsam fir, and silver fir. The Texas and Juniper are represented. The Torseyia occurs as the California nut-meg, and the cedars are in variety.

The pine family is thus represented by forms from the shrub to the loftiest tree, giving us our vast forests, a large industry and a rich material for all building purposes. None can fail to be impressed with the large dominion of the order, and the admirer of Nature's mute armies always feels like tribute-making in the presence of these conquerors of seasons and centuries.

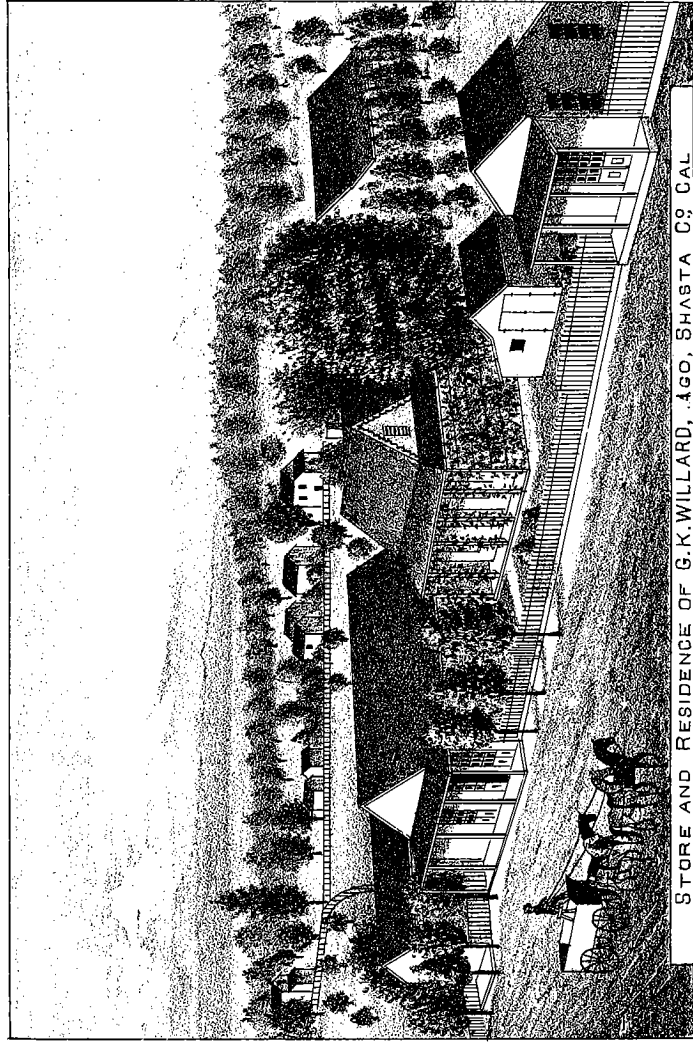
REGION ADAPTED TO SEMI-TROPICAL PLANTS.

Not the least important part of the subject is the adaptability of the Sacramento valley for the introduction and successful cultivation of semi-tropical plants. The orange has been grown for years at places even in the north end of the valley, but it was not till recently that attention has been attracted toward maturing the fruit for use. Recent trials show that the cultivation of the orange and lemon may become a source of profit to horticulturists. For domestic use large quantities of figs are yearly gathered, and it is found that the trees are among the most valuable ornamental shade trees grown. The almond does well anywhere inside the snow line, and large shipments are now made from orchards in various portions of the valley counties. It is found, too, that all the finer varieties of French and German grapes grow readily and mature a large and profitable fruitage and the manufacture of vast quantities of fine wines and raisins is only a question of time.

