

Appreciation of loved ones who made life rich for many; my father, John Francis Cross; my mother, Sarah Jane Cross. By Lilian A. Cross

Appreciation

of loved ones who made life rich for many.

My Father JOHN FRANCIS CROSS

My Mother SARAH JANE CROSS

By LILIAN A. CROSS

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

MCMXXXIII

PREFACE

This intimate little story of Mother and Father has been told, that succeeding generations in our family may know something of the character of their California pioneer ancestors; and in the hope that others of my generation may be inspired to pass on to posterity what first-hand knowledge they may possess of those courageous people who came from all parts of the world to contribute their mite to the building of the West. Records of such first-hand knowledge are comparatively and pitifully few.

LILIAN A. CROSS

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This poem of Longfellow's, entitled "Nature," is I believe, the last verse memorized by Mother, and "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted" is the last one she recited. *As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, Leads by the hand her little child to bed, Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led And leave his broken playthings on the floor, Still gazing at them through the open door, Nor wholly reassured and comforted By promises of others in their stead Which, though more splendid, may not please him more; So Nature deals with us, and takes away Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand Leads us to rest so gently, that we go, Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay, Being too full of sleep to understand How far the unknown transcends the what we know.*

—LONGFELLOW

PART ONE PIONEERING DAYS OF THE CROSS FAMILY 1635 - 1852

The men whom men approve, and the women whom women admire, are the men and women who bless their species.

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Chapter I

A BIT OF BACKGROUND

WHEN the first census was taken in the United States, in 1790, my great-grandparents, Nathaniel and Martha Woodman Cross, were living in Exeter, New Hampshire, about twenty miles from Ipswich, Massachusetts, where our earliest Colonial ancestor, Robert Crosse, settled in 1635.

Nathaniel's parents were Robert and Anstris Ellery Cross. This Robert was the great-grandson of that earliest Robert.

The Ellery and Woodman families, also, trace their lines back to early pioneer New Englanders.

Our great-grandparents, Nathaniel and Martha, reared a large family.

In this brief sketch we are concerned principally with one son, Joseph Warren.

In a *Genealogy of New Hampshire* (page 1197), I found:

“The name of Cross has been conspicuous in the annals of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The family has been noted for the longevity of its members as well as for sturdiness of character and for mental and physical qualities. In earliest Colonial days, the name had an ‘e’ at the end.”

In the summer of 1800, Nathaniel and two or more of his sons,—Joseph among them—journeyed from Exeter into the State of Maine. Here, six miles from Belfast, in what is now Waldo County, he bought a tract of land; he and his sons felled trees, and built a log house, then returned to their home 10 in New Hampshire. This must have been a long, hard summer. Belfast is more than a hundred miles from Exeter, in an air line, but was very much further by the rough and winding route these travelers had to take. Parts of their way lay through pathless forests where they must blaze a trail. Great-grandfather took cold on this return trip, and from the effects of this cold, he died that winter.

The next spring, Great-Grandmother Martha, and her children—except the eldest three, who had married—moved from Exeter to their new home in Maine, the home that had been provided for them by the husband and father. We are told that they moved in sleds, drawn by oxen, and that one of the sleds had a little house built on it. This journey, which now could be taken by automobile in a

few hours over a beautifully paved highway, or in a few minutes by airplane, consumed many days. Hardships there must have been, but we who have seen New England's woods and streams, hills and lakes, in the summer, know there were some compensations for the hardships.

In time, they reached this new home, which was to be great-grandmother's as long as she lived. Her death occurred in 1840. Her sons and daughters married and settled near her. Joseph Warren was the one who remained on the original farm with his mother. In 1804, he married Lucy Jackson, daughter of Isaac and Submit Scott Jackson, of Paris, Maine. The Jackson family, too, is an old New England one, dating back to the earliest Colonists. Great-grandfather Isaac Jackson served in the Revolutionary War, thus making his descendants eligible to become Sons and Daughters of the Order of the American Revolution.

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Chapter II

INTRODUCING MY FATHER

JOHN FRANCIS CROSS, my Father, was born on the Cross homestead, in the State of Maine, near Belfast, February 13, 1828. He was the youngest of twelve children—six sons and six daughters—of Joseph Warren and Lucy Jackson Cross.

A quarter of a mile away, on the next farm, there lived Samuel Jackson, brother of Lucy, with his wife, Patty—or Martha—who was a sister of Joseph Warren. To quote a descendant of theirs, “Samuel Jackson and Joseph Cross swapped sisters.”

The two marriages had occurred within a short time of each other, and their children grew up together. Samuel and Patty reared twelve children, also, and according to my best authority, theirs, too, were six sons and six daughters.

In my Father's home, besides the parents and the twelve children, grandfather's mother, she who had pioneered into the woods of Maine in 1801, made her home, living there till her death at the

age of eighty-nine. And in the home of Aunt Patty, she reared not only her own twelve, but three grandsons as well.

We have been told that when a member of either family wanted to get up a “party,” all he had to do was to “get out in the road and holler.”

These Cross and Jackson farms bordered on Cross Pond, said by a Maine historian to be the largest pond in Waldo County. It is a mile long and half a mile wide. Here these twenty-four double cousins, and probably many of the other young people of the neighborhood, learned to swim and to skate. Truly, Cross Pond was the setting for many a “party,” summer and winter.

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It was in this environment that Frank, as my Father was called, grew up. He had two playmates of about his own age, “Hen” and “Alf” Jackson. Henry was Aunt Patty's youngest son, and Alfred was one of the grandsons she “brought up.” Henry's mother was a little woman, known to neighbors as well as to relatives, as “Aunt Patty.” It seems to have been characteristic of the Cross and Jackson families that the men were large, the women small.

Children, at that time and in that place, had little opportunity for book-learning. There were few books except the Bible and the New England Almanac, and school was maintained for only a few weeks in the year.

I recall hearing of only one incident connected with my Father's very early education, and that illustrates the sense of humor he possessed, even at that early age. This story was told by “Alf” Jackson at a family gathering in 1888, when Father and Mother were on a visit to their old home. Because of some little mischief one Friday afternoon, Frank's teacher sent him to stand behind the door. When school was dismissed, the teacher forgot the child, and went home, leaving him there. Of course, he immediately dismissed himself; but on Monday morning he arrived early, and again took his place behind the door. When the teacher discovered him, and asked him why he was there, he told her, with a twinkle in his eye, that she had put him there Friday. It is not at all likely that for even one startled instant, the teacher pictured that small child spending the week-end in that

otherwise deserted schoolhouse, a few rods from his home. I like to think that the teacher, too, had a sense of humor, and that she appreciated the little boy's joke.

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New England farm folk of a century and more ago, had little time to think of hardships, if indeed they considered they had any. There was work to be done, and it seems they were happy in doing it. People who had made their homes in the Maine wilderness, had to be self-reliant. Clearings were made; there was plenty of fine timber from which houses and barns were built; stones were picked up and made into walls between the farms,—stone walls that still stand as monuments to those hardy, pioneer New Englanders.

Every farm furnished its own food and clothing. Every farmer had cows, milk, butter and cheese. Maize or Indian corn was one of the earliest staples grown. Besides the domestic animals raised for food, wild game was plentiful in the woods. The streams and ponds abounded in fish. The finest apples in the world grew—and still grow—in those New England orchards; and the vegetable gardens, watered as they were by frequent summer rains, produced the finest potatoes, corn, beans, onions, peas, squash and cabbages to be found anywhere. Not only through the summer months could our grandparents enjoy the fruits of their gardens. In the large underground cellars, bins were built, in which vegetables were stored for winter use. Large bins of apples were there, too; barrels of cider, barrels of meat, and of salt fish. Maple trees furnished every family with sugar and syrup. Nuts grew in great variety in the woods, and many wild berries, from the strawberries of early summer to the cranberries gathered in October.

There being no stoves then, cooking for grandmother's large family was done in their big open fireplace. Most of the clothing worn by herself and her family was made by those busy hands. Beds were 14 made of feathers plucked from geese raised on the farm. Every farm had its sheep that furnished the wool to be carded and spun and woven, that the family might have blankets and cloth for winter garments. Soap and candles were made at home. Matches were not in use. There was no gas, no electricity, not even coal oil lamps. All work done after nightfall must be done by the light from an open fire, or by the feeble, flickering light of home-made tallow candles.

Grain raised on the farms must be taken to the mill to be ground. Smith's Mill was built on a stream two miles from the Cross home. In time the village of Morrill grew up about this mill, a church was built, a village schoolhouse, stores, a Post Office and pretty homes.

This being much nearer than Belfast, the Cross family attended church in Morrill. Grandfather was long a deacon in the church. My Mother, who also attended there, said one of her early recollections was that of seeing Deacon Cross in the church choir, and she described him as “a fine-looking man, tall and spare, very erect, with snowy hair and very blue eyes.” My Mother did not know then that she was to become his daughter-in-law.

Perhaps Belfast had a physician at that time, but he was called seldom, if ever, by grandmother. In the first place, she and grandfather had come of healthy, long-lived people, and their children were healthy. Like their ancestors and their neighbors, our grandparents had great faith in home remedies. Had they not been compelled to depend for generations upon herbs from the woods and from their gardens? Grandmother and Aunt Patty doctored their children when they needed doctoring, using common sense and herbs, or whatever was at hand best suited to the occasion; and we must admit that they had at 15 least fairly good success, for all of those twenty-four cousins lived, not only to grow up, but to marry, many of them to rear large families, and then to live to a very old age. At least two of Aunt Patty's grandsons reached the age of ninety. Aunt Patty herself lived beyond her four score years and ten.

There is no doubt that the grandmother of these twenty-four children, herself the mother of four daughters and seven sons, was a great help in the rearing of these two families, living as she did, intimately in their homes until the youngest in grandfather's family was twelve years of age.

These early New Englanders were famed for their neighborliness, which has been said to be next to godliness with them. No one ever turned to his neighbor in vain, whether he needed friendly advice, or help in sickness, or another hand at house-raising.

Independence amounted to almost a religion with them. They must be self-sufficient in material things. They abhorred the thought of needing charity. And this spirit of independence, born beyond the Atlantic, and strengthened by two hundred years “on the stern and rockbound coast” of New England, was handed down to their children and their children's children. And something else these fine New Englanders possessed to an unusual degree was “that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.”

They had long winters and they prepared for them. Wood must be piled high in the wood shed. Tradition tells us that the Crosses were famed for having an extra big amount of wood for winter. Shelter must be provided for the livestock. Buildings were so constructed, one adjoining another, that a farmer could go from his house, through the wood shed, wagon shed and hen houses, to his barn, without going out of doors.

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And the summers! People come from all parts of the world to spend their summers on the coast of Maine. Our ancestors spent their lives there, surrounded by lakes and streams and wooded hills that overlook picturesque Penobscot Bay.

Chapter III

LEARNING A TRADE

MY FATHER was the only one of Joseph and Lucy Cross's children who left his native State. His sisters and brothers married and settled within a short distance of their parents, most of them in Waldo County, where they had been born. Here they reared their families, lived their lives, and went to their final rest. Some of them lie in the family burial ground on the Cross homestead; others, two miles away in the village cemetery in Morrill.

Father went to Belfast when he was eighteen, to learn the carpenter's trade. I have a small notebook that belonged to him at that time. Among its few scattered entries are the following:

“October 6, 1846, John F. Cross went to work for A. R. Boynton.” This was probably the first time he had gone to work for Mr. Boynton, he learned his trade.

“Left work at A. R. Boynton's December 10, 1846, to go to school.” There being little work for carpenters during the winter months, the young man took that opportunity to get a few weeks of schooling.

“February 10, 1847, returned from school to work for A. R. B.”

“August 5, 1847, went home four days, and came back not able to work. Worked a little on the 14th.”¹⁷ There is nothing to indicate whether his four days' absence was due to illness or an accident.

“December 11, 1847, went to school.” In another place there is mention of his being with Mr. Boynton May 5, 1848.

After Father had finished learning his trade, he worked in Belfast for a while. In 1850, when he was twenty-two years of age, he went to Massachusetts, where he worked at carpentering for nearly two years. I remember hearing him speak of working on a building on Harvard Campus some time in 1850 or 1851. One of the college professors, passing him daily, took an interest in the young man, and tried to induce him to get more education. But Father had not had enough schooling to furnish a foundation for college; and besides, this young carpenter was receiving good pay and liked his work. He had already begun to think of California, hearing much talk from men, old and young, who were getting the “gold fever.” Father had little of the gambling spirit. He was not attracted so much by the gold mines as he was by the high wages paid to carpenters in California.

Being as he was, naturally industrious and thrifty, he had already saved up quite a sum by the time he decided to come West. He had selected a Maine girl for his future wife. He meant to make the trip to this land of gold where he could earn a fortune in a few years, then return to Maine.

In the early spring of 1852 he went home to tell his mother and father goodbye, and to obtain a promise from Miss Sarah Meservey that she would wait for him. He saw his family and obtained the promise.

On March 26, 1852, he sailed from New York on the steamer *United States*, bound for the Isthmus of Panama, with passengers for California. I have a letter that he wrote to Sarah Meservey just before he sailed, and in this letter he gave the name of the steamer and the date of its sailing.

In a *History of Sacramento County*, published by the Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, in 1890, there is a brief biographical sketch of my Father (page 696). That article says he left New York on the steamer *North America*. To be certain that I was right, I recently wrote to the New York city public library to learn what boat left New York on that date. The reply assured me that it was the *United States* that sailed on March 26, 1852. I cannot account for the mistake made in the *History of Sacramento County*.

Many young men from the Atlantic Coast, who wished to come to California in the “Days of Fortynine,” but who were unable to pay for a first-class passage, came as steerage passengers. First-class tickets were very expensive, and although my Father had the money, earned by himself, to purchase any kind of a ticket he desired, he decided to try the steerage. What other New England boys had done, he thought he could do. But the first day out, he gladly paid the difference and moved upstairs into a cabin.

Father loved the water, was never seasick, and must have greatly enjoyed the trip from New York to San Francisco. The passengers were a day or two on land when they went up the Chagres River and crossed the Isthmus.

The journey from the Isthmus to San Francisco was made on the *Winfield Scott*.

1852-1892 *When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.*

—SHAKESPEARE *“’tis the human touch in this world that counts, The touch of your hand and mine, That means far more to the fainting heart Than shelter or bread or wine.*

For shelter is gone when the night is o’er, And bread lasts only a day; But the touch of a hand and the sound of a voice Live in the heart always.”

