

A pioneer at Sutter's fort, 1846-1850; the adventures of Heinrich Lienhard. Translated and edited by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur from the original German manuscript

LIENHARD AS A YOUNG MAN. FROM A FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH. Courtesy of Miss Mary Lienhard.

This Book is Number Three of the Calafia Series.

The legend of Calafia is intimately associated with the nomenclature of California. This fanciful tale occurs in the fifth book of a popular Portuguese-Spanish cycle of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, a romance in which the knightly and heroic deeds of Prince Esplandian, son of King Amadis, who rallied to the support of the Christian faith when it was threatened by the pagan forces before the walls of Constantinople, are depicted in the elaborate manner of the period. As the battle between the Crescent and the Cross reached its zenith, the opposing armies were thrown into turmoil when Esplandian fell suddenly in love with one of the allies of the pagan King Armato, a beautiful queen who lived on an island called California, "very close to that part of the terrestrial paradise, which was inhabited by black women without a single man among them, who lived in the manner of Amazons."

The name of this queen was Calafia.

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A PIONEER AT

SUTTER'S

FORT

A TYPICAL PAGE FROM LIENHARD'S MANUSCRIPT.

A Pioneer at Sutter's

Fort, 1846-1850

THE ADVENTURES OF HEINRICH LIENHARD

NO. 3

OF THE CALAFÍA SERIES *Translated, Edited, and Annotated by*

Marguerite Eyer Wilbur

From the original German Manuscript

THE CALAFÍA SOCIETY

LOS ANGELES, 1941

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INTRODUCTION

The custom's inspector on the Swiss-French border looked at the sturdy young man quizzically. He threw open the lid of his chest, checked a huge sixty-pound cheese, a feather bed, a copper frying pan, two sturdy woolen suits, a neat pile of socks and handkerchiefs, several guns and pistols, then made out the lad's clearance papers.

“Your name?” he inquired.

“Heinrich Lienhard.”

“Date and place of birth?”

“January 19, 1822, Ussbuhl, near Bilten, Canton Glaurus, Switzerland.”

“Father's occupation?”

“Farmer.”

“Destination?” He smiled sympathetically at the eager brown eyes watching him.

“America.”

Heinrich Lienhard had embarked on the great adventure, one he had dreamed of since childhood. All through the long trip across France by stage to the port of Havre he had ample time to ponder over his past life, dream and plan for the future. As far back as he could recall, life had been dreary on the parental farm.

Pleasures had been few and far between. His father had been harsh, stern, and unsympathetic toward him, his sister, and his two brothers. He had been sent out to herd cattle at the age of six. Since then he had known little but work. Brief periods of schooling had been interrupted, time and again, by pressure of work on his father's farm.

To wrest a living from a Swiss farm sapped the strength of the Lienhard clan. Yet ownership of the soil was traditional with its men. *Bleibe im Lande und naehre dich redlich*—remain ii at home and make your living honestly—was the paternal dictum, handed down from father to son.

Heinrich's father, like his forebears, had scrimped and saved to buy land, more and more land for his three sturdy sons. His purchases plunged the family into debt; the financial burden weighed

heavily on his honest shoulders, and, as the years passed, he had grown morose, sullen, and bitter. These traits his eldest son inherited and became so taciturn and moody that Heinrich and the younger Lienhard children suffered keenly from the depressing home atmosphere.

To the sensitive Heinrich, refuge from the misery this caused him was imperative. Even in childhood he loved the fine things of life—music, art, books, and nature—with an absorbing passion. One of his boyish ambitions was to become an artist and create pictures; a talent for drawing was obvious during his spasmodic periods of schooling, but his father did nothing to foster it and definitely discouraged his youthful aspirations in the realm of art. Reading, writing, and arithmetic—these were ample education for a farmer.

A solitary tie, his intense love for his mother and his sympathy for her unhappy life with his stern father, kept him from running away from home. Yet at times he became so despondent that he considered taking his own life, and only visions of the grief and pain his death would cause his delicate mother prevented this drastic act. He found some solace in introspection, in dreaming of what lay beyond the massive peaks of the neighboring Alps. As he grew older fascinating tales of America, the enthralling adventures of trappers, fur traders, and explorers, reached his ears. They gave him a new interest in life.

Several cousins, who had crossed the Atlantic and settled in the United States, also wrote glowing accounts of their experiences to relatives in Switzerland. The older he grew the more stories of the New World diverted Heinrich; farm chores seemed trivial by contrast. Night after night as he herded cattle he lay on his back on a soft haymound looking up at the starlit sky framed by the sharp outline of the Alps, and dreamed of emigrating to America. These dreams he kept to himself until they became an integral part of his being.

One of the happiest memories of his life were his two years of compulsory military training. He made so excellent a record that he was invited to enter an officers' training school; but this much-coveted opportunity was denied him by his father, and he was forced to return home and work.

Then came the great storm of 1841. All over Switzerland houses were shattered, barns destroyed, trees uprooted, farms demolished. Rehabilitating his father's lands afforded Heinrich an invaluable lesson in agriculture. It was followed by his mother's fatal illness; for weeks he nursed her with the utmost tenderness, and was inconsolable when the end came. As he was twenty-one he inherited his share of the maternal estate and by selling some of this property, funds for a journey could be raised. He discussed the matter with his father, but the elder Lienhard bitterly opposed his son's desire to go to America, however, and the young man hesitated to leave without his consent. An uncle interceded in his behalf and the Swiss farmer, after a stormy scene, was finally reconciled to his departure.

Heinrich Lienhard sailed for America on the three-masted schooner, *Narragansett*, from Havre on September 18, 1843. Disembarking at New Orleans, he took a river boat to St. Louis where he sold his feather mattress "without difficulty for five cents at an auction" and started out to look for work. Many Swiss emigrants had settled on fertile farms at Highland, in southern Illinois, a rich dairy country, often called New Helvetia; Lienhard joined them and found employment. The work was hard, the hours long, and the compensation meager; he found the life extremely irksome. In 1845, when he heard that government land was being thrown open to settlers at \$1.25 an acre, he traveled up the Mississippi as far as St. Paul, and traded with the Indians, while he searched for desirable land to file a claim on, but, much to his disappointment, all the fertile areas were already occupied. Returning to Highland, he secured work with another Swiss farmer, Jacob Schutz, who proved to be a kindly, sympathetic man and his fatherly attitude was one of the few bright spots in Lienhard's early life in Illinois. But farming was not his goal; he wanted to be independent, to be his own master, to make a place for himself in America. Within a few months he moved to St. Louis where he worked in a butcher shop during the day and studied English in the evening; from there he went to Galena, Illinois, where he cut wood, worked in a lead mine, and in a gun factory, for brief periods. Then he felt the magnetic urge to move west.

In those days St. Louis was one of the connecting links with the Pacific Coast, and it was there that Lienhard met two old Galena acquaintances, Heinrich Thomen and Jacob Rippstein, who had

just returned from visiting the rich lands of Oregon and California. During a friendly reunion they talked enthusiastically about the famous Swiss emigrant, Captain Sutter, and described the great fort he was building on the fertile banks of the Sacramento River.

They discussed going west together and Lienhard, Thomen, and Rippstein decided to pool their resources for the journey. Two more European comrades, Valentine Diehl and George Zins, were persuaded to join them. Meager as were their combined funds, the five men were finally able to earn enough to buy equipment for the trip to the coast. Their outfit, purchased at St. Louis, consisted of a wagon, two yoke of oxen, and two cows that could be used in case of emergency to pull the wagon. Equipped with a large supply of meal, a ten-gallon water keg, an assortment of guns, a chest holding knives, forks, and cooking utensils, which was fastened to the end of the wagon, they were ready to cross the plains.

On April 21, 1846, the five travelers loaded their outfit on a river boat at St. Louis that carried them west by way of the Missouri River to Independence, a small town a few miles east of Kansas City, where they joined an emigrant train of eight wagons that was being organized under the leadership of Captain Jacob Harlan. Later in April Captain Harlan's group came up with the main emigrant train; his wagons had assembled at a small Mormon town called Indian Creek, where travelers often met before starting overland. These great emigrant trains had definite advantages and disadvantages. Although a certain amount of mutual protection against Indians was assured, yet a much longer time was required to reach Sutter's Fort. That year travel was heavy to the Pacific Coast; more than two thousand emigrants crossed the plains, and the trail was dotted with plodding caravans of covered wagons.

Together with Harlan's party, Lienhard and his Swiss friends left Indian Creek on May 12th. They followed the well-defined route through Kansas and Nebraska, down the north fork of the Platte to the Indian trading post at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, along the Sweetwater River, and over the South Pass of the Rockies to Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming. Beyond, the trail divided. One road led west to Oregon, the other south to California. The latter followed the new Hasting's Cut-Off around Salt Lake and along the Humboldt to the Sierras.

Although Lienhard was prepared for a long journey, he was amazed to find how slowly the emigrants moved. Almost every day sickness, births, and deaths hampered their progress. Finally the Swiss group pulled ahead of the main train and traveled on alone. The crest of the Sierras was reached on October 4th. The pioneers celebrated their entry into California by singing "Hail Columbia, happy land," unaware that this Mexican land was actually on the verge of becoming American territory. Following Bear Creek down the slope of the Sierras, they found some naked Indians building an adobe house near the river bank. Its owner, an English sailor called Johnson, was standing nearby. At last they had reached civilization, the fabulous new world they had traveled so far to reach. Other Bear Creek settlers living there came to see them; Sicard and his Indian squaw, Sebastian Keyser, and Joseph Verot, all extended a hearty welcome. A gala repast of huge beefsteaks was provided, and the weary Swiss emigrants rested several days at this pleasant spot before completing the last lap of their journey to the fort.

Lienhard and Thomen started ahead from Bear Creek on foot, however, leaving their three friends to follow with the wagon. They reached Sutter's New Helvetia toward the middle of October. This Sacramento River settlement, humorously known as the Key to California, was the only important trading post in California; it had been founded in 1839 near the confluence of the Feather, American Fork, and Sacramento rivers by Captain John Augustus Sutter on a land grant of eleven leagues given him by the Mexican government, and within seven years had become the most cosmopolitan center in the west. The fort, a sturdy, crude, adobe structure, built by Indian labor, was four hundred feet long and one hundred and seventy feet wide and was enclosed by thick eighteen-foot walls. Within were the owner's private offices, a kitchen, dining room, shops, storehouses, and sleeping quarters.

In Lienhard's day Sutter's colony was the haven of the overland traveler. Its genial Swiss host, whose kindness to strangers in distress was proverbial, extended a warm welcome to all newcomers, irrespective of rank, creed, or nationality. Shelter, food and work were provided for the needy, and many pioneers remained permanently at the fort or settled in the fertile valleys in the vicinity where men were vitally needed to help tame the wilderness.

Lienhard reached New Helvetia at a crucial moment, for conquest of California by the Americans was in its infancy. Since spring a state of war had existed between the United States and Mexico, California had been drawn into the conflict, United States troops were moving in and out of Sutter's settlement, vii Captain Frémont was engaged in local manoeuvres with the enemy, and President Polk had stationed units of the Pacific squadron off Yerba Buena.

A congressional act of May 13, 1846, had empowered the President to call for volunteers for the war; by August recruiting was in full force around the fort. New arrivals, usually penniless, were readily induced to become United States soldiers, and Lienhard's group welcomed this timely opportunity to begin life in the new Paradise. Since June, Californians had felt the pressure of war. Ominous movements of United States forces were visible everywhere, for severance of the vast province from its weak parental stem was under way, San Francisco, Sonoma, Monterey, and Sutter's Fort having been taken over in July only a short time before Lienhard reached the coast. The Californians had not been entirely conquered, however; many sharp skirmishes were still taking place in outlying regions in the north.

Toward the end of the year, the military operations of Stockton and Frémont in the south culminated in the battle of San Gabriel near Los Angeles. It was followed by the Treaty of Cahuenga, signed early in 1847. The United States was now in possession of California; troops were disbanded, and the exsoldiers began to settle in California. It was with this changing era that Lienhard was closely associated. Returning to the fort after the war, he became one of Sutter's most trusted associates and had an opportunity to know the famous pioneer intimately.

When the gold rush swept like an avalanche over California, dramatic changes were inevitable. New Helvetia was no longer a sober trading fort where trappers, emigrants, soldiers, and Indians congregated; it was transformed into a den of iniquity, a gambling and drinking resort of the lowest order frequented primarily by miners and disorderly ruffians. Of this transitional era Sutter was the tragic victim. A man whose emotions were easily aroused, he was the constant target of shysters

and confidence men; he had few honest associates ^{viii} whose loyalty he could depend on. Lienhard was one of them.

As gold poured into the fort, Sutter became the King Midas of California almost overnight. His wheat and livestock brought fabulous prices, his land became valuable, his mines struck rich deposits. Years ago, when he had left his family in Switzerland, it was with the intention of sending for them when he had made a place for them in the west. His eldest son had already joined him; now that wealth had come his way, he was eager to have his wife and younger children near him, too. As the trip from Switzerland to California by way of Panama was too long and difficult for them to make alone, he decided to send someone to accompany them to the fort. His eldest son urged him to select his Swiss associate.

Lienhard welcomed the opportunity a trip to Europe would afford him to see his old home again, and on June 20, 1849, he boarded the *Panama* at San Francisco en route to Switzerland. For a few days spouting whales enlivened the trip down the coast past San Pedro, so shrouded in fog as to be invisible, and past the squalid little port of San Diego with its palm-fringed shore; later tropical storms, engine trouble, and a leaky ship made the voyage less tranquil. After twenty-one days the *Panama* docked at the Isthmus, where passengers were transferred to the east coast and put aboard the *Crescent City* at Chagres. Ten days later the traveler was in New York, enjoying his first glimpse of an American metropolis. Loitering there a few days, he had his gold weighed at the mint and exchanged for coins, then visited Philadelphia, Jersey City, and the Delaware River, but cholera was raging in the east, and he contracted a mild case at the Quaker City.

Recovering, Lienhard boarded a ship at Jersey City bound for Liverpool, paying one hundred and twenty-five dollars for his passage, then traveled by train to London, and from Dover to Ostend. At Cologne he made the picturesque river trip up the Rhine, and upon reaching Basel, he traveled by train and stage to Arth, the small Swiss town where he was to meet the Sutter family.

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His arrival caused a commotion in the village; one glance at his luggage told the innkeeper that this was the man who had come to take the Sutter family to California. A messenger rushed to convey the glad tidings to Frau Sutter. She arrived breathless and somewhat frightened, especially after Lienhard placed eight hundred dollars, an overwhelming sum, in her hands. She hid the money furtively, as if afraid someone would hear of it. Her children soon joined her and, much to his amusement, quarreled openly in Lienhard's presence.

After making arrangements for the return journey, the traveler visited the parental home near Bilten the following day. The farm was there, but its occupants were absent; so he stood under his favorite pear tree, looking out at the land he knew so well, and waited. Soon his father appeared. Sorrow and age had taken a heavy toll, but the broken old man seemed glad to see his son again. Then Peter, the eldest brother, and his wife arrived; their greeting was lukewarm. Only the younger brother, Caspar, recently back from military school, and his sister, Barbara, seemed genuinely happy at his return.

Two weeks later Heinrich Lienhard rejoined the Sutter family and left with his charges in the middle of October for London. They proved trying traveling companions. Sudden affluence had made them exacting and haughty; they treated Lienhard rudely, and made themselves as conspicuous as possible on shipboard. At Liverpool they boarded the Cunarder, *Cambria*, bound for Boston, then traveled by rail to New York and obtained cabins on the *Empire*, due to sail in three weeks for the Isthmus. Rumors of Sutter's running for the governorship reached their ears en route, and materially increased their feeling of self-esteem, to the chagrin of their modest escort. Lienhard and the Sutters were among the passengers who sailed from the Isthmus on the steamer, *Panama*, on January 1, 1850, for San Francisco. Mrs. Sutter confidently expected to be greeted as the new governor's wife when she reached the Golden Gate, but she had her first inkling that Sutter's star was beginning to wane, when she learned that the rival candidate, Peter Burnett, had been chosen.

Upon reaching San Francisco, Lienhard left his party at the hotel and went to Sacramento to find the captain, who came back to the city with him. The reunion of the Sutter family was a curious one; Sutter and his wife had been separated for more than fifteen years and time had made a breach between them that could never be healed. The Swiss pioneer had been transformed from a small-

town merchant into one of the richest and most prominent men in California. Mrs. Sutter had become a querulous, overworked woman, prematurely old and bent and worn. The three Sutter children who accompanied her were unprepossessing in manner, intellect, or appearance. Tales of their father's prestige and wealth had made them egoists; adjustment to the new life before them proved a difficult task.

The west had changed drastically in the traveler's brief absence. Gold had made San Francisco a maelstrom of nouveau-riche iniquity; the pastoral age of California had vanished overnight. Lawlessness, disorder, and the feverish urge to amass vast fortunes had made men demons of energy. This active new world was abhorrent to Lienhard's tranquil nature. Above all, peace, quiet, and order were essential to his well-being—the peace of the open country, the silence of vast spaces, and the rule of right, not might; he could not adjust himself to the changing times.

Furthermore, his own relations with Sutter and his eldest son, August, were not so friendly as they had once been. The older he grew, the more lax Sutter had become until now his pomp, conceit, and lack of punctiliousness in discharging obligations were apparent to everyone. He seemed less willing to pay what he owed as his debts soared. When Lienhard returned, the captain and his eldest son were being drawn into an iron ring that was slowly closing in on them by gold-maddened creditors. With the changing times Lienhard began to lose faith in California.

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He spent some time that spring at Sutter's country seat, Hock Farm, near Marysville, visiting the captain's family and renewing old friendships with early settlers, but up and down the once tranquil banks of the Feather River fresh evidences of Yankee “progress” were apparent everywhere.

Many pioneers regarded 1850 as a year of great promise; cities were being surveyed and laid out, lots were being sold at inflated prices, but the revelry of men going back and forth from the mines had created a world foreign to the old pastoral era Lienhard knew and loved. Even though fortunes were being made everywhere, most of them were squandered; the mines, the gambling tables, new-town real estate all afforded quick methods of extracting gold from an open-handed populace. It

was the symbol of the age; even life was measured by this metallic yardstick. Everywhere, but especially in San Francisco, prices rose to fantastic levels, and supplies sold at fabulous prices. As much as three thousand dollars was asked for lots 25x75 feet near the harbor. Rentals reached absurd heights; the City Hotel paid thirty thousand dollars a year, and gambling houses a thousand dollars a month. Owners of buildings often became rich in a day.

Yet the demand for buildings, merchandise, and equipment of all kinds far exceeded the supply, for roads and ships heading west were thronged with travelers. The mushroom town of San Francisco, with its hundreds of tents, resembled a gay white city at night. A whirlwind of activity was apparent everywhere; the pounding of hammers and the noise of saws were heard far into the night as men labored to create a metropolis.

From the far corners of the earth travelers thronged to the Golden Gate; Chinese, Peruvians, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Kentuckians, and New Englanders all speaking their own dialects moved in and out of the central plaza, the hub of the city, or through streets often seething with mud. In every corner of the city naval officers, miners, gamblers, and drunkards crowded the cafes, gambling houses, and saloons; what they spent made xii merchants, bankers, vendors, and commission merchants unbelievably opulent. Many were less fortunate, however; destitution and lunacy were commonplace, and the city hospital was filled to overflowing day and night.

By the time Lienhard returned from Europe early in 1850, California had become a bewildering, feverish place to live in. Its contrast to Europe was startling and the Swiss pioneer wanted something more in life than the gold of the west could bring. He had saved a few thousand dollars; most of it was invested in real estate. It was a small sum; men often gambled far more than that in a single night. But with it he could live comfortably for a time in Switzerland.

On July 1, 1850, on the *California*, he left the land he had watched blossom and flower so miraculously before his eyes. The trip was an uncomfortable one; a serious liver complaint kept him confined to his berth; at times he suffered from intense pain. Despite his suffering the ship's doctor, a young man of twenty-three, did little to alleviate the pain and Lienhard suspected his motives,

especially after he found out that the possessions of any passenger who died aboard ship were given to the doctor for safe-keeping; for his own trunks were heavy with gold. He out-witted the doctor, and by the time he reached New York had revived sufficiently to make excursions to Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls. Crossing to Europe, he joined a party of tourists and visited Paris. Then longing for his homeland finally brought him to Switzerland.

There on July 3, 1851, he married Elsbeth Blumer, whom he had known since childhood. She was a blooming, rosy-cheeked girl, eleven years his junior, who had grown up in Bilten, the ancestral home of his mother's family. Years ago as children they had attended the same school and church. The Swiss-Californian bought his bride a palatial eighteen-room home, land-scaped in the English manner, in Kilchberg, a suburb of Zurich, and there for three years the young couple lived a life of xiii happiness and ease. In his new home he had leisure to enjoy beauty and art, to gratify his tastes for the finer things of life so vital to his romantic spirit, that had been denied him.

A few years passed, then the rugged mountaineer strain in Lienhard felt the desire to pioneer once more. In 1854, he sold his Kilchberg home and, with his wife and the two young children who had been born there, traveled to Madison, Wisconsin. Two years later, however, Lienhard settled permanently at Nauvoo, Illinois, where he bought two hundred acres of grazing and timber lands, and purchased the house that had been built and occupied for several years by Heber C. Kimball, one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon church. Here he lived for the next forty-seven years, and it was here that seven of Lienhard's nine children were born and reared in the finest traditions of American citizenship. It was a gracious, kindly, family circle, one where the value of civic service, education, and religion were stressed.

The children grew up listening to tales of California. They learned to sing Stephen Foster's famous song, "I came from Alabama, with a banjo on my knee," and other popular ballads of the overland trail. They learned, too, of the wonders of pioneer life in California. It made a vivid impression on their memories. A favorite son, John Henry, begged his father to write his memoirs for his family. Lienhard had kept a diary in California and this, together with his prodigious memory, furnished the

material for his reminiscences. The work consumed two years, and was completed probably in the year 1870.

His first published contribution to western history, however, appeared fifteen years later, when he was asked to write a brief account of his life in California for the San Francisco *Weekly Examiner*. It was published on March 12, 1885, and consisted of a résumé of sections of his as yet unpublished manuscript.

One of Lienhard's favorite neighbors, while he was living in Kilchber, had been a professor and scholar, Mr. Lehmann, whose xiv son came to see him at Nauvoo in the eighties. By way of entertainment Lienhard read his Swiss guest excerpts from his manuscript on California.

Years passed by. Meanwhile the elderly Kilchberg professor had acquired enough wealth on which to retire. One day he wrote Lienhard and asked permission to publish the manuscript his son had enjoyed so much. It was sent to Switzerland and, in 1898, the completed volume of 318 pages called *Californien unmittelbar vor und nach der Entdeckung des Goldes* was published in German in Zurich. It was issued to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of gold in California.

The book proved to be somewhat of a disappointment to Lienhard. Extraordinary liberties had been taken with the manuscript, important sections relating to California had been omitted, and what had been retained had been so heavily expurgated, revised, and rewritten as to bear little resemblance to the original version.

Some three decades after the Swiss pioneer's death on December 19, 1903, interest in the Swiss publication led to a quest for the Lienhard manuscript. It was discovered in the possession of Lienhard's son, the late Mr. Adam H. Lienhard, of Minneapolis, who generously offered to send it to California for inspection. It proved to be an extremely long manuscript of 238 folio pages, averaging 5000 words a folio, written in small, old-fashioned German script. A survey of its contents revealed that Lienhard had unwittingly penned the Pepy's diary of Sutter's Fort, and that valuable information relating to California had not been published. Here were tales of the leading

pioneers of that day, men with all their rugged virtues, crudities, and vices, living and moving in the pastoral age of California, during the Gold Rush, and through the dramatic years that followed. Indians, the wild life of mountains and forests, pioneer settlements, mushroom cities, the rush of Yankee initiative and energy drowning the halcyon age of Mexican-California, all were interwoven in Lienhard's story.

The Swiss pioneer also portrayed the San Francisco of joyous xv abandon, the city where men hanged for a misplay at the roulette wheel, or died from a pistol shot during a trivial altercation over cards, the city where even sober Mormon leaders succumbed to the lure of the gambling tables, losing or winning fortunes in an hour. He had caught the exhilarating drama of the Gold Rush period, the psychology of that amazing era. For Lienhard knew and lived among the builders of early California; Sutter befriended him at the fort, the Feather River pioneers, Cordua, Covillaud, Foster, and Nye, were his neighbors and friends; he came into contact with Frémont, Bidwell, Brannan, and Burnett. He watched thousands of more humble emigrants come and go at the fort.

One of the charms of Lienhard's record proved to be the curious quality of detachment in his writings; he seemed more like a curious bystander than an active participant in the life of the times. To him events in early California were a grotesque pageant, enlivened by an endless chain of colorful episodes. If an almost Germanic passion for minutiae, blunt truth, and outspokenness appeared in his pioneer story, yet in many of his seemingly trivial revelations the web and woof of his day were clearly etched. It was this meticulous viewpoint, moreover, that made Lienhard's record so revealing, so concise, and so colored with the sham and glamour of the age.

Many sections, however, proved to be of slight historic value and were omitted in the following translation. Those describing his experiences in Europe and the overland trip were left out, since they contained little information not available in the records of other travelers, lengthy descriptions of animals, of scenery, of flora and fauna, Lienhard's personal feelings and emotions, and minor events of daily life that added nothing to the main narrative were omitted. All references to men and events that had any bearing on California history were retained in their entirety.

Some liberties were taken with the English translation; cumbersome sentences, some of them half a page long, were broken up for the sake of clarity. Proper names, which were often written down as they sounded and which lacked uniformity of spelling, were given their correct form wherever possible, and the manuscript version given in a footnote. Other names that could not be identified were retained as Lienhard wrote them, with a brief notation.

To those who have given aid and advice during the preparation of Lienhard's Reminiscences, I am profoundly grateful. The laborious work of deciphering the faded German script with the aid of a magnifying glass was largely the work of a young scholar, Miss Harriett Hamilton of Pasadena, who also assisted with the translation. Members of the Lienhard family have been extremely generous and thoughtful upon all occasions. Miss Mary C. Lienhard of Highland Park, California, the only one of the Swiss pioneer's nine sons and daughters now alive, supplied family photographs and gave interesting information about her father's life and character. The present owner of the Lienhard manuscript, Mrs. E. J. Magnuson of Minneapolis, has allowed it be used over a long period. Dr. William C. Maxwell of Santa Barbara and Dr. Henry R. Wagner of San Marino, kindly read the translation and gave constructive advice. I am also indebted to Dr. A. L. Kroeber for supplying information about the Sacramento River Indians. The staff of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, especially Mr. Lindley Bynum and Mr. Herbert Schulz, have rendered valuable assistance. Miss Ella Danielson of the Marysville Public Library, Miss Mabel R. Gillis of the State Library of Sacramento, and Miss Dorothy C. Huggins of the California Historical Society also kindly supplied information used in editing the volume. The firm of Langlois and Company of Burgdorf, Switzerland, granted permission to use the rare photograph of Hock Farm published in the *Jahrbuch*.

MARGUERITE EYER WILBUR,

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A PIONEER AT

SUTTER's

FORT

CHAPTER I

SUTTER's FORT

As we approached Sutter's Fort, my companion, Heinrich Thomen,^{*} and I, tossed our hats into the air and shouted for sheer joy, now that the long overland trip from St. Louis to California, a trip of more than four months' duration, was almost over. After weeks of plodding over hot dusty plains and scaling the rugged Sierras, it was an immense relief to know that our goal, the fort, was only a few miles away.^{*} My heart pounded with excitement.

Lienhard calls him Thoman and traveled across the plains with him in 1846. He worked at the fort and was later a well-known resident of Sacramento and San Francisco.

Folios 1 to 83, describing Lienhard's early life in Switzerland, his trip to America, and experiences traveling overland from Independence, Missouri, to Sutter's Fort in the spring and summer of 1846 have been omitted. At Johnson's Rancho a few miles from the fort, Lienhard and his Swiss comrades met a U. S. soldier who tried to induce them to sign up as volunteers for the duration of the war being fought against Mexico.

It was not long before the road swung toward the left and curved past a clump of willows on the bank of the American Fork where I saw some blackberry vines. Hungry for fresh fruit, I stopped long enough to pick a handful of these luscious berries. Unfortunately they stained my best suit, which I was wearing in honor of the occasion; it took me a long time and a considerable amount of scrubbing with cold water dipped out of the river to get it clean again. But the fruit was unbelievably delicious; I never ate better berries while I was in California. The following year I tried to locate the same bushes, but in some mysterious way they had vanished.

As I rounded a sharp bend in the irregular road, I saw in the distance several cattle corrals; beyond them, not far from the trail, stood a plain, even primitive house where two attractive white women were leaning out of an open window, watching us approach. They spoke to us as we drew near, and said the property on which they were living belonged to a Mr. Sinclair,^{*} a Scotsman who

was justice of the peace. One of the two women who talked to us was his wife. The building was delightfully situated near the bank of the American Fork at a point where the river was unusually smooth and broad.

John Sinclair, a Scotsman who came to California in 1839, and was closely associated with Sutter in the founding of New Helvetia. He served as Sutter's aide in the Micheltorena campaign, and from 1846 to 1849 was alcalde for the entire district of Sacramento.

There was no ferry across the American Fork, so Thomen and I had to wade the crystal-clear but shallow stream with our bare feet. We reached the opposite bank without difficulty, where the trail meandered first through marshlands which were often entirely under water when the river overflowed, and then up and across high ground, where a solitary Indian hut stood on a dry knoll near a deep waterhole.

As the road we were walking now curved again, suddenly a commodious adobe structure, whose walls contained large holes that held guns, loomed up near us; directly east of it stood two small corrals and a dry lake which was filled in the spring when the American Fork broke through its banks. This was where Sutter^{*} kept the flocks of sheep he hired me to take charge of two years later. Even a superficial glance showed that the soil on either side of the trail leading to the fort was too poor to raise crops on, but not far away was the lush, river-bottom land where the energetic Sutter had planted the grain that yielded such enormous harvest. His wonderful wheatfields were already famous all over California.

This was Captain John Augustus Sutter, a Swiss emigrant who founded a trading post on the Sacramento in 1839, on the site of Sacramento. Granted a large tract of land by the Mexican government, he built a fort, attracted settlers of every nationality, tamed the Indians, and established industries. Prior to the discovery of gold, his main sources of income were wheat and cattle. See J. P. Zollinger, *Sutter* (New York 1939) and Erwin G. Gudde, *Sutter's Own Story* (New York 1936).

A mile or more beyond the river, the trail crossed a small hill; from its crest the massive walls of Sutter's Fort, which its owner³ called New Helvetia, were now visible. It was one of the happiest moments of my life, as I stood there and gazed at my actual, my final destination. After passing several more adobe corrals Thomen and I reached the main gate of the fort. There a gruesome sight met my eyes: the long, black hair and skull of an Indian dangling from one of the gateposts. Even more impressive were the large cannon that stood ominously on either side of the entrance and

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gave the fort a cold, inhospitable look. Fifty or sixty feet inside of the fort I saw a two-story adobe structure; its door was also guarded by guns, mounted on wheels, that pointed their cold muzzles at all visitors.

At that particular moment, however, I was much more interested in meat and bread than in guns. Food, I was told, was sold in a room directly east of the adobe house. As I was making some purchases in the fort store, I was accosted by several young men who had recently enlisted in the United States army, not so much from abstract patriotic motives as from the concrete fact that Uncle Sam supplied three square meals a day. As a result, these young fellows now spent their time urging every new emigrant in from the States to sign up for service. After considerable argument between us and explanations on their part, I finally enlisted. With the fresh meat we had bought, Thomen and I prepared supper over a campfire near the fort; each of us devoured an enormous beeksteak, a cut of meat for which California was then famous. Later we went to the nearby barracks.

This thing of being a member of the United States army was a new experience to me, as you can understand, so I meekly obeyed orders. After being assigned to one of the companies, I was told to remain at the fort until more volunteers enlisted. Meanwhile, Thomen left the military post to explore the surrounding countryside. When he returned, he told me he had met and talked with the famous Captain Sutter, who had regaled him with tales of his wonderful experiences of adventurous pioneering in California.

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During their conversation, Thomen told him all about his own trip west, and of course he mentioned me. Sutter assured him that I was just the type of man he needed at the fort and added that he would like to make me his overseer in place of a drunken Englishman who was called Smith.* Unfortunately, I was not free to accept this offer, having already signed at the request of my friend Rippstein,* for military service. But it was an opportunity any young man would have welcomed, and I now regretted bitterly that I had decided to become a soldier.

Apparently James Smith, an Englishman who came to California in 1841, and farmed for a time in the valley. He is often mentioned in the *New Helvetia Diary*. (San Francisco, 1938).

Jacob Rippstein was another bachelor who started across the plains with Lienhard. He joined Co. F Cal. Battalion in California, and later became a farmer in Yuba County.

I was eager to meet my distinguished countryman. For years all the newspapers in the United States had been full of stories about him; the amazing tales of his adventures were familiar to everyone. The noted Sutter, according to reports, had been a captain in the Swiss guards, and had fought under Napoleon. He had made the same favorable impression on Thomen that he did on every traveler who came to the fort, and my friend was so loud in his praises of his affable ways, fine appearance, and generosity, that he seemed almost superhuman. I had been brought up to believe that "all is not gold that glistens," and I began to wonder just what Sutter was actually like under his suave exterior.

No sooner had Thomen departed than I saw a man who resembled his description of the Swiss captain come out of the large house and walk over toward one of the small rooms that lined the inner walls of the fort. He looked around and saw me; I was somewhat bashful, but finally decided to go up and introduce myself. I was delighted to find that it was Sutter himself, who, when he heard that I was the young man Thomen had told him about, was extremely cordial, and seemed genuinely disappointed when I said I could not accept his offer of employment because I had joined the army. Sutter made me promise, however, that I would return and work for him when the war was over. I blamed myself bitterly now for the rash step I had taken just before this unusual opening appeared, and told my new friend that I would accept his offer the moment that I was discharged from military service.

After that we talked together for a long time. The captain reviewed the main events of his past life at considerable length; as I listened to his pithy conversation, to his tales so highly colored with romance and adventure, I was spellbound. He was an incredibly entertaining talker, and for the time being at least, I believed it all, in spite of myself.

Among other things, he told me his father, who had been born in Baden, Germany, had been a merchant in Basel, Switzerland, where he, too, had been in business. He also confided in me that it was there that he met and married Annette Dupont,* who lived in a little Swiss village called

Burgdorf, and that several sons and one daughter were born to them. Then in 1833, when he was still in his early thirties, he left home and came to America. When I asked him why he had not stayed in Switzerland with them, he said he had been obliged to make a change for political reasons.*

Obviously an error. His wife was Anna Dubeld, of Burgdorf, whom he married on October 24, 1826. See Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p.10.

Sutter left Switzerland for financial reasons, primarily inability to pay his creditors. Bankruptcy charges were filed against him and a warrant for his arrest issued by the Chief of Police at Berne on June 12, 1834.

He went on to say that after opening a store in Westport, Missouri, he traded with merchants living in Santa Fe, New Mexico, making two trips there himself. After closing out his business in that Missouri town, he joined a party of emigrants who were leaving just then for Oregon. Upon reaching the Pacific Coast, young Sutter made friends with the crew of a ship from Sitka, a furtrading post owned by a Russian company and when he told them he was an ex-captain of the Swiss guards, they were so favorably impressed that they invited him to accompany them when their ship left for the north.

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The dreary, fog-bound town of Sitka was a disappointment to Sutter; he left on the first vessel sailing for the balmy land of Honolulu. After eight pleasant, leisurely months in the Hawaiian Islands, he crossed the Pacific in a small bark with a group of native men and women called Kanakas, and landed at the Mexican port of Mazatlan.*

Sutter apparently did not go to Mazatlan but to San Francisco, then to Monterey. He arrived on July 2, remained there three days, returned to San Francisco, and on August 1 started up the Sacramento. Word did not reach California until August that Alvarado had been appointed governor.

There he met Señor Juan Alvarado,* who had just been appointed Mexican governor of Upper California and who was about to leave for his new post at Monterey. From him Sutter learned that the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, which were inhabited only by Indians, were among the most fertile regions in all California and that the policy of the Mexican government was to colonize this country as soon as possible. Alvarado made an agreement with him whereby the Swiss captain was to receive some light iron cannon and some old muskets, provided he would settle in

the Sacramento Valley. The governor also promised him food, beads, and miscellaneous garments for the Indians and agreed that when he had induced ten white men and their families to settle along the Sacramento, Feather, and Yuba rivers, the American Fork, or Bear Creek, he would receive eleven square leagues of land, a small principality, from the Mexican government.

Juan B. Alvarado was another prominent citizen of Monterey whose political career culminated in 1839 in the governorship. Embroiled in endless political uprisings, he led the revolt that put Pio Pico in power. Sutter appears to have met him in Monterey, not Mazatlan. See Bancroft, *California*, (7 vols., San Francisco, 1884) V. *pasim*; and the excellent account in Hittell, *History of California*, (4 vols., San Francisco, 1898) II, 236-314.

In colorful language Sutter described how he and his Kanakas placed what equipment and supplies they needed in several small boats, crossed the bay toward the entrance to the Sacramento, located its mouth, sailed up to its branch, the American Fork, and ascended it for a short distance. It was there on high open ground on the right bank that he decided to camp and found a settlement. He was the first white man to live in this Indian country.

Sutter described in picturesque language the timidity of the natives, whose settlements dotted the banks of the rivers, and how slyly they watched him from the distance, refusing to come near. To gain their confidence, he took gay-colored handkerchiefs, bags of Hawaiian sugar, and glass beads and left them near their camps where they could not fail to find them. In this way the resourceful captain gained the Indians' confidence and friendship; soon crowds of them appeared at his headquarters, now actually begging for gifts. Day after day, the dusky visitors grew more numerous, and by giving them presents for running errands it was not long before they were even bribed to work.

I also learned all about the local Indian feuds from my new friend, the captain. He warned me that the Sacramento Indians and the Bushumnes* tribe, which had settled on the right bank the American Fork at the point where it joins the Sacramento, spoke different dialects, were bitter enemies, and would shoot one another at the slightest provocation; I was advised to keep away when the tribes were on the warpath. Their mutual boundary was the American Fork, and they seldom crossed into enemy territory which might mean death.

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Bushney in the MS. They were also known as the Pujuni. See H. H. Bancroft, *Native Races* (5 vols., San Francisco, 1883) I, 450.

It was from the captain's lips that I found out that an entire year had actually elapsed before he made friends with the Bushumnes; they were afraid not only of him, but also of the Sacramento Indians loitering near the camp. Finally Sutter won the confidence of these wild men and eventually he persuaded them to visit his quarters and he finally even tried to settle their inter-tribal feuds. In this his efforts were most successful; these particular Indians subsequently proved to be his most capable workers. As white men, mainly adventurers, drunken sailors, and hunters, gradually settled along the Sacramento, they trained the natives to work for them. Although much of it was foreign to the natures of the Indians, yet in a new country even inferior laborers were valuable.

I believe it was a year or so after the settlement was started that Sutter first began work on the fort. It was built, not on the banks of the American Fork, but one-half mile south on a slight elevation overlooking a deep slough filled at high tide by water from the river that poured in through a deep channel. The roof was of tule, a rank marsh reed that grows abundantly in the vicinity; although these roofs can be made watertight, yet they dry out so rapidly in warm weather that even a tiny spark can start a serious fire. After the first structure burned down, Sutter built a second fort with native labor. Its new roof was now covered with substantial wooden shingles; they were much less inflammable than were the native grasses.

The Indians were also trained with some effort to handle in a military way the muskets Sutter owned, and at one time he had a large number of men under arms. I recall that when the Spanish-Californians wanted to break away from Mexico and the home government refused to release them, Mexican troops led by a general called Micheltoarena* were sent to California.

MecKalterenat in the MS. Manuel Micheltoarena was a brigadier-general, governor, and for a time comandante-general of California whom Sutter and many Americans supported in the revolt of 1845. His defeat lost him the governorship, and contributed to the loss of California to American forces. See Hittell, *op. cit.* II, 315-356, for a full account of his notable career.

Having backed the general, Sutter, who had trained two hundred Indians and twenty American and English soldiers, marched boldly out from the fort, supported by two old cannon which had not

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been fired for eleven years at least. But the enemy surrounded and captured the valiant captain. He was finally paroled and allowed to return to the fort with his men.

Several years later Jacob Durr^{*} of Pratteln, who had lived in Basel for several years, told me all about Sutter and the way he lied about having served in the Swiss-French army; it placed him in a new and unfavorable light. What I heard from Durr was subsequently verified from other sources.

Possibly Charles C. Burr, a member of the Mormon Colony at the fort.

I was at the fort waiting for our newly-recruited company to organize and drill, when my old friends Kyburz,^{*} Rippstein and Zins,^{*} with whom I had left St. Louis, drove in with our community outfit. After a long discussion we agreed to dispose of our jointly-owned oxen and wagon to Captain Sutter. Thomen and Rippstein decided to take their share of the proceeds in land on the Feather River rather than in cash. Our finances were still somewhat involved, however, because Zins and I still owed the other members of our group small sums for expenses incurred months before. My indebtedness to Thomen amounted to \$4.30; I also owed Diehl^{*} and Rippstein \$2.25 apiece. It was only a little more than nine dollars in all, but it bothered me, for I had no way to pay them. But just before I left the fort, Sutter advanced me enough cash to clear off my obligations and I gave him my trunk containing extra clothes, books, and double-barreled shotgun, as security. Besides the clothes I wore, I took with me only two extra shirts, my buffalo hide that served as a blanket, my wallet, which was empty, and my hunting knife.

Samuel E. Kyburz or Kyburg, who came overland in 1846 from Wisconsin with his wife and his brothers. He was employed as superintendent at Sutter's Fort, joined the gold rush, and then ran a hotel at Sacramento. He is often mentioned in the *New Helvetia Diary*.

George Zinns, or Zins, a German from Lorraine who traveled overland in Lienhard's wagon. He built one of the first brick houses in Sacramento and manufactured bricks. His last days were spent on a ranch near Oakland where he died in 1885.

Valentine Diehl, or Diehl, another comrade who traveled in the same wagon with Lienhard in the Hoppe and Harlan party. He joined Co. F Cal. Battalion and after the war became a grocer in San Francisco. His last years were spent farming near Mayfield.

What powder and shot were left after the equipment was sold was divided among us and the ties that had bound us together for six months were severed. We had weathered the long journey across

the plains without mishap; other groups which had left 10 Independence, Missouri, when we did had quarreled and separated long before reaching California.

Thomen, my inseparable companion on the trail, refused to join the army when I did, and decided to strike out for himself, while I slaved for Uncle Sam. Leaving him was like parting from a member of my own family. I had no time to be lonesome or homesick, however; every day new volunteers joined the army as soon as they reached the fort. With emigrants, traders, soldiers, and Indians moving in and out of the trading post, there was a constant atmosphere of bustle and excitement about the place. It was noisy enough during the day; but at night the din made by Indian gamblers who grew so excited as the game they were playing progressed, that they shrieked with laughter, made sleep impossible. Many a night it would have given me the utmost pleasure to have gone out, stick in hand, and thrashed the hide off these nocturnal disturbers of the peace. The idea did not occur to me then that within two years I should even enjoy listening to natives laughing.

Innumerable delays in mobilizing and moving the United States volunteers annoyed me as much as it did the other soldiers, but finally our captain received word that Sutter's small two-masted schooner^{*} was due to arrive in a few days, and that when more volunteers had enlisted we could depart. When I finally went aboard the small fore-and-aft rigged vessel, I discovered she was not meant to accommodate even the thirty men who were ready to embark; but there was nothing for us to do but make the best of it.^{*}

Sutter's schooner was forty tons burden. It had been purchased from the Russians and for years was the only boat on the river. John Yates, an English sailor, managed it. He has left a manuscript account of his experiences called *A Sketch of a Journey to the Sacramento Valley in '42*. (MS. Bancroft Library). Sections of folios 84 and 85, describing the trip mad by the volunteers down the Sacramento River toward San Francisco, have been omitted.

I recall the trip as clearly as if it had been yesterday. Eight miles below the fort the boat stopped near a small house where passengers and crew landed, made a fire, and then baked and ate a 11 fat California salmon; it was the first time I had ever tasted this fresh, pinkish meat, and although it was cooked only in hot ashes, yet it provided a gala repast. I do not know who paid for the fish, but I had been invited to the feast and accepted with alacrity. The owner of the house—hut would be a

better name for it—was a Dutchman called Schwartz,^{*} who was a middle-aged bachelor. It was the first, but not the last, time I met this queer person.

John L. Schwartz was a prominent Dutch emigrant who came west in the Bartleson party. In 1845 he received a land grant on the Sacramento known as Nueva Flandria, where he maintained a fishing station. See Edwin Bryant. *What I Saw in California* (Santa Ana, 1936) p. 325.

After we had finished supper, the first fall rains, that announce the approach of winter in California, began to pour down. Storms in the valley meant snow in the mountains and cold weather everywhere. We left Schwartz's palatial villa, set in a secluded jungle retreat inhabited mainly by wolves and gray bears, and started on down the river, in our over-crowded schooner.^{*} After putting in to take on passengers and freight at Sonoma, our boat skirted some steep cliffs, then headed out into the bay. The captain was so drunk most of the time that I was afraid he would wreck us on the rocks; one of the passengers, a sailor off an American warship, saved our lives by threatening to have the master brought to trial for negligence. It had the desired effect; upon hearing this, our inebriated friend stopped drinking immediately, and made a half-hearted attempt to look after his ship.

Omission of sections in folios 84 and 85 containing a length description of the Sacramento.

I enjoyed every moment of the trip down the bay, especially skirting famous Angel Island. It was small and high; most of it appeared to be covered with grass which provided food for wild cattle. A few trees were also visible. The water was so deep all around the island that even a large ship could pass only a short distance away. Beyond, the channel was considerably wider and eventually merged into San Francisco Bay which opens on the west into the Pacific.

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As our ship crossed the bay headed for the port of San Francisco some six or seven miles distant, I saw another small island, also high and rocky, that appeared to be blocking its entrance. This was Bird, or Alcatraz Island, named from the gulls that came in from the sea and roosted there at night. At this time Californians called what is now the city of San Francisco, the town of Yerba Buena, the name of an herb from which the early settlers often made tea. On the east, two or three miles

beyond, rose the second largest island in the bay, Goat Island, which seemed to be covered with a mass of underbrush.

At that time, ships anchored in a semi-circular bay protected by a spit of land that separated it from the ocean on the west. The village itself sprawled between the base of Telegraph Hill and Clark's Point^{*} on the south side of the bay; the waterfront was approximately a mile wide and was covered with low, dwarf oak, underbrush, and some scattered buildings. The first time I saw it, Yerba Buena^{*} had fewer than two hundred inhabitants; I counted about fifty houses from the meanest hut to the most pretentious buildings. But even the best ones were poor, mediocre affairs. The plaza, or public square, if it could be dignified by such a title, occupied the center of the city; facing it stood a large, one-story adobe building covered with shingles and surrounded by a colonnade that proved to be the *cabildo*,^{*} or city hall. Here in this adobe, junior officers, marines, soldiers, and guards were quartered. I was among the volunteers who were assigned to this building and here we received rations and supplies along with veterans of the United States army.

Punta del Embarcadero, or Clark's Point, was at the foot of Clay Street, at what is now the corner of Broadway and Battery streets. It was named for William A. Clark who built a small wharf in 1847 at the point. Yerba Buena's population was about 150 persons. There were only 23 buildings in the settlement, according to most authorities.

The old customhouse, or *cabildo*, stood at the northwest corner of the plaza, known as Portsmouth Square. Its construction was authorized in 1844 at a cost not to exceed \$800, and the building was completed in September, 1845. It contained one story and an attic, and measured 56x22 feet. In July, 1846, it was turned into barracks.

13

The *U. S. Portsmouth*^{*} was lying at anchor in the harbor; Captain Montgomery had charge of her. This magnificent vessel made an impressive picture guarding the waterfront with her great shining guns. A few days after reaching the primitive Spanish village, I was taken aboard the *Portsmouth* for a short visit with the other troops. It was the first warship that I was ever on. Aboard were some two hundred and fifty officers, marines, and sailors; all of them were strong, active young men. I was surprised to find how neat and clean the American ship was kept; the decks were thoroughly scrubbed and the mattresses carefully aired every day.^{*}

In addition to the *U. S. Portsmouth*, thirty large vessels, whalers, and merchantmen were also anchored in the harbor at this time.

Sections of folio 86 describing a sailor's life on the *Portsmouth* have been omitted.

A Shoshonean Indian* who had joined the volunteers was with us. He was one of the most curious and inquisitive natives I ever saw. Although shabbily dressed and armed only with a bow and a few arrows, he was the center of interest on shipboard. His bedraggled Indian costume aroused the sympathy of the entire crew, who told him that if he expected to serve in the United States army he must have some good-looking clothes and a gun. So they brought him trousers, a vest, and a thick, warm sailor's coat to replace his own filthy rags, and when he looked at himself in the mirror, Mr. Shoshone laughed with glee; he was amazed at the transformation that had taken place. In addition an old rifle, some powder, shot, and percussion caps were found and the sailors showed him how to shoot.

The Shoshone or Snake Indians lived near the South Pass of the Rockies and traded at Fort Bridger and Fort Hall. One of the most powerful tribes west of the Rockies, they were unusually friendly to travelers.

I remained at least a week in San Francisco with my regiment; during that time, however, none of the volunteers was allowed to leave town. I never understood the reason for this drastic order, unless the enemy was believed to be lurking nearby, 14 perhaps in the hills that stretched west and northwest, or behind the sand dunes or down in the small, fertile valleys on the south. Most of the surrounding country was covered with a dense growth of scrub oak and underbrush, the haunt of wolves who crept up near the houses and howled night after night. A trail led from Yerba Buena southwest to Mission Dolores;* beyond, there was open, grass-covered country.

Einsamkeit, or loneliness, in the MS.

All over the little town preparations for war were visible. A solitary cannon had been placed on the roof of one of the small wooden shacks in the city; several soldiers were guarding it. Other men were sent out to stand watch near the entrance to the bay at a large, low building called the presidio,* a structure that could be seen from a conspicuous elevation afterwards known as Telegraph Hill, and, directly south of where the bay merges into the Pacific, a battery of guns had

been placed behind a small bulwark. Hostilities were expected to break out any day between the Californians and the United States forces.

The presidio had been founded on March 28, 1776, by Juan Bautista de Anza, and was one of the four Spanish forts in Alta California. It contained barracks, officers' quarters, a church, and a supply house. The present military reservation near Battery Point corresponds roughly to the old Spanish boundaries.

CHAPTER II

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMY

So uninteresting was the drab town of Yerba Buena that I was glad when orders were finally issued to our company to move down the bay. The day I left, a stiff northwest wind was blowing; the air drifting in off the Pacific was wonderfully fresh and invigorating. Our party, in charge of a petty officer, was placed aboard two small boats belonging to the *Portsmouth*; each was manned by several sailors who rowed or handled the sails, as the need arose. What was almost a miniature gale carried the boats swiftly down the bay past coastal hills and flat lands that extended along its right shore to its southern tip near the site of Mission Santa Clara. Any land I could faintly distinguish on the left shore appeared somewhat similar in character to that on the right but more sunny, as the Pacific fogs seldom reached that far. The distant foothills that loomed up in the east were actually a continuation of the Sonoma Mountain chain, I was told, and on their slopes groves of redwoods, a kind a giant cedar, grew. Below, a broad valley stretching from the hills to the bay could be faintly seen.

Our sailors said that two missions, Santa Clara and San José,^{*} lay a few miles inland from the bay. The former was on the outskirts of a small town called San José the extensive buildings and gardens of the latter, although it had the same name as the town, were not anywhere near it, but stood near the extreme southern tip of the body of water, which is some fifty miles in length at its base. Although we sailed briskly along that day, we did not reach the end of the trip until late that night. At dusk, as the wind died down, the sailors manned the oars, and it was long after sundown before they pulled out of the bay and into the mouth of the river. They sang as they tugged at the oars, rowing to the rhythm of their songs. Where we entered, the stream seemed almost brown; the

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bank on either side was low and damp. After traveling several miles upstream, I saw a two-masted schooner, and as we came up we anchored in the lee of the ship, where we had supper and rested for the night.

Mission San José, situated about 15 miles northeast of the town of San José, was founded in June, 1797. Bryant *op. cit.*, pp. 288-291 describe its appearance at this time. Santa Clara de Asis was established on January 18, 1777, by Junípero Serra.

Upon rising the following morning, I found that the view was obscured by a dense fog. There was considerable commotion on shipboard; several members of the crew had succeeded in finding enough whiskey to get drunk on the night before, and one of them was determined to pick a fight before breakfast. Although sailors were not supposed to drink more than a small amount of alcoholic liquor, yet they often took too much and had to be punished by twelve lashes from a whip called the cat-tail on their naked backs.

After breakfast I joined the soldiers who were told to leave the boats and march across flat, open country to the village of San José.* Upon my arrival, I found a group of recruits, most of them emigrants who, like ourselves, had recently reached California, waiting at army headquarters. San José had at least twice as many volunteers as San Francisco, a fact that seemed odd. Among them was the Mr. Hastings* who showed us the cut-off that had seemed so interminable between Fort Bridger and Mary's River, and as all the emigrants knew and liked him, he was unanimously elected captain of our company.

The population of San José de Guadalupe was six hundred. See Bryant, *op. cit.*, pp 260-261.

Lanford W. Hastings was an Ohio lawyer who came to California in 1843. Upon his return to the east he lectured extensively and published an *Emigrant's Guide*, which was popular with overland travelers. He was influential in bringing large numbers of emigrants to California. See Bancroft, *Cal.*, III, 778.

At San José, I spent several days waiting for more soldiers to arrive. Here, for the first time, I realized we were in the land of hostile Californians, yet it seemed strange to regard as enemies a race who were strangers and had never harmed me in any way.

The most substantial houses in the village were built of adobe with tile or shingle roofs; the windows had iron bars but no glass. Across the front of the houses extended porches, or verandas.

Some of the larger houses had orchards in the rear where fig, olive, quince, pear, and apple trees, and what were known as mission grapes, were growing. I was disappointed to hear that the fruit had already been picked.

On a slight elevation on one side of the town I noticed a simple adobe church.* At the point where San José had been built the flat valley was several miles broad; further west the country stretching toward the coast had only one important elevation where the Almaden quicksilver mines* were discovered years later.

The barn-like church stood near the center of the town. He does not describe the more interesting Santa Clara Mission some three miles away.

The New Almaden was the largest quicksilver mine in California. It was discovered in 1845 in the mountains south of San José

From what I observed, the pure-blooded Spanish settlers of California seemed unusually handsome. Most of them were slender, with an erect, proud carriage, dusky complexions and dark, curly hair. A Californian was never more attractive than when he was riding a swift horse equipped with an elaborate saddle and bridle; I always enjoyed watching one of these dashing gentlemen ride by. He usually wore a pair of trousers trimmed with velvet, which were split on the outside as far as the knee to show his fine white underdrawers, and trimmed with elaborate buttons, often made of pure silver. Tied around his waist, a long red sash, fringed on both ends, was allowed to hang down on the side. On his feet were shoes made of soft, dressed leather. His shirt was usually delicately embroidered and immaculate; it was embellished by a gay silk handkerchief, tied loosely around his neck.