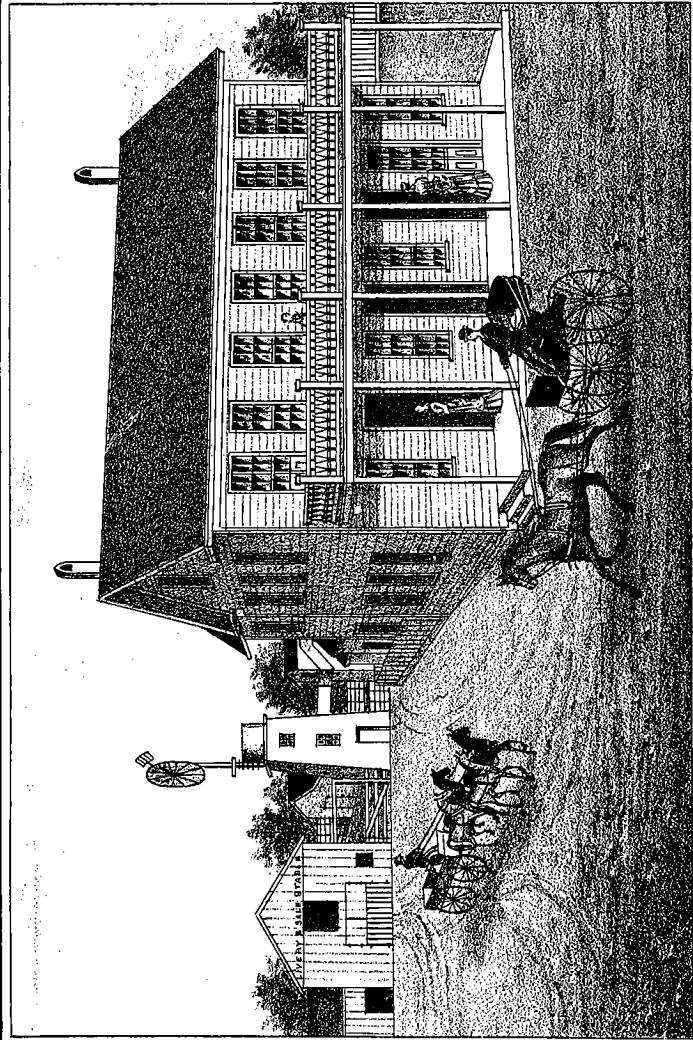
There remain some useful plants to be experimented with. It is claimed that cotton and sugar-cane can be cultivated profitably here. It is yet to be shown just what can be done. Fine looking cane has been grown by Mr. Dale, near Red Bluff, but no attempts were made to put it to use. The olive appears to stand the climate well and other small sub-tropical and tropical fruits have been cultivated to fruit-bearing with good prospects in favor of more extensive success.



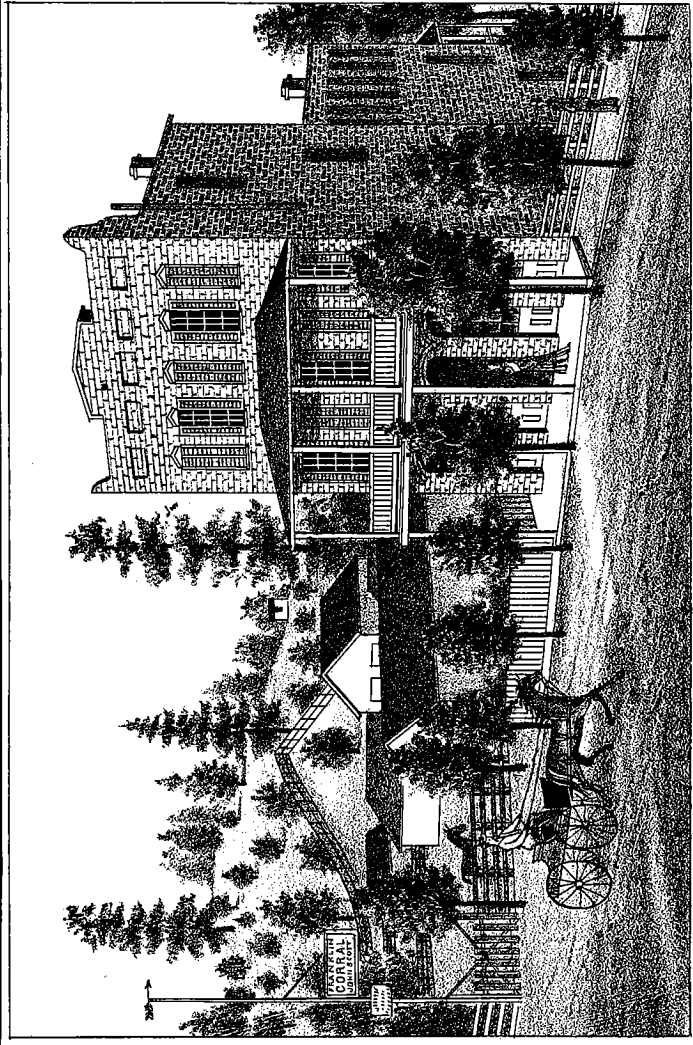
"CONROY'S HOTEL" B. CONROY, PROP. REDDING, SHASTA CO., CALA.