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Chapter IV

CALIFORNIA

ON REACHING California, true to his purpose, Father obtained work, as a carpenter, for a few weeks in Sacramento, from which place he went to Shasta City, a busy mining town of several thousand people, six miles west of the present town of Redding. This place, once the county seat of Shasta County, and claiming the distinction of having the oldest Masonic Lodge in California, has a population now of probably not more than one hundred. Perhaps the young carpenter may have mined a little here, but I do not remember having heard that he did. Then for a while, in company with others, Father rafted timber down the Sacramento River.

In later years, when he recalled this period, he was reminded of a night when he and another young man had made their beds in a woodsy place on the river bank. Father was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by loud snoring. Looking cautiously about in the semi-darkness he discovered a big black bear asleep a few feet away from them. The young man woke his companion and after a brief whispered consultation, they quietly withdrew, leaving that entire bed site to the bear.

In the summer or fall of 1852, Father worked at Fort Reading. This fort was built in 1852 for the purpose of holding unruly Indians in check. It was named for Pierson B. Reading, Shasta County's earliest pioneer, on whose “grant” of 26,000 acres the fort was built. The only part of it

still standing in 1933 is a barn, and I have reason for thinking Father probably built that barn. In the first place, not many carpenters could be hired then, as most men, whatever their trade or profession, preferred to mine; secondly, my Father worked there the year the buildings were put up; and lastly, the framework of the Fort Reading barn was put together with large wooden pegs instead of nails, and the frame of a barn that Father built on his farm at Crosswood, in 1869, is also held together by large wooden pegs.

From Fort Reading, the young carpenter went to Benicia, and obtained work at the United States Arsenal. He liked Benicia and bought a lot down town and put up a shop, where he did cabinet work and odd jobs of carpentering. I recall hearing that he sometimes made as much as sixteen dollars a day. I think he received eight or ten dollars a day at the Arsenal. Although wages were good, expenses were correspondingly high. There were living quarters above the shop, where he and two other young men "batched" for a short time. No doubt, a record of their housekeeping experiences would be entertaining.

A little less than two years after his arrival in California, my Father returned to Maine to be married. It had been arranged by letter that he and Sarah Meservey should be married, and that he would bring his bride to California, where they would remain until they had saved money enough to go back to Maine and live in comfort the rest of their lives.

The year before Father returned home for his bride, Benicia had become the Capital of California, and there was plenty of work for builders. The Legislature met there, however, but twice, and voted during that second session to move to Sacramento, where the use of the new Court House was offered, with safes and vaults, together with a deed to the block of land bounded by I and J, 9th and 10th Streets.

The Legislature adjourned to Sacramento, meeting in the Court House there March 1, 1854. Since that time, with the exception of the winter of 1862, when the flood caused the lawmakers to adjourn to San Francisco, they have always met in Sacramento. But the block of land bounded by I and J, 9th and 10th Streets, was not to be the site for the Capitol.

In 1856 the Legislature provided for the issue of bonds to the amount of \$300,000 for the erection of a State House on the above-described block. A Board of Commissioners was appointed, plans were drawn up and approved, the contract let for \$200,000, and the ground broken for the building on December 4. But on December 15, the commissioners refused to issue the bonds because the Supreme Court had decided that the State had no authority to contract so large a debt. The contractor brought suit, but was defeated. The work was stopped, and the land was deeded back.

In 1860, the Supervisors deeded to the State the tract of land bounded by L and N, 10th and 12th Streets, and the Legislature appropriated \$500,000 for the erection of the Capitol Building. The cornerstone was laid May 15, 1861, but because of changes and delays, it was not completed till the fall of 1869.

In Benicia, the dignified old State House still stands, a sort of monument to that little city on Carquinez Strait, that four score years ago gave promise of being a metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

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Chapter V

INTRODUCING MOTHER

SARAH JANE MESERVEY was born near Belfast, Maine, March 12, 1835. Her, father, like her husband's father, was a farmer. The Cross and Meservey farms were perhaps four miles apart, on opposite sides of the village of Morrill.

Sarah was the eldest daughter, and second child of Charles Meservey, Jr., and Sarah Smith Meservey. Her father was the only son of Charles Meservey, Sr. and Mary Cookson Meservey. My grandfather had but one sister.

Although the name is an old one in New England, I have been able to get very little data on our line. I have learned that the first one of that name to settle in America came from the Isle of Jersey on the coast of France. The name of that first settler was spelled Meserve, pronounced in three syllables,

and no doubt it was to preserve that pronunciation that some of the descendants of that earliest Meserve changed the spelling of the name. It is now spelled Meservey and Meservie, as well as Meserve.

My Mother had two sisters and two brothers. In recalling her childhood, she loved to remember the long winter evenings, when her sisters, her brothers and herself lay on buffalo robes or bear skins, before a big open fire and listened to stories told by her father, while her mother was spinning. One of the children's favorite stories was of their grandmother Cookson. She must have known more about caring for the sick than did other settlers about them, for it seems she was called by neighbors, far as well as near.

One dark night, so the story goes, she was returning home from a visit to a distant neighbor who was 25 ill. She was on horseback and was carrying some fresh meat in a bag. Perhaps the meat was her pay for making the visit. Part of her way lay through a forest, and while she was in these dark woods, she heard the yelp of wolves and knew they were following her. She rode as fast as she could, but the wolves came nearer and nearer. When they had almost overtaken her, she threw a piece of meat as far behind her as she could. While the animals stopped to fight over the meat, she gained a little distance. Again, as they came up, she threw another piece. This expedient was repeated again and again until the meat was gone. Then she took off her hood and threw that to the wolves, thereby gaining time. Next her cape was thrown, but she had reached the clearing and home. She had no meat, she had lost her hood and her cape, but she had probably saved her own life, as well as that of her horse.

Mother used to tell us of their early school days. When the snow was deep, grandfather would take the children to school on a sled drawn by oxen, picking up the other children who lived along that road.

Sarah was fond of books, and was determined to get all the schooling possible, at that time in that place. She went to the district school all of the short terms, and when these terms were ended, she walked two miles to the village school in Morrill. The district schoolhouse was the typical red one

of New England, sitting by the side of the road in the edge of the woods. Mother described these woods as beautiful in the summer, with their varied shades of green; in the fall, gay with autumn colors; and equally beautiful in the winter, with the trees bending under a weight of snow.

My Mother was an earnest pupil, taking great pride in her scholarship. She was an excellent reader, 26 a very good penman, and especially was she a good speller. One of the pleasures of her girlhood was going to spelling school, often where two or three schools had united. It was not unusual for Sarah to “spell the school down.”

In June, 1850, when Mother was fifteen years of age, she was granted a certificate to teach. The previous March 4, just before her fifteenth birthday, she was recommended by her teacher. Below is a copy of his recommendation:

“March 4, 1850.

“This certifies that Miss Sarah J. Meservey has attended my school and that she is in my opinion well qualified to instruct in the various branches of learning usually taught in our public schools.

“DAVID PIERCE.”

Mother had to pass an examination before taking charge of her first school in June, 1850, in Montville. This was four miles from home, and she received \$1.25 a week and her board.

This is a copy of the certificate given her to teach this Montville school:

“Montville, June 17, 1850.

“To Whom it May Concern:

“This certifies that we have examined Miss Sarah J. Meservey of* Belmont, as a schoolmistress, and that she is suitably qualified to teach Grammar and the rudiments of Arithmetic.

Belmont was the early name of that township—later Morrill.

“J. ERSKINE, *Supt. of Schools*

S. BRYANT,

M. C. TWITCHELL,

W. MASON, *Committee.*”

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The young teacher enjoyed that first school, and was very happy with her fifteen pupils. Some of the girls were as old as she, some older, but the boys were little ones. When a boy in Maine reached the age of twelve, he generally had to hoe corn and potatoes in the summer, depending upon the short winter terms to get his schooling.

The following winter, Mother was at home again, going to school, for she wanted to prepare herself for a larger school and more salary. This she did, and the next summer, for a three months' term, she taught in North Searsmont, a little village where she had thirty pupils and was paid two dollars a week.

The next winter, she went to school again. She recalled in later years, the evening writing school and the twenty young people, each writing by the light of his own tallow candle. Spelling schools were frequent that winter. It was my Mother's last winter in school, and she spoke of it as her happiest.

The next summer, she taught in Searsmont village, where, during the winter, two teachers were employed. The summer school had between forty and fifty pupils, and the teacher was paid two dollars and fifty cents a week, and board. Mother never “boarded around,” as teachers did sometimes in an early day.

In all three of her summer positions as teacher, Sarah liked her pupils, she had good boarding places, and was very happy to be earning what at that time was quite a sum for a young girl to

earn. But already looking forward to being married, she was willing to earn more money. There was a shoe factory in the village of Searsmont, and the women in the town used to bind shoes for five cents a pair. They were low, kid shoes. My Mother, always good with a needle, learned to do this work, and was so expert at 28 it, that she was able in her spare time, to bind two pairs a week. Besides this, she did much of her mother's sewing, all of it having to be done by hand. There were few books to read, and the young teacher, even at that age, liked to be busy.

Some descendant of that young teacher may smile at the idea of anyone at anytime doing anything to add so little as fifty cents to a monthly salary. But, as you have seen, Sarah was ambitious and industrious; her future husband in California was being paid more in one day than she received in a month; she was soon to be married and she could think of many things she might add to her trousseau. While you smile, you may be proud that you had a grandmother who, at the age of seventeen, had so much ability, was so resourceful and so independent.

The following winter, Sarah went to make her first visit to her mother's parents, who lived on a farm in Hollis, on the beautiful Saco River, eighteen miles from Portland, and perhaps a hundred from Belfast. She and her father were two days making the journey by sleigh.

Her grandparents persuaded her father to leave her with them the remainder of the winter, and when spring came, she stayed on and taught the district school near her grandfather's.

During the weeks preceding the opening of school she worked at something she had never done before, making men's linen coats. There being no sewing machines, men's coats, vests and pants that were to be bought in the stores, were made by hand, many of them by the farmers' wives. An uncle's thrifty wife, having time to spare after doing her own carding and spinning and weaving, sewing and knitting, and housework, worked on these coats and vests, and she taught Sarah. My Mother loved the work, and I 29 have heard her say that she made almost as much money at this as she did teaching school.

After her school closed, she went home, going to Portland by stage, and from there by boat to Belfast, where her father met her. This had been Sarah's first long absence from home, and she was glad to be back with her family and neighbors.

Mother had so liked the making of summer coats that she decided to go into a tailor's shop in Belfast and learn to make men's nice, custom-made suits. Her father obtained a place for her in Mr. Hilton's tailor shop, where a half-dozen girls were employed. All the pay she received at first was her board, which Mr. Hilton paid in a home where my Mother was very happy.

Sarah was working in Mr. Hilton's shop when Frank Cross returned from California, on March 9, 1854. He meant to be in Maine only a month, and he was desirous that they should be married very soon, that his wife might accompany him on his visits to his relatives.

While the bride-to-be was well supplied with clothes, she had not expected the young man quite so early in the month, and she had not yet bought her wedding dress. Frank looked so fine in his new clothes and his tall silk hat, all recently purchased in New York, Sarah must have time to make herself fine, too, and they were not married until a week from the day of his arrival.

On March 10, they went to Belfast, where material for the wedding dress was purchased. It was taken to a dressmaker, who was able to give the young lady a fitting the next day. Mother also bought black silk velvet of which to make a circular cape. The cape had a quilted silk lining, near the shade of the dress, which was a beautiful, brocaded silk, rather olive in color. The dress was made with a long, tight waist that came to a point low in front, and a very full skirt, shirred on the waist. Lace was in the neck, and in the wide open sleeves. The bride's bonnet was white with flowers on it.

Chapter VI

THEIR MARRIAGE

ON MARCH 16, 1854, John Francis Cross and Sarah Jane Meservey were married in Belfast, by the Reverend Cazneau Palfrey, a Unitarian minister.

Grandfather Meservey gave the bride silver—six teaspoons, two tablespoons and one dessert spoon. They are the thin silver that was used then. These teaspoons were our only ones for many years, and in constant use. We still have them, and every spoon bears unmistakable evidence of where my Mother's children cut their teeth. Grandfather also gave the bride a dozen steel knives and forks.

Grandmother's gift to her daughter was bedding, and we still have two of the covers. One is of cotton, pieced and quilted; the other is a very large wool quilt. The wool for this grew on the sheep on grandfather's farm. Grandmother carded the wool and spun it, after which she wove it into cloth, and sent it away to be dyed. Then she made it into this quilt, dark brown on one side, light brown on the other, and she quilted it in beautiful patterns. The filling of this cover is also wool from the backs of grandfather's sheep.

Between their marriage and their departure for the West, the bride and groom spent their four weeks

SARAH JANE CROSS JOHN FRANCIS CROSS *Their Wedding Day*—March 16, 1854

31 very happily, visiting the various members of the groom's large family.

But the time came at last for them to go, as their steamer was to leave New York, April 20, and Frank wanted to show Sarah something of Boston and New York. It was their intention, as it had been Frank's, two years before, to be gone perhaps five years, then return to Maine, buy a good farm and settle down. With this in mind, it was not so hard to say goodbye to families and friends.

The couple left Belfast on the evening of April 13. During that night trip from Belfast to Boston, Mother was seasick, but quickly recovered on landing, and enjoyed seeing Boston for two days. Father took her to Cambridge and Lawrence and other places where he had worked.

Going from Boston to New York the bride was again very seasick, and her husband told her that if she would rather return to Maine than risk a month's seasickness, he would take her home,

then make the journey alone. My Mother would not entertain such a thought, and on April 20, as planned, they left New York on *The Star of the West*. I have a photostat copy of a page of the *New York Herald*, giving the list of passengers that sailed that April 20, 1854, on that steamship.

Father paid \$250 each for their tickets from New York to San Francisco. They had three trunks. The staterooms were good, the meals fine, and what a wonderful honeymoon would have been theirs, if the young wife had not been ill every day of the time. She hardly sat up an hour of the whole month, except when they crossed the Isthmus. But ill as she was, she never regretted the choice she had made in New York to stay with her husband.

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I have heard my parents speak of a young man on the steamer who had come from near their home in Maine. He was able to purchase only a steerage ticket. He had come from a good, clean home, and when Father learned of his being in the steerage, he felt so sorry for him that he made a plan. He obtained permission to bring the young man up to their stateroom. This opened directly out of the dining hall, and their places at table were quite near their door. Mother never ate a meal during the entire trip. It was all paid for just the same as if she had eaten. Father would fill the extra plate and take it in to the stateroom, where this homesick young man enjoyed many a delicious meal.

The steamer made one stop between New York and Nicaragua, and that was at Kingston, on the island of Jamaica, where the passengers were able to go ashore while the boat took on coal. They came back bringing oranges, bananas and pineapples, and beautiful flowers, such as few of them had ever seen before.

