

**SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**NEWS BULLETIN**

**\$1.00**

JULY 1976



COVER BY:

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SUTTER COUNTY PRINTING MANAGER

AND

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ASSISTANT PRINTER

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
NEWS BULLETIN

Vol XV, No. 3

July, 1976

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The NEWS BULLETIN is published quarterly by the Society at Yuba City, California 95991. The annual membership dues includes receiving the NEWS BULLETIN. January 1976 dues are payable now. Your remittance should be sent to Sutter County Historical Society, P. O. Box 1004, Yuba City, California 95991. To insure delivery of your NEWS BULLETIN please notify the Treasurer of any change in address. Dues are \$3.00 per person, \$5.00 for family.

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An index and file of all of the past issues of the NEWS BULLETIN may be found in the Sutter County Library and in the Marysville City-County Library.

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NOTE: THE OCTOBER ISSUE WILL INCLUDE THE BIOGRAPHY OF PETER BURNS AND FAMILY BY BERNICE BURNS CHEIM.

IN THIS ISSUE: SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE SUTTER BUTTES - - - - - BY ANITA LANEY.

# Sutter County Celebrates

THE CENTENNIAL, JULY 4, 1876

## EXPLANATION OF THE FOLLOWING PHOTOSTATIC COPIES

In the spring of 1876, the federal House and Senate adopted a joint resolution in which the residents of towns and counties were urged to hold special celebrations on July 4, 1876 to observe our Centennial. Later this resolution was given the nature of a directive by an executive order which we quote from the Marysville Appeal:

### "President's Proclamation

The following joint resolution was approved by the Senate and House on March 13, 1876:

'Be it resolved that it be and is hereby recommended to the people of the several States that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching Centennial anniversary of our national independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day an historical sketch of said county or town from its formation, and that a copy of said sketch may be filed in print or manuscript in the Clerk's office of said county and an additional copy be filed in the office of the librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may thus be obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centenary of their existence...'

Now therefore I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States do hereby declare the same... that the proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect.

Given under my hand May 25, 1876

U.S. Grant

Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State."

The residents of Sutter County responded to the President's request by calling a meeting and selecting a committee to carry out the recommendations of the proclamation. The celebration as arranged by the committee is described at length in the report which we quote from the Marysville Appeal of July 11, 1876.

The committee selected Judge Phil W. Keyser to compose and deliver the historical sketch. A better qualified person could not have been found. He was a pioneer of 1849 and had witnessed the formation and growth of the county.

Judge Keyser composed and pronounced the first history of Sutter County of which we have a record. It was both pertinent and unique; and was so much so that later histories of the county, especially that by Thompson and West, depended upon it and quoted from it. It is superior to, or rather more authentic than, any other we know because it is a prime document. It is not hearsay or tradition. It is what he saw and experienced. For these reasons we feel justified in reproducing it in the Bulletin.

It is an ironical fact that any record of this address by Judge Keyser which might have been deposited in the county archives, as directed by the proclamation, is no longer to be found.

Fortunately, we discovered that the Marysville Appeal had published the entire address in the issue of July 11, 1876. These photostatic copies have been made directly from the newspaper. It is our hope that our Bulletin might prove to be a more enduring depository than our county archives have been. We can be thankful to those persons who, over the years, have preserved a file of the Marysville Appeal.

## SUTTER COUNTY CELEBRATION.

Probably one of the most pleasant and sociable celebrations ever held in Sutter county was that one held at Hock Farm last Tuesday. While in point of numbers the attendance was not, perhaps, as large as it might have been expected. Yet all those present seemed determined to make the occasion one that will long be most pleasantly remembered. At about 9 o'clock a. m., the steamer

D. K. ENIGHT

Left the landing in front of the Farmers' Warehouse in Yuba City, having on board something over one hundred excursionists (among them the Appeal missionary) en route for Hock Farm. After a pleasant trip of forty minutes, the party arrived at the Farm where they were met at the landing by the

MARYSVILLE BAND,

Who escorted them to the grounds. Here were gathered a large number of people, who had come in teams from all over the surrounding country. The Committee of Arrangements had selected the most pleasant portion of the handsome grounds for their celebration and had fitted it up very comfortably and tastefully. Immediately to the left of the grand stand was erected a smaller stand in pyramidal shape, upon which was seated

THIRTY-SEVEN YOUNG LADIES,

Dressed in white with a red and blue sash, representing the different States. Occupying a seat at the top was the Goddess of Liberty, who was represented by Miss Emma Wilcoxen.

Directly opposite the grand stand and at the rear of the seats was the music stand, occupied by the band. The choir were seated at the left of the stand, Mrs. Charles Weeman presiding at the organ. At 10:15 a. m. the audience was called to order by Hon. P. W. Keyser, President of the Day, who announced the following

## PROGRAMME:

1. Music by the band.
2. Song, "Fourth of July."
3. Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. E. Kellogg.
4. Anthem, by choir, "I have set Watchmen upon thy Walls."
5. Reading of Historical Sketch of Sutter county.
6. "America," by choir.
7. Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by W. F. Peck, Esq.
8. "Star Spangled Banner," by choir.
9. "Hail Columbia," by the band.
10. Oration by Richard Bayne, Esq.
11. "Red, White and Blue," by choir.
12. Music by the band.
13. Picnic dinner.

The historical sketch of Sutter county, which was prepared by Hon. P. W. Keyser, was replete with facts and items of interest, and was highly appreciated by the audience. After music and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the President introduced the orator of the day,

RICHARD BAYNE, ESQ.,

Of Yuba City, who delivered an eloquent and very interesting oration, which was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. We regret that space will not permit us to publish his address, and any synopsis that we might give would do that gentleman injustice. At the conclusion of Mr. Bayne's oration, and after more music by the choir and band, the audience broke up into little parties, and enjoyed a regular old-fashioned basket.

PICNIC DINNER.

In the meantime the platform had been cleared of seats, and after dinner the lovers of the "light fantastic" had ample opportunity to enjoy themselves, the Marysville string band furnishing the music.

One thing we omitted in the proper place to mention and must not overlook, was the rendering of

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

By a quartet of young ladies, composed of



Miss May Guthrie, Della Harter, Addie McKinnon and Mary Butler, who sang the piece as a solo, the choir and audience joining in the chorus.

At about 6 o'clock the steamer sounded its whistle and the excursionists from Yuba City started homeward, leaving the rest dancing and enjoying themselves generally. Much credit is due the Committee of Arrangements for the manner in which they performed their duties, making the celebration the grand success which it was. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the order was excellent, for which the Chief Marshal, W. P. Harkey, is deserving of thanks.

#### IN THE EVENING

There was a ball in the Farmers' Warehouse in Yuba City, which had been cleared out and beautifully decorated for the occasion. An orchestra of eight instruments, under the leadership of J. A. Apperson, furnished the music. The ball was largely attended, and dancing was continued until the "we sma' hours."

#### THE APPEAL

Missionary is under obligations to W. M. Hunter, pilot of the D. E. Knight, M. P. Honan, W. P. Harkey and others, for special favors received.

Try a milk punch at Dan McCarty's.

July 4-tf

A FRESH supply of Bethesda Spring water at E. W. Mull's. j622-tf

STRAWBERRIES, cherries and all kinds of fruits at L. Kuhn's, cheaper than the cheapest. m18tf

FINE BLACKBERRIES at Kuhn's fruit and tobacco store, next door to D and Third streets. j617tf

PIONEER BREWERY.—The old California Brewery continues to make the best Lager Beer in the market. Delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Five gallon keg \$1 50. may9tf.

COLD "Mountaineers" at Dan. McCarty's saloon, D street. j74-tf



# The Daily Appeal.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SUTTER COUNTY.

BY HON. P. W. KEYSER.

The following sketch of Sutter county was delivered at Hock Farm, July 4th, 1876, by Hon. P. W. Keyser. The gentleman being one of the early settlers of Sutter county is possessed of a vast store of incidents and reminiscences of early days. Although the Judge was laboring under the disadvantage of just recovering from severe sickness, he delivered the following in his best humor which caused frequent and hearty outbursts of laughter from his large audience :

The idea, originating I believe in Congress, and promulgated to the people of these United States in a late proclamation of the President, that a historical sketch of each county of each State be prepared and read as part of the ceremonies of celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July, and be preserved among the public archives for future reference, is one that will commend itself to the favorable judgment of all Americans. Many things, many individuals and events which seem to their contemporaries to be trivial, unimportant and uninteresting, become by lapse of time and to future generations, invested with much importance and considerable interest either to the country at large or to the localities to which they respectively belonged. The men and things of antiquity excite in us feelings which those of the present are incapable of arousing. As with natural objects

"This distance lends enchantment to the view,

And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

So in respect to the affairs of men and the actors in them—the haze of antiquity surrounds them either with a beauty, or an awe, or an interest, or an importance which they did not possess for their contemporaries who viewed them from a much nearer standpoint. But viewing it with the eyes of the future—of those who, fifty or a hundred years hence, shall possess the fair domains that constitute the county of Sutter, it is difficult to say concerning what, in its early his-

tory, its future denizens will have the greatest desire to be informed. From its first organization Sutter was mainly a grazing and agricultural county. True, when it was first formed it included quite a large mining region; but that portion, with its adventurous and excitable population and its characteristic and stirring events, was soon lopped off and created (with portions of other counties) into a separate and distinct one of an almost exclusively mining character. The first session of the California Legislature began at San Jose in December 1849. By that Legislature the State was divided into twenty-seven counties, of which Sutter was one. Its boundaries included a large portion of what is now Placer county, and a portion also of Butte county. It was named for General (then Captain) John A. Sutter, who for many years prior to the acquisition of California by the United States, had resided at "Hock Farm," a name which he had bestowed upon a magnificent estate fronting for several miles on the west bank of what was then a broad, deep and pellucid stream named the "Rio de Los Plumas," and extending back and out upon the plains illimitably. The boundaries of the county took in this estate, and for this reason, and in compliment to one who had, at his trading-post known as "Sutter's Fort," received the immigrants of '49 and '50 with much kindness and hospitality, the new county was very appropriately named for him. The first county-seat was Oro, which was a noble city of broad streets, imposing buildings and splendid public squares—on paper, but in fact a tract of land fronting on the south bank of Bear Creek, and distant about two miles from the then and present site of the good old town of Nicolaus. The tract had been purchased from General Sutter by Thomas Jefferson Green, who, with others who had become interested with him in the enterprise, had had the land surveyed and laid off into streets and squares and lots; and who, as State Senator from the Senatorial District of which Sutter county formed a part, caused this paper city to be declared by the Legislature the county-seat of Sutter county. Green was a shrewd, energetic man; of a fine imposing presence; jolly, good-natured, frank, bluff-mannered, with pleasant countenance and persuasive tongue. It was necessary for him to bring all these advantages into play in order to carry his point. Auburn, Nicolaus, Vernon and Yuba City were all aspirants for the honor and expected benefits of the county-seatship, while either was not only better fitted for it than Oro, which was utterly unfitted, but was well-

entitled—by situation, improvements and its apparent future—to claim the distinction. Each therefore made the best fight it could in the Legislature against Oro and for itself; but the active, talkative and merry-mannered Senator for the District won the day and Oro became the first county seat. A pleasant story, illustrative of the Senator's *modus operandi*, is told in connection with the history of that contest. Bear creek—or river, as it was sometimes called—was, in those days, a small but pretty stream, quietly and lazily wandering through the foothills down to the plains, where it meandered between well-defined and well-wooded banks, its calm flow disturbed and impeded by trees and underbrush growing thickly in the midst of its clear waters, to Feather river, with which it formed a junction at a point a mile or two above Nicolaus. Of course it was unnavigable to all but small oar boats, while the large river steamers—of which the largest and finest at that time was named the "Senator"—could even at the highest waters scarcely enter its mouth. Green, however, in describing during the discussion of the county-seat question the advantages of his town of Oro, spoke of the splendid river on which it was situated, the waters of which, (he asserted) when at the lowest stage of a long and dry summer, could be easily navigated. A brother Senator, who knew Green's weakness for hyperbole, interrupted by asking him if he meant to say that the river steamers could navigate Bear river at its lowest stage of water. "I meant to say," replied Green, "that the Senator can navigate it at any time of the year." After adjournment some one accused him of having—to put it mildly—stretched the truth in saying that a steamer like the "Senator" could navigate Bear river. "I never said," answered Green, "that the steamer 'Senator' could; I said the Senator could, but I meant the Senator who had asked me the impertinent question."

Oro, however, enjoyed the honor—if it enjoyed it at all—but a short time. There was not a house nor a building in the town for any purpose, much less for holding Court, the transaction of county business and the preservation of the public records. Some preparation must be made by the owners of the town to enable the first term, at least, of Court to be held at the county-seat; and to this end they erected or rather placed upon the ground a zinc building about 22x20 feet in size, with a floor of rough boards, a roof of zinc—if I remember correctly—and holes cut for the Court, the litigants, the

witnesses, the jurors and the air to enter; but without glass or shutters for the windows, or doors for the entrances. Not a tree, or bush, or shrub grew near enough to give its shade to the building; a May sun poured its rays upon that zinc building until outside and inside it became almost as hot as the furnace of Shadrack, Meshach and Abednago. Law and equity, lawyers and litigants, jurors and witnesses, with a spontaneity of action that would astonish nothing but a salamander, rushed out of and fled that building never again to return. The Court resumed its session at Nicolaus, which place became practically the county-seat, and remained so until the latter was, by a vote of the people a few months afterwards, established at Auburn, the present county-seat of Placer county.

