

THE WYCKOFF FAMILY IN AMERICA

THE NICHOLAS LINE
(Watsonville California Branch)



A GENEALOGY
Christmas 1965

"I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born bragging."

Sir William S. Gilbert
"THE MIKADO"

THE TREK WESTWARD (1625-1965)

from Boda, Oland Island, Sweden
on the Baltic Sea

to Zierikzee, Schouwen Island, and to
Middleburg, Walcheren Island,
Netherlands on the North Sea

to Albany, New York
on the Hudson River

to Brooklyn, New York
on the East River

to New Jersey to West Virginia
to Zanesville, Ohio on the Muskingum
River

to Oquawka, Illinois
on the Mississippi River

across the plains and across the isthmus of
Nicaragua and the isthmus of Panama

to Watsonville, California
on the Pajaro River
on Monterey Bay



HUBERT COKE WYCKOFF IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

1. *PIETER CLAESEN WYCKOFF*

b. 26 January 1625 at Boda, Oland Island, Sweden

d. 30 June 1694

m. GRIETJE VAN NES about 26 August 1648

Pieter Claesen was the son of Claes Cornelissen van Schouen, who was the son of Cornelius Peterson and belonged to a family of traders who lived at Borgholm on Oland Island and carried on trade in the Baltic and North Seas.

This family was apparently of Scandinavian descent. Cornelius Peterson married, on 12 May 1593, in the Cathedral in Calmar, Sweden, Johanna, daughter of Jacob van der Goes, and engaged with his father-in-law in trade on the Baltic and the Zuyderzee, to Nordinge in East Friesland and as far as Walcheren in Zeeland. He had three sons, Jacob, Claes and Peter Cornelissen, and one daughter Cornelia. His son Claes Cornelissen born on Oland 3 April 1597 was a minor when his father died in 1599 and in 1603 was under the guardianship of his maternal grandfather, Jacob van der Goes of Walcheren, Holland, and Calmar, Sweden, and with him engaged in trade which often took him to the Dutch islands. Here he married on 9 November 1623 a grand niece of his guardian, Margaret, daughter of Martyn van der Goes of Middleburg, Walcheren.

In 1624 Claes Cornelissen returned to Boda on Oland, probably to introduce his wife to his relatives and to arrange the paternal inheritance with his brothers and sister. Here his son Pieter Claesen was born 26 January 1625. In December 1625 Claes appears again in Walcheren as the owner of a ship of his

own, Svenska Kronan. His home seems to have been at Zierikzee on the island of Schouen, for here his wife Margaret died 2 August 1631. From here he engaged in trade over the familiar route, perhaps taking with him his little son Pieter. By this time the Thirty Years War was making trade in those waters dangerous and unprofitable and this, added to the death of his wife, caused him to sell his ships and migrate to America, where he was known as Claes Cornelissen van Schouen.

Peter Claesen founder of the Wyckoff family in America, came to Fort Orange, Province of New Netherland 7 April 1637 in the ship "Rensselaerwick." In the log of that ship is the following: "This ship sailed from Amsterdam, Holland 25 September 1636 anchored off the seaport, The Texel 8 October 1636 reached New Amsterdam, New Netherland, 13 March 1637, and Tuesday 7 April 1637 about three o'clock in the morning, we came to anchor before foort aeranien, the end of our journey upward."

The "Rensselaerwick" was outfitted by Killian Van Ressaer, a diamond merchant of Amsterdam, who had a speculative contract with the West India Company for the grant of a large body of land near the headwaters of the Hudson River, under which he was required to transport men and animals to the new country. There is no complete list of the passengers on this ship, but among those named are Pieter Cornelissen from Monnickendam, North Holland, Pieter Claesen Van Norden and Simon Walischez. These three did not remain in New Amsterdam, but went on to Fort Orange. Here Pieter Cornelissen became prominent in the affairs of the colony. He may have been

the Uncle of Pieter Claesen, although the two are not mentioned together in the records of the Van Rensselaer estate.

Pieter Claesen was one of the thirty-eight laborers sent on the "Rensselaerwick" to be assigned to various farmers on the Rensselaer estate, and under the date 3 April 1637 he was assigned to Simon Walischez. According to a scorched fragment of the records of the estate, saved from a fire in the State Library at Albany in 1911, he was to receive 50 guilders per year for the first three years and 75 guilders for the last three years. About the time when the contract matured, Simon Walischez' lease was canceled on the ground that he was an unsatisfactory tenant and the final settlement was made by the Van Rensselaer Estate.

Pieter Claesen was 18 years old when he made his settlement with the van Rensselaer estate. Soon after this he rented a farm for himself and married Grietje van Nes, the daughter of a prominent citizen of the colony. Their two eldest children were born in Rensselaerwick, but the church in which were kept the records of their birth and the marriage of their parents was burned and the records were destroyed. With his wife and two children he went to New Amsterdam in 1649. Here he remained until 1655 when he signed a contract "to superintend the Bowery and cattle of Peter Stuyvesant in New Amersfoort" and moved into the house on Canarsie Lane in Flatlands, Brooklyn.

(See Appendix "*The Old Wyckoff House*".)

Pieter Claesen prospered and became one of the most influential citizens of the little frontier settlement. He had bought land in that section in 1652 and continued to buy land from time to time, but he never owned the house in which he lived. He became a local judge, something like our justice of the peace, and was instrumental in establishing the Flatlands Dutch Reformed Church at the juncture of Flatbush Avenue and King's Highway. His remains are supposed to have been buried in land now covered by the altar of this church. On 22 May 1938 The Wyckoff Association in America planted a tree in the churchyard of this edifice in memory of Pieter Claesen and his descendants. On 26 May 1940 the same Association unveiled a bronze tablet inside the church, suitably inscribed in honor of Pieter Claesen.

When the British took over the Dutch colony, they had difficulty with the Dutch names and demanded that the Dutch families take surnames by which they could be identified. It was then that the name Wyckoff first came into use. In a roll of those who took the oath of allegiance in King's County in 1687, the names of Pieter Claesen and his six sons appear with the surname Wijckoff. The origin of the name is as follows: Pieter Claesen had been a local judge and the name came from this fact, the "Wyk" meaning a parish and "hof", meaning a court. Thus the name would mean Pieter Claesen of the town court. A member of the Wyckoff family, wandering through a Dutch town during World War II, was surprised to see the name Wyckoff on a place of business, which suggests that the name may have been taken because of some old world

association. Dr. Max Wickhoff of Vienna, Austria, writes that his family came from Friesland in the seventeenth century and that he believes that the Austrian Wickhoffs and the American Wyckoffs derive from the same Friesian gentry, living in the Austrian Netherlands, which then comprised a large part of Holland, Belgium and East Friesland. He also refers to the house in the province of Drente which is called Hof in der Wijk, or Wijkof. "Hof" would here mean house or farmsted and "Wijk" would designate the locality. There can be no certainty as to which explanation is correct.

There are many spellings of the name, but the original spelling is as given above, and the nearest approach to that is Wyckoff. The others are corruptions that have arisen from carelessness or illegible writing.

