

LIFE HISTORY
of
THOMAS ORR JR.

Pioneer Stories of California and Utah

*Dedicated to the Memory of The Pioneers,
whose History and Accomplishments are
Perpetuated in the Romance, Development
and Progress of California*



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LILLIE JANE ORR TAYLOR,
1930

Foreword

In this compilation of the life history of one of the true Argonauts of the Great West—Utah and California—numerous authors' works have been used. The original manuscript has been through many hands and the completed work, aside from the subject's own story, necessarily contains many discrepancies and seeming contradictions.

The subject of the book, in various places, is referred to as Thomas Orr, as Thomas J. Orr, as Thomas J. Orr, Jr. and as Thomas J. Orr, Jr. These references, however, all deal with the same man, whose own story, as published in the Placerville Republican during his lifetime, in 1915, represents one of the few known first-hand personal accounts of some of the happenings and experiences about which history has been built.

The purpose of this booklet, aside from perpetuating the memory of this Argonaut, is the presentation of an authentic record of the true gold-rush days, so romantically portrayed and so intriguing to the present generation. If, in the accomplishment of this object, some pleasure may be given the reader, or something interesting and worthwhile may be passed on to succeeding generations, the purpose of the book will have been enhanced and its scope extended beyond the hopes of the sponsors.



Introduction

In the publication of this family history, Mr. John Orr has shown Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West how each can contribute to early California history of gold-rush days.

John Orr, a Past President of the Native Sons of the Golden West, a successful business man of Sacramento, realizing that the personal history of his father, Thomas Orr, touched so many of important events of Pioneer days, decided to publish the same in the interest of our Fraternities.

Thomas Orr's family, as you will read, were among the first of the Mormons that made the lonely trip from Navoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake.

Again responding to the cry of Gold, the Orr families moved to the New El Dorado, one member of the family finding gold near Gold Hill, Nevada, the story of which is included in these pages.

Several of the brothers were among the early-day stage drivers whose lines led out of Sacramento. Once more we find members of the family prominent in the transportation of goods on the very first railroad in the State of California—the old Sacramento Valley Railroad—the first Bill of Lading carried Tom Orr's name, the same written by his brother-in-law, A. D. Whitney.

That Thomas Orr was a man of prominence in El Dorado County is further shown by the use of his name among men socially and politically prominent.

On a beautifully engraved invitation to a Thanksgiving Ball, which I have among treasured relics, his name appears among others well known in 1855, many from long-forgotten places.

THANKSGIVING BALL

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a Thanksgiving Ball to be given at The Nevada House, in Georgetown, on Thursday evening, November 29, 1855.

Managers.

F. W. Bye, Georgetown	F. A. Bee, Placerville
S. J. Jackson, Georgetown	C. B. Russell, Placerville
J. Q. La Due, Mameluke Hill	A. Hunter, Placerville
G. W. Jenks, Bottle Hill	L. F. Parker, Spanish Flat
S. E. Parker, Cement Hill.	William Johnson, Kelsey
H. S. Fitch, Volcanoville	J. D. McMurry, Johnstown
J. T. Stelle, Grey Eagle	W. H. Seaman, Todd's Valley
W. McConnell, Coloma	H. G. Crandal, G. B. House
John Crocker, Coloma	J. Deidesheimer, Forest Hill
J. McDougal, Union City	J. Herrick, Yankee Jim's
Dr. Nelson, Greenwood	Thomas Orr, Salmon Falls
A. J. Bayley, Pilot Hill	A. N. Morse, Sacramento City

FLOOR MANAGERS:

Benj. C. Currier
J. A. Cunningham

RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

J. C. Waters
W. H. Pratt
Web. Clegg

Music by: Barney's Quadrille Band

It has been a pleasure to work with the Orr family in gathering this history, especially John Orr and his sister, Mrs. William Taylor, who have shown us that a vast amount of valuable history touched the life of one Pioneer, their father, Thomas Orr.

With permission of the author, Charles E. Jerrett of Georgetown, El Dorado County, who has written so many beautiful poems, I give the following: "Tribute to Pioneers."

Tribute to Pioneers

They came, those honored sires of ours,
On foot, by wheel across unknown trails,
And all the fabled Seven Seas,
Were dotted with their glistening sails.

Wealth was the lure which led them on
When death and famine hovered near
But when the fevered day had passed
Their golden star shone bright and clear.

They followed and their fortune, led
To misty river and dark ravine,
And there some sleep, unknown, alone,
Beside a quiet mountain stream.

And those who've gone are like the leaves
Which when they fall, are scattered far,
But here and there, a leaf remains
The last of all our Pioneers.

All too soon these leaves must fall
And we will have our glorious dead
To love and honor. God give us strength
To follow where our parents led.

O Glorious State! your mortar's laid
With Sire's blood and Mother's tears
Your history blends with those we love,
Our Pioneers! Our Pioneers!

Kelsey, September 25, 1929.

Margaret A. Kelley, State Chairman, Pioneer Roster and Pioneer Relics, Native Daughters of the Golden West.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Pioneers

By LILLIE JANE ORR TAYLOR

Shingle Springs, Calif.

The Pioneers are passing

To the Great Unknown,

One by one.

The brave old warriors of the long ago,

Who blazed the trail

Through thick and thin

To California

Their fame to win.

Through many hardships;

Through storms and cold

They fought their way

To this land of gold.

Some returned to the East

With riches untold;

While others toiled on

In search of the gold.

In historic and beautiful Coloma

Stands El Dorado's pioneer,

Our pioneer of fame,

James W. Marshall is his name.

Many long years his vigil keeping

O'er that famous spot is ever peeping

From his monument on the hill,

To the race of Sutter's Mill,

Where that precious and fame renowned

Wonderful piece of gold was found.

We bid farewell to the grand old Sires

Who served their country so bravely

And Well.

May they rest in peace in that home Above.

Where all is Joy, and Peace, and Love.



THOMAS ORR JR.

History of Thomas Orr

Thomas Orr, who passed away on September 23rd, 1923, at his home in Shingle Springs, El Dorado County, after an illness of several months at the age of ninety-one, was born at Paisley, a hamlet near Glasglow, Scotland. For thirty-one years he resided at Shingle Springs; prior to that time he lived at the family home of the Orr family for a period of twenty-three years. This home, located at Salmon Falls, was the place to which he took his bride, (who was formerly Miss Margaret Walker) of Greenwood, El Dorado County, soon after their marriage, which occurred at Auburn, Placer County, on May 12th, 1869. The issue of this marriage was five sons and two daughters as follows: Lillie J. Taylor, of Shingle Springs; George T. Orr, James A. Orr, deceased, and John W. Orr, of Sacramento; Mrs. Augusta Esycheck of Broderick, Yolo County; Charles A. Orr of Chico, and Archie E. Orr of Sacramento. These children are mentioned in the order of their ages. In addition he left ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. His wife preceded him into the Unknown twenty-one years, following injuries in an accident. The accident occurred a few years prior to her death. His remains were laid to rest beside those of his wife in the little cemetery at Mormon Island, a few miles from the old homestead at Salmon Falls.

It was at the request of his parents, in their advancing years, that he, with his young wife, came to the family home at Salmon Falls to take up the duties of farm life and during a series of adversities starting with bad fires and poor investments, a mortgage was placed upon the old homestead, and later we find the mortgage foreclosed, forcing the removal of the family to Shingle Springs in November, 1892.

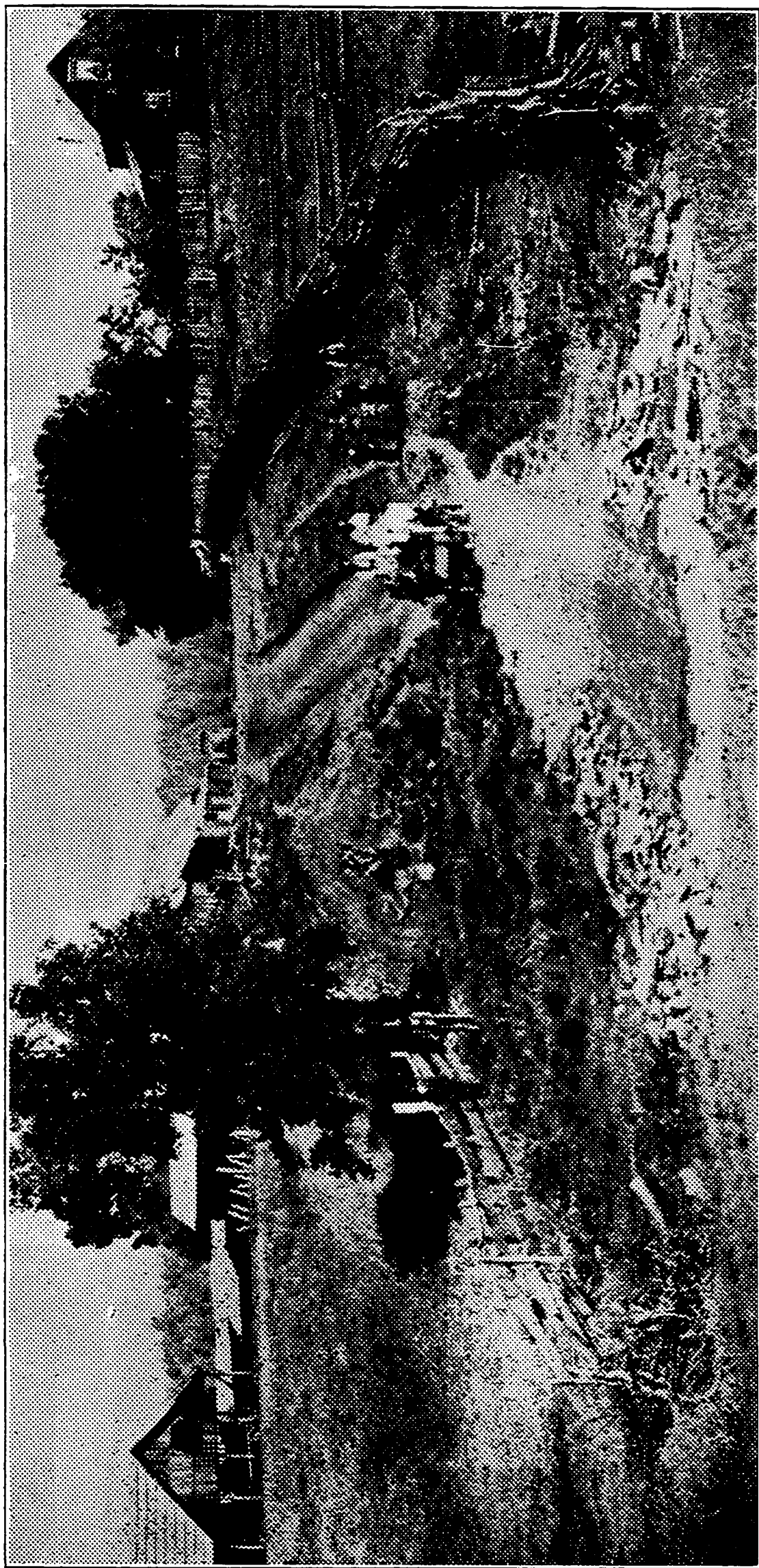
We can picture a fine autumn day when the family bid farewell to the old home they loved so well and journeyed forth to a new haven for the oncoming old age. The old homestead, considered at a value of eighteen thousand dollars at that time, was situated in the citrus belt in the southwest portion of El Dorado County and possessing a fine spring of water which was famous for miles around and used for irrigating the gardens and large family orchard. The farm itself contained eight hundred and forty acres.

After one year's residence at Shingle Springs, the elder Thomas Orr, father of the subject of this story, passed away at Meyers' Hotel on November 15, 1893, at the age of nearly ninety-one years. At that time Thomas Orr, Jr., was proprietor of the Meyers' Hotel in Shingle Spings. Before purchasing the present site, which had formerly been a winery and which he converted into a rooming house, he conducted it as a hotel prior to the death of his wife and in later years the old building was torn down and replaced by a beautiful modern little cottage, erected by his youngest son, Archie, and it was in this little cottage that Thomas Orr, Jr., passed away. The cottage was destroyed by fire on October 20, 1925.

The entire family of seven children were all born at Salmon Falls. One member of the family, a son, James A., passed away on May 20th, 1925, aged fifty-two years. Thomas Orr, Sr., for eighteen years, served faithfully and loyally as postmaster at Salmon Falls. At the time the Orr family moved from that locality, the postoffice was removed to a neighbor's home, that of Mrs. Carpenter, whose daughter, Miss Cordelia Carpenter, was assigned to the duty of assistant postmaster for almost a year.

Under Thomas Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Orr, Jr., and their daughter, Miss Lillie, (now Mrs. Lillie J. Taylor) were also assistants, the latter for several weeks remained in charge of the office after the removal of the family from that locality.

The family dwelling house on the premises, was erected in the early '60's and was destroyed by fire on



Orr Family Home at Salmon Falls, 1887.