I wish I could remember the scenes and incidents that accompanied the removal of the county officers, county records, together with the resident lawyers, who felt it to be their interest to migrate with the first two and to dwell within the sound of the musical voice of the Sheriff as he cried, "Hear ye! hear ye!" from the Court House door. One circumstance I do remember, and that is that the county officials, the members of the bar, and others who followed the removal of the county-seat were received with open arms and a hearty welcome by the citizens of Auburn. A great dinner was given to the new-comers by the leading business men of the town. Fifty or sixty, comprising merchants, mechanics, miners, lawyers and doctors, sat down to a generously supplied table, around which after the inner man had been satisfied, wine and wit, mirth and laughter circulated as freely and unembarrassed as if in their native homes. I can now recall but few of the names of those who shared in that happy greeting. Among those, however, were Gordon N. Mott, the first County Judge of this county. He had been elected at the first general election held throughout the State in April, 1850. He afterwards became by gubernatorial appointment, the first District Judge of this District; then a United States District Judge for the Territory of Nevada, and is now Court Commissioner for the Nineteenth District Court of San Francisco. Another was T. B. Reardan, who was the first County Clerk of this county, having been elected at the election

above mentioned. He afterwards, by appointment to fill vacancy occasioned by Mott's election to the District Judgeship, and subsequently by election by the people became County Judge of this county, and is now serving a second consecutive term as District Judge of the Fourteenth District. Another was Samuel B. Smith, who represented this county from 1853 to 1855 in the State Senate, and who afterwards became well known as an active and influential member of the Third House. He has for several years past resided and still resides in the city of New York. R. S. Mesick was another. He was at this time, if I mistake not, the District Attorney of the county. He has since developed into one of the ablest lawyers on this coast; displaying a quick and accurate judicial mind as one of the District Judges of Storey county, in the State of Nevada, a position he held for the first year subsequent to that State's admission into the Union. There were many others here who afterwards made their mark in the forum or upon the hustings or in legislative halls, but whose names, as I have said, I cannot recall. I can recall, however, the name of one now several years dead, who was at that time a resident of Auburn and a "character" in that vicinity. It was Jim Crawford. He was a great mimic and full of rough humor. I remember that on the occasion of which I have been speaking, Jim was called on for a song. He said he would comply if time was given him to send for his fiddle. This was done, and when that universally popular instrument was brought, Jim rose from his seat at the table, and standing on one foot and placing the other upon his chair, began to play in inimitable style the "Arkensaw Traveler." For more than a half hour, alternately playing the tune and telling, in their order, the stories connected with it, he kept the table in a roar. I shall scarce forget his features, especially his eyes, when he told the story of the cross-eyed man. That those orbs could resume their natural position in his head seemed miraculous.

At the second session of the Legislature, which began at San Jose, June 6, 1851, Placer county was created chiefly if not wholly, from portions of the counties of Sutter and Sacramento. Auburn was of course made the county-seat, while upon Vernon the Legislature conferred that honor for Sutter county. At this time Vernon was a pretty and lively town. Situated at the junction of the Feather and Sacra-

mento rivers, it was most advantageously placed for uninterrupted water communication during the year with Sacramento and San Francisco, and miles of agricultural country lay between it and the mining districts, offering at one and the same time a basis for good roads to draw the trade of the latter and for strong hopes of the rapid and prosperous settlement of the former. All the river towns of those days had "proprietors." From the straits of Carquinez to Yuba City on the Feather river, to Linda on the Yuba and to Colusa on the Sacramento, the banks of those rivers were upon the maps at least, dotted with cities, by far the greatest number of which died of inanition shortly after their birth. They were inaugurated by speculators, who purchasing a piece of land from some Mexican grant-holder, would have surveyed it into blocks and lots, streets and squares, give it a name and a high-sounding prospectus, and then sell it off "in lots to suit," to unwary purchasers who saw themselves in the future duplicate Astors. This was the origin of Vernon, and one of its "proprietors" was a genial gentleman, long since deceased, named Gilbert A. Grant. In that period of Californian history which is rapidly becoming traditional, "the winter of '49 and spring of '50," we were governed by the laws and customs of Mexico. Among other things we had Alcaldes who, while they seemed when presiding in their courts to be mere justices of the peace, really possessed the jurisdiction and powers of the District Courts of the present day. Gilbert A. Grant was Alcalde of Vernon; and while physically he was all that popular fancy paints him who wears the ermine, he was in other respects an excellent officer. In after years he represented San Francisco in the State Senate. Nicolaus was another of Sutter county's pioneer and prosperous towns. For me many reminiscences cluster around the memory of that old town, with its then lively streets, its substantial buildings, its wide-spreading oaks and its many genial, talented and warm-hearted gentlemen and good fellows. It, also, had its "proprietors." Old Nicolaus Allgier, a countryman of General Sutter, and under him "colonizer" and grantee of the Mexican government, owned a large tract of land extending, I think, from the mouth of Bear river, whose waters could float the Senator, down the Feather to a point not far north of the junction of the latter with the Sacramento. He was seized with the then prevailing mania for laying out towns at the "head of summer navigation." A surveyor was employed, and early in January '50 a beautiful town (upon paper like the rest) sprang into existence.



Among the "proprietors" was Colonel Dick Snowden who was in February elected Alcalde of the town, and who, like his brother Judge, Colonel Grant, was fully up to what popular opinion requires a judicial officer to be physically. Snowden was a man of quick and somewhat violent temper; but his natural abilities were above mediocrity and he possessed social qualities that secured him many warm personal friends. His social, judicial and physical functions came very near receiving a sudden and tragical termination. There lived at that time at Nicolaus a wild, reckless fellow named Bell. He built, and for some time conducted, a hotel called then as now the Bell House. He was the defendant in a suit in Alcalde Snowden's Court; and while it was progressing he suddenly came to the conclusion it was not going very favorably for him. No sooner did this idea strike him than he drew his six shooter and blazed away at the presiding judge. The ball hit Snowden on the forehead but glanced off without doing him serious injury. This argument was so direct and convincing that judgment was immediately ordered for the defendant. Another prominent character of Nicolaus was George C. Johnson. He came to the town in a full rigged bark, belonging to the Government of the United States. The vessel had come around the Horn with Government stores for the United States troops. Johnson was commissary, and after discharging part of her cargo at Benicia, which was the principal military post at that time on this coast and a self-asserted rival of San Francisco, he brought the vessel to Nicolaus to deliver the balance of her supplies to the officers and men stationed at Camp Farwest. This was a small military post established by the United States on Bear river some ten or fifteen miles above Nicolaus, for the protection of the immigrants from any unfriendliness on the part of the Indians who were numerous in that section in those days. The bark never again saw salt water, but she gave to Nicolaus the right to boast of being the only port of entry that has ever been established north of Sacramento—the only town north of that city that has ever had a full-rigged sea-going vessel lying at her landing. Johnson built quite an imposing block of frame houses almost opposite the site of the present American Hotel, in one of which he carried on a lively produce and general merchandise business. He accumulated quite a

fortune, with which he went to San Francisco where he established a large iron foundry or something of that sort. He was afterwards appointed Consul for Norway and Sweden, of one of which countries he was a native, and a few years ago died, leaving an estate valued at over a million. His son, who seemed to be when a boy at Nicolaus, a stupid, unpromising lad, developed, I have been told, into a clear-headed business man; taking full charge and control of his father's extensive business, and accumulating in his own right and independent of the large property inherited from his father, a fine fortune. His residence is one of the handsomest and most valuable in San Francisco, and on one of its walls hangs, I believe, the famous picture of Elaine, by Toby Rosenthal. To such a prosperous and respectable position has risen that little, rough boy, whom all Nicolausians will remember as Bobby Johnson. No better example could be placed before the boys of the period to show them what sobriety, perseverance and honest industry can accomplish unaided by family influence or classical education.

I have mentioned Camp Farwest. It was quite an important military point in those days. Pleasantly situated on the southeast bank of Bear river amid an undulating country that forms the base of the foothills, and which at that time was covered with tall pines and wide-spreading live oaks; the Camp was an easy and delightful drive in the spring time from Nicolaus while its accomplished officers were the most agreeable and hospitable of hosts to the many visitors to whom they always extended a hearty welcome. Captain (now, I believe Brig. General) Day was the commandant of the post. My acquaintance with him and his brother officers began before Nicolaus was "in esse." How well I remember the day! Charley Fairfax, whom all old Californians knew and loved, "Uncle" Dick Snowden, as we called him, (he was Fairfax's uncle and the Alcalde of whom I have spoken), a brother of mine and myself were on our way in December, 1849, with provisions for the winter, to our log cabin which stood, and I believe yet stands, not far from Nevada and Grass Valley. We built it in October, '49. We were packing our provisions on mules, but were delayed several days by high water. About Christmas Bear river became

crossable, and we loaded our pack-train, saddled our riding animals and started. Camp Farwest was in existence at this time, and the officers had been invited to partake of a Christmas dinner by Charley Hoyt, at Johnson's Ranch, which was the name of a large tract of land lying upon the northwest bank of Bear river, and owned or occupied by Hoyt. There was an adobe house on the land, standing upon a high, natural mound and surrounded by outhouses and corrals. Hoyt knew some of our party and invited us all to join his military friends at the Christmas dinner. Of course we were not the boys to decline what we had every reason to believe would be "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." We were all there. Captain Day sat at the head of the table and Charley Hoyt at the foot. Before the former stood a splendid roast pig, while the remainder of the table was covered with good things. There was but one kind of wine (port) and a wretched fraud it was upon the name. But it answered the purpose. It stimulated the brain, loosened the tongue, and made us all eloquent, witty and hilarious. The festivities lasted till the small hours began to grow into large ones; but of all the good things that were said and the jovial songs that were sung, I remember only this, that for the last two hours we were at the table Day sang without ceasing

"Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

Such was my first Christmas in California. It would extend this sketch to too great a length were I to recall more of the early history of Nicolaus, or of the reminiscences connected with her rise and progress. In 1855 the Legislature transferred the county-seat from Vernon to Nicolaus, where it remained until Yuba City, after several futile efforts, became a successful competitor for the honor. This I believe was in 1856, when, by a vote of the people the latter town was made the county-seat, which it has been ever since.

Yuba City was also born in those days that saw the birth of so many "heads of navigation." It was intended, I believe, as a rival to Marysville, but the latter had too great a start; besides which the "proprietors" of the former were so short-sighted as to establish a toll ferry across Feather river, whose waters, broad and deep, ran between the town and the mining districts, whose trade could alone build it up and

make it prosperous. It is, probably, to be regretted that the capital and enterprise which have built Marysville had not been expended upon her would-be rival. The site has many advantages over that of the former; the principal one being the commercial advantage of having a river front at which the river steamers can land at all seasons of the year. This advantage, however, did not exist when the two towns were first established, and the wisest of those days or the most imaginative could not foresee or suspect that the Yuba, a deep, clear and beautiful river, would in a few years become a shallow, muddy stream, without banks and without capacity to float a scow.