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To complete his costume a coat, made of fine blue cloth trimmed with black velvet and fancy buttons was put on over his shirt; on his head he wore a broad, round felt hat often tipped over the forehead or on the side, giving the appearance of being too small for its wearer. Insecure as it seemed, it was carefully adjusted at a coquettish angle; I noticed, however, that it was held in place by a chin band, which was fastened securely to the hat. On cold days the Spaniard added a serape, or blanket with a hole in the middle, through which he placed his head. This cloak-like wrap

completely covered his body but left his arms and legs free. I was impressed by the fine cloth that these velvet-trimmed garments were made of. Another striking feature of a Spaniard's costume was the spurs, often made of silver, on his shoes and his elaborate leggings which were heavily embroidered; they were only used when he was on horseback.

Anyone dressed in these rich garments was called a caballero, I was told, and always had at his disposal several lively race horses, which he mounted with dexterity and grace, and that he never rode anywhere without a cigar or cigarette in his mouth, or encouraging his proud and fiery horse to prance back and forth, while he bowed courteously and graciously, especially toward any beautiful señoritas nearby. When he touched the horse's flank with his spurs and galloped away, with bells tinkling musically to the rhythm of his gait, his serape flapped in the breeze. I always enjoyed watching these exhibitions of horsemanship; they afforded me an endless source of amusement.

When the time came to elect a captain, my old friend Mr. Hastings, as I have said, was chosen; and a slender American who, unfortunately, did not understand what his duties were, was made lieutenant rather than Jim Savage,^{*} whom I suggested, not because I had any desire to see him elected, for I knew he was absolutely unfitted for the office, but because I wanted to be on friendly terms with him. He was a dangerous man to have for an enemy. As I had hoped and expected, he was not even nominated.

James D. Savage who served in Co. F, Cal. Battalion was an ex-trapper and mountaineer, who became wealthy after gold was discovered. He was an uncouth character, who made many friends and many enemies. He is believed to have discovered Yosemite Valley.

My company remained in San José only long enough to supply itself with horses, saddles, and bridles. I recall one day when I saw several of our men, including Jim, saddling their horses, and thinking they intended to take a trip to see the surrounding country, I decided to join them. As we were about to start, I asked them where they were going. "Any place," was the reply, "where we can find some horses, bridles, and spurs."

"Oh, a plundering trip?"

“Yes, we're going out to get what we need.”

“Very well, I'm not going with you. I didn't join the army to steal.”

When Jim and his friends began to laugh, I knew I was not the kind of man they needed. They were more than glad not to take me, and for my part I was quite willing to stay behind. After electing officers for our company, which had about seventy men in it, I was chosen to stand the first watch during the night near the house where our men had been assigned quarters. Unfortunately, we had not arranged for a password to be used when anyone approached. While it was still light, no one but men whom I knew and recognized as members of our company came up; but at dusk I saw several men loitering near the house. So I called, “Who's there?” They refused to answer, and, when they failed to reply to my second call, I threatened to fire. Thereupon they responded at once, for they expected me to shoot, as I would have done had they not answered. Unfortunately, I could not ask for a password, for the officer had not given me one. But I found out that these men belonged to our company, and so I let them pass.

By the time they had disappeared another soldier came up and asked for the password; when I could not give one, he threatened to have me arrested, saying I should not allow anyone through the line without it. Instead of following him, as he ordered, I told him gruffly to move on. He was wise enough to leave me alone. This was my first and last experience standing guard. I might also add that none of the volunteers was ever sworn into service during the entire time I was in Captain Hasting's Company.

Two members of the Shoshonean tribe joined the army; they were father and son, I believe. They seemed to enjoy being together, and talked incessantly in strange, subdued whispers interspersed from time to time with half-stifled bursts of laughter. In this new environment, they seemed exuberantly happy, and kept chattering far into the night, much to the annoyance of our men, who were so disturbed by these strange sounds that they were unable to sleep, and finally called out in loud tones to them to keep still. As the Indians did not understand English very well, they failed to realize what these calls meant; they continued to laugh and whisper in the same weird way until I

was afraid some of the Americans might hit them. To avoid trouble, I got up from my bed, which was near the noisy Indians, went over, shook them, and attempted, so far as the darkness of the night would permit, to make them understand by signs that the other men in the room needed sleep, had been kept awake by their whispers, and were very angry. The Indians stopped talking, and within a short time everyone in the room, from the sounds of the regular breathing, was asleep.

Another Indian called Sam was with us; by comparison with the other two ragged members of his tribe in my company, he seemed quite superior. But before leaving San José, Shoshonean Sam nearly had a serious adventure one day when he had gone off by himself to see the country. Because of his costume, he was readily identified by local residents as belonging to our company, and, if I understood his sign-language correctly, someone tried to remove the sailor's blouse he had on. He protested with his fists; in the tussle several buttons were torn off, which made him lose his temper. I tried to tell Sam that he must never go off alone while we were at war and also to warn him, in case he had not discovered it himself, that these men who were our enemies were expert horsemen. Our Shoshonean explained to me by signs—a fact I already knew—that he was a good rider himself. Indians, he added, fought their enemies, robbed and killed them, then raped and carried off their wives. As he was explaining all this in the Indian fashion, his eyes gleamed wildly, and he seemed ready to pounce on the nearest enemy.

For several days before we started to march I had not been feeling well; finally I told Captain Hastings I was too ill to consider riding, but the captain did not appear at all interested in the state of my health. Since he seemed to think I was faking, I saddled my horse, and tied a small bundle that consisted of several shirts, my shaving equipment, a notebook, and some small personal belongings, behind my saddle, and on top of this pile placed my buffalo skin which served for a bed. Although my mare was not fast, yet she was a good, obedient animal, one apparently that had been trained to catch cattle. Grayish-brown in color, for a California horse she was a pretty, attractive, graceful little animal. My saddle, reins, and halter were plain but strong; spurs were superfluous with my well-trained horse.

The command to mount having been given, our troops left San José one fine afternoon in November, 1846. We traveled in double file, Rippstein and I being together. That first afternoon we rode about twelve miles, then stopped near a rancho, or farmhouse, to camp for the night, where the rancho killed a steer in our honor, and soon steaks were roasting on spits over campfires. The ranch house was situated on the west side of a small knoll, and nearby I saw for the first time in California, vines, supported by trellises, whose heavy trunks were about two and one-half feet high. All shoots had been removed, and the plants looked more like tiny trees than grapevines.

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Nearby a German called Captain Weber, * who was supposed to have charge of twenty men, was camping, but there were only two or three men with him. Hastings and Weber talked together for a long time, and the latter said he did not want to fight for Frémont, * although he considered him a remarkable man, whom it was an honor for anyone to join.

Charles M. Weber, a German who came to California from New Orleans in 1836. He was a friend of Sutter and raised a company of foreign volunteers at the fort.

John Charles Frémont came to California in 1844 after an interesting career as explorer in the west. In 1846 he became involved in the war. His campaigning included acts that were sternly censured by Congress and led to a trial. One of the most famous men in the west, Frémont has been the subject of eulogy and condemnation. See his *Report of the Exploring Expedition in 1843-1844*, (Washington, 1845); and Allan Nevins, *Frémont* (2 vols. N. Y. 1928).

That night my headache and cold chills returned and seemed much worse than they had before; my appetite was poor, and I did not sleep soundly, even though the weather was mild and pleasant. By morning I was no better. Our route now led south through a flat, beautiful valley where the soil seemed extremely rich. The country was comparatively open. Occasionally evergreen oaks were visible; but I felt so ill all day long that I scarcely noticed what was going on. Finally I camped with the troops on the right side of the valley, which was quite wide at this point, far away from the foothills of the coastal range near an abandoned house that had a spring of excellent water nearby.

Later that day I felt considerably worse; my headache increased, I had one chill after another, I could not eat anything, and was able to drink only a little weak tea. After a sleepless night I was tired and exhausted by morning; on breaking camp I rode as usual with Rippstein. In the afternoon

several ranchos were visible in the distance toward our right. Undoubtedly they contained houses, saddles, bridles, and merchandise; I noticed that Jim Savage's eyes shone with an acquisitive gleam when he looked that way.

Convinced that some of these things might prove useful, Captain Hastings decided to send six men to see what they could find. One of them, Jim Savage, who never missed such an opportunity, had begged to be sent with the exploring expedition; he seemed to have a special knack for looting trips. I was asked to be one of the six, but was the only man who appeared to find the task distasteful. When I asked our captain for some money to pay for any horses, saddles, bridles, and supplies our men might need, he seemed surprised and refused my request. The others, and Jim Savage in particular, laughed at the top of their lungs. It was not until then that I understood that we were expected to steal what we needed from the rancheros.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. I had enrolled as a volunteer with the expectation of fighting the Spaniards if necessary, but I had not joined the army to become a thief. The captain, realizing that he had not made a wise selection when he appointed me, said I did not need to go, and asked another man to take my place.

The road wound toward the right where the valley seemed to divide into two sections off toward the southwest and southeast. After fording two small streams,—the smallest, the Pajaro, which was almost dry, flowed west into the bay of Monterey,—the massive buildings of Mission San Juan^{*} came into view on a small slope ahead. Finally the village was reached. I should have enjoyed inspecting the buildings and the orchards on the slopes below, but I was so ill I could scarcely see. Carrying their loot, the party of six soon rejoined us. Jim Savage considered himself a hero; he bragged of how he had taken some spurs and bridle from an old woman who had hidden them under her skirt. Her conduct, he explained, convinced him she was trying to conceal something valuable. Although most of our men slept outdoors, I spread my buffalo skin in a large room not far from the main church. That day I had had nothing to eat and only some weak tea to drink and was suffering from alternate attacks of chills and fever. Ever since morning the pains in my head and back had increased to such an extent that I could not sleep, but merely dozed fitfully.

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Unpleasant dreams tortured me; and to make matters worse, an army of hungry fleas made the night interminable.

Mission San Juan Bautista was founded on June 11, 1797, by Father Lasuen. See Zephyrin Engelhardt, *Mission San Juan Bautista* (Santa Barbara, 1931), for its history.

Finally the sun rose; the day's activities now began. The men waked, dressed, and prepared breakfast, chatting and singing merrily. As I could barely rise from my bed, I begged to be left behind. But Captain Hastings was afraid I might be murdered when our troops left, because Spanish-Californians considered us enemies and would not hesitate to kill any soldiers they met.

When the men were about to leave, I overheard an inmate of the mission tell Captain Hastings that someone had broken into the church the night before and carried off several valuable gold and silver vessels. Every volunteer who had been camping in the vicinity was suspected of the theft; a young American, whom I felt was innocent, but whose conduct had not been above reproach, was generally believed to be the guilty man. While Captain Hastings made a speech condemning such conduct, yet he would have been wiser had he made an effort to have found the culprit. His speech ended the affair; I do not think the residents of the mission were entirely satisfied with his attitude, however. My personal belief was that the notorious Jim was the real thief.

Orders to march having been given, I took my usual place beside Rippstein. But the pains in my head and back were so acute that I could not sit erect on my horse, and when our company crossed the steep range of mountains that separate the San Joaquin Valley from the Salinas plains, I thought I should collapse. When we reached the Salinas Valley that afternoon, the end of my endurance had been reached; I left my place, slid off the horse, and stretched out on the dry ground.

Noticing my weakness, Captain Hastings, who had brought up the rear with the extra horses, came over and urged me not to drop behind, but to try to keep up with the troops. He warned me that if I fell into Spanish hands, I should be tortured to death. Tales of the cruelties these men inflicted on their victims were well known; and the thought that I, too, might meet a fate similar made me climb back into my saddle.

I was riding along at a slow pace some distance behind the rest of the company when I heard the sound of hundreds of stampeded horses behind, and the voices of men calling to them. Unable to distinguish what they were saying, I thought they were merely warning me to move aside, so I prodded my horse to a gallop. Suddenly a herd of half-wild California cattle crossed the road just ahead; my horse thought I wanted to catch one of these animals, and when I urged her to go on she began to gallop and soon caught up with a cow. That morning I had given my bridle to a young man whose horse was still too wild and unbroken to manage, knowing my own horse could be handled without it. But when the mare started after the cow, I found I did not have enough strength to compel the horse to stay away from the herd. My cap fell off, I had to drop my gun, and the ground was so rough and full of holes in certain places that my buffalo hide fell off the saddle and it was some time before I realized it had disappeared.*

Sections of folios 89 to 92 giving a verbose account of this episode, a description of the ride to Monterey, and an attack of typhoid fever, have been omitted.

At last I caught up with our troops and went on to Monterey where I spent some time in the hospital with a severe case of typhoid fever. One day after I had recovered and while Captain Maddox,* who had charge of another company, was away with most of the troops, a report spread that the Spaniards were somewhere nearby in the mountains, and were preparing to attack. Drums sounded; we got ready to put up a stiff defense. The iron cannon was loaded with a heavy charge of powder and a small 26 bag of grapeshot, and placed in the middle of the street between the buildings used by the troops. Patrols were stationed everywhere and ordered to report anything that seemed suspicious. The rumor proved to be false, fortunately, for a small number of men could have captured the village. Our only protection on one side of the street was a low wooden wall that stretched from house to house; the other side, which was entirely open, was guarded by our solitary cannon.*

William A. T. Maddox, a lieutenant of marines in the U.S.N., who took part in the war at Los Angeles. Upon returning to Monterey he was made commander of the garrison.
Omission in folios 92 and 93, describing marine life found in the waters of Monterey Bay.

Before telling more about my experiences at Monterey, let me describe the town. During the time California belonged to Mexico, Monterey was the official residence of the governors. Its buildings, many of them low and attractive, were built of adobe, and the majority usually covered with shingles. Several were two stories high, with balconies and windows facing the main street. I do not recall having seen glass windows anywhere. Behind the main buildings were smaller structures. Frequently these rear edifices were surrounded by high adobe walls enclosing pasturage in which cattle grazed; others had fine gardens filled, so I was told, with semi-tropical fruit trees, although I never had an opportunity to see them. None of these secondary buildings could be termed attractive; they seemed strong and well-built, however, and appeared to reflect the taste of their owners. The most substantial houses were on a winding street that stretched from the north end of the village near the landing place, east and southeast as far as an uninteresting adobe church. A second but less important street paralleled the main thoroughfare at a slightly higher elevation; on it were some fairly good houses surrounded by high walls. Above and below these streets were many scattered buildings, both large and small. The majority were on high ground toward the west, rather than the lower area on the east.

On a small hill a short distance northeast of the town stood the fort, a conspicuous structure with its cannon and flagpole from whose top the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the breeze. A few temporary shelters had been erected nearby. I do not know exactly how many people lived there at that time; there were probably not more than fifteen hundred.

The inhabitants of Monterey appeared to be either Spaniards of pure descent, Indians, or half-breeds. The former were a graceful, good-looking race, and carried themselves in a stately manner. The men were inclined to be dark, with curly hair and heavy beards. The señoras and señoritas of Monterey were extremely attractive; many were beautiful with a healthful, ruddy glow in their cheeks, and with dark tresses. They seemed lively, graceful, natural, and unaffected, and those I watched dancing were adept at this art, being vivacious and merry without violating the rules of decorum.

While I was staying at Monterey, the American officers gave a dance in one of the large rooms where we were quartered; ten of these dashing señoritas attended. In addition to cotillons and quadrilles, several waltzes were played. From the sidelines I watched the señoritas who were having endless trouble managing their partners. Many of the soldiers had never waltzed before and were about as agile as bears.

One of the men, Captain Grayson,^{*} an American emigrant in charge of eighteen volunteers who had come overland, was extremely vain of his military rank and his ability, not to mention his good looks. Although he was married, he made a spectacle of himself with his partner, a pretty, determined señorita, much to the delight of the bystanders. She did her best to make him dance better, telling him when to turn, how to act, and not to hold himself so stiffly. Captain Grayson, who was extremely courteous, had a bewildered look on his face, for he did not understand one word the little lady said.

Grisson in the MS. This was Andrew J. Grayson, of Louisiana, who came west in 1846. He seems to have been a lieutenant, not a captain, and to have fought with Maddox. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V, 383, and Bryant, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

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It was there that I saw a custom I had never watched before, one characteristic of the Spanish-Californians. When a certain person was to be especially honored, a fresh egg was broken over his head, and as the contents spread out, a handful of finely-cut gold leaf was thrown over it, turning the hair gold. Those selected for this honor seemed quite willing to submit to this strange procedure, and even appeared proud of it.

At all local dances music was provided by a harp, a violin, and a guitar. I enjoyed the trios immensely, for the musicians played very well indeed. With the addition of the flute, these were the only musical instruments used in those days in California, and tunes played on them were always popular, for early settlers seemed to be universal lovers of music.

Most of the inhabitants of Monterey were rancheros, or hacenderos—owners of large estates—and raised cattle, hides and tallow being their main source of income. In upper California, at least,

little was produced or manufactured for export; Sutter and a native of Scotland, John Sinclair, were the only two men who shipped out wheat. I was told that a large amount of wine was made in the vicinity of Los Angeles from the mission grapes raised there, and moved in goatskins north and south along the coast. Woolen blankets, in which wolves' hair was often used, and several kinds of leather suitable for saddles, saddle blankets, bridles, leggings, hats, and a kind of smoked leather for shoes, were made by Californians for home use. Additional supplies were brought in from other countries, but the needs of the people, especially the rancheros, were comparatively slight.

While I was stationed at Monterey, I often took short trips to Point Pinos which lay about four miles to the north on the tip of the peninsula at a point where it rose to a fair elevation and then sloped off toward the sea. The intermediate country that extended as far as the thick forest on the west side of the bay consisted of rolling grass-covered land not more than a quarter of a mile broad. Southeast of the small village the land rose slightly, and toward the south lay barren hills, which might even be called mountains. Often when a cold, heavy rain fell during the night, the tops of these hills or mountains were covered with snow which had melted by the next morning.

Nothing important occurred while Captain Maddox and his few troops were away except the arrival of the U. S. transport *Independence*,* and several small sailing vessels, among them the sloop-of-war, *Dale*. The appearance of these vessels in the harbor annoyed the early settlers, I was told, because they increased the strength of the United States forces, and because their guns could destroy the entire village, if they decided to attack the local fort.*

The *Independence*, Commander Shubrick, arrived on January 22, 1847. She was preceded by The *Dale*, in command of William McKean that reached port on December 20 with a load of mail for the Pacific Squadron. Current events at Monterey are told in an entertaining manner by Walter Colton in *Three Years in California*. (New York, 1850).

Omission in folios 94 and 95 describing punishment of soldiers.

During the Christmas holidays, the Spaniards had a series of open-air celebrations in which many of the local residents took part. These were biblical in character and lasted for several days. The participants, who were elaborately dressed and accompanied by musicians, stopped before various

houses and sang song after song, and although the melodies were pleasant, yet the singers sang in a peculiar nasal tone, which ruined the effect.

One of the strolling players took the part of the lost son being tortured by the devil from whose clutches he could not escape, and who seemed to take a fanatical delight in following him wherever he went. Suddenly the Angel Gabriel came to his rescue and overpowered the bold, black creature whose eyes, lips, and tongue were a fiery red. With as much pathos as the lost son had begged for mercy from him, the devil now pleaded with the Angel Gabriel, who placed his foot on his neck, and thrust the point of his sword into his body. Gabriel gave the lost son an opportunity to exact vengeance for the torture received, an opportunity of which he took full advantage. He secured a lasso, captured the wily one, sat on his back, and made him crawl on all fours after other devils, whom he captured and dragged behind him. Exhibitions of this kind were free, of course, and the people seemed to enjoy them very much. The señoritas liked them even more than did the caballeros.

I recall that several distinguished citizens, including General Castro,^{*} were held prisoner for a time, but were allowed to walk in the street between the two buildings occupied by our troops, where friends and relatives were permitted to visit and talk with them. Prisoners who could play instruments were free to use them, and the sound of violins and guitars was heard so often that many of the Americans, who did not like Spanish music, were annoyed. In as much as Spanish songs are more like German than American songs, I enjoyed them more than many of my comrades, and said so; my friends did not like my frankness.

José Castro was a leading citizen of Monterey and had taken part in military affairs since his youth. For a time he was military commander under Governor Alvarado. His life was full of colorful and dramatic experiences. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V, *passim*, and Bryant, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

Sunday was visiting day for the prisoners, and many women came to see them. Those of Spanish descent were charming. They had an abundance of thick, black hair, were slender in build, wore simple, attractive costumes, and behaved in a gracious and natural manner. They did not wear hats

or bonnets, but had huge combs in their hair; many wore shawls, or rebozos, which half covered their faces, on their heads. Upon meeting, they would embrace one another in a dignified manner.

All the prisoners were men who had fought against the Americans. If they had been dangerous, they would not have been given so much liberty. I remember having met some of them in our own quarters later on, after they had regained their freedom, and many were on friendly terms with our officers. Our naval officers also knew them intimately, and the pretty daughters and sisters of our pseudo-enemies appeared to have won the hearts of our brave—at least in the eyes of these gracious señoritas—attentive, and illustrious gentlemen.

One fine afternoon, after a month's absence, Captain Maddox and his soldiers returned. They lined up in front of us and gave three loud cheers, which we returned enthusiastically. After one look at them I was not surprised to learn that the Spaniards were afraid of these men, for their unshaved faces made them resemble disreputable cut-throats, like the rest of the volunteers. In general, the marines and sailors were more prepossessing; their uniforms were usually in fairly good condition. In addition to the forty or fifty recruits who had left Monterey with Maddox, eighteen of Grayson's men returned with him, and our quarters, which had been very quiet during the past months, became lively again. That meant more work, for the volunteers had elected me a kind of quartermaster. A man called Peter served as cook, when he was not on a spree, and two Walla Walla Indians acted as assistants and waiters.*

Omission in folios 95 and 96 describing details of army life at Monterey.

From Los Angeles word had been received that our boys in blue were to serve under Commander Stockton,* and were not to wait for Frémont to arrive. During the past few days, the latter had led the 270 or 280 men he had with him on a long detour, and had made them suffer many hardships to achieve his aim, which was to be present when Los Angeles was captured. That enabled him to make arrangements to swindle an enormously large land grant, the Mariposa, from the Mexican government. Rumors of this kind had been circulating for some time, and the public said that Frémont was either a traitor or a great coward; nearly everyone thought he had betrayed us, for this seemed to fit in so well with his acquiring of the 32 Mariposa. Discontent over his military record

in the United States army paved the way for his unpopularity, and his name was not mentioned with the honor it had before.

Robert Field Stockton succeeded Sloat as commander of the Pacific Squadron. He was a native of New Jersey, a Princeton graduate, and a navy man of high standing. See Bancroft *op. cit.*, V, *passim*. The *Californian* for Sept. 19, 1846, carries the notice: "Arrived the 13 the U. S. Frigate *Congress* from San Pedro, Commander Stockton." A few days later this ship and the *Savannab* left for San Francisco.

Later, I was told that Frémont did not try to make favorable terms for the United States, but allowed General Vallejo* so much a head—more than eleven dollars, I believe—for his herd of wild cattle. This was double the price asked when sold by the hundred. Furthermore, when one animal was slaughtered two would be counted, and the extra one shipped to the Mariposa.

Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo was born in 1808 at Monterey, where he attended school and entered the military service. He was the owner of Rancho Petaluma and the founder of Sonoma. He rose to be the most powerful leader in California, and the military dictator of the north. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, *passim*. Like Sutter, Vallejo is mentioned in the majority of contemporary records and has left many manuscripts, now housed in the Bancroft Library.

This was the great hero, this would-be emperor, whom many wished to reward for distinguished services believed to have been rendered to his country. This was the pathfinder who blazed a trail through the American wilderness; but the way, incidentally, was pointed out by several experienced mountaineers, such as Kit Carson,* an Englishman, Walker,* and others. This was the discoverer of mineral treasures in the wilderness, which geologists like Kern and others actually found, yet which the hero claimed to have seen first. This was the man who not only tried his luck in the cattle business on the Mariposa, but also let considerable money slip into his pockets through the generosity of Uncle Sam. I also heard that Frémont gave a Yankee, called Captain Phelps,* a receipt for the trifling sum of ten thousand dollars for taking his boat and fifty or sixty volunteers 33 from the San Antonio,* near what is now Oakland, to the presidio, a distance of eighteen miles; Phelps, it was rumored, however, never received a cent for his services.

Christopher Carson, a noted Kentucky guide, trapper, and Indian fighter. He was Frémont's guide, and was with him during the operations in the war. His reputation for bravery and heroism extended throughout the west. Joseph R. Walker, a famous guide, mountaineer, and Indian fighter, who came to California in 1833 with a party of trappers. He was one of Frémont's guides. See Bryant, *op. cit.*, p. 123.

Captain William D. Phelps, who came west on the *Alert* in 1840. He was one of Frémont's most able men, and took an active part in the war. See his *Fore and Aft* (Boston, 1871), for his experiences. Rancho San Antonio was an old Spanish grant awarded to Luís Peralta in 1820. Oakland and Alameda now occupy a section of this land.

Another disgraceful episode occurred when Colonel Kearny^{*} took Frémont prisoner upon charges of insubordination, notwithstanding his valiant services for his fatherland, then made him lead the way east over the long route across the Rocky Mountains that he himself had discovered. It was fortunate for him that the man who happened to be Secretary of State at that time was James Buchanan,^{*} who later ran for president, and who had so high an opinion of his services that he let him go free.

Stephen W. Kearny of New Jersey, leader of the U. S. expedition to New Mexico, who was sent west to occupy California. His controversies with Stockton and Frémont led to serious charges being raised in Washington against the latter. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V. *passim* and W. H. Emory, *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance* (Washington, 1848).

James Buchanan subsequently became the fifteenth president of the United States. He was elected on the democratic ticket in 1856, winning over the republican candidate, John C. Frémont, by 60 votes.

In 1856, Frémont hoped to be made president, but lacked supporters. Early in the sixties, he aspired to be generalissimo, and enlisted many ardent followers, among them large numbers of Germans. He also played the rôle of a second Napoleon, and gave himself so many airs that when his Excellency, who hoped to become his Majesty, went for a ride, his carriage was escorted by lancers and cavalymen. For a time the people cheered when he passed; later they were strangely silent. The ambitions of Frémont were obvious everywhere; he even tried to promote a railroad, his plan being to form a large stock company and sell shares at a certain price, but the public declined to invest. I was told that he had a rich French brother-in-law, and through his help and influence shares were sold in France with considerable success. Wealthy Frenchmen had invested a large amount of money in the stock, and Frémont's 34 French brother-in-law, who had believed the enterprise was a sound one, had put his entire fortune in it when the venture was pronounced a swindle. With Frémont he was found guilty of promoting an illegal company, condemned, and, together with its promoter sentenced to prison; Frémont, however, had been careful not to touch

French soil, and so escaped penal servitude, which did not look inviting to him, even if he deserved it. Such is the irony of fate!*

Folios 96 to 100 omitted. These describe petty thievery in the army, lassoing of wild cattle, release from service, and a trip to San Francisco.

CHAPTER III

MY TRIP UP THE SACRAMENTO

Returning to San Francisco, we reached Mission Dolores at sunset. It lay beyond sand hills thickly covered with scrub oak and underbrush, some three miles southwest of where ships anchored at San Francisco in those days. The mission road wound in a northeasterly direction in and out over sand dunes, and on my fine white horse, that had given such excellent service, I soon reached the home of Mr. Hoen* near the embarcadero. There several of my comrades, including the two Walla Walla boys to whom I have already referred, who were carrying some of my personal belongings, had gathered.

Francis Hoen, who came west with the Swasey-Todd party in 1845, and remained for a time at the fort. In 1846 he owned several lots in San Francisco and lived on the corner of Dupont and Pacific Streets. He kept a cigar store and was candidate for alcalde.

The first question I asked the group was regarding transportation, and when the next schooner would leave for Sacramento. I was told that the *Sutter* was about to sail, but that I must hurry if I hoped to catch her. Without waiting to obtain supplies from the quartermaster for the journey, I rushed aboard the schooner only to find that the sailing had been delayed because Captain Yates, the Englishman in command of the schooner, had not yet arrived. Our captain failed to return that night, and had I desired to do so, I would have had more than enough time to have secured supplies from the quartermaster's office, but I was afraid to leave for fear the ship might sail without me.

Shortly before dawn the following morning, the fat, pompous little Englishman came aboard. He did not explain why he had been away all night. Someone told me he had been involved 36 in an

affair on shore, and had been put in the *cabildo* until he had cooled down, and had become sober and reasonable.

Anchors were now hoisted, a course set for Angel Island, and, with sails unfurled, our small craft began to move slowly ahead. But the breeze was so weak that we were unable to round the island before the tide ebbed. Time and again the current pulled us back, and although we tried both sides of the island, yet the breeze was so light that our schooner made no headway whatsoever. When I awoke the next morning, I discovered that the ship had anchored to the lee of Yerba Buena, or Goat Island. In those days it was an unsightly spot covered with brush and tangled undergrowth; but I understand it is now the terminus of a great railway connecting the two oceans.

After a few hours of tedious waiting anchors were raised again, and the prow of the ship set for the San Francisco wharf; we disembarked there about noon. Since the captain had decided to remain in port several hours, I went to the quartermaster's office, turned in my horse, which a Spaniard had given me, and was provided with enough rations to last for the four or five-day trip to Sutter's Fort. Then I returned to the schooner.

After some delay we again prepared to sail. This time we pulled away from our moorings with a slightly stiffer wind, but not one that could be called a good breeze. The tiny bird-covered island, called Alcatraz, of which I have already spoken, was passed, and we were once more nearing Angel Island when a small boat overtook us. It belonged to a U. S. warship anchored some distance away and carried ten young sailors who handled their oars so skilfully that the small craft shot over the crest of the waves as swiftly as an arrow. A midshipman in charge of the skiff stood at its helm. Having reached the side of the schooner, the young officer handed the captain a letter from Sutter, then rowed swiftly away to the rhythm of oars clicking with as much regularity as if they had been propelled by a machine. By this time the tide had turned in our favor, and we ³⁷ soon passed the island and the mass of weeds around it without difficulty.

As evening approached, the tides began to go out; anchor was dropped near land on our right, and there we waited for the current to turn. Night came and went. The weather was pleasant and warm

the following day, but the breeze was still so light that we progressed slowly, taking every possible advantage of wind and tide, and it was noon, or early afternoon, before we passed Carquinez Strait.

Among passengers on board were a German woman called Kuntze from Heilbronn, who had been visiting her son in San José and was on her way to rejoin her husband* at Sutter's Fort, and three Americans whose names, except that of a slender Kentuckian called McDowell,* I do not recall. McDowell made an unusual impression on me for he was the man who obligingly pulled a tooth for me when I reached Sutter's Fort. He had been away with the volunteers for six months, while his wife and several children remained behind in safe quarters at the fort. Like most of the passengers aboard the schooner, he was on his way to that military post. This typical American told me his occupation was making guns, and that he had invented a new kind of revolver with a cylinder that held nine bullets. In addition, he carried a pistol and the usual bowie knife with him.

John C. Kuntze, or Kunze, who lived at the fort and later in San Francisco.

This was James McDowell, who came west with his family in 1845, and was employed as gunsmith at Sutter's Fort. In 1847 he moved to a rancho near the Sacramento River where he was murdered two years later. The name appears as McTowell in the MS.

As we were sailing through Carquinez Strait with the town of Carquinez on our right and a low range of hills, now the site of Benicia and the U. S. navy yards, on the left, Captain Yates and the passengers began to realize that the supply of food was running low, and that our larder must be replenished at once. Several wild cattle were sighted grazing quietly on what is now the town of Benicia; we hoped to be able to shoot one or two of them without difficulty. So the two Americans, whose names have slipped my mind, were set ashore, but when they tried to get within firing range the cattle stampeded and ran north at full speed. Fortunately, I had enough food to last several days, and so I divided what I had with the other passengers.

Late that afternoon Suisun Bay was reached; there we were forced to anchor in tall reeds until high tide returned. The following morning a thick bank of fog hung over us. When it lifted, the sky was still gray and overcast as our ship moved slowly ahead. On the right I could see foothills and the strange double crested four-thousand-foot peak, Mt. Diablo; apparently it was separated from the

coastal range by Carquinez Strait, yet it was actually part of this mountain range. With light winds which still followed us the schooner made little headway.

We left Suisun Bay late at night and by the time we awoke the following morning, the arduous part of our journey up the river had begun. Along both banks trees were visible; they appeared to be either California oaks, poplars, cottonwoods, sycamores, willows, or ash. Long stretches of swamps, thick with tules and reeds, that extended far off into the back country, were also passed. From this point on, the Sacramento River was so high and swift that the currents seriously retarded our ship, which was further hampered by complications with high tides from the bay. Captain Yates began to whistle valiantly through his teeth. The Indian crew believed this trick would make the wind rise; his efforts proved futile, however.

The captain and the Indians finally climbed into a small boat, rowed up the river, and located a tree around which they wound one end of a long rope so that the crew could pull our vessel against the current, and make it move ahead. Our trip had been such a slow one that supplies were nearly exhausted by this time. At a point where the trees were not so numerous and the ground seemed dry, the two Americans went ashore again to hunt game for our dwindling larder; but their first attempt was not successful. Fortunately the Indians caught three racoons, which assured the crew of food for another few days. The next day the two hunters—McDowell did not join them—made another attempt to forage for food; they came back with a doe. This deer meat was a welcome addition to our supplies, and it had not come a moment too soon. As soon as the carcass was brought aboard, it was cooked and eaten without delay and with the keenest enjoyment on our part. Everyone was most emphatic in declaring how delicious it was.

Strong river currents still continued to check our progress up stream. Notwithstanding our captain's whistling, the wind had not increased, and for several days we made so little headway that the trip began to be most tedious. Hoping to take advantage of any little breeze there was, we followed the main artery of the river, even though the course was somewhat longer and led past an island that was ten miles in length. It took us several days to reach the upper end of this body of land. Our two

hunters had again gone ashore to look for more game, but the next day as they had not returned, our ship anchored near the tip of the island.

On the left bank directly across from us there stood a solitary Indian hut; it was owned by a man called Clements,^{*} who lived in the lonely forest with his Indian squaw and several children. He told Yates that our two passengers, who had been out hunting game, had started off on foot on the difficult forty-three mile trip through forest and swamp to Sutter's Fort. This was unpleasant news, for the deer meat was now almost gone, and the weather gave no sign of changing.

This seems to be William Clements, who came to the fort in 1845, Lienhard calls him Clemenzi.

Captain Yates decided to send one of his Indian sailor to the fort with a letter for Captain Sutter; McDowell volunteered to accompany him, and as I was tired of the tedious trip, I decided to go along. Mrs. Kuntze was the only passenger left 40 aboard the steamer. Captain Yates asked if he could borrow my gun to go hunting and provide food to keep those who remained on the schooner from starving, and as McDowell refused to part with his revolver, I had to leave him my carbine. I did not want to part with it, because it was the only gun I had, and the thick forest along the Sacramento was known to be the haunt of wild animals including grizzly bears, wolves, and a species of wildcat.

I knew the trip would prove difficult, and that it would be impossible for us to make forty-three miles in one day, so I suggested that we take some blankets and matches along in case we decided to camp. McDowell disagreed. "When I travel, I travel," he said. "I am not too lazy to keep moving, and do not intend to stop or camp before I hit Sutter's Fort." His conceited, inconsiderate attitude made me quite angry; instead of taking both my blankets, I took only one, and left the matches behind.

My reply to McDowell was that if he thought I was too lazy to make the trip on foot in one day, I would show him I could do it if he could. I strapped my blanket and knapsack on my back, and we went ashore at Clements's hut. Our Indian broke trail and McDowell followed; I walked behind.

Having gone only a few yards we reached a slough; here we were forced to wade through water up to our knees. A frightened elk suddenly bounded out of the water with great leaps and soon vanished in the brush, then McDowell took the lead again and made such good speed with his long legs that I had some difficulty keeping up with him. We soon discovered that we could travel faster if we followed the grassy area that lay between the river and the forest, and avoided the swamps further inland. In a short time McDowell's pace began to slacken and we were able to follow him without much effort.

After we had traveled about six miles our long-legged hero, who had told us a few hours ago that he was not too lazy to walk, suggested that we stop and rest. The trip was half over, 41 he thought. It was all I could do to keep from laughing when I heard that the lanky braggart was tired out. Neither the Indian nor I cared to follow his suggestion. Remembering what he had said that morning, I told him I did not want to stop after traveling only six miles out of forty-three, and intended to go on at least as far as the Indian village eight miles below the fort. Thereupon McDowell complained about pains in his long legs, saying, "I am very lame." He no longer walked rapidly ahead as he had done when we started, but fell behind, so our small Indian led the way, and I traveled close behind the native, leaving our lanky friend to follow at his own gait and as best he could.

Unfortunately, the extensive tule-covered marshes that often reached far back in the forests were occasionally submerged in deep water. We also found lagoons of varying breadth and width formed by marshy areas whose waters flowed back swiftly into the Sacramento with the ebbing tides, and at such places there was always unavoidable delay, for we had to find out whether we could get through without running into deep currents. Several lagoons were crossed where the cold water reached to our hips and in places even up to our shoulders; these icy baths I did not enjoy. McDowell was constantly finding what he thought was a safe place to camp, but I refused to stop despite his suggestions.

No wild animals except some coyotes, and a few wildcats had been seen thus far, although frequently we came across deer, especially bucks; once, in a grass-covered area between the forest

and swamp, were seen grazing. Our route continued through less open country now and we were forced at times to wade through marshy stretches.

Finally, a place was reached that was too deep to cross on foot. At such times we usually tried to find trees with branches broad enough to reach to the opposite side of the slough. Many such trees were available; we succeeded in our attempt; and by 42 clinging to one large branch after another were able to approach so close to the opposite bank that one short jump landed us on dry ground.

Noon found us in a dense forest near a deep, broad arm of the river. I had been traveling ahead of my comrades for some time; now I stopped. On the opposite bank was a broad-limbed juniper tree against which a large sycamore that formed a kind of natural path leading over to the other trees had fallen. Without stopping to think, I used this as a bridge and, by balancing myself on one of its strongest branches at a height of ten or twelve feet above ground, reached the opposite bank. While crossing at this elevation, I had seen large numbers of vultures, turkey buzzards, ravens, crows, and magpies perched on a sycamore tree nearby, and knew there must be a carcass somewhere in the vicinity. I had not looked around to see where it was, for I did not suspect any danger, and was busy lowering myself from limb to limb to the ground.

I called to my two comrades to hurry across so we could continue without too much delay. The Indian guide was not far behind; he had also neglected to look around and find out why all the vultures had gathered. Whenever he had to climb anywhere McDowell was always slow. As he was hindered by his revolver and gun and was afraid they might fall and be lost in deep water, he asked me to hold them while he scrambled up, and after I had taken them he swung clumsily from branch to branch, until he reached the ground.

When he released them, they swung back with a loud cracking sound, and as McDowell let go and landed on the ground with a heavy thud, the branches crashed more noisily than before. Then came a shrill whistle from the sycamore tree, and the birds flew off together as if they had been shot from a cannon. Thick underbrush that cut off the view grew between us and this particular tree. The noises and sounds of nature were far more obvious to the Indian than to we two American 43 green

horns traveling through the forest for the first time, and he seemed frightened and excited by the loud whistling sounds; he stood on his tiptoes, looked in the direction the sounds had come from, then all around without stirring.

Observing his agitation I asked, "Is it a wolf?"

"No, no," he said.

"Is it an elk?"

"No, no," he replied again.

"Is it a grizzly bear?"

"Yes," he whispered quickly.

I asked McDowell if his gun was loaded, but he told me it was empty.

"What about your pistols?"

"They are not loaded either."

"Well," I remarked, "the grizzly bear will probably have a good time eating one of us, for we have no way to defend ourselves if he attacks."

I looked quickly around for a place to hide if the bear suddenly came out of the underbrush and decided, since the forest on beyond was clear of growth, to conceal myself behind the trunk of a large oak and fight for my life with my hunting knife. I motioned to the Indian to go ahead, but he refused; so I grabbed him by his coat collar, and pushed him. He did not resist, but walked on his tiptoes, looking carefully about, especially toward the thick underbrush near the sycamore tree. At first we traveled cautiously, then proceeded more rapidly, until we finally broke into a run. When the danger seemed over, we slowed down.

Why the gray rascal allowed us to escape unmolested is a mystery; perhaps it had watched us make the strange trip over the bridge, heard McDowell call, and seen the branches shake. Perhaps this may have frightened it, and made it fear that we intended to attack, and so it gave the loud wheeze characteristic of its kind. If McDowell had limped along as slowly as he did 44 before and after, the bear might have caught up with us. If it had, I am sure he would have proved the swiftest runner of us all.

Two hours after dusk we left the forest and reached the bank of the river, where we found an Indian village. Our Indian friend entered a hut in which lights and a fire were burning. From past experience I knew that directly across the river from this native settlement a German bachelor was living; I recalled the delicious salmon I had once eaten there, and decided not to follow my guide's example. All Indians are so infested with vermin that any white man who associates with them is certain to be contaminated, as I have found out to my sorrow, and to avoid meeting them, I went down to the bank, where I hoped to find a canoe or other means of transportation to take me over to visit Mr. Schwartz.

To my great joy, I soon found what I was seeking. At first I attempted to explain to the Indians that I wished to be rowed across; but they pretended not to understand, so I realized I would be forced to attempt it without their help. Now this particular canoe was large enough to hold three persons, and happened to be equipped with oars quite unlike what I had previously used.

Having rowed down the river, I caught hold of some bushes on the opposite bank, and, with their aid, was able to disembark. After fastening the canoe, I went on up along the bank until I heard a dog bark; then I knew I was approaching the hut. Upon arriving I knocked at the door, called "Mr. Schwartz," and asked for lodgings for the night. As a light appeared, the door was cautiously opened, and I entered. I was damp, cold, and hungry, having eaten nothing since morning. Finally Mr. Schwartz offered me some salty smoked salmon, and an unpalatable liquid that he called coffee, but which bore a closer resemblance to dishwater.

Poor as the food was, I ate heartily, perhaps too heartily to please Mr. Schwartz, for hunger makes anything taste good. 45 Having finished, I asked Mr. Schwartz to lend me some bedding. He told me he needed everything he had. He also said that a hammock and several blankets belonging to another Dutchman had been left in his care, but that he had no right to lend them, so I was obliged to use my own thin, single, woolen covering. For a bed, Mr. Schwartz offered me a bench that must have been about five feet long and ten or eleven inches wide, but he did not lay anything on it, although my clothes were still damp and wet and even my woolen blanket had not completely dried. Through the various cracks and openings in the hut a sharp, cold, southeast wind blew and the fire of willow logs gave out comparatively little warmth. It was as if fate had conspired to make me wretched.

Sleep was impossible; I was far too cold and miserable. Having stoked the fire as well as the supply of wood permitted, I lay down again, chilly and dejected, waiting for the sun to rise. Everything ends eventually, and so this night, which was one of the most uncomfortable I have ever experienced, finally passed. At dawn Mr. Schwartz awoke, dressed, kindled the fire, and prepared a meal of the same over-salted, dried salmon, and weak coffee; he was generous enough to ask me to share this repast. After breakfast I was forced to explain to my host that I had no money to pay for what I had eaten.

Although Mr. Schwartz did not reply, yet I could see from the look on his face what he was thinking, and I was deeply embarrassed, not knowing what to do. All I had was a tin cup that had cost six cents, my last silver, in Independence, nine months ago, which I cherished for its association, and, hoping that Schwartz would not accept this as compensation, I said, "I gave my last piece of silver for this tin cup in Independence, Missouri, and I should like to keep it, but I am willing to give it to you if you think you should be recompensed for your hospitality."

Schwartz looked at the tin cup as much as to say: "Is this 46 all I am to receive for having given this man two splendid meals, permission to sleep on a bench under my roof, warm himself at my fire,

and travel back and forth across the river in my canoe?" I would gladly have paid this grasping old man if I could have done so, and not been obliged to give up my cup.

Schwartz spoke a jargon of Dutch, German, English, Spanish, and Indian, and it was so difficult to understand him that I had to ask, "What are you saying?" When I saw he coveted my cup, I had to give it to him, then when I asked him if he would be kind enough to row me over to the other side of the river, he refused, so I crossed over to the opposite shore alone but could find neither McDowell nor the Indian.

For the first time in many days the sky was clear, and the sun shone with a welcome warmth; as I started out alone the path was dry and I hoped that I would not be forced to wade again through deep water. But I recognized my error too late when I reached another wet area that seemed almost too deep for wading. It was not long before I stumbled on a place where several trees had been interlaced with wild grapevines that formed a kind of net or hammock. This seemed to be a favorable point to cross, and so I climbed up through these bushes, trees, and vines, hoping in this way to keep above water; but now I discovered that, like a fly in a spider's web, I had difficulty in getting out, and once narrowly escaped falling into the water.

Eventually I reached the other side safely. Within the next few miles no obstacles were encountered, but later I found several places where I was compelled to wade through water so deep that it came up to my shoulders. But at last my trials came to an end, and, having weathered all these difficulties, I reached Sutter's Fort toward noon; the trip of eight miles,—the English figure a man can walk a mile in twenty minutes,—had taken nearly three hours in spite of my haste.*

Omission of folios 103 to 115 describing life along the Feather River, and Indian feuds.

CHAPTER IV

PIONEERING AT MIMAL

Not long after I reached the fort, Sutter offered me work at Mimal,^{*} a short distance from Hock Farm,^{*} where I raised vegetables under the supervision of a head gardener, a German called Muller.^{*} It was there that I met Charles Covillaud,^{*} and the beautiful Mary^{*} for the first time. Having deserted Johnson,^{*} who was left alone with his Indian squaws, Mary had just returned from visiting her brother-in-law, Foster,^{*} in San Francisco. When I first became acquainted with Covillaud, he was 48 working for Cordua,^{*} and had charge of his shop, where chests, wagons, and miscellaneous articles made of wood were turned out, for in those days the demands were so slight that he was able to make whatever was required. Immediately after gold was discovered on Sutter's land on January 24, 1848, Covillaud joined the miners who were prospecting along the American River, and panned several hundred dollars' worth of the precious metal. This sum, together with the money he had earned working for Cordua and a few hundred dollars more, which he borrowed from an old French-Canadian who lived above Mimal near Nye's^{*} and Smith's^{*} ranch on the Yuba, gave him about fifteen hundred dollars with which to go into business. He was confident that because gold had been discovered on the American River, it would be found on the Yuba, too.

Mimal, or Memal, was once an Indian rancheria, and stood on the west bank of the Feather River a few miles below Marysville.

Hock Farm was settled in the fall of 1842. Theodore Sicard and a man called Dupont lived there for a time and in 1843 John Bidwell went up to take charge. He built the house that summer, using adobe, and left in 1844. Five thousand cattle and more than a thousand horses were kept at Hock. Bidwell was succeeded by William Bennitz and in 1846 by Major Hensley who left for the war that spring. A Kanaka, Harry, then took charge. Sutter did not make Hock Farm his residence until 1850. Lienhard took charge of the Mimal garden on September 18, 1847. See *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 78.

Apparently Thomas Muller, who is mentioned in the *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 62 under entry July 25, 1847. Charles Covillaud was a Frenchman who came to California in 1846, and worked on Cordua's Ranch. He became half owner two years later. He assisted in laying out Marysville in 1850, which was named for his wife, and lived there until his death in 1867. See *infra*, IV, note 8.

Mary Murphy was a member of the ill-fated Donner party, whose relatives perished in the mountains. When Johnson was courting her he spent many hours discussing the morals of pioneer life with Lienhard who advised him to explain everything to Mary. She finally accepted his offer of marriage. The knot was tied by Alcalde Sinclair. Mary soon left the elderly Johnson, who returned to his Indian squaws, and married a dapper young Frenchman, Covillaud. Her portrait appears in the *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XIV, No. 3, p. 194. William Johnson, owner of Johnson's Rancho, a noted emigrant landmark situated about forty miles above Sutter's Fort on Bear Creek, a tributary of the Feather River. His house was a two-room log and adobe structure.

A New England sailor, he came to California in 1840, and acquired his ranch five years later. In 1847 he married Mary Murphy.

William M. Foster and his wife Sarah Murphy were members of the Donner party, and pioneers of good standing. He owned a fourth interest in Cordua's property and was one of the founders of Marysville. Foster's Bar, a famous mining camp where he kept a store, was named for him.

Theodore Cordua was a leading German pioneer who secured a lease from Sutter in 1841 to a large ranch on the fork of the Yuba and Feather rivers, where he lived until 1849. His ranch buildings stood at the foot of D and High Streets in what is now Marysville. The place was named New Mecklenburg in honor of his birthplace, although it was usually called Cordua's Ranch. In 1844 Cordua secured a grant of seven square leagues from the Mexican government, that extended from the Feather River to the Sierras. After the gold rush his house became a central trading post. He sold half of his property in 1848 and on January 4, 1849, sold the other half interest in his holdings to Nye and Foster. His ranch was not far from Mimal, and Lienhard often spent Sundays with him. On July fourth he met Johnson, Nye, Hartwig, the botanist, Covillaud, and Charles Roether there. See the "Memoirs of Theodor Cordua" edited by E. G. Gudde in *California Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. XII, No. 4, December 1933, p. 279 ff, also "The Beginnings of Marysville" by Earl Ramey, *ibid*, Vol. IV, No. 3, Sept. 1935. Michael C. Nye came to California with the Bidwell party in 1841. He was Sutter's manager at Hock Farm and Cordua's majordomo at New Mecklenburg for a time. In 1847 he purchased part of Sutter's grant adjoining Smith's claim. His adobe house built that same year had two rooms and was roofed with split shakes. In June, 1847, he married Mrs. Harriett Pike, a sister of Mary Murphy of the Donner party. Early in 1849 he acquired part of Cordua's property and was one of the builders of Marysville. Lienhard and Cordua disliked Nye. See *Memoirs of Theodor Cordua*, *op. cit.*, p. 299.

This was John or James Smith's rancho on the Yuba. An English sailor, he had been originally in Sutter's employ, but had settled in 1845 on his property, where he built a cabin on the site of what later was the town of Linda. See *Supra*, I, note 4.

Cordua often hired Indians,^{*} who lived on the mountain 49 slopes above the Yuba. Many of them knew and liked me. I remember the day Covillaud came to see me. "I'm going to look for gold on the Yuba," he said, "and when I discover a good claim, I intend to show the Indians how to wash gold. I will pay them with glass beads, knives, handkerchiefs, tobacco, dress patterns, and trinkets, which they consider valuable. For any of these little articles they will work many hours digging gold whose value they are not aware of. Fifteen hundred dollars can be made to do the work of three thousand."

The Mimals or Memals, lived originally at the fork of the Feather and Yuba rivers. When Cordua arrived they moved to the east bank of the Yuba. Other tribes were the Olashes, who lived a mile from Nicolaus, the Mokelumnes, three miles from Hock Farm, the Hocks, a large rancheria near Sutter's country place, the Seshums, who lived at Shanghai Bend on the Feather River between Yuba City and Hock Farm, and the Yubas, at Yuba City.

At the time Covillaud told me about this new venture, I was employed by Sutter in a nursery on the big lagoon definitely within the boundaries of what is now Sacramento City. He was on his way to

San Francisco with fifteen hundred dollars to make his purchases, and had stopped in to visit me. He tried to persuade me to leave my nursery and go into partnership with him, yet because I could not put an equal amount of cash into the business, not having been a shrewd enough business man to have made that much money, and because I was afraid too that I might offend Captain Sutter by abandoning the nursery, which would have to be left in good condition, just after it was started, I did not take advantage of his generous offer. Covillaud came to see me after all his purchases had been made; he felt quite confident that he would locate a good claim worth at least three thousand dollars and said he had been able to purchase what articles he required at a low price, because the actual wealth of the gold mines was not generally known in San Francisco as yet.

Everything worked out to suit the plans of the French Yankee, who had not been misled in his belief that gold would be found along the Yuba and the Indians, unaware of the value of gold, were eager to work for what they considered rare treasures, such as glass beads, in return for apparently worthless pebbles and yellow sand that contained gold. In fact the fifteen hundred dollars' worth of merchandise returned the amount of the 50 original investment to Covillaud several times over. What profits were made in this venture can be readily imagined, for all the articles bartered to the Indians had been obtained for one-half or one-third of the amount they would have cost in the United States and Europe. The following September Covillaud told me that a simple butcher knife worth twenty or twenty-five cents could be exchanged for sixteen dollars in gold; that a piece of tobacco weighing less than two ounces was valued at one ounce of gold; and that handkerchiefs, or a few yards of muslin, were invaluable for barter.

As the Indians liked colored glass beads, they were quite willing to give Covillaud an equal amount of gold for them. The beads were placed in a pan on the scales, and the Indians piled gold in the other pan until the weights balanced. This traffic continued for some time until men from the recently opened mines along the Yuba heard of it and began to flock to the new placers. By that time Covillaud had acquired many thousand dollars' worth of gold dust and had purchased a half interest, including two thousand head of cattle and eight hundred horses, in Cordua's ranch, for the ridiculously low price of twelve hundred dollars. The ranch itself covered three leagues of rich bottomland that stretched along the banks of the Yuba and Feather rivers. During the short time he

traded with the Indians, Covillaud had been fairly prosperous, but now he was actually rich, and amassing money, or “making it,” as it was called in the American idiom, had just begun.

When the news spread that rich mines had been discovered on the Yuba, miners began to pour in from every direction, and for a time they were obliged to buy all their supplies from Covillaud, who sold them meat from old steers that would otherwise have been unmarketable, except for hide and tallow, for a dollar a pound, and other necessities on a similar basis.

The mines paid well and the miners were grateful to be able to obtain their groceries in the vicinity. Before any competitors appeared, the majority of the old bulls had been killed, and later Covillaud could easily compete with rivals. When he told me about it, he remarked that even if someone made him an offer of fifty thousand dollars for everything he owned, he would not sell. Another man with whom Covillaud discussed his wealth said he thought that if he could buy him out for this amount, he too would be a rich man in a short time.

It was sometime during the year 1849, if I remember correctly, that Mary secured a legal divorce from her former husband, Johnson, and married Covillaud, just as a fortune-teller had predicted she would do.* Covillaud persuaded his brothers-in-law, Foster and Nye, to buy the other half interest in the ranch, including the cattle and horses, from old Cordua; they paid twenty thousand dollars for it. Thus the three brothers-in-law now owned this property between them. However, Covillaud, who owned a half interest and had the most to say about it, considered the area where the old buildings of the ranch were located the most suitable site for a city, so he set a section of it aside for this purpose, had it surveyed, and named it “Marysville” in honor of his beloved and handsome young wife, Mary. Today as I write these lines, Marysville is one of the largest cities of northern California. After Covillaud became extremely wealthy, I understand that his wife presented him with several sons and daughters and that he purchased a fine home in Marysville, where he lived with his family. Years ago I learned that he had died sometime in May, 1870. May he find, in the other world, the peace and rest he deserves!

Lienhard had heard that a fortune teller had predicted this match.

While I was living in Mimal I met many other pioneers. One of them was the German called Cordua. The name sounds Spanish, rather than German, and may not be his real one. I believe that Cordua lived for several years in South America in one of the Colombian states called New Granada, where he married a negress or mulatto woman by whom he had several 52 children, who were sent to his old home in Mecklenburg to be educated. Toward the close of 1839, or early in 1840, Cordua came to California and acquired three leagues of land from Sutter. To stock his ranch, he purchased a small herd of wild cattle and horses that flourished and multiplied on the fine pasturage of his rich river-bottom soil.

His house, I recall, was built of adobe and had a tule roof; it was only one story high, but it contained an attic that could be turned into sleeping quarters. The rooms on the main floor were quite commodious. The building stood on high open ground on the banks of the Yuba at a point where the river makes a great bend and swings from southeast to west. When I knew him, Cordua must have been about fifty years old; he was heavy, corpulent, and somewhat phlegmatic, and often indulged in extremely strong alcoholic drink, frequently taking far more than was good for him. When he was drunk, he would become excited, and would complete transactions that were more to his detriment than advantage, although I myself never saw him more than once in his latter years even slightly under the influence of liquor, and his attitude toward me was invariably frank and cordial.

