

Chapter 1 : California Bar Examination

Title A California tramp and later footprints; or, Life on the plains and in the Golden state thirty years ago, with miscellaneous sketches in prose and verse.

I think they were not over four thousand men under General Johnston, commanding the Utah army, the most of which had preceded us. Still their white tents among the greenery of grass and trees, with the moving columns of horse, foot and artillery around them, formed a scene to be remembered. Before we started each man was given a whip, with a lash ten feet long. These were but toys to what supplanted them when they wore out. With a sort of poetic injustice, from the skins of cattle which died of hardship, lashes were cut and plaited five or six yards long, to facilitate the turning of the hides of other oxen into whip material. If I remember rightly, the basic matter of the contents was composed of calomel, laudanum and Epsom salts, with a few outlying adjuncts for doing their work. These, in the hands of an ignorant practitioner, were capable of much mischief. I think the quack who had his medicines numbered to suit the ills inherent to flesh, and when he was out of the required number 6, gave numbers 2 and 4 as an equivalent and promptly killed his man, was a wagon-master. I knew I fought as shy of that chest as a fox would of a box-trap. But for all that, I would sometimes think in the dark hours of the night I was lying in a prospective coffin! To the Band of the Buffalo We at last got under way, but on account of unbroken teams, ignorant drivers and desertions, it was several days before we got in working order. Sometimes the whole night guard, with their outfits, would decamp in a body, leaving the cattle to wander over the country. The deserters were replaced by better men obtained from returning trains, with which we sent back our sick. After some days of tribulation we crossed the valleys of the Big and Little Grasshopper, and reached Walnut Creek on the 8th of July. Here we saw our first deer, which our wagonmaster gave chase to on his mule, but with limited success. On the night of the 17th, when one hundred and twenty miles on the road, we had the most terrible thunder-storm I ever saw. I was out all night herding the cattle, and the glare of lightning and crash of thunder rendered them hard to manage. They hardly lay down all night, but wandered fitfully about, which made it hard for us. However, the sun rose bright and warm the next morning, when we could hardly realize what a night we had passed. A mound marked the spot on our arrival, but by morning the herd had so trampled down the wet earth that no trace was visible of the resting place of the poor fellow, even the rude headboard, on which was his name, being displaced. On the 20th we came to Marysville, on the Big Blue. Here was a mission and reservation of the Otto Indians. While descending the bluff one of our oxen died; but the noble red men, when apprised, soon had him skinned, cut up and carried to their village. These Indians shaved their heads and were otherwise as near naked as they could well be. Still, the weather was warm. The valley of the Big Blue was swarming with mosquitoes, and that night while herding cattle we were badly pestered with them. They bit through our clothing and sang merrily at their work. We wrapped ourselves from head to heels in our blankets to fence them off, though the air was oppressively sultry, but in spite of that they bit us so we were covered with a rash the next morning. To their shrill tenor a band of wolves on the adjacent bluffs howled a blood-curdling baritone. The howl of one wolf is enough, but when a band of this species get down to their work, it is more than that. They commence with a shrill whine, which increases and deepens until it ends in an unearthly yell which you feel in your bones. We crossed the Blue on a rope ferry, swimming all the oxen except what we wanted to pull the wagons on to the boat. My friend Finlay and I were sent to herd cattle on the other side of the river, where we were kept till night with nothing to eat. When we were relieved, we had to swim the river to our wagons which were not ferried over. The river was swollen, so that we landed far below in the darkness. The next morning we found our shoes stolen as well as some of our clothing, which we had left on the other side. After crossing the rest of the wagons, the guards were rearranged, and our rifles and a few rounds of ammunition given us, as we were getting among hostile Indians. There were 22 pistols also in the train arsenal, but for motives of policy they were not given out. Some of our men could punish one another with fist and tooth sufficiently without using these. At noon on the 25th we met a part of the troops sent to Utah, returning. They were artillerymen, with some cavalry or dragoons, as they were then called, and General Harney, still living in , was