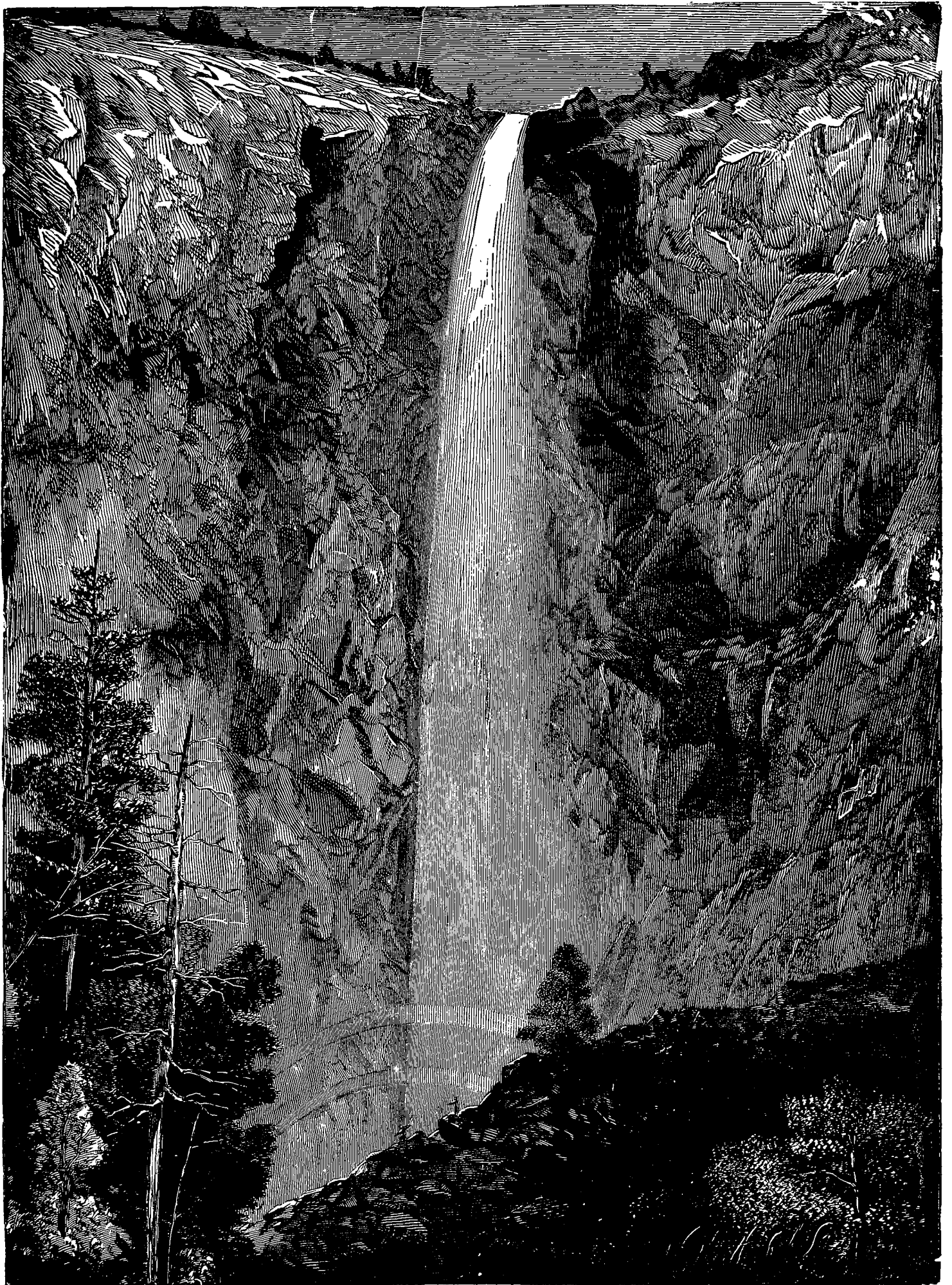
STORE AND RESIDENCE OF G. K. WILLARD, AGO. SHASTA CO., CAL.