Cordua appeared to have been well-educated; he read incessantly, and for a man in the wilderness, had a fairly valuable library. When he found that I enjoyed reading, he was kind enough to offer me any books I might be interested in. Kotzebue's *Sea Voyages Around the World*^{*} was one of the volumes I borrowed, and I must admit that during my solitary life in Mimal I was never lonely, for in my spare time I read about the experiences of this traveler which I found extremely entertaining. What interested me especially were his descriptions of the Sandwich Islands, and the illustrations showing several of the island kings, Kamehameha, in particular.

Otto von Kotzebue, *New Voyage Round the World* (2 vols., London, 1830). He was a Russian navigator.

A clever conversationalist, Cordua, having seen the world, had many interesting things to talk about, even though his words and expressions were vulgar at times, and he did not always use choice language. He never used these words to be insulting, however; they had merely become a habit with him.

When there was nothing good to eat in the house, I would send my Indian boy with a piece of paper on which I had written what I wanted and the good old chap never refused my request, whether it was for meat or milk. Meat was invariably cheap; but milk was a luxury. These things he never actually gave me; I repaid him with vegetables and melons, which I supplied whenever he asked for them. In fact, we always exchanged what supplies we needed.

If Cordua happened to pass my house, he always stopped in, even if he had several Indians along, and I would give them as many melons as they could eat. One time he introduced me to his brother-in-law, a shabbily-dressed Indian boy who was the brother of Cordua's Indian wife. When he said: "Mr. Lienhard, this is my brother-in-law," I began to smile. Cordua noticed it; but it did not disturb him in the least. In fact, he even smiled faintly himself, which had me think he was merely joking.

Although sturdier and darker than the average native, his squaw was not unattractive in appearance. On the other hand, Nye's former Indian woman who was less swarthy, and whose face had a pleasant expression, was extremely jealous of her pretty white rival, and Nye told me that she gave him so much trouble that he had to get rid of her.

One day soon after Nye had married and was away from home on business, I saw Cordua's and Nye's two Indian squaws, accompanied by Nye's two children and an Indian vaquero, pass my house and start toward the mountains. Soon Cordua's squaw came back without Nye's Indian who had left because she resented the new white wife, who had taken her place. When Nye returned, he found that his children too had vanished. He was deeply distressed; he did not want to be separated from them, and was determined to have them back at any price. As he was going out to look for them, he stopped at my house to discuss the disappearance of his children and their mother; he asked if I had seen them.

I told him what I knew. Nye remarked that while he did not care about losing his Indian squaw, he would not allow her to keep the children; they belonged to him, he said, and he would not give them up. When he came back that evening, he was accompanied by his eldest child, a handsome boy, but the woman would not let him have the baby, a tiny girl, because she was still nursing her. A few days later Nye came to see me; he was on his way to get the small child because his Indian squaw had left her old home, where the child had been well cared for, and had taken the infant to Sutter's Fort where Nye knew her health would be ruined by a certain disease, which would be passed on to his innocent little girl.

He said that if the woman wanted to remain at the fort, she was at liberty to do so, but she would not be allowed to keep the child. Later I asked him about her; he told me he had found her in the fort, and that she had refused to give him the baby, but after she found out that he intended to use force, she appealed to Cordua, who gave her to one of his vaqueros. The arrangement was a satisfactory one to all concerned. While the squaw was living with a good Indian, Nye could provide her with all the groceries and clothes she needed, could see his child every day, and she could continue to nurse the baby.

For some time Nye was annoyed at me because he had not made a more satisfactory deal for my old coat, * although both of us remained on a friendly footing. One day I could not restrain myself from asking him how he enjoyed his wedding garment, remarking how handsome he looked in it. I assured him he had bought it from me at an extremely low price—far less, in fact, than he could have bought a good coat for anywhere else in California. Although he always pretended he was angry, yet I never believed him, but he would have been happier if I had not teased him about his wedding transaction. Nye, I believe, made a fortune; but he was never as rich as Covillaud. In many other ways he was unfortunate. All his children, not only those of his Indian squaw, but also those of his white wife to whom he was devoted, died; he would have given everything he owned to have had them live.

Lienhard had sold him a coat he had brought overland, to wear on his wedding day. He paid three cows for it.

Another pioneer I met was a German called Charley Roether,^{*} a close friend of Cordua. He was one of those people who think they know everything as well or better than anyone else, yet are almost worthless underneath their conceited and impudent manners. No one liked him, and I do not believe anyone in the neighborhood would have felt sorry if they never saw him again. In 1845, Roether and one of his friends were hired by a man in the state of Missouri, who was reputed to be wealthy, to drive his wagon over the plains and mountains. An indefatigable sportsman, the latter was often accompanied by Charley and his comrade on hunting trips. One day the Missourian mysteriously disappeared. In some manner the two men had acquired everything that had once belonged to their employer, and as there were grounds for the belief that both men were connected with his vanishing, they were charged with his murder, but acquitted. Covillaud said that Roether was often despondent and had once told him that he had something on his mind which he could not divulge.

Charles Roether, a German who came west in 1845 and was well known at the fort. Charley's ranch was in Butte County. For a time he lived on the north side of Honcut Creek one-half mile from the stream and about two miles from its mouth. In 1858 he moved to the Feather River where he died in 1868. Lienhard calls him Roder, and Kader.

Roether possessed an excellent German-Spanish dictionary as well as an exquisite ivory image of Christ with the cross, which was protected by a small glass cover shaped like a bell. These objects, which had belonged to his former master, who may have been a Catholic, Charley wished to sell. Although I never liked Roether, yet after I learned this I disliked him even more than before, and had no desire whatsoever to become his friend.

At Mimal, I came in contact with an English family who also started across the Rocky Mountains to California in 1846. Since the spring of 1847, these people had lived with an Englishman known as Smith, who was Nye's partner, on the ranch two or three miles above Mimal. Incidentally, the son of these same people stole my axe on the trip overland; I had forgotten to fasten it on the wagon when I was yoking up the oxen near Mary's River, and Rippstein found it in their possession. They had sawed off the handle and would have attempted to claim it, for they wanted to keep the axe, if I had not been able to prove that it was mine.

When I came to Mimal, Thomen had been having his shirts washed by the Englishman's wife. For a time she laundered mine too; the shirts were seldom clean, however, and were invariably yellow. Captain Yates, whom we knew on Sutter's schooner and who was at least forty years old, married the sixteen-year-old daughter of this family; they all went to live with their son-in-law on his property, or claim, located further up in the Sacramento Valley. They were quite conceited after their daughter married the little captain, who knew how to make himself seem important to simple people. This family had had very little education apparently, and their language resembled old-fashioned English; they could not even read, I believe. The man was supposed to have worked at one time in some coal mines. With the single exception of the eldest son, who still made his home with them and who appeared to be feeble-minded, they all seemed well and strong.

After losing our washerwoman in this manner, we did our own laundry. For soap we used the huge onion-like bulb of a 57 certain plant and, by cutting off the lower stalks and hitting the bulb firmly on the board until it foamed, we were able to wash in the suds our own shirts, which had first been soaked in the river. Although I had no way to iron them, I now had the satisfaction of wearing cleaner clothes than before.

Sometimes I passed an entire month alone; frequently for days at a stretch I did not see a single white man. What few passed my door were for the most part friends who stopped only a short time, and then rode on, although occasionally someone would stay with me overnight.

Once two young Americans dropped in. If I had been able to make them comfortable and give them something good to eat, they would have been even more welcome; but the best I could offer them was dried beef that had been cut into strips. The young men had a large supply of dried, but fairly good elk meat, and were able to give me something even better than I could offer them; they were generous enough to leave some of it behind the next morning, probably because they felt sorry for me.

Another unexpected visitor was the famous Jim Savage, who arrived and, much to my surprise, unceremoniously invited himself to be my guest. He failed to explain the object of his visit,

possibly because he was out on a spying expedition to find out where he could steal the greatest number of horses. He told me to cook him something extra good, and I was overjoyed to know that the most I could offer him was beef, which by this time was as hard as wood. I let him inspect my stock of supplies with his own eyes, for I knew he would not believe me otherwise. Having dined, Jim stayed with me overnight; regardless of how big a thief he was reputed to be, and undoubtedly was, he was full of droll jokes. Coarse as they were, it was impossible not to laugh at them. When he saw my butcher knife, the knife which I had given an Indian a fairly good shirt for not long ago, he wanted it, and immediately thrust it into 58 his leggings. I remonstrated, and, much as he coveted the knife for his own use, he left it with me knowing it was the only one I had.

Several anecdotes he told about his experiences, while serving under Frémont in Los Angeles, proved most amusing; these alone would have revealed his true character to anyone who did not know what a low type of man he was. Every time I asked him how much he paid for his fine horse, saddle, leggings, spurs, etc., he always replied: “You damn fool! I didn't pay a cent, I stole them. Do you think I buy and pay for such things?” When Jim finally left, I was relieved to know that he had found so few valuables worth taking along, and rejoiced to be rid of this n'er-do-well.

The longer I stayed at Mimal the more distasteful I found it, and in a few months I began to consider leaving. Sometime before I had been obliged to shoot one of the Indians who had been stealing my watermelons,^{*} and I had been conscience-stricken about it ever since, although the Indians had left me in peace after that experience, and seemed to have an added respect for me and my gun. When I was coming back alone from Cordua's to Mimal one day and had gone about half way I met five or six Indians on the narrow footpath; they formed a group and motioned to me to step to one side. The leader made a few impudent remarks, but instead of moving away, I pushed his horse aside and the others followed him. Some of them grumbled; the rest merely laughed.

In an unpublished section of the MS. Lienhard tells how the Indians stole his melons and how, after repeated warnings, he shot one of the culprits through the leg.

Another time seventeen Indians gathered under the arbor near my house. Among them were three thieves, whom I had chased out of my garden one evening, including one whom I had warned

several times. One of the trio sat near the door of the house. Inside the house was a sliprope, and I believed that if I could throw this over his head, I could tighten it, hold one end of the 59 rope with my left hand, and the other end with the right, give him a good beating, and at least punish him slightly for his mischievous ways. I had almost succeeded in throwing it over his thick head when another Indian made a noise that sounded like hum-hum. In a flash the Indian over whose head I had intended to throw the sling raised his right hand; before I had time to pull the noose, he had slipped out like an eel.

Then the rascal, together with the two friends who had accompanied him that evening, ran swiftly out of my arbor. I reached for my gun. I did not intend to shoot, but merely wanted to defend myself in an emergency, but the Indians, with the exception of three or four vaqueros belonging to Cordua, had fled so quickly that they had no time to observe what was in front of them. Two of them, who rushed through some tall weeds in their haste, fell into a hole in which the stump of a tree had been burned and had to turn several somersaults, their lean brown legs waving in the air, meanwhile. No doubt most of them had been out on several nocturnal plundering trips.

I had written to Sutter repeatedly and asked him to engage another man, as I did not care to remain here any longer, and in his replies he tried to appease me, pretending he would send someone when he found the right one for the place.

One day, quite unexpectedly, the Englishman, Captain Yates's father-in-law, with his wife and six daughters, including Mrs. Yates, arrived; they were all ill with fever. Stopping near my house with their ox cart the old man asked permission to camp, a request which I could not refuse. I had several Mimal Indians clean out the commodious smokehouse and bring in a generous amount of marsh grass for the family on which to make their beds, and arranged to send them wood and water. The man was told he could remain only until such a time as Sutter asked him to leave, and at that time he would have to vacate the smokehouse; he seemed satisfied with this arrangement. When the smokehouse was ready for the family, I told him they could arrange their 60 sleeping and living quarters to suit themselves. But the old man and several of the children now decided that they preferred a larger room, and thereupon lay down on the bare floor in the middle of my own cabin.

With the exception of the youngest child, who was only a few months old, the entire family kept saying “oh, dear, oh, dear.”

In the beginning I felt sorry for them; but after listening to “oh dear, oh, dear!” for some time I was ready to laugh. There seemed to be a certain similarity between the various voices of the children and the sound of church bells, ranging from the highest to the lowest tones. The voice of the smallest who could barely lisp, was followed by another somewhat lower, and so on down to the voice of the mother, Mrs. Yates, and finally to the bass voice of the old Englishman himself.

Even after I told him the smokehouse was ready for him, he seemed to prefer to mutter his deep “oh dear, oh dear,” on the floor of my room, in the meanwhile vomiting heavily. The children repeated his words over and over, until I was almost exhausted. Knowing that if I had to listen to these same phrases for several hours longer, I would undoubtedly be ill, too, I told the Englishman that he must leave my room at once and go over to the quarters that had been prepared for him.

Early the following morning I was awakened by a lively tune that seemed to come from the lips of some young man who was full of life and whose singing was inspired by the invigorating air of that delightful morning. Jumping quickly out of bed, I dressed, and went out in front of the house to greet the new arrival. To my surprise, I found the old Englishman lying on his blankets and singing at the top of his lungs.

“Hello, old chap,” I said, “You must feel better today; you sing like a young man.”

“Yes,” he replied. “I feel much better and decided to sing a song or two.”

With the exception of the smallest child, the entire family now seemed well on the road to recovery. When Covillaud passed by on his way to Sutter's Fort, I gave him a letter for Sutter telling him about the English family living in the smokehouse who had promised to leave at a moment's notice. In this same letter I also said that under no conditions would I consider staying on in Mimal; eight days was the longest I would remain, and that even if he had no one to send in my place, I would leave then.

On his return trip Covillaud brought Sutter's reply in which he expressed himself as being far from satisfied with my conduct. His chief complaint seemed to be the permission I had given the English family to move into the smokehouse, but I felt that this was nothing more than an excuse on his part. He promised within a few days to send a man to take over my duties and asked me to be kind enough to show him whatever was necessary and tell him what to do in the garden.

Meanwhile, the old Englishman told me why his entire family, including the married daughter, had left Yates. It seems that they had expected by the marriage to acquire a prosperous son-in-law who owned a large ranch, for the captain had referred constantly to his property; but when Yates took them to what they believed was an extensive ranch in the Sacramento Valley, they found that none of the land was under cultivation, and that the house was nothing but a poor hut, which was inhabited by Indians. Two of the squaws claimed Yates as their husband, and stayed on even after he brought his white wife, her parents, and the flock of small sisters-in-law to live with him.

Not until then did the disappointed family realize that the so-called ranch was merely a claim and not his own property; the smart Captain Yates expected his white father-in-law to work it with his own oxen, however, while he amused himself with the women. The old man was tired and disgusted with the whole situation. Even if the members of this family were not very bright, they had sense enough to know how worthless Yates was. What made them especially indignant was the fact that he wanted to keep his Indian women, as well as a white wife, and when all the family fell ill with fever they decided to move out and abandon the place to him and his squaws.

After eight days had passed, I was ready to leave Mimal. My few belongings were already packed; I had decided that if no one arrived by noon to take charge of the place, I would leave anyway. While I was waiting, the Englishman told me his youngest child had died during the night; he asked if I would dig a grave and make a little casket for the baby.

Digging a hole six feet deep in the hard ground was difficult work, and making a coffin was even more taxing because of the boards required; I told him to bring me the child's measurements, however, and to make them ample. With what little material I had, an old handsaw and an axe, I

went industriously to work, and prepared a fair casket, but when we attempted to place the child inside the box, it proved to be four or five inches too short. The foolish old man had not even been able to take measurements correctly.

So I had to find some larger boards, and by the time I had finally completed the box and was about to place the pretty, lifeless, innocent creature inside, a man about thirty years old appeared, asked for me, and introduced himself as Mr. Burns,^{*} the man who was to take over my work.

Lienhard returned to Sutter's Fort in September. In the *New Helvetia Diary*, under date of September 10, 1847, appears this entry: "Dispatched new canoe for Mimal with Mr. Burns, he have to take Lienhard's place." William Burns was an Englishman who accompanied Sutter from Honolulu.

His arriving left me free to leave this lonely spot now. There was nothing to do except wait until the two Indians who lived up the valley, and had a canoe, appeared to move me and my belongings. Preferring to travel the remaining distance of two miles to Mimal on foot, rather than to make a trip of almost eight miles by way of the Feather and Yuba rivers which he would otherwise have had to make by canoe, Burns had disembarked at a small Indian village up the river. I explained the nature of the work to Mr. Burns, but he paid no attention to my instructions, "I did not come here to work," he remarked, "but to loaf and be comfortable." I told him that he could probably loaf if he chose, but that if he expected to find life easy and comfortable, he would soon discover his mistake.

Mr. Burns tried to impress me with his importance by telling me he had been an interpreter to King Kamehameha in the Sandwich Islands until a short time ago, but when I asked him why he had left, his reply was unintelligible. He asked me to leave my dog, Tiger, with him, at least as long as he remained on the property, promising to look after him, take good care of him, and give him back whenever I wanted him again. Now Tiger had been a loyal friend to me in this lonely place, and had often helped me pass the long hours way, so I hesitated; but the man begged so insistently that I gave in finally.

I had secured the dog in May or June from Kanaka Harry, Sutter's overseer at Hock Farm, and by September he was almost half-grown and devoted to me. A Russian-American breed, he was an extremely alert type of dog, with thick gray hair, and long feathery ears which he held erect; his

tail, which was bent slightly forward, gave him an attractive appearance. This type of dog takes readily to water and, as I discovered later on, is a marvelous swimmer. Tiger was light gray-blue in color, with dark stripes like those of a tiger. One of his eyes had a large white spot in it, as if he had a glass eye, or was blind, and except for the fact that this defect made an unfavorable impression when he was angry, his expression could not have been better.

As soon as the Indians reached the river bank near the house with their canoe, my belongings and a bundle of Spanish peppers were placed aboard, and, moving downstream, I began to realize that I would soon be among people of my own kind once more. For the first time I was conscious of the large bend made by the Yuba; it seems to be considerably smaller than the Feather River, which it joins below Marysville. By the time we passed Hock 64 Farm the sun had gone down, so we did not stop, but tied up at Nicolaus Allgeier's^{*} ranch, intending to start as early as possible the following morning. I decided to remain in the canoe and rest for several hours.

Algers in the MS. This was Nicolaus Allgeier, who was born in Freiburg, Germany, in 1807, and came to America about 1830, where he worked as a Hudson's Bay Co. trapper. In 1840 he reached California, and went to work for Sutter. Two years later he acquired one square mile of land from Sutter on the Feather and Bear rivers, where he built a house. The place came to be known as Nicolaus. Its owner operated a ferry from there to Hock Farm, which Sutter used to transport men, animals, and supplies across the river. In 1921 a modern bridge replaced the antiquated ferry service at Nicolaus.

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My plan was to see Sutter at once and come to some definite understanding with him. The last letter he had sent through Covillaud was written in a tone I did not like, and I felt that I could not remain in his employ. As I was about to go and look for him, I saw him at the office door. He replied to my "Good morning, captain," in a friendly manner, and so I mentioned his last letter in which he placed so much blame on my shoulders, and said very frankly that I preferred to straighten everything out with him without further delay, because it would be impossible to remain with him after receiving a letter in which he blamed me for a number of things without just cause.

In a quiet and friendly voice Sutter said that he had been extremely busy when he wrote, that my letter had just arrived informing him that under no conditions would I remain in Mimal, and that he had inserted words and expressions he should not have used when he was angry. After asking

me not to take it in the wrong spirit, he invited me to have breakfast in the dining room, and then rest for a time before discussing it further. His words, spoken in a fatherly and kindly voice, had a soothing effect on me, even though I had decided to come to an understanding with him as soon as possible, and leave Sacramento.

Quarters had been assigned me in the northwest tower on the west side of the fort, where I roomed alone. At the fort I found my old friend, Kyburz. He had been acting as majordomo, but had not been feeling well for some time, and wanted to go to San Francisco; he thought a change of climate would cure him.

Within the next few days I made several attempts to talk to Sutter, but he invariably made the excuse that he was extremely busy, so our settlement was postponed. At that time I was only slightly acquainted with Sutter; I had many opportunities to know him better before long.

CHAPTER V

CAPTAIN SUTTER

About three days after I reached Fort New Helvetia, as Sutter's Fort was then called, Kyburz and Sutter came and asked me to act as overseer for a week or two until the former returned from a visit to San Francisco.* Having decided definitely to leave the fort, I hesitated to accept, and consented only because I felt that I might be of service both to Kyburz and Sutter. My task was to look after everything inside and outside the fort; I kept the keys to the various rooms and gates. Every morning I unlocked the large entrance door then went into Captain Sutter's private living room, known as the office, to get the daybook and any instructions Sutter might have for me.

On September 18, 1847, Lienhard took Kyburz's place. See *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 78

Since Sutter was addicted to strong alcoholic drink, he believed everyone else had the same tastes. Morning after morning, when I went to his room for the daybook, he urged me to sample his whisky, and he never failed to set me an excellent example. Anyone who needed anything had first to ask Sutter for it and then come to me, as I was the storekeeper.

During the time his mill was being constructed on the American River, and while his sawmill was being built fifty miles back in the mountains by a man called Marshall,^{*} Sutter employed so many men that I had my hands full. Large quantities of supplies, especially meat and flour, were required for his workmen; usually we killed at least one or two, and often five or six, steers every day. What meat was required was transported to different points 68 in Sutter's ox carts, and my task was to keep an accurate account of everything that went out in the daybook which I gave to Sutter after I had closed the gates in the evening. At this time another drink was always forced on me.

James W. Marshall who came overland in 1845. He lived at the fort, took part in the war, and assisted Sutter to build a sawmill on the American Fork at Coloma, where gold was found in January. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, *passim*.

In addition to the large number of white people in his employ, Sutter also had many mountain Indians whom he used for various purposes. They were furnished by the various chiefs, who acted as corporals, and to flatter their vanity he called them *capitanos*. They also received far better pay than the poor wretches who worked as common laborers, and had to slave two weeks for a plain muslin shirt, or the material for a pair of cotton trousers.

The way these Indian laborers were fed reminded me of feeding pigs. They were given cooked wheat that was thrown in troughs; the natives sat in front of these feeding pens and ate the steaming wheat with their dirty hands, stuffing it in their mouths with loud noises that sounded exactly like a flock of cackling geese. In addition, they were allowed a small amount of beef, which they preferred to eat either in the evening or early in the morning after it was cooked over hot coals. It seemed to give them keen enjoyment; they bolted the meat greedily, in spite of the ashes that clung to it, and made it an indefinable and shapeless lump.

I had to lock the Indian men and women together in a large room to prevent them from returning to their homes in the mountains at night, and as the room had neither beds nor straw, the inmates were forced to sleep on the bare floor. When I opened the door for them in the morning, the odor that greeted me was overwhelming, for no sanitary arrangements had been provided. What these rooms were like after ten days or two weeks can be imagined, and the fact that nocturnal confinement was

not agreeable to the Indians was obvious. Large numbers deserted during the daytime, or remained outside the fort when the gates were locked.

At this time there were only two white women living inside the fort. One of them was Mrs. Kyburz, the daughter of my old 69 friend, Mr. Barber; * she was a neat, industrious woman, and a good housekeeper. The other was the wife of Keseberg, * the man who came down to the fort the April before from the Sierra Nevadas. Everyone said he saved his life by eating the flesh of his fellowmen who had died of cold and starvation; he had a fine, strong constitution, and was a man of considerable intelligence. Captain Sutter had engaged him to run his schooner that plied regularly between Sacramento and San Francisco carrying wheat to pay his debt, or at least the interest on the amount due, to the Russian agent, Mr. Leidesdorff. * According to local gossip, Mrs. Keseberg, who was a buxom young woman some twenty-three years of age, had several admirers; I believe her husband, who was frequently away from home for a month or more, was unaware of her flirtations.

Probably John Barber, who was at Monterey in 1847, and subsequently settled in the north.

Louis Keseberg, a Prussian who crossed the Rockies with the ill-fated Donner party and was the last man to be rescued alive. In 1847 he was Sutter's supercargo and was later employed by Vallejo at Sonoma. Many unpleasant tales were told about him. See C. F. McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party* (San Francisco, 1880), *passim*.

William A. Leidesdorff, a Dane who reached California in 1841 and acted as agent for the Russians at Fort Ross. He was one of the prominent men at Yerba Buena and is mentioned in the majority of records of that period. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, 711.

In the fort Sutter employed as workman a Mormon by the name of Fifield * , a blacksmith who was skilled in his trade, and another man belonging to this same sect called Hudson, * who was a wagonwright. The former, who was in his sixties, was sturdy and although quite gray, was still very active; notwithstanding the fact that he was a devout Mormon, he was highly excitable. The latter, who was a Mormon, was about thirty years of age, and had a peaceful nature, although he had red hair.

Ira or Ezra Fifield, the fort blacksmith who is mentioned throughout the *New Helvetia Diary*. Sutter engaged him in August, 1847. The Mormons were proving excellent customers for repairs on wagons broken down after the trip overland, and Sutter was anxious for their business.

Wilford Hudson, a member of the Mormon Battalion, who was at the fort when gold was discovered.

Two of my countrymen, a cabinet-maker from the Canton of 70 Appenzell by the name of Schmidt* who was about forty, and a man called Huggenberger* from Erlenbach, Canton of Aargau, a man close to fifty, who was a slender, stoop-shouldered person with a pallid complexion and frail physique also had some knowledge of the blacksmith's trade; both of them worked for Sutter. The latter was a bachelor who had lived in Mexico for seventeen or eighteen years where he had made several thousand dollars. Although he had spent the past seven years in the United States, Huggenberger did not speak English fluently, but he had thoroughly mastered the Spanish language. I recall that he liked fine clothes and was extremely fond of a good cup of coffee, and in order to have his food cooked the way he liked it, he prepared most of his own meals, coffee being the most important item on his menu.

Jacob Schmidt, a cooper at New Helvetia. In the MS. the name appears as Schmied. Huggenberger's name occurs in the *New Helvetia Diary* kept by John A. Sutter and his clerks at the fort; it is not included in Bancroft's Pioneer Register.

Invariably I found him a sincere, kindly, and fatherly friend who rejoiced when my affairs progressed smoothly, and who liked to give me sound advice, which I was glad to follow, for I knew that his intentions were of the kindest, and that he was a man who had had wide experience.

Among Huggenberger's close friends was a man of his own age called Huber,* whom he had known intimately for some twenty years, having traveled with him from Philadelphia around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where they landed in 1847. I believe Huber came from the district of Knonau in the Canton of Zurich, and instead of settling in Sacramento as Huggenberger had done, remained in San Francisco; he purchased a building lot on the west slope of Telegraph Hill and built a small home of his own there.

Henry Huber, a pioneer of 1847. He had a tinshop in San Francisco on the northwest corner of Washington Square. His advertisement appears in the *Californian* for July 3, 1847: "H. H. is prepared to do all kinds of repairs on guns, locks, etc. fit keys and make all kinds of light work in iron or steel."

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East of the fort Sutter owned a commodious adobe house where several families usually lived until they could find more suitable quarters. South of the fort he also owned a small house occupied at

the time of my arrival by a Dr. Bates,^{*} who practised medicine; he was subsequently joined by a man by the name of Smith,^{*} who claimed to be a relative of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.

After Dr. Bates left, the house was occupied by a Mr. Samuel Brannan,^{*} who went into partnership with Smith and together they opened a small store. Smith and Brannan were Mormons. The latter, who was an elder, was one of the Mormons who came around Cape Horn to California, and joined relatives and friends of the same faith who had gone overland via the southerly route.^{*}

Dr. Frank, or Franklin, Bates is mentioned constantly in the *New Helvetia Diary*, and spent much time at the Indian rancherias attending patients. In the spring of 1848 he went to the mines. Later Bates and Ward had a drugstore in the fort.

C. C. Smith who came west in 1847 and became Brannan's partner.

Samuel Brannan was a leading Mormon elder who came west in 1846. His store, Brannan and Co., was a popular rendezvous in Sacramento, and its owner became one of the richest men in California. See Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, 728

Three hundred Mormon volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke marched via New Mexico to California to take part in the war. They were part of the great Mormon movement to found new colonies. They reached the fort on August 26, 1847, and camped on the American Fork nearby.

In the early days, Sutter employed Indians as wool spinners and weavers in the fort, but this branch of work was soon abandoned. His millers, bakers, and cooks were Indians, as were his vaqueros; between twenty and thirty younger Indians were also employed as drivers and field workers.

I know Sutter's wheatfields must have covered several hundred acres of land. One of them lay south of the fort, and another north. The largest stretched toward the east or northeast between the so-called Slough and the great bend of the American Fork. In these fields the soil was extremely fertile, producing good crops of fine white and red wheat, even though the work in the fields was superficially done. Several of the larger rooms in the east part of the fort were used for storing wheat, which was taken to San Francisco to the Russians as often as the schooner could make the round trip.

What wheat flour was used at the fort was ground by several mules in the northwest tower of the fort, but it was neither sifted nor put into sacks. It was somewhat coarse, and the lazy Indian baker never let his dough raise properly, so in spite of the excellent wheat we had, our bread was usually

poor and sour. It was known as adobe bread because it was as heavy as an adobe brick. Peas, which everyone liked, were often raised in the smaller fields, as well as wheat.

Sutter's Fort was the main source of supply for the inland valleys, and the local store tried to have everything that was needed on hand. This was not so difficult as it seemed. Excluding the last immigration of 1846, the total number of white inhabitants in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys was less than sixty; however, this number was probably doubled by the construction of the mill, which stimulated activity and brought in many new residents.

After an absence of three weeks or more, Kyburz returned from San Francisco. I was prepared to give him his keys, but apparently he did not want them, and when Sutter asked me to remain, I stayed on. Frequently I reminded myself that I should have a better chance to succeed if I were more independent. Meanwhile, Kyburz remained on at the fort; I do not believe he was still employed there, although he did small chores occasionally.

One evening I had a chance to find out that he considered himself privileged to tell me what to do. Several men including a gymnastic performer, called Jacob Wittmer,^{*} and an American called Charley Burch,^{*} who was a saddle maker, had congregated; Wittmer and I were discussing something, but our opinions differed. I considered the matter one that concerned me alone and 73 that I had full jurisdiction over, but Kyburz took Wittmer's side, and because I refused to meet his demands suddenly showed his true nature by interfering, and telling me what to do, remarking "if I still have anything to say about it."

Jacob Wittmer or Witmer was a Swiss in Sutter's employ who brought in reports of gold in February, 1848. Charles H. Burch who was at the fort in 1847 and 1848.

Questioning his right to order me around, I refused to obey him, and said that I would take and execute instructions given only by Sutter. My words offended Kyburz, who was extremely conceited; he remarked that I would soon find out whether I had to follow his orders. Apparently he thought he could make an impression on me and hoped I would be intimidated and submit; he was mistaken, however.

To the contrary, I threw the keys of the fort on the ground at his feet telling him to take them, because I would never follow out his instructions. Since Kyburz had no intention of complying, the tone of his voice, which had been extremely harsh, changed abruptly, so I took the keys back, and said I should like to know definitely whether he expected to give orders in the future, because I planned to speak to Captain Sutter about the matter. I rapped on Sutter's office door; the hour was late and he did not answer, so I knew he must be asleep. I decided to find out what I wanted to know the next day, but Kyburz kept quiet; the commander-in-chief had decided not to say anything more to me, apparently.

When I went to get the daybook from Sutter the next morning, the first thing I asked was whether Kyburz was my superior, and whether I had to take orders from him, but the captain said clearly that I was not responsible to anyone else and was to get my instructions from him alone. After I described our dispute of the previous evening and said I had tried to tell him about it at the time but that he had retired, and had failed to answer when I knocked on his door, he laughed and remarked that he knew all about it, but did not wish to be drawn into an argument, especially when everything seemed to be quiet again.

While crossing the plains I had become fairly well acquainted with Kyburz. His father-in-law, Mr. Barber, also told me several things that indicated that Kyburz aspired to play the rôle of a shrewd Yankee, and that he did not like to work himself, but much preferred to be supervisor. From this time on Kyburz and I were no longer on intimate terms; although he tried to pose as my friend, I suspected him of insincerity. A native of Aargau, he was a small man, somewhat bow-legged, with a broad face, light yellow, curly hair, grayish-white eyes, and a rather weak expression. There was usually a smile on his face, and the tone of his voice was pleasant and affable. He always enjoyed being in the limelight and liked to air his knowledge on the slightest provocation.

When there was anything he wanted for his own personal benefit, he tried to secure it by flattery; he seemed to feel that he profited by being antagonistic, by eavesdropping, and by carrying tales. With the exception of performing several small tasks outside the fort, he never exerted himself.

As I have already said, Sutter liked his liquor; for some time, however, I had no idea he drank as much as he did. Soon I had an opportunity to become better acquainted with his habits, and it was during my second week at the fort, I believe, that I saw him walking with an unsteady, swaying motion which left no doubt as to his condition.

At that time I inferred that such attacks occurred only at rare intervals, and since he was the owner of the fort and a man already well along in years as well as one of my countrymen, I considered it my duty to take him inside while he was in such a condition.

Seizing one of his arms, I told him he needed rest and sleep, and upon reaching his room, I removed his outer garments and put him to bed. I hoped rest would prove beneficial, that no one had seen him, and that this would not happen again, but to my surprise, in another week or so, I discovered that Sutter was again drinking heavily. Once more I took him to his room and put him to bed. Then I began to suspect that this condition was not ⁷⁵ an uncommon one with the captain. Several days later a noticeably smaller number of plates were placed on the table, so I told the Indian boy to go out and bring in more, and when he failed to obey me, I repeated the order. As I was about to punish him for his disobedience, he told me they had been broken; I did not believe it, but the boy clung to his story, and finally said Sutter had broken them at the table.

Apparently he had been drinking, and in an ugly temper had thrown the dishes and plates off the table, breaking most of them. It was then that I learned from acquaintances, who had known Sutter for a longer time and more intimately than I, that he was often intoxicated. They said, too, that after I had been there longer, I would have many opportunities to see him drunk. I remarked how much Sutter had lowered himself in my estimation, and said that I could never respect a man who drank oftener and more than was dignified. I pitied him, for at the time it appeared to be his worst trait, but I soon discovered by coming into contact with him every day that he had other equally unfortunate characteristics, which were just as bad, if not worse, than his immoderate drinking.

Men meeting and talking with Sutter for the first time were favorably impressed by his candid, handsome countenance; his dignified and fatherly manner of speaking inspired a definite trust. He

made such a fine impression on me that it required a long time and many disappointments before this favorable feeling left me, and I saw him as he actually was.

In the anteroom adjoining his office, a group of Indian women were invariably waiting. According to rumor, they belonged to Sutter's harem. One of them was his favorite; I was told she was kept there all the time. At first it seemed odd to meet young Indian girls of ten or twelve who had once belonged to this harem outside the fort, and then to learn later that they were ill, or had died.

I have never forgotten two pretty little girls of eleven or twelve whom I first saw in Sutter's anteroom. Soon the most attractive 76 of the two failed to come and play with the other. Then I learned that she had been taken ill in Dr. Bates's absence, that Mr. McKinstry,^{*} who had had some experience with medicine and illness, had prescribed for the child, but that the poor girl died suddenly and no one ever knew the real cause of her death. This same Mr. McKinstry, I believe, was later private secretary to the great general, Frémont, in St. Louis.

George McKinstry, sheriff at Sutter's Fort in 1846, was a well-known figure in public life.

An influential squaw who lived in Sutter's anteroom at that time had a sister who had married a native of Tahiti, called John. John, who spoke English quite fluently, was a close friend of Charley Burch, and told the latter what the favorite had told her sister about the sudden death of the young girl; the child had been criminally attacked, and the person who could give the most information about the identity of the culprit was Sutter himself.

Everyone knew Sutter was a typical Don Juan with women. In addition to the large number of young Indian girls who were constantly at his beck and call, there were also in the fort many young Indian loafers who rarely worked, but were fed and nicely clothed because their wives received special consideration from the master of the fort.

When Sutter left the Sandwich Islands, he was accompanied by a number of Kanakas, among them two or three women. For some time these Kanakas were his only companions. They accompanied him when he made his first trip up the Sacramento and American rivers to the landing place where

A pioneer at Sutter's fort, 1846-1850; the adventures of Heinrich Lienhard. Translated and edited by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur from the original German manuscript <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.078>

the tannery was subsequently built. Among them was a woman called Manawitte,^{*} by whom he is reported to have had several children and who appears to have lived many years with him as his wife. A man known as Kanaka Harry was one of his favorites from the Sandwich Islands. As he grew older Sutter seemed to prefer young Indian girls and finally gave Manawitte to Harry who was 77 employed by Sutter as majordomo at Hock Farm. Later he received from the captain a fine property in the vicinity of the sheep pasturage on the American River in appreciation of his own services and those of Manawitte.

Sutter called her Manaiki or Manuiki. Lienhard uses the form Manawitte.

I heard another story about an episode that occurred a few days before I reached the fort, which nearly proved disastrous to Sutter. Twenty miles south of the fort on the Cosumnes River several settlers lived; among them was Bill Daylor,^{*} an Englishman employed, I believe, by Sutter as cabinet-maker at the fort. He was a strong, stalwart man and for many years had been a sailor. Having heard of Sutter's settlement on the Sacramento, he came to the fort seeking employment. Daylor, who liked liquor and women as much as Sutter, admired Sutter's favorite, Manawitte, and his attentions, I understand, were favorably received by Manawitte. Sutter, who considered himself the undisputed ruler of this land was jealous. "I, Sutter, am the law," he often said; no one ever disputed it.

William Daylor was an English sailor who deserted his ship in 1835. After Sutter's Fort was founded he was employed there. In 1844 he moved to his own ranch southeast of the fort. He died of cholera in 1850.

Having one of his workmen, a poor ex-sailor, for a rival did not please Sutter, and to show his power and authority, and to prevent any more episodes of this kind, he decided to make an example of Bill Daylor. The man, he felt, deserved a good lesson and, without taking anyone into his confidence, he waited for an opportune moment to arise.

One day when Bill, who was quite oblivious to Sutter's plots, returned to the fort, he was surrounded by a group of Indians and Kanakas who had been told to seize him. Now Bill was a typical Englishman and a sailor; he also knew how to box. Ignorant of Sutter's enmity, yet he refused to surrender without a fight, and at first the Indians were so frightened that they refused to touch him.

When they did attempt to get hold of him, Daylor gave each native a terrific beating with his strong fists. At last, 78 after Sutter told the Indians to rush at him together, they succeeded in capturing and putting ropes around their victim.

For a few days Sutter chained and imprisoned Daylor in one of the towers, then sent him, still bound, to Governor Alvarado at Monterey for trial. When the governor learned the true reason why Sutter had Daylor confined and why he had been treated in this manner, he released the prisoner and gave his captor a sharp reprimand, telling him that such treatment for slight offenses must not occur again. From then on Sutter lived in abject fear of Daylor, who said he would kill him, and if the captain's story is true, he and several of his friends armed with large knives once entered his room, and threatened to take his life. At the time I was living at the fort, he and Sutter seemed to be on friendly terms again, although the latter, I believe, was still afraid of the English sailor.

Also among Sutter's employees was an Indian vaquero whose wife had a white child whom she exhibited with considerable pride. One day I asked the woman if Sutter was the father of the boy; and she laughed with delight. If the captain had many half-breed children, I do not know of any who survived, and the native woman's white baby died not long after.

In his social relations, especially toward women, Sutter was extremely punctilious. He dressed well, his hair was especially neat, and he had all the earmarks of a gentleman. I owned a pair of black trousers he wanted to buy, and I knew I would not have any peace until I complied with his request. Finally I said I would sell them for sixteen dollars, and, much to my surprise, the captain paid this amount in cash. But his hips were larger than mine, and the first day he wore the trousers they split when he sat down and leaned over suddenly.

When I brought the daybook for Sutter to inspect every evening, I often found him entertaining visitors. Mormon tanners were among those who paid frequent visits to his office in the early days. Knowing that the chief was extremely vain, the head 79 tanner made clumsy attempts to flatter him. "Captain Sutter," he would say, "you are a good man. I like you." The simpleton was always making complimentary remarks of this kind. To win converts for the faith was one of the Mormon

tanner's main interests; I surmise that he hoped to bring "the good man, Captain Sutter," into the fold. While the captain listened patiently to his remarks, he did not seem inclined to be converted. After all, what would he have gained? He did not need to become a Mormon; he had all the women he wanted, and was master of the fort.

Passing to another domestic picture; the method used to thrash wheat at Sutter's Fort was new to me, although it was somewhat like that used when I was at Highland.* There at Highland we sat on a horse and rode over the stalks; but here a number of wild horses were brought in and driven into a corral in which the grain had been placed and a thick layer of sheaves spread out on the hard ground. Indians armed with flails were stationed nearby, and more natives formed a circle outside. When they yelled at the top of their lungs, the bewildered horses began to gallop, and as the shrieks increased, the animals ran at top speed around the corral. After these wheat stalks had been thoroughly threshed, the horses were stopped, the straw and grain removed, another layer placed in the enclosure; and the race began again.

Lienhard had worked on a farm near Highland, Illinois, before coming west.

Any horse that showed signs of fatigue would be taken out, and a fresh one substituted. Thus the threshing proceeded at a rapid pace. Naturally, some horse manure became mixed with the wheat, but this as well as any other foreign matter could be removed by a strong wind or a cleaning machine.

Sutter had so many white men and Indians in his employ that slaughtering took place every day. Once the captain bought a herd of thirty-five fat steers from Sinclair, and placed them in the south corral on the east side of the fort. These cattle were 80 about four years old; they had been brought in wild off the range, and grew so unruly after being driven into an enclosure by vaqueros, that anyone who came near them was in danger of being killed.

An adobe wall stretching from east to west divided the corral into two parts; the southern area was further separated into two sections by a similar partition that ran from south to north. In its openings had been left through which shots could be fired or cattle driven in an emergency. While a crowd

A pioneer at Sutter's fort, 1846-1850; the adventures of Heinrich Lienhard. Translated and edited by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur from the original German manuscript <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.078>

from the fort congregated to watch the fun, the new herd was driven into the corral, and when more animals were needed, a vaquero went inside and fired at two of them. A single shot in the forehead brought a steer to the ground, but the balance of the herd were so terrified by this strange noise that when they discovered they could not escape they showed their rage and anger over the shooting of their comrades by hideous bellows. They gouged the two bulls that had been shot with their horns, and rolled them over and over until vaqueros arrived bringing ropes.

Crying “*upah, upah*” the vaqueros swung their lassos into the air, until the herd left the dead bulls. Then the herdsman tied several lassos around the horns of the cattle that had been killed, fastened them to the pommels of their saddles, touched their horses with spurs, and dragged the oxen outside where they could be butchered and the meat removed without disturbance.

One day I was standing with an Indian on top of the adobe wall, which was some six feet high, watching the antics of the angry bulls. It seemed like a safe place, but one of the wildest animals spied us and approached. Shaking his head, he swished his tail and, fire in his eyes, opened his mouth as if he intended to devour us; his threats merely amused us, however, and the Indian began to tease the bull who made a sudden rush for us. When I saw his head and horns only a short distance below our feet on the adobe wall, I was so terrified that I nearly fell over on top of his horns. Mustering all my presence of mind, I jumped to the ground behind the corral wall. Wild cattle afforded endless excitement, and at times actual danger.*

A brief section of folio 119 containing more details about lassoing cattle has been omitted.

The way horses were tamed was also interesting to me. Horses, like cattle, were turned loose when young, and given full freedom to find pasturage which they soon located, then several times during the year they were put into small corrals, and those that had not already been marked were branded. After large numbers of horses were driven in, the rancheros arrived to claim their animals.

As every branding-iron had to be registered, and no two brands were alike, thievery and dishonesty were checked. I had my own branding-iron made and registered; it was four inches long, and consisted of the three first letters of my name, which were welded together. The iron was registered

in the office of the alcade, Sinclair. Brands were used both for cattle and horses, and the owner usually stamped his mark on the right flank so deeply that it burned into the skin. If properly done, it could be recognized anywhere. This method of branding established the fact that the animal so marked was owned by the particular man under whose name the brand was registered. If the first owner sold an animal branded in this manner, it was his duty to mark it on the same side of the front shoulder, indicating that it had been sold. If the new owner also had a branding-iron, he branded the animal on its rear flank above the former mark, or in any other place he might select.

Once or twice a year herds were driven together for branding. Colts were confined until the red hot iron had left a clear mark, but young stallions not to be used for breeding purposes were castrated, and then given full freedom for two or three years. In addition young geldings and mares that were to be broken to the saddle were selected from the herd of horses, driven into a corral, and tied, but at this time they were so wild and so easily terrified ⁸² that they were apt to prove quite unruly. When this happened, a cloth was placed over their eyes; a strong halter made of cowhide was thrown over their heads, and they were tied to a tree or a strong post which had been placed deep down in the ground and fastened with a strong braided rope, also of cowhide.

Horses, like people, varied considerably in disposition. Some were readily broken; others required effort, care, and patience; many animals were stubborn and preferred to break their necks, or to die of starvation rather than give in. The older the animal, the more difficult it was to handle. Unusually obstinate ones were tied and left alone, often for several days, without food, or until such a time as their futile attempts to break loose and lack of anything to eat had made them very weak.

Finally a brave vaquero tried to get near one of them. If the horse still seemed wild, its eyes would be bound once more, and a strong rope fastened around its body. The vaquero jumped on its back, took a strong halter in his hands, pressed his knees tightly against the rope and the body of the animal, and removed the bandage from its eyes; usually the horse attempted to throw the rider by bucking and swaying from side to side, but if the vaquero had been well-trained, he stayed on. If the horse proved obstreperous, and refused to obey the wishes of the rider, the vaquero attempted

to ride the horse either in plowed ground or some kind of soft soil where the horse was forced to gallop until it was exhausted and would go wherever its rider directed.

I saw many horses brought in after their first lesson that were covered with sweat and foam, and were trembling all over. They were turned loose again, but were brought back within two or three weeks, and if any still proved stubborn, they were forced to submit to the same hard work. After such an experience, a horse was more tractable and seemed to remember its first lesson when it was brought out the second time, and if one of them attempted to shake off its rider, it did not make as much of an effort as it had before.

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A horse was usually tame after it had been saddled and bridled for the third time; it was acquainted with its rider, and knew that it must submit as a servant. Usually it had discovered, too, that its master intended to be its friend, that he praised and patted it, although he kept the bridle firmly in hand, for if he held it care-lessly the horse might rear, lower its head, and throw off the rider, perhaps injuring him.

Rancheros told me it was always advisable for the equestrian to hold the bridle with a firm grip, for if the horse that had been trained only a short time never had a chance to put its head between its front legs when it was young, later it would not be tempted to do so. After the fourth lesson some animals were tame enough to ride, but others had to be taught a fifth time. Methods used to tame horses differed with vaqueros. Fillies of tame mares, I often noticed, were soon broken for riding if they were coaxed and petted.

In the early days, twenty-five mares and one stallion were called a *caballeriza*. A stallion kept his mares near him, and would not allow one of them to leave the *caballeriza*,* or another stallion to drive one away. If the stallion were as brave as usual, and another stud attempted to enter the circle, a fight began and did not stop until the intruder was willing to go, or one of them was completely exhausted, which was the equivalent of death. After horses were thoroughly broken in, they were

used for driving cattle and horses, and for lassoing. Capable vaqueros understood how to train horses to run and gallop as they directed.

Meaning a stable, or number of horses. In California the term commonly used was a *manada* .

To go back to my experiences at the fort. After my arrival from Mimal in June, I made a deal with Sutter, giving him my double-barreled gun for a handsome California saddle adorned with fine embroidery and cut work. Charley Burch, who was living in the fort and who shared my room, spent his time making saddles, and one was designed for me. The necessary leather 84 straps and buckles, as well as my own leggings, were ordered from an elderly man called Morris, or Morrison^{*} Probably the Samuel Norris mentioned in the *New Helvetia Diary*.

When I urged him to finish my saddle, Morris explained that it was ready, but said that Sutter owed him so much money that he did not want my equipment to leave his hands until it had been paid for, since he had not be able to rely on Sutter's promises, and knew him too well to depend on his word. I realized I would be forced to pay part of the cost myself to secure possession of it, and so persuaded Morris to give me the saddle.

Because I had heard any number of people complain and talk resentfully about the poor credit that Sutter was, and how he tried to smooth everything over with soft words, I now began to suspect he would not treat me any better than he did anyone else, especially after I had to pay for my saddle out of my own pocket with what little money I had. The outlook did not appear promising for the return of my back wages, and I decided to attempt to collect it in some other way; even if I did not receive cash, anything was better than nothing at all. Sutter had some fine, well-broken stallions on his ranch that could be purchased for twenty-five dollars apiece, gentle mules valued at thirty dollars, and dray mares that sold for fifteen dollars each, and I decided to take them. They were worth what he asked, and this was the price usually paid.

Sutter may have been dissatisfied with me, but he still owed me the greater part of my salary and, according to our agreement, he should have paid me once a month in cash. A few days after I had secured the saddle, Sutter gave me gold to replace what I had paid Morris, and so my respect for

him returned. Rumors that Sutter was hard pressed by the Russians, to whom he owed several thousand dollars, and that they had impounded all his land, continued to circulate.

Such reports were general and were heard day after day. I began to wonder how I could recover what belonged to me, for no cash could be extracted from him, promises notwithstanding. Past experience had taught me that no matter how many times I might ask for at least part of it, invariably I would be told, "Yes, indeed, you shall have it when my schooner returns from San Francisco." This schooner had made any number of trips back and forth, and I had never received one cent. Every-one said Sutter's wheat was going to the Russian agent, Leidesdorff.

CHAPTER VI

VISITS TO NATIVE VILLAGES

A city was laid out four miles southwest of the fort on high ground near a deep lagoon a mile back from the Sacramento River, a location considered safe from floods, by the captain; he called it Sutterville.* Had he selected a site only a few hundred yards from the Sacramento, rather than one-half mile back, the place would have been more suitable than that on which Sacramento City was built, for unless artificial protection was provided, it faced the danger of floods every year.

In the fall of 1849 lots in the town of Sutter were offered for sale. Its promoters offered "a town beautifully situated upon the east bank of the Sacramento, within about two miles of Sutter's Fort, having a fine road leading therefrom direct to the mining region, and is some six miles nearer the mines by this road." *The Pacific News*, (San Francisco, Cal.), September 8, 1849.

In those days Sutter's Fort was not considered desirable for a town site and before gold was discovered no one thought of founding a permanent settlement there. Sutterville seemed a wise choice for a new city, and Captain Hastings, as well as two or three other men who called themselves captains, induced Sutter to have plans made in accordance with their ideas. I was tempted to buy a few lots myself and became so enthusiastic over the idea that I finally acquired several, selecting those that were considered the choicest, but I cannot recall whether I had eight or twelve, or how much I paid for them.

Mr. Bray, * Sutter's Irish assistant overseer, sold me a sturdy claiborne mare, accustomed to teamwork, for twenty-five dollars, and I gave him an order on Sutter for that amount with which he seemed satisfied. Fifield made me a pair of handsome spurs trimmed with bells, which Sutter agreed to compensate him for 88 later. It was at this time that I decided to ask the captain to pay any balance that was due me in horses.

Edmund Bray, who came west with the Elisha Stevens party in 1844.

I had discussed my financial status with Charley Burch several times, and had told him that in order to get my money back I intended to say that I was expecting to leave for Oregon soon. Charley seemed friendly, but I am afraid he told the deceitful Kyburz what my real purpose was. Meanwhile, I dropped a few hints to Sutter to let him know I expected to leave for Oregon in the fall or spring, so he would really think I intended to go. One day I caught him smiling in a skeptical manner, and it was then that I began to suspect that Kyburz, or possibly Burch himself, had disclosed my little plot. However, I acted as if I were in earnest, but simply was not in any hurry to purchase horses for the trip, and so was staying on at the fort.

Construction of the mill and sawmill* continued so slowly that the work was considered a failure, but I was always busy at the fort, looking after everything and filling orders for meat, flour, bread, and other commodities that were purchased. For a time I had difficulty understanding the Indians, or in making myself understood; several of the natives thought that they could act as they chose, because Sutter preferred their women.

In August, 1847, Sutter made a contract with James Marshall to build a sawmill on the American Fork. Lumber was to be floated downstream, from the mill to the fort. A grist mill with a capacity of forty bushels an hour was also started at Natoma, and plans made to ship flour to San Francisco. These mills were known as "Sutter's Follies."

One little incident that occurred near Mimal I recall. I had received a letter from the captain, telling me to send an Indian messenger to Mr. Smith with the short note he enclosed, so I asked an Indian who was standing nearby to deliver the letter. He refused. Overhearing our conversation, Nye told me I did not know how to handle natives; he advised me to tell the Indian exactly what I wanted done, whether he would be paid or not and, if he refused, to force him to follow instructions. So I

handed the note to the Indian again, and told him to deliver it to Mr. Smith immediately; he obeyed without comment.

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This incident taught me a lesson. In my capacity of overseer I decided not to make requests, but to give orders and uphold the dignity of my position. Certain obstacles had to be overcome. When slaughtering took place, I noticed that the choicest pieces of meat disappeared rapidly toward the rear of the fort. Having discovered that this was being done without Sutter's permission, I knew he wanted it stopped, so the next time some animals were killed I kept an eye on the Indians. They did not know I was watching them, for I pretended to be occupied with other matters.

Soon the Indians began to sneak to the rear of the fort with large pieces of meat. I cornered them where they could not escape, and made them return their plunder to the meat room, slapping their thick, vermin-infested heads. After this was repeated a few times, they began to regard the theft of meat as an unpleasant and unprofitable pastime, and so abandoned it.*

More details about fort thievery, found in folio 120, are omitted.

Our bakery was always being looted, too. Often, after bread had been made, I saw Indians leaving the room carrying large bundles. I began to watch, and one day when the bread was about to be taken from the oven, I sat where I could see every door that led outside. I confiscated one large package being carried off by a huge, overgrown boy, and thrashed him soundly. He was an indolent, lazy lad whose wife, according to fort gossip, was one of Sutter's favorites. Another time a boy, who seemed innocent, was stopped merely because he was the last to leave the premises; his name was Konnock* and he subsequently became one of my best servants. Stealing bread soon stopped at the fort.

Possibly the Comock mentioned in the *New Helvetia Diary*.

One day Sutter came to see me. Confined in the east tower was an Indian, who was charged with having murdered another of his race and Sutter asked me to provide the man with bread and water. I told him he could trust me to give the captive three loaves of bread and one bucket of water every day. Usually I took food and water to the prisoner in the tower as soon as our 90 own breakfast

was over. Apparently the Indian spent most of his time sitting on the floor, and after feeding him I locked the door, went about my own business, and paid no more attention to him.

One morning I forgot the Indian; it must have been ten o'clock at least before I remembered him. Taking the bread and pail of water, I rushed over to the tower. But when I opened the door I could not find the prisoner anywhere; there was no trace of him except a large pile of fresh, damp earth, and a deep hole in the ground that extended east under the wall of the tower through which a little daylight was visible. The Indian had soaked the ground with water to make it soft, then worked industriously, digging his way to freedom. Amazed that he could squeeze himself through so small an opening, I hurried back to the captain, and told him that his bird had flown. Laughing, he said he had heard all about it early that morning.

Sutter owned eleven or twelve hundred sheep that were driven into a corral at night, where shepherds were supposed to remain with them to prevent coyotes from dining on lamb chops. These keepers often left the sheep unprotected, for they did not believe that wild animals could break into the well-enclosed corral.