Of the early days of Yuba City, I know nothing and can tell you nothing. What she is to-day you all know: A pretty village with one or two handsome residences, and several cozy ones, with a fair trade, mercantile and mechanical; her merchants and mechanics, lawyers and doctors all busy and apparently thriving; her streets generally presenting much liveliness and business activity. Yuba City seems to be holding her own as well, if not better than nine-tenths of the towns that came into existence contemporaneously with her. If in her infancy she had but little to encourage her to hope great things in the future, as was the case with Vernon and Nicolaus, this may be said of her which cannot be said of her sisters: that she is larger in area and in population and more prosperous than she was during the first years of her existence. But if two of the three old towns of Sutter county have retrograded, the county itself has advanced greatly in wealth, population and civilization. As late as fifteen years ago the county presented but slight evidences of permanent settlement and improvement. What was supposed to be the only land worth cultivating was covered by Mexican grants or claimed by persons who pretended to be or were in fact the holders of the Mexican title, there being sometimes several antagonistic claimants to the same tract. Not only were settlers settling upon land as part of the public domain, afraid to make permanent improvements lest they be taken from them by some claimant under a grant from the Mexican Government, but even those who were willing to recognize the lands of the county as private property, and who wished to and did purchase from those who claimed to have the true title, were equally afraid to do more than put upon the land purchased any other than such cheap, temporary houses, barns and fences as the protection of themselves and

their crops absolutely required; and for the reason that the purchaser never felt assured that some one, with a better title than that he had purchased, would not appear and wrest his lands and improvements from him. But all these difficulties and impediments in the way of permanent advancement, have been, during the last fifteen years, completely overcome or removed; and the happy result is apparent on every hand. Handsome farm houses dot the landscape in every direction; all comfortable and many exhibiting architectural taste and ornamentation which render them places of abode fit to stand on fashionable thoroughfares in metropolitan towns. Substantial barns and outhouses, durable fences and pretty gardens testify that the owners of the surrounding broad acres, have built or are building themselves permanent homes in this their adopted State; while the many handsome and comfortable vehicles drawn by well-bred and tastefully harnessed horses, and filled with refined looking women and bright-eyed children demonstrate that the farmers of Sutter county are not only prosperous, but can enjoy and use that prosperity in a becoming manner, and in the encouragement of those qualities which are the characteristics of an intellectual and refined existence. What a change since I first pitched camp in what is now Sutter county! It was in September, 1849, that my friends and I who on the 22d of the preceding month had landed at San Francisco from the good bark Kirkland, after a five months' voyage from the port of Baltimore, found ourselves after a day's overland travel from Sacramento, on the bank of Feather river. We camped in a beautiful grove but a short distance from the adobe house of Nicolaus Allgier, who, when we visited him, received us kindly. The first milk we tasted after leaving Rio was furnished us by that kind-hearted Swiss. Allgier and his adobe and the umbrageous oaks which sheltered us from that September sun have long since passed away; while thousands upon thousands of acres of the broad and beautiful plain over which we at that time passed on our way to the all-absorb-

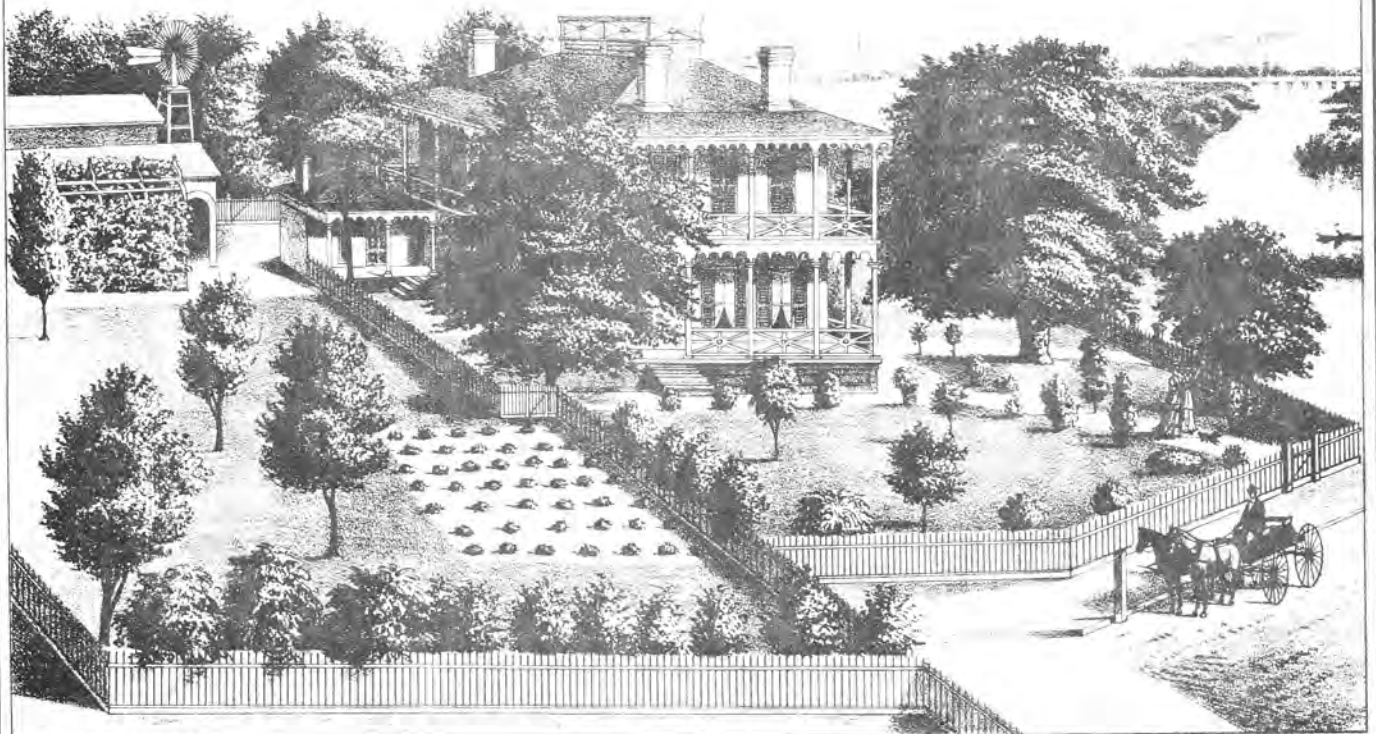
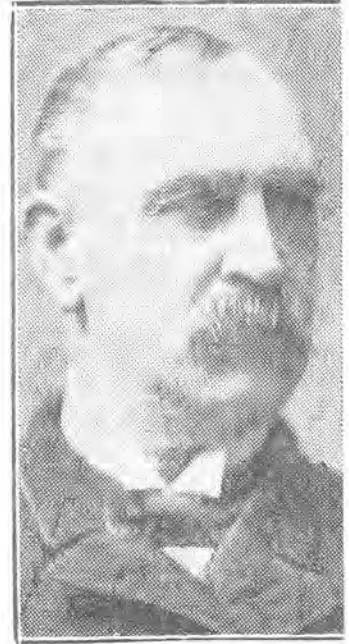
ing gold diggings have been covered up and perhaps forever destroyed by ceaseless delving for gold. As I rode over that magnificent country with the grass reaching to my horse's flanks, how very, very far from what was to be were the hopes and expectations in which I indulged! Since then a great State has sprung into existence with a history extending, it is true, over the insignificant space of but twenty-seven years, but as full of stirring events and evidences of social and political advancement as those which States possess after an existence of centuries. Sutter county has done her share towards building this gratifying State record. From the first her citizens have been, as a rule, obedient to the laws, faithful to their contracts and regardful of the rights of one another. Hence the records of her criminal courts show the commission of but little crime, while those of the civil tribunals exhibit but little litigation.

It would extend this sketch to too great a length were I to make individual reference to the various county officers who have from time to time conducted the county affairs. Suffice it to say, they will compare favorably with those of any other county in the State; and they may all be dismissed with that remark except one; a special reference to whom is absolutely necessary to make any historical sketch of Sutter county complete. He was not a pioneer. He came into the county a venerable relic handed down to us from the time we celebrate to-day. The same wintry locks and snowy beard that adorn his ancient brow and face to-day, the same hacking cough which seems to us to rend his frame and to tear his lungs to tatters, pointed him out then as now, and then as now he was greeted, "Ancient of days!" August Rosierucian! Immortal Wilcoxen!

Here I must close, with the hope that this imperfect sketch, written regardless of consecutive or chronological order, will, in some slight degree at least, assist the future historian in compiling his annals of old Sutter.

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PHIL W. KEYSER a Maryland lawyer who joined in the 1849 Gold Rush to California, became one of the prominent pioneers of the state. When the nation's centennial was celebrated July 4 1876, he was speaker for a public gathering at the Hock Farm in Sutter County. (His speech, as published by The Marysville Appeal, appears in this issue of THE BULLETIN.) Keyser practiced law in Nicolaus, Yuba City, Eliza, Marysville and for three years in Nevada. He was Marysville postmaster for four years beginning in 1853 and was elected to the State Senate in 1851. Returning to Yuba City he held several judgeships including election as the first Yuba-Sutter Superior Court jurist in 1880. Born in 1824 in Baltimore, Md., he died Dec. 15, 1890. (Photo courtesy of The Marysville-Yuba City Appeal-Democrat.)



PUBLISHED BY THOMPSON & WEST

21 SMITH STREET OAKLAND CAL.

RECEIVED BY JUDGE PHIL W. KEYSER, YUBA CITY

NOV 11 1890



### FROM THE PRESIDENT

Our April Dinner Meeting turned out successfully from what I could tell. Everyone enjoyed the delicious dinner prepared by the ladies of the Rio Oso Coffee Club. Our speaker, Bert Wiley of Sacramento, gave us good reason not to call the Emigrant Trail the Donner Trail. Seems the Donner Party were latecomers to the trail. The three music teachers from Live Oak, Marian McElroy, Helen Pierce, and Jan Schmidl and Jan's son James, gave a very entertaining Bicentennial skit. Even the weather cooperated. It was a balmy evening that makes it very pleasant for getting out.

We have a new supply of notepaper at the Museum for those who may be running short. Also the Museum has for sale a special collector's plate. This one has a sketch of the Sutter Buttes done by Grace Ettl. You had better hurry to get one as the supply is limited.

WANDA RANKIN  
President

### HONORARY MEMBER

EMIL J. ENGASSER, born February 21, 1886 in Nicolaus, has been listed as an honorary member of Sutter County Historical Society, having attained the age of 90 years. He was a son of Charles E. Engasser, a native of France, and Ida (Wessing) Engasser, born in Wisconsin, who came to this area as pioneers. Their family included four sons and a daughter, Mrs. Amelia Tyler. She lives in Nicolaus and has for some years been an honorary member of the Society. Emil J. Engasser married Edna Strawn in 1915, and they have lived on the family ranch in Nicolaus ever since. Their family includes two sons, Marion and Kenneth A. Engasser, also residents of Nicolaus. For many years Engasser, nicknamed "Babe", was prominent in baseball. He was a player and popular manager of a league team for Nicolaus.

### EDITORIAL COMMENT

For several years Norma Petro Harter has been providing us with a quarterly report on the progress of the Museum -- first of the construction and then of the financing of the construction. Her reports became a regular feature of our Bulletin. These reports were filled with human interest. They not only recorded the gifts of money needed to liquidate the debt hanging over the new museum; they reminded us of our friends and neighbors who have passed away. The reports also served as testimony of the esteem in which our departed friends were held.

We regret to state that Mrs. Harter will no longer prepare these reports. We regret this fact because we have come to consider her a member of our staff; and it is a little sad to lose members. However,

we are somewhat comforted by the hope that Curator Jean Gustin will include in her reports a list of donors to the memorial fund and a corresponding list of persons in whose memory the gifts are made.

#### COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM NOTES -- MY HOW THE TIME GOES BY

Jean Gustin, Curator

Commemorated in this issue is a Sutter County Speech of one hundred years ago along with the recognition of celebrating our nation's first two hundred years. Items in our museum are remnants and memories of these same eras and also of longer ago times -- years counted into the thousands for some of our Indian items. Our world is changing so rapidly. While only an expert can tell the difference between an Indian point made 2000 years ago and one that was fashioned at the time of John Sutter, items from the turn of the century, or even from the 1920's and 30's, have an "old" and "antique" look. They are remnants and memories of ways of work and life styles very different from the 1970's. Many items don't "make it" through the years to end up in a museum. But, even more important than things or items are the intangibles, the remnants and memories in the minds of people -- the remembrances of the way things were.

The Community Memorial Museum, by encouraging the writing of family histories, and by making it possible for these to be in the museum as a permanent record of the people who settled our area, recognizes the importance of this kind of information to the community. The Smithsonian Institution is encouraging the investigation of and the writing of family histories as one of their Bicentennial projects. What better way to celebrate the Bicentennial than for families to look into their own roots.

The museum commission, in discussing and planning for an Oral History Project, recognizes this as a vital need in the conservation and perpetuation of our local history. So much of what remains of events and ways of times gone past is in the minds of individuals. Once these people pass out of our world, the information is lost forever. An organized program of interviewing, taping, and transcribing these memories will transmit this unique information to future generations.

Some museum statistics -- 1969 gifts of individual items have been given to the museum by 100 donors in our first year of operation. There have been 5096 visitors to the museum and 77 groups of adults or children have taken advantage of our guided tour in our first eight months. Our museum auxiliary, formed in September, 1975 has averaged 70 hours of service per week, a total of 50 volunteers are presently active.

The museum "barn", a background for our display of tools and farm implements, was completed in April. It was made from wood taken from an over 100 year old barn in Live Oak that belongs to Mr. and Mrs. James Gentry. Our museum volunteer carpenter, Henry Zentner, used his talents to make a professional and realistic exhibit.

Henry's wife, Tessie Zentner, used her sewing talents to dress three dolls that had been repaired by Mrs. Milano of the Creative Clay Cottage. So many individuals and organizations in the community have been involved recently in museum activities -- the Yuba-Sutter Mineral Society with their monthly rotated display, the Yuba-Sutter Genealogy Society who have had a member in the museum twice a month to aid individuals in research, Mrs. Jane Roberts and our very talented local artists who have put on our "Performing Arts 1776" programs, Mrs. Grace Ettl who did the drawing of the Sutter Buttes for our museum commemorative plate, and the Sutter County Schools office who cooperated in our "Blessings of Liberty in Sutter County" Art Contest for children in grades Kindergarden through eight. The involvement of these individuals and groups makes us truly a community museum and enriches all who come to visit.