At Nicaragua the passengers left the steamer and took small boats up the narrow, shallow San Juan River. These boats were kept in motion by natives, almost naked, who either walked in the water, pushing the boats before them, or on the river bank. Despite the tropical heat, the passengers were thrilled at the sight of the plants and vines and trees, gay with flowers and bright birds, that bordered the river. In one place, all the passengers had to get off the boats and walk for a short distance, owing to difficulty in getting the boats up the rapids. It was a rough trail, and my Mother

said that Father tried to keep up the spirits of those about him, by marching along ahead, merrily singing, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." At the end of an all-day trip up the San 33 Juan River, they reached Virgin Bay, which they must cross to get to their night's stopping place.

The baggage was behind them, and it seemed advisable for the men who had trunks to wait here at Virgin Bay for the baggage to overtake them. My Father was among those who waited, while the women and children and the single men who had only such luggage as they could carry, went on across the bay to a place where they were to stay two nights and a day. The weather was extremely hot, and the mosquitoes so large and numerous that a person would no sooner lie down at night than he would wish it were time to get up. The beds were canvas cots, each with a single sheet; the tables were bare boards, the benches bare and hard, but Mother had a respite from seasickness, and was hungry enough to eat the simple food provided. I remember hearing her speak of the monkeys that swung from rafter to rafter all night, looking down and apparently gossiping to each other about these hundreds of strange looking creatures, here today and gone tomorrow.

From Virgin Bay to Graytown, where the passengers were to take the steamer for San Francisco, there was a ride of twelve miles on the back of a mule or a donkey. My Mother had never ridden an animal before, and perhaps her mount suspected it, for he refused to keep up with the donkey ahead, on which my Father was riding. The problem of keeping him going was solved by Father, who tied the bridle of Mother's mule to the tail of the one he rode. Thus they reached Graytown.

The *Sierra Nevada*, on which these hundreds of travelers were to complete their journey, was anchored a short distance from shore, and passengers and baggage had to be carried out to the steamer by 34 big, black natives, naked except for one small garment.

On the Atlantic side, Mr. and Mrs. Cross had a stateroom to themselves. On the *Sierra Nevada*, husbands and wives were separated, the women occupying one part of the boat, the men, another. My Mother was in a large stateroom with a Mrs. Clay and her six children, ranging from two to fourteen years. Mother remembered them as good children.

On the Pacific, the bride was as seasick as she had been on the Atlantic. She did not eat a meal until they reached San Francisco.

Chapter VII

BENICIA

THEIR one night in San Francisco was spent at the “What Cheer House”—on the corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets—for long a well-known hostelry, now a memory.

In the afternoon of the next day, they took a river boat for Benicia, where they became guests of the “Solano,” the leading hotel of the town—and still standing, in 1933—being used now as a rooming house. After a day or two at the “Solano,” the couple obtained room and board with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hyde, where they remained a few weeks until they found a house they could rent.

Father was always an advocate of people's owning their homes, so they rented only until he could build a house of their own. This was a comfortable little home, three rooms finished on the first floor, with room for two more, upstairs. As Father had work at the Arsenal, most of this time, he was kept busy. He also made most of the furniture for their home, 35 several pieces of which we still have. One is a fine big chest of drawers, another, a tiny bookcase. Still another is a dish closet, of which you will hear later.

When Mother and Father went to housekeeping, they lived next door to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sanborn. They, like Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, were young New Englanders, the former couple from New Hampshire, the latter from Massachusetts. Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Hyde were carpenters, also, and it was quite natural that the three New England brides should become friends.

When my parents arrived in Benicia, they intended to remain there, but after the Legislature had voted to move the Capital to Sacramento, business became less brisk, and was so dull by May, 1855, that Father decided it would be best for them to move to Sacramento.

The removal of the Capital was a blow to Benicia, but it was only one of many dealt that historic little city. With her superior natural advantages, she had reason, very early in her history, to be sanguine of the future. In 1849 the United States Arsenal was established there, and Benicia became the military and naval headquarters of the Pacific Coast. The next year, it also became the headquarters of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with its docks and shops and depots. At one time Benicia was the county seat of Solano County. For several decades, beginning in the early '50's, this little town, with its several boarding schools, was known as the "Athens of the Pacific."

The first Protestant church ever built in California was erected in Benicia in 1849.

These things are all history, but I mention them because I do not wish to hurry my parents from the little city in which they had hoped to make their permanent home, and to which I came a long time 36 later, to spend some happy years teaching in the public school.

The year my people spent in Benicia had been a very happy one, one they always loved to remember. They liked the climate and they liked the people, most of whom, like themselves, were young, beginning life in a new world. It was here in Benicia their first child was born, a very welcome, healthy little daughter, Nettie; here dear friendships were formed that were not to be broken until death. Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn, and Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Grant were among these lifelong friends.

Chapter VIII

SACRAMENTO

ARRIVING in Sacramento, as they did, in the early summer, they found hot weather. They also found mosquitoes, and they could not help being a little homesick for Benicia, but they felt that their move had been for the better, and Father bought two lots on the corner of 14th and I Streets, and on one of them, he built a four-room house for them to live in. Their home was in a good part of town. Ex-Governor Bigler lived across the street, and Judge Clark in the next block; but despite the fact that they were in a good neighborhood, my parents had two unpleasant little experiences

at 14th and I Streets. One night their flock of a dozen hens was stolen, which was quite a loss, considering the then high price of poultry and eggs. Another night, when Mother had trustingly left her washing on the line, she looked out in the morning to find the line bare. When every garment had to be made by hand, and when material was not so plentiful, that, too, was a loss not easily or quickly replaced.

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My folks attended the Baptist Church, which was on Fourth Street between K and L. This is the church where O. C. Wheeler was long the pastor. It also furnished the setting for the famous “double-headed” Democratic Convention on July 18, 1854.

During their two years in Sacramento, Mother and Father made a few friends, who, like some of those in Benicia, were lifelong. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who are mentioned later, were near neighbors, and became close friends. Among the men my Father knew, was Mr. Smart, from Maine, who had a garden just outside the city. His daughter Amanda lived with him, and he invited Father to bring his wife and baby to see this daughter. The invitation was accepted and this was the beginning of a very dear friendship. A few years later, Miss Amanda Smart became the wife of Alonzo Greenlaw, who was also from the State of Maine.

Mother and Alonzo Greenlaw had been classmates in the village school in Morrill.

Neither of my folks liked the hot dusty summers, nor the cold, wet winters of Sacramento, and they were glad when an opportunity came for them to go into the country.

Out on the Nevada Road, about six miles from Sacramento, there had arisen a need for a school. One of the leading men of the community, proprietor of the “Star House,” came to see my Father and offered him the work of building a schoolhouse. Before a school at that time could draw public money, it must be maintained at private expense for a term of six months. When it was learned that Mr. Cross's wife had been a teacher, she was offered a position for this six-months' term. She

went before the Sacramento County Board of Education, passed an examination, and was granted a certificate to teach.

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Chapter IX

COUNTRY LIFE

THEY rented their house in town, and on April 1, 1857, they moved into the country. Here they lived in a big, two-story roadhouse known as the "Seaman House." The old bar-room was turned into a schoolroom, so the housekeeping and teaching were both done under one roof. Nettie, two and a half years of age, was little trouble, being healthy and happy and a great favorite with the school children.

One of the boys who attended that little school seventy-six years ago, and the last survivor of the group, was Thomas M. Burns, whose death occurred in May of this year, 1933. As a very young man, he pioneered into Humboldt County and became one of its leading stockmen. The friendship begun in that far-away time out on the old Nevada Road, lasted a lifetime. After Mother's death, Mr. Burns, then an old man, wrote me a beautiful letter.

The young couple liked this rolling, timbered country, and after Father had finished the schoolhouse, he took up a quarter section of land, built a small house on it, and as it was mostly a stock country, he bought a few cows. But litigation was then going on. Samuel Norris claimed over 44,000 acres as a Spanish grant, and before the little new house was finished, the grant was legally confirmed to Norris, and there was nothing for the settlers to do but to move off.

It was necessary for Father to find a place suitable for his few head of stock. A friend told him of a small farm for sale between the forks of the American River, at Negro Hill. This was four miles from 39 Folsom, and but a short distance from Coloma, where gold had been discovered. Negro Hill and its neighboring town of Mormon Island, were in the midst of mining activity.

Father went to see the place, and was delighted with it. There was a comfortable little house and a barn, a few fruit trees and berry vines, sixty acres of cleared land, plenty of water, plenty of woodland pasture, and with miners all about them, there was market for all the milk their cows could produce.

But not until they had been living there some time did they learn of the prevalence of malaria.

There were few women neighbors. The nearest was Mrs. Williams, whose family consisted of only herself and her husband, who was a miner. She loved our little Nettie, and would often borrow her for a whole day. The Williams' home consisted of two whitewashed cabins, connected by a grape arbor and covered by climbing rosebushes that seemed ever in bloom. One cabin was kitchen and dining room, the other, living room and bedroom. As the friendship between Mrs. Williams and our folks lasted many years, we all knew her kind heart and her spotlessly-kept cabin home.

It soon became evident to my folks that nearly everyone in that community had malaria. That first summer in haying time Father was quite ill with malaria for several weeks. Mother's older brother, who spent a year or two in California, was mining at Coloma, and he came and cut the hay. Then he, too, became ill. There were seven or eight cows to be milked, and the milk to be carried to the miners. Mother, who knew very little about milking, hired Ah Ki, a Chinese, to help her. Ah Ki knew where all the miners' cabins were, so he could deliver the milk; and although he had to be taught how to milk a cow, he was an apt pupil, and proved to be fine help. He was faithful and dependable, one of the Chinese of the old school, so well known to early Californians. For many years Ah Ki made periodical visits to our home.

Later in the summer, Nettie had malaria, but Mother was comparatively free from it until the following spring, when she, too, became ill. Father kept from having malaria that second summer by taking quinine, but my folks decided they did not want to live where they must take medicine all the time to be well. Father once more began to look about for a new home, one where malaria was unknown.

Chapter X

CENTER TOWNSHIP

MOTHER and Nettie spent the greater part of that summer in Sacramento, while Father was getting a new home for them. He bought 160 acres fourteen miles northeast of Sacramento, in Center Township, Sacramento County. He bought it of Mr. William Thomas, who had possession of the land. It had to be purchased of the United States Government, also. In October of that year, 1859, the family moved to this new home, where they were to live for nearly nine years. For a few weeks they lived in a cabin of one room until Father had the house finished. This was a good hard-finished house of four rooms and a large attic. It stood for nearly seventy years, until it was burned in the summer of 1928, presumably set on fire by a match or a cigarette dropped from a passing airplane.

When Father bought this land, it had not been improved. None of it had been cleared, no fences had been built, no well had been dug. All of these things had to be done, but no one had malaria.

There could be no better neighbors than these pioneers of Center Township, and however busy my folks were, they were well and happy.

There was considerable oak timber on the place, and that first winter a man was hired to do some clearing. Sacramento furnished the market for the settlers' wood.

When those pioneers built their fences, there was more work to it than there is about fence building today. They had to split the posts from oak trees, which, of course, must first be felled. Then the post holes must be dug. Then, as that was long before wire was used for fencing, boards must be nailed to the posts. Most fences were three or four boards high, some more. Then on each side of a fence, its whole length, a ditch was dug. This ditch was perhaps two feet deep and was made to discourage stock from trespassing. Because of the ditch, an animal could not get a "purchase" on the fence. With the coming into use of barbed wire for fencing—years later—ditches were no longer necessary. Occasionally an old one may still be seen.

While Father was busy with his building, and the planting of a small orchard and vineyard, Mother cooked, and washed and sewed, as did her mother before her, for very little labor-saving machinery had come into use. Mother made by hand, not only all the clothes she and her little girls wore—Nettie had been presented with a little sister, Alice—but she was also expert at making Father's shirts. Besides this, she was helpful out of doors. Not to work in the field, of course, but she raised chickens and she planted and tended a flower garden, and did various 42 other things. In short, she did what every good wife of a California pioneer farmer did to help her husband get a start, and she was glad to do it.

Chapter XI

TEAMING ON THE AUBURN ROAD

OUT on the Auburn Road, a half mile south of our home, from early spring till late in the fall, heavily-loaded freight wagons slowly jolted over the dusty, uneven ground, bound for Auburn, Dutch Flat or Virginia City. These carriers of freight were of various kinds, from the light spring wagon, drawn by two horses, mules or oxen, to the long-hooded, prairie schooners, sometimes with a “back action” and drawn by a dozen, sixteen or twenty horses or mules. And they were loaded with every sort of freight needed or desired by the people in the mining towns. Often these teams were driven with a jerk line—one rein that reached from the bridle of a lead horse to the driver, who sat on the off-wheeler.

This teaming was profitable, and many of the early settlers did more or less hauling of freight over the mountains. Most of the teams, especially those hauling the big freight wagons, had rows of bells fastened to a bar above the hames. The musical tinkling of these bells could be heard long distances, and were necessary on the narrow, winding mountain roads. Most of the carriers of freight referred to as prairie schooners were the covered wagons that had followed the immigrant trail across the plains.

My Father did some hauling of freight for short distances nearly every year, but I think it was in the fall of 1863 that he hauled from Sacramento to 43 Carson City. He had a four-horse team, and would be gone two or three weeks on one trip.

Teamsters could make but a few miles in a day, and along the Auburn Road, part of which is now the Lincoln Highway, public houses at intervals had been established for the accommodation of these teamsters. Near us was the Fourteen-Mile-House, called so because it was fourteen miles from Sacramento. A mile east of it was the "Fifteen," where Mr. William Thomas was the landlord. Then there were the "Sixteen" and the "Seventeen." The Eighteen-Mile-House was sometimes called the "Half-Way," it being midway between Sacramento and Auburn. Just above the "Eighteen," the road crossed the line into Placer County and began to climb into the foothills of the Sierras.

In a *History of Sacramento County*, I found that "most of these roadhouses were built in 1850, and were abandoned after the completion of the Sacramento Valley Railroad to Folsom in 1856." That is true of the public houses on the Folsom Road, because after the completion of that railroad—the first railroad ever built in California—hauling by team from Sacramento to Folsom was no longer necessary; but for some years after 1856 freight hauling over the Auburn Road continued and the public houses on the Auburn Road continued to operate. Later, many of them became farm houses, and were used as such for years.

These roadhouses were much alike. They were frame buildings, clapboarded, two stories high, and stood lengthwise to the road. The big bar-room contained a long bar, well supplied with every liquid refreshment popular at the time; there was a big box stove, several round tables, and chairs for as many as 44 might gather. A long dining room and a kitchen were back of the bar-room; somewhere on the first floor was a parlor. There were sleeping rooms upstairs, but the teamsters, as a rule, preferred to sleep in the open, being near their teams and their valuable loads of freight, although I found, "There is no recorded instance of loss of goods on freight wagons, by either fraud or theft or highway robbery."