But coyotes are remarkably shrewd creatures, and seemed to have agreed among themselves that sheep meat would taste just as delicious inside the corral as it did outside. Hunger will lead a coyote to attempt almost unbelievable feats, even to jumping high walls, and so much damage was done that finally the Indians did not dare leave the sheep alone after dark.

One night the coyote tribe, unaware that the shepherds had remained with the flock, decided to enjoy another nocturnal feast and accordingly invited all their relatives to join in the hunt. Usually they were most alert and quick to sense danger, but this time they were careless. As they were about to pounce on the dumb, defenseless sheep, Indians brandishing heavy clubs attacked the intruders, killing three coyotes. The rest escaped 91 with only a few dog bites and wounds. This lesson was so effective that they never again returned to the corral.

Refuse from animals that had been slaughtered near the fort attracted crowds of coyotes that came in such numbers that I am convinced they arrived through holes in the ground, or openings in

the wall that were used for drainage. The dogs grew so restless that they followed the trail of the nocturnal marauders night after night.

Other four-legged visitors occasionally appeared at the fort. Although not clever like coyotes, yet they were even less welcome. As Sutter's meathouse had formerly been a distillery, several large copper kettles had been left there after the business had been abandoned as unprofitable. One day some Indians pointed to one of the kettles and told me to look; they led the way in complete silence, while I, full of curiosity, followed. Inside were three live skunks, that looked up at us shyly. Since we did not tease them they did not give off their disagreeable odor.*

Omission in folio 121 describing skunks at the fort.

One day a large, affable Scotsman paid me a visit; his name was McKee, or McKinsey,* I believe, and he had a defective old Allen's revolver that he wanted to sell, but no one would give him anything for it. The man seemed quiet and respectable, and I was favorably impressed by his appearance. He told me he lived on one of the rivers—either the Mokelumne, the Stanislaus, or the San Joaquin. A short time after he left the fort, I heard that he had been killed by a Mormon, an American whom he had befriended.

James McKee was murdered by B. K. Thompson, an American miner whom he had befriended at Stockton, in January, 1848.

Our alcalde, Mr. Sinclair, and another Scotsman left to capture the murderer, investigate the case, and arrange for a trial by jury. Mr. McKinstry, who was appointed temporary sheriff by Sinclair, tried to find a jury, and instructed Morris, Kyburz, and me to serve on it. Others summoned were Fifield, Hudson, and 92 several of Sutter's Mormon workmen. When it was known that these men would comprise the jury, rumors that the defendant must be declared innocent began to circulate. The Mormons did not hesitate to express this view openly, and said emphatically that any other verdict would be nothing short of a crime.

Only a few clues as to why the man had been murdered had been uncovered, but Morris, Kyburz, and I all thought the defendant should be declared guilty. A man called Burch, whom I had met at Cordua's and whom I considered a decent chap, had been canvassing the country trying to find out

what men had been picked for a jury, and when he discovered who they were, he went to each one and demanded that he acquit the accused at the trial. He came to me, too, and told me to vote “not guilty.”

When I began to understand that I was dealing with a group of law-breakers, I lost all desire to serve on the jury, where a man was not entitled to express his own opinion without being in danger of losing his life. The day before the trial McKinstry gave me some medicine, instructing me to take it the day the verdict was to be given.*

Later I learned that every man on the jury, except Morris and Kyburz, voted “not guilty.” That day my two friends were told that their lives were in danger, and that they would have to pay the penalty for voting as they did. I had often heard the Mormons complain about how they had been persecuted in Independence and Nauvoo, and I felt profoundly sorry for them. When I first came to know them, I did not consider Mormons worse than other men, but this trial, with its accompanying threats and questionable conduct on the part of the Latter Day Saints, turned me against them.

Brief section in folio 121 omitted.

Finally Sutter decided to replace Mr. Keseberg, captain of his schooner, because so many passengers complained that the boat traveled so slowly down the river that when they ran out of food the captain, who was accustomed to human flesh, might kill 96 passengers who were asleep and eat them.* My own feeling is that Sutter invented this story himself; Keseberg may not have cared to remain on the schooner and probably asked him to find another man for the place. The captain asked me to take charge of the boat soon after I reached the fort, but I did not want the responsibility of making this monotonous trip in winter, and knew that life on the schooner would be far from pleasant.*

Keseberg was believed to have kept himself alive on human flesh during the winter he lived in the mountains. See *supra*, p. 69.

He took charge of Sutter's schooner on December 27. See *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 104.

For many years Sutter had guaranteed to make payments in wheat to the Russians at the fort to whom he had owed money, and they were pressing him constantly for settlement.* At the

fort I heard how he became indebted to them. Having received permission from the Mexican government to establish a colony at Bodega Bay, where they could hunt for seal and sea otter which were abundant in those days along the coast, the Russians built a small fort, Bodega, and bought livestock, which multiplied rapidly into a large herd. Finally the Russians were forced out by the Mexicans, who were afraid they would settle permanently in California, and obliged to abandon Fort Bodega and sell their cattle. When Sutter learned of this he offered to purchase the animals, and acquired the entire herd at the usual prices, arranging to pay for them at stipulated intervals. These obligations were not fulfilled; he fell so deeply into debt each year that he had to give land as security.

Russian traders settled on the coast north of San Francisco at Bodega Bay in 1812. Fort Ross, an agricultural and fur-trading settlement for supplying food and merchandise for the large Russian colony at Sitka, Alaska, was established, and abandoned in 1841. Sutter acquired the property and moved implements, buildings, and livestock to his fort. See Bancroft, *op. cit., passim*, various accounts relating to Fort Ross in *Cal. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XII, No. 3, Sept. 1933; and *Duflot de Mofras' Travels on the Pacific Coast*, edited by Marguerite Wilbur (2 vols., Santa Ana, 1973) II, 1-10.

I was told, too, that the captain was heavily involved with a California ranchero from whom he had bought cattle, and although much of this gossip may not have been true, yet I do know that Sutter was always ready to make purchases, which he promised to pay for in the future even though he had no intention of keeping his word at the time. His usual excuse was that in a new country conditions were never ideal, and he put off his creditors as long as possible by promising to pay them at some future date. I happened to be one of his victims and noticed that everyone else who had any business dealings with him had exactly the same difficulties.

Undoubtedly Sutter's Russian debt was his heaviest burden. His creditors believed his idle promises for a time, then they decided to take a firm stand and insist on a settlement. Fortunately the gold discovery made a radical change for the better in the captain's financial status, and everyone believed that without this good luck he could not have survived much longer.

In December I decided to press Sutter for payment and to accept instead of cash, horses, which he was willing to give me from Hock Farm, where his friend, Kanaka Harry from the Sandwich

Islands who had married his former favorite, Manawitte, was living at the time. Harry, he said, would let me have any animals I wanted, because I was taking them in at top prices.

Accompanied by Kyburz, I went to Hock Farm. Whether he came along voluntarily or not, or whether Sutter asked him to go, I do not know. Charley Burch also joined us,—to look over the country apparently. By the time we had passed Allgeier's ranch and crossed the Feather River, which our horses had to swim over, it was almost dark. Kyburz and Burch had gone on ahead and in an effort to overtake them, I urged my mare to a gallop, but the ground was so full of holes that my animal fell, throwing me into the sand and underbrush. Neither the horse nor I was hurt; I got up and soon rejoined my two comrades.

From the point where we forded the river to Hock Farm, the distance was approximately twelve miles. The trail led over level ground along the river bank near the forest and, when dry, was pleasant to travel over. As the moon began to rise in the

CAPTAIN SUTTER'S HOME ON THE FEATHER RIVER. FROM *Das Burgdorfer Jabrbuch*. 1935.

95 east, we urged our horses to gallop at top speed in the crisp night air, and in less than two hours reached Hock Farm.

As we approached, several dogs began to bark; upon dismounting near the house a pack of them surrounded us in a threatening manner. One medium-sized dog rushed at me so violently that I expected to be bitten, but it merely licked my face and kept wagging its tail with joy. Then I recognized my loyal friend, Tiger, the pet I had given to Mr. Burns when he took my place at Mimal.*

Discussion in folio 121 of Lienhard's dog has been omitted.

I had received instructions from Sutter, who had been appointed Indian agent, to take a census of the natives living along the Feather River from the point where it descends from the mountains down to Hock Farm. Two Indian lads from the ranch were appointed to act as interpreters. One was a Snake Indian who knew only a little English; the other belonged to a Feather River tribe and knew

all the local dialects. His task was to talk with the villagers, and repeat the information to the Snake Indian, who was to translate it into English for my benefit.

The next day only a few horses were brought to Hock Farm; I noticed Kyburz talking confidentially to Harry several times and began to understand why I could not find any good horses that had been properly trained and broken in. However, I selected what I thought were the two best geldings, worth twenty-five dollars apiece. I had not said anything about brood mares, but they brought me two fairly strong animals; I accepted them on the spot, to the annoyance of Kyburz, who had intended to persuade me to take poor stock. After asking for a sound mule that had been broken in, I was shown a good one three or four years old; the mule had never had a saddle on its back, however, and when anyone tried to approach, it began to kick and bite.

Harry promised to train the mule, which I paid thirty dollars for, but I do not know whether he did or not. My claiborne mare was left at the farm until my return from taking the 96 Indian census, and I rode the strong white horse I had just purchased. After crossing the Feather River and fording the Yuba a short distance below my old house in Mimal, we reached Cordua's ranch the first day. Kyburz and Burch accompanied me that far, but the next day I rode alone from village to village with my Indian interpreters. I began to work at the upper Yuba villages on the left bank of the Feather River.*

The Indian villages of Deitchera, Boga, Honcut, Yuba, Mimal, Hock, and Seshum stretched along Rio de las Plumas, or Feather River.

At each settlement I asked first what the place was called, and the names of the first, second, and third chiefs, if it were large enough to have more than one leader. I made a record of the way the names sounded to me in German in my book, then read them out loud to the Indians, who held their hands up in front of their mouths and tried not to laugh. My second question was "How many men live in this village?" To this query the Indians replied by taking several dried reeds and, starting at one end of the village, repeated the name of each man's hut. Each time they counted they broke off a small piece of reed; at the last hut they gave me the broken pieces to count and record. By using

the same method to check women and children, my work progressed smoothly, and we stayed only a short time in each place.

One noon, as we were fording a shallow area of the Feather River, our Snake Indian, Sam, pointed to the ground of a small island we were crossing and said, "Bear tracks." We looked down, and saw prints that had been made only a short time before.

The next village on our route was the largest we had visited so far, and as we approached we noticed that the roofs of the most commodious winter huts were covered with naked Indians. After dismounting, our young interpreters began to ask the routine questions, but the natives did not seem to understand what we wanted, or why we asked these things; one tall Indian dressed in a shirt was unusually inquisitive, and wanted to know who sent us to make such inquiries. He was one of the three leading chiefs of 97 the village called Deitchera. Such impertinence made our interpreter angry, and he told him that we had been sent by the Tscheba, or chief, the name by which Sutter was known to the Feather River Indians. Although the natives did not understand why this census was being made, yet they answered our questions when they found out that Sutter had sent us.

Another small settlement stood approximately four miles below the point where the Feather River comes down from the mountains; but I was told that all the Indians from there had congregated at this other village, and that it would be unnecessary to ride on further, so I prepared my report for that village as if I had actually been there. I was keenly interested in the crowd that had gathered, and learned that a large dance, in which Indians from neighboring villages were to participate, would be held that evening. We were invited to watch the fun. Eager as our interpreters were to accept this invitation, yet memories of garments infested with lice from too close contact with Indians were sufficient to prevent my attendance.

On the return trip we waded through the river, where we had crossed before, the Indians having told us that the trail along the right bank, although wide, was not good. By the time we reached the ford that led to the villages on the right bank, it was dark. The river was deep at this point, so Sam and I rode on ahead; the Indian made several detours with his horse, however, but I did not follow him

closely, and soon found myself foundering in deep water through which my horse had to swim, and where the water came up to my waist.

Following Sam I soon reached shallow water again, where my horse had a firm footing. Suddenly the horse struck a submerged tree stump with its left flank, leaped out of the water several times in fright, passed the rider ahead of me, rushed toward the shallow bank ahead, and in a few jumps was on land again. I was drenched with water and my pistol, the only weapon I carried, was quite wet.

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Damp and weary we did not arrive at the next village until dusk, but the Mimal Indian and I were so eager to reach a warm fire that we continued to follow the trail. Our next camp proved to be one occupied by the Suisuns, where the Indian, whose leg I had injured with my bullet, lived; from there it was three miles to the next group of primitive dwellings—the last settlement.

As we approached the moon was rising, so we rode in among the round huts, and began work at once. While we were counting the men Laggott's name was mentioned; I asked if this was the man I had once shot, and was told that it was the same person, so I asked where he lived. Having located his hut, I called and called to him to come out. Although there was a light inside, yet he did not move. The villagers told me he was still angry because I had shot him. I explained to them that he had no right to steal fruit in my garden after all the warnings I had given the Indians, and that he should be grateful to me for not having shot him in the stomach and killed him.

After the day's work was over, I galloped by the light of the moon toward Hock Farm. As closely as I could figure, the distance covered that day was some sixty miles. Riding in wet clothing at a rapid pace in the cool night air had made me very uncomfortable. I was extremely hungry, as well, not having had anything to eat since early morning, and one side of my saddle had rubbed my leg badly. We were glad indeed to reach our destination, and, after a hot meal and a brief rest by a crackling fire, I retired too exhausted to sleep soundly.

The next morning I counted the Indians at Hock Farm, recorded the results of my work on a piece of paper, and then left immediately for the fort. Kyburz and Burch, who had been waiting for

me, now crossed to the opposite bank of the Feather River, taking with them the animals I had purchased, while I followed its right bank as far as Allgeier's place.

In the spring when I traveled up the Feather River for the first time, I had discovered a large Indian settlement on a bend of the 99 Feather River four miles below Hock Farm. At the farm I was told that most of the Indians living there had died the summer before during an epidemic, and that the survivors had decided to abandon that village and join another colony. Deserted Indian villages with their piles of human bones were tragic sights; there were many of them along the Feather River and, to judge by the number, the Indian population must have been three or four times what it was when I took the census. I am sorry I did not keep a copy of the document, but I recall that the Indians were not so numerous as I had expected them to be.

As the weather had turned sunny and warm once more, the trip to Nicolaus Allgeier's house, although twelve miles, did not seem long; my horse showed signs of fatigue, however, and when we crossed the Feather River at Allgeier's where the current was broad and deep, I had to hold its head out of the water to keep it from drowning. Once the animal stopped swimming, and we had to pull it over to the side of the canoe. Not long after I reached Nicolaus, Kyburz came in, so we rode on together along the route south of the prairie toward Sutter's Fort. My horse had difficulty keeping up with the others, and the further I traveled the more convinced I became that I had been cheated with the connivance of Kyburz himself.

By the time we left the trail we had been following, the sun was already moving toward the west. My two comrades, driving the loose animals ahead, left the uneven track, and took a path leading right that crossed a shallow ford of the American River and cut off several miles to the fort. Worn out, my gelding had by now dropped a few miles behind; I realized it could not keep up with the other animals, and as I did not wish to force it, I decided to walk for a time. Following the directions my comrades had taken, I found the water at the crossing only two feet deep. At dusk the fort came into sight. Although my sore leg was now badly inflamed, swollen, and quite painful, and the three-day trip had proved strenuous, yet I attended to business as usual.

CHAPTER VII

WORKING FOR SUTTER

Many interesting things took place while I was overseer at the fort. One day a lanky little man in his forties came up, and spoke to me in English I could not understand. After a few questions, I began to suspect him of being German; so I tried that. Hearing him reply in his broad dialect convinced me he was one of my own Swiss countrymen. He proved to be Mr. Abeck,^{*} from Arth, Canton of Schwyz, a blacksmith by profession and, incidentally, the father of the same little Anton Abeck thought to be an orphan, who was living with the Leders on the Rigi near Highland when I was there, and had been raised by them. It was Abeck's first visit to the fort. For many years he had been living at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and had also been a mountaineer, but the Arapahoes had stolen his mules, so he was not on friendly terms with them, and because God had allowed this to occur, he had lost faith in Him. He had had an interview with Sutter and hoped to secure a laborer's job at his mills.^{*}

François Abeck was a Swiss who was employed by Sutter at the fort. He was one of the first gold miners in the west.

Unimportant details in folios 122 and 123 about Abeck's early life and his own illness have been omitted.

About this time rumors began to circulate that sixty or eighty white men had congregated somewhere on the San Joaquin, and that their object was wholesale thievery. It was current gossip that these men had robbed a Spanish rancharo of his entire herd of cattle and horses, fourteen hundred head in all, and that anyone falling into their hands would be relieved of his saddle, horse, clothes, and weapons.

I was also told that the outlaws planned to visit the Sacramento Valley and drive off many of the horses and cattle owned by the 102 rich rancharos. Since there were only about forty or fifty pioneers and livestock owners along the Cosumnes and in the Sacramento Valley and these were scattered over an area some two hundred miles in extent, if a band of sixty well-armed and mounted riders appeared to rob them, the marauders would meet with but comparatively slight opposition.

Moreover, if all of these highwaymen were like Jim Savage,^{*} the brigands would inflict heavy losses.^{*}

Jim Savage, leader of these horse-robbers, had recently visited Lienhard in his room at the fort, and removed one of his prized knives. MS. folio 123.
Brief omission in folio 123.

That a number of our Monterey volunteers, including Jim Savage and some of his accomplices, were in this band, was my personal belief; as events subsequently proved, Savage was actually leader of this group, and the man who killed the Scotsman, McKee, and who was declared not guilty, was its leading spirit. Apparently Burch belonged to this band, too. Although rumors of the existence of this group and their pending visit to the Sacramento Valley had caused considerable anxiety, yet no move was made to organize and oppose the robbers when they did arrive.

Now that Christmas was over, Sutter's schooner that lay alongside the landing place was being loaded with a fresh cargo of wheat. Keseberg had either resigned his position as captain of the schooner or, as Sutter tried to make me believe, was discharged. The latter, together with Kyburz, urged me to take charge of the boat but, as I have already said, I had no desire to assume this post, and did not give much weight to his words, because I had very little faith in his sincerity.

Naturally Sutter did everything in his power to paint this new position in its most attractive light. While he knew I did not like the idea, nevertheless he persuaded me to make a trial trip, promising I could leave if I chose after the first one. On the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth of December, 1847, I was informed that everything was ready. Mouet^{*} had taken my place as 103 superintendent, and I went aboard the forty or sixty-ton schooner as captain and supercargo; Sutter said he would send me instructions, which I would receive in the vicinity of the Big Slough some twenty miles below Sacramento.

John Mouet who was at Sutter's Fort and the mines in 1847 and 1848.

My crew consisted of six Indian sailors, one of whom ran away several miles below Sacramento. The leader of these Indians was called Jacob; he was a strong Indian with broad shoulders. Several dark lines had been tattooed on his chin, and his complexion was unusually black. Jacob was an

intelligent boy, who was fully competent to be captain of our boat, and seemed to know how to operate it, whereas I did not know anything about schooners. Among the passengers carried were Keseberg and his wife and a young man who later made the trip with me to New York in 1849; Keseberg intended to get off at Benicia and go on to Sonoma from there.

For a time the wind was light and the trip down the bay progressed at a leisurely pace. The sky, which was overcast, finally cleared. Near the big lagoon I waded through last February in water up to my chin, I found the Indian messenger with written and sealed instructions from Sutter, which I followed.

The wind having increased in force, the schooner was soon traveling briskly over the clear waters of the Sacramento. High up in the sky soared a brown American eagle with a flock of fat ducks about twenty or thirty feet below flying swiftly toward the southwest, and when the robber spied this prey it turned, and, with the rapidity of an arrow, flew down and caught one of them, then released it. The attack had been sufficient to harm the duck to such an extent that it dropped from a height of several hundred feet to the ground.

Hunger did not appear to have caused the eagle to swoop down on the duck; otherwise it would have carried it away and devoured it. The motive was merely the lust to kill, the desire to test its agility and strength. Having proved this, the eagle knew it was invincible in the air.

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After we reached the tip of the island, which was some ten miles in length, we traveled down the shorter arm of the river, and anchored several miles below for the night. This, I believe, was my second night on the Sacramento. When I arose early the next morning, I discovered that the schooner was listing heavily toward starboard. The water was shallow at this point, but grew deeper as the tide rose. When the water had reached a safe depth, anchor was hoisted, and the sails unfurled in order to take advantage of the wind.

Soon we were under way again and passed the mouth of a broad creek, where the banks were not so low. The name has escaped me; it may have been Boot Creek. Further downstream on the right

bank of the river, our boat passed a small settlement consisting of several tents and a few huts, which was known by the Indian name of Halo Chemuck,^{*} meaning Nothing to Eat. A man called Bidwell^{*} was the founder of this large metropolis. Upon asking why he gave it such a name I was told that some Indians were working for him making improvements, that he had stayed away from them longer than he had expected, and when he did return and was within a few miles of the future metropolis, he began to meet his workers leaving their jobs. When he stopped them and asked why they were leaving, they turned around, pointed in the direction from which they had come, and said Halo Chemuck "There is nothing to eat." Bidwell had not decided what to call this settlement, and so borrowed this phrase from the Indians.

Halo Chemuck, or Chamo, had been started by Bidwell, Reading, and Hoppe on the north bank of the Sacramento not far from Montezuma. Helae Tschamach in the MS.

John Bidwell who came west with the Bartleson party in 1841. He spent considerable time at the fort, served in the army, worked in the mines, and later took an active part in official life. His ranch at Chico, where he conducted extensive experiments, was one of the finest in the state. He has left several records of his experiences.

The true delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers lies directly below this site. On the right the high prairie land comes 105 up almost to the bank of the river; on the left stretches the low, rich, black, alluvial soil, which is to a large extent submerged at high tide. The two rivers are connected by a broad, deep slough several miles above their mouths in Suisun Bay.

Far up on the high river land adjoining the mouth of the Sacramento, there stood a single house; its solitary occupant proved to be an old acquaintance of mine, the little William Lard^{*} who had left me at Mimal, who came down to the bank of the river to meet us. William had lived with his father's family for some time, but decided to leave on account of his stepmother and be independent. The house he was occupying belonged to my former friend, Captain Hastings, who had founded a city and named it Montezuma.^{*}

Also known as Fielding Lard. He came west in 1846 and operated a ferry across the Sacramento at the town of Montezuma, used by travelers from Sonoma, San José, and the fort. Later he settled in the Santa Clara Valley. He advertises in the *Californian* for Feb. 23, 1848, that his ferry transports horses for 50c, horned cattle, 50c, men, and wagons, \$3.00. Distance to New Helvetia 35 miles; to Monterey, 120 miles. Hastings started a city on the Sacramento River.

At the entrance to the bay our schooner hit a snag, but we soon got her off again. Although the trip down Suisun Bay was interesting, it was very slow, and it was noon before we reached Benicia where several houses had already been erected. There we sailed up the canal, which had been finished only a short time ago, that we might put Keseberg and his wife ashore. Continuing on across Carquinez Strait we passed Mare Island, and upon reaching Sonoma Bay, we headed west or northwest, as the wind, which had been favorable although somewhat weak, gradually diminished. I am unable to recall whether this was the last day of the old year, 1847, or the first day of 1848.

As our boat traveled on in a southwesterly direction toward Angel Island, the tides began to come in again, and we proceeded at an extremely slow pace. Finally the Indian sailors manned the long oars; Jacob insisted on trying to reach Angel Island before lowering anchor in order to avoid the ebbing tide. We were near 106 the island when it began to go out, and the Indians were forced to use every ounce of strength they had to reach the point where Jacob had decided our boat should be moored. I thought we would never be able to buff the current, but anchor was finally lowered not more than a stone's throw from the steep banks on the northeast end of the island.

By this time it was dark. Jacob told us the ebb would not turn before midnight, so we decided to go below and sleep; I stretched out, but was unable to rest, for I was afraid we might miss the right moment to hoist anchor. At one in the morning the tide returned. The Indians rose quickly when I called them, and pulled up the anchors. Favorable winds that accompanied the dawn carried us in a southerly direction swiftly across San Francisco Bay and past the steep, small island of Alcatraz with its thousands of seagulls, and we hove to at what was called the Anchorage just at dawn. This was near the house of the Dane, Leidesdorff, who served as a Russian agent and received wheat from Sutter. Up to that time the weather had been perfect; but after sunrise the sky became overcast. Nevertheless, we began to unload our wheat, but soon the rain came down in torrents, and to all appearances gave every indication that it would continue the entire day.

Knowing that Rippstein and another Swiss called Umiker,^{*} whom I had previously heard of in Highland, kept a kind of inn and butchershop nearby, I started out to look for them. In those days

there were only a few houses and people in the neighborhood, so it was not a difficult task. Many changes had taken place in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena as it was called, since the first time I saw it, and several houses, which were far from luxurious, had been erected. The one occupied by Rippstein and Umiker was made of wood, and stood on an elevation southeast of Telegraph Hill near what was known as Clark's Point, 107 that had been named for a man who came overland to California in 1846, and bought land there.

Not listed in Bancroft's Register.

Both Rippstein and Umiker I found at home. The rains did not cease until evening, so I had time to visit another old comrade, Valentine Diehl, who was raising vegetables south of the embarcadero in a small flat valley between the sand dunes; several kinds were being grown successfully. When the rain stopped, the sun shone brightly once more and the air turned warm and mild. By the time I returned to the boat it was almost dark.

After supper I went to my cabin, rolled up in my woolen blankets, and was beginning to feel comfortable and warm, when something began to bite me first in one place and then in another. I knew exactly what had happened. While I was away, one of the flea-infested members of my crew had used my blankets to take a nap in. Although I had not slept the night before, I found it impossible to sleep now; I was angry at my Indian crew, and if I had known who had used my blanket I would have punished him. When it was light I began to hunt for my tormentors. Thousands of attacks had been made on me during the night, and I was convinced the enemy was numerous. I found exactly one.

All day long we unloaded freight. The lazy Indians moved as slowly as they could, and the task was not completed until the next morning. Water having washed over the bow and into one section of the schooner's hold during the journey, Leidesdorff refused to accept wet wheat, so I sold it at a reduced price to Rippstein and Umiker.

In his instructions Sutter directed me to unload the cargo, then take the boat across the bay to the landing place called San Antonio, directly south of the present city of Oakland, and get fifty thousand feet of lumber consigned to San Francisco. The landing place, I was told, was two or three

miles in from the bay on what was called San Antonio Creek, which was winding and so flooded at high tide that the real channel was not visible, and a skilfull pilot was essential to avoid running aground.

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Jacob told me he had been there before, but did not think he knew how to navigate in deep water. An Indian called Johnny, who was considered the best informed pilot and knew every foot of the channel, was away, and I was afraid to haul fifty thousand feet of lumber across the bay without him. So I talked things over with Leidesdorff; he said that my men were so inefficient that it would take a month to move that much lumber, and he advised me to tell Sutter that we needed a better and larger crew, and that the Indians should be fed beef, as well as wheat and grasshoppers. Although the Indians received small rations of beef, they were indolent, nevertheless, and so I decided not to try to move the lumber. The small tormentors in my clothing from whom I longed to escape were somewhat responsible for this decision.

Freight and passengers for the schooner were aboard by evening; as the tide rose we hoisted anchor and were soon homeward bound. The wind was against us, and we hove to for the night in the vicinity of Sonoma—San Pablo Bay, I believe—waiting for a change of tide. By morning with a stiff southwest breeze blowing, we got under way and tried to tack towards Carquinez Strait.

Making headway was slow work. The wind now blew a gale, the waves were high and thick with foam, and when we steered into the wind, the schooner listed dangerously, and unpleasant and taxing experience. On the first tack some progress was made, and I hoped to reach the entrance on the next one, but merely succeeded in coming uncomfortably close to a steep cliff that resembled a grayish-brown rock, off starboard. Although Jacob and his Indian assistants had been making an unsuccessful attempt to steer the schooner toward port, the boat seemed determined to defy our maneuvers, head in another direction, and destroy herself on the rocks. While one sailor climbed out on the bowsprit to reef the small tir-cornered sail, several others held onto his clothes to keep him from falling overboard. Our efforts appeared futile, and we were dangerously close to shore

when high land ahead of 109 us broke the force of the wind, and slowed our schooner's pace. Just as her bow hit shallow water, we succeeded in coming about and saving ourselves.

Two passengers were aboard; one was Captain Hastings, who was bound for the town of Montezuma, the other was a slim American called Johns.* The latter was a stone mason, and lived at Sutter's Fort with his wife and children. The first time our ship, buffeted by high seas, was being carried so rapidly toward the sheer cliffs that it looked as if the Indians would be unable to change the course, Mr. Johns believed we were doomed. He rose, crawled out through the hatchway, and watched the confusion up on deck and our narrow escape with a pale, haggard countenance. Captain Hastings, who was lying in his bunk, asked what he was doing. Johns, who was on the verge of tears, replied: "We are lost, Sir." Hastings jumped up, stuck his head through the porthole, and glanced around. When he saw me he began to laugh, then went back and rolled up in his blanket again, much to the surprise of the terrified Mr. Johns, who was not accustomed to schooners.

Bancroft says he came west in 1841 with the Bartleson party, and acquired the Honcut rancho. He engaged in many business enterprises at the fort and in San Francisco.

On the next tack the Strait was reached. The wind had gone down somewhat, and the waves had a totally different appearance, resembling small round haystacks eight or ten feet high. In the evening we anchored off Montezuma where Captain Hastings was put ashore; then left again at dawn. The sky was cloudy, a stiff southerly breeze was blowing, and the schooner behaved in a different manner.

At Halo Chemuck I delivered a letter and a newspaper to Mr. Hoppe,* who hoped to become a citizen; we stayed there only a short time in order to take advantage of the favorable winds. It was indeed a joy to watch our ship skim over the clear waters of 110 the Sacramento, to see the lofty trees on both banks of the river pass swiftly by. Finally Big Slough, twenty miles below the fort, was reached before it had grown dark, and less than three hours later we came to our landing place, called the Embarcadero. The difference between this journey and the one I had made the previous February, seemed almost incredible.

Jacob D. Hoppe of Maryland who came west in 1846. He was owner and editor of the *Californian*, candidate for alcalde, and one of the promoters of Halo Chemuck. He was a prominent and popular pioneer.

My solitary passenger, Mr. Johns, had also discovered several agile fleas in his shirt, a fact that caused him considerable chagrin not knowing what Mrs. Johns would say. I consoled him by reminding him he was not the only victim, and told him to tell his wife the truth; fleas certainly could not be considered grounds for divorce.*

Brief omission in folio 124 concerning Mr. Johns's fleas.

I stayed on the schooner after we docked and asked Mr. Johns to tell Sutter to send two wagons the next morning to remove freight. They arrived, and, after everything was loaded, I rode back in one of them to the fort. Meeting Sutter on the road, I said, "Good-morning, captain," he addressed me by the same title in a joking manner; but I knew that I did not care to continue in the rôle of captain, and that nothing would induce me to remain on the schooner permanently. Although I had not complied with his request to haul fifty thousand feet of lumber from San Antonio to San Francisco, yet Sutter seemed satisfied with what I had done. Even when I told him I intended to leave the fort and go to Sonoma, he made no comment, however, knowing he still owed me money, and that I would not leave without being compensated. He never liked to hear anyone talk about the payment of back debts.

Early the following morning Sutter came to see me, ostensibly to inquire about Harry Hartman,* who had been recommended to him as gardener, and said he was prepared to make him an excellent offer either to go into partnership with him, or to be employed by the month. Now Hartman and I had traveled hundreds of miles together, but I did not recall ever having heard him say a word about gardening, so I was surprised at Sutter's question, for Hartman was a tinsmith by trade, and was still engaged in that business. After giving the matter considerable thought, I began to suspect Sutter wanted me to take the place, because he knew I liked gardening, and this was his way of telling me he wanted to take me as his partner. If so, the ruse succeeded.

Henry Hartman subsequently operated a tinsmith shop in San Francisco on Pacific Street between Dupont and Stockton, and advertised in the *Californian* for February 23, 1848.

My plan had been to go to Sonoma; I could not decide whether to leave or remain here and go into partnership with Sutter. The favorable terms he offered would make me my own master, and might lead to other openings; these thoughts kept running through my mind. One day when I met Sutter I asked him if he would consider anyone else but Hartman. He said he would, so I told him I should like to see the place where the garden was to be planted, inspect the soil, and, if everything was favorable and we could come to an agreement, I might consider going into business with him.

CHAPTER VIII

GOLD AT THE FORT

On the seventh of January, 1848, Sutter and I rode out on horseback to inspect the property he had selected. It was situated in country where the summers are unusually dry, near a broad, deep slough that was separated from the mouth of the American Fork by a kind of island, and proved to be an excellent site for a garden. When the tide was high, the American River over-flowed into this slough, which was deep enough to hold an ample supply of water for our garden during the dry months. The property had plenty of sunlight, too; it was bounded on the west by a forest, and on the north by a lake and a forest, but south and east lay flat open prairie and pasture land.

When we returned to the fort, a written contract was drawn up and in it Sutter guaranteed to supply the land, which I was to plant out, and agreed to furnish all equipment, seed, and food for me and my Indians. He was also to send laborers to fence the land, do the plowing, and build suitable living quarters for us. For supervising the work, and seeing that the Indians were kept busy, I was to receive a half interest in the land and crops.

Mission grapes that had been planted at Mimal and subsequently abandoned were to be transplanted to this new place and, accompanied by two Indians, I started off in a canoe to get them. We decided to plant not only vegetables, but many kinds of fruit trees and grapes in our nursery.*

Further details about the garden and trip up the Feather River in folios 125 and 126 have been omitted.

Soon after, I decided to purchase four hundred acres of land on the creek and along the river bottom, which ran at right angles back to high land and formed a square that included the 114 stipulated number of acres.* Sutter agreed to take in the two geldings I had bought from him a short time before at Hock Farm at their original price, and to apply the balance against what he owed me for back salaries. The price was fifty cents an acre, making a total of two hundred dollars.

The land Lienhard selected for a ranch was on Bear Creek near property owned by Smith. Kyburz claimed the captain had promised him the property, and lengthy and bitter altercations arose between him and Lienhard.

The labor involved in laying out the community garden kept me extremely busy every day;* as overseer I had had an excellent opportunity to find out how Indian boys worked, and as Sutter allowed me to select my own men, I took only the ones I thought I could depend on. My first and most difficult problem was to arrange the garden symmetrically. Because my boys did not always understand what I said, this was a laborious task. One white man who knew what I meant would have been much more valuable than three natives who misunderstood most of my words and signs. To begin with, I did not have a carpenter's rule or compass so that I could lay out a perfect square. Everything had to be measured by eye, and I discovered that after I thought I had a true level the ground appeared to be on a slant. After several attempts and endless measuring and resetting of stakes, I abandoned the idea of trying to be accurate. Another difficult piece of work was breaking up the untilled ground. Native methods of plowing were unsatisfactory; in place of turning over consecutive rows, the Indians often skipped two rows, and then, later, the entire area had to be replowed.*

He moved to his garden on February 15.

The balance of folio 126 and a section of folio 127 have been omitted at this point. They contain a detailed, but unimportant, description of the building of the huts and laying out the garden.

Every word I uttered, every attempt I made to show them how to work, proved useless. I might as well talk to the tool itself, as its owner. As soon as I left the Indians, they went back to their old ways. I did not know exactly how to handle the ground myself, and so only one section was placed under cultivation.

A special tool had to be made for us by Fifield on equipment that had been brought from Appenzell, Switzerland. The work with this new hoe progressed slowly, but it was done in a thorough manner, for I did not rest until the boys knew how to handle the hoe properly, and could do their work well. Cultivating six or eight acres in this manner was laborious, but with patience our task was finally completed. When this was done, I planted seeds as originally planned. Many more obstacles arose, but we overcame all of them. Next I prepared several seed beds in the ground, intending to replant the young shoots thus started.

Sutter had sent two Dutch sailors to help erect a fence around the property; I told them to cut stakes eight or ten feet high from the nearest bushes, and drive them close together in the ground on the three exposed sides. The deep lagoon on the north I considered adequate protection against roving cattle. Indian laborers brought material for my hut, and those of the native workmen.*

Brief omission.

While I was working in the garden, I often went to the fort for supplies. One day Sutter made some mysterious remarks about his sawmill,* which was under construction, and said that if what he had heard were true, momentous changes might be expected. He accompanied his remarks with a broad smile. I was not sufficiently interested to ask him what he meant, and, as I considered his secret unimportant, I was not taken into his confidence.

This gristmill was six miles above the fort on the American River; the lumber mill was at Coloma about forty miles northeast of the fort.

I believe I have already mentioned an acrobat called Jacob Wittmer, one of Sutter's superintendents. His job was supervising Indian drivers, who usually traveled with a train of five to eight wagons that carried provisions and supplies to the sawmill, for when the Indians were left to their own devices they spent twice as much time as they should on the road. Jacob Wittmer had also served in the U. S. Dragoons under General Kearny, and had traveled south to San Diego and Los Angeles, 116 where, his time of service having expired, he received his discharge and returned to the fort. Although not a large man, he was quite stout. His disposition was pleasant, but he had an extremely bad habit of exaggerating everything, and could never discuss anything without misrepresenting it,

even though nothing was to be gained by this. He was an indefatigable fabricator, harmless as his exaggerations usually were. For this reason no one believed anything he said, unless his remarks could be verified.

For two or three weeks Sutter had been acting queerly. One day I had some business to transact in the fort; since it was noon I stayed there for dinner, and as I was leaving, he brought out a dirty old rag in which something was tied. He unfastened the knot, and showed us eighteen or twenty small pieces of metal, the largest about the size of a pinhead. These small grains were yellow and we began to think they might be gold. I suggested that he give the largest kernel to the smith, Fifield, to test in a lead spoon, which had to be thoroughly cleaned first in the blacksmith shop, then heated, and well-hammered in the anvil. This plan met with universal favor, and we went over to the smithy. There Fifield built a fire, cleaned a lead spoon, placed the biggest gold kernel in it, and, in order to make the fire burn more rapidly, worked furiously with the bellows.

We watched with intense interest. In addition to Fifield, Wittmer, and myself, Hudson, the wagonwright, John Mouet, the jolly little tailor who now had the post of overseer, and Charley Burch, I believe, were present. Finally the lead spoon, heated white, was removed from the fire. The small gold kernel was placed in it on the clean anvil, and immediately pounded by Fifield with a small hammer; soon it expanded to over half an inch. While this was going on everyone was absolutely quiet and not a word was spoken. We were all eager to know if this were actually the precious metal called gold!

The test proved entirely satisfactory; as the silence was broken by a wild shout of joy, pandemonium broke loose. Men profoundly 117 quiet only a short time ago now danced like madmen, leaping over old iron, hammers, and tongs; rushing around the anvil, laughing, shouting, crying, whistling, singing, and yodeling. Anyone watching them without knowing the cause would have thought that they had quite lost their senses.

Little John Mouet made the most absurd leaps of all, crying, "Gold, gold, gold, it's gold, boys, it's gold! All of us will be rich. Three cheers for the gold!" The commotion was heard everywhere in

the fort, and many people stepped out of their doors to learn what the noise was about. While I was very happy, and laughed and joined in the fun, yet I believe I was the most sober man there and, recalling my work, was the first one to leave the blacksmith shop. Sutter, also attracted by the loud sounds, came out of the big house and talked with Mr. Roether of Baden, engaging him in a lengthy conversation.

As I was leaving the smithy, he saw me and waved for me to come over. "My secret I see has been discovered," he said, "Since we expect to be rich, let's celebrate with a bottle of wine." He took a bottle of red wine from his closet, and we emptied it. A strange feeling crept over us. The news had come so quickly, so unexpectedly, that we felt it must be something we had imagined, some dream in which a poor person who had never expected to be rich had suddenly received word that a wealthy childless cousin had passed away and left him a large legacy.

Fifield, the smith, and Hudson the wagonwright, who had been employed by Sutter at the fort, decided to leave at once intending to find out for themselves if gold had actually been found. Purchasing enough supplies to last several days, they took picks and shovels, several cooking pots, two thin plates, and some woolen blankets, and started out. They were the first men to pioneer in the gold fields. The place where the sawmill was being built came to be known as Coloma; that was where gold was first discovered not by my countryman, Wittmer, as he said, and not, as later reported by the newspapers, or described in books, by Sutter himself, but by a plain man by the name of Marshall, who raised tobacco back in the foothills.

Marshall, Sutter, and an employee by the name of Weimer, or Wimmer,^{*} an American who had a wife and several children with him, operated the sawmill. The latter was the man who joined us for the trip over the plains and Rockies as our emigrant train was leaving Indian Creek twenty-four miles outside of Independence on May 12, 1846. Since Wimmer had several young children, the discovery of gold remained a secret only so long as no one passed their way. When he and his Indian drivers reached the mill, the news leaked out. Wimmer tried to pose as the man who first found gold; its discovery was an accident, however, for no one was looking for it. Here is the true story. Sutter's sawmill was being built on the South Fork of the American River in a small valley

surrounded by mountains and hills at a point where the river bends toward the right. Directly below its original channel on the opposite bank near the point where the water was to be diverted through it to the sawmill, a dam was placed.

Peter L. Wimmer, a pioneer of 1846. He worked for Sutter as a millwright at Coloma. His wife is said to have tested the nugget by boiling it in her washtub.

This passage needed an opening which had to be dug, and while a test was being made to find out whether the water had the necessary outlets and intakes, the sluices were opened for the water to flow through. Afterwards they were locked again. As soon as the water had passed through the outlet, Marshall and Wimmer went over to the sluices to see if they had worked properly, found several shining bits of metal, and picked them up to see what they were. Pure gold, they felt confident, had been found.

More samples were gathered, and a message sent to Sutter informing him an important discovery had been made and that his presence was required immediately. When Sutter arrived, he was given bits of metal to test. Pieces were sent to Monterey, but by the time the report that the metal was pure gold was received at the fort, the secret had leaked out. It was not long after this visit to the mountains that Sutter spoke so hopefully and confidentially to me.*

Lienhard's account of the gold discovery is somewhat misleading. Gold was actually discovered on January 24th by James W. Marshall, who reached the fort on the 28th and confided the news to Sutter, who had the gold tested.

When Fifield and Hudson, who were determined to look for gold, reached the sawmill, Marshall was not willing to let them prospect, for like Sutter he intended to reserve a section of land for his own use. Marshall was reported to have said that gold probably would be found all along the river, and the men would have to go somewhere else to look for it. So they selected a place twenty or thirty miles away situated several miles above the fork of the north and south branches of the American River, at a point where the south arm, bending back toward the right, had thrown up a gravel barrier. Having made a thorough inspection of the country, the two pioneer Mormon prospectors considered this location promising. Since supplies were almost exhausted, they went back to the fort to buy fresh provisions. Within a few days after they got back the men had made

more money than they could have earned in several weeks or even months with Sutter. The gold fever spread over the country from that time on.

Several young Mormons, who were employed at the wheat mill, were the next men to leave their posts and join Fifiield and Hudson. Soon a crowd congregated to dig for gold, and the place came to be called Mormon Island, the name by which it is still known. This was the first site where a systematic search for gold was made. A few weeks elapsed, then exciting rumors began to spread with the rapidity of a great epidemic. Everyone was infected, and, as it spread, peace and quiet vanished. To all appearances men seemed to have gone insane, or to have suddenly lost some of their five senses; they were, apparently, living in a dream. Each man had to stop and ask himself: "Am I mad? Is all this real? Is what I see with my own eyes actually gold, or is it merely my imagination? Is it a Chimera? Am I delirious?"

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That was why so many doubted the truth about gold: it seemed fantastic to believe the rich metal could be washed out of river gravel so easily. Yet more and more prospectors flocked from the four corners of the earth to pan fortunes at the mines. To show how the thought of finding gold affected various persons, let me cite some specific instances. When San Franciscans learned gold had been discovered and that the deposits were unbelievably rich, sailors deserted their ships; even captains, unable to find men to take their places, followed the example set by the seamen.

Irrespective of what he was doing, no one was satisfied until he had started off for the mines with pick, shovel, and pans. I recall a tailor in San Francisco who was working on a pair of trousers when he heard about the vast quantities of gold uncovered. He had decided to go to the placers, when the man he was making the trousers for came in and asked him to hurry and finish the work, and as he had heard many interesting rumors about the strike, he regaled the tailor, who was already excited, with mining stories. Although the tailor had already cut and basted the trousers, and had planned to finish them in a few hours, he was so upset that he put them down saying he could not finish his work, and the man to whom they belonged had to promise him eight dollars before he

would complete them. Even ministers lost their composure, and, abandoning their flocks to their fate, joined the search for the golden calf.

Mr. Sinclair, who had two hundred acres of fine ripe wheat, left it and took the Indians who were to have harvested it to the mines; the gold he found could be measured by the bushel, I was told. Sutter, who had several acres of superb grain, too, was advised to follow Sinclair's example and use his Indians to dig gold, but this did not appeal to him and, notwithstanding the hardship and expense, he did not leave until his wheat was stacked and fenced.

The impudence and boldness of the gold prospectors of that 121 day was unbelievable. They were not afraid to tear down fences to get food for hungry mules and horses, and many harvests were ruined in this manner. I recall one time when I was standing near the south gate of the fort, and saw two men come up on horseback, saddles bulging with the usual equipment carried by miners. They approached at a brisk gallop and called, "Hello, stranger! What road do we take to the gold mines?"

"Take any road. They all go to the mines," I replied.

Touching spurs to their horses like madmen, they galloped swiftly away. They whooped and yelled; the pans, bowls, and picks rattled noisily.

Performances of this kind occurred every day. The poor horses were forced to travel at top speed, as their riders shouted, bellowed, sang, or cursed. This happened even more frequently when they were returning from the mines, if there were gold with which to buy drinks. Strong liquor was popular, and the miners drank greedily. Whiskey bottles ceased to be a curiosity, being found everywhere in the streets, along streams and rivers, and around houses. Enormous piles of them accumulated inside the fort, which was the rendezvous for miners and prospectors going out to the mines.

This was the place, too, where men who had mined hundreds or thousands of dollars' worth of gold congregated when they returned from the diggings, the place where they attempted to atone for recent hardships by enormous quantities of alcohol. Brandy was the only drink that satisfied them.

Within a short time the fort, formerly gay in its own way, became the center of every kind of vice; gambling, cheating, robbing, drinking, and even murder were daily events and few traces of law and order remained. Many early miners were drunken soldiers and sailors who had never owned one hundred dollars before, and having hundreds or even thousands of dollars' worth of gold in their possession, they believed their wealth would last indefinitely, and decided to enjoy themselves. Their idea of a good time was to drink until they dropped from intoxication, but often when they awoke in a semi-stupor the following morning, they would discover they had been robbed of their heavy bags of gold in the night.*

More details of revelry at the fort found in folios 128 and 129 have been omitted.

As reports came drifting in from the mines day after day telling how much money men were making, I began to feel as restless as if a magnet were pulling me toward the mines, and when I heard that many of them were washing between thirty and sixty dollars' worth of dust in one day, my self-control vanished.

When I went to Sutter and told him I could not keep on with the garden because I had decided to leave for the mines, I had expected to sell him my half interest; he did not want to buy me out, however, and advised me not to leave. Finally he saw I was determined to go, so he stopped talking, although he still refused to purchase my share. Having bought all my equipment, I was anxious to start off early the next day. My plan was not to remain unless I located a profitable claim; if I failed, I intended to return immediately and go on with my garden.

Dreams of future wealth flitted through my mind as I made the rounds of my garden beds before leaving, and as I looked carefully at the plants, thinking it might be the last time I would see them, a wave of homesickness came over me. My garden had grown and flourished, because I had never failed to give it the most meticulous care. How would my plants look after two weeks more? Should I leave my favorite garden, after all my hard work, and start off to search for gold in the mountains? The more I thought about it, the more difficult it was to decide. Finally I abandoned the idea of going to the mines; I did not believe I could be happy away from my plants.

Since Sutter told me I might send anything I needed at the mines on a wagon that was to leave the following morning for the 123 wheatmill, I decided to let him know at once that I had changed my mind about going away. He tried to console me with a few pleasant words; I was jubilant at the thought of being able to work in my garden every day, however. It was about this time that Charles Covillaud came in to see me and his advice was not to give up the garden. He said he intended to trade with the Indians and asked me to go into partnership with him. If I had been able to produce the same amount of gold, I would have taken advantage of this opportunity; but I had nothing.

By May twentieth my potatoes were in bloom, and my grain was three or four feet high. That morning when I woke up the air seemed unusually chilly. When I got out of bed to my surprise I found the grass covered with frost. My hopes vanished into thin air. Frost late in May in California, a land considered semitropical! This was the end of my gardening. If I had only left this place as soon as gold was discovered!

After the sun was up, I inspected my plants and found that every melon, tomato, bean, and cucumber I had set out was dead and black. Potatoes that were in full bloom yesterday were now frozen to within six inches of the ground; tall green grain that was about to ripen had turned into a few shriveled ends approximately a foot high. My vines, that had been thick with grapes the size of small bullets, were dropping. Onions, cabbages, turnips, and beets were the only plants that escaped.

After breakfast I went down to the fort and told Sutter the tragic news; he was not nearly so upset as I had expected, but since he had never seen the garden, he had no idea of the damage. I told him I could not go on with the work, that there was nothing in it, and that everyone else seemed to be getting rich. Sutter tried to console me with kindly words, but I merely said I would sell him my share of the garden and remain for a time to manage the nursery.

Apparently he wanted to keep me either as a partner or employee, and for this reason was willing to listen to what I had 124 to say. I promised to stay on nine months from the time I started the garden, to continue to look after everything, and to work as if I were still his partner for the sum

of nine hundred dollars which, considering the time spent, was meager compensation.* As Sutter seemed satisfied, an agreement was made in writing. Whether it froze or not, Sutter would have to compensate me now; I felt certain that he would be able to, for the value of his land had risen after gold was discovered, so I went back to the nursery with a light heart, planted new seeds to replace those that had been frozen, destroyed the old plants, and tried to repair the damage the frost had done.

Sutter appears to have paid Lienhard \$1000 for his interest on May 22. See *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 138.

The air was sunny and warm. The ground was soft and damp, and the new seeds sprouted within five days. Then the last four nights of May there was more frost. Although not so severe as that of May twentieth, it killed the new growth. I had enough seed to replant my garden, however.

These frosts appeared to be the forerunner of hot weather; May ended with intense heat, June began in the same manner. To watch the seeds grow as rapidly as if they had been in a hothouse, was a delight. It must have been the last of May or the first of June when I asked Sutter to come out and look at the garden. He failed to arrive, and sent word that he was too busy to leave, but I found out that he went out to his tannery several times, and was even able to go over to see Schwartz, who lived at an Indian settlement eight miles away.*

An unimportant section of folio 130 has been omitted.

Many Germans were among the volunteers the United States government sent around the Horn in Stevenson's regiment,* and after gold was discovered they began to desert. The soldiers sent out to bring them back often failed to return, and as the officers were no better than the privates, only a few loyal men 125 were left. An Irish corporal* and some men, who had proved reliable, were quartered at Sutter's Fort to catch the culprits.*

Jonathan D. Stevenson of New York, who commanded the N. Y. Volunteers. In California, he was made commander of the southern district, with headquarters at Los Angeles. After the war he became a real estate agent in San Francisco.

Apparently Edmund Bray. See *supra* p. 87, also *note 2*.

Folios 131, 132, and 133 have been largely omitted. These describe the burning of Lienhard's hut, assistance given to the German deserter, trouble with his Indian servants, Indian thievery; native gambling, and descriptions of wild life found in the vicinity.

My poor Indian-built hut came to be known as Bachelor's Hall, as no one but bachelors lived in it and no one but bachelors visited it. Occasionally guests stayed with me overnight, but they were usually friends like Thomen, Covillaud, or Kuntze; the latter was extremely fond of pickled cucumbers, and I gave him permission to eat all he wanted. Once when Thomen stopped on his way back from the mines he was so sick that I made him a tea brewed from the roots of the California ash. He believed it would cure him, and it did make him well.

Mr. Huggenberger, who was almost like a father to me, often stopped and seemed happy when he found I was well. Once he brought his old friend, Huber, who had the reputation of being stingy, but was pleasant enough otherwise. I picked one of my finest and largest Spanish watermelons in their honor, and we ate it under the shade of a large oak tree on the bank of the lagoon in the northwest corner of the garden. As I cut it, I insisted that we stay until the entire melon had been consumed, not a light task. My friends stopped several times, saying they could not eat another bite; but I made them continue, for I wanted to see how much a man could actually hold. The fruit was the kind that is dark red on the inside, and has a minimum of seeds. Several of my largest watermelons that had been weighed averaged thirty-six pounds.

That year my corn reached a height of nine feet, but the potatoes, which had large runners, had weak roots. The seed had come from the Dutchman, Schwartz, and was so poor that there was little chance for a good crop. I had a large number of sugar melons, too, and most of them had a delicious flavor, but I was never able to eat many of them because they disagreed with me. But I always enjoyed eating watermelons.

Rippstein dropped in to see me one day; he had been at the mines, and taken in several hundred dollars' worth of gold, but his foot had been injured, and he was living with Zins and his wife while convalescing. Umiker, Rippstein's partner in San Francisco, was another visitor. He, too, had gone to the mines, and had made several hundred dollars. He agreed with me that his friend was not only stingy and selfish, but he told me that upon reaching the diggings each man, worked his own claim,

because Rippstein considered himself the best worker, and believed he could make more money alone.*

Folio 134, page 3, has been omitted.

Another Swiss, Jacob Durr of Pratteln, Canton of Basel, who had an Indian wife in Oregon, had left for the mines a short time after gold was found, and had gathered several thousand dollars' worth of gold. Rippstein heard of it and lost his temper. "It seems strange," he said, "that some people can collect that much gold in a short time, whereas some men—like myself—work just as hard and never find any gold at all."

I caught the envy and malice in his words and replied, "I believe you are jealous of Durr's luck, or you would not talk that way. Has Durr done anything to make you envious?"

"Oh, no," he said, "that's not it; it's the fact that some people have all the luck that makes me mad." I remarked that it seemed futile to envy another man his good fortune, and said that I could never be jealous of anyone who had grown rich through his own industry, or through luck. I might hope fate would favor me, but I could never be miserable about it.

I believe Umiker was from Aargau and came to America in the early forties, first settling near Highland, Illinois, where a brother and several relatives were living. He left Highland with a friend; the two men, I was told, had intended to go to Santa Fe, but were robbed by Kansas Indians and held prisoners for 127 a time. When Umiker was released, he joined Captain Kearny's company and ultimately reached San Diego, then shortly after sailed for the Sandwich Islands. Upon returning, he landed in San Francisco, where he met Rippstein with whom he was in business, as I have said, at the time gold was found. Another time when he visited me, he again complained bitterly about his bad luck; he said he had been washing gold along the Yuba, had collected approximately fourteen thousand dollars' worth of fine gold dust, and, trying his stake in his woolen blankets behind his saddle, started down to the valley. Dismounting after his first hard day's ride, he discovered that his gold had disappeared. When I asked him why he had not gone back and searched for it, he said

it would have been useless, for someone would have found it. After hearing this I had very little respect for his intelligence, for I thought he should have gone back and looked for his gold.

I received many visits from men I had never heard of before. One day a short, light-haired German about thirty years old came into my garden. His name was Escholtz,^{*} and he was a great talker; he was a cabinet-maker, or ship's carpenter by profession, had acquired some gold, and was on the way back to the mines. One of my mares was extremely tame, and he decided to buy her for eighty dollars.^{*}

There is no clue to his identity.

Folio 135, page 4, and 136, page 1, describing an encounter with a fox have been omitted.