September 10th, 1881, and a small home was later erected and still stands on the original site. This misfortune inaugurated the period of later adversity, resulting in the mortgage and later sacrificed the homestead. Mose M. Drew took over the mortgage of \$6700.00, holding it for a term of years, after which time demanding a settlement, he received the principal, the interest being exempted (Mr. Drew having been an old and highly respected friend of the family, and the mortgage at that time transferred to Charles Robin, was held by him for a period of time. He later foreclosed, placing the place in the hands of a Receiver for the six months period of redemption. At the expiration of this period, redemption not having been accomplished, the foreclosure was completed and the family compelled to move.



Pioneer Day Story of Career

California Argonaut, survivor of Emigrant Train of Brigham Young, died, September 23, 1923, at the age of Ninety-One years, present information and dates upon which the following brief record of his life and history is based.

On the extremely shady side of life, Thomas Orr Jr., residing in a ramshackle two-story building at Shingle Springs, El Dorado County, formerly used as a winery but now converted into a rooming house which Orr has personally conducted for twenty years, turns back the pages of his life and from his memory, still clear and unimpaired by the passing of years, recounts the personal experiences, which contributes to history—not only of the California Argonaut, but the early pioneers and Mormons who founded a harem and refuge in the desert of Utah under the guiding hand of Brigham Young. Perhaps few, if any, men living in the State of California, or for that matter in the entire United States, have experienced a more widely varied and colorful life, or passed through the vicissitudes of fortune, as did Orr. He is an octogenarian of eighty-three years, still physically strong, mentally alert, and keenly alive to the rapidly moving modern life, as well as in the stirring, romantic and colorful affairs of the past. He enjoys the distinction of being the sole surviving member of the Brigham Young train of seven hundred wagons in the historical trip from Winter Quarters, now Omaha, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, and from there he continued his pilgrimage to California, arriving in this State in the winter of 1850. Nearly seventy-three years of continual residence here confirming him into a Californian in everything that that term implies. The late Thomas Orr was one of the oldest pioneers of this State and enjoyed ex-

cellent health up to the time of his death, as well as the friendship and respect which comes through his widely known exploits and participations in the conquest of the West. Prior to the time of the gold excitement in California, Orr drove oxen from Illinois to Utah over territory, some of which had never been traversed by white men and none of which had been inhabited by any but the original Cherokee tribe, which presented but one more menace to the hardy pioneers who travelled the domain.

This argonaut has had opportunity knock at his door on many occasions but eventually the Goddess of Fortune decided that her efforts were futile and Opportunity turned her face, reverses ensuing and ending in disaster. Orr believed that his life was far from a failure, however, considering he fathered several young men of excellent character, all of whom are now making their way slowly, but surely, up the ladder of success, and it may be that Dame Fortune, though discouraged through the advances made to the father, is now flirting with his sons.

Thomas Orr's autobiography, as dictated to M. H. Camplin, Editor of the Republican and Nugget at Placerville, California, in which paper it was published as a serial in October, 1915, is replete with thrilling experiences and compares favorably with the product of some of our most unique and capable fiction writers. The narrative, as published at that time, is as follows:

"I was born in Paisley, seven miles from Glasgow, Scotland, on March 22, 1832. After my advent on this earth, my father went to Glasgow and kept an inn there until I was three years old. Then he emigrated to York State in America, purchased a farm and later sent for his family to join him.

"He farmed in York State for four years and while we were there a travelling agent came from Illinois selling land at a very reasonable figure as an inducement to settlers to go West. My father was persuaded to buy a tract of land in Illinois and we sold out in York State and made arrangements to take possession of our new

holding in the 'new land of Opportunity' as the agent had expressed it.

"We followed the water course the entire distance. Coming to Albany, we took the Erie Canal and travelled its entire length; crossing Lake Erie, we took the Ohio Canal, following it thru to its termination at Orleans, where we boarded a large steamer that sailed up the Mississippi River as far as St. Louis. At this place we were compelled to change ships because the former was too large to cross the rapids. The small ship carried us along up the river to place in Illinois called Commerce where we landed. This small settlement had but a few crude wooden houses. Father hired a team and a wagon to haul in our freight and household effects seven miles to the place where my uncle had previously settled.

"At that time government land in Illinois was selling at \$1.25 an acre. We lived with my uncle for about a year and while there, father hunted for the acre and a half of land he had bought in York State and found, to his disappointment and dissatisfaction, he had acquired an expanse of bog, a veritable swamp covered with water and vegetation. This land now forms a part of the exact site of the City of Chicago.

"My father corresponded with government officials and told them the land was not as had been represented to him. He demanded the return of his money, but the government absolutely refused his request. They advised him, however, to find a place which suited him and they would exchange acre for acre and take the swamp land back. Eventually father found a place that met his requirements and the exchange was made. His selection of land was at Hancock County, Illinois, close to where my uncles, William and Archibald Jackson, lived.

"Father built a log cabin and commenced to split rails to fence in his field. He could get no rails to lay a roof on the cabin, so he placed clap boards (now called shakes) with the logs placed on top to hold them down. The cabin had a dirt floor and the doors were made of wooden puncheon with hinges of wood.

“I was eight years old then and our family, with father and mother, consisted of three boys and two girls. At that age I split rails and otherwise did a man's work. After we built the cabin, we snaked logs in with yokes of oxen. Father bought a left-handed wooden plow for working the soil and I had to drive three yoke of oxen and walk on the plowed ground to avoid getting my feet full of thistles.

“My mother spun wool yarn from the sheep hides to make our clothes. Her spinning wheel had been brought to York State with us from the old country and was among our effects taken to the new land. Incidentally, my mother was the first woman in Illinois to use a spinning wheel.

“Considering the sparse settlement in our vicinity, there were no schools, churches or community houses of any kind. We never saw any strangers in those days and only rarely, our nearest neighbors who lived at a distance of several miles, came to see or visit us.. We were located seven miles northeast of Commerce across the Mississippi River from Fort Madison, Iowa. We raised corn, wheat, oats and buckwheat in abundance. When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri, they came to our neighborhood in large numbers. Some of them squatted on land, while others purchased tracts from the government. Father helped them build twelve cabins in one season. In locations the Mormons organized school districts, the teachers conducting schools in cabins. We children got our first education from them while attending school in the winter time.

“The Mormons were intense on religion and preached it everywhere and at every opportunity. After considerable persuasion they induced my father and mother to embrace their faith and they became converts. My people were Presbyterians before they left the old country and after becoming Mormons they were so pious they wouldn't even let us children whistle on Sunday, let alone perform manual labor. We got along first rate with our new neighbors and in hardly no time we had quite a settlement. At the place called Commerce on the

Mississippi landing, the Mormons built quite a city after their exile from Missouri, and they subsequently changed the name to Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, as president of the Mormon church, was called the prophet and resided in Nauvoo with his twelve apostles. I remember on one occasion playing a game of baseball with him.

“The Gentiles in the vicinity resented the encroachment by the Mormons and on some pretense arrested Smith and associates and took them to Carthage, where they were imprisoned in the county jail. While confined there, a mob of Gentiles broke into the jail and shot Smith and his brother Hiram. Smith had jumped out of a window to escape, but the infuriated mob apprehended him and stationed him against a well curb, where he was executed.

“John Taylor, one of his associates, was shot in jail but crawled under a bed and escaped at a favorable opportunity.

“A number of Mormons had been sent to the jail to stand guard over Smith and the other church dignitaries, but they did nothing in his defense when the raid was made.

“We lived eighteen miles from Carthage at the time and the news of the execution was quickly carried by couriers. Father was among the number who went to Carthage to view the remains of Smith. I was not taken along, but I have a clear recollection of the incident, and the intense excitement caused by it. The perpetrators of the crime were never punished.

“The Mormons elected Brigham Young as Smith’s successor as president of the church, and after he took office there was continuous trouble over religion. The Mormons finally concluded they would tolerate the conditions no longer. They almost unanimously decided to leave Illinois and go westward to seek a community where they would be undisturbed in their religious worship. Some of the Mormons sold their places for a mere pittance while others abandoned their homes and belongings.

“In 1845, after a decision had been made to move westward, the Mormons commenced rigging up their wagons for the anticipated long overland trip.

“The cavalcade left Illinois in the spring of 1846 under Brigham Young, with California as their objective destination. My father disposed of his place and left my eldest brother, John, to sell off the balance of the personal property and effects. He did this and then went to steamboating on the Mississippi River and continued that occupation until the spring of 1849, when he started westward to see us at Salt Lake City. That Spring, another brother and I went back 300 miles to meet him and only saw two Indians on the trip. John was with a party of twenty-five families.

“In the spring of 1846 we left Illinois and crossed the Mississippi River and took up our westward journey. Our crossing place was at a little place called Des Moines. From there we proceeded on to Pisgie, where the Mormons located. The whole country seemed alive with wagons and tents. We continued on to Sarpees Point or Mosquito Creek, Iowa.

“It was at this place Brigham Young and his apostles decided that it was impossible to proceed that year to California. They argued the best course to pursue, and decided to go no farther that year, but to establish camp at some favorable location.

“In view of the council of the Mormon heads, the place on the east bank of the Missouri was later named Council Bluffs, now a large city in Iowa.

“At this period of the trip, Uncle Sam was calling for volunteers in the Mexican War. The prophet told able-bodied Mormons to offer their services in the United States army, and granted them permission to leave for the front to respond to the colors. Any one with families were assured their wives and children left behind would be amply cared for. A liberty pole was raised in front of a big tent, flying the national colors, and a drumming was made for volunteers. Five hundred

Mormons enlisted as recruits, and went to Fort Leavenworth to join the Regulars.

“After their departure, the Mormons decided to cross the Missouri River and go twelve miles above Sarpees Point. Our family was amongst the first to cross the river on flat-boats. The Mormons started building and made preparations to hibernate until the next spring. This place they called Winter Quarters, since changed to Omaha, Nebraska. My father cut timber and floated logs down the river and hauled them out with oxen. My folks were the first to build a cabin on the present site of Omaha.

“One of our neighbors had a good many cattle he had brought along from Illinois. He told my father he would buy our cabin and turn the cattle over to us to care for during the coming winter. The deal was made, and with the cattle on our hands, we were compelled to find grazing ground. There was no feed at Winter Quarters for them. With twelve families we started up the Missouri River and travelled 125 miles before we found a favorable place to winter the stock. We arrived at a big bend in the river, covered with little joint rushes. This verdure remained green all winter. It was waist-deep, and in sufficient quantities to feed thousands of cattle. We started to work, building cabins and prepared for a winter’s retreat. We arranged the cabins in a square and connected them so they served the purpose of a fort.

“As a fortification we dug moats or ditches and set posts as protection against Indians who we knew infested the woods and river banks. We got along quite comfortably until about the middle of winter, when our grub began to run short. Someone must go to Winter Quarters after more provisions and my father and I were given the assignment. A man by the name of Chancy West had come to our camp with his wife, and were desirous of proceeding on to Omaha with us, and permission was given.

“The cold was intense during the trip, and we suffered from exposure. Father and I would build

the fires when we camped, and keep them going at night-time, to keep us from freezing. We slept in the open.

“At times we came to places where it was impossible to get the customary nourishment for our driving stock, and to provide sustenance, we were compelled to fell cottonwood trees and let the oxen browse of the tops. In order to get fodder for our horses, we had to scutch or hew the outside bark off the trees so we could get to the tender lining, and almost in desperation the animals would masticate it.

“We were a week making the trip to Winter Quarters, and arrived there after much privation. Father laid in a supply of provisions, and started back. One day out from headquarters, a blizzard struck us with great fury, and we were compelled to return to Quarters, and were there two days before the storm abated.

“People there advised father to cross the Missouri on the ice, and meander upwards along the wood trail and he followed their advice. We followed this trail until it left the river bottom and proceeded up a hill so steep we could not follow with our heavy wagon loads. We decided to go back to the river and cross to our own side. We made our way through an almost impassable barrier of underbrush, frozen swamp, cane brake and fallen timber and finally arrived at the frozen river. The ice was so glassy and smooth the stock couldn't keep a firm foothold and would sprawl all over the surface. We had two axes and with them we tediously chopped and hacked the ice until it was rough enough for the stock to stand. By following this method we crossed over to a sandbar and followed it as far as we could. We had to hack the ice again until we reached another sandbar and followed its length and then on our own side of the river we had to use our axes on the ice surface. There were no more sandbars for us to use and we entered timber and brush so thick we were forced to halt.

“Father left me with the wagon while he went to hunt for the road we had traveled down the river. After he had gone half a day he returned and said he had found

the trail, but we were still forty miles from what we called home. The next morning we started for the crude fort. We were unable to proceed further with the wagon and provisions and were compelled to abandon it in a dense clump of brush, out of sight of any prowling Indians.

“We left the oxen behind but took the horses with us. I rode one and led the other, packed with all the provisions it could carry. Father and I traveled all day and at nightfall we came onto an old abandoned Omaha Indian village, with wigwams built on cane-brake and tulles, and entrances large enough to admit horses. I advised staying there all night but my father overruled me and said we would continue on to the fort, about twelve miles away. We continued our wearisome journey and got to our destination about midnight.