with them. They had gone four hundred miles before taking a return course. We reached the valley of the Little Blue on the 26th of June. This was full of mosquitoes, and at night noisy with wolves. While herding that night, a wolf crossed a knoll within twenty yards of where I was lying down, looking in silhouette against the clear sky to my excited fancy as large as a horse. Our route lay the next day along the valley of the Little Blue in the direction of the Platte River. The road was miry and lined with the carcasses of dead oxen lost by preceding trains, which filled the air with sickening odors. We afterwards left the valley and crossed high ground, from which we had a fine view of the lower country to the south. Broad vistas of verdure, traversed by belts of darker green, marked the timber-lined streams. The main trunk was the Blue, and from this extended short branches. The 1st of August found us among a range of sand hills which announced our approach to the valley of the Platte. These were a Succession of knolls and ridges from thirty to sixty feet high. Amid their defiles our wheels sunk deep in the sand, and we frequently doubled teams in order to get through. From these we came to the broad, level bottom of the river, which was marked by numerous wooded islands. In the distance we saw Fort Kearney, the low buildings of which were just visible above the prairie. When within a mile the train was stopped, and orders given for each man to overhaul his load, and put the flour which was in any way 23 23 damaged by rain in the bottom, so as the load would pass governmental inspection. We were forced to become parties in this fraud, whether willing or not. We encamped at noon a few hundred yards beyond the Post. Fort Kearney is about one hundred and sixty miles from the Missouri. It was established during the Mexican war, the intention being to connect the frontiers with the Pacific by a chain of military posts along the Platte and Columbia rivers. The buildings consisted of barracks, hospital, sutler store and cavalry stables. Some were of logs, others of frame, but the majority were of dried mud and roofed with sods. It was not a very prepossessing place, but after a journey of three hundred miles through a wilderness, we welcomed the sight, as we also did the sound of the bugle that night, and the roll of drum and the shriek of fife the next morning from the musicians of the little garrison. At Kearney Finlay left me. Since the train started he had been as sick of his profession as the traditional dog of the proverbial broth. Much as he disliked to leave me, he was determined to quit the train in some way. One dark and stormy night, when on guard near the sand hills, he came to camp and, awakening me, tried to persuade me to desert with him and make our way through three hundred miles of wilderness to the Missouri by the route we came. I did not start out with the intention of turning back, and prevailed on him to desist from his intention. He was afterwards taken sick, and went back with the next return train. He cried when we parted, and I felt badly enough, for he was my wagon mate and the only congenial comrade I had in all that unkempt gang of ox-drivers. I never heard of Finlay afterwards. We left Fort Kearney the morning after our arrival, and 24 24 slowly moved up the valley of the Platte, whose waters we were to follow to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The water we could not see for the many islands. Towards night we passed a French trading post, whose owner had grown rich trading with emigrants and Indians. Of course, the item of whisky was the most attractive part of his stock. These traders generally had one or more Indian wives, by which means they ingratiated themselves with the noble red men. We camped six miles west of the Fort. The next morning we broke corral early, as our wagon-master was anxious to make up for lost time. I never saw birds in freedom as tame as here. But we were soon to see larger game than birds. The wagon-master and his assistant immediately started in pursuit; while we, taking matters in our own hands, stopped the train to enjoy the chase, trusting that the outcome would be a change from our scurvy-producing bacon to buffalo steak. Mounted on little mules, armed with rifles, revolvers and knives, with their heels, which nearly dragged the ground, bristling with huge rattling spurs, our heroes looked like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, starting out on one of their windmill storming expeditions. The buffalo took the alarm when they were in rifle-shot, and galloped toward the sand hills as fast as his clumsy legs would carry him, closely followed by his pursuers. These fired several shots after him, but he only ran the faster; and, kicking up a 25 25 cloud of dust which hid him from our sight, he out-distanced his pursuers, and was soon lost from view among the intricate System of hills which bounded our vision on the south. Our sportsmen soon gave up the chase and returned somewhat crestfallen to the train. An hour before sunset we saw scattered bands of buffaloes to our left, near the sand hills, and willing that we should have some sport, the wagon-master allowed us to halt earlier than common. About a dozen of us shouldered our rifles and with a

few rounds of fixed ammunition started on our buffalo hunt. As we neared the bellowing and already excited bands, we parted, each man taking a different route. I picked out a big bull, as a foeman worthy of my gun, and started after him, but he led me a weary race, and before I had a chance to draw on him, we were in the midst of the sand hills. He was a cunning old fellow, and all the time, by adroit management, kept at a respectful distance: I, at last, got within rifle-shot and fired, but the report only frightened him, and he galloped away and was soon lost to view. Although it was now after sunset, and I was a long distance from camp, I was not yet satisfied with the results of the expedition, and ramming home another cartridge, I started after fresh game. Moving on a short distance among the sand hills, I came across a herd of bulls sociably grazing together. Always on the watch for human intruders, as these animals are, they started off in a body upon seeing me, but resting my rifle scientifically on my knee, I took aim and fired. That shot told, for while the remainder of the herd dashed madly forward, scared by the report, my buffalo stopped; but, alas! I fired again and wounded him, but he made no acknowledgment, except to move on a few steps, while I reloaded my rifle. Again and again did the 26 26 report of my piece ring out on the air, each of which my huge opponent merely acknowledged by a toss of his shaggy head, or by slightly changing his position. I shot on until but one cartridge was left, and then I stopped, thinking my stubborn game might eventually conclude to take the part of hunter himself. Suiting the action to the thought, I started off in what I supposed was the right direction, casting an occasional look backward towards the buffalo.