Not long after gold was discovered, my old friends, Huggenberger and Covillaud, came to see me. We walked through the natural park west of my garden, which was surrounded on the north by the Sacramento, and on the south and east by a deep slough, and talked about gold and what the future might hold. Covillaud said he would not be satisfied until he had ten thousand dollars. When he saved that much he intended to return to Bordeaux, marry a pretty girl, and live happily ever after. I did not feel I needed that much gold, and said I would be satisfied with just a few thousand dollars. My friend Huggenberger did not agree with me; he thought I should have at least eight thousand. I mention this conversation merely to show how little a human being thinks he needs when he has nothing at all, and how difficult it is to satisfy him when his goal has been reached.

Fourth of July, 1848, was celebrated in a noisy manner at Sutter's Fort. One or two important men had arrived recently and one of Sutter's old iron cannon, which was either Russian, or Mexican, was taken out in front of the fort to be loaded and fired. I considered this a dangerous procedure; knowing some rusty iron would be thrown out with the shot, I warned the men who were handling it. Although these venerable cannon were thought to be unreliable, and although the barrel threatened to burst every time the gun went off, they were heavily loaded; but, much to our surprise, no damage was done.

CHAPTER IX

AT THE MINES

One August day Sutter spoke to me about going into partnership with him at the mines, saying I could take all the Indian boys I wanted, and that he would supply all the food, working equipment, and other necessary things in return for half of all gold found. Rich placers situated below Mormon Island had been discovered, he told me; some of his Indian friends had promised to point out the spot to him or anyone he sent to work there.

Since Sutter agreed to pay me the nine hundred dollars he owed me in full, even if I left the nursery a month earlier than we had agreed on, I was satisfied with the arrangement, and was willing to turn the garden over to anyone competent to fill the place. The captain mentioned several Indians who might be trusted with it, but I considered them too careless to take charge of young plants, and when Mr. Negroff, a German-Russian who had been studying with me for several weeks and was familiar with the work, heard that I was looking for a competent gardener, he recommended himself. Much as I disliked the man, no one else was available, and I believed he would prove more satisfactory than the lazy Indians; I explained this to Sutter, and so Negroff was hired.

The only Indians I took along were Konnock, Abaya, Wool-top, Kaemulla, a little Indian boy to cook, and six Indians whom I knew slightly, belonging to Sutter. Before I left the fort, I sold my claiborne mare and her filly for one hundred and twenty dollars, and placed my white mare, her filly, and my Johnny in charge of one of Sutter's Indians who said he would look after them in my absence.

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Preparations for the mines having been completed, I decided not to wait, but to start out and travel several miles after dark. I left at sunset, and passed a small cemetery east of the fort just as an old English admiral was being lowered into his grave. That night the Indians drove the wagon that contained our working tools and supplies eight or ten miles; it was moonlight, and the night air was crisp and cold. After a few hours' rest, I started off early the next morning on the tedious journey. Upon reaching my destination, I had expected to find an Indian who could point out the rich claim

Sutter had spoken about below Mormon Island; but no one was in sight, so we had no choice but to drive on toward the mining camp.

Early in the afternoon when we were within a few miles of it, I met a slender gentleman; I inquired of him how far it was to Mormon Island. The man told me he had come to California from Lima, and asked if I had any connection with Sutter. When I told him who I was, he said he owned what was called a gold washer, a simple device made of wood shaped like a cradle, which was at Mormon Island, and offered to give it to me. He advised me to say that it was my property if anyone was using it when I got there. I had already planted several seeds in my garden that had been brought by this man, who was known as a California Dutchman, to California. I have forgotten his name; I believe, however, he was the philanthropist, Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, a man in comfortable circumstances, although not a millionaire. He was a Pennsylvania Dutchman who had spent some time in Lima, and so must have been the person I met.*

James Lick had lived for more than 20 years in South America. He reached California in January, 1848, invested in real estate, and made a fortune. He was a prominent pioneer and made many public bequests.

About one o'clock in the afternoon I drove to Mormon Island. While traveling from the foothills down to the gravel deposits, I had passed about five white miners washing gold in their camps, and one of them, noticing the watermelons in our wagon, came 131 over and helped himself. I told him to put it back; and his comrades, too, advised him to return it; but he merely sneered at us. The miner who stole the melon was a stalwart, disreputable, one-eyed man whose attitude showed me he was a law-breaker. As long as he knew he would not be caught or punished, he intended to take advantage of us, even though it was only for a watermelon. His conduct made me so angry I was tempted to take the melon from him by force. But I knew that if I got into a fight with the man I could not rely on more than half of my Indians, and that the four stalwart friends of the melon thief would undoubtedly come to his assistance. So I drove on, after remarking that I was willing to give melons away, but taking them was nothing more than thievery.

After I got to Mormon Island, which is not an island, but a vast, rough, gravel deposit which becomes an island only during floods, I found two or three separate groups of miners at work

washing gold from gravel. The rocker, as the gold-washing machine which had been described to me by the man who made me a present of it was called, was discovered on the bank of the river near the group that included the one-eyed melon thief that was washing gold.

When I claimed the machine as my property, the thief gave me an ugly look, and I knew that if this had been the only machine the group possessed, they would never have allowed me to remove it. However, I had no difficulty establishing ownership, notwithstanding the warnings of its former proprietor. I suspected that the group of miners, including the one-eyed man, had been closely associated with him, but had not lived up to their agreement, and that he had become dissatisfied and left.

This being my first visit to the mines, everything was strange and new. For some time I watched the other miners in order to learn how to work, then I staked out a location near the water, and decided to try my luck. The cradle was set up, and pick and shovel industriously plied. Gravel was brought in a bucket, and 132 placed in a wire container at the back of the rocker, which was then moved back and forth like a cradle, while a boy with a bucket poured water over the gravel. The front part of the box was shaped like a trough; it was nailed together on the inside every half inch across the bottom on three sides. Behind each bar at the deepest point there was a hole approximately an inch in diameter that could be closed by a wooden plug. The rocker was firmly fastened to two pieces of wood shaped like a half moon, and was designed to stand on a flat hard surface.

Continuous rocking and a constant stream of water poured over it shook the gravel back and forth so that the largest pieces fell through the sieve; they were thrown away by the men in charge. After several bucketsful had been washed through the sieve, fresh gravel was poured in, and the process of pouring in water and rocking the cradle went on until all dirt and sand had been cleaned from the bottom of the box which was slanted slightly forward.

If the gravel were rich, glistening yellow grains of gold were visible before all the dirt had been washed away. Gold was the heavier substance, and although magnetic ironstone was not much lighter, pieces of these metals remained behind the bar where the hole was plugged. When the

wooden plugs and the ironstone were removed, the gold was washed carefully through the holes. The heaviest bits were caught behind the next bars of the sieve, but the lighter gold was washed down behind the third bars. What occurred depended largely on the rocker, whether it was held in a slanting position, whether the gold was thoroughly washed, and whether a constant stream of water was poured over it.

A gold miner soon learned how to obtain the best results, if much gold was found in the first container. After the gold reached the pans, the water was poured off; the pan, including the ironstone and gold, was set at an angle out in the sun to remove all dampness. Then the entire mass was poured into a flat pan, and the light sand blown off the gold.

133

By this method, which was the one first used, much of the very fine gold dust was blown away with the sand, and this fine gold was valuable. After the miner became accustomed to it, however, he lost less gold. All my gold was panned this way. This method was later discarded, I believe, and quicksilver, which attracts the gold and not the black sand, substituted. Later an attempt was made to use magnets which the ironstone would adhere to, but much of the finest gold seemed to cling to the sand. This process, too, was soon discarded.

The first time I used a gold washer and saw gold kernels and black sand in its round bottom, I was overcome by a peculiar sensation; it was not just happiness, it was a mixture of emotions which I could not analyze. Where I worked was not one of the best locations, but I was confident a large amount of rich gravel could be found there. A good crowbar would have made the work much easier, but we had nothing but picks, and it was impossible to dislodge large pieces of rock with them, especially in places where I was convinced there were large deposits of gold, so instead of the ounce of gold a man was supposed to wash in a day, I had to be satisfied with much less. But it was gold, a metal of great value, one whose worth was recognized the world over.

I was sorry I had not come to the mines earlier, and thought longingly of the amount of gold I might have washed. Rather than working hard in a garden which was of no value, I should have gone to the mines immediately after gold was found.

Sutter had promised to pay me nine hundred dollars for my services, but I had learned this much: his guarantees were seldom backed by real gold. After the mines were discovered, I should have received something more than the word of a man who was not in the habit of keeping it, and been given the gold itself. But it is usually nothing but vanity when a man says: If I had only done so and so, or had known better, I would have done this or that.

134

Although a good white worker might wash, on an average, one ounce of gold a day, I could not expect that much from my Indian boys, half of whom were too lazy to do anything at all, but I learned many things about the character and ability of my Indian workers in a short time. One of them, called Witano, was a brave, industrious lad; two more were fair workers; but the others did nothing but eat and get into mischief. Although their appetites were enormous, two pretended to be sick all the time. This type of illness annoyed me; I believed that if they were unable to work, they should at least eat less.*

Sections of folio 136 describing Indian workers have been omitted.

One day Mr. Hinkler,* a German from Pennsylvania, who was one of Sutter's millwright's, stopped on his way to see the captain, who was occupied in some task further up the American River, and I took advantage of this opportunity to send him half the gold I had washed. Taking my gold scales, I filled both sides until they balanced; in this way I knew the shares were equally divided. I had washed about six hundred dollars' worth of gold, and half of this was Sutter's. All of it was of good quality and comparatively free of ironstone, but in cleaning it I had blown too much of the fine gold dust away.

Apparently Ezra E. Hinckley who came west in 1837 and was a member of the Mormon Battalion.

I had eaten only a few of my good watermelons myself, and one day some Indians who lived further down the river came to visit me and asked to look at them. When they saw my fruit they wanted some. I had brought the melons along for my own use, and did not intend to part with them, but the Indians insisted on buying them, so I said they would have to pay an ounce of gold for each one. They agreed to my terms immediately; I sold one for sixteen dollars in gold dust. Apparently my customers enjoyed it, because they came back and bought all I had at the same price, and if I had had a carload I could have made a small fortune. I do not believe melons were ever sold at such high prices before.

135

In those days most miners were so greedy, treacherous, and unreliable that no man's life was safe. Law and order were unknown; fights occurred daily; and anyone who could not protect himself with his fists was unfortunate. Every man carried a gun, and all types of weapons that could shoot, cut, or stab—plain pocket pistols, Colt revolvers, double-barreled guns, repeaters, daggers, and double-edged swords—were used. Nearly everyone carried a dagger or pistol in his belt and men on horseback often tucked their weapons in their leggings. Robbery and murder were commonplace, because many men still preferred to steal gold dust rather than work for it and did not hesitate to take human lives if necessary. Everyone had to be prepared to meet any emergency and to be able to defend himself against robbery. All miners were armed, and since many of them failed to shave for long periods, and since their clothing was often torn, it was not surprising that they regarded one another suspiciously.

One afternoon I had a pleasant surprise when I happened to see Louis Willhardt,^{*} whom I had known several years before at Sutter's Fort, where he was stationed with several other volunteers. Willhardt, who was a locksmith, was in great demand at the fort, and so he worked there for some time at his trade. When the gold fever spread among the volunteers, many of whom were stationed at Sonoma, desertions were frequent. Small Louis, a six-foot German, and a tall Swiss called Franz Muller^{*} from Zollfingier, Canton of Aargau, decided to leave their unprofitable employment as soldiers, where they received only eleven dollars a month, and try their luck at the mines.

Louis Willhardt who came west in 1847. He belonged to Co. C., N.Y. Volunteers.

Franz Muller was a Swiss volunteer. The *New Helvetia Diary*, p. 76, mentions his arrival at the fort on Sept. 8, 1847. He was usually known as Francis Miller.

Between Sonoma and the Sacramento River beyond the fork of the Feather River there is a long stretch of ground which can be crossed on foot in two or three days. The trail across it led over the Sonoma Mountains and through the Sacramento 136 Valley, where armed men on horseback could easily overtake and capture travelers. Willhardt told me about his experiences during the journey. On the second day, he said, when he and his friends were crossing the Sacramento Valley, and were hot, tired, hungry, and thirsty, the big German regretted that he had deserted and wanted to turn back. His friends would not listen to him, however; they had known before they left that they could not expect good food and comfortable surroundings at the mines.

Much as Muller had enjoyed the fine meals Uncle Sam provided and the idle life of the army, he decided to go ahead, lured by tales of gold. Eight or ten miles beyond the fort he and Willhardt decided to try and cross the river, for they feared they might be captured if they entered the settlement.

No boats were available, and they were forced to use thick bundles of reeds tied together for temporary rafts. Fortunately masses of this tule were growing near the right bank of the river, and enough material for two strong bundles was soon cut and tied together at each end. The men removed their clothes, rolled them in a bundle, placed them on their tule rafts, then either sat or lay down on them. Using their hands and feet in place of oars, they tried to reach the left bank as rapidly as possible. This was their first attempt at navigating rafts, and the crossing took longer than they had anticipated; finally they landed far down on the left bank. The heavy-set German had not wanted to cross, and by the time Muller had reached the opposite shore, he had lost all interest in going on. Willhardt said he had considerable trouble persuading him not to turn back. When they reached the gold mines, they were afraid to remain any length of time wherever many miners had congregated, for they had learned that there were several volunteers in the vicinity who had come to look for deserters.*

Folio 136, page 4, has been omitted at this point. This gives a further account of Willhardt's mining ventures.

I had considered seeking a better location for a long time, but was afraid to leave my camp alone with my Indians, knowing these brazen miners would not hesitate to use anything I had, so I decided to take advantage of Willhardt's arrival, and search for a new claim some place between Mormon Island and the junction of the south and north forks of the American River. Transporting an iron kettle ample to hold food for a large number of Indians, and several other superfluous objects, made traveling without carts difficult, but the Indian boys were eager to leave, and soon carried our heavy belongings to the new location about two miles downstream. The new claim was near a small waterfall on the left bank, close to the point where the stream makes a double bend around a large mass of granite and swings right.

Here, as at my first camp, I was handicapped by the lack of one or two good crowbars. If I had had them, I would have been able to break several small rocks in the channel, where the river had originally flowed, and it was in just such beds that rich gold deposits were often found. These so-called "pockets," or places where the river in times past had made a considerable drop, often proved to be bonanzas, but working with pick and shovel, I could remove only the layer of gravel which contained very little gold.

On day Willhardt, who had been away, came back full of excitement and happiness, reporting that he had found a place where large quantities of gold could be taken out; he also said he had joined three other Germans, and that their party had discovered a remarkable deposit that seemed extremely rich at the mouth of the north and south forks. He told me I could accomplish much more by working alone than with Sutter. I agreed, but said I wanted to experiment a little longer, and if my luck did not improve I would break my connection with the captain. After Willhardt left, I worked hard and industriously, but collected only a little gold. My patience being almost exhausted, I blamed myself for allowing Sutter to persuade me to become his partner in these unprofitable ventures, especially since he had owed me a considerable sum of money for some time, and invariably failed to say when he would settle, but kept putting me off with idle promises.

Near the river bank was a small hill not more than three feet high, and six or seven feet broad at the base, that must have formed part of the channel at one time; but high water had moved so much sediment that when the water rose the pile of dirt resembled a small island. One day I was looking for a rich placer as usual, and hit the pile with my pick as I passed by; I was so disgusted with myself that I struck it violently, and a large piece fell off, but the pick went through my trousers, and tore a piece of skin from my right leg, and the pain was so acute that I did a kind of Indian war dance, much to the surprise of my native workmen. Then I removed the pick and looked down at the hole I had made. There several gold nuggets glistened. Closer inspection revealed many more of these same treasures shining in the black soil.

What recent bitterness I had felt vanished; and shrieks of pain changed to cries of joy. My workers must have thought I had gone insane, for they looked at one another in amazement at this sudden change of conduct. But when I yelled, “*Alli oro muchachos, alli mucho oro!*”^{*} There's gold, boys, lots of gold,” they understood. Witano took his pick and separated the pile of dirt, which was placed in the gold washer, and rocked vigorously back and forth as large amounts of water were poured over it. A new spirit seemed to come over my Indians, and they washed with such enthusiasm and so willingly that I was beside myself with joy.

Imagine my pleasure at the sight of layers of yellow gold shining in the cradle, more gold than I had ever seen at one time before. Unfortunately I knew that this pile of dirt was not 139 large, and I regretted that it was not a thousand times its size. Soon it would be exhausted and the same difficulties would begin again. This little pile of dirt netted me two hundred and sixty dollars in gold; if I had washed this single-handed with a basin, it would have taken at least two days, but by using the gold-washing machine, less than half a day was required. The hope of actually finding a claim that would enable me to make a fortune in a short time by using Indian labor, made me forget the idea of severing my connection with Sutter. Willhardt having left to join his partners, the evenings began to be long. While we were together, I had been able to speak and sing in German, and the week had passed quite pleasantly.

This should read *aqui oro*. Lienhard's spelling is unreliable in many places in the MS.

After our rich little pile of dirt was washed, I searched futilely for another one. The amount of gold we took out every day grew smaller and smaller; however, I was reluctant to leave camp long enough to locate a good claim for fear I would be robbed by white bandits, and so had no opportunity to better my situation.

Finally a letter came in from Sutter saying that he would send a wagon for us on a certain date, and that about six miles above the place where he was then camping, a rich placer where a man could wash about fifty dollars' worth of gold in one day had been discovered. By this time I understood Sutter well enough to know what to expect by such a statement. Nevertheless, if half or third of what he said were true, my Indians and I should be able to wash a large amount of gold in a short time.

Several days after this message arrived, Willhardt came over to see me, and said his two younger partners had heard of me, and at his suggestion had agreed to take me into partnership, if I would leave my Indians behind. Their claim was reputed to be so rich that one man could take out several hundred dollars' worth of gold. He urged me not to let this opportunity pass by, adding that it was only through his influence that I had a chance to join them. His liberal and friendly invitation made a favorable impression on me; I was anxious to accept his proposal, but consideration for Sutter made me hesitate to accept the offer. Events subsequently proved that any loyalty on my part was wasted. Even now I realize what a serious mistake I made. To be considerate of a man who never keeps a promise and who treats those who have shown themselves loyal and dependable, is justified, if consideration is shown in return. Sutter never treated me fairly, however, and I should have known from past experience what to expect of him, but I thought it was my duty to safeguard his interests.

I was afraid to leave my camp for any length of time. Suspicious characters often passed by my claim, cast covetous eyes at my mining equipment and boxes of clothing, and asked questions about the amount of gold that could be washed nearby. One day two dangerous-looking men came over to our place, and inquired whether I had seen a certain miner. Meanwhile their eyes, like those of hungry wolves, looked over my articles that were lying on the ground. Then they glanced at two

flat pans containing ironstone mixed with gold that had been placed in the sun to dry. They were so surprised that they were unable to move a step. They looked at the gold, then at me, my gun, my dog, then back again to the gold. Would they be able to withstand the temptation of seizing the gold? I moved nearer my gun, certain they intended to rob me, but when they saw how closely I was watching them, they departed reluctantly.

No work was done on Sunday, for that was the day my Indians were free to amuse themselves as they chose. Often they had many dollars' worth of gold dust in their possession, yet they never thought of saving anything. Whatever was earned during the day was gambled away at night. Sometimes they played until it was time to go to work the next morning. One Sunday my youngest Indian followed his friends when they disappeared. That evening the older boys returned, but the small boy was missing. Witano and Abaya were the last to come back that night; both had scratched and bruised faces. Suspecting 141 they had been in a fight, I asked what had happened, and where the little boy was.

They told me white men on Mormon Island had robbed the lad, and when they tried to help him, they were beaten. The next morning I took my gun and went over to Mormon Island. After locating the tent my Indians had described, I stopped. There stood my young Indian, who looked at me in an embarrassed manner. Six or seven men, who appeared to be Americans, were sitting inside the tent, and I told them the lad belonged to Sutter, and had been lent to me for a cook.

Apparently I had fallen into a hornet's nest. All the bandits became noisy and quarrelsome. One of them shouted that he had purchased the boy from an old Indian and would not let him go, even if Sutter, or the devil himself, came for him. My retort was that slavery was not allowed, and that Indians could not be bought and sold in that manner. The men grew more and more angry. Warning me not to speak to the boy they said: "So you are trying to frighten us by bringing your gun? We have guns and can show you a thing or two." Although I assured them I had not brought my gun to frighten them, because I knew some of them would be armed, and I was confident that when I told them whose boy it was they would give him up, the men refused to listen to my words, which were

spoken quietly. As their remarks became more and more noisy, I began to believe these drunkards intended to pick a fight with me.

Fortunately one of them had been a lieutenant of volunteers, knew Sutter intimately, and had even visited my camp several days ago. He muttered a few words to his noisy comrades, trying to pacify them. Realizing my boy would not be released, I decided to start home and leave this tiger's lair. While I walked off at my usual pace, I was afraid the brigands might try to follow me, and if I had appeared frightened, they might have sent a few bullets after me. However, I was not molested; after I had gone several hundred feet I began to breathe more freely.

CHAPTER X

SEARCHING FOR NEW PLACERS

Knowing Sutter's wagon was to be sent to move us to our new location, the day we planned to leave I told my friends it would probably not come before four o'clock, and so I intended to accept their friendly invitation to visit them. Privately I hoped the conveyance would not reach camp that day at all, but it pulled in at three o'clock instead, so we helped the men pack our belongings on the cart, and started off. Since the driver made his oxen travel at a good pace, by sundown we descended a slope and reached the camp of Kanaka Harry, who was now living there with his wife Manawitte, Sutter's ex-mistress, and several other Kanakas. All of them were half-drunk.

After driving on for a short distance, we reached the valley near the American Fork, where Sutter's camp was situated. There were only a few white men, in addition to Sutter, and some Indians, in the neighborhood; most of them were miners, who were forced to buy supplies from the captain. It was a poor place to make purchases, however. The next day the same wagon took us to the placer, where rich deposits were believed to have been found. Passing through a beautiful flat valley for a time, we crossed over from the left to the right bank of the American Fork, then followed the stream, which was in a deep gorge, for several miles. It had cut a smooth channel through reddish

granite blocks, and, where the clear, foaming stream rushed swiftly through the pass, we were forced to break trail.

The wagon was built for heavy work; in places where the mountain was not steep, our supplies and equipment could be transported, but it was when we reached the lower and steeper slopes that it was useless. In areas that were covered with dense 144 underbrush, supplies had to be carried. Twice our porters came so near to the edge of the bank that no flat ground was visible for a trail.

On the left bank of the mountain slope there was a forbidding region, the most rugged spot on the south branch of the American Fork I had seen so far, where loose boulders and dirt often slid down during the rainy season. Here we found a group of Kanakas, a huge American called Holmes,* a Scotsman known as Miller,* a conceited German, some of Sutter's Indians, and a big negro from Washington called Jim, washing gold. I have forgotten the name of the German miner, but I recall that he was a handsome young man, who was quite cocky and conceited.

Possibly Jonathan Holmes, a Mormon traveler. The *New Helvetia Diary* mentions him as a shoemaker. This may be Feltis Miller who came west in 1847 and settled on Cache Creek.

“Mr. Lienhard,” Sutter said one day, “sometime I will prove how much I appreciate you; you are not like most men who leave me as soon as they think they have a chance to make more money somewhere else. You will never regret staying with me. Some day you will find out why.”

Notwithstanding, I learned that he had supplied Indian workers under the same arrangement he had made with me to a young man, a stranger whom he had never seen before; in fact, he gave them to everyone as readily as he did to me. I confess I felt hurt; it should have taught me how little I could depend on what he said. The only advantage I had over the other miners was the fact that I could talk with my Indians, who proved to be fairly good workers, and that I had a washer. The other men washed all their gravel in pans, were unaccustomed to hard work, and the natives could not understand what they said. But I did not have Sutter to thank for any advantages I might have had.

Holmes and Miller, especially the latter who had been a sailor at one time, were large, husky men, whom I considered it wise to watch. The place where a machine could have been set up 145 to the

best advantage had been taken, and I had trouble finding another suitable spot. What disturbed me even more was the fact that I did not know how I could sleep on those sharp-edged stones. As it was too late to begin work that day we tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night at my German countryman's camp. Jim, the negro, was with us, and I would have dropped off to sleep in a short time on the pile of mattresses at my disposal, if Jim had not been so near. There was an extremely offensive odor about him, and I had to wake him and ask him to move away before I could rest.

The next day I found a place where the rocker could be set up; and there I went to work. While the first results were far from encouraging, luck soon began to improve, but I knew I could never take in the fifty dollars a day Sutter believed possible. The amount washed was satisfactory, however. Much as I felt the need of a good crowbar again, I had to work without one.

A day or two passed before Sutter, accompanied by several Indian servants carrying lances or spears, visited me; he said he had just had word from the fort that his eldest son, J. A. Sutter,^{*} had arrived and he had to see him at once in order to give him certain instructions. Before leaving he said that he would like to take as much gold with him as he could, not because he needed it, but merely to show his son, and modestly asked me if I would lend him some I had collected.

Sutter had been expecting his son, John August, as early as April, 1846, for that month he wrote to his friend, "My son will be here in a few months. He will be an able clerk, as he has made his apprenticeship in one of the first houses of Switzerland." *Letter from Sutter to W. A. Leidesdorff*, New Helvetia, April 17, 1846. MS. Huntington Library. He reached California in August, 1848. A letter written soon after his arrival is given in Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 263.

The captain assured me he would not use it, and that his son would return it any time I came to the fort. So unexpected was his request that I looked at him doubtfully, not believing he was serious; I had divided everything I had made with him, and although he still owed me more than eleven hundred dollars, 146 yet he expected to borrow my share, too. Noticing my surprise when I asked him if he really meant what he said, Sutter told me he did. Already his share of the gold I had washed with the aid of the Indians, and which he had in his possession, amounted to a thousand dollars, and with what I had taken in from my watermelons, I myself had more than a thousand dollars' worth of the best grade of gold dust. I hesitated to lend it; but he made so many promises to

return the gold whenever I wanted it, that I consented. We weighed it, and found the amount I had said was correct.

A richer vein at the placer was now discovered; in ten days I took out two thousand dollars' worth of gold, but this pocket was soon exhausted and could not be thoroughly worked without a crowbar. Had I had one, I could have washed the same amount of gold in a much shorter time.

It was not long after that I became better acquainted with Holmes and Miller, whom I had not liked at first, but they conducted themselves so quietly, industriously, and decently that my dislike faded away, and I began to have more and more confidence in them. Holmes's father lived in the Sandwich Islands, where he owned considerable property; he married a native woman, whom the son disapproved of, I believe. Holmes was a pleasant man about my age, but I soon found out that he drank heavily, and after he had had too much he was very irritable. My Scotch friend, Miller, had been a sailor for many years. He was a large, affable, handsome man, who enjoyed a sip of brandy, but was not a steady drinker, and we became good friends after a time. Listening to his tales of life in Scotland and his experiences at sea was always enjoyable. He had been second mate on a warship owned by Chili.

Jim, the negro, seemed bright and sensible; he was a quiet man who worked industriously. As the Kanakas were well-behaved, too, there was nothing to disturb us.* All our supplies 147 were brought in from Sutter's camp six miles below, even so we did not always have everything we needed, and once couldn't get meat for several days.

Brief omission in folio 137.

As Sandwich Islanders are remarkable swimmers, our boys lost no time diving in the deepest spots in the river. After each plunge they would bring up several freshwater clams, and would work until they had gathered a large number of them. They were put in hot water to remove the shells, then rolled in thin salted dough, and finally baked in a pan with fat. I asked for one of their clams, and found it delicious. Much as I wanted some more, I was unable to dive for them.*

Omission in folio 138 describing lengthy conversations between the negro, the Kanakas, and Holmes.

About this time Sutter told me he intended to move again because he had received reliable information about a place in the mountains south of the Cosumnes, where a man could wash one hundred and fifty dollars in gold dust in a day; it sounded like a real bonanza. The captain sent word he would send several wagons to move his own belongings and those of the Kanakas, and I was instructed to come to the lower camp and wait there for the conveyances. Breaking camp early one morning, the boys and I started for Sutter's old mining claim. Two of my Indians took charge of our rocker, which could be moved only by being carried through the foaming waters of the American River—a heavy task even for husky natives—; the others carried tools and equipment four miles over rocky country bordering the river.*

Unimportant sections of folios 138 and 139 have been omitted at this point.

The following day Sutter's newest camp, situated in a pleasant valley surrounded by rolling hills, was reached. Already a crowd of miners had gathered there, but Sutter was the only one who owned a tent. He had brought two or three friends with him; I was told they were highway robbers and scoundrels, who acquired gold by any method that did not involve honest labor.

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Many times I regretted my foolishness in having given Sutter his half of the gold mined at the first claim. Often I think of my stupidity, and wonder why I was so blind. His share came to almost a thousand dollars, and he was so careless with his gold that I was amazed that all of it was not stolen when he had so many men of questionable character among his associates.

Having expected to find extremely rich placers, I was surprised to find so many idle miners. When I asked where the rich placers Sutter had written about were situated, no one could give me a satisfactory answer. Even Sutter was forced to admit that the gold strike had been considerably exaggerated. Few sites for washing gold were available in the new neighborhood, and no rich deposits had been found; nevertheless, the old rascal had made a long trip to reach the camp. Holmes, Miller, and I decided to make a pact. None of us trusted Sutter's associates, who were enjoying his open-handed hospitality and seemed primarily interested in how much gold we miners had, so we decided to be on our guard. My good old dog, Tiger, was the object of considerable

attention, the more so when the men found out that no one dared come near us during the night, because the dog would attack anyone whose motives he suspected.*

A discussion of Tiger's ability as a watch dog in folios 139 and 140 omitted.

Sutter became very loquacious after his eldest son arrived at the fort, and bragged about him constantly. No one, he assured us, had the scientific knowledge his son had. He also liked to hear himself praised, especially after he had been drinking, and if no one flattered him or made complimentary remarks about him, he would begin to talk about himself. Adulation was characteristic of his own clique, but was rare among respectable people, and his friends were all men who tried to divert some of Sutter's reputed wealth into one of their own business ventures. Such individuals usually had a title, either real or imaginary, but never anything below that of captain, and Sutter was overjoyed when his associates were colonels, judges, or governors.

He always kept their whiskey bottles, and his own, well-filled. Men who came to him highly recommended received special attention; whiskey circulated constantly, and such expressions as "Gentlemen, my best respects to you," and other complimentary remarks were heard as drinks went the rounds. After Sutter had become friendly with one group, another would appear and strike up cordial relations with the lion of the hour. If there was no one to introduce these men, this is the way they would present themselves. One of the strangers would knock at Sutter's door, and when he came out would say, "Captain Sutter, I believe? I am sorry I do not know anyone to introduce us properly. You see I am a stranger and have just arrived from the States where I heard so many wonderful things about you that I have been anxious to meet you at the earliest opportunity."

"With whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Major X from Y, captain."

Sutter would bow and reply, "So you have heard about me in the States, major?"

"Yes, captain. Everyone knows all about you, and how courteous you are to travelers. You are famous for your hospitality."

Such flattery was never lost on Sutter. He felt that so distinguished a visitor should be offered a glass of his best French brandy; over drinks he could find out what else the important army officer had heard about him. "Major," he would say, "come in and have a glass of rare old brandy with me."

"I shall be highly honored, captain."

More and more compliments would be exchanged; as the stranger praised Sutter extravagantly, a second glass of brandy followed, then a third. Finally the conversation would turn to business and the visitor would tell how much money a gentleman like Sutter could make if he backed certain business schemes. An enterprise that would net the investor fifty or a hundred thousand 150 dollars would be casually mentioned. His head reeling from too much brandy by the time the military man was ready to leave, Sutter would agree to go into partnership without having understood more than half of what they had been discussing.

Another rap on the door would be heard. Two more gentlemen would appear as the major was leaving. "So you are the great Captain Sutter?" they would say.

"Yes, gentlemen."

"I trust you will pardon us for coming to call without being properly introduced. We have just arrived and are strangers. But we could not pass your famous fort without paying our respects to a noble man like yourself. Captain Sutter, this is Judge X, from Y."

The judge and Sutter would bow courteously and the judge would take this opportunity to present his old friend Colonel Z to Sutter. These gentlemen posed as belonging to fine old families, and Sutter, convinced of their importance, would be extremely courteous. Although his head might be in a whirl from too much drinking with earlier visitors, he felt it would be a grave breach of dignity and etiquette to let two distinguished guests leave without sampling his superlative French liquor. Glasses would be refilled, and more toasts proposed.

Flattering remarks about Sutter, toasts to the health of the noble discoverer of gold and the benefactor of all mankind, would follow. Sutter would be so intoxicated by this time that the ground under him would begin to sway. His guests, knowing from past experience that a man who is drunk usually loses all self-control, would leave with the remark that they would be honored to renew this acquaintanceship later on. Sutter, swaying with dizziness and overwhelmed by the honor of having been visited by men of such distinction, and the knowledge that his reputation extended throughout the entire world, would now stumble or crawl into his bed which was surrounded by draperies, and pull the curtains.

The first summer after gold was discovered at the fort scenes 151 of this kind took place daily. These incidents have been described to show how Sutter entered into business deals with rascals by whom he was invariably swindled, how vanity and foolish ambitions made him blind to the treachery of men who knew how to wheedle him into putting money into ventures where he always lost heavily. Several times I tried to warn him, but he never paid any attention to me, and would always say I didn't understand the situation. When he found out he had been swindled he would be very much surprised, and would tell me his troubles as he walked quietly back and forth across the room for a time. Finally he would stamp on the ground and say, "That's too bad."

Here is a typical instance of the way he was cheated. Sutter and several men, all of whom called themselves "captains," had laid out a city on a deep slough about four miles southwest of the fort, and called it Sutterville; the land was about half a mile back from the Sacramento. I have forgotten the names of these so-called captains, except those of Sutter and Hastings. At the time the gold rush reached its peak, Sutter was persuaded to enter business with the other three captains in Sutterville, who intended to open a mercantile house at one of the mines not far from the sawmill. Sutter's contribution was furnishing wagons to carry merchandise to the camp, where the business was to be established. He was to share in the proceeds on the same basis as the other three; the first year's profit it was estimated would be at least one hundred thousand dollars; twenty-five thousand each. The plan was explained in detail by the three captains to Sutter, who was confident of its success. The four partners called themselves the Sutterville Mining Company.

Sutter listened eagerly to the plans of its founders, the immense business it would do, the profits it would make. Any doubts I might express about it were unwelcome. "No, no, Mr. Lienhard, you don't understand," he would say "These men are gentlemen who know what to do, men in whom I have the utmost confidence."

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Although Sutter's wagons were used constantly by the Sutterville Mining Company, and the profits were believed to be considerable, the partners told him the business had not paid, that there had been heavy losses, but that they expected improvement. Finally the captain talked less and less about it, then never mentioned it unless someone asked about the Sutterville Mining Company. All the early enthusiasm had disappeared. His wagons were still being used, but no dividends were ever paid. Finally his patience was exhausted; he expressed a desire to withdraw, but was told that his partners had invested many additional thousands of dollars and that if he wanted to leave, he would have to bear his share of the losses. It was an unpleasant shock to the susceptible captain.

CHAPTER XI

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF SUTTER

With its motley crowd of Germans, Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, its black, brown, and white men, the camp was rarely dull. One of the miners working near me was a Frenchman; he was known as the Consul.* A short time after our arrival, Sutter decided to take the gold he had collected, which was worth about four thousand dollars, to the fort, and when he prepared to leave, everyone else decided to move, too. I placed the bundles containing the captain's gold in a rawhide bag with my own hands; being drunk, he seemed so upset by the activity in camp that he was helpless.

This appears to be Jacob Moerenhout, of Belgium, the first French Consul in California. He reached California on the *Brillante* in October, 1846, and visited the mining camps in the summer of 1848 after gold was discovered. See Abraham P. Nasatir, "The French Consulate in California," *Cal. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, Vol. XIII, No. 2, June, 1934, pp. 159-173.

His favorite of the moment was an Indian called Mary, who had been the mistress of Perry McCoon,^{*} but who was now married to an Indian workman who expected to leave with his employer. Sutter told me his son had hinted that it would be just as well if he refrained from being so familiar with Indian women in the future, but that he was very fond of Mary. From reliable sources I learned that he had given his squaw a fine American mare equipped with a handsome lady's saddle, enough silk material to make a French dress, and a large number of silver dollars even though she had broken off relations with him.

Perry McCoon was an English sailor who had lived in California several years. In 1845 he had acquired a ranch near the fort and operated a boat on the river. He was married twice, the second time to one of the Donner girls.

Although several miners were already on their horses, many more were about to mount, and Sutter's mule, as well as the 154 packmule loaded with gold, was waiting to leave. Sutter seemed to have forgotten all about the trip to the fort, and was gaily relating anecdotes about his former life, and telling everyone about his military career when he was a captain in the French-Swiss guards where, during a fight at Grenoble, he pretended to have been wounded in his leg by a bayonet.

“Yes, gentlemen,” he said, “during the fight at Grenoble in which I was exposed, I received a bayonet wound in one of my legs. Our major, who happened to be standing nearby, noticed how the blood ran down over my white trousers and called, ‘Captain Sutter is wounded; take him back where he can be treated.’ But I told them to go on, and went on fighting with my sword.”

When a man is lying, he is apt to tell the same story differently, yet Sutter had related this same story about the fight several times with so little variation that I began to believe he had taken part in the battle, although I never understood why he was wearing white trousers. In fact, Sutter told so many tales about his career in the French army that I believed them, and later on, much to my astonishment, these same stories about his military record appeared in books. Madame Sutter and the two younger sons told me these tales were fictitious; what Germans would call plain lies.

That day we did not leave the camp but unsaddled our animals, Sutter being too intoxicated to ride. Small children and fools, the saying goes, are apt to speak the truth and show themselves as they

actually are, and a drunkard has much in common with them, for he is half child and half fool. To this Sutter was no exception; when he talked about his past, present, and future, he was determined to pose as a hero, especially in the presence of brave, bright and scholarly men, or exceptionally cultivated gentlemen. It was quite obvious from his own statements and from the loud tone of voice in which he related his stories.

Referring to his knowledge of foreign languages, he often said, “Gentlemen, I can converse in four different languages, in 155 German, French, English, and Spanish. Yes, Sir, I can. I am no ordinary gentleman, no Sir. I am an extraordinary gentleman, yes Sir, I am. I strive to be honored. I will do anything for honor.”

The word *gentleman*, he pronounced as if he were speaking German; his Swiss-German accent was noticeable whenever he spoke English. He often remarked that he came of an unusually fine family, one of distinguished and noble lineage. Of this fact he was very proud, as were his wife and children, I soon discovered. Often admirers would ask, “Captain Sutter, how could a gentleman of your high culture, education, and social standing leave a happy home, and a delightful family circle, and come to a country as wild as this was when you arrived?” Invariably his reply was that his opinions had been too liberal for conservative Switzerland, that he had expressed himself freely, and been annoyed several times until he was finally forced to leave everything—society, home, wife, and four badly-raised children. In this way he concealed the true facts: that he had left home because of the heavy debts he owed. Nevertheless, he posed as a man who had been persecuted for his liberal opinions—in other words, a martyr.

I considered his statements unreliable, for I had never known a man to be persecuted because of free political opinions anywhere in Switzerland, either in Basel, or Burgdorf, Canton of Berne. Afterwards I found out from one of his sons that in politics Sutter was a conservative. This seemed logical, for he was always proud of his own birth and that of his family, and was apt to look down on men whose character was superior to his own with the remark, “Oh well, when one is of such or such a family—”

This time Sutter's drinking spree lasted about three days. It was in no way extraordinary; he was never entirely sober. A drunkard, as I have said, usually reveals his true character, and as events subsequently proved Sutter was not an exception to the rule. 156 All that day and into the evening, when most campers preferred to sleep, he talked, disclosing many unusual episodes in his life. That night Mary, her husband, and two small Indian girls made their beds in the bushes about thirty yards from Sutter's tent, and after dark Sutter, coatless and without a hat on his foolish head, went to the retreat where Mary and her husband were sleeping or resting. The majority of those who had camped on the ground were still awake, and although quiet, they watched Sutter depart.*

Sutter's threat to shoot Mary for spurning his attentions, as well as her American protector, Perry McCoon, caused a near riot in camp. Folios 141 and 142 describing the captain's drunken conduct have been omitted.

Our trip to the placer had been a failure; no gold deposits of any value had been found nearby.

When I was ready to leave, Sutter told me his son would pay me everything he owed me at the fort. This money I intended to use to buy articles Indians liked which could be exchanged for gold dust. My plan was to return to the mountains and trade with the natives, where my slight knowledge of their language would prove useful, and I intended to take a little Indian boy with me, if Sutter were willing.

When we left camp and returned to the fort, I did not have much to carry, for with the exception of the clothing I wore, I had taken along only a few shirts. In addition to them, two woolen blankets, two guns and a thousand dollars in gold dust were all I had. The gold and my best guns I carried myself; four of my most reliable Indians packed the other belongings and the food. As our trip was made on foot, I expected to reach Perry McCoon's house, where I planned to stay overnight, the evening of the first day. We left Sutter's camp, where I had had such poor luck, in high spirits and traveled rapidly, for the distance from Sutter's quarters to McCoon's ranch must have been at least forty miles.

I have never been a good walker, and that day I realized the fact acutely. Anyone attempting to cover long distances should travel without encumbrances, and although I did not seem to feel the weight of the gold and the gun for a time, yet I soon 147 discovered that they were becoming a

heavy burden. As the sun began to set toward the west we approached the banks of the Cosumnes. I was extremely tired, so tired that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other, and was obliged to sit down several times and rest.

Upon reaching the bank of the river, I decided to spend the night there, near the road. Although it was only about three miles further to McCoon's Ranch, it would have been impossible for me to have reached there that evening, even if my boys had been willing to travel the extra distance. We had had nothing to eat that night, and, in order to make the sleeping quarters for my exhausted body as comfortable as possible, my boys brought me in a quantity of long tules that grew near the shore of the stream.

At dawn the next morning we resumed our trip, and I dreaded the long stretch that lay ahead, if we expected to reach Sutter's Fort by night. The sun had risen before we reached Perry McCoon's place, but the owner was not up yet. At this ranch I rested for a few hours, had breakfast there, and became acquainted with Mr. McCoon's young white wife. She was not over sixteen or seventeen years of age, scarcely more than a child, and I could readily see why he preferred her to the Indian squaw, Mary. But McCoon seemed to retain a little affection for his ex-mistress who had not forgotten him either, and the evening Sutter pursued her she escaped and went to the camp of her former friend, whom Sutter swore he would kill. The next morning McCoon went to the captain, and told him he could have Mary if he wanted her, because he had a white wife now and would be obliged to give up his Indian squaw. Pacified by these remarks, Sutter made no more attempts to shoot Perry as he had threatened to do.

Perry McCoon was one of the first American settlers in California. Although a sailor at one time, he had left the sea for the life of a ranchero, having secured the grant of land on which he was living, from the Mexican government. The property stretched along the banks of the Cosumnes and consisted of rich river-bottom land, which became even more valuable after gold was discovered. However, McCoon had certain weaknesses, gambling and liquor. Later, I believe, he sold his valuable property on the Cosumnes, including his cattle and horses, for the sum of twenty or thirty thousand dollars, intending to speculate with the proceeds, then went to San Francisco, bought

himself a boat, and drank and gambled heavily. One day he awoke and found his wealth had vanished.

Several years later in the spring of 1850, soon after I had returned with the Sutters from Switzerland, I spent a short time at Hock Farm. One day Perry McCoon, looking quite seedy, appeared uninvited at the table, just as if he had the right to be there; all he had left was an ox cart, and a yoke of oxen with which he was trying to make a living. I also met the Englishman, Mr. Smith, who was Nye's partner and who had a ranch several miles above Mimal, driving a wagon and one yoke of oxen, his sole possessions. I heard he had squandered every thing else he owned.

For the simple breakfast I had with him Perry McCoon charged a good price. Expecting payment was contrary to the code of most early settlers, who were extremely hospitable. A horse belonging to Sutter had been left at the ranch, when it could not travel any further; McCoon said it had been resting several days, and should be strong enough to carry me to the fort.*

Brief omission in folio 142.

When we reached our final destination it was dark. As Sutter's son did not know me personally, I located the Irish overseer, Bray, and asked him to introduce me. We started out to look for the young man, and soon found him in the fort. When August Sutter heard Bray mention my name, he asked if I was the Lienhard he had heard his father talk about so often. Bray said he thought so; he did not recall having heard Sutter mention any 159 other Lienhard. The young man extended his hand, and said he was glad to meet me, because his father had told him so many nice things about me; and had said that I was the only man who had been dependable and loyal, when the others deserted him during the gold fever. While Sutter's appreciation made me extremely happy; I had good cause, however, to be displeased with the captain the next day.

That evening I did not mention finances to young Sutter, thinking that if I received my money a day later, it would be just as satisfactory. I stayed with my old friend Huggenberger, who had the same little room he had before in the west end of the fort, where he did as much work as several blacksmiths, and cooked his own plain meals. A cup of good coffee, a loaf of bread, a piece of fried

beef occasionally satisfied his simple needs. The following day I asked young Sutter for my money; he merely looked at me in surprise, however. "My father told me to credit you with one thousand and forty dollars," he said, "but he did not tell me to deposit the money and hold it for you. I do not understand what your arrangements with my father were."* Mentioning several thousand dollars he had paid over to various creditors of his father already, he said there seemed to be an endless number of men presenting claims, and told me that when he had some more money he would pay me something on account.

In the fall of 1848 Sutter became so heavily involved that he transferred all his property to his son to escape his creditors.

I replied that I wanted gold, because I intended purchasing articles suitable for trading with the Indians. He assured me he would pay me with the first dust he received, and expected any day to receive funds from his father; but I knew what that meant. In desperation I wrote a letter to Sutter pointing out the fact that he had disappointed me again, and that my gold was not at the fort. His son, I added, had assured me he would settle the account with the first money he took in, but had nothing on hand to pay me with now, but remaining at the fort was expensive, 160 because each meal cost two dollars. He replied immediately, but with the same idle promises of future payment when he had some cash. Ten days later, when I received an answer to my second letter, he repeated the same thing.

Delay at the fort waiting for my gold entailed a daily expenditure of six dollars, but it gave me ample time to watch the now wild and unrestrained life at the fort. Everyday I saw men who were coming in or going out to the mines squandering part or often all of their newly-acquired gold. Losses were commonplace. A bar stood in the basement of the big house that had been erected on the southwest corner inside the fort, where drinks sold for fifty cents' worth of gold dust. In this lawless country, the amount was weighed in gold scales; I suspect, however, that the weights were too heavy, because the scales were so slow in balancing, and the person who bought a drink probably paid closer to a dollar than fifty cents. A group of shysters had opened a gambling den in one of the southern rooms on the east side of the fort, which was open to the public, and the first thing a man back from the mines was apt to do was to go to the bar and try to drown the memories

of hardships and privations he had suffered. Gold was taken out of buckskin pouches and several drinks were first ordered before serious drinking began. Everyone in the room was gruffly invited to join.

If, occasionally, a bystander declined, it was taken as a personal insult by the dispenser of free drinks, and the miner would either ask if his society was not good enough, or he might draw his bowie knife, or revolver, and punish the onlooker, who had insulted him by his refusal.

I was told that, during the three weeks I stayed at the fort waiting for my gold to arrive from Sutter, one man had been stabbed, and another shot at the bar. The infamous person who had charge of dispensing the liquor was one of the most repulsive creatures I have ever come into contact with, before or after. What an unfavorable impression this man made on me when I saw him 161 comes back to me even now. The first time I saw him, he was driving a yoke of oxen and a cart, was barefoot, his trousers had large holes in the knees that displayed his naked legs whenever he walked, and his shirt was even more ragged and barely afforded a covering for his arms. Over his bestial countenance his light, almost snow white locks hung down in a disorderly manner below the remains of what had once been a hat, but was now mostly holes, through which masses of unkept hair straggled.

He was of medium height, but extremely plump and strong; he had a pair of broad feet, not unlike those of a great, grizzly bear, and his eyes were light gray, and looked out with a sinister gleam between his untidy locks. As a bartender, he seemed even more disreputable. Loud in his own praises, he bragged that he had ten thousand dollars in gold; it wasn't surprising, for many careless, drunken miners who stretched out on the ground at the fort at night in a stupor would wake up the next morning and find that the gold they carried had been stolen. This same creature subsequently became constable, and another shady character, his brother-in-law, was made justice of the peace. How they acquired these offices, for they were not chosen by the people, I cannot say.

A band of five horse thieves was also organized at the fort; the disreputable constable was an active member of this group, and the dishonorable justice of the peace was undoubtedly a silent partner. I

was also told that men who stopped at the fort and tied their horses within the enclosure, while they went inside for a few minutes, often found upon returning, that their horses had vanished, and could not be found.*

Certain sections of folio 143 have been omitted.

Not long after my return to the fort, young Sutter came to see me and asked me what I thought about some advice he had received from a former elder of the Mormon church, Mr. Brannan, who had told him that it would be unwise to build a city on the site where Sutterville had been laid out, because no one could disembark there until a canal half a mile long had been built, and at that time wages were so high—workmen received at least an ounce of gold a day—that it would cost an immense sum. At the landing place, on the other hand, lots could be sold without delay at good prices. People would build immediately, and the place, although low, would become a great metropolis. Although I had already purchased several lots in Sutterville, I recognized the wisdom of Samuel Brannan's criticism, and knew that if I had to give an honest opinion, I would be forced to admit that what he said was true.

Brannan advised young Sutter to make his plans immediately, because a United States engineer* was temporarily available to lay out and survey the site, which was to be called Sacramento City. Recalling how his father had been swindled at various times by cunning speculators, August Sutter was extremely cautious about taking any advice from such men.

William H. Warner, of the U. S. topographical engineers, made the survey. The streets were from 80 to 100 feet wide and those paralleling the river were called First, Second, etc. The blocks were 320x400 feet and had 20-foot alleys. An auction sale of lots was held at the fort on Jan. 8, 1849. Those near the river and adjoining the fort sold rapidly and speculation in city lots made quick fortunes. Building began early in 1849.

Mr. Brannan had the reputation of being an intelligent man, however, and I could not see any ulterior motives in his suggestions, so I said I thought his advice was sound. In years to come I often blamed myself for the name, Sacramento City, that was selected; the town should have been called Sutter's City. It would not have affected its future prosperity, the vanity of the elderly Sutter would have been flattered, and the son would have risen in the father's estimation.

The name, Sacramento City, a city incidentally that grew rapidly, shattered Sutter's most cherished ambition to immortalize his name, and made him very angry, but he could not alter it, for he had given his son full power to act in his behalf for the period of a year, a power his son held in writing. The development of the new center prevented Sutterville from becoming a metropolis, 163 and bankrupted the men promoting it. Young Sutter, who told them his father was responsible for everything, was blamed. Yet Captain Sutter knew all about these men; they were the ones who had backed the Sutterville Mining Company and swindled him, but he was foolish enough to listen to their honeyed words.

Several unflattering expressions and phrases were used by Sutter in connection with his son, and they were repeated to the young man in magnified form; the gossip made a breach between them, which the ex-speculators tried to widen, but after several little experiences they discovered that the son was not nearly so easy to deceive as the father was. Letters written by Captain Sutter to his son, after he heard about Sacramento City, were full of criticism. To a large extent I was to blame, he said. Sutter was correct; I had not done this from selfish motives, however, but because Brannan's suggestion was a sound one.

Meanwhile, I had been staying at the fort three weeks waiting to get my gold back, and during that time my room and board amounted to a considerable sum. Although I was tired of waiting, August Sutter did not seem to want me to leave, and I believe he would have paid me if he had had the gold.

Offering to settle with me some other way, he asked if I would take land, cattle, horses, pigs, or sheep, and said he wanted to be as fair with me as he could. As I was obliged to abandon my cherished plan of trading with the Indians, I decided to take about eleven hundred head of sheep; August Sutter and I agreed on a price of three dollars a head, and I was also given the privilege of using some extra corrals that had been built for the sheep, and two adobe sheep herder's huts, two miles east of the fort, and half a mile from the bank of the American Fork. Moreover, I was allowed to keep three Indian boys for sheep herders as long as I owned animals acquired from him. I received a silo, too; he believed he would lose it if I did not take it, for the outlaws considered

everything common property. The total came to thirty-three hundred dollars, so I still owed nine hundred dollars, and was 164 given until the end of May, 1849, to pay the balance without interest.

The day after I took possession of the sheep, an American called Morris,^{*} made me an offer of four thousand dollars for them. It would have netted me a profit of seven or eight hundred dollars, but I thought I could make more money myself raising sheep. Had the winter been normal and the pasturage not so poor, my judgment would have been correct. As it was, I had every reason to regret my act.

This appears to be Samuel Norris, a well-known trader at Sutter's Fort and San Francisco, and a member of the firm of Shelly and Norris. See *Supra V*, note 22.

For shepherds I selected Konnock and Abaya, who were dependable, and a boy about six or seven years of age, called Hansch, who acted as cook for the two youths. I did not regret leaving the fort; I was not like the habitual carousers who loitered there, and without being egotistical, I may say that Huggenberger and I were the only two men who had not been intoxicated. Drunkenness seemed to be the daily condition of everyone, even men who should have remained sober.

What the social life at the fort was like can be imagined. Young Sutter, whom I genuinely admired, was a man of moderate tastes, and this crude wild life must have been abhorrent to him. Let me describe a typical incident that took place.

One evening I was standing outside Huggenberger's door talking with him; I was holding my horse, Johnny, by a rope. Several men in the large house just across from us were amusing themselves shooting firecrackers, which they set off at random in the fort. Several fell on the dry shingles of the roof and did not die out at once. Others were aimed at us. Johnny was in a panic; sometimes the crackers flew under his feet and at other times near his side. One of them even exploded directly behind one of his ears. Amusement of this kind may have entertained the participants, but it was the mischievous conduct of ill-mannered boys, conduct grown men should be ashamed of, and yet they were 165 mature persons who prided themselves on having received a higher education.

One of them was a Bostonian, Dr. Heyerman,^{*} the spoiled son of a wealthy father; another whom I had met in Sutter's camp not far from the Cosumnes, called Lang,^{*} was guarding Sutter, who was so afraid he would be robbed that he had asked for volunteers.

Dr. A. Heyerman, who came west on the *Clementine*, and visited New Helvetia in May, 1848, on his way to the mines. Lienhard calls him Heinzelman.

Charles Lang who came out from Boston on the *Sabine* in 1848.

When the firecrackers they were handling threatened to become dangerous, young Sutter called out in a curt voice, "Stop it, you fools." But these fine gentlemen did not think he had spoken courteously enough and Heyerman, who was standing near Huggenberger's room, asked Sutter to repeat the names he had called them. I was afraid this episode might come to an unpleasant end and tried to calm them, but Sutter, who was surprised at this quick retort, justified himself by saying that he did not mean anything by it, but had merely been afraid that the fort would be set on fire.

Young Lang, another worthless son of a rich father, decided to make some extremely vulgar remarks about the captain. Although I had scant respect for old man Sutter, yet the coarse words of these men, who had taken advantage of his hospitality, seemed unfair; I told him that even if he had no respect for Sutter, he should show some respect for old age, by not indulging in such language.^{*}

Folio 144, containing a lengthy discussion of Lang, has been omitted.

Sheep-raising was interesting, and I was happier than I had been for a long time. Not only did it provide a refuge from a life that had but little to recommend it, but I was my own master as well. My Indian boys and I lived in a hut near the center of the east wall. Near the northeast corner of the corral stood another hut, and there was a deep pond that retained a comparatively large amount of water even during the dry season nearby, that was fed by the overflow from the American Fork.