The only public house along the old Auburn Road that is given any prominence in the *History of Sacramento County* is the Oak Grove House. It was located about seven miles from Sacramento in a beautiful grove of live oak trees, where the Del Paso picnic grounds are now. It was a favorite resort for Sacramento people in 1851 and '52, being the right distance from the city for patrons to make the round trip in a day.

It was here, a few yards from the Oak Grove House, that at sunrise, on August 2, 1852, one of the famous duels of California was fought between Edward Gilbert and James W. Denver. Denver was in charge of supplies for overland immigration, and Gilbert, who was editor of the *Alta Californian*, and “regarded as a man of unusual ability and promise,” commented adversely on the management. A newspaper controversy followed, which led to Gilbert's challenging Denver to a duel. Denver accepted and chose rifles. Gilbert was killed instantly. He was but thirty years of age at the time of his death, but had already become prominent. He had been elected one of the delegates to frame the Constitution for California, and was elected to Congress in 1850, being “the first man to take a seat in Congress from the Pacific Coast.”

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Denver, in 1854, was nominated for Congress, but was defeated. In that same year he was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Bigler. He resigned in 1856. During the Civil War, he fought for the Union and became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was afterward Governor of Kansas, and also had the honor of having Colorado's Capital named for him.

The scene of this duel, fought more than four score years ago, is only five or six miles from Crosswood, our old home.

Chapter XII

A BOAT RIDE

ALTHOUGH it had been more than five years since my people had left Maine, they had no thought of following their original plan and returning to that State. Mother had decided, on their arrival in

San Francisco, that rather than repeat her previous month's experience, she would get along without ever seeing her people again. In 1854 there had been little prospect of a transcontinental railway.

During their nine years on this farm, my parents naturally had interesting experiences. One rather thrilling one was a boat ride that Father took in the winter of 1861-'62. Sacramento had had floods before this—a big one in 1853—but the flood of 1861-'62 was the worst. The Sacramento and American Rivers were over their banks, and Sacramento city streets were like rivers. The road between our house and town was impassable by team for three miles north of the American River bridge. That part of the way must be made by boat. The creek that ran 46 through our ranch, like all the other streams thereabout, was over its banks.

Father wanted to go to Sacramento, and prompted by a spirit of adventure, he decided to go all the way by boat, about fourteen miles, something that had never been done before nor ever after. Having no unused lumber of which to build a boat, he removed a wide board from the barn, and of this he built it. He made a pair of oars, and was ready to launch his craft. I'm sure our Mother watched him as far as she could see him, and wondered if he would ever get to Sacramento in that boat. But he had learned to make boats where he had learned to swim—in Cross Pond—and his undertaking was a success. The current was swift, and as he was going with it, he needed the oars only to keep the boat from being caught by the trees that grew thick along the bank. The creek ran through the Daly ranch, quite near the house, a mile from us, and Mr. Daly accepted an invitation to accompany the boatman on this unique voyage to Sacramento. They arrived safely, went up and down the streets in their boat, made some purchases, and when they were ready to leave town, Father exchanged the boat for a four-horse whip. He and Mr. Daly took passage in a boat that was running back and forth from Sacramento to a place where they found a neighbor with a team, and in this way they reached home.

The fall preceding this flood, Father had built a two-story, seven-room house on his vacant lot at 14th and I Streets. It had been plastered and painted, and was ready to be rented when the high water came. To see what condition this house was in was probably Father's principal object in making this trip to Sacramento. The house was a sorry sight. The windows were broken, and the

flood—carrying driftwood and debris—was running like a river through the lower 47 story. Father stepped from his boat to a little upstairs porch, and found a family had taken refuge there. It was a great loss, but many others had lost more, even their lives. The next summer the house was repaired and rented, and awhile later, it was sold.

After the roads became passable—but while the water was still very high—Mother also made a trip to Sacramento, to see what the city looked like in a flood. Boats were still being used in the streets, people were still living on the second floors of their homes, and she saw many unusual sights.

After the water went down, Sacramento built better levees, but it was years before the city was safe.

Chapter XIII

SYLVAN SCHOOL

IN the spring of 1862, the families in our community felt the need of a school. Mr. Thomas, proprietor of the Fifteen-Mile-House, started a subscription, and found that enough money could be raised to build a schoolhouse. He gave the site for the building and when a district was formed, it was Mr. Thomas who gave the district its name—Sylvan—because of the many oak trees that grew there. My Father was employed to build the schoolhouse, which he did in the summer or fall of 1862.

As had been the case in that other community, in 1857, it was necessary for the settlers to support a private school for six months before they were entitled to public funds. My Mother was asked to teach this term, which she did. She first had to obtain a certificate. This was dated July 5, 1862, and was signed by the members of the Board of Education of Sacramento County, Dr. F. W. Hatch, J. W. 48 Anderson and M. L. Templeton. She used a cabin in her dooryard for a schoolroom, and had between fifteen and twenty pupils, all the children of school age in the neighborhood.

The Sylvan schoolhouse consisted of one room and two anterooms or hat halls. It was built of clapboards, faced the south, and was painted white. It had two doors, and its windows—three on

each side and two in the north end—were supplied with green slat shutters. The original seats, double ones, were home-made, painted a blue-gray, and before they were replaced by modern, factory-made ones, their ink-stained surfaces carried “many a jack-knife's carved initial.”

It was necessary to have a stove for this new schoolhouse, and when the building was completed, a dance was held there to raise money for that purpose. A big, box stove was purchased, and was in use for several decades.

Although Mother was Sylvan's first teacher, Mr. Alfred Spooner was the first to teach in the new schoolhouse.

As was usual in farming districts, the schoolhouse was the civic, social and religious center. Here the men of the precinct came to vote. We had no school on election day. Not till 1911 did California women have a vote. Here, some winters, we had spelling schools or literary and debating societies. Sometimes an itinerant entertainer came that way, and we might hear a lecture, or be treated to a sleight-of-hand performance. You must remember that was a very long time before the day of moving pictures, radios, telephones, automobiles and airplanes. People had to furnish their own entertainment. Early in the history of the district a May Day fete became an established institution. Also a Sunday School was organized, and 49 church services were often held. Occasionally there were dancing parties in the schoolhouse.

When the Sylvan District was formed, rural schools were few, and there were none near us. Our district included, besides what it has at present, eight thousand acres of the San Juan grant, and at least two-thirds of the Norris grant. It included the country about Antelope, and on the north and east it reached to the Placer County line. Gradually, as the surrounding country became settled, other districts were formed from Sylvan—Antelope, San Juan and Roberts, and later, Orangevale and Fair Oaks.

All of Mother's children attended the Sylvan School, and in that original building. It was there we learned our letters, and from there we were graduated in due time. We liked school, not in all cases, perhaps, because we were so fond of study, but here was most of our social life. In a very early day,

the State did not furnish school books to the pupils, and maybe we had a more affectionate interest in our *McGuffy's Reader*, our *Wilson's Speller*.

Few schools have so fine a yard as Sylvan, consisting, as it does, of several acres, dotted over with oak trees; and here we learned to play those games known to children all over the civilized world, handed down from one generation to another. Every recess found us busy, from the largest boys, who generally played tomball, using a rubber ball and a home-made bat, on down to the smallest girls, who in the shade of a thick live oak, played house, with broken dishes brought from home. We played marbles and mumbly peg, and flew kites in season. We learned "King William was King James's Son;" and "London bridge is falling down." We played "Black Man" and "Drop the Handkerchief," "Puss in the Corner," "Blind Man's Buff" and "Ante-over." It appears that the 50 more running there was in a game, the better we liked it. And this, too, when we all lived from one to three miles from the schoolhouse, and always walked.

When this "temple of learning" was built, an opening, perhaps two feet square, was left in the ceiling near the north end of the room. As little children, we feared to sit under that opening, because some of the mischievous older boys had told us the attic was full of wildcats. We had never seen a wildcat, there were none in that part of the country, there was nothing whatever in that schoolhouse attic, but all that did not prevent our expecting a wildcat to jump at any time, without warning, from that square hole to a desk below.

The teacher's desk was in the south end of the room, therefore the pupils faced that direction. All our large maps hung on the south wall. Among them was one of the United States. I recall being puzzled in my early school days as to why California on the map was toward the Sierras, and the State of Maine toward the Pacific Ocean, when I knew that Father and Mother had gone toward the mountains when they went to Maine on that visit. I knew, because I went with them, being the youngest member of the family at the time. It was years before I understood why my directions were wrong, and still are; why east is where that old wall map said the Pacific Ocean is; and when the writer taught the Sylvan School in 1888, she obtained permission to change the seats so the pupils faced the north, and on the north wall the maps were hung, where "east is east and west

is west.” Although this arrangement brought the teacher's desk directly under that opening into the attic, and memory had kept those wildcats alive, not one ever ventured forth to drop on the suspecting teacher's head.

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Though California was far removed from the scenes of the Civil War, the early settlers in the West were not lacking in patriotism. I think it was in the spring of 1863 that my Mother made a Flag. It is eight feet long, and made of wool bunting, except the stars, which are of white muslin. It is beautifully made, with thousands of tiny stitches, every stitch taken by hand. It was the first Flag to float over the Sylvan schoolhouse, and during its early life, it took part in several public affairs. Although its colors are still bright, it is too worn and frail to be handled, and in June, 1932, we loaned it to the Pioneers. In the Museum, on the top floor of the new State Library in Sacramento, our Flag reposes in a glass case, among other relics of bygone days. I like to think of it there, amid friendly surroundings.

Chapter XIV

NEW EXPERIENCES

WHILE Mother was teaching in 1862, she had an experience she could never forget. That summer, Father had a contract to supply wood to the Sacramento County Hospital. One day, when he was delivering a load, a young man, an inmate who had been helping with the wood, asked if there wasn't some work on the ranch he could do to earn his board. He had lost the sight of one eye, he feared blindness, and he did not wish to remain in the County Hospital. Father brought him home. This was James Horton, of Tennessee, a big, strong, good-looking young man, little more than twenty years of age. My people liked him, he was helpful about the place, and he became acquainted with the young folks 52 in the neighborhood. But the condition of his eyes did not improve, that fear of blindness never left him, and one afternoon in early September he came to my Mother, and handing her a bottle of strychnine, announced that he had just taken a dose. Father was in Sacramento that day, Mother had dismissed her pupils, and she and her two little girls were

alone. She hurriedly wrote a note to Mr. Thomas, more than half a mile away, and sent Nettie with it. Nettie was seven, and I have heard her say she ran every step of the way. A saddled horse was tied at the hitching post at the "Fifteen," and it was only a few minutes until Mr. Thomas arrived. Meanwhile, James had lain down on a couch in the living room, and had asked Mother to stay with him. He said he was thankful for what they had done for him, that Mr. Cross had treated him like a brother, but he could not bear the thought of living without his eyesight. He expressed a wish to have his grave under a certain oak tree a little way north of the schoolhouse, which was then being built. This wish was carried out and his was the first grave in Sylvan Cemetery. A stone, with his name and the date, marks the spot, in the southeast corner, under the big white oak, the first tree thereabout to put forth new leaves in the spring.

About the same time, or possibly a year earlier, Father had an experience that caused him to lose a little faith in his fellow men. He had bought some standing oak timber a few miles from home, on the "grant," and had hired a man to cut it. The man lived in a cabin near his work. One day he came to our house, and said he would like to take the oxen and wagon, take a load of wood to Sacramento and get some things he needed. Father let him take the wagon and team of four oxen. When he did not return them on the day he had agreed to, it was 53 learned that the man had taken all his belongings, as well as the team and load of wood, and had disappeared. Father found where he had sold the wood in Sacramento, also where he had bought some bales of hay, but although officers looked for him, and a description of the man and the team was posted along the roads, my folks never saw the man again, nor was the stolen property ever recovered. Sometime after that, perhaps two years, when Father was hauling freight over the mountains, he met an ox team at a wayside watering trough one day. He thought he recognized one of the animals, and he asked the driver where he had obtained that particular ox. The man told where he had purchased the animal. Father related the story of the stolen team, and said, "If this is the ox I think it is, he is carrying my brand, 'J +.'" Sure enough, they found the brand, but the present owner had evidently come by the ox honestly, and the former owner let the matter drop. These were the last oxen my Father ever owned. He had raised two of them, and they were valued, together with the wagon, at four hundred dollars.

Chapter XV

MORE EXPERIENCES

WHEN a year was dry, and feed consequently poor, Father used to look around to find better summer pasture for his cattle. In 1864, he took his own twenty-five head, and some neighbors' cows to good feed on the Sacramento River, near Rio Vista. He fixed up a camp, and Mother and her little girls went there for the summer. Father cut quite a bit of tule hay, had it baled, sent it up to Sacramento on a barge, and from Sacramento, hauled 54 it out to the ranch. Although little better than straw, it was the best to be had, for almost no hay had been raised around Sylvan that year, and this baled tule hay was given credit for having saved a good many cattle that winter.

I think it was in the summer of 1866, again when grass was poor, that Father took the cattle to Alta, where there was fine mountain feed. The railroad had been finished as far as Colfax, and Father hauled freight from Colfax to Alta. He had a man to milk the cows, and there were plenty of customers for the milk. This was a good change of climate for Mother and her little girls, too.

At least once more did Father take his cattle to green feed on the Sacramento River, and I shall mention that later.

As you see from this, Father never depended on a grain crop alone. He did not "put all his eggs in one basket." He believed in keeping more than one "iron in the fire," that is, if he could attend to more than one. He had a few head of beef cattle to sell sometimes. Our farm produced a few colts every year, so occasionally there was a pair of horses to be sold. Hogs were raised by the Sylvan farmers, and there was a demand for them in the fall. Chinatown in Folsom furnished a market for most of the hogs raised in our neighborhood. We always had chickens on our farm, not penned up as they are now on chicken ranches, but free to wander, except inside the picket-fence that surrounded the house and flower garden. Coops of fryers were taken to market in the spring, and many dozen eggs were sold through the year. When Mother made more butter than was consumed

at home, the surplus was taken to market. There were no creameries to furnish butter, as there are today.

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While our folks were living on that place, two more children were born, Lilian—the writer of this sketch—and Frankie, their first little boy.

It was in this house, too, that little Alice, at the age of six, was very ill for weeks with typhoid fever. Dr. Clark, from Folsom, helped to save her, but he said he could have accomplished nothing without Mother's careful nursing.