Pieter Claesen had ten children, six boys and four girls, all of whom married and had families. The family had good standing in the Dutch colony. He died 30 June 1694.

2. *NICHOLAS (OR CLAES PIETERSE) WYCKOFF* (Pieter Claesen¹)

- b.* About 1646 at Beverwyck (Albany) New York
- d.* After 24 February 1714/15
- m.* SARA MONTFORT, daughter of Pieter Monfoort and Sarah (de Plancken) about 1672. She was baptized 2 April 1656; the records of Flatlands Dutch Reformed Church have at 31 December 1704 the entry "Claes Wyckoff for grave and shroud for his wife 24 fl(orins)."

There is a deed to Claes Wyckoff dated 13 May 1690 from Pieter Cornelissen Luyster and his wife Jannetie Pietersen, of a farm property in Flatlands, L. I., for a consideration of £637, 7 shillings. Another deed dated 21 May 1703 takes title from the heirs of Pieter Claesen, of lands, consideration £100. His last known document, found in the old Wyckoff house, is a deed dated 24 February 1714/15, to his son Pieter Wyckoff of Middletown, County of Monmouth, N. J., consideration £425, of 48 acres in Flatlands, also a house, barn, orchard, etc. The mark of Claes in signing documents is an anchor, flukes upward.

3. *PIETER WYCKOFF* (Nicholas,² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. About 1675

d. Died 1759

m. First in 1696 WILLEMTJE JANSEN SCHENCK;
married second ANNE ELIZABETH VAN PELT
who survived him

He removed from Flatlands New York to New Jersey; a deed dated 12 April 1710 from Obadiah Bowne of Middletown New Jersey to Peter Wecof or Wicoff of the same place is for 90 acres, consideration £90. A deed dated 24 February 1714/15 to property in Flatlands, from his father, Claes, to him, then in Middletown, suggests that he was returning to Flatlands at about that time, to the old Wyckoff farm. His will, made at Flatlands 25 May 1753 probated 23 March 1759, is recorded in the New York City Surrogate's office. A deed of

1751 from him to his son, Pieter Jr., is of land in Flatlands, called Haw's Hook, and meadows; consideration £300. Another deed, dated 4 April 1753 from Pieter Wickhof to Pieter Wickhof Jr., is of several pieces of land: 15 acres at Flatlands Neck; and four lots of salt meadow at Varkhoeck's Vley; bears a signature evident of weakness.

4. *NICHOLAS WYCKOFF* (Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 1697 (baptised in First Dutch Church, Freehold, New Jersey)

d. 1778

m. ELIZABETH -

Lived and died near Readington, Hunterdon County, New Jersey. Left a will.

5. *SAMUEL WYCKOFF* (Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 9 June 1725

d. 1813

m. GERTRUDE CHARITY WYCKOFF of Readington New Jersey 25 November 1749

Owned land in Loudon County Virginia in 1772. Gertrude died in 1777 or 1778. Samuel married again in 1779 or 1780 and moved to Hardy County Virginia (now West Virginia) where he died in 1813 and where his will was probated.

6. *SAMUEL WYCKOFF* (Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 10 June 1760 in Hunterdon County New Jersey

d. 4 March 1842

m. MARIA BURGER 11 February 1780 (*b.* 8 May 1757 *d.* 11 August 1839)

Enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary War from Maryland. After the war he resided in Loudon County Virginia and Hardy County West Virginia and later in Ohio where he died.

7. *NICHOLAS WYCKOFF* (Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 13 February 1789

d. 13 October 1869

m. MARGARET TWEED 8 May 1806 (*b.* 10 August 1791 *d.* 3 February 1823)

Lived in Zanesville Ohio 1820 later moved to Wamego Kansas served in War of 1812 Battle of Lundy's Lane.

8. *JESSE WYCKOFF* (Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 1820 in Zanesville Ohio

d. 30 May 1882 in Watsonville California

m. ELIZABETH ANN SHORT in Oquawka Henderson County Illinois (*b.* 14 December 1829 in Illinois *d.* 19 October 1921 in Napa California)

(see Appendix "The Short Family")

Children: STEPHEN NICHOLAS, EDWARD FRANCIS, CYRUS NEWTON, FLORENCE, CLARA BELLE, SAMUEL HARVEY, FANNY EDNA (UREN), JESSE THOMAS.

The records of Henderson County Illinois show a deed dated 23 August 1844 (Volume 4 of Deeds page 164) Henry N. Ives and Rebecca Ives his wife, grantors, to Jesse Wyckoff and Edmund Wyckoff, grantees, conveying:

SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 13 in Township 11 Range 5 West (100 acres \$700).

Four children died in childhood in Illinois. The family left Oquawka 10 May 1868 with six children via New York City and the Isthmus of Panama.

(See Appendix—"Diary of Stephen Nicholas Wyckoff 1868).

The records of Monterey County California show a deed dated 4 November 1872 (recorded Book M Deeds page 82) Leonard Stone and Mary Stone his wife grantors to JESSE WYCOFF (sic), E. F. WYCOFF (sic) and CYRUS N. WYCOFF (sic) grantees conveying:

SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$; the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$; and Lots 3 and 4, Section 14, Township 12 South, Range 2 East (115.50 acres)

Here Hubert Coke Wyckoff¹⁰ was born.

This property was sold 27 October 1878 (Book Y Deeds page 37).

9. *STEPHEN NICHOLAS WYCKOFF* (Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 19 June 1848 in Oquawka Henderson County Illinois

d. 24 March 1916 in Berkeley California at his home on Bancroft Way between Bowditch Street and Telegraph Avenue

m. LOIS MARY POOLE 23 July 1872 at Watsonville California by Rev. A. J. Compton (*b.* 24 November 1850 Scott County Illinois *d.* 5 November 1936 Berkeley California)

Children: HUBERT COKE, ALFRED CLARENCE, EDNA FAITH, STEPHEN NICHOLAS JR.

Lois Mary Poole was the daughter of Thomas B. Poole, Undersheriff of Monterey County.

Poole, in company with others, killed a deputy sheriff on July 1 1864 at Somerset House in El Dorado County California. They were Confederate sympathizers headed for the South on horseback.

At a point about 12 miles from Somerset House and 14 miles from Placerville at 10:00 P.M. 30 June 1864, they held up a Wells Fargo stage coach, took nothing from the passengers, but stole a large amount of gold coin and bullion from the treasure chest of the stage coach and gave the driver a receipt signed "Jefferson Davis." They then took over the Somerset House where a sheriff's posse from Sacramento overtook them at 5:00 A.M. 1 July 1864. There was shooting, in

the course of which Staples, a deputy sheriff, was killed and Poole was wounded, apprehended and arrested.

Poole was tried in Placerville on a charge of murder in the first degree, convicted by a jury and sentenced to death. On appeal to the California Supreme Court the judgment of conviction was affirmed (*People v Thomas B. Pool* (sic) 27 Cal. 573 (January 1865)). The transcript on appeal is in the State Library at Sacramento.

He was hanged in the jailyard at Placerville.

This left Lois Mary Poole, his 15 year old daughter, an orphan, for her mother had died some years previously as the result of a stagecoach accident near Watsonville.