“The folks were mighty glad to see us again and we certainly reciprocated. It was a genuine home-coming. We all sat up the remainder of the night recounting incidents of our trip and learned that while we were gone to Winter Quarters the Omaha Indians had located our fort and come across the river in numbers. They drove off what cattle they wanted and stole the last horse in camp but did not molest the folks. The next day father and brother started back after the wagon and oxen. They took two yoke of oxen along with them and after four days returned with the supplies. We then had a plenty of grub until spring and for fresh meat killed all the wild turkeys, elk and deer we needed. They abounded in large numbers.

“One day, brother and I were out hunting with our rifles and dog and we jumped up a deer. Our dog gave chase and ran the deer into an air hole in the river ice. The dog jumped in and was grappling with the buck when we came up. Brother stepped onto the ice and fired at the deer. Mortally wounded, it sank beneath the ice, taking the dog with it, and we never saw either of them again. Just as brother shot at the deer the ice gave way under his feet and he fell in the water up to his arm-pits. He throwed his gun towards me and scrambled to get out.

I handed the gun muzzle to him and succeeded in pulling him out. We started back to Rush Bottom, our fort, but before we arrived there, my brother's wet clothes were frozen so stiff he could hardly bend his limbs.

“There is nothing more to relate until spring opened up and we made preparations to go back down the river. We built a brush fence to round our cattle up and in this way gathered them into one herd.

“The second day out, with only one horse left, an Indian came to us and we perceived from his actions he wanted to even rob us of our sole mount. That night we placed a guard around the cattle and brother kept vigil over the horse. The next day we advanced and at dusk two Indians came. We resorted to the same watch.

“The next day we went through a veritable blizzard with rain and snow. We kept on until we arrived at a steep bluff in the river bottom. Several Indians made an appearance and tried to stampede our cattle. They were armed with bows and arrows, and were belligerent in their actions, but they soon disappeared. That night we chained the horse to a wagon wheel with three padlocks. The Indians came again and by stealth got to the pony and broke the padlocks on its neck, and succeeded in their mission.

“Our family had fastened our cattle near the pony and two of them were stolen. The next day we got onto the plains. A bunch of Indians came to us and when they saw their efforts to drive our cattle off were futile, they started shooting them with arrows. They killed the oxen drawing our wagon. The Indians were in superior numbers and we dared not fight them.

“That was the last trouble we had with Indians until we returned to Winter Quarters in the spring of '47. We found everyone there in a turmoil of excitement, making preparations to resume the overland trip to California. Father loaded a three-ox team with supplies.

“The caravan started out with seven hundred wagons. I was then 16 years of age. We got along

very well as far as Luke Fork of Platt River. At that season of the year the river was too high to ford so we unloaded some of the wagons and tied the wagon boxes together to make an improvised ferry boat, and used it to transport the train piecemeal across the river.

“The next halt was made on the North Platte, a river about a mile and one-quarter wide, but shallow enough to ford. The quicksand was treacherous and we were cautioned against letting the horse and stock stop even for a minute. In one place the sand washed away and took a wagon and oxen with it, though the occupants were rescued.

“In order to get across the river it was necessary to hitch six yoke of oxen to each wagon and two drivers were stationed on each side to whip them and keep them going. The train eventually got across after considerable delay and then we went into an open country and followed the course of South Fork Platte for 500 miles on level plain, without trees or mountains to vary the monotony of the landscape.

“Several times Sioux Indians came to us on the plains but caused no trouble because of our force. We saw herds of buffaloes in countless numbers but killed only the ones we needed for actual necessities, such as meat and hides. While on the plains it was decided to organize the caravan into companies of 100 wagons, and certain ones were placed in charge of each. Brigham Young was commander-in-chief. John Taylor was captain of our company.

“After forming into companies when camping for the night fifty wagons were placed in a semi-circle with the lead wagons in front and two men were detailed at each end to stand guard. During the daytime eight men were kept with the herd of cattle and oftentimes experienced difficulty in keeping the buffaloes from mingling with the stock. A stampede of our stock was a frequent occurrence. At night time the stock would be driven into the wagon enclosure and watches would be kept, at regular intervals. Before dawn the stock would be

taken out to graze until the train was ready to start again.

“We proceeded across the plains double file, fifty wagons to the side. There was no timber and we were compelled to use buffalo chips as fuel for our camp fires. We continued the use of these chips until we arrived at an island in the South Fork, covered with timber. This place was later named Grand Island, a Nebraska town. We killed a buffalo there, dried the flesh and jerked it with a wood fire. We camped at Grand Island a week. The young men made side excursions to Scotts Bluff, above Chimney Rock.

“We crossed the Rockies at Sweetwater, came on past Pacific Springs, (east of Fort Bridger) down Big Sandy Creek, through Echo Canyon to Green River, Wyoming.

“Without special incident, we got to Fort Laramie on the old Oregon Trail, and only two or three men were stationed there. They were the first whites we had seen outside of our own train since leaving Winter Quarters. The train divided at Fort Laramie. We next went to Fort Bridger, then to Sublet's Cut Off, and headed into Salt Lake country, and it took all summer for the hundreds of wagons to get in.

“We arrived at Salt Lake July 27, 1847. Brigham Young was first on the ground and acclaimed the place as the Zion for which they had been seeking. He ordered a halt and said no further progress of the caravan would be made that year if at all. The men folks started building adobe houses, arranged as fortifications. There were three divisions of forts, each one-half a mile in length.

“A large acreage was plowed and fall wheat planted, seed which had been brought across the country. Brother and I put in a patch of fall wheat. We had to be sparing with our provisions and for meat had to depend entirely on wild game. A strict order had been issued against anyone killing cattle for beef because we depended on them to pull the wagons.

“That winter my brother James and I were posted as guards to keep the cattle off the grain fields.

“The authorities resorted to an emergency measure in order to conserve the supplies and examined each man’s larder and apportioned the rations evenly to all the families. We were compelled to subsist on oatmeal and occasionally we killed rabbits, prairie chickens and crows to vary the menu.

“We went through a mild winter and when spring opened up we found an abundance of thistles with roots resembling parsnips. We boiled them with tops and roots intact and found them delicious. This vegetable is called segoes, or Indian turnip and in size it resembles an English walnut. We found wild berries in quantities sufficient to satisfy.

“When the trails dried out and became passable, relief trains with provisions came from the east and brought more provisions, and we fared very well. The war with Mexico was over and numerous volunteers rejoined us with their pack outfits. My brother, James, came with one of the relief trains.

“In the spring of '48 the wheat crops came up but not with much success and in places it was so sparse it was not thick enough to cut so we pulled it up. Our thrashing facilities were crude. We pounded the wheat out with sticks and cleaned it in the wind. Some corn had also been planted and we ground it and the wheat in the Orleans old-fashioned coffee mill.

“I was sent out eighteen miles from the fort and took stock to herd. I found some hot springs there and the escaping steam was responsible in keeping the grass green all winter. I established camp on Willow Creek.

“That winter some Ute Indians on the warpath against the Snake or Shoshone Indians came to us hungry and asked for food. We had nothing to pacify them except beef. We gave them a steer and they remained in camp until they had consumed it and they took the field again against their enemies.

“In the Spring of '49, early in the season, we went over the ridge into Utah Valley and located on Prove Creek. Fifty families were among the lot and we built a fort and put in our crops.

“We made a treaty with the Utah Indians to keep them from stealing our cattle. By the provisions of this treaty they agreed not to molest our cattle if we agreed not to kill the wild game which they depended on for a living. The Indians observed the treaty, with the exception of two occasions when the perpetrators were turned out by the chief, on proof they were guilty. The Indians were so incensed at the actions of their comrades that the offenders were later captured and executed under orders of the chief. That winter more Mexican war veterans came back to meet their folks in the fort with us.

“One day after a four-inch fall of snow, Dr. Stoddard and Lorentzky left the fort and between there and Utah Lake scared up a deer unbeknown to the Indians, who were camped about a mile the other side of the fort. While the two men were out hunting they met up with an Indian who greeted them and asked what they were hunting. The whites replied nothing. In reply to a query the Indian said he was hunting deer.

“The Indian knew full well the whites were hunting deer and that they had violated the treaty. A quarrel between the Indian and the two men ensued. Dr. Stoddard stood with his rifle across his arm, prepared for action, and when the Indian started to kill Lorentzky, Stoddard shot first and the Indian dropped dead. His body was hid in a nearby creek caused for the most part by back water from the lake. After the dead body had been pulled up to the bank, one of the men stuck a knife into his belly and ripped him open so that his body would sink and efface all evidence of the crime. When the body was thrown into the water, instead of sinking, it floated downstream and caught against a limb of a cottonwood tree. Believing that the body had become immersed, the two whites returned to the fort.

“The Indians started a search for their comrade when he failed to return and discovered the body. That was a signal for warfare against the whites. One man was killed in the fort and in response to an appeal for assistance the Government sent soldiers and recruits to our relief and prevented a wholesale massacre. The Indians were hunted out and in one battle on ice at the south end of the lake, twenty-five of them were killed at one time. Our casualties were light in comparison. During the winter’s campaign practically all of the Indians were exterminated. During one engagement with the Indians my brother, John, got shot in the foot and James was wounded in the shoulder, but both recovered.

“In coming westward from Illinois we brought with us an old-fashioned cannon which had been used in the Revolutionary War. It had a muzzle as wide as a stove lid and was mounted on wagon wheels. It was charged with black powder and loaded almost to the muzzle with scrap iron, bits of chains, rocks, etc. We took it with us to Provo and installed it on the bowery of our redoubt. Several times during the Indian warfare it was discharged at the hostile redskins but with what effect I am not prepared to state. On the transcontinental trip I was in charge of this cannon for many miles as each one of the drivers were compelled to take turns with it.

“In the spring of ’50 my brother, John, was anxious to proceed to California, the original objective. The gold discovery there had been reported in Utah but there was little excitement among the Mormons as Brigham Young advised his followers to keep quiet and remain isolated from the Gentiles.

“After much coaxing John finally prevailed on my father to make the trip, and with my mother, two brothers and two sisters, we started to California.

“We left Provo and came to Salt Lake before the snow was off the ground and remained there until the grass began to grow. Thirty-five families joined our caravan to California and elected my father, Thomas Orr, as captain of the train.

“Bill Prouse, who was working for General Sutter when gold was discovered at Coloma by J. W. Marshall, had gone back to Utah with pack animals to meet his folks. He said he was familiar with all the stopping places on the emigrant trail and after joining our train was made pilot.

“Our first stop was on the present site of Ogden, but no settlement existed there then, only small roving bands of Indians held possession of the country. In order to recuperate our animals we camped at Ogden several days and then proceeded on to the Bear River, similar to the Luke Fork. To cross over we used the wagon boxes as a ferry boat. Our next stop was at a steep ravine, Malad. We were compelled to unhitch the oxen and then lowered each wagon down one side with ropes and pulled them up on the opposite grade with five or six oxen to each wagon.

“Thousand Spring Valley was our next stop and there our cattle and horses stampeded, pulling the wagons with them. After much trouble we stopped them and got the wagons back into the road. We traveled on until we came to a sink on the Humboldt River and then had a forty-mile desert to cross. Bill Prouse told my father the best course to pursue was to carry grass as feed for the livestock and travel all night long. We followed his advice and discovered several sloughs about half-way across where we watered the stock and rested. We finally got across the desert and came to the Carson River. This river makes a bend around a desert twelve miles across and we reached the edge about noon. The locality is called Gold Canyon now, and is west of Virginia City. Prouse said the country there strongly resembled the California gold fields and a few of us went down with shovel and pan and dug a little pot hole the size of a post-hole and panned out two or three pans of dirt. Every pan showed color and we brought the gold for father's inspection. He was not much impressed with the find, so after our stock had a good feed on grass, we ate our lunch and started across the twelve-mile desert to avoid following the tortuous course of the river, out of our way a good many more

miles. We came up with the Carson River again at dusk after a weary half-day's journey and unyoked our oxen to feed. This location was later called Empire City. We stayed there all night and in the morning when we gathered the stock up to start out we discovered one horse missing and looked for it everywhere but to no avail until somebody saw it down in a whirlpool, floating around. It had fallen over a twenty-foot cliff and broke its neck.

“Instead of going to where Carson City is now located, we cut across to Carson Canyon toward the Sierra Nevada range of mountains.

“Half way across the plains below Carson we met three Indians going that way and they told us the oxen could cross the mountains but the snow was too deep for the wagons. We drove on to a little creek, with fine bottom land and stopped at a place near Lake Tahoe, now called Genoa. We were there three weeks waiting for the snow to disappear from the mountains. Some of us went up a canyon and felled trees. We used the poles in making a corduroy road across a creek and in other places bridges would be constructed by men in our company.

“My brother John, accompanied by men named Bill Prouse and Nick Kelly returned to prospect the place where Prouse had made a find of gold. My brother was lucky in the first hole, panning out a nugget which later showed a value of \$8.25. This was the first piece of gold ever found on that side of the mountains and my brother's sons living in Sonoma County, still possess this nugget, which has been handed down to them.

