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WADE JOHNSTON TALKS TO HIS DAUGHTER

BY EFFIE ENFIELD JOHNSTON
Sixth Installment

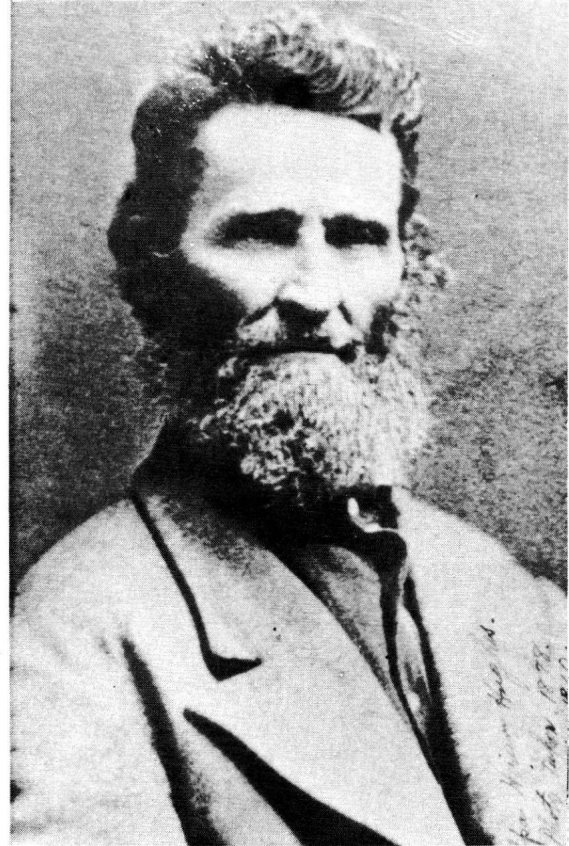
Once again we turn to the reminiscences of Wade Johnston who lived on Willow Creek, just south of San Andreas, almost continuously from 1855 to 1927 when he died at the ripe old age of 95. His remarkable memory persisted to his last days, and these he kept busy retelling his adventures during the early days of Calaveras County to his devoted daughter, Effie.

The gold rush was over and many had already left the Mother Lode country. Those that remained, still prospecting and mining gold, found it more and more difficult to make a good living. But in 1860 an event occurred that started a brand new mining boom. Down in the extreme southwest corner of the county, in the inhospitable and sparsely-populated Gopher Ridge country, a prospector and rancher by the name of Hiram Hughes found a new and completely unexpected metal.

Hughes, who had recently made a trip over the mountains to see the Comstock excitement, had returned to his ranch in Calaveras County near Cave City. Early in May he had gone down to Gopher Ridge to hunt down some of his strays. While there, he found a prominent "gossan"* outcrop that panned well in gold. He staked this as the Quail Hill No. 1, and shortly thereafter organized a small company with J. F. Treat of San Andreas to work it. Later in the year, Hughes and his son, William Napoleon Bonaparte Hughes, continued to prospect for more "gossans" on to the south. On Hog Hill, ten-year old "Bona" grew tired, drove his pick into a ledge under the shade of a tree, and went to sleep. Later, when he pulled out his pick, there were signs of metal-bearing mineralization on the point. Although this outcrop was found to contain much less gold than the Quail Hill gossan, the other minerals present puzzled Hiram, and so he sent a sample from the "Napoleon" to San Francisco to be assayed. Remarkably, the return from this sample showed some thirty per cent copper!

As the significance of his discovery became apparent, prospectors and miners, one by one at first, and then in droves, rushed down to the "West Belt" to look for copper. The great California copper stampede was on. And it wasn't long before William K. Reed and Thomas McCarty staked the bonanza at what is now Copperopolis, calling it the Union Lode. Then the Campo Seco veins were discovered

*Gossan is a very ironstained and weathered outcrop of a mineral deposit high in sulphide minerals.



Hiram Hughes
1810-1891

The discoverer of copper in California, Hughes was born in Kentucky. He captained the wagon train in which he brought his family west in 1850. Then he prospected and mined until he made his stake at Telegraph City in copper. The proceeds from this were invested in land and cattle, in Lynn's Valley, Kern County, where some of his descendants still live today.

--Courtesy of Mrs. Florence Hughes Page

and, later, copper mines were developed in the counties both north and south along the belt.

Wade Johnston's partners and his brother Charles soon pulled out for Hog Hill and commenced a shaft-sinking operation on the best prospect they could find, near the Napoleon. Wade hung on at Yaqui Camp, where he was still making a fair living at the Poverty Hill mine, until some time in 1863 before succumbing to copper fever.

There is a dearth of factual firsthand description of the Telegraph City area during the copper boom and consequently Johnston's memoirs are of great significance to the local historian. Here is how he remembers those exciting and interesting days.

-----Editor

I Go To The Copper Excitement At Telegraph City

When I went to the copper mines in 1863, I gave John Gallagher my note for \$350 for a butcher bill. There were three or four of us in it, but it all fell on me. That year we had sent below for \$80 worth of provisions -- a lot of

bacon and flour, and a sack of green Government Java coffee. We roasted and ground our own coffee then.

When I went to the copper mines, the whole country down there was covered with active claims. Some of the best copper mines were near Telegraph City. This was first called "Grasshopper City." When the telegraph came in there, Eaf Gatewood changed the name to "Telegraph City." It was about seven or eight miles from Copperopolis, on the present highway between there and Stockton.

Hiram Hughes was the man to make the first strike in copper, at Quail Hill Number 1. When he was bringing in rocks and pounding them up, looking for copper, the people around there thought he was going crazy. He struck gold on one wall and copper on the other. I saw that myself. I think he struck the Napoleon mine too.

Quail Hill paid for awhile. The gold was worth more than the copper. The Napoleon paid in copper values. J.F. Treat was interested in the Quail Hill mines with Hughes. At that time, Bill Clary, later of the Sheep Ranch mine, was superintendent of the Napoleon mine. He had an interest in the Napoleon and Quail Hill mines, too. It was Bill Clary and Steinberger that sold the Quail Hill mine. Hughes was the original locator of both the Napoleon and Quail Hill Number 1.

T.C. Meader of Stockton and Tom Hardy were running the Union Copper mine at Copperopolis in '63. People were coming there from all over the country to work as ore pickers. Their wives called them "ore selectors." When they were out of a job at Copperopolis, they would return to their homes, in different parts of the state.

Jim McCreight was, at one time, interested in the Union Copper mine with Tom Hardy. He turned his interest in the mine over to Hardy to satisfy an old butcher bill.

About 1866, the Union Copper Mine was sold for \$650,000 in greenbacks. I think Tom Hardy got about two thirds of the sale price. He spent it all on a dry dock at Hunters Point, San Francisco, and lost it. The Union was sold at another time for \$70,000. At the time it was sold for \$650,000, there was a lot of litigation over it. Reed's daughter, who was one of the owners, was under age when it was sold. The town was full of lawyers for a week. They had most all of the lawyers in Stockton there.