(See Appendix "The Poole Family")

10. *HUBERT COKE WYCKOFF* (Stephen Nicholas⁹ Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 27 April 1873 at Watsonville (Prunedale) California

d. 29 November 1936 in Watsonville California at his home 243 Corralitos Road.

m. ANABEL McDONNELL 14 June 1899 at 2055 Mission Street San Francisco by Rev. George E. Swan Rector of St. Mark's Church Berkeley (*b.* 12 November 1874 at San Francisco; University of California 1892-1896 A.B.)

She is the daughter of James McDonnell Jr. *b.* Boston Massachusetts; member of California Legislature (Assemblyman



HUBERT COKE, JR.



JAMES ALLEN



ANN



STEPHEN

from Sonoma County 1886) *m.* Mary Dill Stevens 2 June 1873 by Rev. T. K. Noble in San Francisco.

Children: HUBERT COKE JR., JAMES ALLEN, ANN, STEPHEN

Attended elementary schools Watsonville; University of California 1892-1896; Columbia Law School, Hastings College of Law; admitted to practice of law 1899; Phi Beta Kappa; President of State Bar of California 1920-1921 and 1934-1935; founder of law firm Wyckoff & Gardner (now Wyckoff, Parker, Boyle & Pope) 1900-1936.

He is buried in the Pioneer Cemetery (Block 4 Lot 4 Grave 5) Watsonville California. Buried with him in the same lot are his father and mother Stephen Nicholas⁹ (Grave 10) and Lois Poole Wyckoff (Grave 5); his daughter Elizabeth Mary Wyckoff (Grave 10) who died in infancy (1904); his uncle Edward Francis Wyckoff⁹ (Grave 1); and his uncle Cyrus Newton Wyckoff⁹ (Grave 2).

11. *HUBERT COKE WYCKOFF JR.* (Hubert Coke¹⁰ Stephen Nicholas⁹ Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 2 July 1901 at San Francisco

m. FLORENCE WALTON RICHARDSON 16 September 1931 by Rev. Lindley Miller of St. Clement's Church Berkeley (*b.* 5 October 1905 at Berkeley)

Attended elementary schools Watsonville; Hoosac School Hoosick, New York 1915-1919; University of California 1919-

1923; Harvard Law School, Hastings College of Law 1923-1926; admitted to practice of law 27 August 1926; Assistant United States Attorney Northern District of California 1928-1931; Assistant Deputy Administrator for Maritime Labor Relations War Shipping Administration 1942-1945; labor arbitrations 1939-; member of firm Wyckoff, Parker, Boyle & Pope 1946-.

11. *JAMES ALLEN WYCKOFF* (Hubert Coke¹⁰ Stephen Nicholas⁹ Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 22 March 1906 at Watsonville

m. ELIZABETH NORWALK 23 February 1937 by Rev. Bayard H. Jones of Church of St. Mary the Virgin San Francisco (*b.* 13 July 1909 at Brooklyn N. Y.)

Children: ELIZABETH *b.* 15 January 1940, LOIS ADRIENNE *b.* 14 November 1943

Attended elementary schools Watsonville; Hoosac School Hoosick New York 1920-1924; University of California 1924-1926; Stanford University Law School 1929-1931; admitted to practice law 1932; Board of Governors The State Bar of California 1960-1963; Member Judicial Council of State of California 1964-; member of firm Wyckoff, Parker, Boyle & Pope 1932-.

11. *ANN WYCKOFF READ* (Hubert Coke¹⁰ Stephen Nicholas⁹ Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)

b. 26 November 1907 at Watsonville
m. ROBERT BURNS READ 23 January 1943 at Berkeley (*b.* 25 April 1915 in Indiana)
Children: TESS *b.* 23 June 1948, TIMON *b.* 25 April 1950

Attended elementary schools Watsonville; Miss Ransom and Bridges School Piedmont 1925-1926; University of California 1948-1952; Phi Beta Kappa.

11. *STEPHEN WYCKOFF* (Hubert Coke¹⁰ Stephen Nicholas⁹ Jesse⁸ Nicholas⁷ Samuel⁶ Samuel⁵ Nicholas⁴ Pieter³ Nicholas² Pieter Claesen¹)
b. 16 August 1911 at Watsonville
m. JEAN TAFT 20 June 1936 by Rev. Wallace Pierson of St. Augustine-by-the-Sea Santa Monica (*b.* 4 May 1912 at Santa Monica)
Children: ANN *b.* 18 August 1938, SUSAN *b.* 18 March 1941, STEPHEN NICHOLAS *b.* 14 November 1945, KATHERINE *b.* 26 September 1949

Attended elementary schools Watsonville; Hoosac School Hoosick New York 1925-1929; Pomona College 1929-1933; University of California Law School 1933-1935; Stanford Law School 1935-1936; Law Secretary California Supreme Court Justice Edmonds 1938-1939; Chief Justice Waste 1939-1940; Assistant District Attorney Santa Cruz County 1940-1941; District Attorney Santa Cruz County 1941-1947; member of law firm Lucas, Wyckoff & Miller (now Lucas, Wyckoff, Miller, Stanley & Scott) 1940-.



Mary Elizabeth Emmeline Arminta Silas George Melinda Edward
Nancy Stephen

THE SHORT FAMILY

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Note: The spelling, punctuation and style of the Stephen Wyckoff Diary and J. E. Poole's account of the Poole Family have not been edited.

THE OLD WYCKOFF HOUSE

This property was acquired in 1636 by the nephew of Kiliaen van Rensselaer, Governor Wouter van Twiller, director general of New Netherland, the colony that later was to become New York. The original house was completed in 1641, and was built to prove Governor van Twiller's right to the land on which it stood.

The wooden building consisted of two rooms and an adjoining stable. The living part measured 27 by 20 feet. The house was small because almost everything went on outside the house: washing, brewing, baking and other tasks, were performed in other small houses, which are no longer standing.

In 1652 the house was confiscated by the Dutch West India Company, and Pieter Claesen¹ became a tenant. When New Netherland was ceded to the English the house went to the Duke of York. In 1667 it was given to the town of Flatlands.

During the Revolutionary War the house was occupied by English soldiers, who used the cellar as a jail. A five-room addition was completed in 1710.

Pieter Claesen Wyckoff¹ and his wife, Grietje Van Nes lived here and raised their eleven children but he never owned the house.

The brother of Nicholas⁴, Pieter Wyckoff Jr.⁴ (*b.* 8 March 1704 *d.* 14 November 1776) purchased the property and house known as "The Old Wyckoff House" on Canarsie Lane leading off from King's Highway near its juncture with Clarendon

Avenue, Flatlands (Amersfoort) Brooklyn New York. This property was acquired by Pieter Jr.⁴ from Koert Voorhees and his wife Petronella under date of 28 February 1722; and the property remained in the family until the last owner, John A. Wyckoff, (*d.* 16 March 1891; see Estate of John A. Wyckoff by Commissioners in Partition to Francis Gross 1901).

The house was blueprinted by the Works Progress Administration (1930) as a historical house under the direction of Professor Pope of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York. Copies of these blueprints may be secured from the Department of Interior, Washington, D. C.