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This corral covered about half an acre; it was approximately sixty or seventy yards long and forty yards wide, and was divided into two parts, the southern being the larger. The wall, which was made of adobe, was about six feet high and twelve or fourteen inches thick, and round holes similar to those used for guns had been cut in it. One entrance faced east, and the other north, and both

could be locked by a solid double gate. Although the one-story adobe houses had doors that opened on the east side, no provision had been made for windows; but the hut on the south side had an opening about four inches broad and eighteen inches high in the southern wall, however, that let in light and air, and through this opening part of the inner corral was visible. The northern hut had a similar opening on the west, and in both huts the stoves were on the north side, and stood on the floor, made of hard clay. Overhead rafters extended from south to north, and on the east, some seven feet off the ground, were beams. The main room was not more than thirteen feet square. The furniture in my hut consisted of a rough wooden bench, a box, my chests, one or two kettles, a coffee or tea pot, and several tin vessels, plates, and tin cups. My bed was a straw sack that I had brought from Switzerland, and two woolen blankets, which I spread out on the floor in the southwest corner of the room.

In addition to flour, sugar, tea, and sometimes beans and peas, our main food was mutton. There was an endless supply of it. The gold rush had made heavy inroads on our pasturage, because so many animals, especially mules and horses were brought in by miners to graze.

Less and less feed was available for my sheep, and I began to believe I might have to keep them alive on wheat Sutter had given me. Early in the summer I fed them on it to prevent its being taken by men bound for the mines, who helped themselves to anything they could find for their horses. If this wheat had been stored at the sheep farm, I might have succeeded in checking this thievery, but as it was, I could not stop their widespread pilfering. 167 Luckily the weather was dry rather than wet during the early winter months, otherwise the sheep could never have survived on the pasture alone and I would have been forced to buy more wheat.

I used my horse, Johnny, almost exclusively for riding. While I was at the mines he, as well as my mare and filly, had been left in the care of one of Sutter's vaqueros, who rode him frequently; I paid him ten dollars for his work.*

Brief omission in folio 144.

Often several of my sheep disappeared at night, and I decided to show anyone who attempted to steal them that he could not escape punishment. No one except Alcalde Sinclair, who lived on the opposite bank of the American River and had about eighty head, had any sheep nearby, but as he was cut off by the river from the main route to the mines, he was less exposed to the inroads of miners than I was. A well-traveled trail to the placers led past my sheep ranch; north was another trail not so widely used, leading from the fort by way of the American Fork, and on past Sinclair's property.

Not long after I moved to the sheep farm, Mr. Keseberg and his wife came to live in the hut on the northern end of my land. They paid forty-five dollars rent a month, I believe. They furnished my meals but I paid for them. As Keseberg was an expert hunter, there was often wild goose on his table; it was cooked in the French manner, and was so underdone that the blood ran out when the bird was carved. At first it was hard for me to swallow half-raw goose, and I could not help thinking of the time Keseberg was alone in the Sierra Nevadas, where he had been snowed in, and had similar meals on the flesh of his fellowmen.

Keseberg made several attempts to turn the conversation to his lonely vigil in the mountains, and the hideous way he kept himself alive, but I changed the subject every time. Even the thought of the consumption of human flesh was intolerable. He noticed my attitude, and remarked that this episode had been misconstrued, and that he had been made to assume the rôle of a hyena. One time, when I tried to turn the conversation away from the topic of eating human flesh, Keseberg seemed almost angry. "Mr. Lienhard," he said, "you must have heard many tales about me; but I am convinced my conduct has been misrepresented, and the truth never told, so I shall ask you to listen while I tell you the true facts of the case." Repulsive as it was, I was forced to listen to the whole pitiful story from beginning to end. As he told it, the tale seemed credible. Keseberg described how the party had been snowed in before reaching the crest of the Sierra Nevadas, and the general confusion that arose from most of the emigrants being short of provisions.

Signs indicating that winter was approaching, many of the emigrants wanted to kill the animals that were used to pull the wagons, to supply them with food, and keep them from starvation until

the settlements were reached, or help arrived, but several men owning animals believed weather conditions might improve and did not favor this plan. They wanted to save pet animals they had brought from the states, and could not come to a mutual decision. One night a heavy snow fell, and by morning the ground was a blanket of white; in the darkness the oxen, searching for food, broke away. Snows falling incessantly completely covered their tracks and made it impossible to recover more than a few of them; these were killed, but the small amount of meat was soon exhausted, and it was not long before the ravages of hunger were apparent.

Emigrants began to cook and consume leather belts and worn buffalo pelts, but, unaccustomed to these hardships, many became ill and exhausted. Exposure to cold and hunger took its toll, remedies needed in such emergencies were not to be had, and death soon claimed many victims.

Although a relief party had been sent up from the settlements to rescue any who were still alive, Keseberg, who was too weak to make the trip on foot over the long, unbroken trail, decided to remain in the mountains where he had built himself a kind of hut. There was nothing to eat in camp. He had two choices: death from starvation, or eating the flesh of those who had died. He told me he had once read about a captain from Boston, who met with an accident at sea, and saved his life by eating the dead comrades whose tragedies and hardships he had once shared. His reputation had not suffered, and he continued to live on peacefully in his own community. Recalling the tale was what made Keseberg decide to save himself.

Later he was charged with having murdered Mrs. Donner,^{*} one of the unfortunate comrades who shared his hardships, because she was believed to be rich; the last rescue party that came to their assistance in April hoping to find some of the party still alive, accused him of this deed. He told me that most of the men did not come to aid them for humanity's sake, and to save human lives; they came to rob or acquire money or other valuables that had been abandoned, and having expected to recover a considerable sum of money from Mrs. Donner and finding none, accused him of robbery and murder, tied a rope around his neck, and threatened to lynch him unless he confessed to something he had not done. Keseberg assured them he did not know where Mrs. Donner's money

was, and as nothing seems to have been found either on him or in his hut, his version of this tragic experience seems to be the true one.

The Donners were a wealthy family from Illinois. Several of the children were saved, but Mrs. George Donner remained in camp, and refused to leave her dying husband. Keseberg was accused of her death, but denied all charges. Her money disappeared. See Bryant, *op. cit.*, pp. 238-239.

Soon after his arrival, he was questioned at length by Alcalde Sinclair. At this time his innocence was clearly established, and the men who brought the charges were proved to have been the very men who had tried to force a confession by threats of lynching. These rascals may have been associated with a band of 170 robbers to whom they were responsible; Keseberg, I believe, was the victim of tragic circumstances.

He was a tall, intelligent man of military bearing, a Prussian, apparently, who had served with the infantry. He also said he had once been a traveling salesman for a business firm, had often visited Paris, and spoke both French and German fluently. Considering the short time he had been in America, his English was excellent; he also understood and could speak a few words of Spanish. Keseberg's greatest weakness was his unbridled temper, and one day he confessed that it was the source of considerable embarrassment to him. After his anger had subsided, he always realized his mistake and was extremely penitent. He gave every indication of being an honorable person; I preferred him to many men who had not been accused of having eaten human beings. His residence at the sheep ranch was a brief one lasting only a month or two. While he was there he often suffered from cold and fever, and at such times was restless and irritable.*

A section of folio 145, describing a meeting with a skunk, has been omitted at this point.

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CHAPTER XII

LAW AND OUTLAWS

Not long after I moved away from the fort, a trial was held, and a jury of twelve men summoned; the ex-bartender and horse thief, who was now constable, was asked by his honorable brother-in-law, the alcalde, to select the jury. The case concerned a lieutenant of volunteers, who had just

received his discharge and happened to meet a huge German, an ex-volunteer against whom he had a grudge. He tried to show his hatred and exact revenge by stabbing him with a bowie knife. Both men were on horseback; the American, notwithstanding the German's warning to keep his distance, galloped over with a drawn knife, and attempted to wound him several times. The American paid no attention to the German's words although the man had a loaded pistol in his hands and threatened to shoot if he came near again. The latter finally fired several times with such accuracy that the American was killed.

The infamous group from the fort believed this was an excellent opportunity to see a German hanged, although the man had acted in self-defense, and only after his warnings had been disregarded. The horse-thief constable asked me to serve on the jury, and when I declined said, "I don't care a d— for you Dutchmen, anyway. I can get better men than you are anywhere."

I had no doubt he could find any number who would declare the man guilty, and this was what he and his accomplices wanted. Not one member of the jury was a German, and all were Americans, I believe, but two or three jurors refused to declare him guilty, and the man was released. One of the men who declined to vote for his death was an honest American. He told 172 me that the day after the trial was over he received several threats for failing to find the German guilty, but that he had acted according to his conscience because he was convinced that the other man was the aggressor, that the German tried to get out of his way, warned him not to attack, then acted in self defense.*

Sections of folios 145 and 146 describing Lienhard's meeting and conversation with this German culprit, his loss of sheep by coyotes, and troubles with his Indians, have been omitted.

One time a man rapped on my door about midnight asking for lodgings. I hesitated, but finally opened it, gun in hand. My caller must have been drinking, for he did not know where he had come from, or where he was going, and slept heavily all night, snoring every moment. The next morning after breakfast he left. Another time some of my former traveling companions brought an Englishman with them from the fort; the man was called Thompson,* I believe, and said he had come from the mines to the fort several days ago with approximately five thousand dollars in gold, but after taking several drinks, he went to the gambling room and played until he lost his entire

stake. I gave him and my three friends supper and breakfast, without charge. Thompson appeared to be philosophical about his losses. He said that all he had to do was to go back to the mountain—his bank—and get more.

There is no clue to his identity. Many Thompsons had come to California, most of them with the army.

Another evening a strange young man dressed in buckskin clothes arrived, and inquired the best way to cross the swollen waters of the American Fork. He said he hoped to secure employment as a vaquero from Mr. Sinclair. Old Jacob Durr was with me, and neither of us thought he could cross the river in the dark, so we decided to put him up for the night if he came back. Durr and I were surprised that he was not bound for the gold mines. Suspicious that he had probably been a miner, gone to the fort, gambled, drank, and lost all his gold, I decided to find out for myself when he came back. We did not have to wait long before 173 he returned and asked for lodgings, which I gave him. Having prepared a good supper I invited him to join us; he seemed extremely hungry, and ate heartily.

When we had finished, the talk turned to mining and continued for some time. A brief pause followed. I reopened the conversation by saying how strange it was that men who had deprived themselves of so much and had amassed several thousand dollars in gold, came down to the fort and, after heavy drinking, attempted to atone for their privations by going into the gambling room, and after watching a few men win by sheer luck, would decide to try their skill at the game. There, if they won a few times, they would become excited, play for higher stakes, and begin to lose steadily. To recuperate their losses, they would drink again, become even more excited, and not stop until their last ounce of gold dust had been gambled away.

I discussed this in a quiet tone of voice and the man listened intently with glowing eyes. There was another long silence, and then the young man said, “You have described my fate exactly. About three days ago I arrived at the fort with twenty-five hundred dollars in gold. I drank, went into the gambling room to try my luck, gambled, and lost everything. Now there is not even a dollar in my pocket, and if I had not left two hundred of it with Bill Daylor^{*} on the Cosumnes, I would have had nothing left.

William Daylor, who was at Sutter's Fort and at the mines, owned a ranch on the Cosumnes. Daily in the MS. See *supra supra* V, note 19.

The three major vices in California at this time that invariably led to ruin were drinking, gambling, and associating with casual women; these vices will never lead to anything but misery, even if a man succumbs only to one of them, and if he abandons himself to all three, his downfall is inevitable.

The last week in December, 1848, Mr. Miller, Holmes's partner, came to see me. He had gone to the fort to attempt to collect six hundred dollars the captain owed him from young Sutter. Sutter senior had sent him, as he had me, to see his son, who 174 had already paid so many of his father's debts that he believed they were endless. I was fond of Miller, although the first time I saw him at the mines with Holmes, I was prejudiced against both of them, merely because they were ex-sailors. He talked about his old home in Scotland, and his pretty daughters, so I knew he was homesick for his fatherland and wanted to see his children again. He left on the morning of December 31, 1848; I never heard anything more of him.*

Folio 147, describing nocturnal visits by neighboring Kanakas who attempted to steal Lienhard's sheep, has been omitted.

One night I was lying in bed, I remember, unable to sleep for thinking about business, when I thought I heard the sound of horses. Listening intently, I was convinced I was not mistaken and from the sounds I decided that several riders must be approaching the corral. As the trample of horses' hoofs kept coming closer to my hut, my dogs became restless and began to bark. Then there was silence.

I got up quietly, and went to the door, opening it cautiously. The men who were outside called "Good-evening." I returned the greeting. The moon had not come up, so it was still quite dark, but I could faintly see three men on horseback. Two of them were white and one was dark; the latter resembled a Kanaka, Indian, or negro. When the men asked if they could buy a sheep, I told them they could have one in the morning. They replied that they had just arrived from the mines, were very hungry, wanted a sheep immediately, and asked how much they were. "I sell them for eight

dollars each during the day,” I said, “but never make sales at night.” “Eight dollars?” they cried, “Why we can buy them at the mines for three.”

“Really? Then go back to the mountains and buy your sheep there.”

“We're hungry,” they replied, “and need food now. We'll pay you one silver dollar and be satisfied with a lamb five or six months old.”

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“Keep your silver dollar,” I called back, “I don't want it. Gold is good enough for me. You can't buy any sheep from me at night. When it is light you can buy a sheep for eight dollars, my usual price; lamb is not any cheaper than mutton.”

They inquired how far it was to the fort, and where the trail crossed the American Fork. I gave them full and accurate directions and they departed after saying good night. I lay down on my straw mattress, convinced they were either robbers or rogues who were trying to rob me, or the worst swindlers I had ever known in California if they thought they could come down from the gold mines and buy sheep at night for a dollar. I was glad to see them leave, for I did not want that kind of business. For a long time these thoughts kept drifting through my head; at times I thought I heard the sheep move restlessly, then everything seemed quiet once more, so I suspected a wolf or coyote had been around. When the sheep began moving again I had visions of prowling wolves and considered sending Abaya to see what the trouble was.

The sheep continued to move in the corral; looking out through the little opening, I saw them gazing at something toward the west. I woke Abaya, told him the sheep had been disturbed three times, and sent him to look around and find out whether wolves or men were causing the disturbance. After Abaya left I went back to sleep. He returned immediately and said quietly, “Take your gun; several thieves are out there. They have horses and are attempting to get into the corral to steal sheep.” Seizing my double-barreled guns, I followed the boy. He stopped south of the hut and pointed out two silhouettes visible against the horizon. I had a bullet in one of my guns and a load of buckshot in the other, and knew if I shot the bullet, I might kill the thief, which I did not wish to

do. I preferred to scare the rascal; by firing buckshot a distance of forty feet I would not be so apt to injure him, so, taking rapid aim, I pulled the trigger. A half-suppressed cry indicated I had struck my target. I went Indian fashion toward the northeast stockade, and reached there in time 176 to see a man on horseback leading another saddled animal past the west end of the stockade. I set the trigger of the gun, which was loaded with a bullet, aimed directly at the riderless horse, and fired again. The horse, or horses, jumped wildly, and the sheep thieves moved rapidly to get out of range of my firing.

Rippstein, Diehl, and Bruner^{*} rushed out of the other hut. “What is going on out here?” they asked. I told them I was shooting at thieves and that at least three of them had been seen. Rippstein had brought his rifle, so I took it, walked in the direction the thieves had taken, and looked around. Thinking I saw them in the distance, I fired; the bullet made a loud whistling noise. Then I called out in a gruff voice, “How does the mutton taste?”

This seems to be Christian Bruner, who came west in 1846, and was employed by Sutter at the fort.

Upon returning to the hut, I loaded both guns with heavy charges, placed sixteen-inch shot in each barrel, and fastened my hunting knife to my belt. For some time I watched fully armed, and, if the thieves had returned, I would have given them a warm reception indeed. Half an hour later I heard the noise of water splashing in the American River, and could distinguish the sound of several animals wading. The rogues seemed to consider it safer to cross the river than to go on to the fort or towards Sacramento, where I could find out what men had come in that night.

Although I knew I would not find them at the fort, I rode over there the following morning to ask if anyone had arrived last night. No one was able to give me any information, but I met Major Reading,^{*} a handsome, brave American, who lived about two hundred and fifty miles up the Sacramento Valley in a fort, where he passed his time among the Indians. He often visited Sutter's Fort, where I had been formally presented to him once. I told him about my recent experience; he looked at me 177 thoughtfully, and I was afraid he might blame me, but he merely said, “You

should have shot the fellows. They might have shot you if they had a chance. Men who steal do not hesitate to commit murder.”*

Pierson B. Reading, who came west in 1843 from New Jersey. He became one of Sutter's trappers, and held many positions of trust at the fort. He settled on a ranch in Shasta County, but mined extensively during the gold rush. He was one of the solid, substantial men of this era.

The balance of folio 148, and the first section of 149, describing sheep breeding, especially difficulties with wild animals and inclement weather, and Lienhard's own ill health, have been omitted.

I have already mentioned Jacob Durr of Pratteln, Canton of Basel, and his Indian squaw, who lived with me for some time. One day Durr told me that if my sheep were healthy in the spring he would like to go into partnership with me, provided I would sell him a half interest. The weather had been good, the sheep had grown fat and healthy, and he said he was willing to buy half of them; we agreed on a price of twenty-four hundred dollars, I believe. Since Durr had washed gold the summer before and had buried bottles containing about three thousand dollars' worth somewhere in the mines, he rode back to get it and pay me for the sheep.

I do not know whether he marked the hiding place, but only one bottle was found. Fortunately it was the one that contained eighteen hundred dollars in gold dust. The other had about twelve hundred dollars and Durr suspected that Mary, and one of her countrymen, an Oregon Indian, might have watched him dig the hole for the gold. He gave me eighteen hundred dollars; the balance, which he borrowed, was paid in a short time. We planned to drive the sheep to the mines when the grass was high and sell them to the workers.

Durr was a large, well-proportioned man about six feet tall. Although fifty-four years of age, he still had an erect military bearing, having once served as a gunner in the Swiss guards in the French army during the revolution of July, 1830, when three Swiss regiments were stationed for three days in Paris, and fought side by side with the French troops. When the war was over Durr was sent home from France with the other Swiss soldiers. He took part in several more campaigns, including one in Spain*. After living in the Rocky Mountains eight or nine years, he went to Oregon and down to California, where he participated in the war of the Spanish-Californians against Mexico and fought, together with American immigrants, with Sutter and his Indians on the

Mexican side.* Durr was in charge of cannon during the war. He told me Sutter had been made commander by the Mexican general, Micheltorena, how incompetent he was, and how Micheltorena soon discovered *el comandante*, did not know his business.

Certain irrelevant incidents of Durr's life at Fort Laramie found in folios 149 and 150 have been omitted. In January, 1845, Sutter, who had collected an army of 220 white men and Indians to support Governor Micheltorena's campaign against Custer and Alvarado, left New Helvetia. Their forces were defeated at the Battle of Cahuenga near Los Angeles on February 21, and the captain captured. He was held in the house of Abel Stearns in Los Angeles for a time. See Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p.149 ff.

When Sutter, on the other hand, talked about his participation in the war, he told a very different story. Although he admitted having been captured by the Californians and having been in danger of losing his life, yet he attempted to pose as a hero at all times. To the contrary, Durr said that he was ashamed of his countryman who had talked so much about his military skill, and then proved to be not only an incompetent soldier, but a coward as well.

The Californians were remarkable riders, and skilful with their lances in war; Sutter, with his cowardly Indians, his small company of American soldiers, and his two cannon, was no match for these well-mounted Californians, and unaccustomed to such speed, he knew it was inevitable that the enemy with their long lances would overtake him. A man called Thomas, who had been in Sutter's camp not far from the Cosumnes and had snatched the gun from his hands one time when he threatened to kill Perry McCoon and his Indian Mary, was the only soldier who remained behind with him. Fearful he would fall off his horse, while riding at high speed, Sutter wept when he saw the enemy come up, and 179 discovered the number of lance they threaten to ram into his stomach. They might have injured him; however, an officer appeared and ordered them not to harm him. Although the great commander was taken prisoner, he was allowed to return to his fort at Sacramento, where he swore he preferred death to fighting Californians again. I do not believe he had any desire to campaign after this experience, successful as the first European campaign he talked so much about had been.

When the proceeding was over, Durr left for Oregon, where he continued to lead the romantic life of a hunter. One time near the Rogue River, which is either in southern Oregon or northern

California, he met a number of Indians whom he knew slightly; one of them had a daughter thirteen years of age and wanted to exchange her for an old white horse that had cost Durr seven dollars. He liked the girl, and arranged to make the transfer. The Indian took the venerable animal and my friend acquired a squaw, whom he called Mary. She was his constant companion from that day on. When gold was discovered, he joined the rush to California and subsequently became my partner in the sheepraising industry.*

Details about Mary and Durr in folios 150 and 151 have been omitted.

Superb weather and lush pasturage made us decide to leave the sheep ranch in April, and we decided to drive our herd toward the mines situated between the Cosumnes and the Mokelumne rivers. Having gone several miles beyond the road that led to Mormon Island and the American River, we had started off across the prairie, when we met Rippstein and Diehl, who had set out for the mines several weeks before and were now returning to the fort. The news they gave us was not encouraging. Returns from the mines were small, they said, no extensive mineral deposits had been located, and there were many treacherous Indians nearby; Rippstein showed us a scar on one of his fingers made by an arrow one of the Indians had shot at him.

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He also told us about five or six white men, who had left on a short prospecting trip to locate richer placers. In the afternoon the men reached a village that had been hastily abandoned by the Indians, a sign that the natives were afraid of them or had ulterior designs. Nevertheless, they went several miles beyond, then decided to camp for the night, an extremely foolish and unwise decision, because they knew they were not far from hostile Indians. If they had given any serious thought to the situation, they would have gone far beyond the Indian settlement before they camped.

I have always found that a man is not cautious unless he has been harmed; during the trip across the Rocky Mountains, Rippstein was brave, but inclined to be careless, because he had never been attacked by Indians, and so did not think it was necessary to take precautions against danger. That night the men piled a large amount of wood on the campfire, then stretched out around it to sleep.

Experience has taught me that anyone in danger should keep the fire as low as possible, because it indicates to the enemy where camp has been made.*

Brief omission in folio 152.

Diehl and Rippstein told me they were about to drop off to sleep after their evening meal, when a premonition of danger made them decide to have a member of their party stand watch. The man chosen was a Frenchman; instead of extinguishing the fire he added more wood. Suddenly the cry "Indian" was heard. Rippstein reached for his gun that was lying nearby, and was about to aim at one of the brown intruders when an arrow wounded his finger, and the gun fell from his hands. The Frenchman, who had been on guard, received five arrows in his stomach during the attack, but had enough presence of mind to throw his woolen blankets over the fire, which was still burning. Darkness prevented the Indians from being able to distinguish between their own tribe and the white men, and gave the miners 181 a chance to escape, but they left everything behind them. Nevertheless, the next day the entire party, including the Frenchman, who was so severely wounded by the five arrows that he died several days later, returned to their former camp.

After listening to this brief tale, Durr and I decided to retrace our steps and drive our sheep toward Coloma, where gold was first discovered. We did not stop at Mormon Island, but moved on slowly until we reached a place where a temporary corral could be built by cutting down live oaks.

There we decided to camp. I went to work immediately, and within an hour the corral, made of thick branches, was completed. The next day we traveled over a sparse, dry plateau, and through a small valley that contained fresh water wells, where a stingy Yankee sold salt pork, salmon, and other supplies essential to life, to miners and Indians. Even though the pasturage and water were excellent for our sheep and horses, we did not intend to remain longer than the following morning. Our sheep and horse corral, made of boughs of live oaks, had been erected a short distance from an Indian camp on a hill; these Indians once worked for Sutter during harvest time and among them were several relatives of my boy, Konnock.

Several of the natives wished to buy sheep, and we had no difficulty agreeing on a price, and when our boys told their friends we intended to leave the next morning, they bought heavily. The Indians urged us to remain; they said they would take many more sheep from us, insinuating that there was no reason for us to leave, when it made no difference whether we sold our sheep to white men or Indians. These may have been the same natives who patronized the Americans, who were here before we arrived.

All day long camp was overrun by natives buying sheep; they would not purchase salted and smoked pork and salmon, but wanted only fresh mutton. Our sheep were sold at various prices. Grown rams brought twelve dollars; the price was eighteen to twenty-three dollars for ewes, but Indians usually preferred the heavier and cheaper rams, and did not care whether the animals were tender or tough. This was to our advantage, for rams could not be sold readily to white customers.

The day following some travelers who had come in on the *California*,* the first steamer on the New York-San Francisco run, arrived and several of these ex-passengers, now en route to the mines, stopped at our camp. They were heavily armed and had all the earmarks of being the scum of large cities of the east. Glancing at the Indians loitering nearby, they said they would like to try their guns on them. What flashed through their minds was something like this: "See that black devil. Look at his wild eye. Why not blow his brains out." Yet they were the so-called civilized citizens of a nation that calls itself a highly-enlightened land. These so-called good Christians would delight in extinguishing the spark of life in these harmless Indians. I pointed out to the newcomers, who would like to shoot them, the fact that no matter how our natives looked, they were a placid, goodnatured race, and that we would not allow them to be harmed. Finally they departed.*

The *California* sailed from New York on October 6, 1848, and was one of three side-wheelers built by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the coast to coast trade. She had accommodations for one hundred persons. The vessel reached San Francisco on February 28, and was given a gala reception. Omission, folios 152 to 154, describing irrelevant details of life at the camp.

A mile beyond our camp twenty men were washing gold on the shores of the American Fork; all were Germans, and among them were my three comrades, Thomen, Diehl, and Rippstein. Halfway between us was a small Indian village ruled by a tall, handsome chieftain. The abandoned village near the place where we were camping had been the home of my boy, Konnock, and his elder uncle had been its chief.

We lived peacefully with these Indians, who enjoyed loitering nearby, and never had any cause to complain about them. Occasionally they would beg for something to eat, but I made them work for it, either starting fires or carrying water, which they did with good grace, and when I saw one of them come in carrying wood, I knew what was wanted, and gave him something to eat. Unfortunately the local market for sheep was limited, and several Indians from our former valley camp, which was a considerable distance away, and where business had been good, came and asked us to return, promising to wash gold industriously and buy sheep, if we came back. That location had been the most profitable one we had found, so Durr and I decided to accommodate them, and return to our old camp. The Indians said it was not necessary to take the usual road, and offered to show us a short cut.

Three miles beyond where we had camped, Weber Creek, which joined the American Fork, flowed through the mountains and when we reached there with our Indian guides, the stupid sheep refused to cross the water in spite of all the help the Indians gave us. Almost frantic, we found some lambs and ewes, and tied them on the opposite bank, and although we collected twenty of them who bleated incessantly, yet the remaining sheep refused to cross. As the sun was about to set, we decided to leave the sheep where they were. They flocked together and we built a crude corral for them, camping nearby for the night. Discovering gold in the sand and gravel of the creek near the surface, I told Durr that I believed a considerable amount of it might be found in the vicinity. Two years later, when I was in Switzerland, I read about rich placers that had been discovered near where Weber Creek joins the American Fork, perhaps at this identical place.

LIENHARD'S HOUSE IN KILCHBERG, SWITZERLAND. Courtesy of Miss Mary Lienhard.

CHAPTER XIII

INDIAN CEREMONIES

Although we returned to our former camp the next morning, we did not intend to remain there, for our flour was almost gone. So critical was the situation that I told Durr it seemed advisable for me to stay behind while he went down to the valley and bought several hundred pounds more of it. He agreed; and arranged to leave the next morning. By using four horses he believed he could make the round trip in one day, but it was at least forty miles from our camp to Sacramento, and if he expected to return that same day he would have to travel eighty miles and would require at least four horses for riding and packing. Durr left camp early Saturday morning, saying he would be back that night without fail.

The day passed as quietly as our days usually did. Evening arrived, but Durr was not in sight, although I expected to see him appear any moment. Finally some Indian boys from the neighboring village came into camp. One of them spoke quickly to Konnock; the conversation was in a mountain dialect and I did not understand it very well, but I thought I heard something about death or killing. Konnock looked grave, then questioned the boy once more as if he wanted to be sure he had heard correctly. "Konnock," I asked, "didn't this boy say something about killing?"

"Yes," he replied, "some white men who were washing gold further up the river killed my uncle and another Indian, scalped them, and took their heads."

"Have your uncle and the other Indian been buried?"

"No, but they will bring his body back soon. This is his home. They will cremate his body, and bury the ashes."

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"Do you mean to say," I went on, "that your relatives will bring the body here, burn it, and then bury the ashes the same evening?"

“Yes,” the boy answered.

The situation, I knew, was an extremely serious one, and the more I thought about it, the more dangerous it seemed. Why German miners, including my three comrades, had murdered and scalped the Indians, was incomprehensible, yet the locality where it had occurred appeared to be the identical place where our countrymen were washing gold, for they had left their former camp and moved six miles up the river.

Whenever anything was stolen the so-called Christian miners would invariably say, “Kill every d— Indian you can find!” If civilized and enlightened white men were willing to kill Indians for trivial offenses and without proof of their guilt, how could we, the white people who were at their mercy, hope to receive better treatment from these heathen? I wondered what had prompted such an act. The chief and his brother had visited us the previous evening, and as both of them were Konnock's relatives, we had received them cordially. They had always been friendly Indians, and I did not care to see them harmed. Soon after dusk Durr returned; I told him what I had heard, and he shook his head dubiously. Both he and I had always considered the natives in this vicinity good-natured, stupid people, and had often remarked that if they had been like Rocky Mountain Indians, our lives would not have been safe. Yet they might argue: White men have killed some of our people; to kill white men is our duty, without even attempting to find out whether we were guilty or not.

Our guns were kept cocked, ready for any emergency. I had three shots and Durr had seven; he had exchanged his handsome gray mare for a large six-chamber Colt revolver, and in a crisis could give a good account of himself with the enemy. As it grew dark, I heard the low moaning sounds, which I was so familiar with at Mimal, coming from three directions, and saw the dim 187 forms of Indians approaching in the twilight. When they reached the lower end of the village, they stopped; but by that time it was too dark to see whether they were carrying the body of the dead chieftain or not.

Konnock wanted to attend his uncle's funeral, but before he left I told him that if his relatives felt any hatred toward the white men, he should tell them that we, too, were very angry about the

murder of his uncle, and mourned for him, but that if we were attacked, we would defend ourselves bravely, although we believed they would not punish innocent men for the death of their relatives. Konnock said he did not think anyone would harm us, because he was looking after us. Then he departed.

When the Rogue River Indians and Mary wanted to follow him and watch the ceremony, Abaya advised them to keep away because his people were excitable and wild, and if a stranger entered their village while this ceremony was taking place, the relatives might revenge themselves on the visitors.

“I am a Sacramento Indian from a neighboring clan,” he said, “but I would not go near their village. I know how we ourselves feel at such times.”

Soon signs of unusual activity were apparent. A fire burning brightly in the distance seemed to be surrounded by dark silhouettes who began to moan one by one; others joined until the entire clan was groaning, crying, yelling, and making weird gestures. My dogs began to bark. Finally what seemed like a mad outburst all at once subsided, most of the voices stopped, and only an occasional sigh and note of mourning could be heard. By this time activity near the fire seemed to have ceased. The participants were merely resting after their arduous labors, however, and soon the piercing noises, the stamping and yelling began with renewed force. The lamentations did not break out suddenly, but started softly, gradually growing louder, and then decreasing until not a single sound was heard. I listened to the periodic cries and the rhythmic tramping of many feet that continued all night long. 188 Toward dawn the sounds became less audible; at intervals a broken voice could be heard singing the familiar song of death. The song came from the upper, not the lower, end of the village.

Sometimes the wind blew the thick smoke directly toward our tents; each fresh gust carried an unpleasant odor of burned flesh. I do not recall that we slept much that night, at least I know I did not, although I was in my own lodging, for my dogs barked and howled all the time. Whenever they

seemed unusually excited I would run out of the shelter, gun in hand, and look all around to find out what the trouble was. But no one appeared.

The sun rose over the spot where the fire had reduced the body of the unhappy chief to ashes; not a person was in sight, however. After breakfast I went over to the village, and as I approached, I heard occasional sounds of mourning, then found the brother of the chief sitting on a little mound that resembled a molehill.

So exhausted he did not hear me, he sobbed frequently. His face was swollen from crying, yet at intervals he chanted the sad song of death. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and, when he saw me standing nearby he looked at me wildly until I waved my hand to reassure him. To indicate my intentions were peaceful, I removed my knife.

“Is your brother here?” I asked.

“*Si, Señor.*”

“Poor fellow, they were bad men to kill him.”

“*Si, Señor, muy malo,*” he replied in Spanish.

The tiny mound containing the ashes of the dead chieftain was only six or eight inches high and about two feet broad, but it was carefully made; a depression that resembled a basin had been dug on top of the mound, and in it beads made of pelican bones had been placed.

The brother of the departed chieftain rose and said, “*Tengo mucho hambre*”—I am very hungry, so I invited him to come over to my camp where I gave him bread and meat. After eating he departed, 189 saying “*Adios.*” I was anxious to know why the chief had been killed, especially after Konnock told me he had not been murdered by Germans, but by five men, some of whom were Oregon Indians who had come from the north fork of the American River on horseback. Meeting the poor chief when he was on the way to Coloma, they rode after him, and when the Indian saw the five men coming and heard their yells, he suspected they intended to murder him, and tried to escape by

running. The fact that he was familiar with the country, was to his advantage; the five men were on horseback, however.

The Indian ran for four or five miles at top speed, then found a member of his tribe, whom he warned to run for his life. Together they continued along the bank of the river until they reached a small village that stood on the right bank of the stream directly across from the camp of the German gold miners.

Closely followed by their tormentors, the poor Indians hoped that their lives would be spared; but they were mistaken. Suddenly the chief jumped into the river, as if he intended going to the mines and while Indians are good swimmers, he was too exhausted to remain under water. As he rose to the surface, he was shot through the head by the murderers, and killed.

When he was dead, the cold-blooded scoundrels got off their horses, and as the lifeless body was washed ashore, scalped and hung the head near the bridge, as a token of victory; that of the other Indian was also suspended above the bridge. The ceremony over, the murderers, posing as heroes, went on to Coloma.

After lunch I took a well-loaded gun and a hunting knife with me and mounted Johnny. Reaching the small village of the young chieftain, I found it empty and deserted, then I also investigated the place where the Germans had recently washed gold. From there I followed the Indian trail along the banks of the river, and as the route was clean and level, I let my horse travel at the usual gallop. Even in rocky stretches I rode at a rapid pace, and had passed a bend of the river and was galloping across 190 a level area when I heard a voice nearby. Not a person was in sight, however. The voice continued to call; it seemed to come from a woman or a boy. I continued to ride on, until, having reached another rocky area, I saw a level stretch of ground and urged my horse ahead.

Suddenly I saw an Indian woman running up the road ahead shouting words I could scarcely understand. “*Hededi awa maidu; Hededi awa maidu*”—Here comes a man, here comes a man. She disappeared behind a large rock, but I could still hear her calling. As I drew nearer, I heard

several masculine voices answering; then saw a group of scantily-clad Indians bathing in the water, or sitting on rocks nearby. Most of them were tribesmen of a young chief who was with them.

When the Indians saw me, they called to the frightened woman “*Ne winns maidu; ne jowel*”—He is a good man; he is the one who carries the keys. This was the nickname I was known by at the fort, because I carried the keys to so many different rooms. Exhausted, the Indian woman paused, and let me pat her head, and when she discovered I was laughing at her for running so fast she began to laugh, too. Her friends in the water joined. From them I inquired if the trail led to the camp of the white miners; they said it did, so I continued on my way, following the river around a high, round hill, but the distance was so great that I was about to turn back, when I saw a tent in the distance. It proved to belong to the camp of my friends, who told me that Rippstein and another German had gone to Coloma to find out why the two Indians had been killed.

I reproached my friends and asked why they had not attempted to stop the white murderers; they told me the affair happened so suddenly that they were powerless to prevent it. However, they did warn the men to leave the Indians alone, with the result that their own lives had been threatened.

Thomen and Diehl advised me to wait until Rippstein returned, before I went back to my own camp, because important 191 developments were expected to take place. They urged me to make my visit with the Indians as brief as possible, adding that bitterness and excitement toward them was intense at Coloma, where forty white men were forming a band to attack the Indians; they were preparing to take action the following day, and had decided to kill every Indian they met. Knowing I had Indian servants, they said that if I was found among the natives, I might share the same fate, especially if I interceded in their behalf, and there was also considerable danger that my horses and many of my sheep might be stolen.

The excuse offered for this dastardly expedition was that five white men had been murdered about fifty miles beyond Coloma on the north fork of the American River, and as Indians were believed to have been guilty, the white men had decided to kill them. Anyone who had lived even for a short time among native tribes in California knew that every village had its chief, and was independent

of neighboring villages, that the natives of different villages often spoke dissimilar dialects, and that feuds such as Sutter found existing between the Bushumnes and Sacramento Indians, who lived only a few miles apart, often broke out between neighboring settlements. Everything I heard indicated, however, that the Indians had been living in harmony with the villagers on the north fork, and never molested them.*

Sections of folios 155 and 156 have been omitted.

Not long after this experience, I departed with two Frenchmen one fine morning to return to the valley. I recall what an inspiring experience it was to start off on a good horse on a beautiful May day across green lush country. Carrying six thousand dollars in gold, I was full of hope, confidence, and high spirits. Whenever I recall that invigorating spring morning and remember how happy and full of joy I was, I feel a thrill of pleasure. Those who have experienced similar feelings will understand how I felt.

We traveled along at a moderate gait. By evening, having 192 reached a point midway between some treeless, grass-covered hills, we decided to camp there for the night. Early the next morning our party started off again. The road, I remember, led over the hills; the view through ash trees and down to a deep-blue lake lying far below was superb. The sun was shining as brilliantly as if it had been summer, and in less than two hours, we reached the shores of the limpid American Fork, where we rested under a shady oak. One of the Frenchmen, who was a barber, carried some maize flour mixed with sugar and water, which he made into a pleasant, cool, nourishing drink that was most refreshing. After resting for an hour while our horses browsed in the grass nearby, we resumed our ride. Passing a sheep ranch, we reached the shade of a large tree close to the river at the edge of Sutter's wheatfields where we camped that afternoon. It was a perfect site, we had everything we needed, especially a large supply of fresh green grass for our horses; the American River provided an ample supply of water; there was firewood in abundance.

The next morning I went to the fort to have my gold weighed in Sutter's druggist's scales, and found I had approximately six thousand dollars. I had intended to buy articles suitable for barter with the

Indians, but my plans were unexpectedly changed by an offer young Sutter made me, that definitely ended what I had in mind.

John Augustus Sutter, Jr., whom I called August, was determined to have his mother, brothers, and sister brought over from Switzerland,^{*} and he knew only two men he could trust to undertake this task. One of them was Mr. Ritschard,^{*} a man from Berne, who had crossed the Atlantic with him, and who had been a captain at Naples at one time, then an overseer of slaves 193 in Bahia Honda, Brazil, but was now employed by Sutter senior as overseer at Hock Farm.

Sutter's family also consisted of his wife Anna Dubeld; the daughter Anna Elise, or Eliza, born May 30, 1828; Emil Viktor, born Jan. 16, 1830; Wilhelm Alphons, or Alphonse, born May 15, 1832. Another son, Carl Albert, born in 1833, died in 1839. See *Das Burgdorfer Jahrbuch 1935* (Burgdorf, Switzerland) p. 10. John Ritschard, who lived in Sacramento from 1848 to 1852. He is mentioned in *Das Burgdorfer Jahrbuch*, p. 32. Lienhard calls him Richard.

I was the alternate choice; I was the man the captain told his son was the only one he could trust. Young Sutter knew his father wanted him to make the journey, but he believed that if he went there would be little if any money left to support the family on when he got back. On the other hand, if he sent Mr. Ritschard, the farm would deteriorate rapidly, and what progress had been made would have been lost. So he came to me, and assured me it would give him great pleasure if I would take charge of his mother, brothers, and sister, and that, if I would consider such an arrangement, he would compensate me generously for my services. For a long time I had contemplated making a trip to Switzerland myself, but had planned to wait another year or two and accumulate more gold. A visit to Switzerland suited me perfectly.

I was anxious to know what compensation I would receive. Sutter's first offer was for only two thousand dollars, and I declined to make the trip for this small amount; the journey meant an absence of from six to eight months, and cholera was raging in the states. Moreover, ominous rumors about Chagres fever, which was said to be far worse than cholera, were also heard. Finally August Sutter made me an offer of three thousand dollars in addition to expenses, but I held out for four thousand dollars with the privilege of traveling first class, including accommodations at the best hotels. Sutter finally agreed, saying, "Travel exactly as I would travel." I also insisted on

being paid in advance. "Although you and not your father," I told him, "have entrusted me with this commission, and although I have had no reason to doubt your word, yet your father is the man who is actually responsible, and I have lost so much money through promises he failed to keep that I cannot do anything for him without being compensated in advance. I am sorry to have to mention this, but I know you will understand my frankness and sympathize with my point of view."

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The young man did not appear to be offended, but he did insinuate that it would be difficult to raise enough gold to make the trip to Switzerland, in addition to advancing a salary of four thousand dollars. Mr. Burnett,* who looked after his business affairs, was to witness our contract when final arrangements had been made. We figured approximately eight thousand dollars would be required for the trip.* This was not an excessive amount, but the total, including my salary, came to twelve thousand dollars. In addition to Madame Sutter, her daughter, and two sons, I was to bring back a nephew, the son of a sister, called Schlafli.* This would make a total of six persons to travel first class.

Peter H. Burnett, a young Tennessee lawyer who reached the fort in 1848, and was Sutter's business manager until July, 1849. He sold lots, adjusted claims with creditors, and attempted to untangle his complicated financial enterprises. In later years he was a prominent judge and leader in civic life. Lienhard calls him Bennett. See his *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer* (New York, 1880).

Young Sutter had so much difficulty raising funds for the trip that he was forced to borrow \$6000 from Bill Daylor. Mrs. Schlafli was Mrs. Sutter's eldest sister. Her son Gustave came to California and was employed at Hock Farm. See Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 311; and Gustave's five letters to his mother and sister from California in *Das Burgdorfer Jahrbuch* pp. 21-58.

When I realized that considerable time might elapse before he could raise the last thousands, I went to young Sutter, and said I would take one of his lots on the main street of Sacramento in place of one thousand dollars, but would do so with the understanding that if it was not worth that much when I returned, he would take it back and pay me the same amount. If it was worth more, I was to keep it. It would relieve him of the necessity of raising so much gold. I asked him to make out a deed of sale, as well as a contract setting forth all the conditions and terms that made our agreement

binding. Sutter agreed; so I selected a corner lot on Front and O streets, and the necessary papers were made out, and turned over to me.

After making these arrangements with young Sutter, I camped for several days with two French comrades near the fort. The air was very invigorating, and at night the clear, deep-blue sky with 195 its millions of shining stars made a canopy I never grew weary of watching. Many times at the mines I had looked at this same wonderful, mysterious creation of Almighty God, and marveled at its beauty! How small and useless I felt, how insignificant my associates seemed, when I recalled the vastness of the heavenly constellations.

Mortals, human beings like myself, enjoy only a brief span of life. Who can deny creation, even though it is beyond human conception? The stupidity, conceit, and vanity of human beings is unfathomable. Man has no conception of the universe as a whole; he is merely a small and unimportant bit of dust. But because he is so blind, he thinks he sees clearly. Knowing nothing or scarcely more than nothing, makes him think he knows everything. But I must confine myself to my own adventures. While I was there Diehl came over to see me. He stopped about fifty or sixty yards away from my camp and began to dig in the ground until he pulled out a bottle containing a large amount of gold. We all laughed heartily. Diehl joined, happy at having recovered the gold he had buried. Thomen and Rippstein came in from the mines soon after, and pitched their tents nearby for a brief visit. We had a jolly time together.

As I had already accepted Sutter's proposal to bring his mother, brothers, and sister over from Switzerland, I gave them some things that had been especially useful to me such as shears, rifles, and trunks which I did not expect to need again, at least not for a long time, and which I knew they could use to good advantage. Then I moved over to the fort and waited for Sutter to raise enough gold for our traveling expenses. Meanwhile, I sold the fine white horse I had bought from Durr for three hundred dollars—the original price I had paid for it—and disposed of the mare I had purchased from Sutter and her filly to young Sutter for two hundred dollars.

As the place where my friends and I had camped had never been used by anyone else, I decided to bury my gold in the ground 196 there. I placed it in three bottles preparatory to hiding it in a place where I believed it would be safe, then, selecting a time when I thought no one was watching, I took the bottles, which contained about five thousand dollars' worth of gold that had been secreted on my clothing, and went to the place I had chosen, accompanied only by my dog Tiger. Pretending I was going hunting, I took my gun.

After tramping through forest and underbrush until I considered I was safe, I made three deep holes in three different places in the bushes at the edge of the wheatfields with a sharp knife in Indian fashion, taking every possible precaution to keep the dirt in a neat pile. The bottles containing the gold were placed in these holes, and covered with dirt. The spot where they had been hidden was covered with old leaves in such a way that it resembled the surrounding leaf-covered ground. While I was burying them, I used the utmost caution and looked around from time to time to assure myself that no uninvited spectator saw what I was doing. Before I left I scratched a mark on the branch of a low tree, measured the distance from there to the gold, made a note of it, and went into the adjoining bush, apparently to hunt but actually to assure myself there were no spies around. Convinced that my gold was safe, I went back to the camp.

Often daily tasks took me in the vicinity of this hiding place, and when I wanted to inspect it I never approached from the wheatfields, but always from the bushes. To my dismay, the second time I visited it, I found that the earth around one of my bottles had been moved, and half the gold was visible. The soil, I saw finally, had been scratched up by some animal, and my fears vanished. I reburied the bottle carefully, scattering a little gunpower, an odor animals seem to dislike, over it.*

Omission in folio 157 about the difficulties of hiding gold.

CHAPTER XIV

PIONEER ACQUAINTANCES

At the fort I became acquainted with an American about thirty years old called Slater,^{*} who ran a bowling alley and sold food and assorted drinks. He told me his old home was in the States, in Missouri, I believe, and that he had a large family whom he hoped to bring out. Mr. Slater, who was not at all like his countrymen, seemed to have a fine character; he was a handsome, thoughtful, modest man, who never harbored any ill will or tried to harm anyone. Many times I went to his store when I did not care to bowl or drink; he was always friendly, and we often chatted together. Obviously he neither enjoyed, nor was fitted, for the work. He told me that if he could find a suitable partner he intended to open a restaurant and billiard hall in Sacramento that would attract a highclass clientele. When he learned that I had been engaged to escort Sutter's family from Switzerland to America, he said he was sorry he had not known me sooner because he considered me just the man he wanted.

Apparently Richard Slater, who came west with the Mormon Battalion in 1847.

He even suggested that I ask Sutter to send a substitute, but when I mentioned it to the captain he refused. Slater told me he had saved about five thousand dollars, and said that if I would put the some amount in his business, and we were economical managers, I might make much more than the four thousand dollars Sutter was paying me.

My friends envied me the wonderful trip that was in store for me and the large salary I was to receive, but I would have been just as happy if Sutter had selected someone else. A tailor, a 198 man called Walter or Wether,^{*} a seasoned old adventurer from Swabia, had approached Sutter with an offer to bring the family over for three thousand dollars and finally for two thousand dollars; but the captain was not interested.^{*}

Possibly Herman Wohler from Mecklenburg, who owned a vineyard at Sonoma several years later. Cordua in his *Memoirs* mentions meeting him.

A section of folio 158, containing Lienhard's detailed comments on this episode, has been omitted.

The breach between Captain Sutter and his son was growing wider all the time. Disappointed speculators were making more and more trouble between them, and I did not think it was wise to leave solely as the envoy of young Sutter, unless I was so authorized by the father and had his

approval to bring over the family. I mentioned this to young Sutter one day, saying I must have Captain Sutter's consent, too, before leaving, and added that if he did not want me to undertake the journey, I would remain here.

As I had anticipated, the young man would not listen to me at first. "I am giving you what gold you need," he said, "you do not have to go to my father for it." But my mind was made up, and I asked him to call his father. He did so reluctantly. This was the first time he had entered his father's room for a long time, I believe. Meanwhile, I waited outside for the answer, secretly hoping that Sutter senior would veto my journey to Switzerland. The son reappeared, followed by the father. The captain came over to me and said, "Mr. Lienhard, my son tells me he wishes to engage you to accompany my family from Switzerland, and that you have agreed to do so only if it meets with my approval. Is that so?" I said that it was, and that unless the plan was satisfactory to him I would not undertake the journey.

Captain Sutter declared in the presence of his son that he was entirely satisfied with his choice, that he felt confident I was the right man, and that everything was satisfactory. I was glad there was no argument between father and son, for the thought that I might have been sent to bring back the family against the old man's wishes was repugnant to me.

The band of horse thieves that had been operating for some time around the fort had disbanded by now, but some boys, who found horse thieving profitable, as well as the honorable alcalde and the fat rascal with the pale eyes and white hair, were still there. One morning some Bushumnes Indians came to young Sutter and complained that friends of the alcalde, including his brother-in-law, had stolen one of their animals.

In his father's absence young Sutter's task was to protect the natives. He decided to speak to one of the suspects and several men, including the alcalde and his pompous brother-in-law on whom he counted for support, were brought before him. One young thief answered Sutter in a sullen manner, and said that the Indians had stolen one of his horses. Sutter was not inclined to believe him, for

he felt confident that the horse belonged to the Indians. I had just purchased a silk vest in the store outside of the fort and was about to enter the gate, when I heard young Sutter talking.

I felt I knew what the fellow wanted, and I advised Sutter not to argue with him, for if he succeeded in gaining the upper hand, his friends would join him in the quarrel. I spoke to him in German, but he did not seem to understand what I meant, and was soon engaged in a fight with one of the horse thieves. I knew he would be beaten, so I tried to pull them away. However, the honorable justice of the peace seized a bent stick as thick as my arm, and held it over my head cursing and threatening to beat my brains out with it, if I did not stop interfering.

Preferring to keep my brains intact, I left the two fighters to their fate. Both of them fell to the ground, but the American knew his business better than his opponent, and was gaining the upper hand. I advised Sutter to stop. He consented, but only after his face was badly scratched. If he had listened to me 200 in the beginning, he would have saved himself this embarrassment, for he had had little experience with men of this type.

He felt his defeat keenly, and disappeared into his father's room where he would not be disturbed. I tried to console him, and gave him some good advice for future needs, yet when old Sutter reached the fort several days later, he was incensed at the way his son had been treated, and decided to reprimand the entire crowd.

This time no murders were committed while I was at the fort, but the man in Sacramento City who had tried to kill Mr. McDowell once before, fired a shot from which he died an hour later. McDowell, who had settled on the right bank of the river directly across from the city, had built himself a log cabin there, but had not fenced his property adequately, nor had he cultivated the soil. When travel to Sacramento City began to increase, a ferry or small flatboat capable of carrying one or two big wagons each trip was needed, and a rope was stretched from shore to shore which pulled the flatboat across by means of a cable. But McDowell refused to give his consent to the use of his property for this purpose; he had expected to receive some of the proceeds from the ferry, and when final plans were made, he considered that he had not been treated fairly.

A hot-tempered, reckless, Kentucky rowdy, he was in the habit of using rough language, and would attempt to stab men in the stomach with his bowie knife upon the slightest provocation. One day two young drivers, each with a wagonload of goods, drove over to the ferry against his orders, and, oblivious to his threats, loaded their vehicles onto the boat. In a fit of temper McDowell stabbed the younger driver, who was about eighteen years old, two or three times with his knife. The other man, who was about twenty-one, called to him, and warned him to leave the younger man alone; McDowell replied by stabbing him, too, but the older boy knocked him down and struck him several times.

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A tall young man called Deawolf* came over to watch the fight, and spoke sharply to the attacker for having drawn his knife on two young men who had not harmed him. McDowell sprang toward him, knife in hand; Deawolf, who was unarmed, ran into one of the neighboring huts, and asked for a loaded pistol to defend himself with in case McDowell, who was standing outside, attempted to stab him again. As he came out of the hut, McDowell jumped on him with his knife, but Deawolf shot him through the chest. Dropping his knife, McDowell sat down, told everyone he thought he was going to die, and soon expired. When Deawolf asked who the man was, and was told that he lived on the opposite bank of the river and was the father of six ill-mannered children, he was overcome with grief and remorse and said that if the neighbors thought he should be hanged for murder, he was willing to abide by their decision. Everyone agreed he had acted in self-defense, and that anyone would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

There is no clue to his identity. He is not listed in the directories of that period.

I was told that McDowell's family did not seem to be disturbed by the affair. Some said that his wife was relieved when it happened, because she had been whipped and mistreated by him so often.

She married again in a short time.*

Brief omission in folio 158.

One day Mr. Burnett, young Sutter's business manager, introduced me to his eldest son; he proved to be a quiet, highly respectable young man and, unlike his contemporaries, did not drink or

gamble, but preferred to read and study. As I found him extremely congenial, we spent considerable time together, and finally became so friendly that we even discussed religion, a point on which we did not agree.

Originally Protestants, my young friend and his father were now Catholics, having been converted by the Jesuits in Oregon a short time before they reached California. They believed they had joined what was the only true faith.

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My friendship with the paternal Huggenberger continued to be as strong as ever. I was extremely sorry for the old man, who was determined to go to the mines and amass several thousand dollars' worth of gold, for I felt that his frail constitution was not equal to the hardships and privations of a miner's life, but nothing I could say made any impression on him. He considered it disgraceful not to be earning anything when everyone else was making a fortune, and even imagined his acquaintances were saying: "Look at that man! He's still young and strong, yet when all able-bodied men are heading for the mines, he stays away. He must be too lazy to take advantage of these opportunities."

My own feelings were quite different. I knew Huggenberger was old and not very well, and already owned nine or ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the east. In addition to that amount, he had also saved several thousand dollars without working in the mines. He had no wife, no children, and no one but himself to look after; he did not need to save money for unappreciative heirs. Anyone knowing these facts would consider him either a miser or a fool to endure the hardships and dangers of life at the mines, when he already owned between fourteen and sixteen thousand dollars.

Among Huggenberger's closest friends was a man from Baden called Cadel,^{*} who lived in Sutterville and ran a dairy. He had a wife and several children, and was a plain, unassuming man, one whom Huggenberger and I both considered an honest citizen. Huggenberger did not like the wild, dangerous life at the fort, and finally moved to Cadel's where the environment was restful and quiet.

Peter Cadel, Hadel, or Kadel, who came west in 1846. He lived at New Helvetia, San Rafael, and Sonoma, and finally at Sutterville where he built the second house. He died at Oklahoma in 1875. Lienhard calls him Rodel.

One day we were discussing Cadel's honesty, and he told me the following story. "I had intended," he said, "to bury my gold 203 somewhere in the ground where it would be safe until I returned from the mines. I asked Cadel to go with me, explaining what I intended to do.

"He seemed frightened when I told him about it. 'No, no, Mr. Huggenberger,' he said, 'I can't go. If you did not find your gold when you came back, you might think I had taken it. I am going to Sacramento today, and as soon as I am out of sight, take your gold, and bury it yourself. Do not let anyone see what you are doing and make a sign where it is buried so that you will always know where to find it.'" Huggenberger said he followed his advice, went off by himself to bury his gold, and marked it carefully, so he could find the place when he returned.