LIST OF DONORS TO THE COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM  
CONTINUED FROM THE APRIL BULLETIN

Phil & Eleanor Holmes	in memory of	Will F. Poole
Phil & Eleanor Holmes	in memory of	Isma Binninger
Mr. & Mrs. R.A. Schnabel	in memory of	Elizabeth Ritchie
Mr. & Mrs. R.A. Schnabel	in memory of	Ernest Behr
Howard & Norma Harter	in memory of	Ernest Behr
Yuba City Women's Club	outright gift	
Mr. & Mrs. Dick Brandt	in memory of	Ernest Behr
E. M. Brainard	outright gift	
Huntley-Sheely, Inc.	in memory of	Ernest Behr
Mr. & Mrs. W.R. Dawson	in memory of	Ernest Behr
Maxine H. Turner	in memory of	Jean A. Cutts
Jim & Betty Fletcher	in memory of	Cecil Davis
Donor anonymous	in memory of	Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Welter
Mrs. Verna M. Sexton	in memory of	Jewel O. Davis
Mr. & Mrs. R.A. Schnabel	in memory of	R. Bartley Burk
Dr. A.F. Petzinger	in memory of	Ernest Behr
Peggy Bartlett Allen	in memory of	Emily Munson Johnson
George G. Meckfessel	in memory of	Emily Munson Johnson
Delta Chapter, Alpha Sogma	outright gift	
Quota Club of Yuba City	outright gift	
Philip & Eleanor Holmes	in memory of	Richard Fuidge
Verna M. Sexton	in memory of	George Wm. Fernandez
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Sullivan	in memory of	Mrs. Philip Hoffman
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Sullivan	in memory of	Mrs. Frank Bremer
Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Schnabel	in memory of	Ralph V. Newcomb
Mr. & Mrs. Dick Brandt	in memory of	Ben Stevens
Mr. & Mrs. Dick Brandt	in memory of	Ralph Newcomb
Preceptor Zeta Psi	outright gift	
Leonard Harter Family	in honor of	Howard & Norma Harter

Mr. & Mrs. Burwell W. Ullrey	in memory of	Odell Rose Gibson
Howard & Norma Harter	in memory of	Sheldon F. Fuller
Earl & Florence Ramey	in memory of	Walter L. Walsh
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Welter	in memory of	Ella McLean
Howard & Norma Harter	in memory of	Mary Goetz

\* \* \* \* \*

Marysville Appeal May 17, 1864

American Flag Rises -- Some amateur kite flyer raised the American flag yesterday evening to an altitude nearly above the clouds. The kite was a large one, and in place of a tail, or where the tail is usually appended for ballast, a splendid little American flag was attached. Although the kite soared to a great height, the stars and stripes were very clearly distinguishable -- more so than the peculiar structure of the kite -- which appeared to be a square rigged sailor. We hope the height of this flag emblematic of its soaring over the bloody plains of Virginia.

Marysville Appeal April 16, 1914

City Should Take Action

Drainage Water a Menace Unless Piped Through the Town

Yuba City, April 15 -- During the winter months considerable discussion was heard concerning the advisability of petitioning the city trustees to take some action on the drainage sewer running south across Bridge street near the Chinese laundry. Last summer the water's flow was obstructed, causing a stench to arise, and from the present appearance, the same condition will exist this summer.

To fully eradicate the danger of stagnant water accumulating in the center of town the trustees should pipe the water from north of Bridge street to the southern limits of the town.

**This bulletin is  
continued in Part 2.**

Sutter County  
Historical Society  
News Bulletin  
Jul 1976  
Part 2

SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE SUTTER BUTTES  
1850 - 1900

by

ANITA LANEY

AARON PUGH (1822-1897) was a "49er", a fact that qualified him for membership in the Society of Pioneers, an organization whose membership was rigorously controlled. In order to qualify, an applicant had to have "arrived" in California prior to midnight, December 31, 1849. One could be accepted provided he could prove he was in California at the stroke of midnight but not one minute after. Application for membership was as scrupulously scrutinized as the legitimacy of the claims of an heir applicant to the crown of England, and as religiously bestowed. Such original honor could then pass only to the first born son of a descendant. And such today is the custom and just as jealously observed.

Mr. Pugh was a native of Ohio who joined the vanguard of the sudden wealth gold seekers. It is not certain but likely that he crossed the Plains in a covered wagon. Furthermore, he must have prospected for five years. For a fact, the first property he acquired was in the North Butte area in 1854, a squatters' title to a quarter section (160 A).

With time, he continued to acquire adjoining land, both farmable and pasture until he soon had holdings of approximately 1300 acres. His early squatters' title was recognized and in its place a patent title issued. The later presidential signatures on patent lands granted Pugh were as follows: R. B. Hayes, 1877; Chester A. Arthur, 1882; Grover Cleveland, 1887.

The standard size of these grants was 160 A. By the time of his death, 45 years from the squatters' title, records indicate he had title to more than 2000 acres, considerable of it comprising pinnacles, crags and chimney rocks -- picturesque, but hardly profitable.

He was a much married man, having married and buried three wives, thus fulfilling a gypsy prophecy made in his youth. He was a frugal man who planned for all eventualities. A simple, single-story home with a well and hand pump on the porch provided the necessities; the burial knoll to the west, the certainties. On this small knoll, originally bordered by a lacy wrought iron fence and shaded by several small oaks, the Pugh deceased rested serenely in final peace. Mr. Pugh called this valley "Peace Valley" and surely it is - both temporal and eternal.

In late life, Mr. Pugh had a leg amputated. Peritonitis had set in after a simple accident. Surgery took place on the dining room table in the Ballard home at Pennington. The fire box of the kitchen range was stoked with oak wood; kettles of water bubbled



and boiled in efficient readiness. Young Ballard was instructed in the way of anesthesia, "Hold the cotton swab to his nose, don't asphyxiate him, pull it away at times -- I don't want to kill him. If the fumes get to you and you feel nauseated, bend over with your head below your knees and hold the position momentarily. You might have to do it several times. The nausea will pass." Thus instructed by the doctor, the ingenue anaesthetist participated in the operation. A keen-edged saw and a sharp knife, properly sterilized in the boiling water, silently performed their duty in the capable hands of the doctor. The one sliced through the flesh above the knee, the other biting through the bone.

The patient recovered. Later he was fitted with a peg leg, which, when he sat, didn't bend but stuck out awkwardly in front of him. One of the more mechanically minded of the Ballard boys devised a hinged peg leg, the hinges locking into place in a standing position and unlocking in a sitting position, thus allowing for somewhat normal movement. Long after Mr. Pugh's death this neat contrivance hung from a nail in the barn until rescued by a granddaughter. She would have rescued the saw, too, but it had long since disappeared.

On a warm July day in 1887, this rugged pioneer breathed his last. He was survived by one daughter, Mrs. Al Hogeboom and left a wide circle of friends who had enjoyed the keen wit and joviality of this well-rounded personality. He was "laid out" in the home at Peace Valley. Services were conducted by the Gridley Masons, North Butte Lodge, F & A M of which he was a charter member. Interment was in the family Pugh Plot on the oak studded knoll of Peace Valley.

FREDERICK HOKE (1815-1885) was born in Germany. He was 29 years of age when he came to the United States. He did not tarry in the East but came West to the frontier which at that time was along the Mississippi Valley. It was here that he met Frederick Tarke with whom he soon became closely associated as staunch friend and agreeable business partner.

Mr. Hoke was employed in farming until 1850, when, succumbing to the lure of California's gold tales, he purchased a mule team and, with Frederick Tarke, headed west with the covered wagon. Upon arriving in Sacramento, he wasted no time in preparing for a prospector's life, and roughing it in the gold country. He spent several years in Smartsville on the Yuba River with varying degrees of success. Apparently, by now, vested capital was pushing the small independent operator to the wall. Mr. Hoke, in disgust, sold out to the "capitalists" in 1855.

He soon met up with Tarke again and the two men headed East to their old Mississippi Valley stomping ground. It is not known whether Mr. Hoke had left his heart in Iowa, but shortly after his arrival he married Louise Erke of that State. Mr. Tarke, too, had married and, in 1856, the two couples took their honeymoon trip to California via the mosquito infested Isthmus.

Back in California, the men headed for the Buttes. Why this particular spot was so appealing is not known. None-the-less, on the southwest side of South Butte, they set up their farming operations, starting out with a partnership on a squatters quarter section. In 1864 as their operations succeeded and became more complex (with heirs apparent), they dissolved the partnership.

Soon Mr. Hoke had over 1800 acres in Butte pasture, grain land and overflow land, the two former holdings being acquired from the United States government; the latter, from the State. He also received American citizenship papers, traveling to San Francisco to acquire the coveted status. Mr. Tarke, who had preceded him in this matter, served as his witness.

During this period, too, Mr. Hoke accumulated a family, two sons - William F. and Harman A., and two daughters - Mary Alice, (later wife of W. A. Straub) and Louisa (later wife of James Carroll). In all there were five children born. A son, Henry, died when he was five. Mr. Hoke built a fine two-story home in the West Butte area with an unobstructed view of his beloved Buttes. Rock walls bordered the roads, his pastures and grain lands. He doted on "blooded" animals - a fine herd of hardy Durham cattle, "standard" Roadsters and Percheron draft horses as well as fine bred mules. This was the life he loved.

In 1885, as his long-time and loyal friend, Frederick Tarke considered a European tour, he died suddenly, apparent victim of a heart attack. The body was prepared and laid out at home. Interment was in the Sutter Cemetery.

Eight years later, on February 2, 1893, his wife Louise died. She had been living with her son, William F. Hoke, at the home place. On the morning of February 2, William, as usual, knocked on his mother's bedroom door to announce breakfast. Receiving no response, he peeked in and noticed his mother lying strangely quiet in the bed. Startled, he entered the room to find she had passed away in the night. Services were again held in the home. She was interred in Sutter Cemetery by the side of her beloved.

RICHARD POWELL (1844-1922) born in Breconshire, South Wales, came to California via the Isthmus in 1855 with his family. He was 11 years old at the time. His father, William, tried his hand at mining but had little success. Farming was his love and to have a self-sufficient farm, his dream. Land was cheap -- there was so much of it, the government was anxious to get it productive in a hurry.

In 1866 William acquired 198 acres on a patent signed by President Andrew Johnson. This land was located on the northeast slope of the Buttes just west of Pennington. Here was erected their first home, where the Vantress hatchery stands. Other improvements followed including the ubiquitous rock fence that became a Sutter Buttes landmark as distinct as a mans signature.

In 1867 he acquired an additional 40 acres, patent land, also signed by President Johnson. Again in 1868, more land, this time 160 acres from Henry Eich who had served as a musician in Captain Jones Company, 41st Regiment, United States Infantry, California Indian War. Powell was the assignee. Many Butte lands were bounty lands. Men who had served in the war of 1812, the Civil War, the Mexican War, and the Indian Wars were granted 160 acres as a bonus payment after their service was completed.

These men became disillusioned with the non-productive Butte lands, and in a short while, looked for a buyer to bail them out at any price. Some just walked away from the land and, years later it was possible to ferret out these unpossessed lands and file a claim upon them. One 160 acre parcel in the Bragg Canyon area was claimed in the late 1930's. In 1871 William acquired an additional 50 acres. The farm acreage was increasing rapidly.

Then Richard got into the act. In 1877 he acquired from the State of California swamp and overflow lands amounting to 471 acres. Then in 1879 he acquired patent lands (160 A) signed by President Rutherford B. Hays.

By this time Powells, father and son, had title to 1239 acres some pasture, but most lowland farmable acres.

In 1883 William Powell, aged 86, passed away at the home place leaving his widow Jeannette and four sons. A daughter had died previously. The four sons in addition to Richard were: William, residing in Oakland, Howell, an attorney in San Francisco and Dr. David Powell, prominent Marysville physician.

Sometime during this period Richard married Annie Morgan, a recent emigrant from Wales. Richard, his mother and wife all lived together in the first home William had built.

In 1885 Richard completed construction of the big home, an Italianate style home with wide verandahs, on the point of the hill. This was the family gathering place until it was destroyed by fire in 1929.

Richard and Annie had eleven children - four boys and seven girls. They were born and reared in the home, all of them having been delivered by Richard's brother, Dr. David Powell.

All reached maturity - Owen, Gwen, William, the twins Alice and Agnes, David, Elizabeth, Aubrey, Lewellyn, Mary and Jeannette. Four are still living - Agnes (Mrs. Frank Willard); Lewellyn, on the home place; David in Seattle, and Jeannette (Mrs. Harold McNally).

When Richard died in 1922, he was buried in the Powell family vault in Piedmont Cemetery, Piedmont, California. His father William had bought this vault specifically as the burial place of his sons, never thinking that their wives might have different

thoughts. And so it was with Annie and, as time went on, she expressed her thoughts to her family.

The big home burned unexpectedly in 1929 with great loss of pictures, momentos, books, journals -- all the treasures stored away since 1855. The loss was great. After a bit Annie had a smaller home erected on the foundations of the old home and here she lived out the remainder of her life with her bachelor son Aubrey until he preceded her death.