When I was at the copper mines in '63 and '64, Charley Lane was courting his wife, Miss Garrard. The Garrard family lived near Black Creek in Salt Spring Valley. The Vickers family lived in that school district, too. They used to hold Masonic meetings there. Charley Lane's father, old Major Lane, ran a hotel at Knights Ferry. I used to meet him at Ed Laughlin's store in Telegraph City. Both of them were Masons.

I had an interest in the Lochinvar copper mine. Brother Charles and John Early had sunk a shaft on it fourteen feet deep. The company incorporated under the name of Lochinvar Co. I took a young man, Hilts Sanborn, down there with me. We took the contract to sink this shaft twenty feet deeper at \$3.00 a foot. We completed the twenty feet, squared up our hotel bills and had seventy-five cents left. Then we threw up the job.

Hilts Sanborn and I then took a job at \$10.00 a foot to put down a shaft on the Wee-Wee-Antic. We put this shaft down the ten feet and then got our pay. Then we sublet the contract to two other fellows for another ten feet. They finished their contract and reported to me. I notified the company in Stockton, and they sent a man up to measure the shaft. This man found a little bump, about six inches high, in the bottom of the shaft. I reported back to the parties that did the last work. They refused to take that bump out. The shaft soon filled with water, and so we lost that job. (And presumably did not get paid for the second ten feet. Ed.)

After working at the Wee-Wee-Antic, my next job was back at the Lochinvar. The company appointed me superin-



William Napoleon Bonaparte Hughes
1849-1897

Namesake and actual discoverer of the Napoleon Lode, "Bona" Hughes went to Kern County to help his father run the ranch at Lynn's Valley, after Hiram sold his copper claims at Telegraph City.

--Loaned by Florence Hughes Page

tendent at \$3.50 a day.

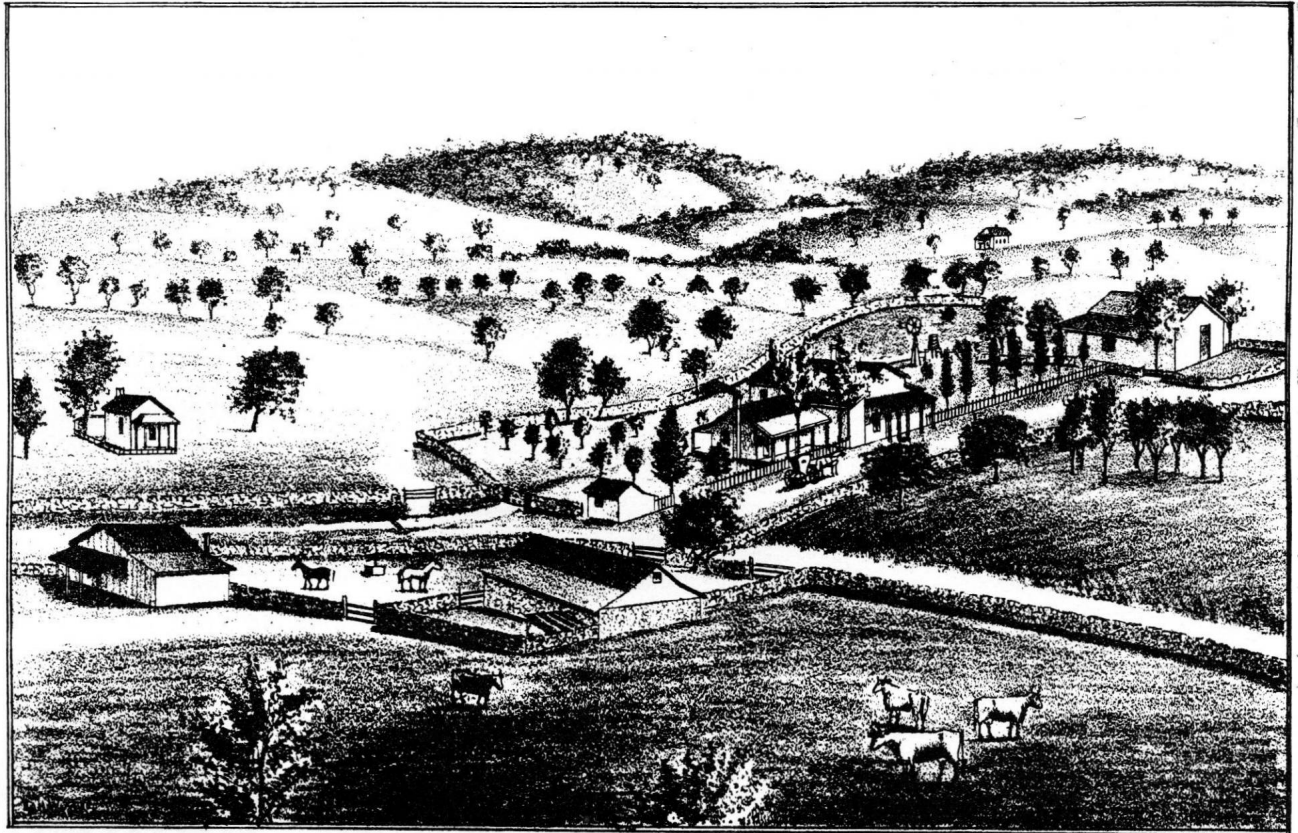
We ran that twenty-four foot shaft down to one hundred feet, and timbered it all the way, with a good ladder-way. Our hoist was just a common windlass. At the end of the hundred feet, we found two walls just far enough apart for the width of the shaft. So we did not have to timber the next thirty feet. We used a rope ladder for this part of the shaft.

Three Narrow Escapes

I had three narrow escapes when I worked at the Lochinvar. The first accident happened while lowering me down the shaft in the tub. Dol Young was tending windlass. When I was within thirty feet of the bottom, he let go of the windlass! Down I went, lickety bang! I struck the footwall, but stayed with the tub. Everything around me looked green for a few minutes.

When I got so I could see, I looked up the shaft. I could see one of Dol's feet across the ladder-way. I hollered, "What are you doing up there, Dol?" He said, "I'm pretty badly hurt, Wade, you better come up." I was mad! I said, "I wish it had killed you. Get up and hoist the tub." He hauled up one tub full of muck, and then called down, "Wade, I'm too weak to hoist anymore." And so he was too weak to haul me up too. I had to climb up the ladder.

When I got out, I found the collar platform covered with



Telegraph City In The 1880's

The establishment of Edward Parks at Telegraph City was com nodious and well-adapted to serving the traffic on Reed's Turnpike, as well as being the headquarters

for a large ranch. From an illustration in Elliott's History of Calaveras County, 1885.

--Courtesy of Earnest Long

blood. Dol had tried to catch the windlass after it got away from him and it had struck him in the forehead, over his right eye. It cut a gash to the bone, three inches long. So we both took a day off, and I wouldn't work under Dol Young any more. Then we got Hiram Allen to tend windlass.

The second accident was when I had loaded a blast, lit the fuse, and come out of the shaft, expecting the blast to go off, and then go to dinner. We waited half an hour for it to go. It didn't go. We couldn't see any smoke in the shaft. So I threw a wet sack down the shaft on the fuse and Allen and I took an hour and a half to go down to the hotel and get our dinner.

When we returned, the shaft was clear of smoke. I said to Allen, "I think it's all right. I'll go down."