It was while they lived in this house that they were threatened with a fire. While the family sat at the breakfast table one morning, a spark from the stovepipe set fire to the roof. But it was discovered immediately, and several pairs of willing hands made quick work of putting it out before any harm was done except to a few shingles. I mention this because it is as near as our people ever came to having a real fire.

One year, I think it was in 1867, grasshoppers came in swarms to that part of the country, eating every green thing, even to the bark on the fruit trees, killing the trees, the grapevines and the rosebushes.

Soon after Father bought this farm in Center Township, he sold the one at Negro Hill to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, whom they had known in Sacramento. Father told them why he was selling, but Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had lived in a malarial climate, and did not fear it.

Chapter XVI

A LARGER FARM

IN the late 1860's when the Central Pacific Railroad was completed "over the hill," and freight hauling by team was no longer profitable, settlers at Sylvan turned their attention to more extensive farming.

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Father wanted a larger farm, and in the spring of 1868, he had an opportunity to buy 160 acres that adjoined him on the south. This was a better place and had the advantage of being on the Auburn Road, which was the main highway. Alfred N. Moore had bought this quarter section from the Central Pacific Railroad Company in June, 1867, for the sum of \$400. He built a small house on it, and in February, 1868, he sold the place to Father for \$1,100. We have the deeds, the one from the railroad company to A. N. Moore, with Leland Stanford's signature, and the one from Mr. Moore to Father. Adjacent to this quarter section, there were 160 acres of land, still belonging to the Government, beautiful, rolling land, quite densely covered with virgin oak timber. Father decided to file on this, which, together with the Moore place, would give him a good farm of 320 acres. As it was necessary to live for a time on this Government land before a clear title could be obtained, it was thought best to move the house Mr. Moore had occupied to the back quarter. A pretty site was selected on a rise, among the oaks, and to this spot the house was moved, across the creek, and at least half a mile. Some additions were made to the house, a barn was built, a well dug, and here the family lived for nearly two years.

In 1869, Father obtained his patent from the United States Government for this quarter section.

I have mentioned that one-quarter section of the land at Crosswood was purchased from the United States Government, the other quarter Mr. Moore had bought of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. When the two railroad companies were chartered—the Union Pacific to start at Omaha and build westward, the Central Pacific to begin at Sacramento and build eastward until the two should meet—Congress, besides giving these two companies millions of dollars—over twenty-seven million each—also gave each road "every odd-numbered section in a strip of public land

twenty miles wide along its entire length.” It so happened that half the land at Crosswood lies in one of the odd-numbered sections.

As soon as this larger farm had been purchased, the one where we had been living was sold.

Father believed in the conservation of timber, and there is a pasture at Crosswood, consisting of no less than a hundred acres, that has never been cleared.

Forming the south boundary line to this farm, and between Mr. Peter Van Maren's land and Father's, is the Greenback Lane, named so because the county paid for the road in greenbacks. This was soon after the Civil War, and a dollar in this paper money was not worth one hundred cents. The Sylvan settlers who sold to the county this land for a public road, naturally wished to be paid in gold, but as the paper money was legal tender, they had to accept it.

In the course of my Father's long and busy life, he had so few accidents that I recall having heard of only one, and that happened while we lived across the creek. He had gone to Sacramento with a four-horse team and a load of grain. Two of his horses were young and had not long been broken to harness. But Father broke his own colts, and was always gentle in handling them, so they were never wild. By hitching them up with older horses, they gradually learned the ways of the world and seldom gave trouble. But the unfamiliar sights and sounds of the city made these young horses nervous, and when the last sack of grain had been unloaded at the warehouse, the shriek of a locomotive on the railroad track nearby so startled the nervous animals that they reared and plunged in an effort to free themselves. No doubt they imparted some of their fright to the two older, more sedate members of the team, and Father was not able to hold them. He was thrown from the high wagon seat, and while not seriously injured, he was badly bruised and was not able to drive home. When he did not return from Sacramento at his accustomed time, Mother, knowing he had driven young horses, began to worry. It was after dark when he finally came, a neighbor coming with him to drive the team. I do not remember how the horses had been stopped, but they were not injured.

Chapter XVII

A ROBBERY

I THINK my folks considered an experience they had on Sunday evening, January 3, 1869, the most thrilling one of their lives. We were still living in the house back from the road. Besides Father and Mother and us four children, there was only one other member of the household, and that was Henry Simmons, man of all work. Little Frankie was in bed, Mr. Simmons had gone to his room, and the rest of the family sat about an open fire reading and talking, when a call came from the darkness outside, "Cross, we can't find the gate." Father recognized the voice as that of Mr. Kohlbaker, a German neighbor, who lived nearly two miles away. Wondering what had brought this neighbor to our house so late on a dark winter night, Father opened the door and answered him. The light from the open door shone out on the gate, and Mr. Kohlbaker came that way, explaining as he came that he had brought 59 three wood-choppers from Sacramento. Although Father was not in need of men to cut wood, he thought a mistake had been made, and he bade them all come in. They came through the gate into the yard, Mr. Kohlbaker in the lead, but as he stepped up on the little porch, one of the men passed him, and presented himself to Father. He was a big, raw-boned man; he had a mask on his face and a pistol in each hand. Pointing one of the pistols at Father, the big man said, "If you make a move to get away, you are a dead man." This was certainly a startling thing to happen to a quiet little household, a mile from the nearest neighbor.

The three men had met Mr. Kohlbaker in Sacramento that day and had told him they had been engaged to chop wood for Mr. Cross, so he willingly brought them out from town to his ranch. Between Mr. Kohlbaker's house and ours, there was not a well defined road, there were creeks to cross, water was high, and the night dark. The strangers had a bottle of liquor, and by its judicious use, Mr. Kohlbaker was persuaded to accompany them all the way. He did this without a suspicion as to the character of these men until they arrived in our open door. When he heard the leader's introductory remark to Father, Mr. Kohlbaker turned, leaped from the porch and started for the gate. The man closely following him, and probably anticipating some such move, stopped him with a

bullet, which grazed the old man's chin, bringing a stream of blood. He was brought into the living room, loudly weeping, and declaring over and over, "I didn't know they were robbers, Mr. Cross."

Mr. Simmons, hearing the strange, loud voices and the pistol shot, came from his room and appeared in the doorway that led from the living room into the kitchen. Taking the scene in at a glance, he turned 60 and ran. One of the men pursued him, firing a shot into the dark kitchen. The shot went wild, going through the door of a dish closet. This was a cupboard Father had made in Benicia in 1854. It has always been in use. It is still in our family and will always carry as a souvenir of that occasion a bullet hole in its door.

Although the kitchen was dark, Mr. Simmons was caught before he could get out of the back door, was struck over the head with the butt end of a revolver, and he, too, was brought into the presence of the family, very much frightened and with blood flowing from the wound caused by the blow on his head.

While this excitement was going on, the big man—the only one wearing a mask—was urging Father to hand over a thousand dollars that the robber declared was in the house.

A short time before this, Father had sold eight hundred dollars worth of cattle. These men evidently knew of the sale, and also that Father had not been to Sacramento to deposit the money in a bank. But they did not know that the money had been lent to a neighbor some miles away, who, I believe, had to make a payment on his farm.

The clothesline was procured from the back yard, cut up into short lengths, and Mother, Nettie, Mr. Kohlbaker and Mr. Simmons were tied hand and foot. Father's hands were tied, but his feet were left free that he might lead these men to the hiding place of the thousand dollars. The youngest of the trio remained outside at a window, while the other two began a thorough search of the house, the leader constantly reminding Father that he would be shot, or hanged, or thrown into the well, if the money sought was not forthcoming. Nettie, knowing the thousand dollars was not in the house, feared the 61 man would carry out his threat, and cried so hard that her feet were untied that she

might follow Father about the house. She seemed to feel that he was safe as long as she could see him.

I have heard Mother say that she did not believe a person *could* be frightened to death, or else she would have died that night. Little Frankie was awakened by the noise, and Mother's hands were untied that she might hold him. Alice and I occupied a big rocking chair near Mother, while this dramatic picture was being stamped indelibly on our minds.

The men first searched the bedroom occupied by our parents. The bed was taken to pieces, the contents of the bureau drawers scattered about; they looked behind pictures and under rugs. Of course they did not find the thousand dollars, but they obtained about a hundred dollars in cash, a gold watch and chain belonging to Mrs. Holmes, who was ill in Sacramento and who had left her watch at our house for safe keeping; a silver watch, a revolver and some other articles, besides most of the jewelry Mother had. One piece, a handsome gold belt buckle, was not taken. The belt was wrapped around the buckle and it was tumbled about in the bureau and over-looked. Mother had some keepsakes, pieces of jewelry and several tiny gold coins, in a little box. One of the robbers turned the contents of this box into his hand. The next day, a gold half-dollar was found on the floor. Evidently it had slipped through the man's fingers, and it is all that was left of the contents of the jewel box. I have this half-dollar, attached to a gold bar pin, given me by Mother years ago.

Still intent on finding the thousand dollars, the two men went into Nettie's room next, but before they had searched there, a call came from a distance. Mrs. Kohlbaker had become uneasy about her husband, 62 and had sent two men to find him. When they came to the creek below our house, they were unable at first to find the foot-bridge, and, seeing a light in our windows, they shouted. In a moment, they found the bridge, crossed, and came up to the house.

When these men shouted, two of the robbers quickly left, but the leader, with an oath, declared he would not go until he had obtained what he came after. But in a moment, he changed his mind, ran out, and disappeared through the gate just as the men from Mr. Kohlbaker's were about to enter.

These robbers were never apprehended, nor were any of the stolen articles ever recovered. The leader had said to my Father, "I know you, Cross, and if I didn't have this on my face, you would know me." He talked with a brogue and was very profane. I have heard Father say he felt quite sure of the man's identity, but that he was a dangerous man, and without proof of his guilt, it would be safer not to accuse him. The man my Father suspected lived several miles from us, had already served a term in prison for horse-stealing, and that following summer, in one of our mountain counties, he was again convicted of stealing horses.

Robberies were comparatively rare sixty years ago. Never before had such a thing happened in that neighborhood as happened to us, nor has anything like it occurred there since that time.

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Chapter XVIII

FRANKIE'S DEATH

It was in this house that the first real sorrow came to my parents. Their baby boy, Frankie, two years of age, was taken from them, after a short illness in March, 1869. His illness was the result of a cold which settled in his head, causing inflammation of the brain. Perhaps it was this sad experience that caused my Father and Mother, ever afterward, to be unusually careful about the taking of colds. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," was one of the old adages heard often in our home. "Only a cold" was never considered a trivial thing in our family. It was given immediate attention.

Both my parents were unusually fond of children, and losing their baby, their only boy, was a blow from which they did not even partially recover for several years.

It was in the summer of 1869 that Father once more took his stock and that of some of his neighbors to green feed on the Sacramento River. Mother and my sister Alice went with him. Two young men, brothers, were hired to do the milking, and my Mother was kept busy with housekeeping and

butter-making. I have heard her say it was well she had so much to occupy her hands and her mind the summer following little Frankie's death.

In this year, 1869, Sylvan had its first lady teacher since Mother—Miss Celia Wilcox—and she was also the first of a long line of teachers to make their home with us.

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Chapter XIX

THE NEW HOUSE

This house across the creek had never been intended as a permanent home. My folks had selected a building site out on the road, and in the fall of 1869 Father built a large, two-story house, hard-finished, and quite a nice one for that time. It was built of rustic, painted white and it had green window shutters. A porch was built across the front, upstairs and down, and along one side to an ell. A white picket fence enclosed the large yard that surrounded the house, and inside this fence we had a beautiful garden. There were roses and lilac bushes, oleanders, china trees and pomegranates. On each side of a brick walk that led from the front door to the gate, there were long flower beds, planted with marigolds, wallflowers, stocks, verbenas, mignonette, sweet elysium, iris and narcissus, as well as other sweet old-fashioned flowers. There were hollyhocks in our garden, “pin-cushions” and bachelor buttons.

And there, on the east side of the house, in the afternoon shade, was our croquet ground.

And climbing over the long porches, until the house was almost hidden, there were honeysuckle vines and jessamine, woodbine, a scarlet trumpet vine and several friendly rosebushes, among them a beautiful Gold of Ophir. Only those who know the combined fragrance of honeysuckle and jessamine can know how sweet our garden was in honeysuckle time. Most of our vines, shrubs and trees came from the Alonzo Greenlaw home near Sacramento, and I have heard Mother say that as she tended these plants and watched them grow, she felt that she was having little

Crosswood in 1890

65 visits with Mrs. Amanda Greenlaw, the dear friend who had given them to her.

During the first year, a family orchard was started, grapevines were set out, fig trees were planted about the house and a row of locust trees put out along the road. The house faced the north, and a fine natural background was furnished by the big, dark green live oaks that grow along the creek that winds through the pasture.

In the years that followed our moving into the new house, other buildings were added, as they were needed, until our home looked quite like a little settlement. With our mild winters, it was not necessary to have the farm buildings all under one roof, as it had been in New England. It was much safer here, with the long, dry summers, to have them scattered.

Our three large barns were designated as “the barn,” “the straw barn,” and “the new barn.” “The barn” was the first one built, and has been mentioned before as having its frame held together with wooden pegs. We had two granaries and two wagon-sheds, besides other sheds to house farming machinery. There were two hen-houses, a big wood-shed, and a room adjoining the wood-shed where Father had his work-bench and his chest of carpenter's tools. There was a tank-house and a little house where hams and bacon were smoked. We had a stone milk-house, the only one of its kind in the neighborhood. It was built of granite that Father had had hauled from near Folsom. The walls of this stone house are at least a foot thick, and it has a brick floor. By keeping the heavy wooden shutters at the door and the windows closed during the day, and open all night, that milk-house was kept cool, even in the warmest weather. Not only 66 milk and butter, but nearly all our food supplies were kept here. Our groceries were brought from Sacramento, and we must necessarily keep a supply on hand. Sugar was bought by the barrel, flour by hundred pound sacks, and other staples in like quantities.

Making a trip to Sacramento from Crosswood was quite different some years ago from what it is now. A horseless carriage was then only a crazy man's dream. On a summer day, we drove over a rutty road in a cloud of dust. In winter the road was more rutty and the mud in some places

almost hub-deep. Going toward Sacramento we passed only one farmhouse after leaving our place before we came to the Norris grant. This grant, as mentioned before, was twelve miles across and consisted of rolling pasture land, timbered with oaks. None of it was settled. It was an unfenced range for thousands of sheep, and unless we happened to meet some other farmer folks on a journey to Sacramento, we were likely to see nothing but bands of sheep feeding over these apparently illimitable acres. In early spring, when the grass was green and the trees budding, and when hundreds of baby lambs played by the road-side, and the voices of meadow larks came clear, this long ride— behind a good horse, dust and mud forgotten—was one long to be remembered!