She had purchased a lot in the Live Oak Cemetery and it was here she wished to be buried and she wanted Richard by her side. In April, 1953, she died just two months shy of her 85th birthday and was interred in her plot. The family immediately made arrangements to move Richard and very shortly he was placed by her side.

CHARLES HAWLEY (1844-1889) a native of Vermont, came around the Horn in 1850 with his mother and younger brother, his father and two other brothers having preceded them via the same route. Charles Hawley settled in Sutter County where he met and married Anna Getty, adopted daughter of Moore Getty. Anna's mother had been Mrs. Ann Kindall previously, and had two daughters by this marriage: Mary, born in 1847, and Anna, born in 1853. Mrs. Kindall's first husband had been gored to death by an ox. In 1866 she married his partner, Moore Getty. The children took his name.

The Hawleys had gone to Mendocino to engage in sheep raising and lived there eight years before returning to Sutter County where they moved back on to the old Getty ranch. From here Mr. Hawley successfully expanded his operations acquiring more land around the southeastern tip of the Buttes and extending onto the eastern side as far as Malott Road. By the time of his death at 45, he held title to approximately 2000 acres.

Charles and Anna were parents of four children: Maude, in San Jose; Josephine, Mrs. O'Banion; Herbert, San Jose; and Roland Henry who took over the family operations and further expanded them, acquiring a total of 2810 acres in the Buttes.

The obituary of Charles Hawley was simple: "December 26, 1889. Marysville Appeal. Charles Webster Hawley died near Sutter City last Tuesday evening after a brief illness. The funeral took place yesterday morning from the Methodist episcopal church, south Sutter City, the Rev. Mr. Belville of Yuba City officiating. Pall bearers were A. B. Coffey, W. G. Dewitt, J. L. Potter, J. Fields, James Haynes, T. J. Smith, A. Newcomb and R. W. Tharp. Interment was in the Sutter Cemetery."

Anna Getty Hawley survived her husband for more than 40 years. She lived in San Jose with her bachelor son, Herbert, until he married. After that she lived in San Jose with her spinster daughter, Maude, until Anna had to be put in a rest home. She had a habit of running away. At the rest home one night, she crawled out the window. It was a long fall on the outside and she broke her hip. She died in San Jose. The funeral was held in Sutter with interment in Sutter Cemetery.



WILLIAM SANDERS (1839-1903) born in Tennessee, came to California in 1856 driving an ox team across the Plains. The trip took four months, ending in Sacramento. He didn't go in for mining but rather worked on a sawmill at Forbestown. He worked in Butte County as a teamster for five years. He drifted into farm labor for a year in the Chico area; then on to the Sacramento River in freighting and, finally, back to Chico, again driving a team. From 1864-1868 he engaged in freighting from Oroville to Butte Valley, driving an ox team.

In the meanwhile, he had homesteaded 160 acres north of Yuba City about six miles. The soil was so rich and farming so profitable he gave up his outside jobs and concentrated on farming and experimenting with crops. He continued to pick up additional acreages not necessarily adjoining the home place operation. One of his astute purchases was buying a squatters title on 320 acres for \$150 -- less than \$5 acre! Sometime before 1900 he acquired 1400 acres of land in Bragg Canyon which forms the great eastwest slit just south of North Butte. The eastern portion of the slit is called Blue Creek Canyon and opens out onto the valley floor at the E. J. Howard home on Howard lane, immediately west of East Butte Road.

Bragg Canyon, named after Elias M. Bragg, who had patent title from the United States government for 187 acres on the north side of the Canyon just west of North Butte, was a fairly wide deep valley running westward to West Butte Road. Rimmed on the south by the north slope of the cone that once formed the north side of the late volcano, and on the north side by spiny ridges of exposed magma, it offers a picturesque and protected spot for calving and lambing. This canyon was held by the Sanders heirs until the 1950's when it was sold to the Steidelmayers of Colusa.

Besides this choice piece of pasture land, Mr. Sanders acquired over a period of time, 2167 acres of fertile farmland. A large home was built on Sanders Road. Later, the Northern Electric Railway went through the land just east of the home place. The station here was called Sanders.

In 1867 Mr. Sanders married Matilda Longcor, a native of Illinois, who had come to California in 1859 and settled at Browns Valley. From this union came six children, five of whom survived to adulthood. They are as follows: George Lee, doctor residing in Oakland; Ada A., Mrs. Mathew Sullenger; Ida E., wife of Mark Pease, near Yuba City; Sara C., wife of Richard Porter, Yuba City and William H., manager of the Sanders Ranch.

On January 10, 1905 the following obituary appeared in the Appeal: "William Sanders, prominent here since 1857, died suddenly on Sunday at his home near Yuba City. The deceased was a native of Tennessee, aged 65 years one month and one day. He was one of the directors of the Farmers Union Bank of Yuba City, and was the soul of integrity and honor, being much respected by his neighbors and large circle of friends. He was a member of Good Templars, a Granger and, with his wife, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church south of Yuba City.

He leaves a wife, two sons, Dr. George Sanders of San Francisco and William Henry Sanders of the home place and three daughters, Mrs. Richard Porter, Mrs. Mathew Sullenger and Mrs. Mark Pease, all of Sutter County. The funeral will take place from his late home tomorrow (Wednesday) morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Yuba City Cemetery at 1:00 p.m.

According to Mr. Sanders' granddaughter, Almeda Sullenger Dahneke, he had suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage and was gone quickly.

After the death of Mr. Sanders, Mrs. Sanders moved to Oakland where she resided at the time of her death.

Mrs. Dahneke remembered her grandparents as being hardworking people, and as being very fond of the grandchildren. She remembered her delight in visiting with them, of the fun at the home place -- of Christmas and the big tree in the living room with candles and popcorn and cranberry garlands and the teddy bear (the very first time teddy bears hit the market). She recalled the Chinese cook lifting her onto the chair so she could help with the dinner and the aroma of good things cooking. And hog killing time in the late fall after the first cold weather, of putting the hams and bacon sides in the smokehouse, of grinding pork for sausages. And on the long, hot summer days, how the reapers brought in the sheaves of wheat and barley to be run through the thrashing machine to separate the grain from the chaff. Busy days for a little girl!

ALLEN S. NOYES (1826-1904) was born in Amherst, New Hampshire and was raised by an uncle, his parents having died when he was quite young. He was a carpenter by trade, having served five years in apprenticeship.

He left Newsburport, Massachusetts in 1849, coming around the Horn to San Francisco where he arrived in time to qualify for membership in the Society of Pioneers. Upon his arrival here, he headed for Marysville and from there to Foster's Bar where he mined for several years.

Two years later he returned to Massachusetts where he married Philena Cilley. With her, he returned to California via the Isthmus and settled once more at Foster's Bar, this time engaged in the butcher business. This was profitable but not what he really wanted. Further, he had given security for a friend and in 1857 was called upon to pay the debt -- a shattering sum that put him in a financial bind.

In 1854 he had acquired 160 acres on the west side of the Buttes - midway between North Butte Road and Butte Pass Road. This is where he moved in 1857. From this nucleus he expanded, acquiring many acres of overflow lands from the State and many acres of patent land from the Federal Government, and bounty lands from the service men - those who had served in the wars of 1812, Mexican war, and Indian wars. For some of these quarter section sites he paid as little as \$50 for the whole 160 acres, which averages out to a little more than 30¢ an acre.

As his acquisitions grew (2000 acres before his death) and his wealth increased, he centered a number of buildings around the home place, such as a blacksmith shop, barns and storage sheds - giving it the appearance of a village, hence the name Noyesburg. He deeded two acres of his property to the Trustees of the Noyesburg School District to be used as a cemetery which bears his name. He donated an acre to the school - for the land on which the school stood for many years. The old school building still stands, although rather precariously, now serving as a storage shed.

Mr. and Mrs. Noyes had two children -- one died in infancy -- the survivor, Edward A. Noyes, was born on the ranch in 1856. He married Isabella Dean, daughter of Thomas Dean, in 1876 and they, in time, were parents of five children -- all sturdy, strong survivors, but with only one boy, Charles A., to carry on the family name. The Noyes children were as follows: Bernice (Mrs. O. W. Hill); Abbie (Mrs. Tony Vagades); Myrtle (Mrs. James L. Haynes); Charles A. (married to Harriett Maud Miller); Edna (Mrs. Elroy Meyer).

Mr. Noyes died at the family home on October 13, 1904. Services were held at the home, the Rev. Dobbins of Colusa officiating. He was interred in the Noyesburg Cemetery by the side of his wife who had died the previous year.

The only living member today is Harriett Noyes, wife of Charles. She and Charles were married in Santa Cruz in 1912. They returned to Noyesburg and lived in the big home built by Charles' father, Allen S., for that first year. According to Mrs. Noyes, the home was a two-story ranch house with verandahs all around upstairs and downstairs and that the upstairs verandah was covered with a roof. It was her understanding that the beautiful doors in the home had been freighted around the Horn. This home had been sold to market-hunting Sacramento gun club and shortly thereafter it had burned.

The Edward Noyes family had moved to Santa Cruz in 1909 and it was here that she had met Charles. She believes the ranch was sold sometime in 1912 or 1913.

HERMAN ERKE (1820-1874) born in Germany, came to California in the 1850's and like all the men who moved into California in these first years after the discovery of gold, prospected in the La Porte area for a few years, with success. In 1868 he married Charlotte Marie Hartstronberg while on a trip to Germany and returned to California on the honeymoon trip.

Mr. Erke acquired 40 acres of patent land, the patent signed by President Ulysses S. Grant. This land was bounded by South Butte road on its southern border, a few miles west of the community then known as South Butte (now Sutter). His first step in improving the property was to build his home, a simple 1½ structure -- ample for their needs. In time he added the outbuildings and cleared the property which was covered with innumerable rocks. He bordered his property with rock walls -- the rocks being plentiful.

As his family grew, so did his holdings. By 1884, he had four children and over 400 acres. Most of his land was patent land but



he had acquired a parcel of overflow land from the State. This was rich productive soil but subject to seasonal flooding. Mr. Erke prospered through hard work and good management; the future looked promising.

While his more affluent neighbors had Chinese help to build rock walls and clear the land, Mr. Erke had none. One hot summer day, as he stacked the rocks neatly into the walls for another needed pasture, he collapsed from heat stroke. It was fatal. Sorrowfully, Charlotte purchased a lot in Stohlman Cemetery and there he was interred a short distance from his home on the hill.

Charlotte at 28 was a widow with four young ones dependent on her, the youngest three months, the oldest five. Family duties, farm chores, crops and livestock, left no time for commiseration. Pressures kept her moving. Fortunately, the neighbors were considerate. Two of her stalwart helpers, successful farmers close at hand, were Frederick Tarke and Frederick Hoke. The latter was somewhat related since his wife, Louise Erke Hoke was a relative.

With proper guidance, Charlotte prospered. Although her workload had not eased, her money problems had and she was financially secure.

In 1880 she lost her third daughter, Charlotte, then nine years old. Charlotte placed her by the side of her father in Stohlman Cemetery. Now she was left with three, Maria Elise (Lizzie), 13; Wilhelmina Laura (Minnie), 10 1/2; and Herman August, 6 1/2.

After 10 years of widowhood she met the man destined to change her life drastically! His name was P. D. Gardemeyer, a suave and handsome super-salesman who knocked on her door one day. He was selling sewing machines and patent gates. What he actually sold was P. D. Gardemeyer! On January 31, 1884 they were married.

Now a whirlwind life began -- a complete change from the existence that had been her lot. Now there were trips to San Francisco, dinners out, new faces. P. D. (as he was known) had a dream; Charlotte was the means by which it could be realized. P. D. dreamed of a metropolis -- at South Butte (now Sutter), but to bring the dream into reality would take money. The Erke ranch (all 480 acres of it) was the source. Sell it for hard cash. Without further ado, Charlotte did. The source of her wealth was now gone; the fountain dried up.

They moved into South Butte. P. D. planned and built a Queen Anne style house -- all turrets and cupolas, balconies and bays. The most flamboyant home south of the Carson Mansion in Eureka. In fact, the home was called "The Mansion." It stood on Acacia Street south of the present high school and was surrounded by formal gardens.

Charlotte was happy -- life was gay, diverse, challenging. P. D. was happy; money was available; plans were progressing; people were gullible. His dream of the metropolis was almost within his grasp.

But, suddenly, all was not well. The dream had turned into a nightmare. He had over extended himself and his obligations were greater than his assets. The bubble burst, and, as the dream vanished, so did P. D. By 1891 Charlotte was alone again; seven years from the day she had married P. D. Seven years of a dizzying pace -- plummeted to earth again to the hard core of realities. The money was gone, the ranch and P. D. were gone!

The calamity of her position, at first unknown, became accutely pressing as claims were brought to bear upon her; as more and more fraudulent manipulations became cruelly exposed. She was now bankrupt with no idea of the extent of her liabilities.