“Relating to the above in regard to the gold nugget discovered in Nevada State by John Orr, his sons, John F. or Frank Orr, of Sebastopol, Sonoma County, now the sole surviving member of that family, has the gold nugget, discovered by his father.

“After this delay we left Mormon Station (now Genoa) and heard that the men ahead of us were exacting a toll from travellers on the three bridges we had built

across the Carson River. When we arrived at that point, we put an end to that practice and left the bridges open for the travellers following us.

“We got into Hope Valley, followed up a canyon and camped over night. The next day we started out and had a time to get over the next summit. We bucked snow all day in getting up the grade and camped on the summit. The next morning we started down, negotiating snowbanks twenty feet deep. We could hear the water running beneath. We rough-locked the hind wheels of the wagons, took the lead cattle off and chained them to the hind wheels in order to hold back. That day we passed out of the snow belt and then followed the '49 trail to Leak Springs and came on through Sly Park to Pleasant Valley and arrived there the Fourth of July, 1850. The next day we continued on to Diamond Springs. The first man we saw this side of the summit was at Ringgold where he had a small trading post.

“When we got to Shingle Springs we saw a man at a place above the present Planters House splitting shakes to build a cabin. We went on to Deer Creek. A man was keeping a trading post there and father had known him in Illinois and at Salt Lake. Father recognized him and called him by name, Porter Rockwell. He was alarmed and told father to call him Brown in the future because he was one of Brigham Young's destroying angels and his life wouldn't be worth much if people discovered his real identity. Father asked Brown where he thought the best place to settle and was told it was no use going further and that place was as good as any to locate.

“In those days the underbrush of the present time was conspicuous by its absence and there were no annoying small ravines or washouts. One could cross the country almost any place. Big timber was found at every hand.

“Father decided to profit by Brown's suggestion and turned around and went back half a mile in an open country where the feed was plentiful for our stock. We camped there three weeks and at the end of that time

our train began to disintegrate and scattered in all directions.

“Father and my oldest brother, John, went to Salmon Falls and met two old mountaineers. They had pitched a tent on New York Ravine and were keeping a trading post. Their biggest sales were in provisions and whiskey. Father took a liking to the place and made an offer of \$500 for their two quarter sections secured by them on a squatters’ right, and the deal was made.

“About the time father went to Salmon Falls my brothers, James and John, secured a string of horses and established a stage line from Sacramento to Marysville in competition with the California Stage Company and after running it for four years at good profits they sold out to Billy Hamilton.

“In 1851 I met Sam Brannon at Sacramento. He and father were intimate friends in Illinois and at the time we started our overland trip, Brannon chose the water route and came around the Horn and arrived in California several years ahead of us. He established a paper in San Francisco in 1846 and was considered one of the founders of that city.

“After father had bought the place at New York Ravine we moved there from Deer Creek, and were accompanied by two or three families. We started the road from the old emigrant trail to Green Springs on the Coloma road.

“We started mining at Mormon Island and father rented the post at New York Ravine to McFarland. When we arrived in this country, men were mining up the American River from Mormon Island. Placerville had but a few tents and log cabins and was first known as Ravine City and then later Hangtown.

“Father saw the possibilities in the hotel business and rented a hotel at Salmon Falls and added a log cabin to accommodate the guests. He served the general traveling public with meals, costing \$1 each. Mother

secured some dried apples, which had been shipped across the Isthmus of Panama and made apple pies, which readily brought from \$1 to \$1.50 each. Barley sold for 25 cents a pound and hay cost \$1 for one night's feed. Whiskey sold for 25 cents a drink. We had brought a dozen chickens with us from Salt Lake, carrying them in a coop, and they proved gold getters. Egg-nog sold for 50 cents and milk punch the same. Cigars sold for several dollars each and they were poor weeds at that. Nothing sold for less than two bits.

"Father kept the hotel business running for two years and during that time brother John started mining, the popular diversion. Later he was put up for deputy sheriff with Henry Larkin and served in that capacity under Sheriff Dave Buell. I devoted most of my time upon arriving in California to freighting.

"Our family raised the first barley in El Dorado County, planting out the seed in 1851 which we had brought with us.

"The mining excitement was intense, and thousands of men were going up the Georgetown way.

"The money used was Mexican silver quarters and half dollars and \$50 and \$10 gold slugs, but the principal medium of exchange was gold dust.

"After father had gotten well established in the hotel and bakery business at Salmon Falls he bought the property from Henry Larkin for a consideration of \$2,500. We had the only bakery, store, hotel and feed stable in town and made money rapidly. There were days when we would take in from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

"It was an unwritten law of the country that if any man came around the Horn, across the plains or Isthmus he was to be grubstaked by the ones who had prospered and by this avenue father spent \$85,000 in the twelve years he was in business, loaning money to miners, feeding the new arrivals and grubstaking them, and he never so much as received one penny in return.

"Father rented the Salmon Falls business to the McKenzie boys, residents of French Creek now, and

started farming at New York Ravine and I went back with him. James got married and took up a ranch nearby, devoting his time to farming.

“Brother James and myself bought a threshing machine which we sold and later purchased the Georgetown stage line, operating it for eight years. I was one of the drivers on this line and our equipment consisted of four horses from Folsom to Georgetown and four more from Auburn to Georgetown. While in this service, James was twice held up by highwaymen.

“Deciding to quit the stage business in 1869 upon my marriage to Margaret Walker in Auburn, we moved to Salmon Falls and engaged in farming; my five sons and two daughters being born on the old ranch there.

“At one time father owned controlling interest in the Natomas ditch. Livermore, one of the promoters, wanted more shares for control, and we sold out to acquire more land adjoining our place. We pre-empted one quarter section, homesteaded an additional quarter section, giving us 1340 acres all together.

“We built a fine \$7000.00 home and piped nice spring water to it, making everything as modern as possible. Reverses, however, began with a fire which completely destroyed the home. We mortgaged the place and rebuilt and later were compelled to forfeit, when unable to redeem the mortgage.

“One of my last ventures was in the threshing business and I was inveigled into buying an expensive machine exhibited at the Fair. I still have the machine stored away in a shed next to my hotel, disabled when the boiler blew up and at one time I was offered \$100.00 for it and rejected the offer, an action which I now regret. There isn't the grain in the county now as in the old days and I am afraid I shall never find a purchaser for the machine.”

In Mr. Orr's autobiography, and in other places where his life story is told, he is mentioned as having been a member of the original Brigham Young caravan to Salt Lake.

Considerable doubt, however, exists on this point, as will be shown by two letters, which resulted from inquiry made. The first was addressed to M. H. Camplin, editor of the Placerville Republican and Nugget, in which Mr. Orr's original autobiography was published. It is from the Deseret Evening News, a Salt Lake City newspaper, and an authority on Mormon history. The letter follows:

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Oct. 4, 1915.

M. H. Camplin,
Placerville, California.

Dear Sir:

Answering your letter of September 29th, beg to say the article you enclose is not available and we return it herewith.

The writer is in error in stating that Mr. Orr was one of the original pioneers who came with Brigham Young to Utah. His name does not appear in the list, although he doubtless arrived in a later company. There are three surviving of that original company and they were entertained in Utah on Pioneer Day, July 24th last.

Thanking you for your offer, we are,

Yours very truly,

THE DESERET NEWS

H. G. Whitney, Publicity Manager.

The article referred to was apparently Orr's autobiography, which Camplin personally offered to the News for publication. Camplin, then residing in Casper, Wyoming, returned the letter to the Orrs with a request for information. This point, however, was apparently never straightened out.

The second letter came to Mrs. Taylor, Orr's daughter, from the Historian's Office of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City, in response to Mrs. Taylor's inquiry for information on the point. The letter is as follows:

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY
SAINTS

Historian's Office

47 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah

May 22, 1925.

Mrs. W. G. Taylor,
Shingle, California.

Dear Madam:

Your letter to the former editor of the DESERET NEWS, Horace G. Whitney, who is dead, has been forwarded to me for an answer.

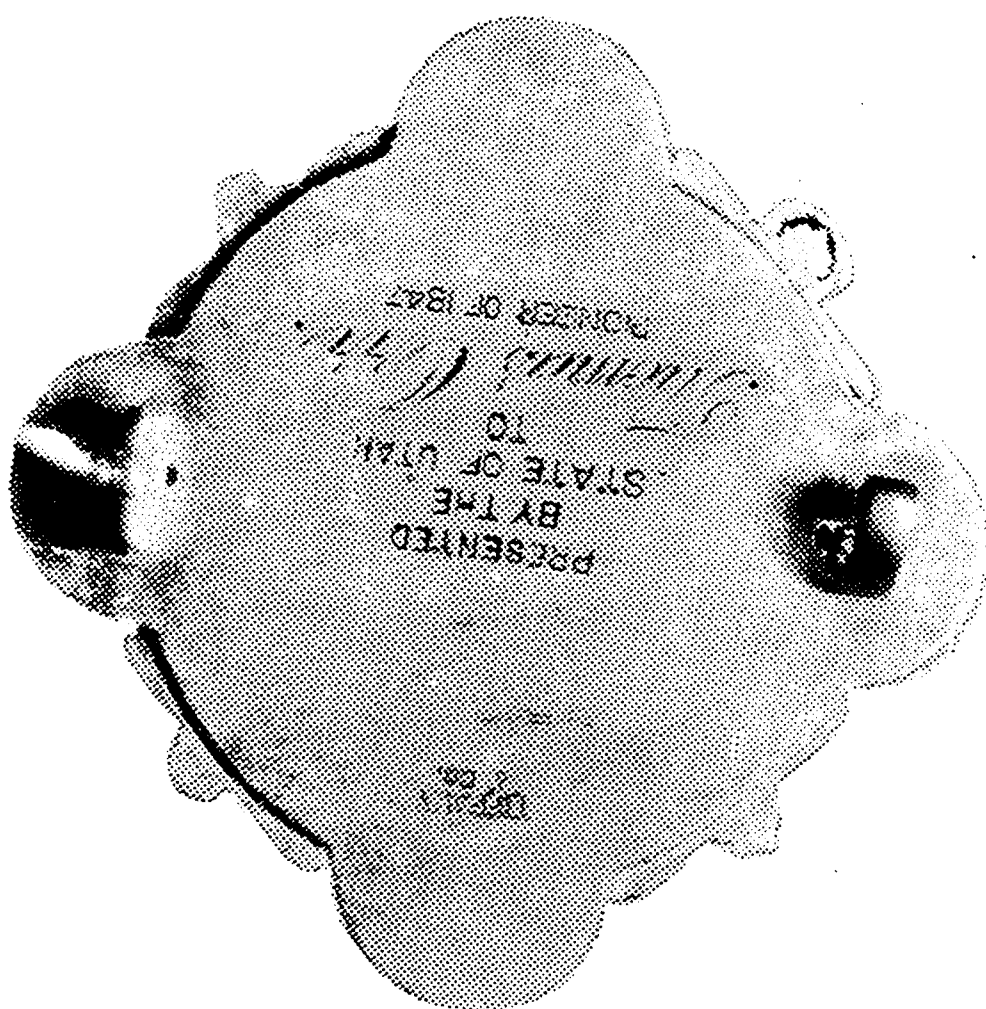
There were forty-three men, three women, and two children in the band of Pioneers who came into the Salt Lake Valley with President Brigham Young, July 24, 1847. The names of these individuals are all well known. There was only one member of that band whose name began with "O," Seeley Owen. However, there were other companies that followed in the year 1847 and among them were a number of persons named Orr. I will enclose a list containing the record of these.

At the time of the Jubilee in 1897, all the Pioneers who came in 1847 received badges and were guests of honor. Among them were my grandfather and grandmother, but they were not in the original band. Without question, blanks were sent out to each of these Pioneers with a request that they fill them out and return them. It is quite evident that a mistake has been made in thinking that your father, Thomas Orr, was with the forty-three of the original band.

You will see by this list that Thomas Orr, Sr., and son, Thomas Jr., came as members of the 5th ten of the 1st Fifty of the 2nd hundred, that came to the valley some time later.

Trusting this record will clear the matter up, I remain,

Respectfully,
Joseph Fielding Smith.



The list referred to in the above letter, with dates and other information of members of the Orr family is as follows:

ORR, CATHERINE: Born September 10, 1797 at Kilbrine Ayr, Scotland—crossed the plains in the 5th ten of the 1st fifty of the 2nd hundred.

ORR, ISABELLA: Born August 22, 1835 in Cath Renfrew, Scotland—crossed the plains in 5th ten of 1st fifty of 2nd hundred.

ORR, JAMES J.: Born September 9, 1828 at Cumbaslang Lanark, Scotland—crossed the plains in 1st ten of 1st fifty of 2nd hundred.

ORR, MARY ANN: Born September 10, 1838 at Broad-Alban Montgomery, York State—crossed the plains in 5th ten of 1st fifty of 2nd hundred.

ORR, THOMAS SR.: Born December 17, 1802 at Cumbaslang, Lanark, Scotland—crossed the plains in 5th ten of 1st fifty of 2nd hundred. Was Captain of the 5th ten and arrived in Salt Lake Valley in October, 1847.