The new house being much larger than the ones previously occupied by us, more furnishing was needed. I recall that we had three-ply ingrain carpets on the floors of the parlor, the living room, and on one or two bedrooms. In the parlor, besides the big, square Chickering piano that had been bought for Nettie before we left the house across the creek, there were a marble-topped walnut table, a big walnut rocker upholstered in black haircloth, and a corner “whatnot.” There were other chairs, and I recall that many ⁶⁷ of them had crocheted tidies on them. These tidies were the work of our sister, Nettie, who could do all kinds of nice needlework. Among the pictures on the parlor wall there was a large frame containing some beautiful hairwork done by Nettie. On the whatnot I remember a writing box, made of some fine wood, that had been given Alice, and an accordion that was mine. Other keepsakes were there, some daguerreotypes, some sea shells brought from foreign lands, a stereoscope, and a box of stereopticon views, a vase or two, and a long charm string of buttons, no two buttons alike, that was highly cherished.

Our parlor was not a room just to be looked into occasionally. The piano was in daily use, and our whole house was lived in. Someone has said, “It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home.” These details are given in an effort to present a picture of this house, that, with its “heap o' livin'” was our home for twenty-two years. It was here that my two sisters, Nettie and Alice, were married, and from here that I went away to school to become a teacher. It is here that my two brothers, Ralph Herbert, and Charles Warren, were born, and that little Bennie Dewey came to live in our family. Death did not visit us at Crosswood. From the time of Frankie's passing, in March, 1869, we had no

death in our immediate family until Father was called in October, 1910, more than forty-one years later.

With the larger house to care for, and the flower garden, Mother and her girls were kept busy. The family was larger, too. As I have mentioned before, the teachers of the Sylvan School for some years, lived at our house. For three consecutive years, from 1870 to 1873, Samuel J. Pullen—afterward my sister Alice's husband—taught the school, and was a member of our household. Others followed him. Ministers 68 who came more or less regularly to hold services in the schoolhouse, were invariably entertained by our folks. Neighbors, too, were taking more time to visit each other, and it became necessary, with the increased work, the advent of the two little boys, and the marriage of my sisters, for Mother to depend more and more on hired help. Sometimes she had a girl or a woman, sometimes a Chinese.

Outstanding among these last was Sam, who, when he came to do our cooking in 1881, was hardly more than a boy, perhaps eighteen or twenty. Being capable, more than willing, and of an agreeable disposition, no farmhouse could have had better help. But Sam had contracted malaria before coming to us, hot weather brought a recurrence of the complaint, and he was with us less than two years when he went to the mountains to rid himself permanently of malaria. But he ever afterward spoke of his visits to us as “coming home.” He called Mother and Father “Ma” and “Pa,” as we did. After years of cooking in various mining camps, railroad eating houses, hotels and on ranches, Sam came back to live with Mother and me in 1918. Not as a cook, but as gardener and man of all work, and now in 1933 he is still here in that capacity—a faithful friend for more than half a century.

As time passed, Father had acquired more land, consequently he had to hire more men to do the farm-work, doing less and less heavy work himself.

A long story might be told about the evolution of farming machinery during the last half of the Nineteenth century, the years when Father was a farmer, but that story has been written elsewhere.

Quite clear in my mind are the old harvest days before a cook-house was included in a Sylvan 69 threshing machine outfit. It was a busy time for the farmers' wives when a crew of no less than a score of men came to spend two days or three, or maybe more, depending upon the size of the crop.

Another busy time I can recall clearly was in the fall of the year, after the frost came, when farmers did their butchering. There was lard to be tried out, hams and sides to be smoked, head cheese and sausage to be made, and brine, in which to preserve the pork for winter use. Besides fresh roasts and chops, the family enjoyed liver, spare-ribs and pickled pigs' feet.

My folks did not approve of eating much pork, so at Crosswood, fewer hogs were killed than on most of the other farms. Sometimes Father butchered a young beef, but generally we depended on frequent trips to Sacramento to keep us supplied with fresh meat.

In the spring of 1876 Father erected a brick warehouse in Antelope, two miles from home. The bricks used had been made in a kiln on the premises. The warehouse was forty feet wide and one hundred feet long. One end of it was partitioned off and used as a general store. Later a Post Office was established there. Father owned this for some years, then the property was sold, and the building was later destroyed by fire.

At Crosswood, the water for all the cattle and horses, as well as for use in the house and for the garden, came from one well, which is perhaps seventy feet deep. For years the water was pumped by means of a horse power. Each child in the family served his or her turn at following a horse round and round the machinery that kept the pump going. "Pet," a gentle, dapple-gray mare, did the pumping for years. Horses wore blinders, but wise old Pet could turn her head and see if she were being followed. If the driver had strayed but for a moment from that endless, beaten track, and into the friendly shade of a nearby fig tree, Pet invariably discovered this neglect of duty and immediately stopped. Girls on a farm had to learn to drive, and I think Pet was the one we all used in learning.

This horse power for pumping water was replaced by our first windmill, August 1, 1882, a date remembered in our family as being the day on which the first grandson—John Francis Pullen—was born.

One of the early improvements on the ranch was a cistern to hold rain water. It is a huge, underground jug. After the excavation was made, it was walled with bricks and then lined with cement. In the winter the cistern would fill with rain water from the roof. During the summer this water, much softer than the well water, was pumped out and used on wash days.

Sunday was always observed as a day of rest by my parents, as it was by most of the people in that community. The farm chores were of course attended to, and we might go riding or visiting, write letters, or read, but no plowing or haying or other field work was done. And while the cooking and other necessary indoor work must be performed, there was no sewing or washing or ironing on the Sabbath. There was no limit to the hours of work on a farm for six days in the week. It was well that the seventh was observed as a day of rest.

In a very early day, California farmers had few light vehicles suitable for family use. Their wives were mostly young, with little children, and plenty of work, and did not go very much. When they did go it must be in a farm wagon, on foot, or on horseback. Mother and Nettie sometimes rode horseback, and I can recall the beautiful side-saddle that had been used by them. Women at that time rode 71 “side-ways,” and the saddle had two horns. The seat of Mother's saddle was covered with green flowered velvet. Women wore very long riding habits.

Sometime in the 1860's, Father bought our first light vehicle, referred to as the “spring wagon.” It was two-seated, and drawn by either one horse or two. Early in the 70's, we acquired our first single buggy, then some later, a double carriage. Light vehicles had now come into common use. Farms also had two-wheeled carts, and buckboards.

I must not leave this period of my Mother's life without mentioning so important a thing as her first sewing machine. This was purchased prior to 1869, and was a small one that screwed to the top of

a table, being operated by hand. But it was a wonderful help, for Mother still continued to make all our clothes. Not until about 1880 did she have a dressmaker do any sewing for her. Neither outer clothes nor underwear could be purchased as they can be today. In 1872 or '73, this little machine gave place to a large one that was in use in our house for years.

Mother was not only expert at dressmaking, but also at making over, at darning and mending, and at making beautiful buttonholes. "A stitch in time saves nine" was one of her many homely mottoes. She did not hold with him who said: "*Patchers set upon a little breach Discredit more in hiding of the fault Than did the fault before it was so patched.*"

We might wear made-over clothes, we might wear mended ones, but Mother would have felt disgraced if any of her family had worn a garment with a hole in it.

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Chapter XX

VACATIONS

IN 1870, soon after the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, my folks returned to Maine for a few weeks' visit, after an absence of over sixteen years. Again in 1888, they made a visit to their old home. They had happy reunions with relatives and friends and brought back many pleasant memories. But all the remembered faces were not there to meet them, and when in a later year they spoke of making a third visit to Maine, they decided it would bring more pain than pleasure, and they did not go again.

A Grange, of which Mother and Father were charter members, was organized in 1874, in Roseville—four miles from us. That is the only order Father ever joined. Meetings were held on Saturdays and the members derived much pleasure as well as profit from them. They talked over farm problems, and were mutually helpful. They had social affairs, often meeting before noon and having feasts of all good things to eat. And especially was there the king of feasts when the Grange gave an annual Ball in December.

Roseville at that time had a population of no more than five hundred. Less than thirty years ago the Southern Pacific Railroad Company established its shops and yards there, and Roseville suddenly became an important little city.

Every year, in October, after harvest, when the busy farmers were supposed to have a respite from hard work, the State Grange met. These sessions were held in Sacramento, or Stockton, or some other valley town, and were attended by delegates from the various Granges, and by as many other members as could go well. My folks invariably went to the State Grange, where they met friends—old and new—heard lectures and talks, carried home some new ideas, and felt that they had had a fine vacation. Mother was at one time an officer in the State Grange.

There were other vacations taken, sometimes to the Coast, sometimes to the mountains, to escape for awhile from the summer heat in the Valley. Pacific Grove was a favorite Coast resort. In 1873, the family had their first real camping trip, a trip of three weeks to Tahoe and Donner Lakes. That was before any summer homes or resorts had been built on either lake, and long before the coming of the automobile. The roads were rough and dusty, but the benefits derived from this change were so lasting, that the hardships of the trip were forgotten.

On our return from this trip, in September, 1873, my folks decided that we needed a little boy in our home, and they found one that needed a home and a mother, as much as our home and Mother needed a little boy. This was five-year-old Bennie Dewey. He lived with us until he had grown to manhood. He now lives in the State of Washington.

Just a year from the time Bennie joined our family, on September 4, 1874, my brother, Ralph Herbert, was born. Two years later, on October 13, 1876, came another little brother, Charles Warren. These two boys, coming, as they did, a little late in the lives of our parents, were very welcome additions to our family. They were happy together and had the whole ranch for a playground.

They were never separated till Herbert started to school. This would have left Charlie very lonely had it not been that at about this time he and Jimmie Manning, also aged four, became dear little friends, often spending a day together. They were a 74 fun-loving pair, very likely to get into some innocent mischief, that entertained them at the time, and furnished many a laugh in later years.

Among the many pleasures my parents had at Crosswood were visits with their three grandchildren—Sarah, Frank and Amy Pullen—who lived first in Roseville, later in Auburn. As my sister Nettie never had any children, and as the writer of this sketch never married, these were the only grandchildren for several years.

I recall how we enjoyed frequent family gatherings, and how we looked forward to holidays, Christmas at home, Thanksgiving with Alice, and New Year's Day with Nettie.

Many dear friends visited at our home, and I like to remember how glad we always were to welcome them, whether for a day or a week.

In about 1882, a few of the early-day farmers of Sylvan and Roseville, together with their wives, organized themselves into a little group of “Old Settlers.” For years they met on the twenty-second of February, first at one home, then at another, where they had a dinner. Gradually time decreased the number of these friends of long ago, until Mother was for many years the sole survivor. A photograph of these “Old Settlers” hangs in the Pioneer Room of the California State Library in Sacramento.

I am glad to remember that in their religious views my people were liberal. They were members of the Presbyterian Church in Roseville, but that did not prevent Father from giving liberally to the building of a Methodist Church in the same town. Believers in religious freedom, I never heard either of them criticize unkindly any person for his or her religious belief.

In politics Father was a Republican, but that did not mean to him that men who voted the Democratic ticket were all wrong.

Chapter XXI

CHOOSING A SCHOOL

IN 1891, when my brother Herbert was ready for High School, and there was none near us, our folks had to look about for a school where he might prepare for College. In the hills of East Oakland, where Highland Hospital now stands, there was a Baptist College and Academy, presided over by Dr. Samuel B. Morse, a Baptist minister. This school had been recommended by Mrs. Tarbox, who had been Mrs. Hyde, one of the Benicia friends. One visit to "California College" made my parents decide that they had found the right place. The boys' dormitory, where a dozen or more boys lived, was the home of Dr. and Mrs. Morse, who personally looked after the young men. Dr. Morse was a Maine man, a fact that was of course appreciated by Mother and Father. Here Herbert boarded for a year, until in 1892, when Charlie had finished grammar school, our parents decided to move to Oakland.

Before I take the subjects of this sketch to Oakland, where they were to spend the rest of their lives, it occurs to me to mention other things in connection with their living in the Sylvan neighborhood.

This is where my Father and Mother came as young people in 1859, where they spent thirty-three busy years. In reviewing those years, I cannot find that they were lacking in any of the qualities that go to make up good pioneers, good citizens. They were peaceable, law-abiding and self-respecting, always standing for what was best in the community. They were friendly people. They were industrious and thrifty. Father used to say, "Be industrious and economical in your young days if you would secure leisure in old age." And they looked forward not only to comfort in their later years, but to having sufficient means with which to give their children advantages. They believed in preparing for rainy days, and when those days came in the form of depressions and panics, they did not find Father wholly unprepared. He used to be spoken of as a "lucky" man. Fortune did seem to

favor him many times, but his so-called good luck was more often the result of his forethought and good judgment. Before deciding on a certain step he always considered it well. I've heard him say, "If we use the best judgment we have at the time, we cannot do any more." If he had regrets, he did not talk about them. As I mentioned before, he was in no way a gambler. No matter how attractive the stock market might be, he never invested a dollar in stocks. He preferred to make investments that brought returns more slowly, also more surely. "Better be safe than sorry," he used to say.

Our parents had neither time nor inclination to meddle in the affairs of others. Almost never in our home did we hear adverse criticism of our neighbors or of other people. I am glad to remember that harmful gossip was never indulged in.

My Father was a good husband and father, a loyal friend, a kind and helpful neighbor. He was careful, deliberate, calm in emergencies, just and fair-minded. He possessed an unusual amount of good, practical common sense, and he had excellent judgment. Although he came to California in that very 77 early day and met all classes of men, he did not use intoxicating liquor or profanity, nor did he want men about him who were drunken or profane. As a young, single man, he had acquired the habit of smoking, but the smell of tobacco smoke was not agreeable to his seasick young bride, so the habit was dropped and was never resumed.

He was not a great talker, but he was a good listener, possessing a keen sense of humor—a restful, sympathetic, understanding companion. He had the confidence of those about him, who often sought his advice.

Among the many instances that proved this confidence in Father's common sense and judgment, I remember hearing of two incidents a little out of the ordinary. Sometime back in the 60's he was sent for in a great hurry one day. A neighbor's small son had chopped his little sister's finger nearly off with a hatchet. Father's calmness soothed the excited family, and although he had never before been called upon to do anything like this, he replaced the severed finger so that it grew in place. That was seventy years ago, and the finger—it was the thimble finger—is still nimble and in use.

Once when a neighbor was taken suddenly ill in the night, he sent for Father to come and draw up his will, and although Father had never studied any more law than he had surgery, the will he wrote that night was admitted to probate.