Two horrifying years went by, the last worse than the preceding. To keep food on the table became a major problem. She had her family, Johnny Gameyer, nine, and Herman, her first born, to maintain. Further, she was stuck with a gardener, a carryover from the last dark days of P. D. This was Peter Schmitt, one of the many unhappy investors in P. D.'s golden dreams, and he was perhaps the most unhappy of them all. He had invested his all in a lot only to find it had been sold twice, the first buyer holding title. He demanded return of his money. P. D. promised -- but didn't perform. To placate the man, P. D. gave him a job and a place to sleep -- the tank house, and, importantly, meals to be cooked by Charlotte! Charlotte, left to bear the burden of this sullen, uncommunicative man, tried to keep the peace but, at times, she lost. And one of these times was now drawing near.

On a darkening evening in late November, just before Thanksgiving, the situation climaxed. Carrying a gun on his person, Schmitt entered the "Mansion" long after the dinner hour had passed and demanded his meal -- hot! The stove had long gone cold. Charlotte refused to stoke it up again. Witnessing the confrontation were her two sons and her married daughter, Minnie Beecroft with her nine month old daughter. Charlotte's refusal was the spark that kindled the smoldering hate that unhinged his reason. He fired! Charlotte sprang to grapple for the gun. He fired again and again! She was struck a mortal blow as a bullet punctured her abdomen. She lasted three agonizing days terminated by peritonitis that closed her eyes forever. No longer baffled and buffeted by the world's hurly-burly, at 47 she was interred by the side of Herman, joining her husband and daughter in that final and "eternal peace that surpasseth all understanding."

FREDERICK PETER TARKE 91824-1888) a native of Westphalia, Germany, arrived in the United States in 1844. He apparently came west to the Mississippi River area shortly after his arrival and worked as a deckhand on a river boat for several years. After being injured in a boiler explosion, when the over heated engine blew up during a river race, he left that employment and engaged in safer farm work for the next two years. About this time he met Frederick Hoke, also a native of Germany, and formed a friendship that lasted a lifetime.

In 1850, no longer able to resist the lure of California, young Tarke along with young Hoke, purchased a set of six mule teams and

drove across the Plains in the company of a wagon train.

On arrival in Sacramento in the fall of 1850, both men sold their teams and outfitted for the mines. Tarke to Rough and Ready; Hoke to Smartsville.

Tarke mined along the Yuba River during the winter months of 1850-51; then, hearing of a fabulous gold strike at Rich Bar on the east fork of the Feather, he departed immediately for Sacramento to resupply himself for venturing to this promising new diggings.

On the way, a few miles up in the foothills from Bidwell's Place, he encountered a fierce snowstorm. Neither man nor beast could proceed further, as snow drifts piled 20 feet high. After the storm had subsided and he was able to get through to the diggings he found the miners half starved, supplies dangerously low. An equal weight of flour could be exchanged for an equal weight of gold.

Tarke continued with varying degrees of success to mine until 1855. At that time, meeting his friend Hoke again, it was decided to return to the Missouri area for a short visit. Love must have been the lure this time. Both married, Tarke chose as his bride, Marie Louise Stohlman, a German girl residing in Iowa; Hoke, also a German girl, Louisa Erke of Iowa.

In 1856, the newly married couples headed for California via the Isthmus on their honeymoon trip -- their destination Sutter County. Jointly the two men acquired squatters title to a quarter section of land on the West Butte area. After additional acquisitions, they eventually split their partnership in 1864, each acquiring large land holdings adjacent to the other.

Mr. Tarke eventually held ownership to three thousand acres of land, acquiring patent lands from the United States government and overflow lands from the State of California. For the latter he paid \$1.25 per acre. Butte hill was also cheap, full of boulders and limited grazing.

With the help of cheap Chinese labor, the hill lands were cleared, the boulders stacked into uniform rock walls that criss-crossed the large pastures. Chinese families lived on the ranch, their children attending Farmer's grade school that at one time stood at the southwest corner of the intersection of Mawson and Butte Pass roads.

Under the frugal and perceptive management of Mr. Tarke, the ranch expanded and prospered. The marriage was also fruitful, three children survived to carry on the family tradition, Louis, the heir apparent, Anna (later wife of William Haw, an extensive landholder) and Emma (later wife of Ralph Graves of Modesto).

With prosperity, Mr. Tarke was at length able to relax and enjoy life. In 1876 leaving his son Louis, now 20, in charge of the ranch, he returned East with his family and spent two months visiting friends and relations in the Missouri-Iowa area.

Young Louis had apparently managed the ranch quite well in his father's absence. In 1885 the senior Mr. Tarke, giving Louis full control of the ranch, returned to Germany for a long visit -- an outstanding example of the boy who had made good in America. While he was gone, Louis had the large home built on West Butte Road, a handsome Victorian home which still delights the eye. Upon Mr. Tarke's return from Europe, he retired to Oakland but continued to visit the ranch.

It was on one of these visits that the tragic accident which took his life occurred. On a sunny Saturday in April, 1888, Mr. Tarke, visiting at the ranch, unfortunately tried his skill in attempting to force a recalcitrant mare to accept her suckling foal. She let loose with a vicious kick that caught Mr. Tarke fully in the stomach. It was a massive injury. Anna, his eldest daughter, witnessing the act, ran to her father's aid. She helped him to the house, quickly made him as comfortable as possible and then rushed out to call in the hired men, one of whom she immediately dispatched to Meridian for the doctor.

The doctor came immediately to tend Mr. Tarke. Upon examination, he prescribed bed treatment, expressing an opinion that he did not think the injury serious, but in any case, assuring the patient he would look in on him in the morning. For Mr. Tarke the night was one of intense suffering. In the morning the doctor arrived as promised, took one look at the sufferer, and quickly dispatched a rider for another physician at Colusa, some distance away. Before the other doctor arrived Mr. Tarke had expired.

He was laid out in the parlor of the big ranch home. Here his many friends and relatives came in sorrow and to express remorse that their community had lost a leading, upright citizen who had been an inspiration and a comfort to all who knew him. Sadly he was interred in the Stohlman Cemetery around the curve of the hill from home. His wife, Marie Louise, died 14 months later on June 21, 1889 and she was buried at his side.

HENRY SHERMAN GRAVES (1830-1888), a member of the Society of Pioneers, was born in Connecticut but went with his parents to Iowa at an early age. Shortly after the move, the father died; the boy lived with his mother until he was nineteen. The year was 1849; a raging gold fever swept through the country. Young Graves was not immune. He joined a wagon train heading west driving a team of oxen across the Plains. In late 1849 he arrived in Sacramento and got his first job running pack teams to the mines. During the winters he engaged in farming a small parcel of land he had acquired at the north end of the Buttes through squatters title. In 1852, he decided to make his permanent home here and started improvements by building a home, some out-buildings, surrounding all with rock walls. At the same time he continued his arduous running of pack trains to the mines along with boating provisions from Sacramento to Marysville. Throughout this hectic hustle and bustle he continued to acquire title to lands in Townships 17 North, Range 1 and 2 East and 16 north, Range 1 East.



In 1862, he met and married Mary Terstegge Darple, young widow of George Darple who had come to California on her honeymoon trip, crossing the Plains by oxteam. Mary and Henry had six children: 3 boys and 3 girls all of whom grew to adulthood -- a remarkable achievement in those days.

About 1865 Mr. Graves built the big home (now in the Brady estate) on North Butte Road, a two-story structure with wide verandas to house his growing family.

He continued to acquire land, buying patent lands from the Federal Government squatter's titles by preemption, and from the State overflow lands and school lands until by 1888 he had accumulated 4000 acres. The major portion was in pasture lands where several thousand sheep grazed. The balance was farmable land devoted to wheat and barley.

He and his wife Mary were staunch supporters of the Good Templars, a branch of the Masonic order, and dedicated to total abstinence.

In the spring of 1888, Mr. Graves took to bed with a heavy cold that turned into pneumonia, so fatal in those days. He did not survive.

On the morning of June 3, 1888, the remains of Henry S. Graves, aged 58 years, 3 months and 29 days, were sorrowfully viewed for the last time at his home by his many friends and relatives. His body was interred in the Noyesburg Cemetery.

Mrs. Graves lived for many years longer, dying January 31, 1917 in Gridley, where she was visiting. She had attended the funeral of a friend a few days earlier, caught a cold that went into pneumonia to which she quickly succumbed. The funeral services were held in the family home on North Butte Road. Interment was in the Noyesburg Cemetery.

CHRISTOPHER COCKRILL (1822-1891) came from Kentucky to California in 1849, thus qualifying as a member of the Society of Pioneers. He invested heavily in Marysville property -- both lots and commercial properties. The Garrett Building, which occupied a large area of Third and E streets west of High, was owned by him. A profitable wholesale firm as well as a mint saloon occupied the building. Mr. and Mrs. Cockrill lived in an elegant large apartment on the second floor.

Over a period of a few years he acquired a large acreage on the eastern slope of the Buttes, the property ranging from the Richard Powell property on the north; the E. S. Howard property below Sanders Road intersection on the south; in width, it ranged from Snake Creek on the east to North Butte on the west and totaled well over 4000 acres, being one of the largest holdings in the Buttes. The property extended largely over Township 16 North, Range 2 East (property now held by Elwood McPherrin and others)

He had political ambitions and ran for supervisor several times unsuccessfully. Apparently he was a real money maker but could not carry the popular vote -- perhaps a little envy crept in to warp the view. His wife, Cynthia Ann, 14 years his junior, was liked well enough. The grandchildren spoke fondly of their grandmother.

Mr. Cockrill suffered a fatal heart attack while on the train enroute from San Francisco to Marysville. W. G. Murphy of Marysville, attorney for the Cockrills, was notified by Mrs. Cockrill as follows: "My husband is dead. Take care of his safe until you see me. Send word to Ben (a son) at Butte Ranch."

The following facts were afterwards ascertained and appeared in his obituary: "As the train which left San Francisco last evening at 4:30 was approaching Port Costa, a passenger in one of the cars fell dead. He was a large man and had a ticket for Marysville." As his death occurred in Contra Costa County, his body was left at Port Costa.

Some of the passengers wanted to examine his pockets in hopes of discovering his identity but were advised by Sheriff Hale of Alameda County, who was on the train, not to do so.

The coroner found on his person a letter addressed to C. Cockrill, Pennington, Sutter County, and signed "Your daughter, Jennie," 30 Fair Oaks, San Francisco. The coroner notified her by telegraph and on the arrival of the wife and daughter, the remains were recognized as those of Christopher Cockrill.

"The deceased was a native of Kentucky, about 69 years of age; was a member of the Pioneer Society. He was owner of the building occupied by Garrett's store and mint saloon which property is worth about \$20,000.00. He was also owner of a ranch at the Buttes worth about \$60,000.00. An inquest will be held at Port Costa today. The deceased was a member of Oriental Lodge #45, I.O.O.F. His wealth is estimated at \$200,000.00."

He was interred in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. After his death, Cynthia Ann disbursed the Butte holdings giving each of 4 daughters the following acreages: Lillian Sammels, 1000 acres; Jennie Sexton, 1320 acres; Grace Horning, 1060 acres; Kate Bloomfield, 1510 acres. Other arrangements were made for Ben, the son.

Mrs. Cockrill died in 1914 and was interred beside her husband in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland.

JOHN HENRY BROCKMAN, JR. (1845-1924) was born in Missouri, the third of the five children of John Henry, Sr. and Clare Brockman. John Henry, Sr. crossed the Plains to California in 1852 and prospected for gold in the Grass Valley area. Falling in love with the land and resdving to make his home here, he returned to Missouri, gathered his wife and children, bought a large herd of cattle, joined a party of

emigrants, and driving the cattle in front of him, headed west again. After six months the party arrived in the Sacramento Valley via Beckwourth Pass.

Brockman, Sr. and family located in the Browns Valley area and shivered through that first winter in a canvas house. He fenced and cleared a large tract of land, getting first a possessory right via a squatter's title which was later preempted by a patent title. Here he lived until his death in 1861, when John Henry, Jr. was 16.

At 19 John Henry struck out on his own. He went to work on the Hoke Ranch at West Butte for \$1.00 a day. Hoarding his wages, he managed, over a year or so, to accumulate \$400.00. With this he bought 200 old but still producing ewes, rented some Butte pasture for a pittance, and became an independent operator. His venture prospered. In 1873 when he was 28, he held title to 400 acres of Butte pasture land, and was in partnership with Frederick Hoke, an amicable and profitable arrangement that lasted 16 years.

In these early days (1873) the central Butte lands were still wide open range. There were no title holders to put up "No Trespassing" signs. Rock walls served as holding corrals -- but otherwise, the sheep, properly marked, grazed wherever the grass grew tall.

John Henry's center of operation could be reached from Butte Pass Road, at a site in the canyon, later called Brockman, where the first gas well was dug. Here, in 1875, after his marriage at 30 to Adella Chapell, he erected a small home, hereafter known as the "homeplace."