ORR, THOMAS JR.: Born March 22, 1832 at Paisley Renfrew, Scotland—crossed the plains in 5th ten of 1st fifty of 2nd hundred.

ORR, JOHN: Born January 2, 1826 in Scotland—did not arrive in Utah with rest of family—lived in Illinois until later date, not definitely known.

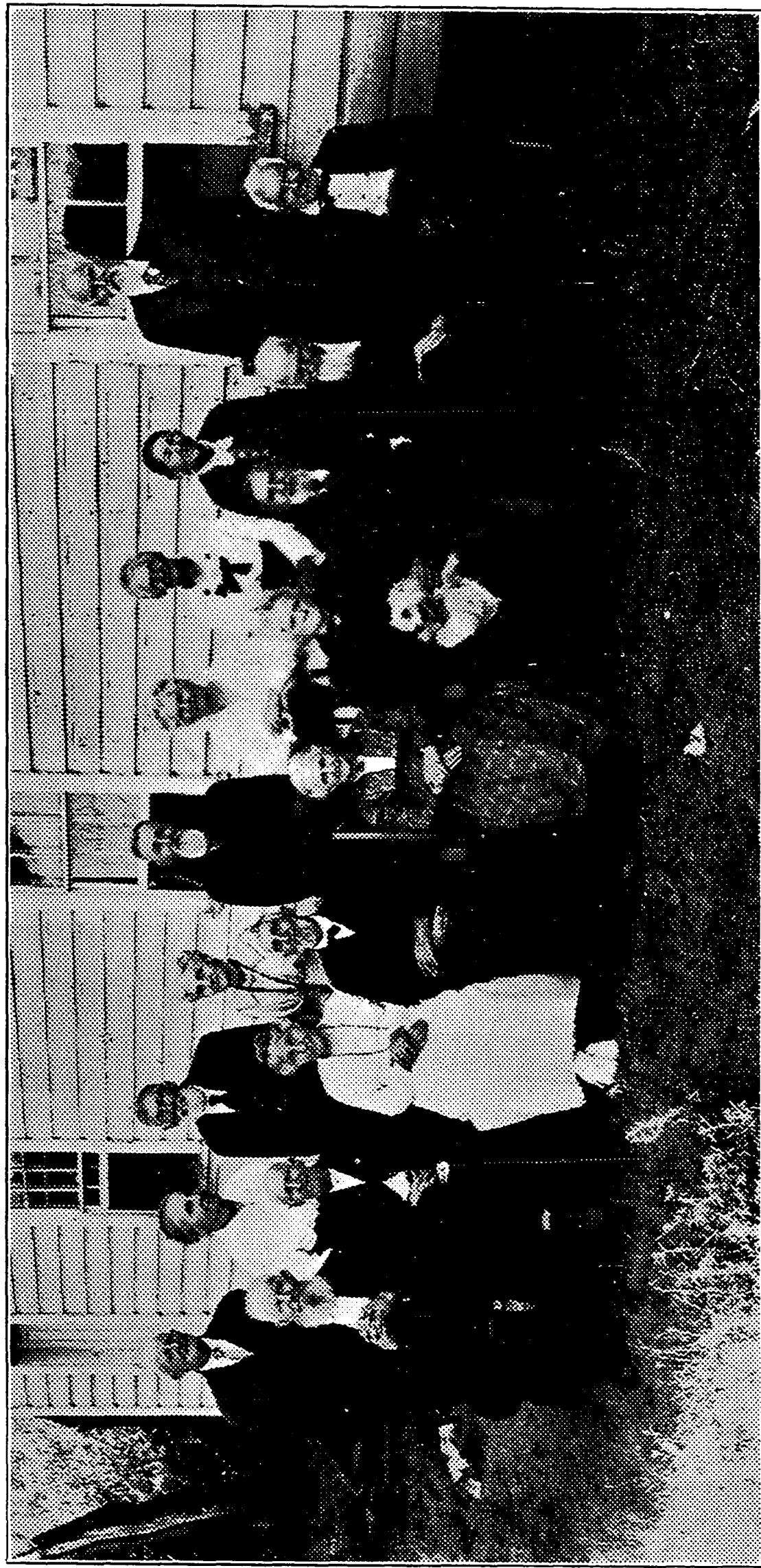
The eight years from 1915 to 1923 in the life of Thomas Orr, Jr. which is the period from the time he dictated his autobiography to the time of his death, were spent at his home in Shingle Springs, with the exception of about a year, which he spent with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Esycheck at Broderick, Yolo County, and a short time spent with his daughter, Mrs. William Taylor at Shingle Springs. His son, Archie, and family, were also with him at intervals during this period of time. In his last years he enjoyed the companionship of his own family. His son, Archie, contributed much to his comfort and happiness when he razed the old building and erected a beautiful modern cottage, in which Thomas Orr spent his last days and where he died. This home was destroyed by fire on October 20, 1925.

DATES OF DEATH OF UTAH PIONEERS
OF ORR FAMILY, (ALSO CALIFORNIA PIONEERS)

<i>NAME</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>	<i>Place of Death</i>
<i>Orr, Catherine</i>	July 3, 1879	Salmon Falls, El Dorado County
<i>Orr, James J.</i>	July 20, 1891	Rolling Hill House, near Salmon Falls, El Dorado County
<i>Orr, John</i>	June 8, 1893	Duncan's Mills, Sonoma County, Calif
<i>Orr, Thomas Sr.</i>	Nov. 15, 1893	Meyers' Hotel, Shingle Springs, El Dorado County
<i>Whitney, Mrs. Mary</i>	Feb. 13, 1909	Danville, Contra Costa County, Cal.
<i>Russell, Mrs. Belle</i>	Aug. 15, 1915	San Francisco, Cal.
<i>Orr, Thomas Jr.</i>	Sept. 23, 1923	Shingle Springs, El Dorado County

Thomas Orr, Sr. and Catherine Jackson were married at Scotland in the early 20's.





Festival and Reunion, El Dorado County Pioneers at Rescue; Thomas Orr was Guest of Honor.

Family Sketches

*Brief Sketches and Data on Various Members of
the Orr Family as Compiled by Members
of the Family and Friends*

J. W. ORR: Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Orr, Jr.—was born at Salmon Falls, El Dorado County, on August 25, 1876, and grew to manhood there.

At an early age this boy was noted as being unusually bright and began budding fruit trees when still quite young for Ralph Boles, who at that time had charge of the nursery at Salmon Falls. Shortly afterwards his attention was directed to engineering, his father, Thomas Orr, Jr., having owned a steam threshing machine for a number of years and through this enterprise he soon gained quite a knowledge of engineering and mechanics.

For a number of years he was employed as engineer at the Blue Ravine mine near Folsom. He later took a six-months' course in a watch-making college in St. Louis, Missouri, and registered highest in the class.

On November 4, 1915 he married Miss Clara E. Douglas of Sacramento. Two children were born as follows: William Douglas Orr, January 14, 1917, in Sacramento, California; Jane Orr, May 30, 1919, in Sacramento, California.

At the time of publication, he is engaged in the Capital Ice Company, a most successful business established in Sacramento, which he founded. He also is interested in mining operations in El Dorado County, near the scene of the pioneer activities of his ancestors.

LILLIE J. ORR TAYLOR: Mrs. William G. Taylor (nee Miss Lillie Jane Orr) eldest daughter of the late Thomas and Mrs. Thomas Orr, Jr., was born at Salmon Falls, El Dorado County, where she spent her girlhood and completed her education under the supervision of Miss Nellie Bosworth (now Mrs. Leonard Dormody) of Placerville. A few years later the family moved to Shingle Springs where she met and married W. G. Taylor, the local blacksmith, and where they still continue to make their home.

Three children were born to this union, two sons and one daughter, now all grown. The daughter, Miss Myrtle Taylor, was married some years ago to Elmer McCormick, who holds a responsible position in Oakland, where they now reside.

The two Taylor boys, Dewey and Elmore, are unmarried. All received their diplomas from the Grammar School at Shingle Springs.

MRS. EDWARD ESYCHECK: Mrs. Edward Esycheck, (formerly Miss Mary Augusta Orr) the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Orr, Jr. was born at Salmon Falls, El Dorado County, California, where she spent much of her early childhood. The family later moved to Shingle Springs where, as she was still quite young, she entered grammar school under the instructions of Mary C. French, and it was here that she received her diploma. After completing her education and after the death of her mother, she remained with her father until the time of her marriage to Edward Esycheck and they settled down to home life at Broderick, Yolo County. Mr. Esycheck was a Southern Pacific brakeman and later on a freight conductor. He has, however, given up the railroad and for a number of years has been connected with the California Highway Department. Three children were born to this union—two sons and a daughter, all of whom are grown.

TRIBUTE to JAMES A. ORR

James Alonzo Orr passed away in Placerville, El Dorado County, California, on May 20, 1925. Word was received on Wednesday morning of his passing away at Placerville Sanatorium, where he had been taken the preceding day. Although ill for more than a week, his death was unexpected and naturally a great shock to his relatives.

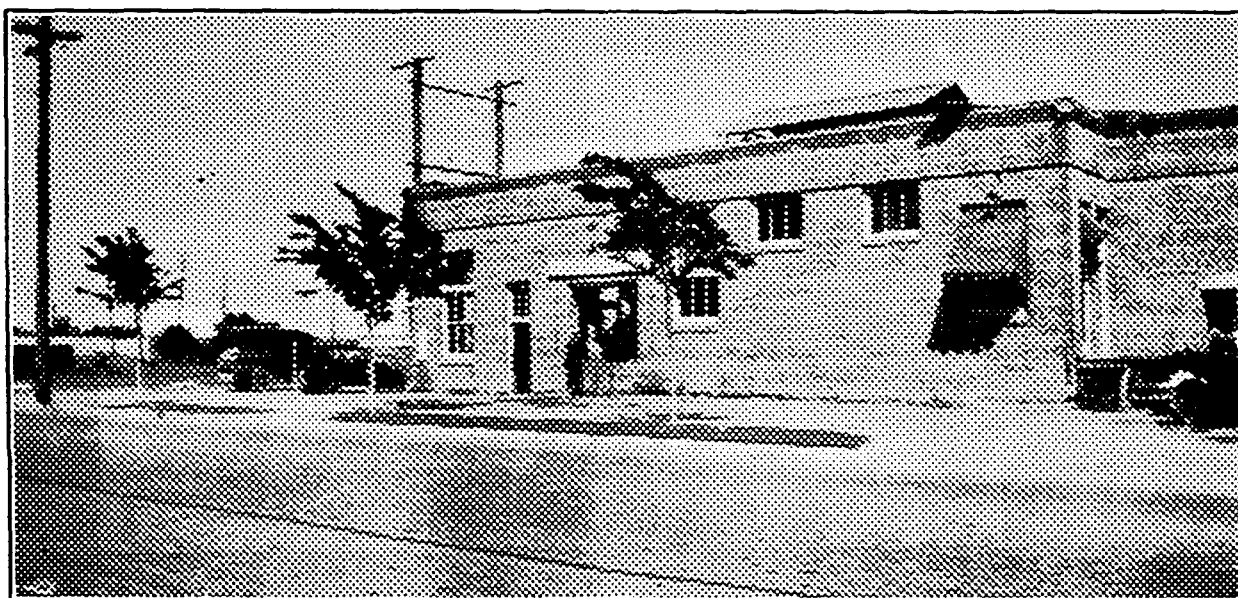
He was born at Salmon Falls, El Dorado County, on March 22, 1873, his age being fifty-two years, one month and twenty-eight days at the time of his death. He was the son of the late Thomas Orr, Jr., and resided at the family home at Salmon Falls until grown to manhood. The family moved to Shingle Springs in the fall of 1892. He remained here for a number of years, then went to Folsom, where he found employment. A number of years ago he went to Sacramento where he spent the greater part of his remaining years. He had been employed recently at a lumber camp at Susanville; having been ill for a while, he returned to Sacramento, later coming to El Dorado County for a change and in the hope of recuperating. Mr. Orr, who was unmarried, was survived by four brothers: George T. Orr and John W. Orr of Sacramento, Charles A. Orr of Chico and Archie E. Orr of Shingle Springs. And two sisters: Mrs. Lillie J. Taylor of Shingle Springs and Mrs. Mary A. Esycheck of Broderick, Yolo County. The funeral took place in Folsom and the remains were laid to rest in their final resting spot beside his parents in the Mormon Island Cemetery.

CAPITAL ICE COMPANY

Pictured here is J. W. Orr, founder of the Capital Ice Company of Sacramento. Like the pioneers seeking conquest of new territory, he has progressed far toward the goal of success and the betterment of his own condition as well as contributing toward the cause of humanity.

After ten and a half years as chief engineer of the one ice concern, he was successful in securing financial and mechanical assistance of his two partners, A. B. Atkinson and T. J. Dillon and they founded the Capital Ice Company, located at 30th and S Streets, Sacramento. This plant has a capacity of sixty-five tons of ice daily with a storage capacity of two hundred tons. In addition, a warehouse is maintained with a capacity of four thousand tons, where ice is stored through the winter for summer use.