A California tramp and later footprints; or, Life on the plains and in the Golden state thirty years ago, with miscellaneous sketches in prose and verse.

The Panama Railroad Travelogues: A California tramp and later footprints: Our way to the terminus was through the eastern gate, and then amid the suburbs of thatched huts which lay along the margin of the bay. The half-wild denizens were all ready for us, and with pernicious activity waylaid us with fruits, corals, seashells, whisky, cigars, monkeys, squirrels, parrots and similar goods, dead and alive. We were much amused at a monkey-merchant, whose wares had been captured in the neighboring forest. In his efforts to show the tameness of one of his half-human specimens, that he might the easier sell it, it got away from him and struck a bee-line for its former home. The last we saw of the twain their speed was so nearly matched that we were in doubt as to the result of the race. The starting of the train rid us of these mercantile pests, and we were soon rolling over the fever-breeding swamp which marks the first section of the Isthmian crossing. The lives lost in building this road were fearfully numerous; but thirty years since they are being more than duplicated in digging the canal. When we came to the ridge we used two locomotives to ascend it, and from its slope we took our last view of the Pacific near where Balboa had his first, and also of the ruined old city on its shore. Nothing could exceed the denseness, luxuriance and gigantic proportions of the vegetation through which we rode. The surface of the fever-breeding slope was covered with a matting of creeping vines above which rose a growth of mammoth plants, with leaves eight or ten feet long and a foot or more wide. Far above these giants of the lower vegetable kingdom towered the stately mahogany and the slender, tufted palm, the forms of some hidden from view by parasite plants. But this prolific place, where nature has so recklessly showered her bounty, is a vast plague Spot, where death stalks silent and ghostly, seeking for victims. Though since dwarfed by the great enterprise of De Lesseps, the building of this railroad was a great undertaking when we think of the natural obstacles to be surmounted; but when we consider that the placing of each tie severed a human life, we are tempted to wish it had never been built. Thousands died in its construction, but at last the road was built, and now the shrieking locomotive, like the Juggernaut of India, rolls over a road-bed of human corpses, drawing in its wake a living freight, which concerns itself little of the sacrifices made for its convenience. We frequently stalled in the ascent, although we had but one section of the passengers. At the summit the rear engine was sent back to help up the other half. The descent was quickly made down the valley of the Chagres. On this river we passed some collections of huts, whose people were lounging about them. Crossing the Chagres on an iron bridge we rolled into the modern built city of Aspinwall. Here we met a ship load of people who were to fill the vacancies we left in California. How they plied us with questions, and how patronizingly we answered these "tenderfeet. The people of Aspinwall, like those of Acapulco and Panama, live on the pickings they get from travelers passing through. We experienced the Same vicissitudes as in the last named places, although the pirates were more villainous looking. Many of these were Jamaica negroes, and a more repulsive set of beings I never saw, unless they were the Diggers on the Great Desert. Some were giants with feet like those of "Dandy Jim of Caroline. Our Atlantic steamer was the "Northern Light," which we boarded in the afternoon. In San Francisco we had our berths, such as they were, numbered, so that there was no confusion; but here the earliest bird got the choicest worm; thus there was much rushing and crowding to get bunks on the first deck. Each one had to show his ticket, and "stowaways" had a poor show. There were several of these who beat their way from San Francisco, and in their impudence boasted of their doings. But one of these got on to the "Northern Light. The officers were going to put him ashore, but he pleaded so hard and looked so forlorn in his drenched clothes that he was allowed to continue on his way by working his passage heaving coal. He was a "Bowery Boy," and had been full of his pranks; but now, when we saw him, he was crestfallen enough, and so remained until his old haunts on the Battery met his gaze. Whenever we left a port the people showed the greatest regret, which was greatly to our credit. At Aspinwall they crowded on the wharf, and howled and yelled and swore as they thrust long poison-filled bottles at us, and pine-apples and bunches of bananas, and so continued until the vessel left. Aspinwall is underlaid with a coral reef, and the