As a family we loved home. We children were generally disposed to do right, so punishments were almost unknown. We were early taught obedience. If either parent requested us to do some certain thing or to desist from doing something, they talked very little, but we knew they would not forget that they had made the request. They would follow it up. They never threatened us, nor did they lie to us. I know now they were both wise and tactful.

We had books and we loved to read. Our parents lived together in peace, which perhaps should be given as the foremost reason why children like home. If Mother and Father had differences of opinion, those differences were not discussed in the presence of their children, or of other persons, but were settled in private.

Among the books in our bookcase, I can plainly see *Dr. Gunn's Domestic Physician*—that undisputed authority on all diseases known at the time the book was published—and our simple ailments were generally taken care of according to Dr. Gunn's prescriptions. Sometimes Mrs. Aiston's opinion would be asked. She was the wise, cheery little English woman who welcomed Sylvan babies into the world. Babies were born at home, and of all the dozens that were born in that big neighborhood over a period of thirty years, I cannot recall hearing of any instance where either mother or child died. Babies in those days were generally fed in nature's way, they wore more clothes than do children now, and they were rocked in cradles. Not that I am advocating the return of the cradle, I simply mention it as a custom of the time.

Among the few periodicals of sixty years ago, we had *Harper's Weekly*. This had not only the best of reading, but the finest of illustrations. I recall that a summer kitchen at our home was papered with *Harper's*, and much of my small fund of early general information was gathered from these illustrations. We had *Godey's Ladies Book*, with its highly-colored plates depicting ladies in the newest and most extreme fashions. We had the *Children's Hour*.

Later we subscribed for years for the *Youth's Companion*. The *Toledo Blade* was long a regular visitor to our home. We also, of course, had a Sacramento newspaper.

We also had story-books and much reading aloud. On winter evenings, between supper and bedtime, it was our custom to gather about the open fire in our big living room and listen while someone read. A couch was one of the comfortable spots in that living room, and usually the youngest member of the family went to sleep there. One of my early recollections is of lying on this couch, in the evening, listening to Mr. Pullen read from *David Copperfield*, or maybe *Dombey and Son*. Of course "I was not going to sleep," but seldom did I know when the chapter ended, or remember by whom I was put to bed.

There was but one serious illness in our family while we lived at Crosswood. In the winter of 1881-'82 my brother, Herbert, then seven, was very ill with typhoid pneumonia. Dr. Oatman, of Sacramento, was the physician, but as in that other case when Alice had typhoid fever, the doctor gave Mother's nursing the credit for having saved the child's life.

Mentioning Dr. Oatman recalls other familiar names of Sacramento business people with whom we had dealings. When Father needed legal advice, he consulted Mr. LeRoy S. Taylor, a prominent pioneer attorney, for long years a personal friend of our family. Father's insurance and real estate business were generally attended to by the old firm of "Sweetzer and Alsop." His banking business was done at the D. O. Mills Bank. This bank was started in 1849 or 1850 by D. O. Mills, and is credited by a writer in the *History of Sacramento County* with being the oldest institution of its kind in California. Grain from our farm was usually sold to the Pioneer 80 Milling Company. Lumber for our buildings came from Friend & Terry's. Our groceries were obtained from the "Big Tree Store," on the northeast corner of Eighth and J Streets. Our school books came from Coolot's but for dress materials and other dry goods, hats and shoes, we shopped around.

Farm life for women, even as late as the time referred to as the "Gay 90's," was quite unlike farm life today. We used brooms and washboards, and the flatirons with which our long, wide, tucked and ruffled skirts were ironed, were heated on wood stoves; we used coal oil lamps, that had to be

filled and trimmed every day and the chimneys cleaned; we drove to the Post Office for our mail; and if we had something to say to a neighbor, we must hitch up a horse, and drive over to his house.

Now a farm may have every modern convenience. It has electric lights, and that long list of labor saving devices operated by electricity—stoves, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, washing machines and ironers; mail is delivered daily at the door; with telephone lines everywhere, the farmer, as well as his city brother, may sit comfortably in his own home and converse with friends, whether they be on the next farm or across the continent. The radio brings him programs from all over the world; and an automobile, or maybe an airplane, takes him quickly wherever he wishes to go.

PART THREE MEMORIES OF OAKLAND 1892-1933

From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead There comes no word; but in the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear The rustle of a wing.

—INGERSOLL

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Chapter XXII

OAKLAND

WHEN our folks moved to Oakland in 1892, they rented a house on East 32nd Street, near California College, and here they lived for a year. This gave them time to decide that they would make East Oakland their home, and time to choose a building lot from the many vacant blocks of land. They selected a location on the corner of 13th Avenue and East 28th Street, where Father bought two hundred feet fronting on East 28th Street. In the summer of 1893 he had a two-story, eight-room house built near the east end of this lot, but far enough from the east end, so that no one who built on adjoining property could shut the sun from our house. My folks had always appreciated the value of sunshine and knew how especially valuable it is in this coast climate. A

barn was built, also, as a carriage and a pair of horses had been brought from the ranch. There was much pretty country to be seen about Oakland, and few car lines.

On their arrival in Oakland, our parents soon made friends. By means of their boys, they came in contact with not only the student life of the College, but they became acquainted with the professors and their wives, and with parents of other students. They attended social functions in Mary Stuart Hall, and took an interest in the literary and debating societies.

And in the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, to which they brought their membership from Roseville, they made friends.

They also became affiliated with the Oakland Grange, and found among the members men and 84 women they had met year after year in the State Grange.

And here in Oakland they had the opportunity of attending the annual State of Maine reunions, where for a time one of "Aunt Patty's" grandsons, Joseph W. Jackson, was presiding officer.

Although Mother and Father continued to acquire new interests as long as they lived, they never forgot their old friends and their old neighbors. They often visited Roseville, and never failed, as long as the "Old Settlers" continued to hold annual reunions, to be present at those meetings. When it came Mother's time to entertain, she did so in the home of some other member, it not being possible for all of them to meet in Oakland.

My people liked the equable coast climate; they were well, they kept busy and the days passed quickly. They liked people, and were able to derive pleasure from little things. They continued to live the regular lives they had lived on the farm. They arose rather early, as had been their custom; their three meals were served at about the same time each day, and they had a regular hour for retiring. After supper, Mother always read aloud to Father for awhile, the daily paper, and whatever else they might be interested in.

Naturally, their primary interest at this time was the welfare and success of their sons. In due time the boys finished the Academy course, and were ready for College. Herbert chose to take his College course in that same institution. This was followed by three years in Hastings Law School in San Francisco, from which he was graduated in 1899. He immediately began the practice of law in San Francisco, continuing to live at home in Oakland.

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Charles decided to become a civil engineer, and as engineering was not included in the curriculum of California College, he entered Stanford University and was graduated from there in the class of 1901.

All through these happy years, our parents continued to take little journeys. Besides the ones already mentioned, they made frequent visits to Auburn to the home of my sister, Alice, and her family. Sometimes their trips were longer. In 1897, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Pullen, they visited Portland, Oregon, for some weeks, going up by boat and returning by train. Four or five years later, they again went North, once more spending a few weeks in Portland, and visiting also the State of Washington.

One summer they visited Humboldt County, another year they went to Southern California. In 1907 they went to Yosemite Valley. That was the year the railroad was finished to El Portal, the first year that visitors could reach Yosemite by train, and there were more visitors that summer than there had been in any one year before. Automobiles being very few in 1907, they were not allowed to enter the Valley, nor were they for several summers thereafter. From El Portal we were taken twelve miles to the floor of the Valley in four-horse stages. Horses were not yet accustomed to the sight of automobiles.

Mother and Father loved home and they knew that arriving home after a journey was one of the most pleasant features of the trip, but they liked to meet new people, to see new places, and bring back pleasant memories. They liked to have new and interesting subjects on which to talk. Some of their experiences were most interesting. Among them I recall one that occurred a long way back

in 1870, when they were en route to Maine on that first visit. They stopped over one day to see Salt Lake City, a city famous even 86 then for its beauty. They had been in the Tabernacle and had heard the big organ, had seen the partly-built Temple, had spent most of the day sight-seeing. In the afternoon, accompanied by a fellow traveler, a woman who had also stopped over to see the city, Father and Mother took a walk along one of the well-shaded residential streets. It was a warm day, and the two women were becoming tired. Father asked a lady who was sitting on the porch of a cottage if they might rest for awhile. She graciously gave her consent, and brought chairs for them. She also brought a pitcher of ice water. While her callers rested, they talked, naturally asking questions about the city and its founder. You may know the visitors were interested to be told by their charming hostess that she was one of Brigham Young's several wives.

Chapter XXIII

FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND OTHER EVENTS

ON October 1, 1900, my brother Herbert was married. His bride was Miss Maud Lutts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Lutts, of Willows. She, too, had been a student at California College. The summer preceding their marriage, Father had two flats put up on the corner of 13th Avenue and East 28th Street, and after they were married, the young couple moved into the lower flat, where they lived for fourteen years.

Soon after Charles's graduation from Stanford University, he obtained a position with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company as a draftsman in their San Francisco office. When that company started work on the Lucin Cut-off in Utah, they transferred several of their office men from San Francisco to Ogden. Charles was among them, and he spent the next two

CHARLES HERBERT LILIAN MOTHER NETTIE FATHER ALICE *The Golden Wedding Anniversary—March 16, 1904*

87 years in Utah. Here he met his future wife, and on December 23, 1903, he and Mrs. Cora Jones Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones of Ogden, were married. Charles finished his work

with the railroad company, and on February 9, 1904, he brought his wife and her little five-year-old daughter, Katherine, to California.

On March 16, 1904, our parents had been married fifty years, and we celebrated the occasion by a family dinner at home, followed by an afternoon reception at the home of my brother, "R. H.," next door. All the children and grandchildren were present. They were my sister Nettie and her husband, Mr. Duncan T. MacArthur, who were now living in Oakland; my sister Alice and her husband, their two daughters and their son, from Auburn; my brothers and their wives, little Katherine, baby Margaret, and myself.

It was a perfect spring day, and the house next door had been beautifully decorated by the two daughters-in-law. Many friends came to offer their congratulations. Friends at a distance, who were not able to bring their good wishes in person, sent letters or telegrams. Many gifts, too, were received. The sons and daughters presented Mother with a handsome brooch, Father with a gold-headed cane.

It was a most happy day, one that gave our parents much lasting pleasure.

The morning of April 18, 1906, was a never-to-be-forgotten morning by those who experienced one of the worst earthquakes in the history of California. Mother and Father happened to be alone in their home. They were awake, but had not yet arisen, when suddenly at just 5:13 o'clock, there came that terrific shaking of the house, followed by the deafening noise of bricks falling on the roof. This noise of dozens of 88 bricks from two chimneys, rolling and rattling down the roof, prevented their hearing such lesser sounds as dishes crashing to the floor from pantry shelves, books tumbling from bookcases, and the rattling of doors and windows.

Anxious to see whether the houses about them were still standing, my folks arose quickly. Their neighbors were either already in the street, or were hurrying out of their houses, some in their night-clothes, others wearing whatever they had been able to snatch up on their way. Mother's hearing was dull in her later years, and she attributed the beginning of her deafness to the earthquake shock.

During the decade between 1903 and 1913, much joy was brought into the lives of my parents by the coming of six more grandchildren. They were Margaret, Francis, Ralph and Eugenia, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Herbert Cross, and Marion and Warren in the home of my brother Charles and his wife. Living near us, they became dear little companions of their grandparents. Eugenia was the only one who was not privileged to know her grandfather.

For some time before his death, Father began to appear older. Especially was this true after the death of Samuel J. Pullen in December, 1907. He and this son-in-law had been close friends for nearly forty years.

In February, 1909, Father had a short illness that kept him in bed a few days, the first time I had ever seen him spend a day in bed. The doctor diagnosed his case as that of diabetes, and thereafter kept him on a restricted diet. After that brief illness, he was not confined to his bed at all again, although he lived nearly two years. The last year, however, he was confined to the house most of the time.

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It cannot be easy, after eighty active years to be resigned to the quiet existence of a semi-invalid, but my Father, always kind, always thoughtful and considerate of others, was most patient. When friends came to see him, he was glad, but he tired easily, and was happiest when only the members of his own family were around him. He suffered little or no pain, and except to grow thinner and weaker, he changed little. Father's eyes, a beautiful, dark, clear blue, never faded. His hair, fine, straight, and so dark as to be almost black, was some thinner, but very little gray.

On October 26, Father had a sinking spell, such as he had had on two other occasions several months earlier; but he rallied from this as he had from the others. That night, about midnight, he talked with me when the nurse had gone into the next room. He lowered his voice and made some joking remark about her quick movements, and smiled at the picture his imagination had drawn.

At five o'clock in the morning the nurse called us. Father was unconscious, and from this heart attack he did not rally, but passed very quietly a few minutes after five on the morning of October 27, 1910. Two days later the funeral service was held in the Oakland Chapel on Howe and Mather Streets. It was Father's wish that his body be cremated, and this wish was carried out. His ashes repose in Sylvan Cemetery, beside those of his old friends and neighbors.

I have never known a better man than my dear Father, and if his descendants have not gathered from this brief history that he was an ancestor to be very proud of, I have failed to accomplish my purpose. "*Kind looks, kind words, kind deeds, And a warm handclasp.*"

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Chapter XXIV

THE AUTUMN OF MOTHER'S LIFE

AFTER nearly fifty-seven years of happy companionship, it was not to be expected that our Mother could adjust herself easily to this change. But she had her children and her grandchildren; her health was good, and she had proved earlier in life that keeping busy is a wonderful help in times of great loneliness. She was glad she still liked to sew, to make quilts and rugs, to knit and tat and embroider. She worked in the garden. She did various things about the house. She wrote long letters and she loved to read. For years she was a subscriber for the *Christian Herald*, and long after her children were grown she continued to take the *Youths' Companion*.

Mother had much attention from her family, and especially at this time did she appreciate the many friends she had made and kept during her life. Some time in the 1890's the women of the Oakland Grange had organized a Reading Club. There were a dozen or more members. They met once in two weeks, and had luncheon first at one home and then another. After the meal, someone would read from some "best seller," while the other members had their needle work. For the last several years of the Club's existence, Mother was its eldest member, and she was for long its president. At the lunch table each one was expected to give from memory some beautiful thought or maybe an

amusing story. Mother always had a good story or a verse. If a story, it was well told; if a verse, she had it letter perfect. The sometimes forgetful members used to remind her that she put them to shame. After Father's death, these 91 meetings with friends in the Grange Reading Club were a great help to her.