Most of the machinery in this plant was designed by Orr himself and built to his specifications by local factories and metal works. The Knight Foundry and Machine Works in Sutter Creek, Amador County, constructed the 120-ton ammonia compressor and the workmanship on this machine is unexcelled any place in the world. The containers in which the ice is made were manufactured by Orr and are registered in the United States Patent Office. The particular feature of this container enables them to separate any mineral the water may contain, making a clear, pure ice that can be used for any purpose without fear of contamination. With our skilled workmen and up-to-date machinery, in our seven years of successful operation, we have been able to put ICE IN SERVICE for the people of Sacramento.



**Views of Capital Ice Co., Sacramento, Operated by J. W. Orr, Son of
Thomas Orr Jr.**

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE MRS.
MARGARET ORR, WIFE OF THE LATE
THOMAS ORR, JR.

Margaret Walker Orr, wife of Thoomas Orr, Jr., was born in Mississippi, April 21, 1848 of Scotch parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker. At the age of four she arrived in California with her parents, who made the trip by water. Her brother, George F. Walker, was born March 16, 1852 on the ocean en route to California.

When she was eight years of age, her father passed away. This was in 1856. A few years later her mother married J. W. Brown of Greenwood. To this union two children were born, Emma J. Brown and William Brown. In 1862 her mother passed away.

Shortly after Mrs. Orr's mother's death, her stepfather, J. W. Brown, married again, it being necessary to have a mother to care for the small children, and to this union, one son, Edward Brown, was born.

George F. Walker and Jeannette Crooks were married in the 70's. Miss Crooks was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Crooks of Salmon Falls. One daughter was born to this union, Ida R. Walker, now Mrs. Ida R. Wulff of Berkeley, now a widow, mother of one son, Lyelle Wulff, a graduate of the University of California, and a school teacher. Mrs. Jeannette Walker resides with her daughter, Mrs. Wulff.

MRS. EMMA J. COOK: Mrs. E. J. Cook, formerly Emma Brown, was born in Greenwood, El Dorado County. She is now a widow, and mother of four grown children, two sons and two daughters. Delbert E. Cook, the eldest son, and Mrs. Idella Ford, the youngest daughter, reside in Sacramento with their families, while the eldest daughter, Mrs. Maud Warren, and the other son, Ray Cook, reside at Piedmont. Mrs. Cook spends her

time among her children. Her husband, John R. Cook, a minister in Sacramento, passed away more than thirty years ago and Mrs. Cook has since remained a widow.

William Brown, the youngest half-brother of Mrs. Orr, passed away some years ago at the age of fifty-one years. He was employed in his later years as a locomotive engineer and left a wife and daughter.

Edward Brown, step-brother of the late Mrs. Orr and a half-brother of the late William Brown and Mrs. Emma Cook, was also a step-brother of the late George F. Walker. He holds the position of general superintendent of the Truckee River Power Company at Reno, Nevada.

Will and Edward Brown were born at Greenwood, El Dorado County. George F. Walker died April 1, 1888.

GENEALOGY OF MRS. THOMAS ORR, JR.'S FAMILY

*A Partial Genealogy, Dates and Data on the Maternal
Grandparents of the Second Generation of Orrs
and their Descendants as Compiled
from Family Records*

David Walker and Jane Ferguson, maternal grandparents of the second generation of Orrs were married in the early 40's—the place and date are unknown. Two children were born as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Margaret Walker	Mississippi	April 21, 1848
George F. Walker	On ocean en route to California	March 16, 1852



Margaret Orr, Wife of Thomas J. Orr Jr.

John W. Brown and Jane Ferguson Walker were married in the late 50's. Two children were born as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Emma J. Brown	Greenwood, Calif.	Oct. 19, 1860
William F. Brown	Greenwood, Calif.	Feb. 1, 1862

John W. Brown and Mary Doyle were married in the late 60's and one son was born to that union, Edward D. Brown, at Greenwood, California, January 28, 1867. Edward Brown is the father of one grown son and also has one grandchild.

DEATHS IN FAMILY

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
George F. Walker	Salmon Falls, Cal.	April 1, 1888
Margaret Orr	Stockton, Cal.	Jan 9, 1902
William F. Brown	Nevada	April, 1913



THOMAS ORR, JR.'S FAMILY—BIRTHS
CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT-
GRANDCHILDREN

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Lillie Jane Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	March 9, 1870
George Thomas Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	June 1, 1871
*James Alonzo Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	March 22, 1873
John William Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	Aug. 25, 1876
Mary Augusta Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	July 24, 1883
Charles Albert Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	May 6, 1886
Archibald Edward Orr	Salmon Falls, Cal.	June 12, 1891
* Deceased		

William George Taylor and Lillie Jane Orr were married at Meyers' Hotel, in Shingle Spings, El Dorado County, on September 27, 1893. To this union three children were born as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Myrtle Margaret Taylor	Shingle Springs	Oct. 26, 1894
Norvel Dewey Taylor	Shingle Springs	July 23, 1898
Samuel Elmore Taylor	Shingle Springs	Nov. 3, 1899.

Norvel Dewey Taylor and Ora Viola Mack were married in Oakland on August 30, 1929. To this union, one son was born on June 5, 1930—Orvel William Taylor. (Born in Placerville).

Albert Elmer McCormick and Myrtle Margaret Taylor were married in Sacramento, California on April 11, 1917, and to this union two sons were born:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Elmer Wm. McCormick	Pittsburgh, Contra Costa County, Cal.	Jan. 29, 1918
Chas. Leroy McCormick	Pittsburgh, Contra Costa County, Cal.	May 16, 1919

Edward Esyscheck and Mary Augusta Orr were married at Shingle Springs, El Dorado County, June 6, 1906, and to this union three children were born as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Date</i>
Harold Edw. Esyscheck	Broderick, Yolo County, Cal.	April 6, 1908
Helen Mae Esyscheck	Woodland, Yolo County, Cal.	June 1, 1909
Orrin Lyall Esyscheck	Broderick, Yolo County, Cal.	Dec. 8, 1910

IMPORTANT DATES IN ORR FAMILY

George Thomas Orr and Laura Mary Pontin—married September 12, 1917.

Archibald Edward Orr and Nellie Margaret Ward—married May 5, 1916.

Children of Archie Orr

Archibald Edwin Orr, Jr., born March 16, 1917, at Shingle Springs, California.

Thomas W. Orr, born July 28, 1918, at Sacramento, California.

Archibald Edward Orr and Adeline de Velschow—married February 24, 1928. Second marriage, no issue.



Episodes and Romances of Pioneer History in California

A romance of Northern California counties, partially based on true data and accurate information from the history of Thomas Orr and materially enriched by the investigation and researches of historically inclined members of the family and containing a series of episodes, which give a keen and accurate picture of the West and of California as it existed then. They have been incorporated in this work for historical purposes and are as follows:

Out of the gold mines, the gambling in Sacramento; out of the gold mines, the Sacramento teaming industry, greatest the world has known; out of the teaming, the State's first railroad and the vision of a greater railroad, the mightiest of all.

Out of the gambling and the mining, the spirit of daring and enterprise, the spirit that would back that appalling project, a railway over the granite Sierras.

Out of the gambling and that railroad together, the politics of the stirring seventies and eighties and nineties. And it all centered in Sacramento—the place where legislators met, gambled, put over deals; where men of finance made their first money in teaming and selling to the mines; where men of finance who gambled, and legislators who gambled, got together and built the greatest railroad ever built by man; and bowed down to that railroad, living in it and for it, for all the years that followed.

OLD BRICK BUILDINGS SEE BIRTH OF STATE

Those old brick buildings on lower K and lower J Streets, where the Hotel Western loomed in elaborate magnificence, and Huntington and Hopkins had their hardware store just across the street, flanked by saloons and gambling hells on either side—those buildings saw the birth, development and amazing growth of the Story of California. And it all came out of James Marshall's discovery on the American River in 1848; came out of it just as logically, as inevitably, as trees grow from acorns. Perhaps if one thing had been different, the whole story would have been milder, less brutal, less adventuresome—perhaps if the State Capital had not come to Sacramento the political aspect would have been less infected with the spirit of gambling and the spirit of gold. But all paths met in Sacramento; and Sacramento was, first and foremost, the Gold Miner's holiday, the Gambler's Paradise.

PACIFIC RAILROAD WAS GAMBLERS' PLAYTHING

Hopkins, Huntington, Stanford and Crocker did not gamble, you say? Not with the roulette wheel, it is true. The roulette wheel was too small for these towering men. They gambled—magnificently with the mighty Pacific Railroad; upon that colossal wheel of fortune they staked their sacks of dust not once, not twice, but a score of times, to the last shimmering gain; and from it they reaped returns so magnificent that statisticians gasp when telling the tale.

All out of Marshall and his bright scales found in a millrace. All out of the madness of the Sierras' golden canyons; the great gamble that was mining. All out of the jangling mule-teams that carried food and hardware

and clothing to the mines and brought back gold that cried out to be spent. Out of these the railroad, the politics, the land monopolies, the palaces, the art galleries, the "high society," the rebellious discontent, the social protest of the present day. The railway runs clean and true—and its great division headquarters were at Sacramento.

"54 K" ONCE AS MAGICAL AS
"29 BROADWAY" TODAY

Today they are pulling down the musty brick walls that housed the magic tale. One by one the old buildings are being removed to make way for structures less piratical and more sanitary. But as one rides on the streetcar from the Sacramento depot along Second Street, turning into K, there on either hand are historic walls that rang to the plots of the men who did these things.

There was a time when "54 K"—the pioneer hardware store of Huntington and Hopkins—today is 220 K, the wholesale grocery firm of Lindley and Company.

There was a time when the high-ceiled bedrooms of the old Western Hotel, with its antique mahogany and rosewood furniture—beds weighing a quarter of a ton, and bureaus too heavy for men to move—saw the conferences of the giants who moulded the West and linked it to the East. Today the Western Hotel is a gathering place of migratory labor, where the haters of capital hold conferences of a different sort. The old St. George even, now a two-bit rooming house, the shelter of the wandering—in the St. George Hotel the business men of Sacramento first gathered, with Collis P. Huntington among them, to listen to Theodore Judah and his inspired plans. This structure has played its part at both extremes of California's history.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST RAILROAD

And so we come to the story of California's first railroad, the Sacramento-Folsom line, the germ out of which the greater railroad grew.

The road was called the Sacramento Valley Railroad. It is still operating, for the most part on the original roadbed, from Sacramento to Folsom and on to Placerville. It was a little railroad, laughable in many ways; but it led the way for the grander project.

James H. Patterson, secretary of the Sacramento Pioneer Society, another '49-er, helped build this first line and worked on it after it was built, as special agent or "handy man" for L. L. Robinson, the president. No better man could have been found to tell the story of the oldest railroad in the state.

Patterson started his narrative by telling me of the huge size and scope of the Sacramento teaming industry. For the object of the builders of the Folsom line was to take over the entire mountain freight business for the first twenty-mile "leg" to the Sierras; and in this they succeeded, ultimately shifting the teaming center to Folsom. To weigh this achievement more accurately, I looked up some figures.

I found that in 1856 the California Stage Company, a \$700,000 corporation, was running no less than 24 different lines out from Sacramento, its stages travelling an average distance of 1,474 miles a day.

Nine independent companies covered 17 additional routes, with a daily average of 464 miles.

Here was a coach-and-wagon industry to make the boasted coach system of Old England look like a child's toy railroad. The main company, a consolidation of several smaller outfits, had 1,100 horses, 80 Con-

cord coaches—the old style coach, with boat-shaped bodies slung on leather springs that gave a pitching motion—and 125 Concord wagons.

EVERYTHING SHIFTS TO STAGE AND WAGON

Goods and passengers came to Sacramento by boat, dozens of steamers and sailing craft, and some fine vessels among them. Everything was shifted to the stages and wagons; there were lines running to the Sierra mines, to Nevada, the Northern valley towns, Stockton, Petaluma, and even a daily stage to Portland, Oregon.

More expert whip-crackers than these drivers never held leather, and finer teams never threaded highway than the fours, sixes and eights that galloped out from the Central Depot at the old Orleans Hotel—a building still standing on lower J.

And it was all—the Eastern part of it at any rate—to be taken from Sacramento by the Sacramento Valley Railroad.

Theodore Judah, later the genius of the Central Pacific, was the man who saw the possibilities of a short line, over the level land, that would bridge the gap to the foothills and save the teams those twenty muddy or dusty miles. He interested Colonel C. W. Wilson, who raised \$5,000 cash on which the work began. A paltry sum for so big an undertaking.

“At that time the ‘Big Four’ cared nothing about railroads,” said Mr. Patterson. “Hopkins and Huntington were running their hardware store—a big business it was too. Charlie Crocker was selling goods over the counter of his own dry-goods store on J Street, and Stanford was in general business. Judah laid out the line, and work began.”

MONEY HALTS BUILDING OF LINE AFTER FEW MILES

It was a pick-and-shovel job entirely for the first 10 miles. After that they tried scrapers, but scrapers were a new thing and didn't work very well.