Adella's father, William Chapell, (1833-1915) owned 240 acres adjoining the Brockman property on the west. He had come west from Illinois in 1862, when he was 29, did some prospecting and then settled down to farming, having acquired title to the Buttes acreage. In those days, even prior to hydraulic mining, the lowlands were subject to frequent inundations by rampaging rivers; the Buttes constituted a dry island in a wet plain. Mr. Chapell had brought his family with him -- his wife Mary, daughters Adella, Luella, Minnie and Irma and had chosen this safe, dry spot.

By 1900, at which time partnership with Hoke, having been dissolved, John Henry held title to 640 acres in the Twin Peaks area and, with his son William Henry, had doubled his acreage, now holding title to approximately 1300 acres -- all sheep grazing land. His original 200 ewes were the proud predecessors of a 5000 head flock.

From 1872 to 1885, John Henry did in sheep trailing what the cowboys of the western plains did in cattle trailing. He trailed sheep -- sometimes 10,000 of them -- over the Siskiyou Mountains from Oregon to California. No one was inspired, unfortunately, to romanticize and immortalize the story of these great drives,



interweaving them as song and saga into the fibre of the literary culture of the West -- such as has been done with the great cattle drives. Perhaps nothing romantic was to be seen in a massed herd of sheep, closely packed woolly backs of muted gray, bobbing up and down, winding slowly, imperturbably under the hot sun from one pasture to the other. And as they moved, churning the road bed into a smothering, clinging dust cloud visible for miles to which the farm wife, on seeing, automatically responded: "Shut the windows! The sheep are coming!"

As the end of the 19th century rolled around, John Henry, looking at his own time clock, concluded that he wasn't getting any younger. By 1913 he sold his holdings. But still feeling too young to retire, he entered a related business -- wholesale meat packing -- both sheep and cattle -- in Fruitvale, California. William Henry, his son, joined as a partner. The business lasted until the death of William from the deadly flu epidemic that swept the country in 1918.

John Henry came back to Sutter County, to his home at the southwest corner of Bridge and Shasta streets, Yuba City, a two-story white home, serene under its huge shade trees and secure behind its white picket fence, a handsome home on a tree lined street.

John Henry and Adella had had five children, now only three were left -- Minnie dead in 1907 and William dead in 1918 (leaving a wife and five children). Survivors were: Lula Mae, wife of B. M. Stevenson; Irma C., wife of Walter Bryant; and Gladys Adelle, wife of Jack Howard.

In 1924 the sands of time ran out for John Henry. He passed away at his beloved home and was buried in Sutter Cemetery.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEVENSON (1830-1899) was born in Madison County, Missouri. In 1850 he and his brother Robert K. Stevenson came to California driving an oxteam across the Plains. Upon arrival they outfitted themselves for the mines for a try at prospecting. Mr. Stevenson spent three years at Ousley's Bar on the Yuba River.

He must have had some success because he was able to return to Missouri in 1854 where he married the girl he'd left behind him -- Sarah Ann Compton (of his home county). Their honeymoon was spent on the trail to California and they lived at Ousley's Bar in a simple cabin. Mr. Stevenson tried his luck at several diggings with less than spectacular success; then finally settled at Oroville where he spent the next 11 years. Here, in 1866, Sarah Ann died, leaving him with three young daughters to raise.

Not too long thereafter, he left the mining fields, having decided that farming had far more charm. Mr. Stevenson, after looking around in Sutter County, acquired title to 204 acres just off West Butte Road near Noyesburg. Here he settled down to the loneliness of widowhood and the bafflement of raising the three daughters, Elizabeth (later married Richard Moon, Chico); Amelia (later married Mr. Burch; after his death, Mr. Lohman), and Odelia Carolyn (later married Malcomb Knock; after his death, Dr. Lund). These young ones

were very much in need of a mother.

In 1870 Mr. Stevenson returned to Missouri and there married Louisa Jane Counts. This marriage resulted in three children: Daniel McKenzie (married Lulu May Brockman); Benjamin Franklin, Jr. (married Edith Nall); and Louisa (married Robert Emery).

Mr. Stevenson died at the ranch in 1899. The Appeal on March 8 printed the following: "At West Butte, Sutter, County, California, March 7, B. F. Stevenson, Sr., a native of Missouri, aged 69 years. The funeral will take place Thursday morning at 11 o'clock under the auspices of Enterprise Lodge, F. & A.M. Interment, Noyesburg Cemetery."

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Sutter County Patent Books - A to E  
Homestead Book A  
Mining Claims  
Death Records

##### NEWSPAPERS - OBITUARIES

Appeal Marysville  
Banner Sutter  
Sentinel Sutter

##### MAPS

Sutter County Plat Maps  
1873, 1895, 1900, 1906, 1910

##### DESCENDANTS AND CONFEREES

Mrs. Leo Wadsworth	granddaughter	Herman Erke P. D. Gardemeyer
Mrs. Erwin Dahneke	granddaughter	William Sanders
Mrs. Arthur Sullenger	grandniece-in-law	
Mrs. Fred Tarke	granddaughter-in-law	Frederick Peter Tarke
Mrs. Eldon Tarke	granddaughter-in-law	

Mrs. Frank Willard	daughter	Richard Powell
Mrs. Owen Powell	daughter-in-law	
Mrs. Keith Kenyon	granddaughter	Frederick Hoke
Cecil Syraub	grandson	
Mrs. Owen Powell	granddaughter	Henry Sherman Graves
Mrs. Roy Welch	granddaughter	John Henry Brockman
Mrs. John Palmer	granddaughter	Benjamin Franklin Stevenson
Mrs. Ray Redhair	step-granddaughter	Aaron Pugh
Mrs. Kirk Sexton	granddaughter-in-law	Christopher Cockrill
Mr. Hal Hawley	grandson	Charles Webster Hawley
Mrs. Charles Noyes	granddaughter-in-law	Allen S. Noyes

#### REMARKS

Time, space and the budget are the factors limiting the extent of this article on the pioneer settlers of the Buttes, limits over which the writer has no control. Enough biographical data has been gathered for a sequel if the readers wish. My apologies to the many deserving Pioneers omitted through the necessity of meeting these limitations.

ANITA LANEY

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anita Laney, a 4th generation Californian and a native of Sutter County, received her early education in Sutter County rural schools and the Convent of Notre Dame, Marysville. Her college degrees were received from U.C. at Berkeley. She taught English for many years in local high schools and at Yuba College. During that time she became very active in educational, community and charitable organizations. For her service she has received recognition at national level as well as at local level.

She has written many articles on local history and has spoken to many organizations throughout northern California.

She is the wife of Francis E. Laney, whom she joined in real estate in 1957, has two sons, Francis E. Jr. and Peter O., and four grandsons and one granddaughter.

**This bulletin is  
continued in Part 3.**

Sutter County  
Historical Society  
News Bulletin  
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Part 3



## ERRATI

- Page 5     Line 29 - married three and buried three
- Page 6     Line 7   - anesthetist  
            Line 11 - bit through the bone
- Page 7     Line 26 - Noyesburg Cemetery  
            Line 34 - Noyesburg Cemetery
- Page 9     Line 4   - mementoes  
            Line 35 - "Methodist" Episcopal Church South  
            Line 37 - J. L. Pottel  
            Line 47 - internment
- Page 10    Line 50 - Methodist Episcopal Church South
- Page 11    Line 6   - internment  
            Line 29 - Newburyport
- Page 12    Line 30 - a market-hunting  
            Line 31 - duck instead of gun  
            Line 39 - not Germany but Missouri  
            Line 44 - 1 1/2 story structure
- Page 13    Line 34 - Metropolis  
            Line 47 - Metropolis
- Page 14    Line 14 - Johnny Gardemeyer
- Page 15    Line 41 - William Hawn
- Page 16    Line 31 - Noyesburg Cemetery
- Page 17    Line 1   - Mary Terstette Darple  
            Line 28 - internment
- Page 19    Line 1   - immigrants
- Page 20    Line 17 - 1918
- Page 21    Line 30 - omit P. D. Gardemeyer
- Page 22    Line 4   - Cecil Straub

PIONEERS AND WIVES OF EARLY PROPERTY  
OWNERS IN THE SUTTER BUTTES

Frederick Tarke	1824-1888	Marie Louise (Stohlmann)	1831-1889
Frederick Hoke (no picture)	1815-1885	Mary Louise (Erke)	1831-1893
William Sanders	1839-1908	Matilda (Longcor)	1849-1929
Herman Erke P. D. Gardemeyer	1820-1874	Charlotte (Harstromberg) (two husbands)	1846-1893
Richard Powell	1844-1922	Anna (Morgan)	1868-1953
Christopher Cockrill	1822-1891	Cynthia Ann (Bradley) (no picture)	1836-1914
B. F. Stevenson	1830-1899	Sara Ann (Compton) Louisa Jane (Counts)	1830-1866 1829-1898
Allen S. Noyes	1826-1904	Philena (Cilley) (no picture)	1831-1903
Henry S. Graves	1830-1888	Mary (Terstette-Darple)	1833-1917
John H. Brockman	1845-1924	Adella (Chapell) (no picture)	1858-1950
William Chapell	1833-1915	Mary (Long) (no picture)	1834-1900
Charles Hawley	1844-1889	Anna (Getty)	1852-1937
Aaron Pugh	1822-1897	1. Jane Colder (married 5-24-1857) (no picture)	
		2. Nancy Clocks (married 8-3-63) (no picture)	
		3. Mary Fairlee-Pugh (Williams) 1827-1895 (no picture)	
William F. Hoke - son of Frederick		1. Katherine (Shore)	
		2. Ella - Jones (Carroll)	