When I got within six feet of the bottom, I heard the fuse begin to spit! I hollered up, "Allen, hoist! The blast is going off!"

This so frightened him that he couldn't turn the windlass. There I was, dangling in the air over the spitting fuse. That is where I did my first and best rope-climbing! I climbed thirty feet, hand over hand, and then dodged in behind the timbers just as the blast went off! It threw rocks up nearly to the landing board. It cut off pieces of the timbers all around in front of me.

The third close call I had at the Lochinvar was right after we had bought a new windlass rope. The tautness had not been taken out of it. A blast had broken out just enough blue rock to fill the tub. I mucked it full, and

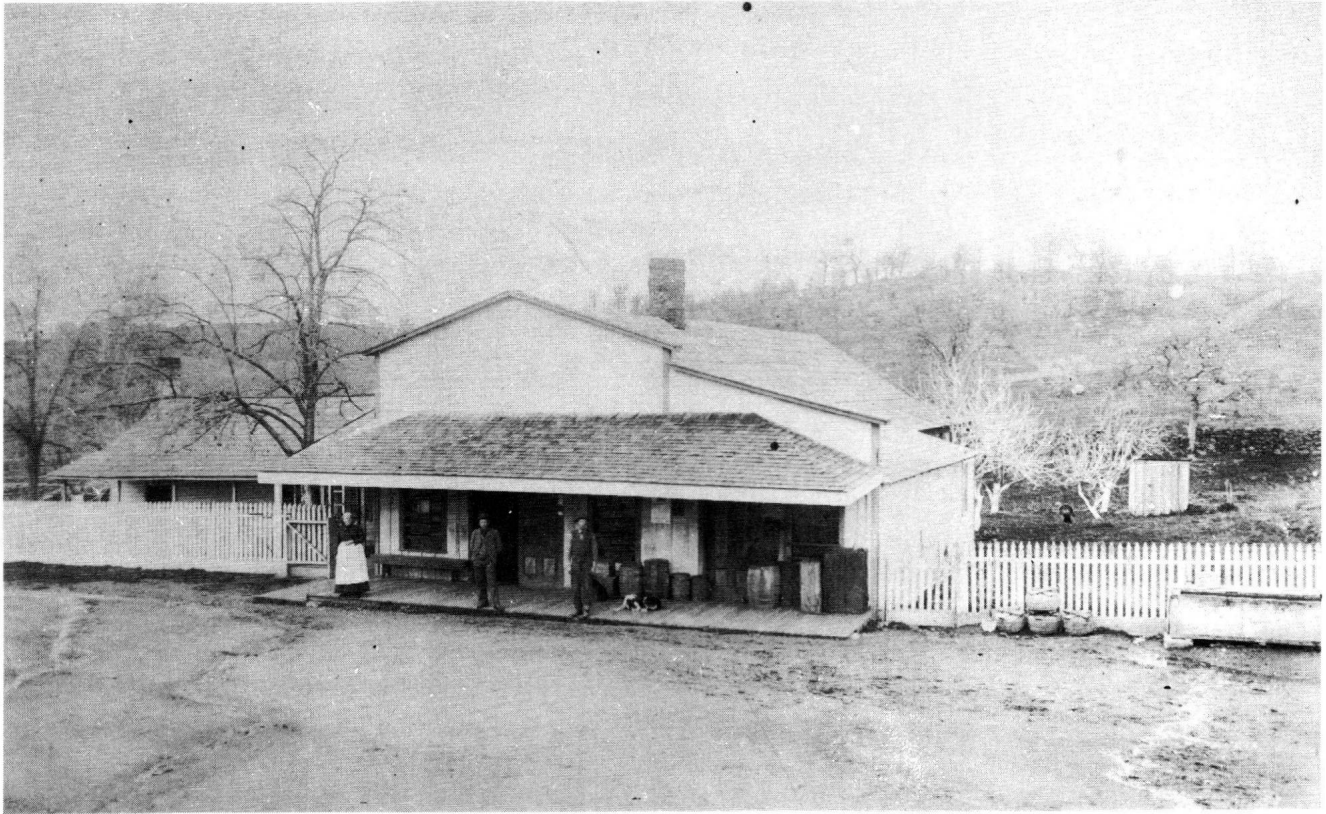
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TELEGRAPH CITY

New Highway "4", now under construction, will bypass this historic site, once a small but prosperous mining town. Born in the early days of the copper boom of the Civil War period, Telegraph City persisted for a number of years later as a convenient stopping place for travelers on the Reed Turnpike, and as a supply center for local ranches.

The rapid influx of copper prospectors and miners following Hiram Hughes' dramatic discovery in 1860, led Edward Laughlin to build an establishment here in '61, housing a general store, post office, and express office. About a mile to the southwest, on the old Stockton and O'Byrne Ferry road, Adam Shafer also established a general store. That year there were said to be upwards of 160 persons employed in mining in the vicinity. This was organized as the Gopher Mining District, and Ed Laughlin was elected recorder. In '63, Laughlin reported on his Bancroft questionnaire that 150 persons voted in the last election but there were now at least 500 people in the locality.

One early account states that "the place contains several excellent buildings, blacksmith shop, restaurant, stores, billiard saloon, livery stable...." Isreal Smith's hotel, Ed Laughlin's store, and Sam Roberts' shoemaking



Telegraph City Store

As it was in the days when it was run by Edward Parks. The Parks lived in the home at the left, adjoining the store. This building suffered the fate of so many in the

mining camps, when it burned down in the late Nineties.

--Loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks

shop figure in Wade Johnston's reminiscences.

Some time after this, Edward and Mary Parks took over the Telegraph City Hotel, and C.S.S. Hill the store. Parks, a Mexican War veteran, had been running a toll-house on the Rock Creek Grade before moving to Telegraph City. He later took over the store and acquired nearly 2000 acres of ranch land in the vicinity which he actively managed until his death in 1885. Then his son, Robert, who had recently returned, took over the ranch, and in 1894 married Agnes McCarty, daughter of Thomas McCarty. The McCartys lived on the "Log Cabin Ranch" a few miles up towards Copperopolis. The Robert Parks then built a beautiful home and lived there until they sold the ranch in 1910. The house burned down a couple of years afterwards.

Ed Laughlin was the first postmaster, when the office was established in 1862. The Parks later took their turns as postmasters. After 1894, Telegraph City residents received their mail by way of Milton.

Another resident of Telegraph City in the post-boom days was Jimmy Sykes, who, with the Wirth brothers, built many of the picturesque stone fences in the neighborhood. Jimmy was the mason that built the foundations for the Parks' big barn, a landmark on Highway "4" until recent years.

Now almost all that remains to remind one of Telegraph City are the barn's foundations and the palm trees planted by Robert Parks.

The Telegraph City Mines

The big mine was the Napoleon, about a mile southeast of town. Discovered and first worked by Hiram Hughes and his partners, it was later taken over by a group headed by William Clary. A substantial camp was established at the mine during the sixties. There has been intermittent activity at this mine since, and total production is well in excess of \$1,000,000.

The Quail Hill (No. 1) mine, Hughes' original discovery, was also known as the Eagle mine. Hughes sold his interest in this mine in the sixties also, and the property has been intermittently worked up until recent years by a number of different operators.