The house is now owned by the Wyckoff House Foundation which bought the property in 1962. The house still stands and it is supposed to be the oldest frame house in the United States.

STEPHEN NICHOLAS WYCKOFF

(excerpts from diary 3 September 1867-11 May 1868)

29 February 1868

This is the day that makes Leap Year. Not much has happened today to remind me of Leap Year although I have had some very substantial reminders of the fact during the last two months.

15 March 1868

For the last week Ed and I have been chopping wood at Uncle Gabriel Short's, quit yesterday to do some of our running around before starting to California . . . After dinner Maggie and I climbed one of the river bluffs giving us a fine view of the village of Oquawka and the mighty "Father of Waters" who has overreached his boundaries and glistens in the bottom like silver sheen.

8 April 1868

We arrived in Chicago about seven A.M. I saw a great many small sailing vessels in the river and a few steamers on the lake. We started out on the Michigan Central for Detroit. The road is in splendid condition and compared with the R.R.'s west of Chicago the speed is *very fast* indeed. The first town of any importance that we stopped at was Michigan City Ind. There are some of the greatest sand mounds there that I ever

saw. Oquawka is nowhere for sand. The old lake was dancing a lively jig to the tune of 'high wind'. 'White caps' were very fashionable with the waves. The part of Indiana which we crossed and the western part of Michigan are very much broken and covered with very heavy timber. One place I saw about 10 acres where the logs were so thick that the ground was completely covered in other places just the stumps covered the ground, the logs in this case had to be hauled off. For a few miles before we arrived at Marshall where we took a lunch some of the fields were so mixed with rock that the dirt was hardly visible. In some places they were in great cords over the fields and in others the fields were fenced with the stones which had been picked from them. Michigan covered with neat and thriving villages. Our train does not stop at all the stations generally running from 25 to 50 miles without stopping. At Marshall we were allowed 20 min. for dinner were merely lunched on peach pie & coffee. The remainder of the country was very stony but more level than western Michigan and Northern Indiana for about 20 miles before we got Detroit the country is very basiny and very thickly settled. We took the wrong train at Grand Trunk Junction we ran to Milwkey Junction which is 3 miles from Detroit. The old Fool who had charge of affairs was drunk and what is worse a very surly disobliging man. We could find out nothing from him in regard to the trains so we went on to Detroit on foot. It was dark and not wishing to inquire about hotels we walked on until we found a boarding house where we put up. Past the night without any further adventure.

9 April 1868

I slept very soundly last night and woke only on a very urgent invitation. We chartered passage on a couple of buggies for the Mich. Gen. Depot. We went through about 2 miles of the best portion of the city. It is composed of very solid brick buildings some of which splendid. The depot is a very good building nearly as good as the Central depot in Chicago. We crossed the Detroit river on a splendid ferry boat. The river flows west here and looks about like the Miss. at Burlington Iowa. We traveled through Canada at a considerably slower rate than on the Mich. Cen. Canada for about one hundred miles from Windsor is a miserable place. It is stony and stumpy and beyond all endurance. The residences are log shanties of the Primitive style. Squallor is the only word which will describe the looks of things. There seems to me to be tens of Thousands of cords of wood along the Great Western R.R. We stopped at London for dinner. After we left London the country gradually improved. It was very rough in some places. At one point the bluff was about 100 feet high on one side and it was about the same distance down. Deep cuts and high grades were the order of the day. We had a splendid view of Lake Ontario from the south side. Went along the shore for about 20 miles. Hamilton & St. Catherines in Canada are both splendid towns. We arrived at the farfamed Suspension Bridge & Niagara Falls. The Custom House officer came through our train to inspect our baggage just as we got to the bridge the job of unlocking the fell on me & thus I was deprived in a great measure of the pleasure of beholding the wonders. I ran back after the train

had stopped and got a very imperfect view of the falls. Of course they were grand magnificent no eulogy is necessary or in place. We took the train on the New York Central for Albany. In course of the evening we passed several large towns in New York. Among others were Rochester Rome & Syracuse.

10 April 1868

We passed this morning through Schenectady and along the valley of the Mohawk. The Mohawk is a beautiful stream small for a river of so much note but clear and appears to be deep. We arrived in Albany at 6 A.M. Stopped a short time for breakfast. We then took the Hudson River cars for New York. The scenery which is talked of read of & sung of so much seemed to me for the first 20 miles to be very tame. I thought that it would not compare with the bluffs of the old 'Father of Waters' but after awhile we came to a very rocky country the rocks were continuous and very craggy. Far more so than anything that I had ever seen. Soon we came to the mount. They were very high very rocky & very steep. It was snowing & raining & very misty & foggy & we could not see things very plainly. We could not see across the river at all. We passed through several tunnels of pretty good size & length. I think that 3 or 4 of them were as much as 300 or 400 feet in length. We arrived in New York at 12:15 P.M. As soon as we arrived at the depot several men came to us to take us to the ticket office of the Steamship Co. How they knew that we were going to California we never could tell. We ordered a bus for the Brandreth House. They took in and

instead of taking us to the Brandreth they took us to the office of the Opposition line of steamer. They evidently intended to take us napping and play some confidence game on us. But they were ordered very promptly to take us to the Brandreth which they did without delay. We found the Brandreth full so completely full that we could not get in so we went to the Hubert Street House. We found that the time of sailing had been changed from the 11th to the 16th. So we are compelled to stay here for a week. Pa and I went down in the evening to West Street to the office of both steamers. We saw a great many steamers at the Piers. Some splendid ocean steamers & some regular old sailing vessels. We were very tired & sleepy so we retired early taking great precautions to lock and bolt our doors securely & put our firearms which consist of two good Revolvers & a Remington cartridge Pistol, where they would easily come at in case of any emergency.

11 April 1868

We rose tolerably early. Took breakfast at the usual hour to wit: 7:30. Pa & I went down again to Pier No. 42 North River to see the agent of the Steamship Company. We concluded to sail with the Mail Co. We came back & Ed & I went up to 84 Broadway to mail a letter by the Wells & Fargo express to California. We saw many wonderful sights on Broadway. On coming back we found ourselves too late for Dinner & our cook was very indignant at having to fix dinner for us. After dinner Pa & I went down to Pier 42 & bought our ticket for Cal. O! I had forgotten our tramp in the morning. Ed,

Newt & I went with our landlord down to the market. There we saw everything that could be eaten in the greatest abundance. There was no end to the beef, pork, mutton, game, poultry, fish, eels, oysters, clams, lobsters, potatoes, apples & vegetables. I never saw such abundance of everything in my life. And everything selling at prices which seem to an Illinoisan to be exorbitant. The Place was crowded with persons of both sexes of all ages & and in every condition of life. Some were loading great baskets with every luxury while others were buying very *very* scantily of the meanest thing afforded by the market. Some poor women were crying bitterly & carrying their baskets empty away. In the evening Ed & I went down & looked through our vessel the Ocean Queen after which we went out on another Pier & saw the Steamships Providence & City of Boston put out to sea. There were dozens of boats of all sizes & sorts running hither and thither in the river making in all a lively scene. After supper we went down Washington St. & saw another market place. This was nicer than one which we visted this morning though not so lively the morning being a busier time than evening.