"MILLVILLE HOTEL,"
T. J. SIMPSON, PROPRIETOR, MILLVILLE, SHASTA CO., CAL.



"EMPIRE HOTEL,"
JOHN. V. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR, SHASTA, SHASTA CO., CAL.



BRIDAL VAIL FALLS, YO SEMITE.

ZOOLOGY OF THE UPPER SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

Names of Extinct Animals and Their Habits,
List of Animals, Birds, Fishes and Insects
of the Present Day.

BY E. S. GANS.

The existing fauna of the Pacific slope differs almost wholly from that of the palæontological ages for the same region. Whole orders have disappeared, and such as are now represented are characterized by the broadest changes from the fossil type. Not a single species of the great pachyderms, so numberless in geologic ages along this coast, now survives. Other orders are present only in the rocks. Native animals, with few exceptions, are small and not aggressive. And while the orders and species are still abundant, they are not a tithe of their ancient progenitors in size, numbers, or disposition to encroach.

EXTINCT ANIMALS WERE NUMEROUS.

If a bird's-eye view were had of this western coast, during the height of life, for the Tertiary period, the scene would be a widely different one from that now presented. The region literally swarmed with land, amphibious, and aquatic animals. The flesh-eaters were largely predominant and intensely fierce; the herbivores grew to a monstrous size compared with those now living. Lording it on the plains were the huge *Elotheria*, twenty feet in length and almost as high; in the marshes two kinds of rhinoceros (*R. pacificus* and *R. hesperus*) fed. Saurians, from ten to eighty feet long trailed the muddy shores, or swam down and devoured their prey in the waters of the great inland lake and in the ocean. A species of turtle, a full grown one weighing more than a ton, could have been seen making fearless excursions. There was a kind of horse and a species of cattle, smaller and otherwise different from ours. Monkeys in armies, the smaller animals, birds and fishes, made up the striving groups. Long before, the many fed upon plants then most abundant; now, as plants grew scarce before the animal tide, they fell to feeding upon animals, and herbivorous became carnivorous in the struggle for life.

CAUSE OF DISAPPEARANCE OF ANCIENT ANIMALS.

It may be pertinent to notice some of the causes which have

contributed to alter this order of things, and by which those influences that now preserve existing forms, originated.

From the fossils of the Tertiary period, we find the vegetation had a mixed cast, many plants being decidedly tropical. The climate necessary to produce such varieties of the plant kingdom recorded a higher average temperature, a greater rainfall than now occurs, and no frosts. Succeeding the strata which contain these infallible records of a former world come the equally certain signs of two most important epochs in the subsequent or post-tertiary age. There was a period of earthquakes, a large volcanic flow and the glacial era.

The prefatory work of the former of these two periods was a long and gradual land emergence, a reduction of the inland water bodies, a large decrease of the rainfall, and the consequent extinction of much vegetable life. The climate was greatly affected by the conformation of the earth's orbit, so that animal kind, warred upon by the overwhelming forces of Nature, and warring among themselves in the struggle for life, speedily perished in multitudes. The glacial period closed completely this long age of intense activity and wonderful development of living forms. When the ice flow overtakes and locks up for our enlightenment abounding animals, we find the then elephant protected against the growing arctic winter by a woolly coat. Driven at the ice approach south, across most of two grand divisions, and even well into the third of the Eastern Continent, this external coat of this animal became no longer necessary as the glaciers were returned to their ancient homes by the growing heat of the present age. The progenitor of the races of elephants now extant was, therefore, this woolly beast of the arctic regions.