After the line had run out a few miles, the money gave out and there was a halt. The concern was taken over by bond-holders. L. L. Robinson, from that time the president of the line, took over most of the obligations.

"It was quiet in the mountains just then. Placer mining had run down after the first rush, and hydraulicking had not begun. They were beginning to find silver in Nevada; and it was finally the Comstock and Washoe country that gave the line its greatest business.

"The entire plan was nearly given up as a bad job when they struck cement gravel at Anderson's Cut. Nobody knew how to get through that little knoll—a matter of 10 or 12 feet in depth. It held them up for weeks, while they figured and stormed around and finally a miner from the mountains happened along and showed them how to handle it.

"He dug in horizontally with an iron spoon on the end of a pole, put in gunpowder, and lifted the cement by blasting. It was considered a great triumph.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO WHAT IS NOW FOLSOM

"The day the line was completed to Folsom, we ran a special train. There was no town at Folsom at the time; the place was called 'Nigger Bar.' We rented a big circus tent from Lee Marshall's Circus, put it up on the flat between the railroad and the river, and held a big

celebration with tickets at \$10 apiece. There was a huge crowd—people came from Sacramento and from all over the mountains for 200 miles north and south; some even from Nevada. That was the big day.

“The railroad operated at first one train a day. Then it ran three, one freight and two passenger-and-freight combinations. The rails were lighter than streetcar rails now. The cars were little 30-footers. The line had three Hinckley locomotives, which were given names like ships. The first one was called the ‘Sacramento,’ the second ‘Nevada,’ and the third the ‘L. L. Robinson.’ They were wood-burning, with inside connections.

“As to schedule, there was a leaving-time, and the trains arrived when they got there. Though the line was single track, there was never any danger of collision, because there was only one train operating at a time. There were plenty of wrecks through derailing; but when one of those trains went off the track it was just a matter of getting a rail from the nearest fence and lifting it on again. The line was a money-maker—the year before the Central Pacific took it over, it turned in earnings of \$500,000. It was sold to the C. P. for \$800,000.

FOLSOM DEPOT WAS 150 FEET LONG,
20 FEET HIGH

“Folsom grew to be a great town in those days. The railroad had a depot 150 feet long and 20 feet high, always piled full of freight. Teams would come in, the drivers would unhitch, and as soon as one wagon was loaded they would couple up the mules and haul it away, running an empty wagon into place by hand. Teams would mass around that depot four and five deep, waiting for their turn.

“The original purpose was to get to Placerville and to Auburn. After the railroad reached Folsom there was a delay, during which everyone said it was impossible

for it to reach up into the mountains. 'You'll never get away from the American River,' they used to say. Finally the engineers figured out a way; they crossed the river on a bridge, then wound along upstream toward Auburn. That part of the road was abandoned long ago; but we were within seven miles of Auburn when the money ran out.

"The Placerville extension was built later, at two different times; first to Latrobe, then on to Shingle Springs, which was the terminal for twenty years before the railroad was carried on to Placerville, following the main highway from Washoe, Nevada. That old stage road is the Placerville State Highway of today.

"OTHER FELLOW" ALL IN A FEVER FROM WORRYING

"I remember one day being sent personally by Mr. Robinson with instructions to deliver a package to Charlie Mitchell at Latrobe, and to get it to him by midnight. The freight was just pulling out and I jumped aboard the caboose.

"After leaving Folsom there was a three-mile grade, thirty feet to the mile. Rounding a hairpin turn I heard what sounded like a light tap, and I stuck my head outside. The train was a hundred feet ahead, disappearing around a turn. The coupling had broken.

" 'Hell,' I said to one of the train crew, 'that fellow on the engine won't know we're lost till he gets to Latrobe. Then maybe somebody will tell him.' We set the handbrakes and waited for a while. I began to get hungry. Off in the distance was a light I knew. 'Guess I'll go to Mammy Cook's and get supper,' I said. So I left the train, went and had a good supper, and got back to find the other fellow all in a fever from worrying.

"You see, the engine hadn't any headlight on the rear end and he had it all figured out that it would come back in the dark and run into the car. But it didn't. The engineer had his attention called to his loss at La-

trobe and he steamed back slowly, following a man who walked along the track with a lantern. I reached Charlie Mitchell's place just two minutes before midnight."

RAILROAD ENDS CAREER OF CLASSIC "BAD MAN"

One heroic deed at least is laid to the credit of the little railroad, and that is the slaying of Henry Caulfield.

Caulfield, a '49er, had figured in the squatter riots of 1850, when he was knocked from his horse by a blow from a gun butt, and was saved from lynching by being rushed aboard the prison brig. His later fame was mainly connected with land jumping; he took up a farm south of the R Street levee and became involved in endless disputes that generally ended violently. He was a genial rascal, according to Grove L. Johnson, but had no property sense.

Several times he was shot or stabbed, and as many times he shot and stabbed others. He seemed to bear a charmed life. On one occasion he recovered after being so badly gashed that he breathed through a knife hole in his back. Later he killed a man, and was sent to prison for six years.

"After he got out," said Mr. Patterson, "Caulfield used to walk along the R Street trestle, get in front of the train and make it stop. 'Take your damn train around!' he would say to the engineer. Time after time the boys in the cab would slow down and give him his chance to walk to the end of the trestle, they were afraid of their lives if they didn't. It was great fun—for Caulfield.

"At last he tried it once too often. The engineer always said he had been looking inside the cab and hadn't seen Caulfield as he walked along the trestle, laughing over his shoulder.

"The little engine hit the bad man hard and proved itself a man-killer after all. They picked him up in a hayfield and buried him. After that there was no more trouble."



JOHN ORR, Brother of Thomas Orr Jr.

JOHN ORR'S GOLD STRIKE IN NEVADA
THE DISCOVERY NUGGET STILL IN
SONOMA COUNTY

The Days of Old, The Days of Gold, The Days of '49

On Monday, April 10th, 1899, the X-Rays Editor was guest of Landlord Frank Orr at his summer resort "Orchard Home" at Duncan's Mills, and after lunch was over was shown by Mr. Orr the gold discovery nugget taken out of Gold Canyon Forks, Utah, now Nevada, on June 1, 1850, by John Orr, the father of the Orr brothers. The Alta Californian of May 17th, 1880, had the following account of gold in Nevada:

An interesting correspondence has lately passed between Eliot Lord, of the United States Geologic Survey, and John Orr, the first discoverer of gold in the state of Nevada. Under the supervision of the Director of the Geologic Survey, a history of the mining development on the Comstock Lode in Nevada has been prepared. John Orr, at present (1880) residing at Duncan's Mills, Sonoma County, has in his possession the first gold nugget known to have been found in Nevada, and the inquiries of Mr. Lord have been in relation to the circumstances of its discovery, and the possibility of securing it from Mr. Orr by donation or purchase, for the collection of minerals in the National Museum at Washinugton. In conversation with Mr. Orr a day or two ago, he stated the facts relating to the discovery. He started with a large train to come across the plains in 1849. Very severe weather was encountered, the roads were bad and they were compelled to spend the winter at Salt Lake. He left for California on the first wagon train in the spring of high waters, and part of the road had to be cut through the snow until the Humboldt was reached. Orr had a partner named Nick Kelly, after whom Kelly's Ravine is named, and in the company was also one William Prouse, now living in Nurb City, about forty miles

southeast of Salt Lake. Prouse had worked in mines in this State before gold was discovered in Coloma, and was a good prospector. One early day in May, 1850, the train stopped on the edge of what is now known as Gold Canyon, near a river, to let the animals feed on some bunch grass found growing amongst the sage brush. Prouse at noontime took a milk pan, and going down to the gulch began washing dirt, in a few minutes getting color to the value of a few cents. Orr then named the place Gold Canyon, still retained. Orr was keeping a rude chart of the country travelled over, taking bearings only north and south, and estimating the distances travelled every day. Gold Canyon was marked on the chart, which was lost by Mr. Orr in 1852, while returning East to be married. The train soon after resumed travel, going to the head of the Carson Valley. There they met a party of seven, who had left the train at the Sink of the Humboldt, intending to go in advance to California and select good locations for the remainder of the party. They had been unable to cross the country, and had been lost in the snow in the mountains four or five days, unable to find the divide to Hangtown, and seeking Carson to recuperate. A stay in Carson for three weeks followed, when Orr, Kelly and several others returned to Gold Canyon and resumed prospecting. Kelly led with pick and shovel when work was begun. The party had few tools and Orr had nothing but a butcher-knife. While Kelly was working, Orr noticed a very shallow place at the fork, where the water barely covered a slab of slate rock. Idly he examined it, and noticing a small crevice near the edge, drove the butcher knife into it, breaking out a piece. The water running over it washed away the underlying dirt, and in a few seconds Orr discovered a golden nugget where the rock had covered it. It was quickly removed, and afterward found to weigh \$8.25. This was on the 1st of June, 1850. Prospecting was continued and gold dust was found in several places throughout the canyon. Orr's was the only nugget found. The party lacked tools and provisions, and being bent on reaching California, abandoned the camp and proceeded along to Leek's Springs, reaching there July 4th, 1850.

Orr offered the nugget to Kelly, who refused to accept it and as it was the first piece of gold he ever dug, Orr, for a few years, retained it for a souvenir on that account. In late years, inquiry as to the first discovery of gold in Nevada and the settlement of the discovery upon Mr. Orr and his nugget have induced him to state that the nugget is not for sale, nor will it be donated to any museum. He had four sons, one of them living, and will keep it for him to be passed down as an heirloom.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS PERTAINING TO THE ORR FAMILY

A number of brief items, miscellaneous data and interesting facts concerning not only the subject of this work but many of his relatives and descendants, have been compiled from a diary kept by Thomas Orr, Jr., from the memory of the members of his family and other sources. Believing them to be of considerable interest and some importance in connection with this work, they are set down as follows:

Thomas Orr and brother James J. Orr, while away from camp for a time, were compelled to subsist on a pint of corn meal a day. When rations were scarce at camp the family subsisted on thistle roots, finding they contained considerable food value.

Thomas Orr and his two sisters, Mary and Isabella, attended school at Salmon Falls in 1855 under the supervision of Miss Sarah Tully, now Mrs. Sarah Wallace, who resided at Shingle Springs and was past ninety-one years of age at the time of her death in 1926. This notable pioneer woman organized the school district at Salmon Falls, El Dorado County, California, and the above descendants were in her class.

Mr. Orr suffered an attack of smallpox when very young, although nearly succumbing to the disease, he recovered, to live to the age of ninety-one years, but was near-sighted as a result of the disease.

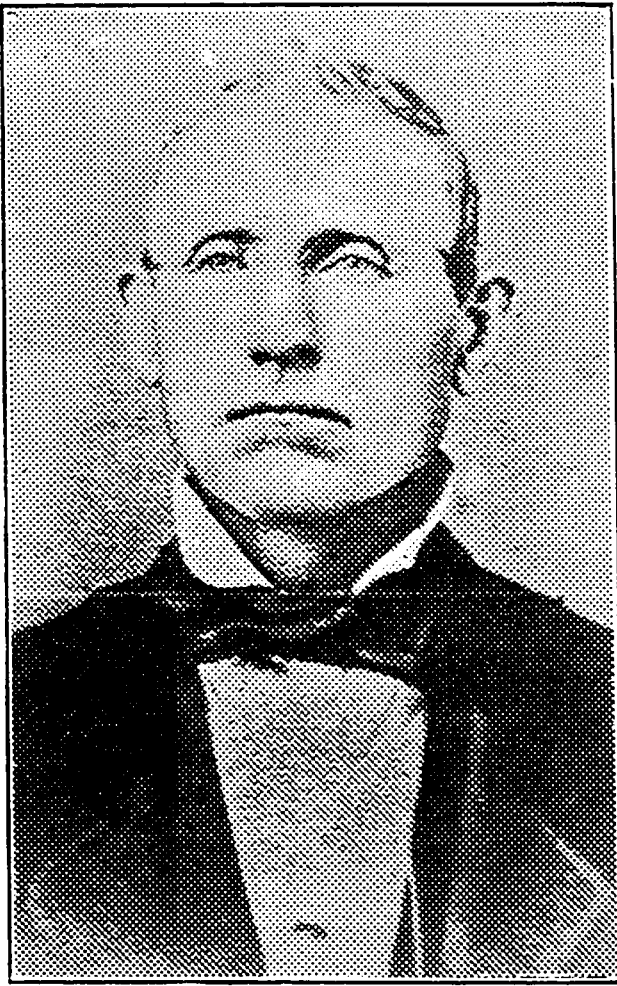
A Golden Jubilee was held in Salt Lake, Utah, on July 24, 1897 in honor of the golden anniversary of the arrival of Brigham Young's emigrant train of seven hundred wagons in Great Salt Lake Valley. The Orr family having arrived the same year (1847) at the time of the celebration of this golden jubilee, Thomas Orr and his two sisters, Mrs. Belle Russell and Mrs. Mary Whitney, being the only surviving members of the original Orr family, but were not present at the jubilee, but were each presented with a gold pin as a souvenir of this memorable occasion. All those arriving in 1847 received invitations to this golden jubilee.