12 April 1868

This is the Sabbath Day & I should like very much to attend church if I knew where to go. But I know nothing of New York Churches or where to find the one I would like to attend. So I must do the best I can. I have no books to read and must therefore depend upon my own resources.

In the morning Ed & I went down on West street & looked around awhile. The grogshops were all open and there was a

great many men there drinking. I have seen hundreds of liquor shops in this city & an enormous amount of drinking. I have yet to see the first drunk man on the street. I suppose that the completeness of the police regulations accounts for this. After my walk I wrote a letter to J. N. Carson. After dinner Ed, Newt & I went up on Broadway. We struck Broadway at Canal Street turned North and went to the termination of this great street. It was not so crowded as on yesterday but still the people were 'plenty much thick'. This is Easter Sunday & on our way back we met quite a procession of Catholics marching in imposing array preceded by splendid banners & Cornet & Martial bands. There were about 200 men dressed in black all wearing stately stovepipe hats & bright red scarfs with crosses on their breasts. We saw the principal depots of the popular sewing machines. Saw Appleton's book store. Saw the American Bible Society building. Also that of the American Home Missionary Society & several very large Hotels and Theaters. No further adventures.

13 April 1868

It snowed last night and made things very muddy here to-day. Ed & Newt & I went down to West St. and took a look at the shipping. We also visited the Santiago de Cuba the vessel of the Opposition Line to Cal. She is a nice large vessel & looks like she could stand as much rough usage as any vessel on the docks. After this we came back to our room & stayed awhile after which we went up on Broadway. We found it crowded as badly as on Saturday. We went to Fowler & Wells Museum, Bookstore and Phrenological Institute. We saw here

the skulls of a great many persons of every race age & sex also marble & plaster busts of many men distinguished for different things. Also a choice collection of books of all kinds. We went from there to Appleton's great bookstore. We found them packing up their things to move to another part of the city but we saw enough to give us some idea of the great magnitude of their business. After leaving there we came home for dinner. After dinner we went down to West St. again. We went on board the Bristol which was laying at the dock. She is the largest vessel that I have seen & she is furnished in a style of most surpassing richness. I never saw a parlor furnished with the same splendor. After this we went on board of our Ocean Queen & looked around for awhile. We then went on board the ferry boat Newark and went over to Jersey City in N. J. The trip there and back cost us 3 cents each. We made the distance back which is about 1½ miles in 4 minutes. The boats here run with a different speed to what the Miss. Riv. boats do. The little propellers which appear so very small make the most surprising speed. From West St. we went up Canal Street to Broadway which we followed South as far as it goes. We stopped at the Courthouse & looked around it for awhile. We stopped too at the office of the New York Herald which is one of the finest buildings on Broadway. Opposite it is the Astor House which is very fine. At the termination of Broadway we found Castle Garden. This is the foreign emigrants depot and a vessel had just landed with a load of Germans fresh from Foddeland. A great many of them were met by friends & there was a lively time. Castle Garden is built on a place formerly

occupied by the river. It has been filled up to a level with the surrounding land. Off in the distance we could see the hills of Staten Island. Just across the river was Long Island & to the left a little was the city of Brooklyn. Just opposite on the Island was Fort Hamilton with its powerful Batteries of heavy guns. Only the Barbette guns were in sight. In East River the sailing vessels were laying so thick that we could scarcely see anything else. There were no steamers there. We came home by way of West St. & Hubert St. I saw during the day several chances to have embarked in Confidence Enterprises. I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of constant carefulness and incessant watchfulness while we stay here.

14 April 1868

I stayed indoors nearly all the forenoon. I wrote a letter to 'The girl I left behind me.' After dinner Ed & Newt & I went on board the street cars for Central Park. I of course expected to see some wonderful sights but it was so much beyond anything that it had entered in my mind to conceive of that I was completely astonished. All that money & art can do for a place that is naturally as nice as can be thought of is done. Money by the million has been expended in beautifying the ground. Every tree, flower & shrub of every part of the known world that can be made to grow is here. All animals & birds are here either alive or stuffed. The lake is enlivened by the presence of great swans and ducks of many varieties. The fountains are at work throwing water many feet high & in every direction. The large

pool contains many gold fish, some of which are 8 or 9 inches in length also some fish of a bright purple color which are beautiful in the extreme. There is a cottage on a model plan. It is very handsome. But it is no use for me to try to describe Central Park. Bayard Taylor couldn't do it. We looked around until almost dark. We then with some difficulty found our way back to 55th St. where we took the St. cars for home where we arrived late for supper & very tired. We found our hotel full of persons most of whom are bound for the Golden Shores of the Pacific.

16 April 1868

This is the day on which we go on board the Ocean Queen bound for the far off shores of California. We went down from the Hubert St. House in one of Wescotts Express coaches to Pier No. 49 North River where our Ocean Queen was lying. It was raining & was very foggy & dreary looking. About 1 o'clock we cleared the dock moved out into the river while our two brass 6 pounders sang out a merry farewell to the great city of New York. As we went out of the bay the fine scenery which we had counted on seeing was obscured by the fog except at short intervals. We cast anchor about 2 hours from N. Y. and stayed about an hour. We were about 1½ hours from anchor to the ocean swells. When we came to those we began to experience some pitching. In 10 minutes time some were seasick. In an hour I began to feel some nausea and in 2 hours I began to cast up. The sensation was anything but agreeable from the first to the last & all the time.

17 April 1868

It is still stormy & rough. I am awfully sick yet. I feel like I would as soon live as die. I stayed nearly all day in bunk. I saw Ma afternoon. She says that they are all sick except Tal. Newt is very sick. I tasted nothing all day. Ed is sick too he & I are about alike in that matter. It is very cold.

18 April 1868

I got up in the morning awful sick. As I came up on deck I 'cast up'. I felt better for awhile but soon got sick again oh: I felt miserably until about 10 A.M. when Ma came to me and brought me a pickle which made me feel better at once. After this I got some apples which made me feel much better. The Cabin folks brought us some ice water which was very refreshing. After dinner I mean dinner time we got some ice cold lemonade which was just the thing we wanted. About 3 P.M. I went on the upper deck. Had been there but a short time when the false alarm of fire was sounded. The hose was run in quick time and some water was thrown overboard & on the decks & wheelhouses. When the stream was turned on the wheelhouse I heard one fellow say that he saw that fire before but did not think much about it. He was a sharper I warrant. In the evening an English sailing vessel passed within a very short distance of our vessel.

19 April 1868

Ed & I slept last night on the upper deck in the open air. We slept well. Were a little cold. It rained in the forenoon & was

cold & dreary. After noon it cleared off and was very pleasant. There was preaching on deck at 10 A.M. & at 3 P.M. The Sisters of Charity held Mass or something else on deck between the other service. In the afternoon service there was a great deal of noise & confusion among some of the passengers. Ma brought us some plum pudding from the cabin which was very palatable. This was the first thing that I ate since coming on board except a little of the table slop on the first evening which did not stay down long. I feel like I am about done with seasickness. This is the longest spell of fasting that I ever indulged in. Am very weak. This is most emphatically my last steerage trip on an ocean steamer.