[The number of wild animals that roamed on the plains, the foot-hills and the mountains, before the aggressive power of civilization encroached upon them, was very great. The grizzly bear was the monarch of the forest and jungle. There were great numbers of them in all the bends of the river and in the foot-hills. Elk were also here in great numbers; but they were about the first to take fright at civilization and leave. They were mercilessly slaughtered by hunters—killed, not for their flesh, but for the fun of killing.]

CLASSIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

The animal kingdom is represented in the Sacramento valley by not less than twenty-five orders and several hundred species. It would be impossible here to approach a complete classification. A work upon each of the three lower sub-kingdoms would form large volumes. The remaining higher divisions would make a treatise of larger dimensions. We can give the briefest outline only of a few orders by examples characteristic of the varieties. Nor will a systematic method be followed in the schedule, but apology is made for variations from orders to species and varieties.

INSECTS OF THIS REGION.

INSECTA—ORTHOPTERA.

In this order (orthopt.) and six others, all largely represented here, are found all those pests of vegetation and made fabrics. Grasshoppers, crickets, etc., are the common terms.

TRAGOCEPALA PACIFICA.—Dark ash-brown, femora yellowish, wings transparent and greenish-yellow at base; length, .54 inches. (Thomas.)

OEDIPODA VENUSTA.—Yellowish-gray; length 1 inch. (Stal.)

O. ATROX.—Brownish-yellow; angular black spot behind the eye. (Thomas.)

CALOPTENUS.—Femur-rubrum; color varies in localities, from reddish-brown, dark-olive, dark-brown, etc.; length .75 inches. (Thomas.)

GRYLLIDÆ.—G. rubrum, brownish-red; length, 1¼; destructive.

Many more orders and species occur at different points.

AS: SCOLYTIDÆ.—Numerous bark borers.

Curculios.—Sting fruit, leaves, branches, roots, and deposit eggs which hatch into worms.

Cicadæ.—Eat foliage, sting branches, deposit eggs.

Ophidæ.—Plant lice.

The Arachnidæ show many kinds of spiders, tarantulas and scorpions, some of which are slightly poisonous. A common error prevails that most of these insects are very poisonous, but in the worst cases there is seldom any serious effect.

Other invertebrates are omitted as of little interest in this connection.

FISHES OF THE RIVERS AND STREAMS.

VERTEBRATES—FISHES.

Some of the species found in the Sacramento, its tributaries, and the mountain streams are mentioned.

ESCOIDÆ—Pikes.

Cyprianidæ.—*Catostamus Occidentalis*; lead color above, yellowish or white beneath; length 12 inches. Ayers, Cal. Acad. Nat. Sci., 1854.

Lavinia Compressus.—Reddish-brown above, yellowish beneath, silver-gray on sides. Ayers, in Cal. Acad. Sci., 1855.

SALMONIDÆ.—*Salmo Scouleri*, *S. quimat*, *S. Spectabilis*. The Salmon family have as characteristics, according to Richards, Storer, and others fusiform body, large head, prominent teeth, one anterior dorsal fin, small adipose fin, the caudal fin large, scales small.

FARIO.—Sometimes called by fishermen salmon trout.

F. Aurora, silver-grey above, yellowish on sides and beneath.

F. Tsuppitch.—Common trout.

F. Stellatus.—Back olive, beneath light, yellowish-white, head body, and fins black spotted.

SALAR.—Brook and creek trouts.

S. Lewisii.—Head, body, and fins spotted, belly yellowish-white, yellow dot on abdominal scales, found only in the mountains.

S. Iridea.

STURONIDÆ.—Sturgeons, skeleton castilaginous, vertebral column, a soft chord, one dorsal fin for back. (*Acipenser Acuterostris*, A. Medirostris.)

HYSTEROCARPUS—(*H. traskii*.)