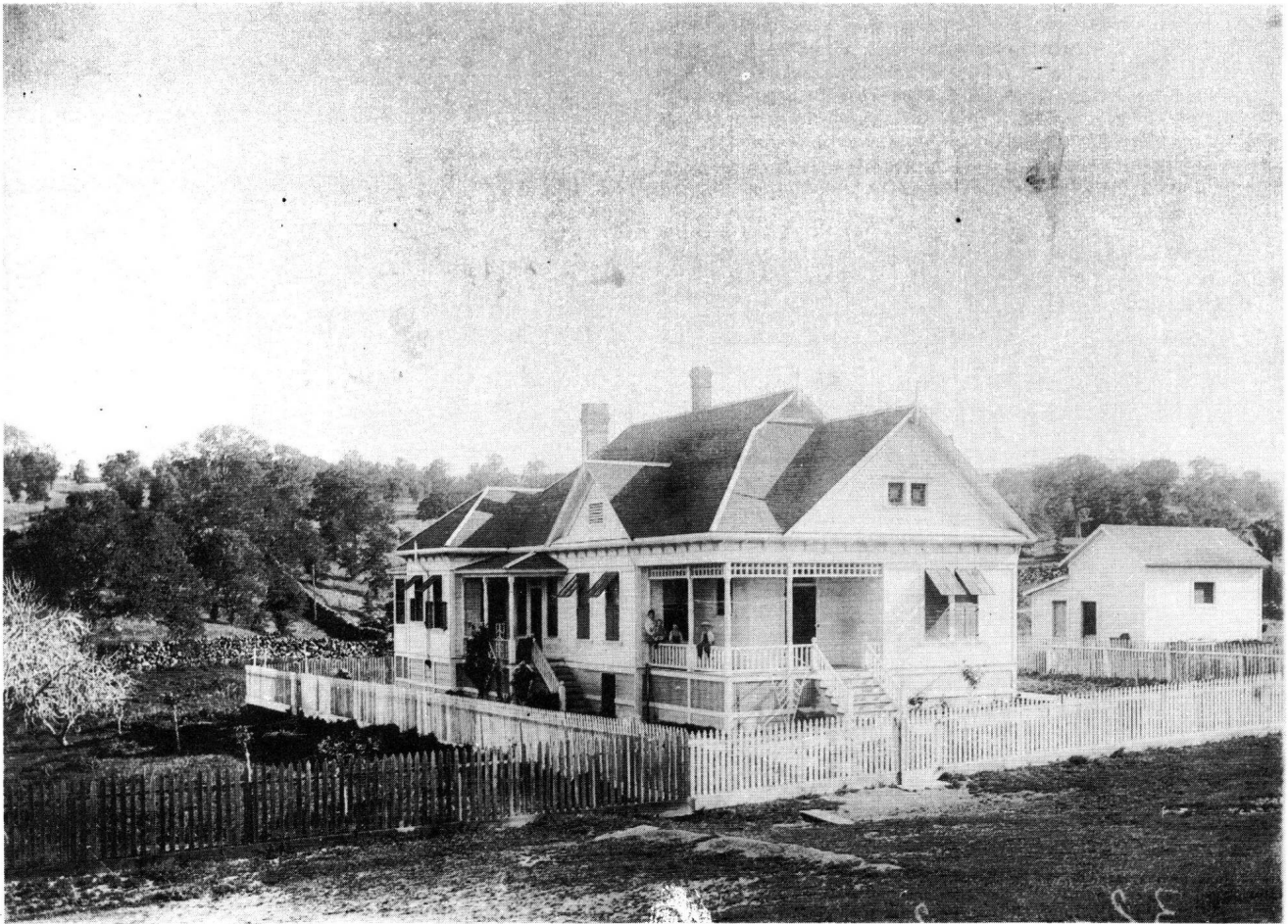
Another Telegraph City property is the Collier, about a half mile southeast of the Napoleon near Quail Hill No. 2, discovered and first operated by William Collier. This mine, likewise, has operated at different times over the years. A fourth property, the Star & Excelsior, a mile south of the Napoleon, also had several periods of operation.

Many other claims were staked during the boom, and shafts hopefully sunk. But all that remains of these, such as the Lochinvar, Wee-Wee-Antic, Camp & McNulty, Texas Consolidated, Tecumseh, Pioneer, Gopher Hill, and many others, are barely recognizable dumps near old shafts now caved full.

Over 100 claims are shown in the Gopher district on a

map published in 1864, and reprinted in Bulletin 144 of the California Division of Mines & Geology ("Copper in California"). That bulletin and County Report No. 2 (Calaveras) of the Division of Mines contain more infor-

mation relating to these mines. Mrs. Helen (Lewis) Baker, in her excellent paper on Copperopolis, published in "Las Calaveras" in October, 1960, included several references to the Telegraph City mines and to Hiram Hughes.



Robert Parks Residence

In this handsome home, built in Telegraph City in the Nineties at a cost of \$5000, Robert and Agnes Parks raised their four sons, William, Elbert, Roy and Drew.

The house burned down about 1912.

--Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks

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placing one large rock on each side of the bail, started it up.

When the tub got up thirty feet it began to spin around. It caught in the rope ladder. I hollered to Allen, "Stop hoisting the tub."

The tub turned partly over. One rock, weighing about sixty pounds, slipped out. It scraped the footwall for ten feet, then bounded straight for my chest. I was standing six inches from the hanging-wall. The rock cut through my shirt, undershirt, and through the skin to my short ribs. It left a black streak all the way down. It broke into two pieces at my feet. It was greenstone, as sharp as steel. I don't know why it didn't kill me. I'd have thought my chances just as good as if I were within ten feet of the muzzle of a cannon.

I laid off ten days, and then returned to work. This was the accident that my brother Charles dreamed about. He dreamed that he had struck me in the back and I fell dead.

The Lochinvar copper mine closed down in the early part of 1864 and didn't pay up. Old Jim McCreight and Cregg were shareholders in this mine. My first meeting with Jim McCreight and Cregg was at Telegraph City. They were partners in other situations and great friends. Cregg was a bookkeeper. McCreight lived in a cabin here at Lower Calaveritas on Lemon Syrup Gulch, where he was mining in 1875.

Another accident near Telegraph City led to the recovery of copper by leaching. The Camp & McNulty copper mine was on the south side of Hog Hill, south of the Napoleon mine. They had taken out a rich pocket of copper sulphides there, and then came on to solid rock again, where there was no sign of a vein.

William Camp, one of the owners, and Charles Fisher, a hired hand, were drilling for a blast. Fisher was holding the drill, and Camp was striking. They must have drilled into a missed hole, and there was a blast. The blast sent rocks the size of a fist through Fisher's thighs, cutting the flesh from the bone as they passed through.

Dr. Langdon of Stockton, and Dr. White of Copperopolis attended him. He lived twelve days. Half a foot of snow fell the day they were to bury Charles Fisher at Telegraph City. They didn't get the grave dug and had to wait until the next day to bury him.

This accident caused the mine to shut down. The tools were all left in the shaft. The mine was idle for about five years. Then a company in San Francisco decided to have the mine cleaned out, and see what was in the bottom of it.