20 April 1868

Ed & I slept again on the upper deck. Were somewhat chilly but were more comfortable than we should have been elsewhere on this craft unless we could have got into some of the cabin berths. The day was very pleasant rather warm in the afternoon. Saw a good many flying fish for the first time. They fly at about 150 yards at a time.

22 April 1868

It is very still today, hardly a wave stirring. We passed Cuba early in the morning & Jamaica about noon. We had no good view of either on account of the mist which was around them. In the evening we passed the island of Nevassa. It is a small island rising abruptly out of the sea to a height of 250 or 300 feet & shows no signs of being inhabited. No excitement.

23 April 1868

About 1 o'clock this morning as I was lying on the upper deck asleep I was startled by a loud hissing sound over my head & looking up I saw a flash which I thought to be lightning. I thought that we were in for a hurricane but in an instant I saw that it was a rocket sent by the Mate in answer to a signal from the steamship Henry Channcy which we were at that moment meeting. Slept soundly after this alarm until break of day. The day was very warm and but for the breeze which blew so stiffly as to make the vessel rock rather violently we would have been melted I expect. A lady in the First Cabin died this evening. This is the only thing that has happened to cast a shadow on our voyage thus far.

25 April 1868

As soon as daylight arrived we ran in to the dock at Aspinwall. We found the steamer Santiago de Cuba at the wharf. She had just landed and was unloading her passengers and getting them on the train for Panama. She left New York just 24 hours ahead of us & tied up at Aspinwall 1½ hours before us. We stayed on board until near 8 A.M. when we went on land & looked around for awhile. Aspinwall is about as large as Young America Illi. The buildings are on the same plan as in the states. I mean the business houses only. The dwellings of the natives are on a much simpler plan. We laid in some provisions for the remainder of our trip. The prices are in specie here a little higher than New York prices in currency making things to be about double the price here that they are there.

There was a great abundance of tropical fruit of all kinds to sell by the natives but at not very low prices. Some of the fruits I think are far inferior to those raised in the West Indies and sold in New York. At 11 A.M. we took the train for Panama. It was crowded very much. Ed & I got no seats. It is entirely useless for me to try to describe the scenery on the route. The road is very crooked and the country is very mountainous and broken & the vegetation very luxuriant and beautiful. There were some very nice flowers around some of the residences of white men. These however are far between, the whole country being an unbroken wilderness except the improvements necessarily attending the R. R. The habitations of the natives are constructed on the simplest plan imaginable being in many cases only some poles set in the ground and a roof of thatch set on those. The same excessive simplicity characterizes the dress of many. Some are well dressed but others had only a small piece of cloth around their loins some few others of the adults and all the children were dressed as these latter except that they had no pinafore on. The distance from Aspinwall to Panama is 28 miles in a direct line but by R.R. it is 47 miles. The time from one place to another is 3½ hours. On coming to Panama we immediately embarked on a small steamboat & went out about 3 miles to where the Golden Age was laying to receive us. The Cabin passengers arrived at about dark and as soon as the baggage and freight could be put on board we were off. We started slowly out & soon struck a sand bar but by the aid of another boat we backed off & started again. We got fairly out of the harbor about Midnight. The steamer of the Opposition

is about 6 hours ahead of us & we anticipate a lively race with her from here to Frisco. Speed & Safety to both!

26 April 1868

Another Sabbath on ship board. This morning finds us sailing on Panama bay out of sight of land. We are going South. Not much in the direction of California but quite as much as going from Illinois to New York. The day is very oppressively hot. One does not feel like stirring unless first convinced that it is necessary. About noon we came in sight of land. The mountains rise abruptly from the waters edge to a considerable height and are clothed with very heavy timber. At 2 P.M. Divine service was held on the upper deck by a Minister from the cabin. He was very grossly interrupted by a lot of ignorant, ill-bred, bigoted Catholic Irish who came so near breaking the meeting up as to shorten it considerably. They threatened on the dismissal to throw the Preacher overboard. This caused a great deal of excitement & caused the Captain to interfere. The feeling ran very high after this, the passengers declaring that we must enjoy our civil and religious liberty while sailing under the Stars & Stripes the same as though we were in the U. S. The Irish soon saw that they had not taken the right track & cooled somewhat. I think that if there is service next Sabbath that there will be no interruption allowed by the Passengers even if the officers do not do their duty.

1 May 1868

May day! Not much sign of May day this morning. No land in sight. Nothing but the pale blue waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Looking into the clear water is my only recreation. Little fishes and other creatures are to be seen in myriads gamboling and sporting in the briny waters with nothing to do but enjoy life. I have sat for hours watching them while thinking of persons & scenes & events far far away & gone now into the shadowy mists of the past. I wish most heartily that this irksome wearisome journey was completed. Cooped up here with nothing to do I can see that the old proverb is true: 'Better to wear out than to Rust.' At 4:30 P.M. we ran into the harbor of Acapulco. The entrance to the harbor is just a narrow pass between the mountains & the harbor itself is completely surrounded by mountains rising from the very waters edge almost perpendicularly. They are very rocky and are nearly covered with trees. There was not much shipping in the harbor. There was a British steam war vessel & merchantman & a few sloops. Also dozens of canvas skiffs &c. These small boats came out to do some trading. They were well supplied with fruits of all kind, cigars, baskets of sea shells, baskets of coral & artificial flowers made of shells. They had small bags with two ropes attached to them. They would throw one rope to a person on the ship and allow them to pull the bag up and deposit the money in it when they would take it down and send up the article desired. Fruit was rather high at first but came down considerably before we left. I bought 4 pineapples 12 oranges & 30 limes for 50 cents. If I could have taken care of a basket of shells I should have bought one sure. There were some divers out diving for money which the passengers would throw into the water for for them. Sometimes persons would throw one cent pieces to

them. They could tell very often what these were by the way they struck the water. But when they did dive for them they would bring them up look at them & saying 'No good' would throw them away. If silver was thrown out they would bring it up saying 'That's good' would put it in their mouths and were ready for another dive. They never failed to catch the coin when they went for it. We stopped in the harbor at 4:30 P.M. and stayed 9 hours. I never was disappointed in the appearance of any other city as I was with Acapulco. I expected to see a large nice city but instead of that there was a contemptible little group of low houses probably two dozen houses in sight also some coal houses on the other side of the harbor & a dilapidated & disarmed fort. This is all that I saw of the great city. It is a humbug surely. The natives are a dirty squalid mixed race of people. They are mostly Creoles.

3 May 1868

Another pleasant sabbath morning on the Ocean. At 7 A.M. we ran into the harbor of Manzanillo Mex. This is a very nice harbor surrounded by very high mountains. The City is nothing whittled down considerably. The natives were out again with fruit for sale but they sold it too high. People wanted it at ACAPULCO prices and most of it was carried back. Their oranges and pineapple were of the first class. Just as we were getting out of the harbor it was discovered that Three Mexicans were on board without money to pay their fares. The ship swung around to the shore a boat was lowered and they were landed at the foot of a huge mountain on a little patch of sand

& left to work their way back as best they could. After we got out I went down to the pump and while there beheld a fight between two negroes who were at work in the galley. It was a desperate struggle. The weapons were pans, pails, fists & feet. The smaller darkie was the better man but a blow from a tin pail settled him.