FREDERICKE TARKE



LOUISE TARKE



RICHARD POWELL



ANNIE POWELL



WILLIAM SANDERS



MATILDA SANDERS



P. D. GARDEMEYER



WILLIAM F. AND ELLA HOKE

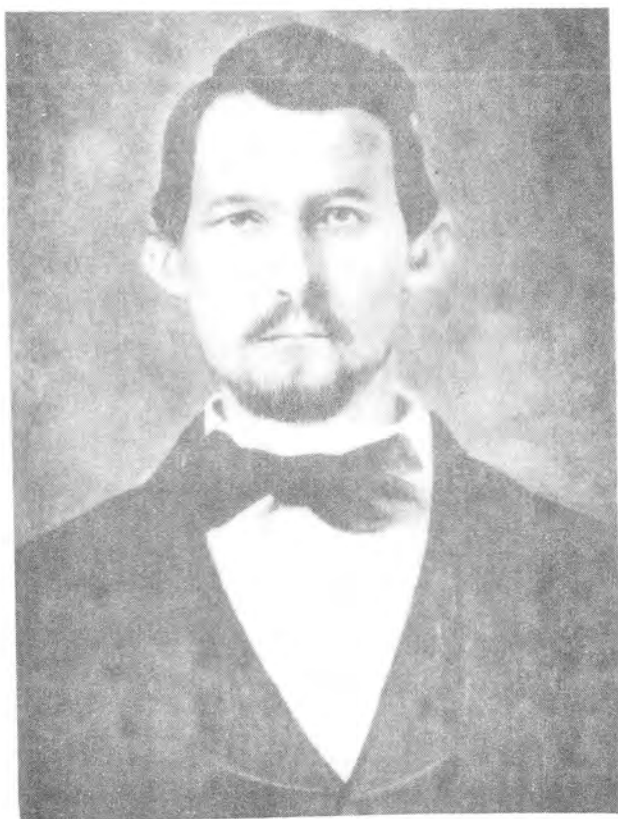




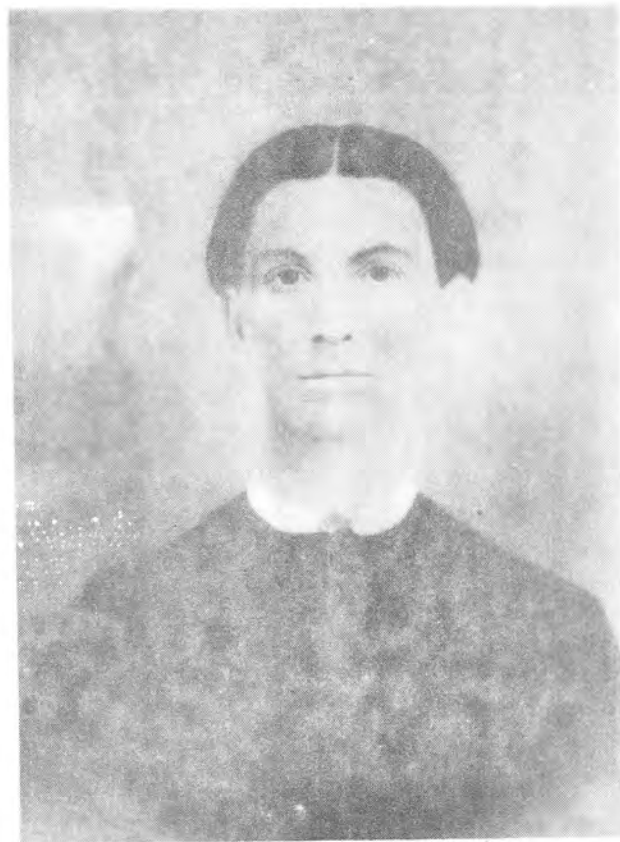
HERMAN AND CHARLOTTE ERKE



MARY L. HOKE

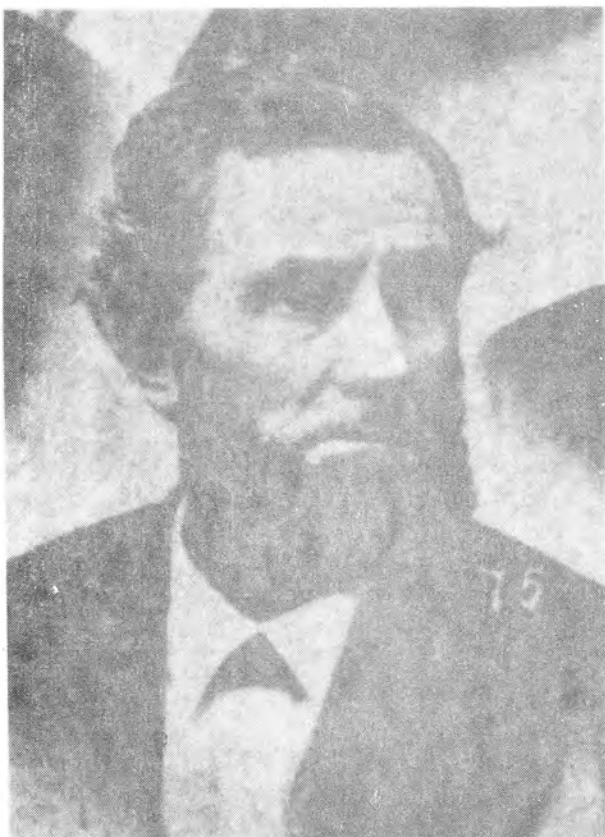


BENJAMIN F. STEVENSON

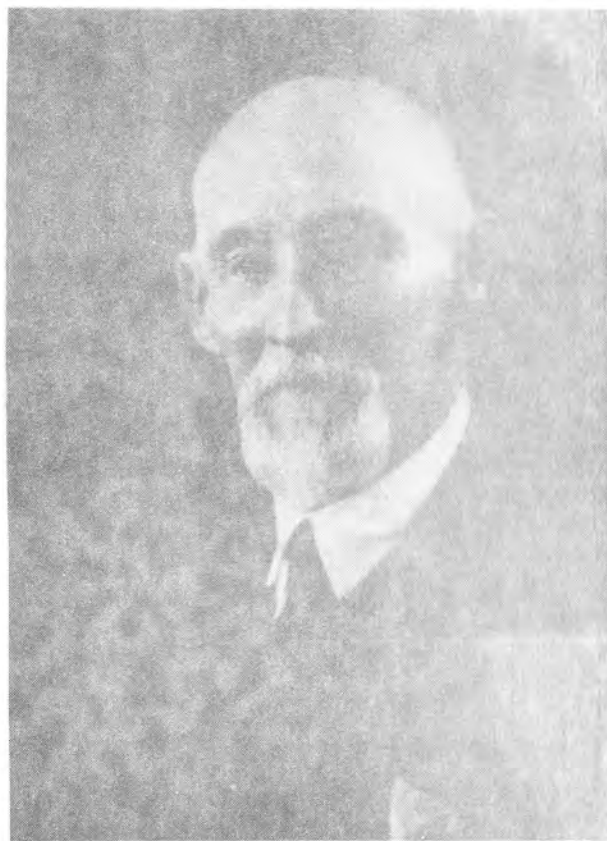


SARA A. STEVENSON

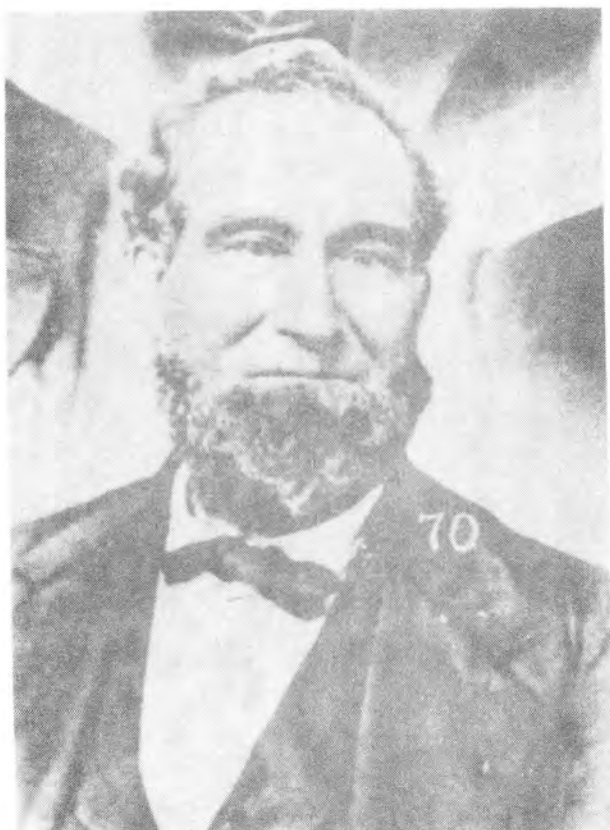




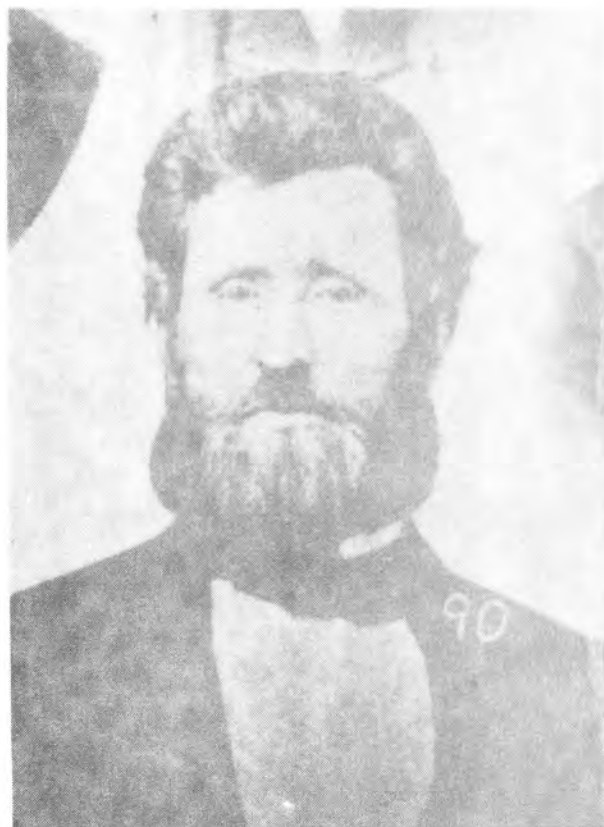
ALLEN S. NOYES



JOHN H. BROCKMAN



AARON PUGH



CHRISTOPHER COCKRILL



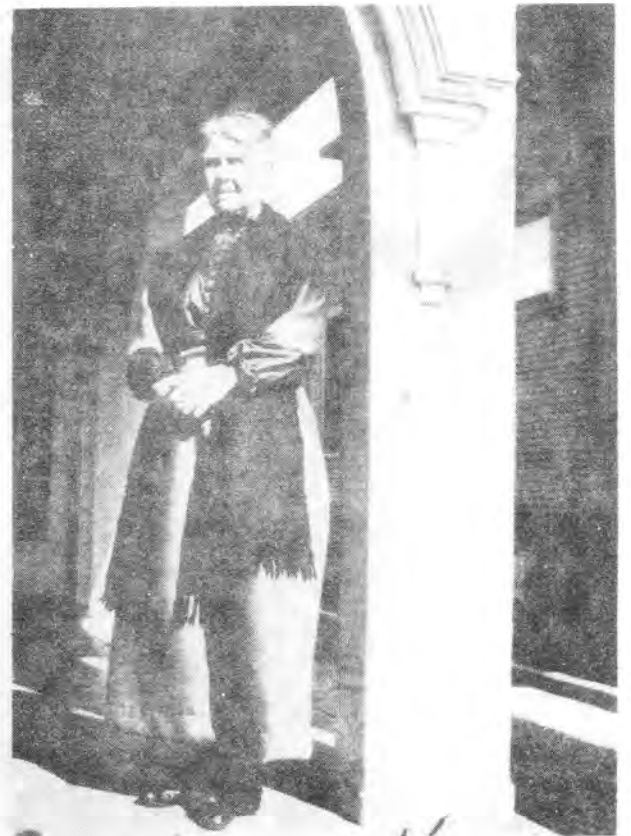
WILLIAM CHAPPELL



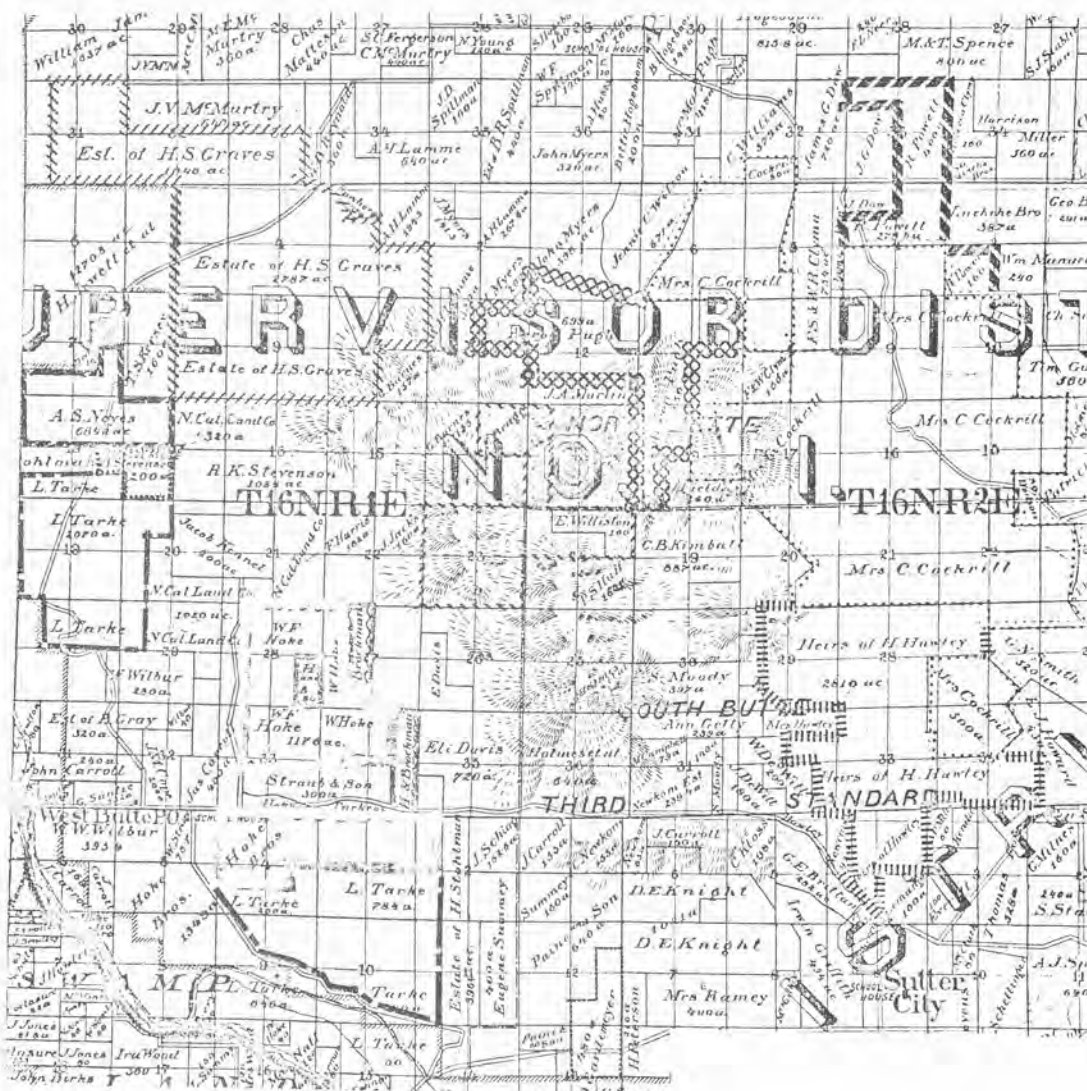
HENRY S. AND MARY GRAVES



THE HOKE FAMILY



ANN G. HAWLEY



BROCKMAN		400 Acres (m/l)
MRS. C. COCKRILL		6,990 Acres (m/l)
ERKE - GARDMEYER		480 Acres
H. S. GRAVES		3,860 Acres
HEIRS OF HAWLEY		2,670 Acres
FREDERICK HONE		2,016 Acres
A. S. NOYES		684 Acres
H. POWELL		838 Acres
AARON PUGH		1,360 Acres
WILLIAM SANDERS		1280 Acres
B. STEVENSON		200 Acres
L. TARKE		3,400 Acres

Acreages shown represent lands on Buttes. Lands held by above owners not in hill land are excluded.