When they got the water out of it, and came on to the tools, they found that all of the iron was almost solid copper -- the tamping bar, the heavy iron bail to the tub, the picks, etc. This discovery led to the leaching of copper in the old Napoleon mine and made it a producing mine just from the water.

Life In Telegraph City

Tom Early came to me one day at Telegraph City and said, "I'll pay you that fifteen dollars now, that you loaned me at Yaqui Camp."

I had forgotten all about it and said, "You don't owe me anything."

"Well", he said, "I don't know where it came from, but you were the man that gave it to me."

Then I remembered lending him the money, and it came in very handy for I was real short of money at that time. Tom Early was a cousin to John Early and to Billie Ellington. He died in San Andreas at John Early's.

Old Isra Smith and his family and Billie Smith were running a hotel and saloon at Telegraph City. I boarded with them.

Mary Hill also boarded at Smith's Hotel. She had had a writing school at Fourth Crossing for awhile, the year before. She taught handwriting one term in Copperopolis and one term in Telegraph City. I helped to get up her school and joined her class at Telegraph City. Her writing school was in Sam Robert's shoemaking shop, alongside of Isra Smith's hotel.

Names of some of her pupils: Lucy Ann Smith, Saretta Smith, Selestia Smith, Ed Laughlin, Billie Smith, Jim McClanahan, George Payne, George Gilmore, Jim White, Gid Adams, Sam Roberts, Wade Johnston and a few more. Gid Adams improved very much. They told me that I wrote better before than after taking writing lessons. I took the premium for penmanship at Telegraph City.

There were only about a half-dozen good writers around here then. Joe Holden, the San Andreas schoolteacher, was one of them. Old Frank Treat was one of the original good pioneer penmen of the county. And his son, George, told me that he kept it up to the last.

Augustus Wye, a cigar man of Stockton, who told me he had spent \$60,000 on copper mines, trying to find one like the Union, took some of Mary Hill's writing specimens to Stockton with him. He said, "It is the finest handwriting I've seen." He was a Jew, and acquainted with Arnold Friedberger of San Andreas.*

They had a Christmas turkey shoot in Telegraph City in 1863. Smith's Hotel had furnished the turkeys for the shooting match. Four of us, John McClanahan, Dick McFarland, John Hobs (superintendent of the Texas Mine) and I,

got seven turkeys. They used to shoot right at the turkey then, at so much a shot, usually two bits.

After the shooting match was over, Dick McFarland got to gambling with his turkeys at Smith's Hotel. He played all night. And when the game was over, he found himself minus all his turkeys.

Just at daylight he struck out for the mine. He had to pass under old Isra Smith's turkey roost. A big turkey was gobbling as he passed. When he got through gobbling, Dick called him off a little ways up the gulch and shot him. So he and the boys on Texas Gulch had a turkey for Christmas, anyway.

Afterwards, Dick McFarland and partners found a piece of quartz, somewhere about the head of Texas Gulch, with \$2,000 in it. Then Dick went into the sheep business.

The last fiddling that I did at the copper mines was for a school dance at Copperopolis in 1864. We only had two violins and a caller. I was playing first and Abe Coleman was playing second violin.----Freedly was calling. We had been playing for some time when Freedly said to me, "We've played 'Hang Jeff Davis,' 'Rally Round the Flag,' 'John Brown's Body' - Now let's give 'um Dixie.'"

So I struck out on Dixie. Coleman, who was a strong Union man, was so mad he couldn't see. He wouldn't play it. Half of the dancers stood on the floor for a minute. Some of them commenced sitting down. So I stopped playing, when Freedly said, "Go ahead with it, play it through. Let 'um dance that want to, and them that don't want to can sit down." Freedly then called some lively figures to it and those who remained on the floor enjoyed it.

Mrs. Tom Yeager was the one that employed me to play. She was on the school committee. She paid me \$8.00 for my services. I think Coleman and Freedly worked for nothing, as they were living there and it being a school benefit. Abe Coleman was a cousin to Joseph C. Marshall of San Andreas. Joe Marshall was also related to the Lafferty family.

Freedly played the violin too. He was a nice fellow, and a carpenter by trade. He built C.H. Schroebel's house on Bear Mountain. Freedly went to Idaho, where he and his partners built a river boat, and they went all the way back to Iowa in it. Freedly said or wrote to me that one day they thought they were all going to the devil, going over those rapids.

I think they polled 500 votes in Copperopolis in 1864. At that time H.M. Osgood told me that they ran three schools around Copperopolis, with an average attendance of seventy pupils at each school.

H.M. Osgood and family lived at Telegraph City. He had five or six children at the time I called to see him, and had dinner with his family. Osgood's wife was a native of Mexico. She was a nice little woman. When it snowed, she wanted to go right back to Mexico. She had never seen snow until the winter of 1863-64, when six inches fell at Telegraph City.

H.M. Osgood came up here to Yaqui Camp to talk to John Osgood who he thought might be a relative. John said to me, "I think we are related, but I don't like the idea of a white man marrying a Mexican woman."

When John Osgood went over the mountains, he owed me \$150.00. I wrote to him, saying, "If you will send me \$50.00, I will call it square." He wrote back, "Only yesterday I could have commanded \$5000. Today my stock is worthless." This was the last I ever heard of him. The bill was for board and borrowed money.

A Temperance Union had been formed and was holding session in Telegraph City, when a runaway match occurred. They had tried to get me to join the Union, saying, "You are the only one that is not joining us." But I didn't

* Mary Hill Arnold writes me the following:

Lakeport, Cal., Jan. 1933

"On April 18th, I will be 90 years of age. I could write much of early days, but my eyesight is very bad....In 1862, I came to Fourth Crossing and stayed a year. I taught writing, earning money to go below to school. That was where I met your people, the Cottles and the Johnstons." -- EEJ

join. When the Temperance Meeting was over the rig was waiting outside for the runaways.

When the couple, Miss Smith and Mr. McClanahan, were getting into the rig, Ballard, the schoolteacher, grabbed the girl, to prevent her from getting in. Then White grabbed Ballard, and pulled him away.

Ballard, who also wanted the girl, said, "Well, she has been a kind of a favorite in my school." Then I said to Ballard, "Yes, she was a favorite with me, too, but I had to give her up."

So the couple got away and went to Copperopolis to get married. Then Ballard and Smith, the girl's father, loaded their guns "plum full" and followed. At Copperopolis, they passed the couple several times on the street, but didn't recognize them. The couple got married and returned to Telegraph City.

I was just going upstairs to go to bed that night, when a hand came down on my shoulder, stopping me. Three fellows, Ed Laughlin, Jim White, and Dol Young, had fifteen bottles of champagne. And they had me join them. We drank fourteen bottles. For four days I thought my head would burst.

They got so drunk, when they were trying to open the bottles, they'd miss the bottle, and run the knife into a floor. Then they got into some arguments. They started telling stories on each other's states. One of them told a story on the "North Carolina dirt-caters". When they wanted to test the soil, they'd eat some of the dirt.

White, being from North Carolina, took this as an insult. While they were clawing each other like cats, White jerked his arm loose from them, and his hand struck the gate post, knocking off his thumbnail. He held up his hand and hollered, "My God! I'm killed! I'm killed!"