Huggenberger's old friend and comrade, Huber, who, at one time considered going into partnership with Rippstein, also spent some time at the mines. By 1849 Huber was worth forty thousand dollars. In 1852, while I was in Kilchberg, Canton of Zurich, I was told that a certain man called Huber had received word from the magistrate in Knonau, that his brother had died in California, and left him about one hundred and sixty thousand Zurich gulden, a large fortune for a man of his type. The friend who told me this story about the lucky heir remarked that there were a few honest people left in America. If the dollar was worth two and one-half gulden, in 1849 Huber's capital must have been one hundred thousand gulden, and in the three years from 1849 to 1852 must have increased considerably.

While I am discussing old friends, I should like to tell what happened to good-hearted, old Huggenberger. When I parted from him, I warned him about mining; but he seemed determined to try it, although I was afraid he would not be alive when I returned from Switzerland with Sutter's family. One of the first questions I asked when I reached California in January, 1850, was about my friend, Huggenberger.

I was told that he went to the mines, located a claim on one of 204 the steep hillsides, became ill, and died, and instead of being buried, had been covered with rocks and stones. Although he had brought on his own death by greed for more gold, I felt genuinely sorry for the brave old man.*

Omission, folio 159.

The last few days before my departure I often saw Captain Sutter at the fort. One day he asked me to accompany him to Hock Farm, where his overseer, Mr. Ritschard, wanted to see me and talk with me before I left. Mr. Ritschard asked me to take one thousand dollars to his relatives, a sister's son, Fritz Neuenschwander* of Canton of Berne, and another sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Kamer* of Arth, Canton of Schwyz; they intended to use the money for a trip to California.

Schlafli mentions him. See *Das Burgdorfer Jahrbuch*, pp. 27, 52. After working as a blacksmith for Sutter he settled near Marysville.

Kenner, Kanner, and Kammer in the MS. Later a member of the firm of Conrad and Kamer, a supply house in San Francisco.

Whenever Sutter started out even on short trips, he was accompanied by Indian riders armed with long spears. Although this protection seemed adequate, yet I soon learned that one aggressive white man, well-mounted, and armed with a double-barreled revolver and bowie knife, could handle half a dozen native policemen. This escort was for effect rather than actual protection, for in those days Californians were not easily intimidated, and nothing could have restrained them from playing tricks on Sutter if they chose.

The first day we traveled as far as the American Fork, camping near Sinclair's property. Captain Sutter rode a large, yellow-gray mule that had a black streak across its back. This animal was stocky, dependable, and accustomed to trails, and I cannot recall ever having seen Sutter ride anything else. I was on my three-hundred-dollar white horse, one of the largest and strongest breeds in California; the Indian servants rode various kinds of mounts. Sutter provided food for everyone.

The day following we broke camp early. After traveling 205 twenty-five miles, Sutter told us to rest and have lunch, so we selected a pleasant, grass-covered spot, spread blankets under some shady trees for Sutter, and brought out our food. After an hour's rest we got on our horses and

rode off. Sutter did not like to gallop, and the steady gait of his mule suited him perfectly. Several miles before reaching Nicolaus Allgeier's place, we had to cross several marshy areas where water collected during the rainy season; some of the Indians rode ahead, but the weaker animals had difficulty walking through any earth that was soft. Sutter's mule looked at the ground, raised its long ears, stepped cautiously, and tried to proceed, but could not carry its burden without swaying, and Sutter was so afraid of falling off that he turned back to solid footing. I tried to cross on my horse, which had heavy hoofs, and had no special difficulty getting through, but Sutter refused to make a second attempt with his mule. Riding back, I offered him the use of my mount, which he accepted. Since Sutter had seen my animal carry me back and forth with ease, when he got on my horse he was not afraid, and had complete confidence in it. After his own mule carried me over safely, I realized that it was not to blame.

When we reached Hock Farm, Ritschard came out to welcome us, and tried to make us as comfortable as possible; we did not remain long, but returned to the fort a day or two later. All the rooms had been rented, so I had to sleep in Sutter's quarters. This was unfortunate, because I could not get any rest at night. Men who had just reached the fort called to see Sutter at all hours, and among them were many officers and persons of high rank, for everyone wanted to meet the respected and honored captain, and shower him with compliments. In those days, they usually had their drinks at the bar rather than in Sutter's private quarters.

Every evening at nine o'clock I rolled up in my blankets, which were spread on the floor. Much to my relief Sutter did not insist on my sharing his bed; Durr's bearskin made a soft mattress, and 206 my own woolen blankets a commodious couch. As I was the first to retire, every evening when Sutter came in I awoke. One time when I had been asleep in my blankets several hours I heard him rap on the door late at night; in addition to his voice, I could distinguish those of several other men. As I had not taken my trousers off, I was ready to light a candle, and open the door immediately.

Sutter introduced me to two of his comrades, one of whom I believe was an ex-governor, and the other a judge, as the young gentleman he had asked to go to Switzerland to get his family. An

unmistakable odor of alcohol and other signs indicated that the honorable gentlemen had indulged in several drinks that evening. I greeted them in a friendly manner, however.

They seemed to be having a hilarious time together. Only one thing disturbed Sutter: why he had been made a leading candidate for the governorship of California.* “No, no, gentlemen,” he said, “please don't try to force that high office on me. I don't want it.” But the men continued to assure him he was the best man for the place. They told him he was so well-known that he would be the country's most popular candidate, and that the majority of the people would undoubtedly vote for him in the election. After these prominent leaders stopped urging him to be a candidate for the governorship and went to their rooms, Sutter decided to tell me how much he was honored everywhere. “Those two gentlemen would not leave me alone tonight,” he said, “They kept urging me to be candidate for the first governor of California. The people feel they owe me this honor. Yes, Mr. Lienhard, you can see how they feel toward me.” There was nothing I could say in reply, for if I were to tell him what I actually thought, he would be indignant, and since my mind was not befogged by drink, I could see the ulterior motives of his friends.

Sutter ran for governor in the fall of 1849, but lost to his friend and attorney, Peter Burnett.

Suddenly he began to talk about his son, John August Sutter, 207 Jr., and his joy changed to bitterness. I tried to seem sympathetic, and attempted to show him how the conduct of certain speculators had caused the breach that had risen between him and his son, and that they had acted in this way merely because his son was conservative and cautious, and they could not make a puppet out of him.

I told him I believed that these two men who wanted to make him governor against his wishes had put false ideas into his head, which he was not aware of. My words made him angry. He talked about John, Jr., called him vile names, and said he would have been far happier if he had never been born. He added that his son had been overheard using disgraceful language when he spoke about his father. My reply was that his son had been forced to listen to equally strange remarks which his own father was reported to have made. “What do you think he must have thought,” I asked, “when he was told that you were considering sending him back to Switzerland in chains?” Sutter assured me

he had never made a remark like that; I told him I did not believe he had, but I did know that idle gossip like this was often repeated, and that many remarks made about him and his son were merely for the purpose of estranging them, and were the work of disappointed speculators. I advised him not to believe their stories.

He retorted by making some very candid remarks about his son and said, "I would like to kill him." Thereupon he rushed into his office, opened a large pistol box, removed one of the two double-barreled pistols it contained, and called out, "I am going to shoot myself."

The thought flashed through my mind that if he did shoot himself, I would be held responsible, so as soon as Sutter took the pistol in his hands I grabbed it, replaced it in its box, threw him on his bed, and started to undress him. His behavior, I told him, was ridiculous and unworthy of a gentleman. Then I went back and examined the pistols, intending to remove the 208 caps; I expected to find them loaded, but neither one had a bullet in it. I tried not to laugh, and said in a voice loud enough for him to hear, "So they weren't even loaded?" Sharing his room after such scenes was extremely unpleasant, and I longed to get away.

Finally the letters I was to take with me were ready and my new American trunk was packed. Several books, including a History of Nature, my heavy double-barreled gun which I had acquired from a Frenchman called Black, and several other articles, were left with young Sutter. I learned that a small schooner commanded by a United States navy officer that carried a crew of three or four sailors was about to sail for San Francisco, and that I was expected to leave on her. I said goodbye to Sutter and the men at the fort. Young Sutter accompanied me to the Sacramento embarcadero. My loyal friend, Tiger, also came to the schooner with me.

There were tears in my eyes when I tied him to a rope, and told Sutter to take him back to the fort. Tiger whined, and looked at me appealingly. I expected to see him again, but never did. Young Sutter promised to take him to Hock Farm and see that he was well cared for; he failed to keep his promise, and Tiger was gone by the time I got back.

I started off with approximately seventeen thousand dollars' worth of gold. Some nine thousand of it belonged to me; one thousand was Ritschard's; the balance was for traveling expenses. I had offered young Sutter a receipt for the latter, but he did not want it. "Why a receipt?" he said, "If you are honest everything will be all right, if you are not, a receipt is of no value." This remark showed his confidence in me, although it was not business-like. I had no thought of making a profit for myself, however.

Soon after I went aboard the schooner departed, and with only the mainsails hoisted headed down the river, while I watched Sacramento fade away in the distance. Passengers included the 209 French barber who had come down with me from the mountains, his petite French wife, and Englishman, and an American officer who seemed to know something about navigation. The trip down stream was slow and uninteresting, and after passing the Big Slough, the crew was ordered to reef the mainsail, owing to a sudden change in the wind. This order, given by the commanding officer, did not please our nautical-minded passenger, with whom I was inclined to agree. He complained about it; his remarks infuriated the captain of our schooner to such an extent that he threatened to have him put ashore. That frightened the man so much that he begged for mercy and promised to keep quiet. Apparently the thought of being left unarmed in the forest where grizzlies, wolves, and other animals roamed did not appeal to him.*

Brief omission, folio 160, giving uninteresting account of the river journey.

We reached San Francisco early the following morning. I paid the officer for my passage, and secured a room in the largest hotel in the city. It was a commercial house where I knew my money would be safe, and where I did not have to sleep in an attic.

The steamer *Panama*, in command of a short, heavy-set seaman by the name of Bailey, rode at anchor in the harbor. On her I engaged first-class passage to the town of Panama for the sum of three hundred dollars. The ship was scheduled to sail on June 20, so I had time to purchase what I needed for the trip, and see what improvements had taken place in the city in the past two and a half years. I also bought a share in one of Mr.Hoen's corner lots, measuring thirty by sixty feet, on the

corner of Dupont and Pacific streets, for three thousand dollars. So far my speculation in city lots had amounted to four thousand dollars.

Since my only weapon was a large California knife that had cost me eight dollars at Sutter's Fort, I now bought a small Allen's revolver; it was easy to handle, but was not very 210 effective. Trousers, a rubber raincoat, a pair of shoes, a pocket knife, and some green spectacles were added to my wardrobe at this time. Finally the twentieth of June arrived. My baggage was sent to the *Panama* about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I soon made myself comfortable in my little cabin which I shared with a portly Vermont Yankee, an ex-fisherman called Lock.

Although the ship carried thirty passengers, most of them Panama bound, I was the only one who was not an American; I knew only one or two persons aboard, but the majority seemed to be pleasant people. Of the thirty, only two were white women. Both said they were married; one was accompanied by her husband and a good-looking lively girl about six years old, but the other traveled under the protection of a tall man. The latter had three children, a pretty girl aged eight, and two younger boys. They were from the Sandwich Islands, as was a young watchmaker, who was also on board. Mrs. Jessie Frémont,^{*} and her six or seven-year-old daughter were also passengers as far as Monterey, where they went ashore. Another amusing traveler was a mulatto from the south, who accompanied her master and shared his room.

See Catherine Coffin Phillips, *Jessie Benton Frémont* (San Francisco, 1935), for the life of this interesting woman.

Anchor having been weighed about four o'clock, the eleven-thousand-ton steamer headed toward the Golden Gate. After passing between Telegraph Hill and the small rocky island of Alcatraz, the ship stopped at Sausalito, took on fresh beef and water, then sailed out toward the deep waters of the vast Pacific. The sea was comparatively quiet, and only a few passengers succumbed to *mal de mer*. Early the next morning, the wife and child of the great general, Frémont, were taken ashore at Monterey. Then the steamer headed toward the entrance of the bay and, after passing several cliffs, which I recognized from my previous visit, rounded Point Lobos and sailed out into the Pacific.^{*}

Folios 160 to 196, describing Lienhard's trip to Europe, have been omitted.

CHAPTER XV

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1850

The steamer, on which I returned with the Sutter family from Europe, reached the entrance to the vast bay of San Francisco, known as the Golden Gate, on January 21, 1850, at dawn.* The day was gray, the sky overcast, and rain seemed about to fall. Several sailing vessels attempted to enter the bay with us, but the wind was so light that it proved difficult; one large three-masted schooner came dangerously close to our vessel, and almost crashed on the rocks on the north side of the bay. If a sharp wind had come up suddenly off the south, I don not believe the ship could have escaped disaster. Although I know comparatively little about sailing, yet, so far as I can recall, I never heard that a sailing vessel had ever gone on the rocks.

On Monday, January 21, U.S. mail steamer *Panama*, Captain Bailey, and 360 passengers, arrived, according to the *Weekly Pacific News* published in San Francisco on January 31. At San Diego the steamer took on a number of destitute emigrants who had come overland by way of San Antonio.

Having steered for the middle of the bay between Yerba Buena Island and the city, the *Panama* dropped anchor. Innumerable boats ready to charge passengers a high price for being taken ashore soon surrounded her. I was so eager to reach the city on one of them to secure rooms for my party at what was considered in those days the leading hotel in the city, that I lowered myself by a rope into the first one that reached the ship's side, and almost fell on the heads of several passengers who quickly moved aside to give me room. Without further delay, the boat in which I landed pulled away; in a short time it touched at a long wooden pier known as the wharf, that extended out over the water. After landing us, the boatmen, who 212 were anxious to make as much money as they could in a short time, rowed back for more passengers. Their attitude was quite typical of the entire city toward acquiring gold.

On shore an unusual amount of bustle and activity was evident. Building was going on everywhere; many new houses and shacks were being erected; and the city, that had been devastated by fire a short time ago, was being rebuilt again.* At that time the Graham House,* a large, wooden

A pioneer at Sutter's fort, 1846-1850; the adventures of Heinrich Lienhard. Translated and edited by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur from the original German manuscript <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.078>

structure, which had been beyond the path of the flames, ranked as the leading hotel in the city; it stood a short distance southwest of Telegraph Hill. I started off in that direction, but soon found that it would be extremely difficult to reach the hotel on foot; mud in the street was knee-deep, and considerable effort and care were necessary to avoid sinking into the mire.

The great fire of December, 1849.

The Graham House was a four-story wooden structure that had been brought over in sections from Baltimore and erected on the northeast corner of Kearny and Pacific streets. Later it was destroyed by fire. It was popular with foreigners.

Upon reaching my destination, I was fortunate enough to reserve three rooms, one for Madame Sutter and her daughter, one for Mr. and Mrs. Kamer, who had crossed with us, and a third for the two boys and myself. All three rooms were furnished with the utmost simplicity, and were separated by partitions made of cotton blankets; the furnishings were plain, although the rate for the rooms was high. High prices were characteristic of California, however.

While I was ashore, warm rain fell in torrents, but it did not prevent me from looking after my affairs. The ladies, I knew, would never be able to reach the hotel on foot, so I started out to find a covered vehicle to transport them and their luggage to the hotel. After finding one, I returned to the ship, only to discover that most of the passengers had already gone ashore, including a young man I had lent twenty dollars to, who had promised to repay me before he got off.

Our luggage was ready to be moved, and after I had given the 213 two dollars I had promised to the steward, who seemed extremely grateful and happy over his tip, the boat which lay in wait was quickly loaded with our belongings. This time we did not land directly at the wharf, but on the beach itself, where I found my old traveling companion, Valentine Diehl, waiting to welcome me. Another man whose face looked familiar, but whose name I could not recall, also greeted me. Finally he said, "Don't you remember me, Mr. Lienhard?" And I was forced to reply, "I'm sorry, I'm sure I know you, but I can't recall your name."

"I'm Lang," he replied.

"Are you Mr. Lang? It can't be possible."

It was Mr. Lang, the ungrateful son of the rich Bostonian whom I once knew at Sutter's Fort. Pale and haggard, he had changed so much that he was now a mere shadow of his former self. Apparently he noticed the surprised look on my face, for his wan, colorless cheeks flushed; before I had an opportunity to ask him any more questions, he went away, and I never saw him again.

After considerable difficulty, the small covered wagon drawn by mules I had procured was filled with women and luggage, and we reached the hotel. Everything had gone smoothly; the vehicle had not upset; and we were grateful to find ourselves safely gathered under one roof. I inquired whether Captain Sutter, or his son August, were in the city, and was told that the captain had been there, but had returned to Sacramento a few days before. Perhaps I should have taken the Sutter family directly to him, but I was afraid the old gentleman's vanity might be wounded if I did not arrange to have him welcome his family in San Francisco.

Within the next few days the steamer *El Dorado* was leaving for Sacramento, so I decided to book passage. When I went aboard, I discovered to my surprise and delight that some friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, were also on their way to Sacramento. The latter, who was Mrs. Nye's sister, was now 214 related, through the marriage of another sister, to my old comrade Covillaud; it was from them I learned that Covillaud had married the beautiful Mary, had accumulated about half a million dollars, and was making more money all the time.

They asked me if I had seen anything of Mr. and Mrs. Nye while I was away. All I could tell them was that I had met the latter in Cruces shortly after our arrival; I was strolling down the street looking for a house where we could procure lodgings, when I happened to see an American, with whom I had traveled in the fall of 1846 to the first settlement on Bear Creek, and several other men, talking to an attractive American woman, who was telling them that she had heard that Sutter's family had recently reached Cruces. She added that the young man who went abroad to get the family was one of her best friends. While she was speaking, I was standing only a few steps away and several moments later, when her eyes met mine, she exclaimed, "Why there he is now." Mrs. Nye told me her husband had recently left to find a boat for the trip down the Chagres. She was also

able to give me news about California and some of my acquaintances; I was busy, however, and could chat with her only a short time.

The trip to Sacramento proved monotonous, and the *El Dorado*, which was not built for the comfort of her passengers, was overcrowded. The night was cool, but a quiet night's rest was impossible; the banks of the Sacramento were heavily inundated, and as not only the masses of tules, but even sections of the forest situated on high ground, were almost completely under water, our boat made as much noise as a large Mississippi River steamer, although she failed to make much progress. According to late reports, Sacramento was inundated to such an extent that vehicles could not move down the streets, and residents had to use boats and canoes to carry on business.*

From November, 1849, to March, 1850, over 36 inches of rain fell in Sacramento. The waters rose so high that the second story of the City Hotel was entered by boats. Hundreds of animals were drowned, and property losses were heavy.

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At first I could not decide what to do after I delivered the Sutter family, but finally I made up my mind to try to buy a piece of land east of the fort from Captain Sutter, provided he did not ask too much, for I did not believe it was too late to speculate in city property. When we docked at Sacramento the weather was still unsettled and the sky cloudy. Although certain sections of the streets were already free from water, in other places long plank walks built across the streets prevented pedestrians from being obliged to wade knee-deep in mud, which was often so thick that boots were frequently lost in the mire.

Upon inquiring where Captain Sutter was staying, I was directed to the City Hotel,* the most popular one in Sacramento. It was the same building the captain had erected a few years earlier several miles beyond the city on the American River for a grain mill, but it had never been used for this purpose after it was completed. When gold was discovered, someone purchased the edifice from Sutter, moved it to Sacramento, and turned it into a hotel.

"The City Hotel was a notability in its day. The frame of it is that which was to have been erected for a flouring mill on the American River near what is now Brighton—which was brought here after that project was abandoned and put up on what was once a cornfield. It was furnished in 1849 and is still to be found flourishing on Front Street between I and J." See J. Horace Culver *The Sacramento City Directory* (Sacramento, 1851), p. 72.

At the City Hotel I found Sutter and six other men from Switzerland gathered around a large table completing plans for purchasing, for the comparatively low price of seven thousand dollars, what were known as the big wheatfields northeast of the fort between the American Fork and the South Slough. Among the buyers were two of my former traveling companions, Rippstein and Thomen; a butcher from Berne whom I had met in 1845 in Galena; and Rutte, Tissot and Grunniger of the firm of Rutte, Tissot & Co.*

Rutte was from Berne; Tissot, from Geneva. They were Sutter's brokers, and had offices on the north side of Fourth street in 1850.

Although I asked them to take me in as the seventh partner, I failed to receive an encouraging reply, and within a short time the deal was completed; so my latest plans were frustrated. My arrival may have hastened its consummation, especially if my countrymen feared Sutter might consider taking me in with them. Originally the possibility of making this sale had been mentioned to Rippstein by Sutter, who needed money and was short of cash as usual; he seems to have known that Rippstein had some gold.

That evening Sutter and I slept in what was known as the Zinc Warehouse* that had been built for the captain out of sycamores that grew on the shores of the Sacramento. This warehouse, or at least the lower part of it, was the rendezvous of literally millions of rats. While waiting for a few minutes in the darkness near this warehouse for Sutter, I felt as if dozens of them were racing around me and chasing and biting one another.

Apparently the zinc warehouse erected in 1849 near the outlet of Sutter's lake.

The following morning we went aboard the *El Dorado* that was returning to San Francisco. Young August Sutter was at Hock Farm; I had not seen him since my return and had neglected to write, letters not being one of my hobbies. The *El Dorado* made faster time going down than up the river, and upon reaching San Francisco that afternoon, Sutter and I went directly to the Graham House and to the room occupied by his wife and daughter. As the door opened, an affectionate greeting took place between the entire family, who were reunited for the first time in seventeen years. A clever speculator was also in the room. Knowing the family might like to be alone after their long

separation, I made some remarks to this effect, but the man seemed to feel he had special privileges, and I had to repeat my remarks several times before *the very smart gentleman* finally got up and followed me outside.

By remaining a few days in San Francisco, I had an excellent opportunity to inspect the city and locate some of my old 217 comrades. One of them was the Hanovarian whom, with the aid of my Indians, I once frightened in the forest near Sacramento after he had deserted the army for the second time. I made a life-long friend of him when I told him I had not come to capture him, but to give him and his friend Neif* provisions and directions as to how to avoid capture. He was now the owner of a gambling house, where he acted as bartender. Although drinks at that time were fifty cents each, I could have had all I wanted free of charge. But as I had never found any pleasure in drinking, it cost him very little to supply me with liquor.

Apparently Joseph Neil, or Neif, a German sailor who came to San Francisco in 1839. He was also known as Henry Richer. Lienhard calls him Niez.

On one of my little excursions I happened to meet the young wagon-maker to whom I had lent twenty dollars in Panama, and who had promised to return it to me when we reached San Francisco. I told him he could find me at the Graham House; but he never called, so I knew I had been deceived as to his honesty, and that I would never receive what I had advanced. All hope of ever seeing my twenty dollars again was abandoned. Among those I visited was the Mr. Hoen, from whom I had purchased a share in a city lot measuring thirty by sixty feet on the corner of Pacific and Dupont streets for three thousand dollars. During the seven months I was away, the property had risen considerably in value. I had known about it long before I got back to California, and so did not expect to have Mr. Hoen say that he would like to keep the lot, and would give me a good rate of interest for the use of my money during the time he had had it.

I asked him how much he intended to offer me. At first he mentioned twenty per cent, then thirty per cent, apparently with the idea that I had not discovered how much lots had risen in price during my absence. But when I asked Mr. Hoen what amount over and above one hundred per cent he would pay me, if I sold him my share of the lot, Mr. Hoen realized that I was not so green 218 and

inexperienced as he thought. We did not come to an agreement, however, and Mr. Hoen finally realized that he would have to give me title to my half interest.

Not to have taken title at the time I purchased the lot was unwise. Had I died in the meanwhile, I should have lost the three thousand dollars, for the sale was not on record, there was no proof that part of the lot belonged to me, and my heirs would never have received a single cent for my share.

Mr. Hoen, with whom I was on friendly terms, told me a few incidents connected with the gubernatorial campaign, and said that while Sutter was candidate, he spent large sums of money to win votes. "How can a man in his senses," he added, "think that responsible men would ever vote for a man like Sutter who is drunk more than half the time? Once I saw two sailors, who were also drunk, place Sutter between them when he was in such a condition that he could scarcely stand on his own feet."

After I returned from Europe, I noticed that Sutter had a large scar on his nose; when I asked him how he had received it he told me, with considerable embarrassment, that one night he had run against the sharp edge of a door, which he had been unable to see in the dark. I had my own ideas, which I did not express; but I am sure he understood the meaning of my quizzical smile. My own opinion was that the mark might have been a memento of his gubernatorial campaign, when he was not so fortunate as to be supported by two English "Jack Tars."

One day when Captain Sutter, Alphonse, and I were walking among the ruins of houses burned in the recent fire, Alphonse expressed a wish to be a superior officer some day. The captain replied that this wish would soon be fulfilled. "I will be made supreme general of the State of California," he said, "and then you will have an opportunity to become an officer." The son finally became a captain, I believe, but whether it was through his own efforts or not, I do not know. When I was in Madison, Wisconsin, a few years later, I read one day in one of the newspapers 219 of New York State that the filibuster, General Walker, with his two officers, one of whom was Alphonse Sutter, had been sent as delegates from Nicaragua to San Jose and Costa Rica to make an agreement with the government of that state.* What success he had, I do not know.

Alphonse, Sutter's favorite son, later accompanied William Walker, the filibuster, on his campaign into Nicaragua. He died in 1863 at Nevada City.

I still had about two hundred and fifty dollars left out of the money I had reserved for the trip when I reached San Francisco; I carried it with me in a little leather pouch tied around my waist. On the voyage I had led the Sutter family to believe that I had spent almost everything I had, for I anticipated that if unnecessary purchases were made during the trip our funds might dwindle to such an extent that when any emergency arose we might find ourselves in an awkward predicament.

After we had reached our rooms at the hotel, these precautions seemed unnecessary, and all the family seemed surprised when I took out my leather bag, stained with perspiration, brought it into their room, and counted out the gold pieces on the table. Everyone asked how I happened to have so much gold. I explained that it was a kind of reserve fund I had set aside for incidentals; that we had been fortunate enough not to have drawn on it; and that I was now returning it to them for their own use. Madame Sutter, who was visibly pleased with my foresight, said that even if she had known there was so much money available she would not have made any unnecessary requests for expenditures. With the prices charged by the hotels in San Francisco at that time the balance of the money would have lasted us only a short time, however.

Large vessels usually docked at Clark's Point on the southwest corner of Telegraph Hill, and although a small boat called the *Captain Sutter* and another called the *Sacramento* were available, yet we preferred to take passage on the more luxurious and 220 commodious steamer *Senator*.^{*} The *Senator* was not only a well-built and faster ship; she was also thoroughly equipped with every comfort found on modern first-class steamers. Determined not to miss this opportunity for superior accommodations, I went out at an early hour, and had all our luggage sent over to the wharf. Moving baggage was not a light task for animals; the streets were almost impassable and transportation was difficult, even for loads being moved a comparatively short distance.

The *Senator* of 500 tons burden was put on the Sacramento run in November 1849 and advertised as "the most beautiful, most commodious boat on the Sacramento." Her rates were \$25 up the river, \$30 down; meals, two dollars each, staterooms, \$10; freight \$40 to \$50 a ton. *Hutchings's California Magazine* July, 1859, p. 5.

Several young men, Messrs. Conrad,* Schatt,* Neuenschwander and Schlafli,* the nephew of Madame Sutter, who had arrived during our visit to San Francisco, were also busy moving their luggage aboard the *Senator*. Assisted by Mr. Conrad, I took charge of Mr. Kamer's bags as I had done many times before; as a matter of fact, I often rendered many little services to these good people whom I admired deeply. By offering a ridiculously high price, I also arranged to have a wagon ready to take Mr. and Mrs. Sutter and their daughter to the embarcadero. Whenever I paid for anything, I realized we were in California. Mr. and Mrs. Kamer tried to make the best of conditions; however they were dismayed at the cost of everything in California. The only route from the hotel to the landing place led through a street that was almost impassable even for agile pedestrians in the rainy season. Many of them slipped and fell in the soft mud, especially people as awkward as Mr. Kamer, for although he had lost a 221 considerable amount of weight, he was still so heavy that walking under these conditions was distinctly uncomfortable.

Conrad reached San Francisco with Lienhard. Six months later Kamer and Conrad were operating a supply house for miners. See *Das Burgdorfer Jabrbuch* for 1935, p. 25. This appears to have been dissolved for the Kamers soon built a hotel in the new town of Marysville, and another in Eliza, while Conrad became a gardener. *Ibid*, pp. 31-32.

Lienhard calls him Baltasser Schatt. He settled on a ranch near Marysville.

A letter of Gustave Schlafli describes this journey. See *Das Burgdorfer Jabrbuch* p. 21 ff.

While Mr. Conrad and I were moving our own luggage from the dock to the ship, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Kamer coming down the slippery hill, arm in arm. They were walking slowly; both of them were obviously in danger of slipping at any moment, however. One look told me that the woman was the steadier of the two, and I could not keep from smiling when I saw the embarrassed expression on the face of Mr. Kamer, who, instead of supporting his better half, was leaning on her for support.

Calling to Mrs. Kamer I warned her to be careful not to let Mr. Kamer stumble, for at that moment it looked as if he were about to fall. After much effort and balancing, he finally reached the deck where we were standing, and we all heaved a sigh of relief. After the pair had gone aboard the steamer, and we had finished moving our own luggage, Mr. Kamer reappeared and asked us if we would move several of his heavy trunks on board. Knowing what he had in mind I called out, "Mr.

Kamer, we're in a city where service is extremely costly. Out here the motto is 'Help yourself.' So come on over and work."

I attempted to look serious but Conrad, who knew I was joking, turned his face away to hide his laughter. Mr. Kamer, obviously annoyed because I had had the impudence to make him labor, came down and went to work. He mumbled to himself; he was considerably disturbed over the abrupt way I had treated him. Observing his consternation, I laughed again and again; Conrad joined; and even Mr. Kamer gave a wan smile. However, the cold reception he had received from the Sutters to whom he was distantly related, the depleted condition of his pocketbook, and the mounds of dirt on the streets had an unfavorable effect on his disposition.*

Brief omission in folio 198.

The *Senator* was about to pull away from the docks when several more passengers came aboard. Among them was a handsome 222 old man in a uniform who proved to be General Smith,* who had charge of the United States troops on the Pacific Coast. One of the men on the ship introduced the general to Sutter, but conversation lagged until the captain finally broke the silence by pointing to me.

Andrew J. Smith who came west in 1847 as captain with the Mormon Battalion. He went east with Sherman in 1850 and later became a general.

"See gentlemen," he said, "how my name is honored. I sent this man to Switzerland to bring my family over to this country. In New York he could not procure any accommodations on Pacific Coast steamers, but when he reached the Isthmus, the captain on the steamer *Panama* gave up his own berth to accommodate my family." This lie was too flagrant for my taste, and I was strongly tempted to go over and say to him, "Captain, apparently you misunderstood the situation." However, much as he deserved a reprimand, I knew it would be wise to keep still.

The captain was referring to the time I went to the ticket office of the steamship company in New York and tried to book first-class passage for the seven members of our party on one of the Pacific steamers, but was told I could not secure cabins on the steamer leaving on January first from Panama, and was advised to wait for the next boat. I informed the clerk I was bringing Captain

Sutter's family to California, that he had been separated from them for seventeen years, and that he was anxious to see them as soon as possible.

When he asked me if the members of my party were the wife and children of the Sutter who discovered gold, and I had assured him they were, I was immediately given tickets for cabins that were still vacant, with apologies for not having better accommodations to offer. Why, then, did Sutter fail to tell the story as it actually occurred? Did he think he could make the man believe they would honor him to the extent he said?

As I recall it the trip aboard the *Senator* was extremely enjoyable; the weather was perfect; the ship sped rapidly through the 223 water. The pleasant, roomy cabins and the luxurious furnishings of the steamer were something we had not expected. Often at night we had been chilly on the *El Dorado*, and the accommodations were so cramped that it was impossible to be even mildly comfortable or have a good night's sleep. To the contrary, the appointments of the *Senator* were as fine as those found on any of the Long Island Sound or Hudson River steamboats.

Early the next morning we went ashore at Sacramento. We did not stop at the City Hotel, but took rooms in a new brick structure that had been opened recently. Here the accommodations were even more simple than those at the Graham House in San Francisco, for the partitions of the sleeping quarters consisted merely of a few pieces of assorted muslin designed for temporary use. But as Sutter always said: "In a new land we must take things as they are."

The next morning we planned to catch a small, flat-bottom boat called the *Linda* * that plied between Sacramento and Marysville for our destination, Hock Farm, but it was so overcrowded that our luggage could not be taken aboard, so I remained behind in Sacramento, planning to follow on the next boat.

The *Linda* was only 52 1/2 tons, and was on the Sacramento-Marysville run, after December, 1849. The fare was \$25, and freight eight cents a pound.

By now the water had somewhat subsided; the streets, however, were still covered by such deep mud that the pedestrian had to watch every step he took, and be careful where he placed his feet.

Having some time on my hands, I had an opportunity to stroll through the city and inspect the lots located on Front and O streets I had purchased from August Sutter before I left. I found them without any difficulty. To my dismay, I discovered that two separate tents had been erected on them, and that the men living in them claimed the lots as their own property, saying they had more right as squatters than I had as rightful owner. They swore, furthermore, Sutter could never give clear title to land he did not own; but his legal rights did not cause me any more anxiety than 224 the conduct of the greedy squatters, because I knew that sooner or later they would discover that their claim to this property was spurious.

The property, I was told, was worth ten thousand dollars; that was the price adjoining lots were selling for. But no one seemed willing to fight lawless squatters, and the men were a serious handicap to making a sale. I might have bought the rights they claimed for several hundred dollars, but I did not feel inclined to do so, and told them frankly I did not think they had the slightest claim to my land. I also let everyone in the neighborhood know that I was willing to sell my lot for ten thousand dollars, left word where I could be located, and said I would return to Sacramento in a short time.

One of the first men I asked about was my good old friend, Huggenberger. I was not surprised at what I found out when I heard he had left for the mines. Huggenberger had turned miner either because he thought he did not have enough gold, or because he was afraid he might feel ashamed of himself for not taking advantage of the opportunities offered in California. At the mines, I was told, he went down into one of the extremely deep gorges believed to contain gold, and had considerable difficulty getting in, and even more trouble getting out. Not strong enough to endure the hardships and privations of the gold mines, he soon fell ill.

Medicines were not to be had, there was no one to look after him, supplies ran low, and he was left to his own resources. A frail little man, he met death there where he had hoped to find gold. As the adjoining ground was so rocky that it was impossible to dig a grave for him, he was placed in one of the deep crevices, and his body covered with gravel and pieces of rock. That was the end of my kind, brave old friend, who had already accumulated from fourteen to fifteen thousand dollars'

worth of gold, and yet, notwithstanding his fifty-four or fifty-five years, and the fact that he was a bachelor, wished to acquire even more wealth.*

Omission of folios 198 and 199 about Huggenberger.

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Not long after I reached Sacramento, I inquired about another old acquaintance, a handsome American called Slater. He was a man well along in years and the father of several children. Before I left for Europe he had wanted me to operate a restaurant and billiard hall with him.

Slater had told me he had five thousand dollars to put into some business, and when he found out that I had considerably more at my disposal, he did everything in his power to persuade me to become his associate. I was favorably impressed by him; he seemed like a level-headed, sober, and sensible man, the type who would not sacrifice principles for more gold. He was not only conscientious, but religious as well—virtues seldom found in this land of gold. Much as I should have liked to have joined him in his business venture, I was unable to do so because I had promised August Sutter to go to Switzerland, and although I attempted to have him release me from my promise, he refused, and I would not break my word to him.

My poor friend Slater was not alive; he had been buried just two weeks before I got back. His property in the city, including other possessions which he told me were worth about five thousand dollars, had a valuation now of thirty thousand. He had sent for his family to join him in California, but did not live to see them gathered around him.

Although I had every reason to be satisfied with the enhanced value of my lots in San Francisco and Sacramento, on the other hand I was deeply distressed over the death of two of my best friends, and the loss of my loyal dog, Tiger.

Traveling on the small river boat gave me an opportunity to find out how much damage the recent flood had done. I noticed that both banks of the river were thickly strewn with carcasses of sheep, cattle, and horses, and, unless the wolves and buzzards consumed them in the meanwhile, when the warm weather came on they would contaminate the river. On one hill near a deserted Indian village

on the left bank of the river about eight miles above 226 Sacramento City, I counted thirty head of dead cattle that had tried to save themselves during the flood, but after consuming all the grass they could find, died of hunger.

On the boat I became acquainted with a man whose clothes, especially his bishop's hat, led me to believe he was a German; his name was Knobel* and he told me he had been sent as a delegate to California to find a place suitable for a large colony of German emigrants. His conversation seemed intelligent, and I have no doubt he found several places for a German settlement.*

There is no clue as to the identity of this bishop.
Brief omission in folio 199.

The further up the river we traveled, the more the water had subsided, but there were still traces of the recent floods everywhere. Finally Hock Farm came into view.

The boat soon pulled up to the wharf.* The luggage was put ashore and I looked around to find someone to carry it to the house. I saw an unfamiliar figure clad in buckskin trousers and a red flannel shirt. He had a brown felt hat on his head, and was wearing a long bowie knife in a leather belt around his waist. He walked slowly from the house down to the river. Thirty or forty feet away he stopped and looked, first at me, and then off across the river. He seemed to be a stranger, so I did not pay any attention to him, not wanting to leave my luggage long enough to call anyone from the house. In a short time old Captain Sutter, cane in hand, appeared. He stopped near the man I had taken for a stranger, and after we had greeted one another, I asked where his son, August, was, as he had not appeared. Sutter pointed to the man, who resembled a disreputable gold miner, and said: "My August? Why there he is!"*

For interesting glimpses of life at Hock Farm see *Hutching's California Magazine*, December, 1857.
Omission of sections of folios 199 and 200.

CHAPTER XVI

ELIZA CITY

Not long after my return from Europe, a city called Eliza^{*} was started. The town was situated about four miles above Hock Farm on the left bank of the Feather River at a point where it makes a great bend^{*} and where a village of Suisun Indians once stood. The venture was divided into twenty shares, or units, of twenty-four lots each.

In 1849 the Kennebec Company from Maine purchased the Mimal, or Memal Ranch, held by Jack Smith, from Sutter. In January, 1850, a town was laid out. By April ten houses, three stores, three saloons, and several tents had been erected at Eliza City.

The Seshums on Shanghai Bend, apparently.

After I had been back a few days Sutter expressed his keen satisfaction for the care and thoughtfulness I had shown toward his family, and for having brought them safely to their destination, and offered to make me a present of several lots in Sacramento, and a few in Vernon,^{*} and other places, but the offer seemed so absurd that I was ashamed to take advantage of it, because I felt that the presents were too valuable to accept. So I thanked him for his kind offer, and declined to take advantage of his generosity, but told him I might decide to take some of the lots later.

Vernon was founded in April, 1849, on the east bank of the Sacramento where it joins the Feather River. Its founders were Franklin Bates, E. O. Crosby, and B. Emmons. They bought the land from Sutter, who retained a quarter interest in the new subdivision.

After Eliza City had been laid out and shares allotted, I was surprised to discover that Sutter gave away units which usually sold for one thousand dollars each, to men who seemed quite unworthy of such favors, but who had won his friendship through flattery. So I told him if the offer he had made was still open, I would have no further objections if he wished to present me with 228 a share inasmuch as he had given them to others whom I did not think had earned them. Sutter assured me I could have the share he had offered me, and could participate in the raffle. I was well pleased with the land I acquired when the drawing took place. Meanwhile, I had gone to Sacramento and discovered that two squatters had erected tents on my lot, so sold my property to Mr. Gallagher^{*} for ten thousand dollars cash, and agreed to accept as part payment a two-story frame house that had recently been completed, and had a value of two thousand dollars. After I had arranged to deduct two hundred and fifty dollars from the purchase price, he guaranteed to have the squatters, who refused to leave, removed any way he could. This amount was to have been remitted to me later, but

Mr. Gallagher did not appear to understand this arrangement, and either accidentally or deliberately declined to make a refund.

Apparently John Gallagher, who came west with the N. Y. Volunteers.

The frame house, which was supposed to have been finished; had two stories and measured twenty-four by twenty-five feet; it was moved on a flat-bottom boat, the *Linda*, to Eliza City. The freight came to twelve hundred dollars, an enormous amount, but the steamship company had no competition, and could set its own price. While my building was being loaded on the boat, three Yankees came by and asked if I had engaged carpenters to erect the house. I told them none had been hired, but said I expected to need some men later, so they told me they were thoroughly experienced, and offered to complete the house for six hundred dollars, if I would furnish the necessary nails and supplies. This seemed like such a high price that I hesitated, but when I found out that no one would do it for less, I finally accepted their offer.

The Eliza City lot I intended to erect my house on was several blocks away from the Feather River, and as there was only one wagon in the town it cost me one hundred dollars to move the

LIENHARD IN HIS LATTER YEARS.

229 building material to the lot. I had no choice but to pay the price, or carry the lumber myself, which I was not strong enough to do. My three carpenters began work but soon came to inform me that the house was not complete, and that more materials would have to be purchased. I made a list of what was needed, put it in my pocket, and left for Sacramento. First I went to see Mr. Gallagher who had sold the house as complete, intending to get the missing materials from him. He could not be found, however; I was told he was not in town and no one seemed to know when he was expected back.

In those days the saying: Time is Money, was heard everywhere in California. Since I could not wait for Mr. Gallagher's return, because it would have delayed the carpenters, to whom I was paying high wages, I was obliged to pay for the extra material myself at an added expense of eight hundred dollars, not to mention freight. This was disheartening, for I was not the type of man who spends money with an open hand; but I tried to make the best of the situation, and was proud of the

fact that, when my house was finished, it would be the largest in Eliza City. There was one room upstairs and one downstairs that extended the entire length of the house. It was constructed entirely of wood; not one bucket of plaster had been used, for there were no fireplaces in the house. From the lower to the upper room the connection was made by an outside stairway; the gables had a kind of Gothic ornamentation on them which the carpenters said was not in the contract, but they made no extra charge for it.

Finally what I called my Eliza City Hotel was finished. It was after I had purchased the main part of the house from Mr. Gallagher, and had moved it to Eliza City, that I began to think it might be wise to secure a certificate of ownership from Sutter for my share. Titles had already been issued and sent to many of the shareholders, so I went over to Hock Farm, found young Sutter, and told him exactly what I had come for. When he heard I owned a unit, the young man seemed surprised. So many others 230 had received similar gifts, however, that he must have known that the number I drew was recorded in my name. But his conversation led me to believe he had no intention of giving me a title for the number I held. Finally, he said he would have to consult his father, because he did not understand I owned any land. When I told him it was strange he did not know that his father had made me a present of a share, as he had to so many of his friends, the young man did not reply.

I insisted on receiving a title, however. Extra material for the house was already at the wharf, so I said that if there was any misunderstanding about the gift, I would pay him a thousand dollars for the lot, rather than take gifts obtained by force, although many shares had been given to men who had done nothing for him or the family to deserve them. I ended my little speech by saying that I must have title to the property, and would be willing to pay the full price for it. Entering the captain's room, the young man remained there only a short time, then came out with my title, which led me to suspect that it had already been made out in my name. I was even more surprised when they refused to accept the sum I was willing to pay for this share, even though I repeated the remark that I did not wish to receive offerings that were not freely given.

Eliza was now a city—on paper at least. A Swiss lithographer, Mr. Fahrnich* of Laufenburg, Canton of Aargau, designed a handsome map of Eliza City; it was especially attractive with a sketch of the *Linda*, or *Phoenix*, at the landing. I soon discovered several reasons why Eliza City would never become a metropolis; the most important, and undoubtedly the most serious obstacle, was the fact that several rich men also owned city lots in Marysville two miles away, and as two cities so close together could not flourish, one of them would have to be abandoned. Eliza had the choicest site for a city and was superior to Marysville, because its 231 location on the river was so much better. Steamers bound for the latter point had to make a five or six-mile detour around a promontory formed by the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers. Marysville's only advantage over Eliza was the fact that it was the place where miners came for supplies, and where goods for the mines were sent. A near rival must have been distinctly unwelcome to property owners in Marysville, because many of them also bought shares in Eliza City, thus risking one thousand dollars, which the investor expected to replace by selling lots in Marysville.

Possibly an error in spelling. He is not listed in early directories.

When it was first opened, speculators thronged to Eliza City. They came not because of its fine location, but to rejoice over the fact that it would never develop into a city. Within a short time, a project was launched to cut down the high bank of the river, and provide a better landing for steamers; a subscription list was opened for this purpose, and my countryman, Mr. Fahrnich, sent it to all the shareholders, asking them to donate one or more ounces of gold toward it.

He was just the man to promote a public enterprise, yet whenever he tried to persuade anyone to donate anything, he was always regarded with suspicion, because everyone thought he was merely looking out for his own interests. When I looked over the subscription list myself, I found out that my enthusiastic countryman had subscribed the large sum of exactly one-half ounce. Mr. Fahrnich, I am convinced, would have preferred not to have had anyone know how much he had donated, especially after I drew attention to the fact that it was not proper for a man who was trying to persuade others to subscribe large amounts to be so niggardly himself. Everyone, even Mr.

Fahnrich, himself, laughed at this remark. Men owning lots in both cities were not generous in their contributions toward the new landing; but we had not expected they would be.

In addition to the Eliza Hotel, which had no guests except its builder and his countrymen, Fahnrich and Faller, who were 232 bachelors, there was only one other inn where guests could be accommodated. Our town needed desirable citizens, so I suggested that every shareholder promise to donate part of his property to anyone who would build a house and settle in Eliza City. My idea was that after two or three houses had been built, people who really wanted to buy would begin to flock there.

Comparatively few landowners were in sympathy with this plan, which I considered excellent.

Finally an Englishman by the name of Smythe^{*} came to see me about it; he was the first man to take advantage of my offer, so I gave Mr. Smythe a fourth interest in my unit, and had the pleasure of seeing him build a house. Next I announced I was willing to give two more free shares under similar conditions, but no one would accept my offer, and while a few shareholders were in favor of my plan, they preferred to take all the profits and not give away any property. The city grew slowly; the daily sound of hammers, usually heard in new communities, was seldom audible.

This may be William Smythe, mate on the *Blossom*. He was also an artist whose work appears in Forbes's *California*.

It did not grow as rapidly as its founders expected; most of the young people who came in were of little value to the community, except to give a semblance of life to the place. Young and merry, most of them took little interest in its development; they made Eliza City seem like a gay metropolis, however, although anyone remaining for several days in this new town with its four or five houses, could see that it was not really thriving. It was not long before I knew that Eliza City would never become an important center; hence my surprise when shares in Eliza City reached a value of three thousand dollars and were still rising. However, I pretended that I had faith in the future of the city, but, because I expected to leave California, I was placing all my real estate, including my lot in San Francisco and the one in Eliza, on the market at a low figure.

Captain Gelston,^{*} a shrewd old Yankee speculator, ship owner, and shareholder in Eliza, was a man in whom great hopes had been placed for furthering the interest of our city, although I did not believe he would help us since he had lots in Marysville, too. But he often came over to see how fast our city was growing and seemed confident that shares would rise even higher. I pretended to agree with him. Like all Yankees, he was a born speculator; so I decided to give him a chance to make some quick money by offering him everything I owned in Eliza and my lot in San Francisco for thirteen thousand dollars, and while Gelston pretended he considered the price extremely low, yet he said he could not afford to buy it primarily because he did not have that much money on hand. So many glib excuses were offered that I believed I knew what he actually thought of the deal.

Roland Gelston, who left the sea to become a merchant in San Francisco. He owned considerable property there and in Sacramento. Lienhard calls him Ralston and Galston.

When I got back from Europe, I heard that the captain's son, August, was drinking and had developed a taste for whiskey. The day after Gelston visited me a rider came up at a brisk gallop and stopped at the Eliza Hotel; he proved to be Captain Sutter's eldest son. The young man seemed to be in high spirits, perhaps because he knew that shares in Eliza City, which he held, were rising.

At times Young Sutter was extremely talkative; he seemed unusually affable that day. The conversation drifted to the rise in land values. "I understand," I said, "that shares are hard to get even at three thousand dollars; however, I want to sell out here and in San Francisco because I expect to leave the country. Captain Gelston, who speculates in real estate, was here yesterday. I offered him my property for thirteen thousand dollars. Isn't that cheap?"

Young Sutter looked at me quizzically and replied, "Yes, that's cheap. You're a fool to sell out."

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"But I intend to. You know yourself, Mr. Sutter, that when a man pays a certain amount for lots, he wants to feel he can make a good profit in a short time."

Sutter did not make any comment, but repeated that I was foolish to dispose of my lots for this amount, now that prices were rising.

“You're right,” I replied, “but when a man is going away he has no right to expect high prices. If you care to buy my lots at that figure, you can have them, and I shall be happy if you make a profit on them.”

The young man considered the matter for a few moments then said, “Mr. Lienhard, I will take all your property here and in San Francisco at that price. Let me know about terms. I have very little gold just now.”

As I insisted on cash on account, he agreed to pay the balance within the next few months; I let him arrange the time and manner of payment to suit himself. Terms were arranged and plans made to leave the following day for Sacramento, where I was to receive one thousand dollars. The balance was to be secured by three notes; the first, for three thousand dollars, was payable in forty-five days; the second, for five thousand, in two and one-half months; and the third, for four thousand, in three and one-half months from the date issued. The time seemed long, but I agreed to the transaction.

Mr. Fahrnich, who had been present while the agreement was being completed, was convinced Sutter had made a good deal, and as he knew where my lots were, he offered to take Sutter out to see them. They left to look at the property, leaving me at the Eliza Hotel. As they were walking south looking at my lots, I saw a well-dressed man approaching from the north, having apparently seen me in the distance. When he came up, I found he was Mr. Weiman, the steward on the steamship *Panama*, who had asked me to take six hundred and sixteen dollars in gold to his wife and son in New York.

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We recognized one another simultaneously, and had a pleasant reunion. Mr. Weiman asked how I was and what I was doing. When I told him that I had just built this hotel, which I owned, and also

had some city lots, but had just sold them, including a lot thirty by sixty feet in San Francisco, for thirteen thousand dollars, he asked what the terms were, so I told him about the deferred payments with final payment in three and one-half months. He told me I had been extremely foolish, and said he regretted not having arrived earlier, because the hotel, including the twenty-four lots and the San Francisco property, were worth at least twenty thousand dollars and he would have bought them at that price, paying the entire amount within twenty days.

The news was depressing; I did not have a written agreement with Sutter, but I intended to keep my word, even if Sutter resold at a profit of five thousand dollars at this time. Mr. Weiman asked me where Sutter was, and I pointed toward the two men who were walking from lot to lot. "They are looking at the lots, but will be back again," I said. "If you really want them, I believe you can come to some kind of an agreement with Sutter, especially if you are willing to pay five thousand dollars more than he gave for the property." He seemed determined to make a deal with Sutter, and as the two men were not far away, I promised to introduce him to Sutter.

Soon the men, who seemed quite elated, especially Sutter, who was the lucky buyer, were close enough for an introduction. "Are you satisfied with the deal?" was my first question.

"Entirely so," Sutter replied.

"I'm sorry I did not make the deal myself," his companion added, "it's one of the best shares in Eliza."

"I'm glad you are satisfied. I knew you would be," I replied. "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Weiman. When I was bringing the Sutter family over from Switzerland, he asked me to take six hundred and sixteen dollars to his wife in New York."

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After the introduction had been made, I told Sutter that if he was not entirely satisfied with the transaction I had another buyer in Mr. Weiman, whom I had just told how many lots in addition to this house and a lot in San Francisco I had sold for thirteen thousand dollars. Young Sutter seemed

pleased when Weiman told him he could make a good profit by selling, but the former did not seem inclined to dispose of these lots immediately.

“Mr. Sutter,” said Weiman, “if the lot in San Francisco is located where Mr. Lienhard says it is, I will pay twenty thousand for it including this hotel and your share in these lots.” Hearing his remark, Sutter stepped back, as if he did not believe his ears, and stared at the man in an unfriendly manner, without saying a word.

“Did you misunderstand him, Mr. Sutter?” I said. “He is offering you several thousand more than you offered me. Why don't you make a deal? Do you think you can make that much money in so short a time any day?”

“Do you really mean it?” answered Sutter. It seemed almost incredible to both of us that even in California so large a sum could be made virtually over-night. Mr. Weiman then offered Sutter his right hand, exclaiming, “Here's my hand, Mr. Sutter; it's a deal.”*

Brief omission, folio 202.

A short time before I sold my property, a tall young American by the name of Keyser,* a man of German extraction apparently, was chosen alcalde by popular vote. One of his duties as alcalde was to make out titles, so Sutter advised me to have everything I had sold him made out in the name of Weiman. Having made my agreement with Sutter, not Weiman, I did not think this was the proper course to pursue, and explained to him how I felt as well as the fact that the payments were not alike. So 237 a deed was drawn between Sutter and myself, and the following morning we started for Sacramento, arriving at an early hour. In the city Sutter procured the thousand dollars in gold, and made out the three notes according to our agreement, securing title from me. Happy over the completion of the transaction and the thought that I would soon receive full payment from Sutter and could leave for New York and Philadelphia, I planned to take the first boat leaving in July.*

Phil W. Keyser, who later held the position of judge of the superior court of Yuba and Sutter counties, and was one of the leading men of his day.

Sections of folio 202 omitted.

Having completed my business in Sacramento, I decided to return to Eliza City, where, before I had erected the hotel, I had purchased a tent. Instead of incurring expense for board, I now decided to live the life of a bachelor as I had done before. Purchasing a large amount of supplies, such as sardines, soups, sausages, peas, etc., as well as a six-gallon keg of Chinese honey cakes, chocolates, sweetmeats, sugar, and a whole box of Chinese tea, I began to keep house. Meanwhile, I was looking eagerly forward to leaving this land of gold, which was also the land of murderers, drunkards, and cut-throats, within a short time.

So far I have mentioned only my plans for the future; I shall now describe what was going on nearby. Dr. Bates, whom I have already mentioned and who was a shareholder, had erected a tent on one of his lots near me; he intended to make his home there for a time. Although his location was suitable while the weather was fair, he should have selected higher ground. Often Dr. Bates was absent from Eliza City, but his young brother^{*} usually stayed there to look after his interests. One day the cashier at the shack where I went to pay a bill for some freight asked me if I had seen the passengers who had just landed from the steamer; he advised me to watch for a young boy, who was really a girl in boy's clothing. Thus disguised, she had been lured away from her mother, a young and eminently respectable 238 Bostonian, by a group of young men, who were nothing more than vagabonds, gamblers, and loafers. At Eliza City they had gone ashore for a walk, but were expected to return a short time before the boat left for Marysville.

Henry Bates, the brother of Dr. Bates. He was later alcalde at Sacramento and part owner of the town of Vernon. The clerk was describing the young girl's general appearance and attire, and as we were talking three or four young men, accompanied by the girl, walked over to the steamer. Henry Bates, Dr. Bate's brother, was with them. As they were old friends, the travelers suddenly decided to remain for a time at Eliza City, because Bates offered to let them live in his commodious tent. Before long we knew the various members of the party Delia Willock, who was dressed as a boy, told me she was fourteen years old, and was the only child of a pretty young widow called Willock, who had recently come from Boston to San Francisco. Not long before leaving on this trip, the romantic Delia had been living in a boarding school, but like many girls of wealthy families, especially those

who live in large cities, she had led a life of complete idleness and being attractive and intelligent, had developed into a selfish and headstrong young woman.