PERCIDÆ.—*Ambloplites interruptus*, perch found in Sacramento and San Jose rivers and San Francisco Bay—the *Centrarchus Maculosa*

of Ayres, Cal. Acad. Sci., 1854. Many others of the fishes and some Lampreys (*Petromyzon tridentatus*) are common.

BIRDS OF THIS SECTION.

AVES—BIRDS.

The birds of the coast are very numerous, but are not characterized by striking colors or good singing qualities, though there are a few good songsters.

TURIDÆ.—Thrushes (Robin—*Turdus migratorius*. Oregon robin.—*T. naëvis*).

SAXICOLIDÆ.—Stone-chats—*Sialia Mexican Warblers*—Maryland yellow throat, Shrikes, Finches, Orioles (*Agelæus phœniceus* and *A. tricolor*—yellow head).

A. Phœniceus has a red spot on the forward joint of the wing. I have seen a single pair of blackbirds, the male of which had a distinct white spot similarly located.

STURNELLA MAGNA.—Western Meadow Lark.

WOODPECKERS.—*Picus*, num. vars.

OWLS.—Barn, burrowing, horned.

FALCONIDÆ.—White-headed eagle, duck-hawk, sparrow-hawk, fish-hawk.

CORVIDÆ.—American raven, yellow-billed magpie, blue jay.

KINGFISHER.—*Ceryle Alcyon*.

CATHARIDÆ.—Cal. Vulture, *Pseudogryphus Cal.*, *Rhinogryphus Aura*.

PIGEONS, DOVES, GROUSE.—(*Canace obscurus*.)

QUAILS.—*Laphortyx Cal.*, valley; *Oreortyx picto*, mountain.

SNIPES.—Two varieties.

HERONS.—*Ardea herodias*, blue; *butorides virescens*, green.

CRANES.—*Grus canadensis*, sandhill.

ANATIDÆ.—Geese, ducks, numerous.

MAMMALS OF THE VALLEYS AND HILLS.

MAMMALS—ANIMALS.

URSIDÆ.—*U. horabilis*, grizzly bear; *U. Americanus*, black, brown cinnamon.

FELIDÆ.—*Felis concolor*, panther; *F. Canadensis*, Canada Lynx, lynx rufus, wild-cat.

CANIDÆ.—*Canis lupus*, gray and black wolf; *C. latraus*, coyote; *vulpes vulgaris*, gray, red, silver-gray foxes.

MUSTELIDÆ.—*Mustela pennantii*, fisher; *Mephitis Mephitica*, *Taxidea Americana*, badger; *Lutra canadensis*, otter; *Putorius ermineus*, weasel; *Putorius lutreolus*, mink; *Procyon lotor*, raccoon.

OVIS MONTANA.—Rocky mountain sheep, seen as far west as the tops of the Coast Range formerly.

AUTILOCAPRA AMER.—Antelope.

CERVIDÆ.—*Cervis Canadensis*, American Elk.

C. Columbiana.—Black-tailed deer, the common deer of the Coast Range and the mountains east of the valley.

SCIUIDÆ.—*Sciurus leporinus*, Cal. gray squirrel.

S. douglassii.—Oregon red squirrel.

Spermophilus beecheyi.—Cal. ground squirrel.

LEPORIDÆ.—*Lepus Cullatus*.—Jackass rabbit.

L. Trobridgii.—Commonly called cotton-tail, (a hare.)

Authorities consulted, H. W. Henshaw (birds and animals), Cyrus Thomas (insects); Chas. Girard (fishes).

MOUNT SHASTA.

Although this mountain is located in Siskiyou county, it is so prominent as to belong to all the surrounding country. It rears its great, craggy snow-covered summit high in the air, and is often seen at a distance of two hundred miles at the south-west. It takes about three days to reach its summit. You can ride to the snow line the first day, ascend to the top the following morning, descend to your camp in the afternoon, and return to the valley on the third day. Mount Shasta has a glacier, almost if not quite the only one within the limits of the United States. The mountain is an extinct volcano. Its summit is composed of lava, and the eye can easily trace the now broken lines of this old crater when viewed from the north.