Ed Laughlin, of course, wanted to save him. He jumped for a bucket of water and poured it over White's head. The meeting then adjourned. I left them there with their arms around each other. I never cared for champagne since.

They told me afterwards that I did nothing but talk to my dog Yancey. I kept saying to him, "Yancy, we don't have to go to work today - Yancy, we don't have to go to work."

Ed Laughlin was secretary of a Copper, Silver, and Gold Mining Co.

Then, as the couple had got married anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Smith invited them home.* And they got up a nice supper for them.

My room was right over the kitchen. I was on night shift and trying to get to sleep. Lucy Ann Smith was in the kitchen making the cake. She said, "Mama, I can't get this damn cake right!" Then her grandmother said, "Lucy Ann! You stop that talk."

There was silence for a few minutes. I think she got the cake into the oven. Then she broke out in that popular song, "Fair, fair, with golden hair, under the willow she sat weeping". And that made peace in the family. Lucy Ann was my girl. But when my brother Charles came down to Calaveras County, he cut me out. Then I took out her sister in turn. Charles thought a lot of Lucy Ann. It was love at first sight. Charles knew her when he ran his blacksmith shop in San Andreas. He was protecting her there at a dance one time, when he knocked an old Swede over. The Swede had an Irish wife setting there at the time. But when the Smiths went to Telegraph City,

*The Smiths, especially the three girls, Lucy Ann and the twins, Saretta and Salesta, have been mentioned several times earlier in the "Talks", and they must have lived near Yaqui Camp before they went to Telegraph City. Israel is referred to in one place as the uncle of the three girls.

Charles never went down there to see her. She was a nice girl, and a nice-looking girl. She married a German and went off south.

Then we wound up our business in Telegraph City and I came back to Yaqui Camp. I was at Copperopolis and Telegraph City many times after I returned to Yaqui Camp, but I never lived there again.

Some Of The People At The Copper Rush

I met and became acquainted with nearly everyone around Telegraph City and Copperopolis in '63 and '64 except some of the Cherokees and the Cornishmen.

Alexander Love - I first met him at Telegraph City. He ran the hotel at the Napoleon. Later he moved to Angels Camp.

Adam Bence and family - From San Antone Ridge. They ran a bakery there.

Eaton Family - They ran a hotel at the mine.

John Zollner - A butcher. He was afterwards elected mayor of Santa Cruz, California.

Mark Anderson - Saloon-keeper.



Robert B. Parks

Robert was the son of Edward Parks, and grew up at Telegraph City. He went to San Francisco to work for a few years, but returned shortly before his father died, to run the ranch. This was sold to Walter and Chester Murphy in 1910.

--Loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks



Elisha Bryant Robertson, M.D.
1826-1899

E.B. Robertson was County Physician of Calaveras from 1869 until 1880. Born in Tennessee, he served very briefly in the Mexican War, and then crossed the plains to California in 1850. He graduated from Cooper Medical College (U.O.P.) in 1864 and then practiced at Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas and Jackson.



Elsie Blanche Robertson
1870-1916

From a portrait taken while attending Stanford University, about 1895. Elsie married Dr. A.N. Gall of Jackson, in 1896. She died suddenly in Honolulu in 1916.

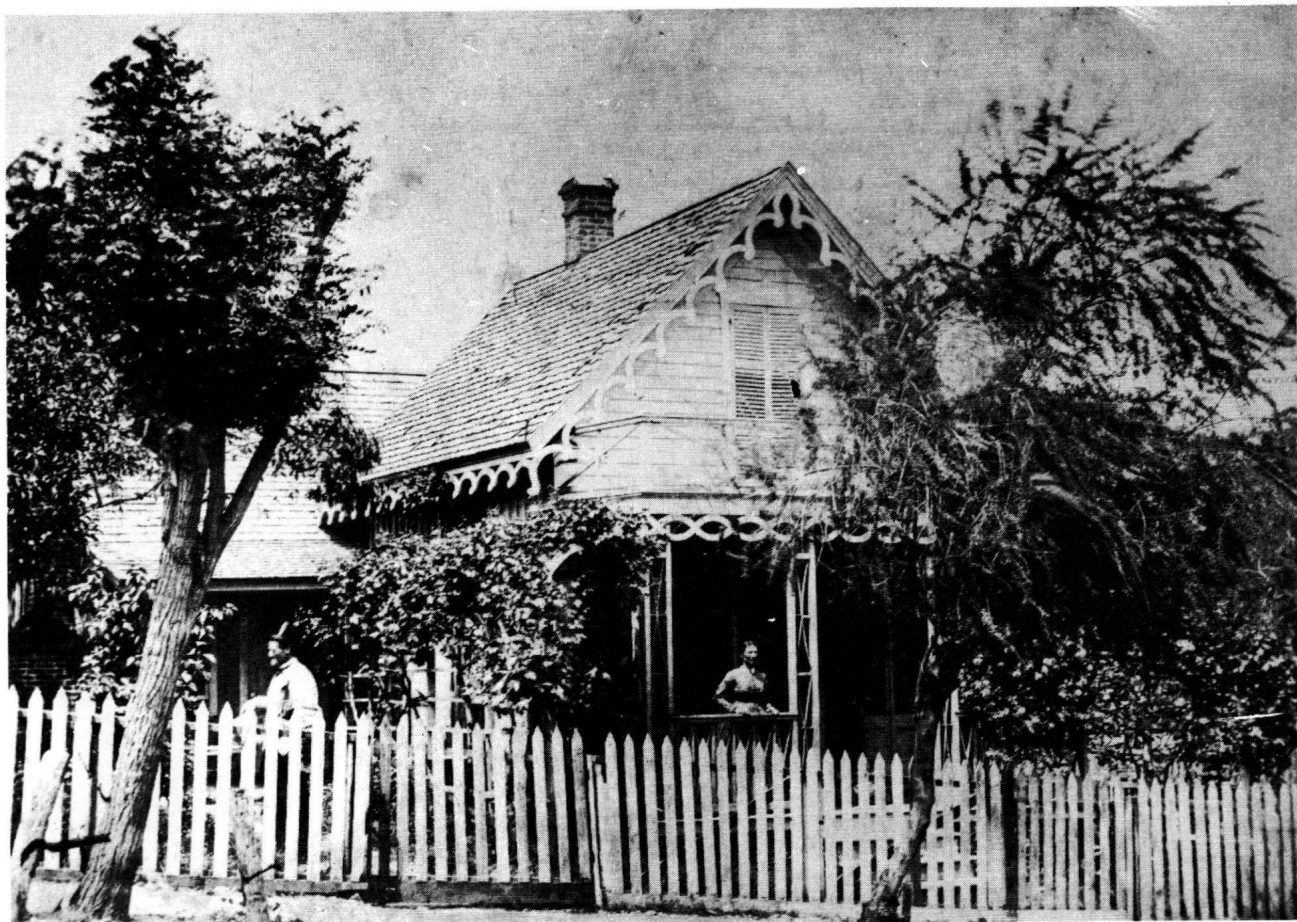
Lucy Sherman Robertson
1835-1908

Mrs. Robertson was born at Lake Champlain, New York. She came to California with some friends in 1861, settling in Copperopolis in '62, where she opened a millinery shop. The Robertsons had three children, Lucy Amelia, Lillie Virginia, and Elsie Blanche.