water is so bad that for drinking purposes the people depend on huge cisterns, which are filled in the rainy season. To supply the ship-tank we were obliged to diverge from our homeward course and proceed down the New Grenada coast for twenty-five miles, where we took in water. Had we been under the Equatorial sun the weather could not have been hotter or the scenery more tropical than what we saw and felt while going down the coast. The high mountain shores were covered with a network of vegetation that hid the earth down to the edge of the water which duplicated it in reverse. The stillness was oppressive, even the beautifully plumaged birds flitting among the fever-suggesting shrubbery being silent. Slowly steaming along we came before sunset to a scene of picturesque quietude, whose equal I never saw. This was Porto Bello, the "beautiful harbor," discovered in by Columbus, and settled one hundred years after. The ruins of the old town were close to our anchorage, consisting of remains of towers, churches, convents and other buildings, overgrown with tangled vines, and with limbs of trees projecting through the windows, and shrubbery growing from the joints of the stones. How different from two hundred years ago, when the town was the northern terminus of an isthmus highway, paved with stones and extending over the ridge to Panama. Then Porto Bello was the point of exchange where the gold and silver of Peru met the costly merchandize of Spain, when convoyed by armed vessels it was landed here. At stated times fairs were held, to which the merchants of the western coast of South America came to make their purchases which were carried by mules and llamas to the Pacific shore, and thence shipped. Porto Bello grew in wealth so that the buccaneers resolved on its capture, which, in , they effected by surprise. The church ornaments and wealth of the town, however, were placed in the castle which defied the pirates. Morgan made use of a stratagem by which he thought to accomplish his ends without bloodshed. Collecting the priests and women whom he found in the city, he commanded them to go in advance and plant the scaling ladders, thinking the garrison would not harm them. The heart of the Spanish commander was, however, proof against the prayers of priests or tears of women, and he ordered his men to fire on all who advanced. His scheme failing, Morgan stormed the castle and secured an immense booty. Porto Bello never survived this blow, for Spanish commerce was swept from the neighboring waters by this same bold buccaneer. The fleets which once rode here at anchor are unrepresented now except by the occasional steamers which come here to water. So abrupt is the shore that we anchored within twenty yards of it, the slope being covered with tangled vegetation to the lower edge. An iron pipe runs to within connecting distance of vessels, to which a hose is attached, and the tanks quickly filled with the best of water. The deck was covered with the passengers, who, quietly commenting, looked on the surrounding scene. Among these were brilliant parrots and paroquets and others I did not know. Larger ones, such as pelicans and cranes, Sapped their wings clumsily amid the branches of huge lignum vit and mahogany trees, whose mossy trunks seemed to grow almost parallel with the steep mountain side. A hut stood near the edge of the water, built of reeds and thatched with broad leaves, a sample of the dwelling places of the few mongrel descendants of the old population of Porto Bello. The owner of this was paddling around us in a canoe in which, on its back, lay a huge turtle, whose angry eyes showed that it would turn, like the worm, if it were possible. The owner made no effort to sell his prey. Another boat was loaded down with bananas, which also had to sell themselves or go unsold. Such independent merchants I never saw. As it sank below the hills a mantle of golden light lingered awhile on the vine-covered walls and towers, as if to redeem the place from the loneliness and desolation surrounding it. The silence about us was really oppressive, and the darkening waters so still that the steamer hardly moved, while the air of that mountain-hedged harbor was sultry beyond endurance. These, with the sight of the ruins, which looked ghastly in the twilight, and as if some of the old Castilian knights and priests, friars and nuns which once dwelt in its castle and convents might crawl out of their former haunts, and, mistaking us for buccaneers, smite us with ancient engines of warfare and harry us with exorcisms and consignments to pits bottomless, gave us such feelings that we grew impatient of delay and glad to leave what had been such a picturesque place, but which now was getting unbearable. From some unexplained cause we did not leave till midnight, and when we awoke in the morning we were gaily steaming over the Sea of the Caribs. On the 23d we passed between Cuba and Hayti, and on the 25th entered the warm waters of the Gulf Stream--a river flowing through an Ocean. Soon we were plowing waters afterwards familiar to me in and ; but who could have dreamed that in ten years our country would experience the horrors of a Civil War. On the

26th we passed Cape Hatteras, and the 28th brought us in sight of land, which was the coast of New Jersey.

Chapter 3 : Codes: Codes Tree - * California Constitution - CONS

The Panama Railroad Travelogues: A California tramp and later footprints: Although we had paid for our breakfast in advance, many of us got none through the landlord's rascality, as the train left before half could get to the table, but as it did not look fit to eat, it made little matter.

Chapter 4 : The Panama Railroad Travelogues: A California tramp and later footprints:

A California Tramp and Later Footprints: Or, Life on the Plains and in the Golden State Thirty Years Ago, with Miscellaneous Sketches in Prose and Verse - Ebook written by Thaddeus Stevens Kenderdine.

Chapter 5 : California Water Plan

A California Tramp and Later Footprints; Or Life on the Plains and in the Golden State Thirty Years Ago, With Miscellaneous Sketches in Prose and.

Chapter 6 : About Us - CA History Room - California State Library

A California tramp and later footprints; or, Life on the plains and in the Golden state thirty years ago, with miscellaneous sketches in prose and verse Illustrated with thirty-nine wood and photo-engravings.

Chapter 7 : Catalog Record: A California tramp and later footprints; or, | Hathi Trust Digital Library

THE reading of Fremont's Narrative and other works of Western adventure gave me, during the last two or three years of my minority, a great desire to travel over the trans-Mississippi plains and mountains.