A few miles farther on we saw the remains of the wreck of the steamer Golden Gate. She was on this line and was burned 4½ years ago losing 300 passengers. Her fate may be ours. God grant us a safe journey. At 4 P.M. we struck the Gulf of California which is rougher than the ocean.

10 May 1868

We were waked this morning at 1 o'clock to allow the baggage to be moved up for putting ashore at San Francisco. Our Captain tried to run by the inspector without stopping but the prospect of a cannon ball going through the ship induced him to stop. The passengers were counted and it is reported that there are 300 more on board than are allowed by law. The Company may have to pay something for this. I hope they will.

We landed at the dock about 5 o'clock. We expected that some of our friends would meet us there and so we waited on the boat for some time but no one coming we went up to the International Hotel. After we had been there several hours Uncle Cyrus found us after looking at nearly all the hotels in the city.

At 4:30 we all took the train for San Jose where we arrived at 6:30. We found Grand Father (Stephen Short) there wait-

ing for us with two teams. We put up for the night with Mr. George Pierce who is an old acquaintance of our folks.

11 May 1868

We started from San Jose early in the morning in company with Uncle Cyrus & Grandpa. The road was in splendid order excepting a little dust which annoyed us some. We traveled rapidly (that seems to be California's style) through a splendid country until noon when we halted on the bank of nice clear stream and ate some dinner which kind friends had provided and sent along for us. It seemed so pleasant to be out in the woods & on land again that I could hardly contain myself at all. But didn't I have an appetite? Didn't we make the cold ham & bread & butter suffer. How much better everything tastes & looks & feels on land than on the sea!

Well after dinner we passed through a much rougher and more broken country for several miles until we came to the foot of the Mountains. Up the mountains we started winding round & round & going up all the time until we thought we were at the top when another peak would rise to our view & we had to climb. But the top was reached at last & the descent was much more rapid than the coming up.

Pajaro Valley and Watsonville lay spread out before us in all their glory.

THE SHORT FAMILY

STEPHEN SHORT (*b.* 10 October 1803 in Virginia *d.* 13 November 1887) married NANCY PRUNTY (*b.* 22 July 1808 *d.* 11 May 1893).

They lived in Oquawka, Henderson County, Illinois from 1843 to 1852. The records of Henderson County show a deed dated 12 June 1843 (Volume 3 of Deeds page 257) Martin Brainerd, grantor, to Stephen Short, grantee, conveying:

NE corner of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 29 Township 11
Range 4 W (40 acres \$100)

They crossed the plains in 1852 and settled first in Santa Cruz California, then in 1854 in Watsonville. Stephen Short (known as "Pappy Short") was a short slight man; and his wife Nancy was a tall large-framed woman. While crossing the plains the Short party was followed for a couple of days by a band of Indians who joined them each night in a friendly manner contributing wild game to the dinner. Notwithstanding the show of friendliness, the Shorts were apprehensive.

Finally one evening the Indian chief wanted to parley with the head of the wagon train. The only interpreter in the party was Nancy who understood the Indian sign language. The Indian chief brought along a string of ponies which he offered to trade. His offer was refused abruptly. The next night he returned with a longer string of ponies and asked for another parley which was refused. Nancy never told what the chief wanted in exchange for the ponies till long afterward when

she finally admitted that the chief wanted to buy her from her husband.

The records of Santa Cruz County California show a deed dated 13 March 1868 (recorded Book 10 Deeds page 432) Thomas Beck, grantor, to Stephen Short, grantee, conveying:

NE by lands of Mr. Hushbeck;
NW by lands of Thomas Beck
SW by lands of Jacob A. Blackburn; and
SE by Salsipuedes River
containing 10 acres of land (revenue stamps 50¢ TB)

Their children were SILAS, GEORGE and EDWARD; ELIZABETH ANN (*m.* Jesse Wyckoff); MARY (*m.* Thomas Records); ARMINTA (*m.* Jacob Blackburn); MELINDA (*m.* James Waters) and EMMELINE (*m.* Thomas Beck).

Thomas Records lived in Arroyo Grande California.

Jacob A. Blackburn owned all of the land bounded on the south by Salsipuedes Creek, on the west by Blackburn Street (which was named for him), on the north by East Lake Avenue and on the east by Beck Avenue. His residence stood in the middle of this tract on what is now East Third Street.

James Waters owned the residence which still stands at 336 East Lake Avenue; the property originally fronted on both East Lake Avenue and East Third Street. He was a horticulturist, operated a nursery on the Salinas Road opposite the John T. Porter residence and was instrumental in introducing apple orchards in the Pajaro Valley in the 1870s.

Thomas Beck was Secretary of State of California (1875-1878); Beck Avenue is named for him and his residence stood at the corner of Beck Avenue and East Lake Avenue.

At the age of 84 (13 November 1887) while pitching hay in his barn on what is now Beck Avenue, Stephen Short gave a mighty pitch and pitched himself from the second floor to the ground where he died.

Both he and his wife are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery (Block G Lot 17 Grave 9V) Watsonville California.

THE POOLE FAMILY

As Written by J. E. Poole for Hubert Coke Wyckoff¹⁰

Your grandfather Thomas Bell Poole was born in Frankfort County Ky. Your greatgrandfather Poole owned many slaves, he set them free and emigrated to Illinois about that time, the widow Davis and her family six girls and three boys emigrated from Virginia to Ripley Brown County Ill. The boys were potters by trade, so was your grandfather. He married Mary Davis. Worked at his trade in Ripley where Duff and I was born. My authority was Aunt Cad who afterwards became my mother, the only mother I ever knew. Father moved from Ripley to Winchester, Scott County, Ill. and there my mother died one year afterwards. He married Caroline Davis my mother's sister and your grandmother.

He was working at his trade when the California fever broke out. He caught it and came there across the plain. He arrived in Georgetown in the spring 1850. He went from there to Pajaro Valley, him and John B. Tyns squated on 360 acres of land John Trafton now owns half of it. That year I think your mother was born. He was a good provider. At one time he sent home a check for five hundred dollars. There was not money enough in Winchester to cash it—they had to send to St. Louis to get the stuff.

He came home in 1856 that was the first time he saw your mother. That year we came to California by the way of New Orleans, Mother, Father, Duff, Lois and me. We came down

the Mississippi on the steamer Saint Nicholas to New Orleans, barely had time to get on board the good Ship Promethiares. We sailed 100 miles down the Mississippi and across the Gulf of Mexico to Grey town (San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua). There was some of Walkers Filabusters aboard. They stopped there. We crossed the isthmus part way by steamboat and the other part on donkeys to San Zansidel Sur (San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua). There we boarded the good ship Uncle Sam and sailed for San Francisco. We were twelve days out. Lois was the only one in the bunch that did not get sea sick.