Lillie Blanche Robertson
1870-1931

Born in San Andreas, Lillie married C.A. Herrick, a dentist practicing in Jackson, in 1892. She was the mother of Emerson B. Herrick, donor of this family collection of pictures.



The Robertson Home In San Andreas

A view taken in the 1860's, with Dr. and Mrs. Robertson in the yard. The house burned down in 1881.



Elsie Blanche Robertson

Emerson B. Herrick Collection

Recently, Mr. Emerson Herrick, of Lodi, presented the Society with a collection of fine family pictures of the Dr. E.B. Robertson family of San Andreas. Mr. Herrick had copies made for his children, and then placed the originals, carefully annotated as to names, dates, etc., with the Society for permanent safekeeping. We reproduce some of these excellent photographs here, and take this opportunity, on behalf of the Society, to thank Mr. Herrick for his generosity.

We urge others of our membership and friends, who have photographs, scrapbooks, and other family memorabilia of local historic significance, to consider placing them with the Society.

Henry Shaw and family - They ran the boarding house at the Napoleon mine. He raised a large family near Murphys. He was an Englishman.

Sam Roberts - He was a shoemaker, a pocket miner and Mason. He lived and mined in Tuttle town for many years after leaving Telegraph City. He used to visit us in the 70's and 80's, when he lived at Tuttle town. In 1897, when Charles and Ed Moore took a trip, they met Sam Robert who had a shoemaker's shop near Marysville, on the Rough and Ready Road. The last we heard of him he was in the Masonic home.

Mike McCabe - A noted old pioneer. Cap Ferguson said McCabe at one time was a Sheriff back in Wisconsin. McCabe ran for Justice of the Peace at Upper Calaveritas against D.K. Swim, the one-armed man. Swim was a school-teacher. Election fever was running pretty high. The boys were afraid McCabe would beat Swim, and they croton-oiled McCabe. It was a mean trick.

McCabe was going around Calaveritas with his hands across his stomach. They would ask, "What's the matter, McCabe?"

McCabe would say, "Oh! I've a terrible pain across me now!"

If it wasn't for the croton-oil, McCabe would have beat Swim.

John J. Stoddard - He was on the County Union Central Committee for Copperopolis in 1863. He later served as county supervisor one term. When Stoddard was running for supervisor, a fellow who was electioneering for him was going around saying, "Vote for John J. Stoddard! John J. Stoddard is as good as any man -- God never made a better man than John J. Stoddard. Vote for John J. Stoddard." I don't know whatever became of Stoddard.

Dan McCarthy - of the Jenny Lind Copper mine.

---Lawson - An old pioneer gambler of early days. He was afterwards killed in San Francisco in a saloon that collapsed or fell in.

Bill Bean and Family - Later of Sheep Ranch. Billie Smith in after years married a daughter of Bill Bean (I think). McNair married Bill Bean's widow and they had more children.

John and Jake Pence - John married and lived at Moke Hill, where his little girl, who was picking flowers on the edge of a shaft, fell in and was drowned.

Augustus Wye - The Stockton Cigar man. He had a mine near the Napoleon.

Tom McCarty and family - He was interested in the Union mine.

W.K. Reed and family - of the Union Copper Mine. Bought suit for a share in the Union Copper mine because his daughter was under age when the mine was sold.

George Porter - Constable and defaulter.

Ed Leonard and Billie Fowler - They worked in the Union Copper Mine. Mary Hill Arnold wrote (1926) that she heard Billie Fowler died in Stockton where he left a widow.

---Blotch - A mining superintendent who was well liked by his men. He went to Amador county where he worked at his trade.

Capt. F.D. Wren - Bartender at Isra Smith's hotel.

---Shannon, the Cornishman from Upper Calaveritas - Took pictures and tended bar at Smith's hotel. A rascal.

George Penrose - He went to Amador County to work in the mines.

John Wiley - He afterwards married Hannah Darnall and raised a family on his gravel mine (San Antone Creek).

Jim Owens - I remember him for borrowing a dollar and a half the last time I met him.

Hiram Allen and family - He worked in the shaft with me at the Lochinvar mine.

Hiram Hughes and family - Of the Quail Hill and



Jonathan Franklin Treat
1831-1917

Frank Treat came to California in 1851, and settled in the San Andreas area. A vigorous and enterprising person, he was engaged in a number of commercial ventures. One of these was in mining with his friend Hiram Hughes at Telegraph City. He raised a large family, and his descendants still have interests in the San Andreas area.
--Loaned by Doris Treat Daley

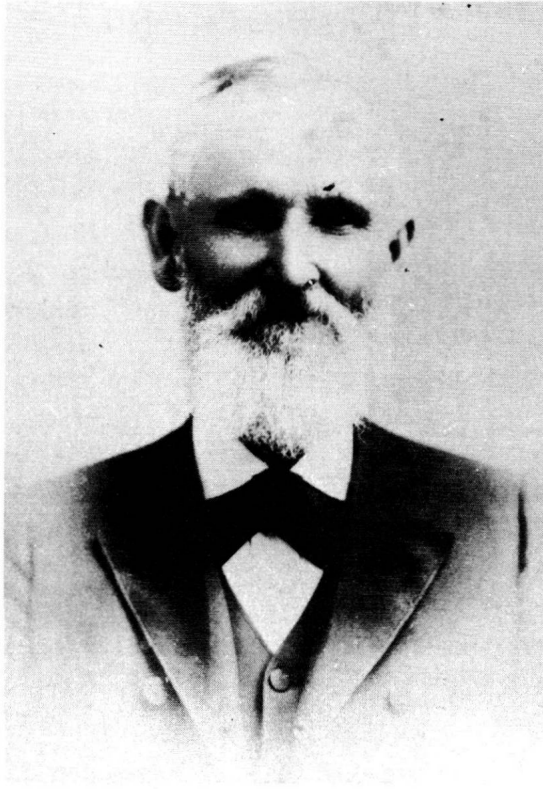
Napoleon mines.

Mr. Campbell and family - Campbell was one of the old settlers around Copperopolis. He was a nice old fellow. He told me why he voted for Jim Budd for Governor. "When I see Jim Budd drive around the corner in the buckboard, I made up my mind to vote for him." Budd got the name of "Buckboard Jim". Campbell's daughter Ada, who sometimes wrote for the county papers and signed herself "Winnie Wildwood," was a smart woman. I think she was at the school dance that I played for at Copperopolis in '63 - '64. If she is living, she must be about 80 (1927).

Abe Harper - He was a blacksmith around Copperopolis. He looked like the other Harpers. He had dark eyes and hair. I don't know where he was from.