Mount Shasta is clothed with snow for a virtual mile down from its summit during most of the year. Mount Whitney is the highest point in the United States (14,900 feet); but Mount Shasta (14,442 feet) makes a more imposing appearance because it rises in solitary grandeur 7,000 feet above any mountains near it. In the Sierra Nevada range are more than one hundred peaks over 10,000 feet high, according to the State Geological Survey. The same authority says of Mount Diablo (3,856 feet high): "It is believed there are few points on the earth's surface from which so extensive an area can be seen as from this mountain." The writer has, from its summit, counted thirty-five cities and villages where reside two-thirds of the inhabitants of the State.

Much has been said and written about Shasta mountain, and we close our notice with the following lines, written by the late John R. Ridge:—

Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless
And cold. The storms of heaven may beat in wrath
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists upheaves
Its tower of pride e'en purer than before.
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests leave
Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.
Thus doth it, day by day and age by age,
Defy each stroke of time, still rising highest
Into heaven!
Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,
No human foot has stained its snowy side;
No human breath hath dimmed the icy mirror which
It holds unto the moon and stars and sov'reign sun.
We may not grow familiar with the secrets
Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!
Far lifted in the boundless blue, he doth

Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad
Dominions of the West, which lie beneath
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall
Gigantic hills arise in silentness
And peace, and in the long review of distance
Range themselves in order grand. He sees the sunlight
Play upon the golden streams which through the valleys
Glide. He hears the music of the great and solemn sea,
And overlooks the huge old western wall
To view the birth-place of undying Melody!

Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding
Form, that monarch mountain casts its mighty
Shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,
That, like inferior minds to some great
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness!
All through the long and summery months of our
Most tranquil year, it points its icy shaft
On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall
In showers of splendor round that crystal cone,
And roll in floods of far magnificence
Away from that lone, vast Reflector in
The dome of heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile
Vale and undulating plains below, the grass
Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom
The flowers. Strong purifier! From its snowy
Side the breezes cool are wafted to the "peaceful
Homes of men," who shelter at its feet, and love
To gaze upon its honored form, aye, standing
There the guarantee of health and happiness,
Well might it win communities so blest
To loftier feelings and to sober thoughts—
The great material symbol of eternal
Things! And well I ween, in after years, how
In the middle of his furrowed track the plowman
In some sultry hour will pause, and wiping
From his brow the dusty sweat, with reverence
Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsman
Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink
Into his inmost soul the calm sublimity;
And little children, playing on the green, shall
Cease their sport, and, turning to that mountain
Old, shall of their mother ask: "Who made it?"
And she shall answer, "God!"

And well this golden State shall thrive, if like
Its own Mount Shasta, Sovereign Law shall lift
Itself in purer atmosphere—so high
That human feeling, human passion at its base
Shall lie subdued; e'en pity's tears shall on
Its summit freeze; to warm it e'en the sunlight
Of deep sympathy shall fail;
Its pure administration shall be like
The snow immaculate upon that mountain's brow!

NORTH STAR FLOURING MILL.

The North Star Mill property is situated in Sesma, opposite the town of Tehama, on the Sacramento river, in the eastern portion of Tehama county. These mills are run by water from Mill creek, which derives its supply from the Lassen Buttes. This creek was named Mill creek by General Bidwell in 1843, on account of the large continuous supply of water it afforded. This property consists of eight hundred acres of land, with the mills and four large warehouses for storing wheat and flour. A switch from the Oregon and California Railroad runs to the warehouse, and nearly all flour made is sent by railroad to the different home markets and also to San Francisco. This property was purchased by M. C. Ellis, the present owner, in 1874, since which time the capacity of the mills have been increased from two hundred to five hundred barrels per day of twenty-four hours, and now includes all the modern improvements known to milling. These mills are now manufacturing the much celebrated Hungarian Process Flour, which takes the lead of all flours made on this coast. Through the San Francisco office this flour is sold for the markets of Liverpool, China, Central America, Tahiti, Honolulu, Siberia and British Columbia, as well as in all markets on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad and its Oregon division. The mill is connected with the Western Union Telegraph line, and has a telephone from the mill to the warehouse in Tehama, owned by the same proprietor; also, to the Post-office and Central Pacific Railroad office at Tehama. Two years ago the proprietor admitted into the business his eldest son, A. T. Ellis, so the firm name is M. C. Ellis & Son. For the last three years the largest part of the wheat raised in Tehama county was purchased by said firm, and their mill has run almost constantly day and night.