My Mother made frequent visits to Auburn, and as my sister Alice's children were now married, she had more family to enjoy. Sarah Pullen had married Peter G. Ekberg in December, 1906, and became the mother of four daughters and one son. Amy Pullen had married William J. Laing in June, 1909, in Oakland, at the home of my brother, Ralph Herbert Cross and wife, so that Father, who was unable at that time to go from home, might see them married. In June, 1911, John Francis Pullen and Miss Margaret Gladden were married in Sacramento. They became the parents of one daughter, so our Mother was the proud great-grandmother of several children.

Mother enjoyed so many things. Nothing gave her more pleasure than automobile riding. Although my brother Herbert had acquired his first automobile before Father's death, our Father, who had enjoyed riding behind horses all his life, could not look with favor on this new invention. But Mother never tired of riding. Many times she made the trip from Oakland to Auburn. An all-day ride did not tire her, and for more than a dozen years after that first automobile came into the family, she did much riding.

Mother was interested in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and sometimes attended their conventions. After Father's death, she no longer cared to attend State Grange sessions; and as her hearing gradually became more dull, she discontinued her regular attendance at church.

I spoke of Father's having had an accident with a team back in the '60's. Mother also had an accident while living at Crosswood.

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In the summer of 1892, while we were packing to move to Oakland, she started out one afternoon to do an errand at the home of Mrs. Lauppe, a neighbor. Mrs. Johnson, a friend who was visiting us, was invited to accompany her. "Mouse" was the driving animal that happened to be hitched to

a cart at the time, and although she was considered quite safe, she had her prejudices, one of which was an open umbrella. Mother, who seldom drove Mouse, had forgotten this. A hundred yards from the gate, Mrs. Johnson raised an umbrella and Mouse bolted. Mother could have kept her in the road, and the animal would have stopped soon of her own accord; but when our friend, at Mother's request, had dropped the umbrella out behind them, she reached over and clutched the reins. This drew Mouse to the side of the road, where the cart tilted just enough to throw Mrs. Johnson out. She took the reins with her, leaving Mother helpless. Mouse continued on her way, turning from the main road to the one leading to the Post Office. Mother was thrown into the bottom of the cart, where she was bounced about, until at a jog in the road, more than a half mile from home, one wheel struck a fence post, the cart was up-tipped for a moment, long enough to roll Mother out on the ground. Then the cart righted itself, and Mouse kept on until a neighbor met her and brought her home.

Mother's bruises extended over her whole body. She was in bed several days, but as was the case when Father experienced the runaway, no bones were broken. Mrs. Johnson was uninjured.

Our Mother was to have another accident, a much more serious one. On June 22, 1916, in alighting from a street car at 13th and Washington Streets in Oakland, she made a misstep, and fell. At the hospital it was learned that she had suffered a fracture of the left hip, and for eleven weeks she was in the Oakland Central Hospital, a privately owned sanitarium on 28th Street, west of Broadway. She had very little pain at any time, and was such a cheerful, obedient patient that the entire hospital staff used to call to congratulate her. Although she had passed her eighty-first birthday, the surgeon who attended her, Dr. A. S. Kelly, said she could not have done better had she been twenty years younger. She recovered so completely, that in a few months, she walked without even a cane.

One of Mother's many resources became a most valuable one during her weeks in the hospital. That first day, when she learned that she must lie on her back with little or nothing under her head, she said to me, "What can I do with all my time?" I suggested that she memorize some verses on "The Wooded Hills of Maine" recently sent her by a friend. She readily accepted the suggestion, and had

me write the first verse then, in a very large hand, for in that position she could not use her glasses. The day after, when I saw her, she had that first verse, and I wrote the second and so on until she had memorized the whole of a long poem. Then in the same way, she learned other worth-while verse. It had always been easy for her to commit poems to memory, she already had memorized many during her life, and after she came from the hospital, she continued to add to these.

She had a fine, cheery young nurse, who was with her day and night for those eleven weeks. She was relieved for a few hours every afternoon by some member of our family. The patient much enjoyed and appreciated the attention given her by her family and friends, the many calls and letters, flowers and fruit, and books. The nurse was supposed to be an engaged young lady, but she confided to Mother one 94 day, early in their acquaintance, that she had been married three months to a young man just finishing his university course. For business reasons she had not announced their marriage. The patient and the nurse enjoyed having this little secret to talk over.

For some time after Mother came from the hospital she was not able to get around very well, and remained at home, spending her time reading, writing, sewing and visiting with friends who came to see her. During this time she had a most kind and conscientious young woman for a companion.

It is not possible for me to tell of all the sewing and other handwork she did. One of the first things she did soon after she came home was to knit lace for six pairs of pillow slips. When the United States entered the World War in 1917, Mother began knitting for the soldiers. She loved this work. She knit fifty pairs of socks, besides other knitting on scarfs and sweaters. As you may know, she was quick, but never at any time did she work all day on any one thing. She varied her work. Change of occupation, not idleness, rested her. After knitting until she felt she needed a change, she sewed a while or wrote a letter or worked on a braided rug. Maybe she took a nap, or went for a short walk, or read a story, or a chapter in the Bible.

It was suggested to her many times that she keep a record of the needlework she did during these later years, but except for an occasional jotting down of something like the soldiers' socks or the pillow-slip lace, she seldom kept any account of what she did. In a little record written August 13,

1922, Mother mentioned that from the summer of her accident, 1916, up to that August, 1922, she had pieced and quilted fifteen quilts and was working on another; that in 95 that time she had also made nearly twenty braided rugs. And by no means had she worked on them all the time, as you have seen. Not that we needed these rugs and quilts, but our Mother would have been most unhappy if she could not have kept busy all the time at something. And all her work was well done.

It was awhile before her accident that she learned to play whist, then bridge. All her life, up to that time, she had objected to cards as being the cause of much wasted time. I do not think she really changed her mind as to that, for although she learned to play well, and thoroughly enjoyed a game, she would sometimes apologize by asking, "Don't you think when people reach the age of eighty they *ought* to waste a little time?"

Although, as I have said, it had been suggested to Mother that she keep a record of her work, I find but one such memorandum and that is for January, 1920, when she was eighty-five:

"In January I knit Katherine a sleeveless sweater, made a braided rug fifty-six inches long, and thirty-two inches wide, ripped up two dresses to make over for children, knit new heels for my stockings, and did some mending. Wrote eighteen letters, went to the Reading Club twice, to the Card Club twice, made two visits to the dentist, two to the oculist, had neuralgia part of the time, had a tooth extracted, and have another sweater well started."

I copied the above just as I found it. When Mother wrote letters, that is what they were, many pages long, not mere notes. I can safely say that she also memorized at least one poem or a psalm, or both, during that month, did various and many things about the house, did considerable reading, and perhaps went to see a motion picture, as she enjoyed doing occasionally.

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In 1921, Katherine became the wife of Samuel D. Russell, of Oakland, and they are the parents of a daughter and two sons.

In the summer of 1922, Mother decided she wanted to visit my brother Charles and his family, who for the previous two years had been living in Ogden, Utah. Charles had been offered a position with the Government Highway Bureau, accepted it, and had moved his family to Ogden. Mother's plan was to spend October 13, Charles's birthday, with him. That being a little late in the season for an elderly person to go from California to that climate, it was suggested that we wait until the following spring. But she had made up her mind, and had planned that my sister Alice and I should accompany her. She considered the suggestion, but did not accept it. We made the trip as planned, going by the Western Pacific, returning over the Southern Pacific, stopping off enroute to avoid night travel. We spent two weeks in Ogden, had unusually good weather for October, and had many visits and rides with my brother and his family. Mother was well, and enjoyed it all, so the trip was a complete success. And how glad we have been that the little journey was made at that time.

It was early in November when we returned home, and Mother immediately went to work preparing for Christmas. Her gifts were generally useful, practical ones. I do not now know what else she made, but she bought material and cut and made, very beautifully, fifteen percale kitchen aprons for the housekeepers in her family.

On February 5, 1923, Mother's sight failed. A few years earlier, the sight in one eye had failed, but there had been no change in the appearance of the eye, and even some members of our own family did not know of that loss. Mother had continued her many activities. Suddenly on the afternoon of February 5, she turned from the door where she had been seeing a neighbor out, and with terror in her voice, she said to me, "I can't see you."

Nor did she ever again see any of us clearly, although she lived five years. For a few months she could see dimly, as if there existed a dense fog before her. She was eighty-eight at this time, and remarkably well in every other way, but to be deprived suddenly of all those things she loved to do was almost more than she could bear—sewing, reading, writing, automobile riding, working in the garden, doing little things about the house, meetings with her Reading Club, and the Card Club, her visits to the homes of friends, her little trips out of Oakland.

The eye specialist told us it was a condition that nothing could help. No one told Mother that, but she felt that that was true, and I do not like to think of those first few months when it seemed as if she might lose her mind at the very realization of having that most dreaded of afflictions come to her—that she could never again see. Although she tried hard to overcome that great nervousness, that awful fear, and to be reconciled, it was three months before her will-power asserted itself sufficiently so she could use her needle a little, do some plain knitting, and she was even able to write a letter. As time went on, it was wonderful all the things that she could do, and what self control this keeping busy enabled her to acquire.

She could not get the same pleasure out of automobile riding; she never again spent a night away from home; she could never make another quilt or rug; but she could turn a hem and sew it beautifully; she did much plain knitting of table mats and wash cloths; and she wrote long letters. She had a writing board on which a device kept her lines straight. She wrote with an indelible pencil, and as rapidly as she ever had. One of her greatest pleasures was her letters, the many she wrote, the many she received. And she also wrote other things, once a little story for the grandchildren, and at times she wrote of incidents that had occurred years ago. Some of these I have used in this sketch.

A few months before her death, in a letter to my brother Charlie, Mother said she was very proud of the fact that every member of her family was busy, from herself on down to Katherine's baby boy, who was learning to walk; and she added that probably he was the busiest one of all.

If Mother's hearing had been better she could have derived much pleasure from some of the programs that came over the radio. But after trying it, she would not consider having one, saying she much preferred hearing us read. We read to her for hours every day. We enjoyed this, as Mother did, for our companion, too, liked to read aloud. We read the Bible, we read biographies, poems and fiction, articles in magazines. In the daily papers we always omitted the crimes, accidents and other bad news, nor did we talk to Mother on depressing or unpleasant subjects, nor tell her any sad news

if it could be avoided. She was almost never left alone, even for a few minutes. She liked to feel one of us near her.

Of the several authors, whose books she enjoyed, Joseph Lincoln was a favorite. His New England characters were human and familiar, their humor simple and clean. We read everything Lincoln wrote, some times we re-read one of his stories, and Mother used to wish he could turn out more books in a year.

While we read, she sewed. Awhile before her ninetieth birthday she began to hem towels for the 99 Sequoia Branch of the Baby Hospital Association. The ladies of this branch obtained hundred-pound flour sacks, hemmed them by hand and at their annual bazaar, sold them for tea towels. Mother was delighted when she learned that she could get all of this hemming that she wished to do, and she did it so beautifully that the ladies, too, were delighted. The last three and a half years, my Mother always had this work on hand. She turned hems very neatly, and sometimes her stitches were so tiny as hardly to be seen. She used a very fine needle, and the only help she required was that whoever sat by her must thread her needle. Her hands were small and well-shaped. Years of work had not greatly changed them. The last towel Mother worked on needed a few more inches to complete it. Had this been finished, those busy hands would have hemmed just sixty dozen of these towels.

It sounds almost beyond belief that a woman past ninety, in total darkness, could have done this, but I have many witnesses by whom to prove my story. And by no means was all of Mother's time given to this work of hemming tea towels. She hemmed other things, among them a few linen tablecloths.

She had always varied her work, and she did so now, as much as possible under the circumstances. She wrote a little nearly every day; she always lay down for a rest in the afternoon; and we took her for a short walk sometime during the day, when the weather was favorable. She had callers; occasionally she went for a short ride; and as has been mentioned, she always had a poem or a

psalm on hand that she was memorizing. This was done by my reading and re-reading a stanza, line by line. When this was well learned, the next verse was taken up in the same way.

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Among Mother's many psalms, she recited oftenest the ninety-first, the hundred and third, and the hundred and twenty-first. And she had a long list of fine poems that she recited beautifully. The most difficult to memorize was Kipling's "If." She had learned that in 1916, soon after coming home from the hospital. For years she had known some of Longfellow's verses, and now she added to them. She was very fond of Kipling's "L'Envoi," beginning, "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted," "The Sportsman's Prayer" was another favorite. And she dearly loved some of Edgar Guest's homey little verses. "When An Old Man Gets to Thinking" was one of his that she had learned.

In the autumn of 1927, although our Mother continued to keep her mind and her fingers busy, she grew a little more frail; she tired more easily. She made several Christmas presents that year, among them, linen handkerchiefs for the men in her family, rolling the tiny hems, and taking all the little stitches herself.

About seven o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, January 11, Mother had what seemed to be a slight stroke of paralysis. She recovered from that so she was conscious through the night and could move freely, but there came a recurrence of that condition, and she was not up again. Although she could not speak to us after Saturday, she was conscious, and knew that we were all with her. She knew that Charlie had arrived from Ogden on Sunday. On Monday afternoon, she fell into a peaceful sleep, from which she did not awake. At three o'clock on Wednesday morning, January 18, 1928, Mother passed very quietly.

The funeral service, two days later, was conducted by the Reverend Richard Van der Las, who had but 101 recently come to fill the pulpit in the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, where our Mother had long been a member. He had called on Mother a few weeks before her death, and had become acquainted with her. The funeral service was just as she would have wished it. The sun shone, the

many members of her family and scores of friends were about her, she was covered and surrounded by flowers, and her favorite psalms and poems were read. They were read beautifully by Mr. Van der Las, just as Mother loved to hear them.

Mother's ashes were laid away in Sylvan Cemetery, beside those of Father.

She lived within a few weeks of ninety-three years, the last five of which were spent in darkness. She had kept her hands busy to the end with worth-while work. Her mind and memory remained clear and retentive, and she retained an interest in life and its people to her last conscious moment.

Surely it would not be easy to find a record to equal that of this California pioneer lady, our Mother.

Within the three years that followed Mother's passing, death came to us twice. On May 30, 1930, sister Nettie died very suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage, and the following February 9, our brother Charles, without a moment's warning, succumbed to a heart attack.

It is well that our Mother was spared this sorrow—the sorrow of having the eldest and the youngest of her children taken from her.

“ For he who blesses most is blest; And God and man shall own his worth Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.”

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two, Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew! And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair; They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair; They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul; They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all! And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame; And no one shall work for money, and no one shall

work for fame; But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star, Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are !

—RUDYARD KIPLING

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