Moses H. Harper - His family was living down around the Black Hills. He told me he used to play the violin for them there sometimes. I first met him at Telegraph City in 1863. (Moses' son George told us this about the Harpers - "My father, Moses H. Harper was born at Nashville, Tennessee in 1827. He was the youngest of

eight children born to Henry Harper of South Carolina. Moses Harper married Delpha Jeffries in Missouri. She was born at Terra Haute, Indiana and, they say, related to Daniel Boone. They crossed the plains in 1852. They



Moses Hiram Harper

Harper participated in the copper stampede, and mined in the Salt Spring Valley area. Later he moved up to Murphys Grade where he farmed and on Sundays served as minister at Murphys and Vallecito. His son, George P. Harper, married Wade Johnston's daughter Martha.
--Loaned by Mrs. Ruth Lemue

farmed at Linden. Then Moses moved to Milton, in 1861, where he lived just below the Salt Springs Valley Reservoir, where he mined with a Mr. Ward. During the hard winter of 61 - 62, they made \$5 a day all winter. He said that they didn't know what they would have done if they had not made good wages. A sack of flour cost \$50. He spent four years around Copperopolis looking for copper. Ten children were born to Moses Harper and his wife. Only four grew up. The Joe Harper mentioned in the "Blue and the Gray" for bravery was the son of Moses Harper's brother, Wyllie Harper. ("EEJ")

Hank Wellman - A German. He was locating and keeping up mines for some big Germans in San Francisco.

Frank Kuhn and family - German.

Mr. Crane and family.

Henry McNulty and Wm. Camp - of the Camp and McNulty mine.

Dick Wertner and Billie Benthaw - They batched in a cabin together.

Wm. Timbers - An Irishman.

S. Jessup - Boarded at Smith's hotel.

Andy Gilmore and his brother.

Jim White and his brother Leonard.

Bob and Lafret Bowen, brothers - Bob married Paulie Darnall.

Mr. McClanahan and family - They lived down in the Black Hills.

Old Ham - Later the blind fiddler.

Dr. Case and family - He went to Angels Camp where he raised a large family.

Dr. Martin and family - He killed a man in self-defense. I think he was his wife's first cousin. This man was coming down on Martin with a six-shooter, when Martin killed him with a knife. One of Dr. Martin's daughters married Anthony Caminetti, of Amador County, afterwards U.S. Senator.

Cull Shoemake, Dock and Si Shoemake, brothers and Cherokees - They were race horse men in the 70's and 80's.

Mr. Bolton - Married a Shoemake.

Henry Oxendine and family - Cherokee.

Tom Yeager and family.

John McClanahan, Jim and Fred, brothers.

Capt. Dick Pound - A Cornishman and superintendent of the Napoleon Mine. He used to say, "I have eleven natural wives and many more that are not natural." He was a popular Cornishman - what they'd call a sheik nowadays. When Dick Pound was superintendent of the Napoleon, he had all Cornishmen under him. When John A. Steinberger became superintendent, he went down in the mine one day, at an unusual hour, and he found eleven of the miners asleep. He discharged them all. There was a lot of Cornishmen there that I didn't get acquainted with.

Old Cap Ferguson - Who had been back to the States, returned while I was still in the copper mines. He was at Telegraph City, broke, in 1864. He needed everything. I said to him, "Cap, if you will go up to Yaqui Camp, and stay in my cabin until I get back, I'll give you a share in the mine. And he did, and so became my new partner.

Gideon Adams - who came west with us.

Dan Pound and his partner Bill - From Arkansas. In a hot-tempered fracas near Telegraph City, Pound shot and wounded Bill and a Scotchman friend. Pound then killed himself, in remorse.

J.J. Nealy - a violinist. He later married the Widow Martin.

Elephant and Pike - They were big saloon-keepers.

Tower and Bisbee families - They in after years sold

750 acres of land to the Salt Springs Valley Reservoir Co.

Mannings - hotel-keepers

Kelley - Hotel-keeper

J. Cassidy - Saloon keeper. Old Ryan or Seward, now (1927) up here working for L.B. Joses, said Cassidy was his cousin.

Balta Norman - Saloon-keeper at the Napoleon Mine.

W.K. Haskell - He was superintendent of the Josephine mine, an extension of the Napoleon mine.

Wm. Collier - Of the Collier mine, east of the Napoleon mine.

Henry Vorman - Had a mine southeast of the Napoleon mine.

Others I knew at the Copper mines included: Frank Treat, Frank Piper, George Payne, Sam Eldredge, H.F. Ward, George W. Rogers, Jim Grogan, Bob Callahan, Jake Pike and Wm. Beardsley.

Acknowledgements

The Editor wishes especially to acknowledge the help of Mrs. Ruth Lemue, Mrs. Florence Hughes Page, Mrs. Ella Hiatt, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks, Mr. John Ross, and Mrs. Edna Lane, in the assembling of material for the preparation of this issue. Several other persons kindly made most helpful suggestions, for which they are extended thanks by the Editor.

OFFICERS OF CALAVERAS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The Calaveras County Historical Society, a non-profit corporation, meets on the fourth Thursday of each month at the Grange Hall in San Andreas - except for dinner meetings which are held each quarter at different places in the county.

New Members

We cordially welcome these new members to the Society.

Mr. John A. Bole, Rolling Hills
Mrs. Lloyd Kroh, Stockton
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marquering, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Stephens, Stockton
Mrs. Genevieve Updegraf, Angels Camp

Forthcoming Meetings

January 27th - Potluck Dinner at Grange Hall, San Andreas.
Speaker: Rev. Vaughn Smith on "Influences of Early California Culture on the Present".
February 24th - Grange Hall, San Andreas. Program: A Calaveras Album, by W.P. Fuller, Jr.
March 23rd - Grange Hall, San Andreas. Program: Tis-cornia Family History; Gary Snyder, "Sheep Ranch Mine."
April 27 - Dinner meeting. Place and program to be announced.

Because of the success of our Wildermuth picnic last spring, we are planning a similar weekend activity on Sunday, May 7, at Copperopolis. Details will be mailed to members later.

WANTED: A member to handle sales to the membership and to the public of "The Jumping Frog" by Mark Twain. Contact the editor of "Las Calaveras" for details.

Percy Hunt

Another of our dear friends and charter members is gone. Percy Hunt probably had the best attendance record at our meetings of anyone except his wife, Sadie. For, during the many years that Sadie was secretary, Percy was always on hand, and always busy helping to keep the Society functioning smoothly and efficiently. He took his turn on the Board of Directors, and was a member of innumerable committees over the years. He also wrote and presented several historical papers before the Society.



Percy And Pal

Percy was born in 1890 at Jenny Lind, of a pioneer ranch family, and grew up in the Jenny Lind-Milton area. He was trained as a schoolteacher at Western Normal College in Stockton. He taught for some eight years at the Bald Mountain, Douglas, West Point, and Valley Springs schools. He then entered business as a partner in the trucking firm of Hunter & Hunt. In 1932, Percy took over the operation of the Double Springs Ranch, at which time the Hunts moved into the handsome stone home there.

Percy Hunt married Sadie Wimer in 1912, and the Hunts raised two daughters, Mildred (Scott) and Wilma (Moller). Percy was active in county affairs relating to agriculture and was twice Past Master of Calaveras Grange, No. 715.

We will miss Percy, and miss the pleasant associations with the Percy Hunt family, fondly remembering the days when their comfortable home served also as a home for the Society.

Invite A Friend To Join The Society