In the early days there was a romance existing between Mr. Orr's sister, Belle, and Charles Robin, the man who later foreclosed the mortgage on the Orr home. She refused his offer of marriage, however, later marrying Isaac Russell. Thomas Orr, Sr., sold the site of the Orr hotel at Salmon Falls in 1855 to Mrs. Mary Gains, widow of J. W. Gains, whose property adjoined the Orrs.' The property is now owned by William A. Miller, grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gains, who were pioneer residents of Salmon Falls in the early days. Mr. Miller and his family, also the former's father, Minor A. Miller, still reside at Salmon Falls.

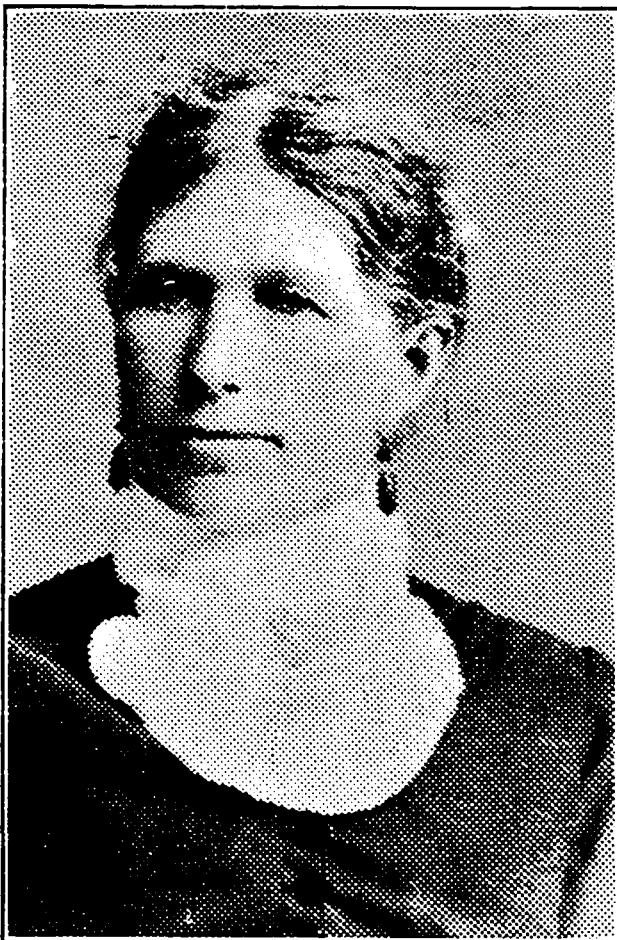
Mrs. Mary Whitney, sister of Thomas Orr, was the wife of Alonzo D. Whitney, who wrote the first bill-of-lading ever sent out by the Sacramento Valley Railroad to Folsom.

James J. Orr received the freight at Alder Creek for the Orr hotel at Salmon Falls. He was also issued the first pass ever written by the Sacramento Valley Railroad from Sacramento to Folsom.

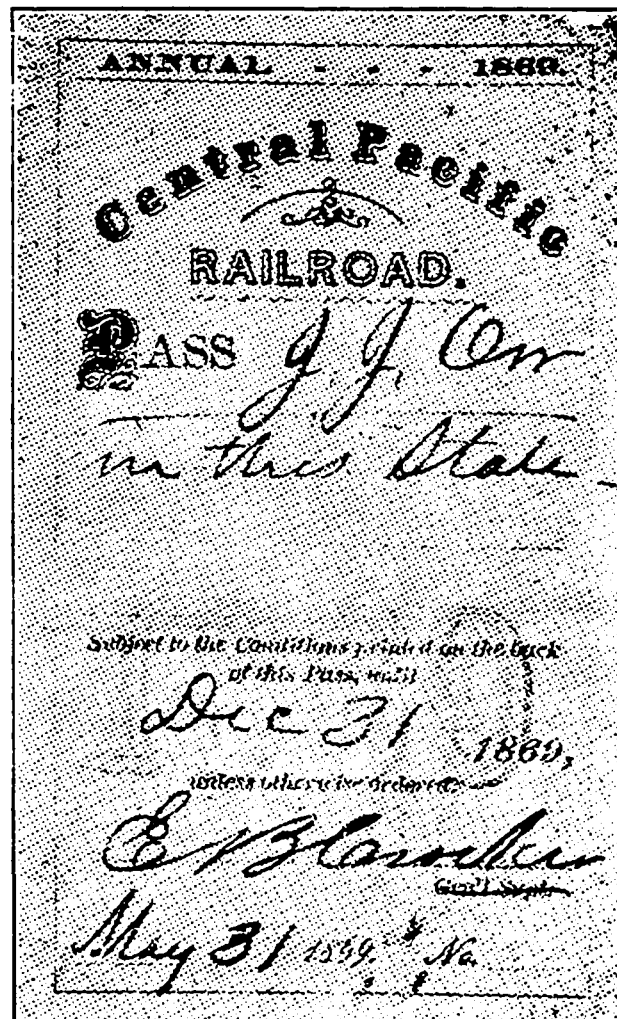
James Orr, brother of Thomas Orr, drove stage from Sacramento to Marysville during the early period of stage transportation.



Father and Mother of Thomas Orr Jr.



**Mrs. Bell Russell, Sister of
Thomas Orr Jr**



**First Annual Pass Issued by
Central Pac. R. R. in Calif.**

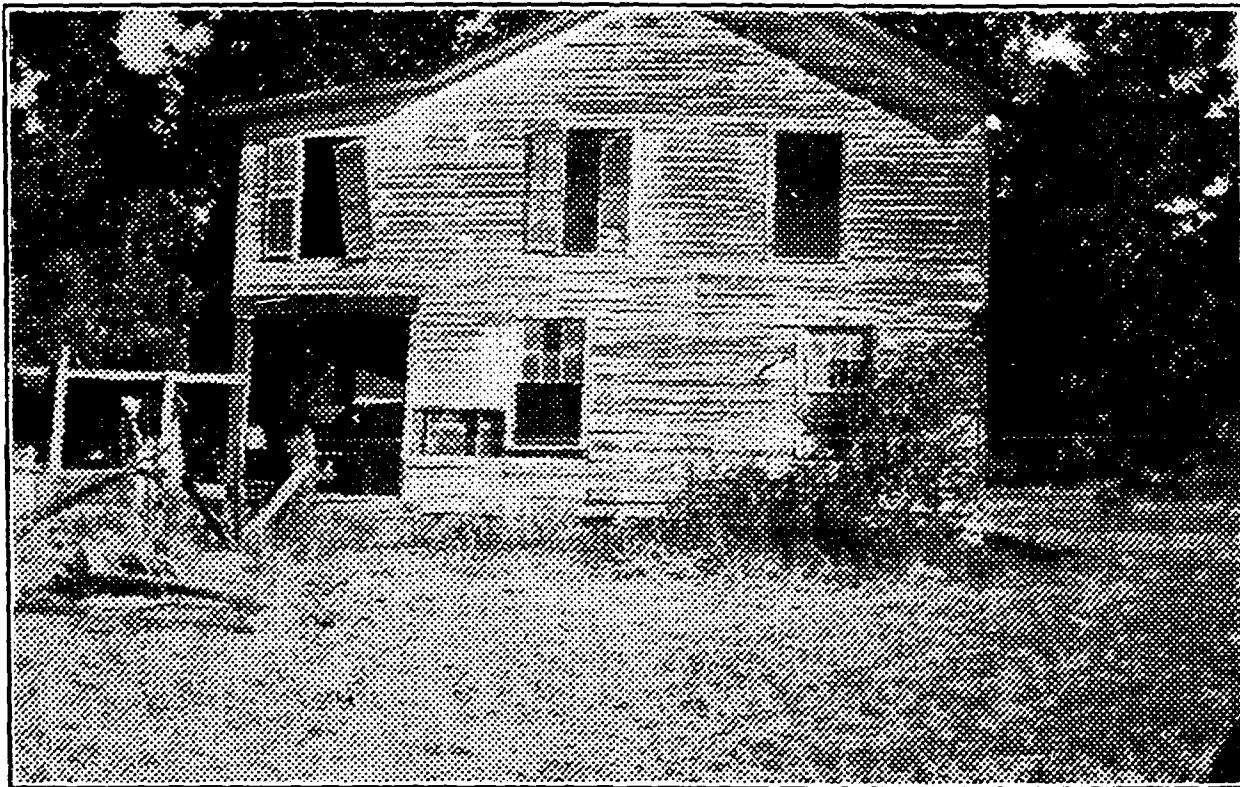
THOMAS ORR'S SONS

Brief Information and Detailed Records of the Accomplishments of Thomas Orr's Four Sons, Compiled by Members of the Family

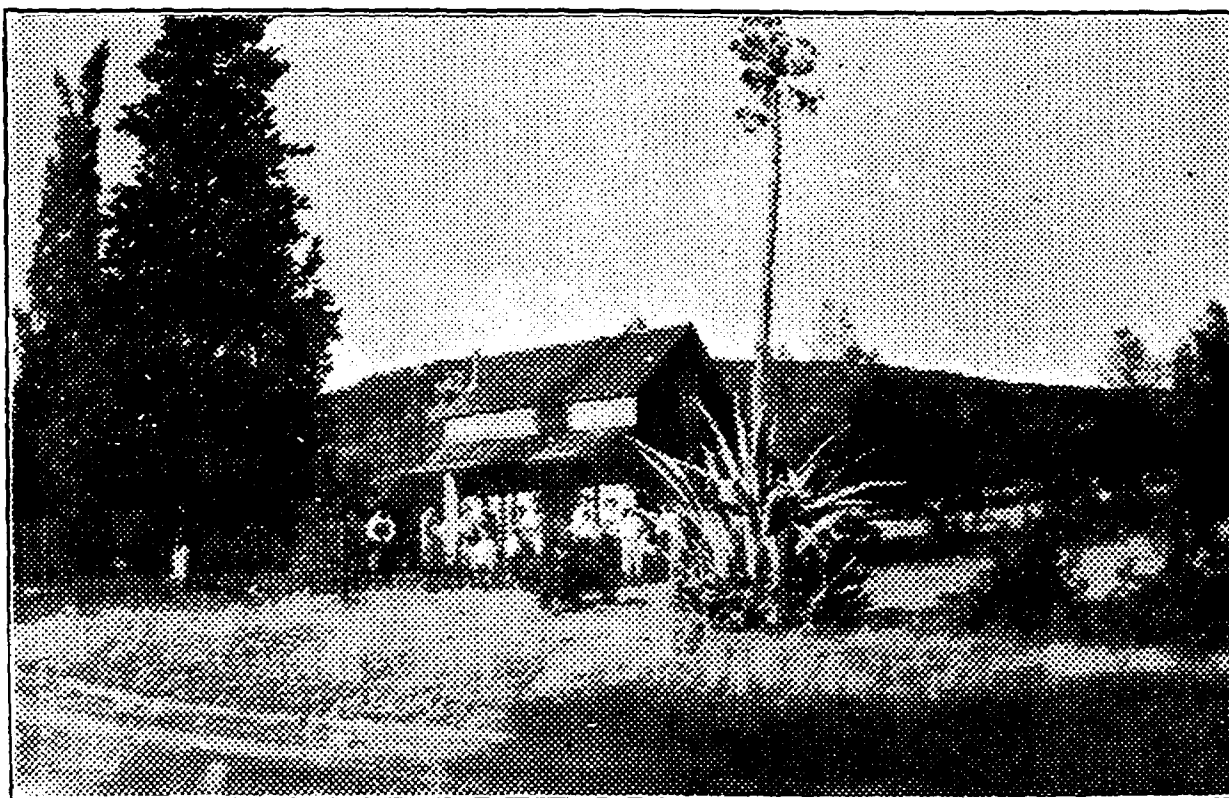
ARCHIBALD EDWARD ORR: A skilled mechanic. Since an early age he has been attracted to machinery of various kinds and makes. As an automobile mechanic, he has attained considerable prominence. He is also an engineer and now occupies a responsible position with the Capital Ice Company of Sacramento, with his brothers, George and John W. Orr.

GEORGE THOMAS ORR: A machinist, and has acquired an intimate knowledge of engineering. He has been stationary engineer at several mines near Folsom in years passed and now holds a position as engineer with the Capital Ice Company of Sacramento, where his brother, John W. Orr is interested. His experience in electrical mechanics was partly gained through service as an engineer for a number of ice companies for several years.

CHARLES ALBERT ORR: Was Assistant Station Agent at Shingle Springs under the late T. C. Morebeck when he completed schooling. When fully capable, he was transferred on the Southern Pacific lines to other parts of the State. Giving up the railroad for a short time he later, however, was re-instated by his cousin, W. A. Whitney, superintendent of the Sacramento division of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Later he again left the railroad to enter the employment of the American Railway Express Company, with which company he still is. He was formerly cashier of the Company at Chico for several years. He again has headquarters at Chico.



Hotel at Salmon Falls ran by R. R. Berry, 1855



Orr Family Home at Salmon Falls