M. C. ELLIS,

The senior partner, was born in 1829, in Central New York, and came to this State in the spring of 1852, and has been engaged in milling for the last eight years. The junior partner, A. T. Ellis, was born in 1856, in San Francisco, and now resides and attends to all the business connected with the mill at Sesma. The firm have an office at 220 Clay street, San Francisco, where the senior partner resides.

ALTITUDE OF PROMINENT POINTS IN THE STATE.

NAMES OF PLACES. (SIERRA NEVADA RANGE).	Distance from S.F.	Altitude above sea.	NAMES OF PLACES. (COAST RANGE.)	Distance fr'm S.F.	Altitude above Sea.
Mount Whitney...	173	14,900	Snow Mountain...	114	7,000
Mount Shasta...	244	14,442	Mount St. John...	96	4,500
Mount Tyndall...	160	14,386	Mount Hamilton..	52	4,400
Mount Dana.....	148	13,227	Mount St. Helena.	70	4,343
Mount Lyell.....	144	13,217	Mount Diablo.....	32	3,856
Mount Brewer....	152	13,886	Mou't Loma Prieta	54	4,040
Mount Silliman...	130	11,623	Mount Balley....	280	6,375
Lassen Butte....	183	10,577	Mount Tamalpais.	15	2,604
Stanislaus Peak...	125	11,500	Marysville Buttes.	92	2,030
Round top.....	120	10,650	Farallone Islands.	34	200
Downieville Buttes	157	8,720	Clay Street Hill..	—	387
Colfax Village....	144	2,431	Red Bluff.....	225	307
Sacramento.....	90	30	Redding.....	260	558

MOUNTAINS OF YOSEMITE.

AMERICAN NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.	Altitude above val
El Capitan.....	Too-tock-a-mul-la	Chief of the Valley..	3,300
Cathedral Rocks...	Poo-see-na Chuk-ka.	Large Acorn Storeh'se	2,660
Three Brothers...	Pom-pom-pa-sus...	Mountns play leapfrog	3,830
Union Rocks.....	Hep-se-tuck-a-nah	3,500
Sentinel Rock....	Loya.....	Medicinal Plant.....	4,125
Glacier Rock....	Pa-til-i-mah.....	Bearskin Mountain..	3,200
Royal Arches.....	To-coy-ae.....	Shade to Baby Cradle	1,800
Washington Column	Hun-to.....	The Watching Eye...	1,875
South Dome.....	Tis-sa-ack.....	Goddess of the Valley	5,010
Mount Watkins...	Way-an.....	3,900
Cloud's Rest.....	6,034
Cap of Liberty...	Mahta.....	Martyr Mountain....	4,000
Mount Starr King..	5,600

WATERFALLS OF YOSEMITE.

AMERICAN NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION,	Altitude above val
Bridal Veil.....	Po-ho-no.....	Spirit of the Evil Wind	630
Yosemite.....	Yosemite.....	Large Grizzly Bear..	2,634
First Fall.....	1,600
Second Fall.....	600
Third Fall.....	434
Vernal Falls.....	Py-wy-ack.....	Cataract of Diamonds	350
Nevada Falls.....	Yo-wy-ye.....	Meandering.....	700
South Fork.....	Il-lil-ouette.....	Rushing Water.....	600
Sentinel Falls...	Loya.....	Medicinal Shrub....	3,270
Ribbon Fall.....	Lung-oo-too-koo-ya	Long and Slender....	3,500
Royal Arch Fall...	To-coy-ae.....	Shade to Baby Cradle	2,100