She described her escapade at some length and told me the young man who kidnapped her had carefully arranged the time and departure, which was planned to coincide with that of the steamer, *Senator*. Just before the boat left the docks, he appeared at Mrs. Willock's home and told her that friends, who lived some distance away, had sent him to ask her to come immediately; one of them who had been taken very ill wanted to see her on a matter of the utmost importance.

At first Mrs. Willock was disinclined to believe the man's story; finally, having decided that he was in earnest, she hurried away, intending to return without delay, for she was anxious about her daughter, who had many admirers. To prevent anyone from entering or her daughter from leaving the house in her absence, she locked the girl carefully in her room, and barred the door outside.

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After following the man's instructions and reaching the home he had described, Mrs. Willock realized she had been deceived; she began to believe a sinister trick had been played on her. Rushing home, she discovered that her irresponsible daughter had disappeared. Suspecting she might try to leave the city, she ran down to the embarcadero, only to find that the Sacramento steamer had just pulled away from the dock. With tears streaming down her face, she called to the captain to stop, that her only child had been kidnapped and taken aboard; no one paid any attention to her cries, however, although she could see her girl, dressed as a boy, standing among some disreputable-looking men.

While the woman was on her way on her visit of mercy, the young girl, with the assistance of several acquaintances, had been aided to escape through the window, given trousers, coat, hat, and boots, and taken aboard the *Senator* as it was about to depart. What the poor mother suffered can be imagined! She told everyone she met to ask her child, no matter where she was, to come back.

Meanwhile, the kidnapers with their frivolous victim had reached Eliza City, where Henry Bates proved to be a good friend as well as a willing accomplice by offering them the hospitality of his

tent. Naturally this event created considerable excitement in our community. All the kidnapers were handsome, jolly fellows who belong to good families apparently, but liked to enjoy life in their own carefree way.

One of them was a fair violinist and knew all the latest tunes; we had a round of songs, music and laughter while he was there. Finally, the San Francisco newspaper describing the kidnaping and the request that the girl return to her home was received, and word sent to Mrs. Willock that the girl was in Eliza City. When the mother found out where her daughter was staying, she sent a friend, Mr. Smythe, to persuade her to come back. Delia, however, refused to return to her parent, and Mr. Smythe was not brave enough to do more than talk to her in a kindly manner, which of course was useless.

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About this time the old, and highly-respected Captain Gelston learned of the affair. He went to see the frivolous young girl, and tried to make her go home; but she refused. Finally, the old man came and talked to me about it, and as Delia was living in my neighborhood, we decided to go and see her together. During our visit the captain called her attention to the fact that she was not properly dressed for a girl, and pointed out the serious consequences that might arise if she did not return to her mother immediately, but his stern words failed to make any impression on the culprit, who seemed to be totally lacking in any filial affection for her mother. I knew that after this escapade she was probably completely estranged from her parent, and from all respectable members of society, and I warned Gelston his mission would probably be a futile one; but he would not believe me until he had talked with the girl herself.

While the weather was warm and sunny, the merry group had been comparatively comfortable in the tent, but one night heavy rains fell, and everyone was thoroughly drenched. I suspected I would have some unwelcome guests in the Eliza Hotel, and my fears were realized the following morning when the pretty lad, whom we called Miss Delia, came over and asked me to take them in out of the wind and rain. The ringleader soon followed, and asked if I would rent them a room.

I agreed, but only with the understanding that they would be quiet, would leave when the rains stopped, and would be prepared to vacate, if I asked them to. Bob, as the leader was called, agreed. They did not keep quiet, however; sounds of music, dancing, singing, and general merriment resounded through the Eliza Hotel at all hours and I was finally asked if I would object if they arranged a dance. I told them I would give my consent, if they would not make too much noise.*

Omission of portions of folios 202 and 203 describing festivities at Eliza City.

I was relieved when the entire group left a few days later for Marysville, a town more to their taste. Although I could not complain of their attitude toward me and my countrymen, their conduct was growing more and more lax, as I knew it would. Their departure coincided with the return of favorable weather and made Eliza City peaceful and quiet again.

The cleverness of Yankees, who have the reputation of being able to foretell the future of an enterprise and profit by it is frequently a matter of comment; many of them are insincere and not entirely honest, however, especially if it is to their advantage to do so. I remember two men from Maine who came to see me one day. Both of them had all the characteristics of true Yankees, and as they entered I thought to myself: Watch out! They had come to rent my house to use as a hotel and bar, and agreed on a monthly rental of one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in advance, for I was afraid I could never collect my rent, especially from Yankees, in any other manner. Having arranged terms, the two men paid me for the first month, moved in immediately, and furnished the place with plain, cheap, but practical furniture. Although everything was ready to accommodate a large number of people, guests were slow in arriving, and the already lean faces of the proprietors grew leaner every day. I felt genuinely sorry for them, and went over several times for meals. They were quite expensive; I could have eaten the same or better food at home for exactly one-fourth the price they asked. The two men did not remain with me many months, and left the hotel about the time I had some business to transact with Sutter.

However, all the time I knew them I never found anything objectionable in them; they seemed like respectable men, and it seems unfair to label all Yankees as bad and dishonest, for there are exceptions to all rules. Many of them are decent and honorable men who should be commended

for their splendid energy and enterprise. Oddly enough, they usually seem to know how to make a profit where others fail. But keep your eyes open when you deal with Yankees!*

Sections of folios 203 and 204 describing Lienhard's target practice and hunting expeditions omitted at this point.
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CHAPTER XVII

HOCK FARM

Now that I no longer had any property to look after in Eliza, I spent most of my time enjoying myself at Hock Farm. Sutter had employed an elderly German to take charge of his fruit and vegetable gardens, and to supervise his Indian helpers, but this gardener, whose name was Wurstenfeld, was a hot-tempered man, who spoke nothing but German, and who, as a consequence, had endless trouble with the Indians.

Although he would show them how to hold a stick of wood in their hands, drive a hole in the loose soil, insert a plant, and press the dirt down with the stick, yet the Indians, who were naturally phlegmatic and indifferent, and either did not care, or did not wish to understand him, were unable to please him.

Poor Mr. Wurstenfeld would become so angry that he threatened to resign time and again, yet every time he made these threats the Indians merely looked at him stolidly, which annoyed him even more. His bursts of temper were futile, however, for the Indians could not understand what the enraged man said.

I happened to be there one day when Wurstenfeld was trying to plant cabbages. The more furious he grew and the more he gesticulated, the more flustered and upset the Indians became. Everything went wrong. Finally he hit them with his stick, and said it was useless to try and work with such stupid beasts. I felt as sorry for the Indians as I did for poor old Wurstenfeld. Years of experience had taught me how to handle natives, so I took a stick, and told the workmen to come over and watch me make holes and plant. I was extremely pleased to see that in a comparatively short time

every one of them did his work well. 244 Wurstenfeld inspected what they had done to see if any of the seedlings could be pulled up, and was quite satisfied.*

Omission of folios 204 to 208 describing a trip to the Buttes hunting elk.

One time when I got back to Hock Farm after a hunting trip, I met one of my countrymen, called David Engler,* who was a second lieutenant and the son of the Councillor of the Canton of St. Gallen; he wore his military cap even in California to show that he was an officer. Sutter had hired Engler to teach his son, Alphonse, to play the piano as soon as he arrived from Europe, and had purchased an instrument so that he could start lessons immediately. The boy did not enjoy taking music lessons, but his father forced him to keep on with them. Sutter's piano was probably the first one in the Sacramento Valley.

George or David Engler was the son of Herr Engler of St. Gallen, a former associate of Mr. Kamer. Schlafli knew him at Hock Farm. See *Das Burgdorfer Jahrbuch*, p. 38. In 1851 he operated the Marysville Hotel and Brewery on Front and C Streets, featuring a beer garden and Tyrolese singers.

Engler was a small, frail man, with a sallow complexion, dark hair, and large eyes for a man of his size. But his voice was loud; anyone hearing him talk without seeing him would have had the impression that he was at least six feet tall. Although I did not consider him a handsome man, he was sociable and quite popular. Like most newcomers, Engler was short of funds, and was not strong enough for hard manual labor, so giving piano lessons was easier than the strenuous life of a gold miner; he had a large repertoire of music, especially for dancing, and even sang to his own accompaniment.

Rather than soil his delicate hands with manual labor, he decided to make himself attractive to the charming Eliza, who was now about twenty-three years old, and it was a comparatively easy task for the persistent young music teacher to win the heart of the susceptible young lady.

One evening Thomen came to Hock Farm to see me. I had been away on a hunting trip to the Buttes for some time, and was out of touch with the Sutter family, but when he told me everyone 245 was talking about Engler and Miss Eliza, I was not surprised, for I had seen them together many times, and had my own suspicions. Although Sutter once told me that *his children* could marry into the

finest families of Philadelphia and New York, if they chose, no overtures had been made for the hand of the charming daughter, and it was not surprising that the emotional young Eliza considered Engler extremely handsome.

One day the young lady asked me to go horseback riding with her. I accepted, although I did not know why I had been asked. As soon as we had passed through the gate, Miss Eliza whipped her horse to a brisk gallop; I had to put the spurs to my horse to keep up with her. For a time we rode as rapidly as if we were trying to escape an imaginary enemy. Then Miss Eliza reined in her horse, and began to talk.

“Mr. Lienhard,” she said, “I should like to ask what your opinion of Mr. Engler is? Is he the man for me?”

“What do you mean? Do you want my advice as to whether he will make a good husband?”

“Yes, that's what I mean. I like him very much, but my father will not give his consent to the match. He thinks I should marry a captain or a major—someone who has more standing.”

“I cannot give you a definite answer in this matter,” I replied. “Mr. Engler is not a bad fellow, at least from what I know about him, and he seems remarkably clever. His being poor is not a crime, and whatever he lacks in physical charm is more than made up by his friendliness.”

“I know he is all right, and I like him. Do you mean you don't think he is handsome?”

“Oh, no, I merely mean he is not as handsome or tall as many men are, and besides if you like him why don't you marry him?”

“That's exactly what I think! Father shouldn't say anything about the fact that he is poor, for he had no money when he married my mother. But my brother, August, does. I think he, too, dislikes him. Perhaps it is because he borrowed money from 246 Engler to put into his partner's business and is

afraid he may have to pay him back sooner than he expected.” When I found out there was some dissention in the family, I decided it was wiser to say nothing more.

Most of my time was now spent at Nicolaus, twelve miles away on the Feather River; but sometimes I went to Hock Farm, and occasionally to Eliza City. One of my traveling companions, Rippstein, had a house at Nicolaus where Thomen and I often stayed. Later on Thomen, who had been in Sacramento since the day I saw him at Hock Farm, told me Eliza and Engler seemed to be on extremely friendly terms with one another, and he believed they expected to marry. Someone repeated these remarks to August Sutter, who had been at the fort; he complained to me that Thomen was spreading scandalous and shameful rumors, and said his father should be informed that everyone in Sacramento was talking about his sister.

August went back to Hock Farm, repeated the gossip to the respectable old man who listened with paternal anger, and decided to end the scandal that was blackening the purity of the family name. Writing to his prospective son-in-law, he sent him the balance due on his salary, and ordered him to leave the farm the same day and neither write nor come near him nor his daughter again. Old Sutter was in a highly excitable state, and talked so harshly to his daughter that she tried to commit suicide by cutting an artery on her wrist with a knife. I was even told that Sutter offered her a pistol, telling her she could end her life quicker that way.

The day it all happened I had gone from Nicolaus to Hock Farm to see a man from Basel called Bader,* whom Sutter had hired with Baltasser Schatt as his assistant, to build a new frame house. There Bader, who was a good friend of mine, asked me to step inside the new house as he had something serious to tell me. Thereupon he related the episode I have just mentioned.

Bader lived a few miles below Hock Farm; he kept a public house and sold liquor.

I was still talking to him when Engler came into the house in great excitement, showed me the letter from Sutter, and said that my friend Thomen was responsible, because he had gossiped about him and Eliza in Sacramento. Most of his rage, however, seemed to be directed against August; he accused him of having exaggerated the situation maliciously. I told him Thomen might have

made some remarks about the possibility of his marrying Eliza, but that I knew nothing about it. So Engler left to pack his belongings, intending to return with me to Nicolaus on the steamer that was due from Marysville.

No sooner had he left than I received a message from Miss Eliza saying she wanted to see me and tell me something. I felt extremely sorry for her. She look pale, shaken, and agitated; her eyes were red and swollen from crying. We walked through the vegetable garden while she poured out her troubles to me. She seemed deeply concerned about Engler's comfort, and asked me to find a place for him to stay while he was away. Many harsh things were said about Thomen, and especially about her brother, August. During our conversation, she also showed me the cut on her arm, and told me about her father's offering her a pistol in his anger.

“What can I do about it?” I said, “Shall I go to your father and talk it over with him?”

“By no means,” she replied, “he is so angry he might shoot you.”

“Well, I am not afraid of him or of his pistols.”

Miss Eliza refused to let me interfere, so all I could do was to try to console her by saying her father might change his mind later on.

Finally the steamer *Governor Dana* * arrived, and stopped at our signal. Young Emil was the only person who went down to 248 see Engler off. Calling me aside he tried to discuss Thomen's conduct with me, but I merely told him I knew him too well to believe that he had said anything actually derogatory about Engler or his sister. The *Governor Dana* soon landed us at Nicolaus; and Engler and I went to stay with Rippstein.*

The *Governor Dana* was a small steamer of 67 tons burden that plied between Marysville and Sacramento. Omission of a section of folio 209.

Although the first payment on August Sutter's note was due, I had not seen nor heard from him. Meanwhile, I had decided to buy three hundred and twenty acres of land on the Feather River from

old Sutter, midway between Nicolaus and Hock Farm, which had an abandoned Indian village on it, if the captain would agree to accept the money his son owed me in payment. I expected to leave for Hock Farm in a few days to discuss my plan with the old gentleman, and when Engler heard I was leaving, he decided to send the captain a letter, even though he had been expressly forbidden to write him, which he begged me to deliver. Unwilling to be drawn into the matter I declined. Engler went down to the steamer when I went aboard, however, and gave his letter to the purser.

Being the only passenger who was going ashore at Hock Farm, I was not surprised when the purser handed me the same letter to deliver to Sutter; I took it, found the Irish caretaker, Bray, and asked him to hand it to the captain, explaining that it was from Engler, who had asked me to deliver it, but that I had refused, and he had sent it by the clerk on the boat who had passed it on to me, anyway.

When I arrived, Sutter was discussing business with several Americans. My friend Custer,^{*} who was working on some survey maps for Sutter, was in another corner of the same room, so I sat down near him, intending to wait until Sutter was free. One of these pseudo-gentlemen was the kind of man whose main ambition was to make money any way he could and as fast as he could, and it was obvious from their conversation that he wanted Sutter to sell him all or part of a piece of land situated on the American Fork, which had already been sold before to six of my countrymen at the time of my arrival in San Francisco. I knew the land under discussion as well as the buyers themselves. Aware that such a deal would place the captain in a precarious position, and might involve him in serious difficulties, I felt I should call his attention to this fact.

John Custer, of the Fautleroy Dragoons, who came west in 1846.

Excusing myself for interrupting them, I said, "Captain, you seem to be on the verge of selling a piece of land you have already sold to some of my countrymen. Possibly you recall the day I returned to Sacramento to bring you to San Francisco, when I was a witness to this transaction. I am quite familiar with the land, and am certain this was the same you sold. I would even be willing to swear to it."

But the purchasers, as well as Sutter himself, declared that I was mistaken, and although I made the same statement again, they completed the deal and agreed on a price which I cannot recall now. If my six countrymen had sued Sutter, the case would have cost him a large amount of money, I believe, but since they were kind-hearted Swiss, he got off cheap. When his conversation with the three gentlemen was over and they had left the room, Sutter called me over to tell me that he was ready to talk with me. I sat down at his table and asked him if I could make arrangements to buy some land I had been looking at, and if he would be willing to take his son's notes which I held. Sutter refused my request; he said he had done as much for his son as he could for the present, and as he was dissatisfied with him he did not care to become involved in the proposal I made. I should have left then. The talk turned to other matters, however, and we were still chatting when Bray entered the room to deliver the letter to the captain, with the remark: "The clerk on the *Governor Dana* left this, and asked me to deliver it to you."

"All right," replied Sutter. Bray departed, winking at me as he passed. Meanwhile Sutter opened the envelope and looked at the signature. "The impudent fellow," he muttered, "I positively forbade him to speak or write to me, yet he has nerve enough to send me a letter. See here, Mr. Lienhard, I do not intend to read the letter, and am placing it in another envelope and addressing it to Mr. Engler. Will you kindly return the letter to him, tell him I have not read it, and do not care to have anything more to do with him." Returning to Nicolaus, I handed it back to Engler, who soon left for Sacramento.

Months later while I was in Switzerland, I was astonished to read in the New York Herald that Miss Eliza Sutter had married a Swiss gentleman, and that their nuptials had been celebrated at Hock Farm in the presence of many wedding guests. The article also said the affair was an elaborate one; that a large amount of wine had been consumed, and several celebrated guests had given speeches and offered toasts, that Indian dances and games had been performed near the house, and that there had been a large display of fireworks on the river. * *

The wedding took place on March 1, 1852, at Hock Farm. Judge Cushing of Marysville officiated, and guests from all over the state attended.

A section of folio 210 omitted.

Later, Mrs. Kamer told me that a handsome young American artist who was commissioned to make oil portraits of Sutter's family, had come to Hock Farm after I had left. He fell in love with Miss Sutter, and everyone believed that the young painter would be Sutter's son-in-law. Mrs. Kamer, I believe, was living at Hock Farm at the time, although she may have become acquainted with the happy bridegroom some other way. The young man, who was supposed to be deeply in love, looked extremely angry one day, and Mrs. Kamer said to him: "If you are to be the son-in-law of Captain Sutter, and the proud possessor of Miss Sutter's hand, I should think you would be happy. What makes you look so cross?"

The artist merely said: "Yes, I should look happy." Then he lapsed into silence; the disagreeable look on his face did not disappear, however. The man went to San Francisco a few days later and did not return; no one knew where he was.

Then she told me the other side of the story. Engler, who had found employment in Sacramento, went into the bar of the William Tell one day, and was chatting with several men, when he was given a letter that had just come from Hock Farm. Upon opening it, he became extremely excited, and said to his friends: "I must leave for Hock Farm, immediately." Packing his belongings, he left by the first steamer. The rumor soon circulated that Engler had succeeded in winning Sutter's consent to marry; it was not long after that that the wedding I heard about took place. Why the rejected suitor was so suddenly and unexpectedly received as a husband and son-in-law, especially when he had acquired neither wealth, good looks, nor the rank of captain or major, qualifications which had formerly seemed so important, was a matter of considerable gossip.*

Omission, folio 210.

Emil did not seem to be especially popular with his family. He was not handsome and, being hard of hearing, did not always understand what was said. He was the most moody member of the family, and was often irritable. I never liked him; Alphonse was my favorite. One day when the family had been at Hock Farm for about two or three weeks, the lad came to me and said he knew I could foretell the future. I asked him why he thought so. "Don't you remember, Mr. Lienhard," he replied, "what you told Emil at Mazatlan when he complained about the preserved fruits for mama.

You said that if he misrepresented facts in that manner in California, he would receive a beating before he had been here a month.” Just because he had already received one for impudence toward his brother August, who had trashed him for some trivial reason, he considered me a prophet.*

Further omission in folio 210.

Occasionally after the trip to Europe I saw some of the men I had known before the gold rush. One was Johnson, the famous 252 ex-husband of Mrs. Covillaud, who lived on his farm on Bear Creek with two squaws for several years. Another was my German countryman, Keyser,* who spoke with a pronounced German-English accent and could not remember what part of Germany he had come from except that it was near the Rhine; he had become a grass widower, having been deserted by his better half. Years later he was drowned while crossing the Cosumnes at high tide. My old friend Smith, the former partner of Nye, who lived three miles above Mimal on the Yuba and was once part owner of three leagues of land, five or six hundred head of cattle, and one to two hundred horses, had lost everything except an old wagon and a yoke of oxen by the time I got back; he made a living hauling freight to the mines. Perry McCoon, who had been the proud owner of two or three leagues of fine land on the Cosumnes, as well as several hundred head of cattle and horses and who was almost penniless, too, often dropped in for a meal at Hock Farm.

Kaiser in the MS. Sebastian Keyser, an Austrian who came west in 1838 with Sutter, but did not reach New Helvetia until 1841. Four years later he settled on Bear Creek, where he owned half of Johnson's Rancho. His wife was Elizabeth Rhoades. In 1849 he sold his property and operated a ferry on the Cosumnes, where he was drowned the following year.

One of the most pathetic figures was Cordua, the man who once owned the site on which Marysville was built, three leagues of the richest land on the Yuba and Feather rivers, two thousand head of cattle, and eight hundred horses, the man who sold half his holdings to Covillaud for twelve thousand dollars, and the other half to his brothers-in-law, Nye and Foster, for twenty-thousand; he drank most of the time now, possibly from remorse over having lost his valuable holdings. He had always been careless, and, under the influence of alcohol, often speculated foolishly.

The last time I had seen him was soon after I had built the Eliza Hotel, where he visited me. Even then his slovenly appearance showed that he had been drinking; his dirty unkempt clothes sagged

from his corpulent body, his socks hung down over his 253 shoes, his hair had not been combed for a long time, and his face showed the lack of a washcloth and a basin of clean water.*

A section of folio 211 describing a shabby Indian, who visited Lienhard, has been omitted.

Charles Roether, one of the men who joined a large party for the overland trip in the summer of 1845, and then abandoned their leader under very suspicious circumstances while out hunting, was another old comrade I met at the same time; he was very agreeable, although he seemed to consider himself my superior in everything, especially in worldly goods.

As I never went to Marysville, I seldom came into contact with Covillaud. The last time I saw him was in Sacramento; even there I might not have noticed him, if I had not heard him speak. He had called out to someone, and the voice sounded familiar, so I turned around, and, to my great surprise, saw my old friend, whom I scarcely recognized. I always thought of him as the husband of one of the prettiest women in California, as well as the possessor of at least half a million dollars; he had always looked extremely healthy, happy, and well-dressed, but now I noticed his face was pale and wrinkled, and that his clothes were no better than they had been in the old days when he was poor. Nevertheless, we were extremely glad to see one another again. I remarked that his sister-in-law, Mrs. Foster, had told me he had married the beautiful Mary, and had made a fortune. He said it was true.

“You don't look happy,” I replied, “Why not? Do you remember the time when you, Huggenberg[overd;]er, and I took a walk about two years ago over there”—I pointed to a neighboring place in the forest where we had walked through the trees near where the American Fork joins the Sacramento—“and you told me that you wanted to stay in California until you had made ten thousand dollars, then return to Bordeaux, marry a pretty girl, and live happily ever after?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Now you have a pretty girl for a wife, and instead of the ten thousand dollars you have half a million; yet you seem uneasy and restless. What's the matter? Why don't you leave here and return to your fatherland?”

“Leave this country? Now when I am just beginning to make some real money,” Covillaud replied.

“I merely thought that when you believed you could be happy on ten thousand dollars and were married to a woman back in France, surely you could be satisfied with what you have. I can't understand why you stay here when you don't enjoy your money. You look unhappy to me. Something seems to be troubling you.”

“I'll tell you why I am so miserable,” he replied. “I own considerable property, and two small river steamers. Since it is impossible for me to look after everything myself, I have to hire men to help me. But I have found out that they are all trying to get rich at my expense, by stealing and swindling me whenever they can. It makes me so angry that I am nearly ill, and that is why I look the way I do.”

I remember the time I went to Hock Farm intending to make arrangements with Mr. Sutter to accept his son's notes for some land I wanted to buy and met the cabinet-maker, Bader, from Basel, who was eager to have me take some land that lay halfway between Nicolaus and Hock Farm, where an Indian village had once stood. I liked the place because the soil was rich; the land was low, however, and there was danger of floods, except in the area of the old Indian settlement.

“Lienhard,” Bader urged, “arrange to buy the land you want from Sutter, and I will purchase the adjoining property. You will make an ideal neighbor for us. My wife is living with her relatives in Pennsylvania just now, but I intend to send for her after I have some land.”

Good-natured and industrious as Bader seemed to be, he was oblivious to the evil ways of mankind. I recall his one weakness was a habit of telling small lies, but it was a trait that came from 255 his desire to spare the feelings of others. When I called his attention to it, he always laughed. I advised him not to have his wife join him immediately, and said that if she was a steady, faithful woman,

she would not be safe in this wild country. I also warned him never to leave her alone, if she did come out, for this was a lawless country.

Bader laughed at my warning; the country, he said, was not as wild as I pictured it. "You don't know how bad men are," I told him, "not having been in America very long, you have no idea what a dangerous place California is. Men will do anything to get what they want." Again he laughed; he considered me a coward, or a born pessimist, I am afraid.

One day in Kilchberg years after I was reading the New York Herald and was glancing through the news about California, which consisted for the most part of robberies and murders, when I came across an account of a hideous crime committed about six miles below Hock Farm on the Feather River. The article said that a Swiss ranchero called Bader lived with his wife in a small house adjoining a little corral near a slough, where Mrs. Bader washed clothes, under the shade of some large oak trees. One evening a man appeared, and asked for lodgings for the night. Although he was a stranger, he was accommodated, given supper, a bed for the night, and breakfast the following morning. The next day Mr. Bader had to leave home to attend to some business at Hock Farm, so he went out and saddled one of the horses in his corral, paying no more attention to his guest.

The stranger, a Swede or a Norwegian called Jackson, who was watching Bader, asked: "Are you going riding?"

Yes," Bader replied, "I'm going over to Sutter's farm, but I expect to be back soon."

"I'll wait here until you return," said the stranger. Bader hesitated to tell him it was time for him to leave, but got on his horse, and started off toward Sutter's farm. Having transacted his business, he started back immediately.

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Upon the return trip he met two neighbors and asked them if everything was all right at home. They assured him it was, but when he reached his house, his wife, who usually came out to meet him, did not appear. Calling, he received no answer. Dismounting from his horse, Bader went toward

the slough where he knew his wife intended to wash that day, and met Jackson, who was drunk, staggering toward him. He asked him where his wife was. The man drew a revolver and said, “Yes, I know where she is; I'm going to send you to join her.” Bader rushed into the house to get his double-barreled gun; but found both chambers empty; as he came out, intending to take his horse and get help from the neighbors, he saw Jackson galloping away on it at full speed. Taking another horse from the corral, he rode to the nearest house, and reported what had occurred.

The neighbors saddled their horses. Following Jackson's trail, they soon overtook him.* He was carrying Bader's revolver, which he had used in his threats, his silver watch, and several dollars in gold—all his worldly goods. Subsequently they found out that Mrs. Bader had taken her laundry down to the slough, and was washing, when she was attacked, strangled, and shot twice in the stomach. The criminal was taken back and shown the dead body, forced to put his hand on it, and asked, “What have you to say in your defense?”

The murderer of Mrs. Bader was caught near Yuba City. See Peter J. Delay, *History of Yuba and Sutter Counties* (Los Angeles, 1924), p. 57.

“Nothing!” was the reply.

The following day the alcalde summoned a jury, but before it had assembled, the people took the law into their own hands, and hanged the murderer from the limb of an oak.*

Omission, folios 212 and 213, concerning Lienhard's friendly relations with Durr.

After disposing of my property to August Sutter, I spent most of my time, as I have said, at Nicolaus. I slept in my blankets at Rippstein's house, and either cooked for myself, or took my meals at a boarding house next door that belonged to an American 257 named Wheeler. The Wheeler family consisted of three persons, Mr. Wheeler, his wife, and a girl.*

Omission in folios 214 and 215 about the Wheeler family and Lienhard's dog.

At Nicolaus I recall meeting another Swiss called Charley Matt* who was from Thurgau, I believe. He was an old friend of Nicolaus Allgeier, having known him when they were mountaineers; later, settling in Oregon, he married a widow with several children, and then came here to mine gold.

However, Matt did not intend to remain permanently in California, but expected to stay only long enough to accumulate several thousand dollars, and then return to his wife in Oregon. Allgeier, who had a store somewhere in the mountains near Bear Creek, had hired Matt to haul supplies for him, and when he was making his last trip before leaving to rejoin his family in Oregon, we heard that Matt had been found dead near the road leading to the mines, with fourteen arrows in his body. Apparently a terrific struggle had taken place; several pools of blood had collected, his rifle had been discharged, and the barrel smashed to pieces, just as if, after firing, he had used the gun in self-defense.

Probably James Matt, known to have been at the fort in 1848.

A party of armed men assembled immediately, intending to leave for the mountains to punish the Indians. Every available man was called; many of us could not make up our minds to go, however, for the cruel action taken against innocent Indians on the American River was still a poignant memory, and the thought that natives who were not guilty might have to pay for the new crime, kept my friend Thomen and me from joining the pursuit party.

The following day the men who had gone out came back, and told us they had burned several huts and taken one or two squaws prisoners. Although Allgeier was the ringleader of the expedition, one of his own native boys had tied an Indian woman to the back of his saddle and tried to save her; however, he had acted without instructions from his master who was extremely angry about it, probably because he wanted the woman himself.

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In addition to the squaws, the spoils consisted merely of a few bows and arrows. I bought some of the loot, including quivers made from fox pelts, for two dollars and took them to Switzerland where I gave them to a friend of mine, Major Ott, who purchased my house and property in Kilchberg. I should not have been surprised to learn that the Indians who had been punished were innocent; guilty natives would have anticipated this attack and escaped from the danger zone.

I had always considered the people in Nicolaus quiet and law-abiding, but a certain tragic incident revealed the truth of the good old adage: Beware whom you trust. One day, when the *Governor*

Dana landed at Nicolaus, a lad about fourteen years of age, who was sobbing bitterly, stepped ashore. Someone asked him why he was crying, and he said his father, who could not swim, had fallen in the river two and one-half miles away and drowned. The boy also said fourteen thousand dollars in gold had gone down with him. Marking the place he had fallen into the river, several men left Nicolaus immediately in a row boat for the point the boy described, and after several hours of what appeared to be a futile search, they returned. The poor boy was disconsolate over the tragic loss of his father, not to mention the gold they had mined together. The following morning when a second search was made, the body was discovered on shore; the gold was never recovered. I felt reasonably certain that some of the men who had gone out with the boy to the place where the accident occurred, located the spot where the body was lying, then waited until after dark to remove it from the water, and pocket the gold. The boy told us his family was German; and that his mother and several brothers and sisters were waiting at home for him and his father to come back with some gold.

Several times I rode my mare from Nicolaus across the prairies to Sacramento. I enjoyed these trips immensely, not only because the prairie was so delightful in spring, but also because the elk were so much tamer than the wild cattle that often traveled in 259 herds of several hundred, and disappeared when human beings came into sight.*

Omission, folios 215 to 216. These describe Lienhard's troubles collecting money from young Sutter for payment of his property, and his decision to go to law about it.

When I got back to Nicolaus, I had an opportunity to see Mr. Wertleemann for the first time since our meeting at the Isthmus; the poor man was sick with chills and fever, he had no money, no ambition to make any, and was desperately homesick. I could never understand why a man, who was enterprising enough to amass a capital of two hundred thousand gulden in Switzerland, was unable to make a living in a land where everyone else was growing rich overnight. After he had recuperated, he left for parts unknown; that was the last I saw or heard of him.

Many of my old friends came to Nicolaus. Including myself, there were often as many as seven of us; in addition to Thomen, Rippstein, and Engler, there was Mr. Custer, a handsome young man

who had surveyed some land for Sutter, who was a native of Rheinegg, St. Gallen; a fat, jovial man called Bellaire from Neuchatel; and a Mr. Faller of Rorschack, also from St. Gallen.* The latter, who had studied chemistry, told us that during his student days he had squandered twenty thousand gulden, which had left him extremely poor; I was not surprised, if the stories that were told about him were true.*

Possibly the Fallet known to have been at the fort in 1847. The others are not listed in Bancroft's Register. Omission in folio 216.

When I rode over to Eliza for the last time, I met a Swiss watchmaker called Bischoff;* I sold him my horse, saddle, and other equipment for one hundred and fifty dollars in gold dust. The sample I had in a glass bottle proved to be unusually pure, and had a value of eighteen dollars an ounce.*

J. J. Bischoff, who later owned a jewelry store in Marysville. His business card appears in the *Marysville Herald* for April 12, 1851.

Omission in folios 216 and 217 where Lienhard discusses his financial troubles with the Sutter family.

Sacramento had several well-known gambling halls that were 260 popular with young people, gold miners, and professional gamblers. They consisted of a large room filled with long tables. Invariably all day long, and far into the night, these tables were covered with piles of Spanish doblons, American dollars, better known in English as the doubloon, small gold and silver pieces, bags of gold dust, and large pure-gold nuggets, as crowds of gamblers gathered to try their luck and attempt to get rich by easier and quicker ways than by mining.

I remember one of them where a pretty young girl, scarcely more than a child, stood near the main door behind a small table, and sold bakery goods for gold dust. Rough men who frequented the place stared at her; she was expected to smile at their coarse jokes. In the rear was another table, where a vulgar girl with a brazen face and an indecent costume joked with the customers, and sold assorted soft drinks, including lemonade. However, these two girls did not interest me as much as raised platform for music that was occupied by a young Italian, who played the piano. Connoisseurs of music told me he was an accomplished artist. Beside him sat a quiet young man playing the violin. He fascinated me; I always enjoyed listening to the magic tones and melodies he coaxed from his instrument. Sometimes I was almost afraid to breathe for fear I might miss a

note of his exquisite melodies that seemed to float down from another world, where angels were playing celestial music. Near the rear on the left side of the hall stood a long counter decorated in an attractive manner; directly behind it was a commodious shelf, that held an assortment of bottles containing liquor. A well-dressed man, who acted as the bartender, presided over the drinks.*

Omission in folio 218 of description of hall.

After listening to the music one evening, Rippstein, Thomen, and I went to the bar and ordered lemonade. Suddenly we heard loud noises at one of the gambling tables, and saw the gamblers jump up from their seats, as a tall Chilean wearing a long 261 bathrobe rushed over to the counter and hid behind it. Following him came a well-dressed young American gambler, with a revolver; he fired at the hip of the crouching Chilean, who begged for mercy. A moment later the hall was full of men, most of them bystanders, all asking why the man had been shot. At first there was no reply. The question being repeated in an angry voice, a man finally said that the Chilean had taken fifty instead of twenty-five cents. "A man who will shoot another man for such a trivial cause should be hanged," a voice cried. The crowd agreed. Cries of "hang him," grew louder and louder.

Gamblers were always armed, and there were so many of them in the room that night that the crowd, who asked to have the man hanged, had little chance of success because gamblers invariably rallied to each other's support. The Chilean came out from his hiding place underneath the counter, and limped toward the door. He had almost reached it when some of the gamblers pretended they were going to follow him. The trick succeeded. Even with a bullet in his hip he reached the street with amazing speed, while the crowd roared with laughter.

One morning I dropped in to listen to the music again, and found only one table occupied. Suddenly a man sitting at it got up in an excited manner, threw an empty sack over his arm, and, as he walked toward the door, looked back and made a half-angry, half-humorous remark. After he had gone, the others at the same table laughed heartily; I was told that the man with the sack had arrived the night before intending to break the bank and had brought his entire capital, several thousand dollars in gold. He had lost every dollar of it.

Samuel Brannan, a former Mormon elder, lost thirty thousand dollars in one night in an attempt to break the bank; another time, I believe, he succeeded, and won twenty-five thousand dollars, making his total loss a mere five thousand. Anyone who could brag he had broken the bank was a hero, and Brannan had so much money that he would rather lose what he did than not to be able to talk about the time he won. It was an attitude of mind I could never understand. Brannan, I believe, became one of the largest landowners and wealthiest men in California, owning property worth millions of dollars.*

Omission of folio 219.

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CHAPTER XVIII

LAST DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

My affairs with Sutter having been settled, I was now ready to leave Sacramento permanently. In addition to six thousand that had been sent on to New York, I had eighteen thousand dollars in gold; but I could not decide whether I should carry all this gold out of the country or not, and finally made up my mind it would be safer to invest part of it in city lots. I also placed some of it in the hands of a forwarding agency in San Francisco, and carried the balance with me in my trunk. By so doing, I could distribute the risk and there would be little chance of losing all my wealth.

So I bought a building lot from Mr. Ritschard for four thousand dollars; it was sixty by one hundred and sixty feet, adjoined the William Tell Hotel on F Street, and was directly across from a small Chinese house. The lot had not been fenced in to keep squatters away, and before I left Sacramento I purchased planks for fencing which cost another hundred dollars, making the total investment forty-one hundred. Then I had to have an agent for the lot and asked Henry Thomen to look after it; but he told me he always hired someone himself, because he spoke broken English and could neither read nor write the language.

My other friend, Rippstein, whom I had known for a long time, was so greedy and selfish that I was reluctant to trust him, so I abandoned that idea, too; I even considered having Rutte, Tissot and

Company because the members of the firm seemed so well-educated and capable, but I hesitated to bother them with so small a commission. I did not know Mr. Ritschard well enough to go to him either. I had been told he was somewhat conceited and 264 excitable, however. He was the brother of the Mr. Kamer I liked so much; we had crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer.

Rippstein had come to see me several times recently, and seemed as fond of me as if I had been his brother. He offered to do anything he could for me because I had carried one hundred dollars he wanted to send to his mother without charging him anything for it the first time I went to Switzerland. "Lienhar," he said one day, "you are just like a brother to me."

He advised me not to buy a building lot. After I purchased it, however, he promised to take over the agency for it, and look after my interests. While I was fencing my building lot, or rather just after the lumber for it arrived, one of my friends told me that the great war hero, who had fought so valiantly at the battle of Grenoble, had said some bitter things about me for having had the courage to sue his eldest son, when he refused to pay me what he owed me.

Sutter was reported to have spoken these words, "I believe Mr. Zwicky was right when he said that nothing can be expected of a man born in a cow barn." Mr. Zwicky was Sutter's bookkeeper. I was well acquainted with him, having made many visits to Hock Farm. He was a handsome man and appeared to be a shrewd business manager. I have been told that he spoke four different languages and that Sutter was very proud of him. Mr. Zwicky had a high opinion of himself, gave himself airs, and wore kid gloves at Hock Farm, just as if he had been in a large city.

I, too, was proud of my countryman when I first met him, although I knew little about his past life at that time, and could not then foresee how he would behave toward me in the future. Later I was told that he had cheated his former partner in Switzerland. If he behaved in the same way in Marysville—and I believe he did—he must have been one of the most despicable characters in all California.*

Omission of letter to Zwicky in folio 219.

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I met the old war veteran, Sutter, once or twice more, but we had very little to say to one another. One day I saw him at Sacramento where he was in such a condition that his sons, August and Alphonse, assisted by two other men, had to take him away from the tent of a vulgar French woman so he would not miss the *Governor Dana* that was leaving for Hock Farm. The woman seemed to have a remarkable hold over him, and I was told that Alphonse had tried to prevent his entering her tent.

When the steamer was about to leave, the noble old gentleman had not appeared and finally had to be carried aboard. I was amused to see the surprised look on the old man's face when his companions brought him aboard just as if he had been a prisoner.

The princely successor to the throne walked ahead; then came old Sutter shaking from head to foot. Two men kept him from falling. The noble gentleman behaved just like a naughty schoolboy caught in a bad act. Mr. Alphonse brought up the rear. He seemed embarrassed at the number of people watching the procession, and at their sly smiles. Yet this was the same pious old gentleman who flew into such a rage when he heard that the conduct of his daughter and Mr. Engler was causing a scandal.

Another time, when I was to leave within a few days for San Francisco, I decided to go over to Eliza and say good-bye to my old friends. Upon reaching Sutter's farm, the *Governor Dana* stopped, and the old gentleman came aboard. I was sitting up on deck in a secluded spot, which was reached by a small stairway. Sutter did not know I was there, or he would probably have remained below. But he came up on deck, made his usual courteous bow, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen."

I was standing there, and he glanced my way and recognized me. His embarrassment was amusing to see. Perhaps he thought I might ask him why he had talked about me as he had, but I merely turned my back on him to show my slight respect for him, and let him know that I was not afraid of him.

Sutter was aware that I knew all about his past life, and half 266 suspected I would tell the truth about him if he made me angry. He kept quiet, and got off the boat at Eliza. I visited my friends there for the last time. There were tears in Mr. Kamer's eyes. I felt sorry for him, knowing how disappointed he was in California. He had been a jovial, good-natured traveling companion, and often cheered me up when I felt blue.*

Brief omission in folio 220.

Having appointed Rippstein my agent—although he was the son of a city official he wrote very badly—I was finally ready to leave. The steamer was about to depart for San Francisco; so I told my friends, including Mrs. Kamer, who wept copiously, farewell.

A shor, heavy-set Bernese by the name of Marz,* who had spent a good deal of time with me lately and whom, although he was far from handsome, I enjoyed having around because of his sympathetic nature, gave me a letter and a message which he asked me to deliver personally to his parents in New York.

There is no clue as to his identity. The name is probably Marsh or Mark. *Bancroft's Pioneer Register* lists two Mark brothers who came west in 1847 with the New York Volunteers.

Thomen and the chemist Faller accompanied me to the steamer, *Golden Gate*, and remained with me until the boat started.*

Omission of end of folio 220 and first page of folio 221.

After bidding me a happy voyage, they departed, and for the second time I left the country I had lived in so long, perhaps for the last time. The *Golden Gate* was only a small boat. Among the passengers was a handsome and an extremely smart young American boy about sixteen or seventeen years old, whose one idea was how to make money and how to invest it. He told me his plans, and they seemed as sound and reasonable as if they had been those of a mature man.

I had sent my trunk to San Francisco in care of Rutte, Tissot & Co.,* where I made my headquarters for the fourteen days I was 267 in the city. I took my meals at a restaurant north of the Plaza, where the rates were extremely high, as they were everywhere.

Rutte and Tissot are listed in Parker's City Directory for 1852 as importers located at 172 Montgomery Street. For a time they were commission merchants with an office on Spring Street near California.

San Francisco, or at least the best business section of it, had burned down for the second time and smoking debris could be seen everywhere.* Iron vaults holding gold did not burn, but the gold had melted, and any papers stored in them were reduced to ashes. Wherever the fire had burned, it had done its task well, and little could be salvaged.

The great fire of May third and fourth. More than twenty city blocks were burned, including many brick and iron structures believed to be fire proof. The loss was heavy as the destruction covered most of the business area. From one to two thousand buildings valued at some \$2,000,000 were destroyed.

Strange things occurred both during and after the fire. A story was told about two young men who had once been friends, until each one tried to acquire as much gold as possible, first by mining and then by business ventures. Both of them had amassed considerable capital which they had invested in goods.

Finally one of them noticed that his friend did not speak to him as cordially as he had in the past, although he did not know why. He suspected that his friend considered himself the wealthier man. This made him angry, and he decided not to be so friendly, but to treat him with equal coolness.

The latter had lost everything he owned in the fire, with the exception of several bottles of English beer, which was practically worthless. So he invited several men, whom he saw walking among the smoking debris, to come and help him drink it. They were celebrating when the old friend appeared with a long face, stopped, and asked his former comrade if he had lost heavily. "Yes, everything except this beer," he replied. "Did you lose much in the fire?"

"Yes, all I had," he said.

“Well, I am glad,” said the owner of the beer, “Come and have a drink with us.”

“Why are you glad I have lost everything?”

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“Well, I'll tell you. When we were poor, we were good friends. Apparently you have been lucky, and considered yourself richer than I and thought you were too good to speak to me. The fire has reduced us to the same level again, and this is the first time you have spoken to me for a long while. Suppose we drink to men who had been friends, but became indifferent through good luck, then regained their friendship through tragedy.”

Not many gloomy faces were visible in the city, and the sounds of pounding and hammering were heard everywhere. Wherever buildings had been burned down, scenes of intense activity were apparent. Debris was being cleared away, and temporary shacks set up until substantial buildings could be erected.

While I was in San Francisco, I visited several of my friends, among them the Kuntze family. Their younger son, to whom I had once taken a letter to Germany, accompanied me up and down the city's hilly streets. He was a handsome, precocious boy, but there seemed to be some jealousy and envy which I did not like between him and his eldest brother, who had come with his parents to this country some time ago and so felt superior

At Kuntze's I also met the brewer, Neif. He was the army deserter I had found starving in the forest, and fed and directed to a safe hiding place in the bushes. I had not seen Neif in the meanwhile. He asked me to go with him to his brewery, and drink all the beer I wanted. My drinking did not diminish his stock to any great extent, however.

I decided to call on Kyburz, although we were not very close friends because I could not trust him. He was not at home but his wife, children, and Indian girl, and a negro, called Fanny, were there.

His house stood on a hill that afforded a superb panorama of the ships at anchor, the main section of the city, the bay, Yerba Buena Island, and the Contra Costa.

Mrs. Kyburz told me her husband had purchased a ship and was somewhere off the coast of Mexico or Central America, where he intended to buy coffee and fruits in the south, and bring them to San Francisco. Later I heard that he was not very successful, and had lost most of his wealth in the venture. Mrs. Kyburz asked me to give her husband her best regards if I met him on my way to Panama; but I did not see him.

Not long after reaching San Francisco I was in the office of Rutte, Tissot & Co. one day when an elderly, well-dressed woman entered. She was an upper-class Swiss, and was out of funds, because her two sons had not arrived. She was obliged to go to the Swiss consul, Mr. Rutte, to ask for help. She received twenty dollars at the office; each of us contributed five.

On the North Beach there lived an old man from Appenzell called Sturzenegger,^{*} who had only one son. He was reputed to be worth some two hundred thousand dollars. This woman was sent to him for assistance, because he had often said that he intended to go back to the old country and aid the poor. I do not know whether Sturzenegger changed his mind, or intended to help only the poor in Switzerland, but we were told that he gave nothing to the poor woman. The excuse offered was that anyone who was begging should not wear silk dresses. Sometime later I heard that he had speculated in sailing vessels, and had lost most of his wealth. The poor in Switzerland whom he intended to aid when he returned to the old country were the losers.

Herr Sturzenegger, a tailor at the fort, who had amassed a fortune estimated at half a million. Lienhard calls him Hurzenwecker.

One day I was walking through the streets and saw a short, heavy-set man near my building lot, who reminded me of one of my old overland comrades, Herman.^{*} He was escorting two ladies, who had just mounted their horses. They were well-dressed and wore the long riding costumes fashionable at that time.

Jacob Herman. For a time he had made his home in the mission, and later lived on Montgomery Street where he operated a tailoring shop.

I stopped for a moment to watch the trio, and discovered that I had not been mistaken. The man was Herman. He was more neatly dressed than the last time I saw him, which was just after he had fallen into some mud springs and had returned to camp, 270 covered with dirt. One of the *ladies* proved to be the wife of my old friend, who was chewing tobacco. She was not the slovenly Mrs. Herman I had once known, but an elegant creature. The old man must have been proud when he saw me looking at his charming companion, whom I had already heard about. I did not accept an invitation to visit the mission with them.

Grunniger, the third partner of Rutte, Tissot and Company, took me to see a countryman called Kellesberger,* who had just arrived via Cape Horn from Rio de Janeiro. The new arrival was from Berne. He was a short, slightly-built man, had a small, long face and a hooked nose, and was inclined to brag. That is all I know about him. He was always friendly toward me, however.

B. Kellesberger lived at 172 Montgomery Street.

Mr. Kellesberger, the new associate of Rutte and Tissot, and I became acquainted the first morning after my arrival in San Francisco, and I was proud to know he was a Swiss. He was a fine type of man, and seemed to be intelligent as well as handsome. He rose to be a leader among our countrymen and whenever anything important took place among the Swiss colony, Mr. Kellesberger was invariably chosen to be their leader. He was from Baden, on the Limmat, Canton of Aargau and had been in business in Rio de Janeiro for several years. He had written an interesting sketch of his travels, which he asked me to deliver to a friend in Switzerland, and said I might read it during the voyage.

One morning, while I was sleeping in my woolen blankets, I was aroused by a strange procession. The door of the room where Kellesberger, Rutte, and Tissot slept, opened, and they appeared clad only in shirts. They carried lighted candles in their hands, and came over to my bed with a haughty and solemn expression, singing as they walked. There they stopped, and Kellesberger delivered a pathetic speech in honor of my departure.

I got out of bed wearing only my underdrawers. After this 271 speech was finished, I was asked to make one in reply. However, they had come to the wrong man, for I have no gift for making speeches. I tried to excuse myself, but my friends would not take “no” for an answer.

One day I ran into two brothers from Zurich in San Francisco. One of them was a chemist, who had come to see me in Switzerland and asked for information about California. These gentlemen, whose names I have now forgotten, had just arrived from the trip around Cape Horn. They intended to leave immediately for the mines.

As I stood talking to the two brothers near one of the main gambling halls* of San Francisco, I saw a man and a fashionably-dressed woman enter. I remarked that the hall was no place for respectable members of the opposite sex. My two countrymen said that her reputation would not suffer. She had been a passenger on the same boat that brought them to San Francisco, and during the long sea voyage they had found out many things about her.

Either the El Dorado or the Bella Union on Washington Street. Other leading resorts of this period were the Rendezvous, the Verandah, the Parker House, the Aquila de Oro, and the elaborately-decorated Empire. Stakes were often extremely high. Ordinary games ranged from 50c to \$5.00, but rich miners often lost or won from \$1000 to \$45,000 in a single game. Gold dust, jewelry, and property were staked. Roulette, rouge et noir, trente et quarente, and monte were popular.

This particular gambling hall was like most of those in San Francisco except that it was more elaborate, and its oil paintings were almost life size. The first picture at the right of the entrance showed Potiphar's wife attempting to embrace the handsome youth, Joseph, who had become frightened and escaped, leaving his coat.

There were no houses or halls either in Sacramento or San Francisco that provided a decent evening's entertainment, so everyone visited the gambling places to watch the fun. One evening Grunniger and I entered this same house. In addition to monte, many other games were going on. We stopped near a roulette wheel to watch the players. Grunniger was singularly 272 uncommunicative. Finally he pulled out some quarters and half-dollars, and threw them on the roulette table. “You are not going to play, are you?” I said. But he did not answer.

He was lucky for a time, then began to lose. He won again, then lost more heavily, and in a short time had thrown ten dollars away. He tried to conceal his annoyance and chagrin, but kept on playing. He seemed absorbed in the game. I made several attempts to persuade him to go home with me; but he did not even reply.*

Sections of folio 222 describing more gambling episodes have been omitted.

Finally one morning I heard that the steamer had arrived. I rowed out, and found the decks humming with activity, as passengers moved their luggage aboard. I secured a stateroom toward the stern, one of two similarly located, that suited me. The price of a first-class ticket to Panama was three hundred dollars, the same price I had paid before. The second-class fare was one hundred and thirty dollars. In view of the accommodations, the prices were outrageous. Meat served in the first cabin was not only meager in quantity, but poor in quality. Second class travelers were supplied with black coffee, zwiebach, salt pork, and beef.*

Brief omission at end of folio 222 and beginning of 223.

Much as I had anticipated leaving California, I felt sad when the time of departure drew near. I made several trips up Telegraph Hill, which afforded a magnificent view north, east and southeast across the bay toward Sausalito and the Golden Gate. I recalled the years I had spent there, and the various experiences I had had. Considering how few years I had passed in California, they had been many and varied.

Was I wise to desert a land that had given me all I possessed? This thought often flashed through my mind. My main complaint was that the laws were lax and social conditions were also unsound on the coast. The last time I visited the hill I could not tear myself away. My eyes scanned the beautiful bay with its irregular shoreline and many islands, again and again. Far off in the distance

THE LIENHARD HOME IN NAUVOO, ILLINOIS. Courtesy of Miss Mary Lienhard.

273 lay Sonoma, a place I had always intended to visit, and beyond it a range of hills known as the Sonoma Mountains. Behind the pyramid-shaped Mt. Diablo was Sacramento Valley with new cities in the making and, east of it, the inexhaustible gold mines that were luring thousands, hundreds of

thousands, and even millions of men from all corners of the globe seeking gold. What hopes and disappointments had been experienced there, or were in store for them!

While I was day dreaming the sounds of “The Last Rose of Summer” drifted through the air. A wave of homesickness came over me. Tears filled my eyes. The past was behind me, and I wondered what the future would hold. I tried to shake off these futile thoughts by leaving the hill and mixing with the crowds and confusion in the city below^{*}

Omission, folio 223.

The first of July, the day the ship was scheduled to sail, finally arrived. I got up earlier than usual, and went to a barber and bathhouse where I had a shave and a warm bath to remove all traces of California soil. The bath was extremely hot, and although I tried to cool it by letting in cold water, yet it was too warm for comfort. It cost me only two dollars and fifty cents. The price was reasonable for California.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I said goodbye to all my friends and, accompanied by Grunniger, started for the steamer, *California*. My heavy chests had been placed on the small platform at the foot of the gang-plank, where I also stood while the boat which had taken me out returned.

I neglected to mention that I had already sent five thousand dollars in gold through a forwarding agency to New York, which cost me three hundred dollars. I had the gold shipped to Kook Fisher.^{*} Apparently one of Lienhard's errors in spelling.

My name had been written incorrectly, and, instead of Lienhard, was spelled Leinhard, the usual American way, and the 274 package was addressed to Koop Fischer, instead of Kook Fisher & Co. But the street and number were correct, so later I was able to obtain my gold without any difficulty from the firm. In my chest I had more than seven thousand dollars, which made it quite heavy.

Passengers began to flock aboard, and I was told that every cabin on the ship had been taken. Major Lyons,^{*} a United States army officer, who lost his life in one of the first battles during a rebellion in Missouri, was unable to secure a room for himself and his wife, so a sleeping place was arranged

for them back of one of the staterooms. Mrs. Lyons was the only feminine passenger leaving San Francisco. She was a plain, respectable woman, who was determined to accompany her husband.

Lions in the MS. Apparently the Colonel Lyons, whom Bayard Taylor met in California. See his *El Dorado* (2 vols., New York, 1850), 1, 62, 88, 104, 110, 237.

When the call "All aboard," was heard, the small boat that had brought the passengers to the steamer started back. Anchor was hoisted, and the wheels began to move slowly, first forward, then back, until the ship's prow was headed in the right direction. Our steamer moved cautiously past large and small sailing vessels lying at anchor, then increased its speed.

San Francisco faded from sight behind Telegraph Hill. After passing the small round island on the right called Bird, or Alcatraz Island, we stopped at Sausalito to take on water and fresh beef. After the supplies had been stowed away, the *California* headed southwest. By night the open ocean, where a southerly course was set, was reached.

Most of the passengers went down to their cabins, for the air was extremely cold. I remained up on deck watching the ships pass the coastal range toward the east, as long as it was visible. I had wrapped a woolen blanket around me, yet even with this precaution the air was very cool, and the foam blown across the deck by the wind soaked my clothes.

Then the moon rose. Cloudless patches in the sky revealed the moonlight shining on the mountains on our left. We reached the bay of Monterey, crossed it and anchored near the town of Monterey, where we delivered and took on mail and passengers. Then a course was set northwest toward the mouth of the bay. Having passed Point Pinos, our ship moved out across the ocean.

The moonlight was so bright that the cliff, where I had once sought shelter, was clearly visible. After the steamer had passed it and was moving south again, I went down to my cabin and found my roommate sound asleep. The weather continued pleasant, but cool, and we steamed steadily south.

The coast of California has a parched appearance during the dry season, and there was nothing to vary the monotony of the scenery along the coast as we touched at Santa Barbara, and San Pedro,

the port of Los Angeles. The afternoon after we left San Pedro, we passed the borderstone that marked the boundary between the United States and Mexico.

*

The balance of the MS. describing Lienhard's voyage to Switzerland has been omitted.

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