We arrived in San Francisco in 1856 I think it was in March. We stopped at the Hillmans temperance House on Davis Street. Next morning in front of old City Hall on Kearney Street before it was indecent. The mud was a foot deep, started for Pajaro Valley on the stage. Drove 18 miles to Uncle Jims now called Mayfield. Got breakfast, changed horses came on down to Santa Clara Valley. The only towns then were Redwood City, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy and San Juan.

We came on through to Watsonville. Stopped all night at Carters Hotel. Next day struck out for the Ranch in a lumber wagon owned by Mr. Shadrick, nickname Buncome. Arrived at the ranch. Mrs. Hipis met us at the gate with Balamy in her arms then about a year old howling to beat the band. We stopped there until Father built a shack at the foothills near a fine spring of water. The second day at the ranch the hired man Jap kitchen was plowing some old potato land. I followed the plow and picked up two sacks of potatoes. Sold them to a man from Santa Cruz for seed net \$475. I thought I was it. This may

not interest you any but it refreshes my memory. So I jot it down.

In 1857 some public spirited neighbors, father being the leader, built a school house just above where Mark Hudson now lives. Duff, Lois and me went to school there our first teacher's name was Lloyd, after him Abner Olinger. That year Tom was born in 1858.

Mr. DeGrau was elected Sheriff of Monterey County. He made your Granddad under Sheriff, gave him full charge, in fact made him Sheriff. De Grau was drowned soon afterwards going from Monterey to San Francisco.

Your grandmother's health was poor, she was advised to go to Santa Cruz. She went—her health was improved. She and Lois started to Monterey on the stage, picked me up at Watsonville. There was an opposition stage, they got to racing at San Juan, the stage was upset, your grandmother was hurt. Small bone in her left arm was broke, aggravated her cough, turned into consumption. Lois, your mother, jumped from the stage over a picket fence—was not hurt—me you could not hurt me with an ax.

Your grandfather sued the stage company for damages \$15000 I think. Got \$500. D. R. Ashley was father's attorney, E. D. Baker, United States Senator from Oregon for defense. I was the main witness in the case; was tried in district court of San Francisco. No jury. What the Judge's name was I do not or ever did know.

There was a Mexican tried in Monterey for murder and was convicted. He was tried before Judge Hester, district Judge,

John Burk Phillips district attorney, D. S. Gregory for defense. A reprisal was sent down from Governor Weller in the wrong name. Sharp practice of Mr. Gregory Jesus Amstarsia instead of Jose Anastasa. Reprieve got to Monterey three days before the execution. Father advised with the lawyers Judge Rumsey, county judge sent Deputy Sheriff Nason to San Jose on horseback to get instructions from Judge Hester. Nason claims he was shot at between San Jose and Monterey. Judge Hester would not advise either way. This same Nason was Sheriff of Monterey County when Matt Tarpy was lynched that was when you was a kid.

Your grandfather by the advice of district attorney, county judge Rumsey, D. R. Ashley, A. W. Blair and others, went on and executed the Mexican. The Governor wrote a scorching letter to the executive officers ripping them up the back. D. R. Ashley answered the letter signed by the executive officers and all the leading citizens telling him to keep his damm mouth shut and not air his ignorance. He Governor Weller quit.

Father term of office expired in 1860. We moved back to the Ranch your grandmother's health became serious. The Doctor's advice was to go in the mountains. Father sold the ranch to old man Mathews and moved up to the head waters of the San Benita on a fine stock ranch now owned by Del Miller. Wild game was plentiful then. Father and Duff killed many grizzleys and all the deer meat they wanted. Small game, quail and rabbits were thick, so your grandmother lived on wild game and every thing was done that could be done but the malady had too strong a hold so she passed away either in latter of 1860 or

fore part of 61. Her remains were brought to Watsonville and buried. The graveyard was removed and about that time the civil war broke out. Things looked bad. We never could locate her grave.

Father sold out and went to San Francisco; bought the Watch Cheer Livery Stable between Washington and Jackson on Sansome where the Appraisers Building now stands. About that time Ashbery Harpending who afterwards built the Harpending Block on Market Street came from the South with letters of Mark from Jeff Davis. Father's sympathies were with the South. They organized a company bought a vessel named The Chapman and rigged her out as a privateer. When they were all on board and ready to sail, a traitor named Clenching gave them away. He was heard of afterwards. They were all arrested and sent to Alcatraz. The vessel and everything aboard was confiscated. While on the Island made them pack sand for punishment.

Through influential friends, they got off, went to San Jose and reorganized, how many, I don't know, started South overland. In the Sierra Nevada Mountains between Placerville and the Strawberry Valley House, they stopped the Overland Stages. The shotgun messengers and deputy sheriffs opened fire. In the fight, a deputy sheriff was killed and your grandfather was disabled; shot in the left cheek with a buckshot. The rest got away; he was arrested and brought to Placerville and tried for his life.

I went to see him while in jail, got him a change of clothes, done what I could but it was no use. I was young then, only

twenty-one. Love was Governor at that time; could not reach him; he was afraid to interfere; times were too hot; so in 1865 your grandfather was executed, as brave and as honorable a man as ever lived. He left me a fine rifle, the man he left it with went South. I never got it. He wrote me a good strong letter, I wish you could have seen it, it was burnt up in the fire in April 1906; he was an educated man, done his best to school his children; sent Duff to Santa Clara College, placed Uncle Ed in A. W. Blair's office a lawyer to study law; stayed one day, flew the coop, went to bucking straw for Bill Kemp.

The year 1865 the Poole children were scattered. Lois was in Watsonville living with the Thorntons going to public school. She was ambitious and true blue 18 kts. fine. She wanted to go to the Normal School in San Francisco, so Duff and I helped her not near as much as we ought to. We were young. At that time we were chopping wood in Washoe.

Lois made good, went to teaching. Her first school was coons. It must have been humiliating and smelt bad in the summer time but she came through all right. She was made teacher of a white school under Superintendent Johns and oh how she did hate him; gave her the heart burn to look at him.

She was married 1872 I think and you were born in 73. They had a hard row to hoe for a long time but with all their poverty they struggled hard, raised and educated a family to be proud of. The kids helped. Showed they had the stuff in them.

Your Uncle Tom unbeknown to any of us was brought from Watsonville to San Francisco by a Mr. Allen brother in law

to Bony Tuttle and placed in the Industrial School. It was reported that a calf kicked him and he died from the effects.

I came from Winamucca, Nevada, to San Francisco to see. I found him. He was in the Industrial School. I went to the mayor, McCoppon I think it was, and got him released, brought him to Watsonville left him with Lois. She wanted to school him; he would not stand for it so she sent him to a ranch. He ducked his nut and came over to Hollister where I was. I wanted him to go to school and he wanted to be a cowboy. Your uncle Duff was keeping the Oak Grove House at that time. Tom stayed there awhile. He finally drifted into Montana; came down to see us during the mid winter Fair. Went back to Montana, then back here from here he went to Arizona for his health. He came back and went to Seattle; there he passed away, died with consumption I was told by . . .

