

CALIFORNIA
SKETCHES

NEW *and* OLD.

ILLUSTRATED.

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NEW & OLD

FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED

F 864

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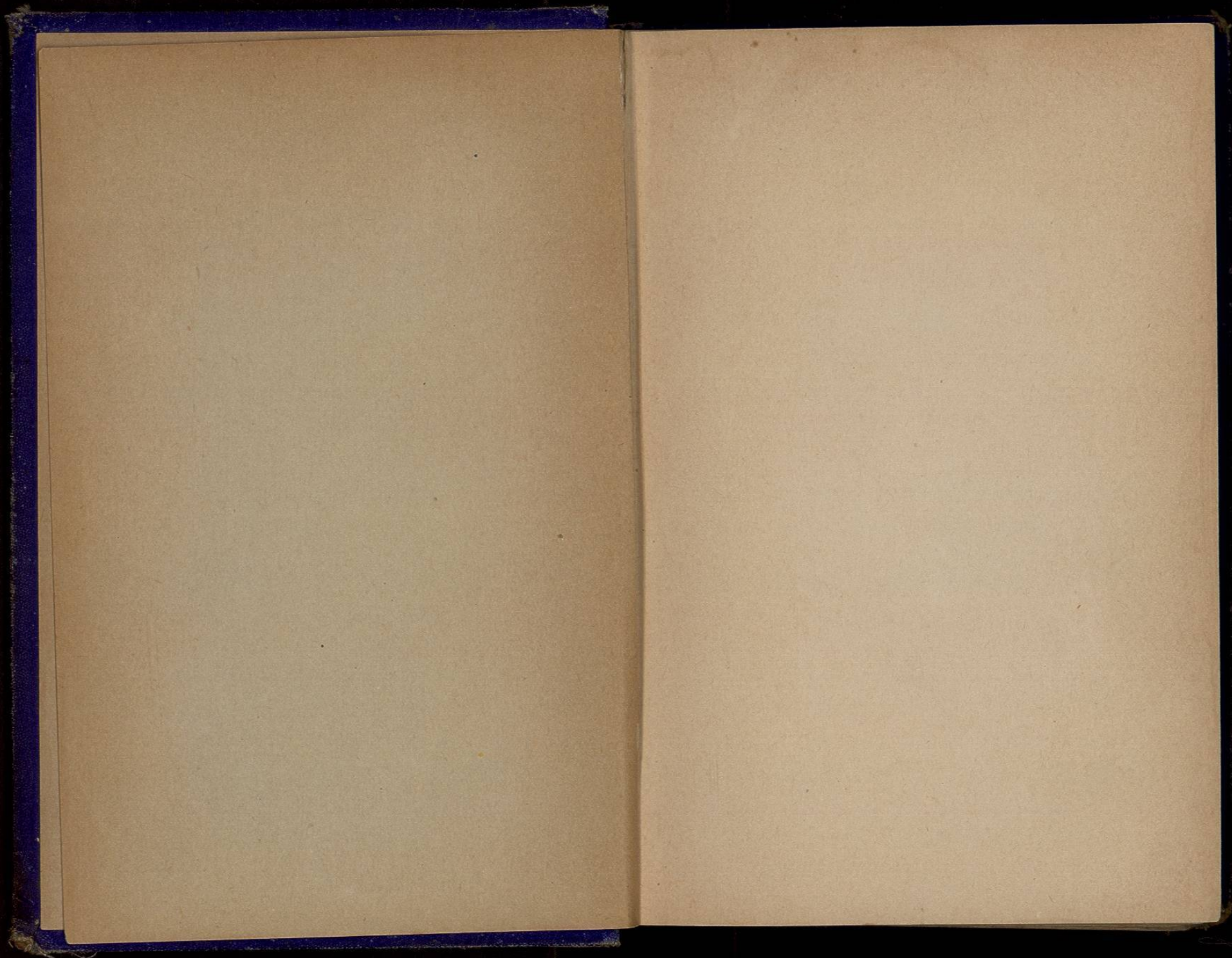
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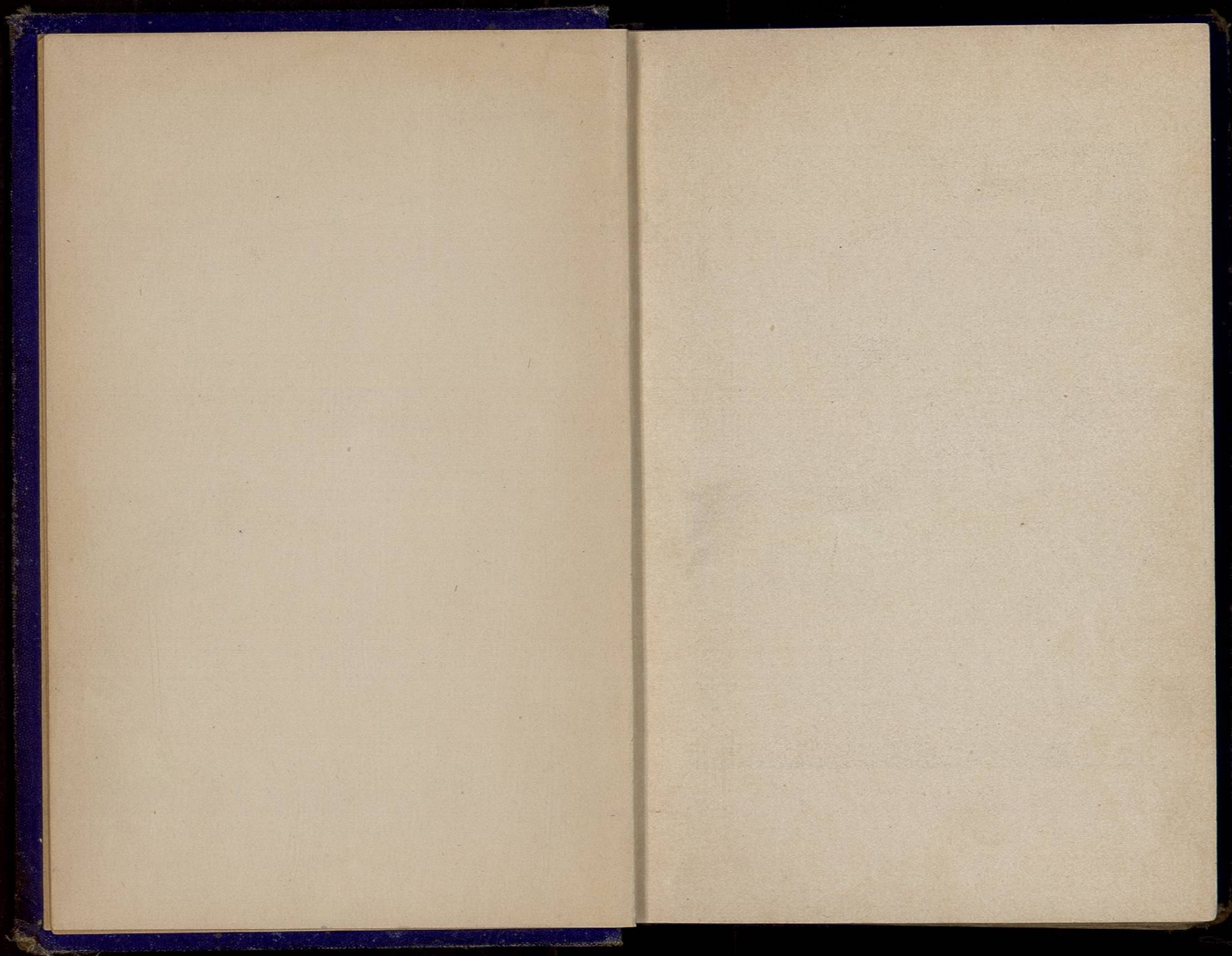
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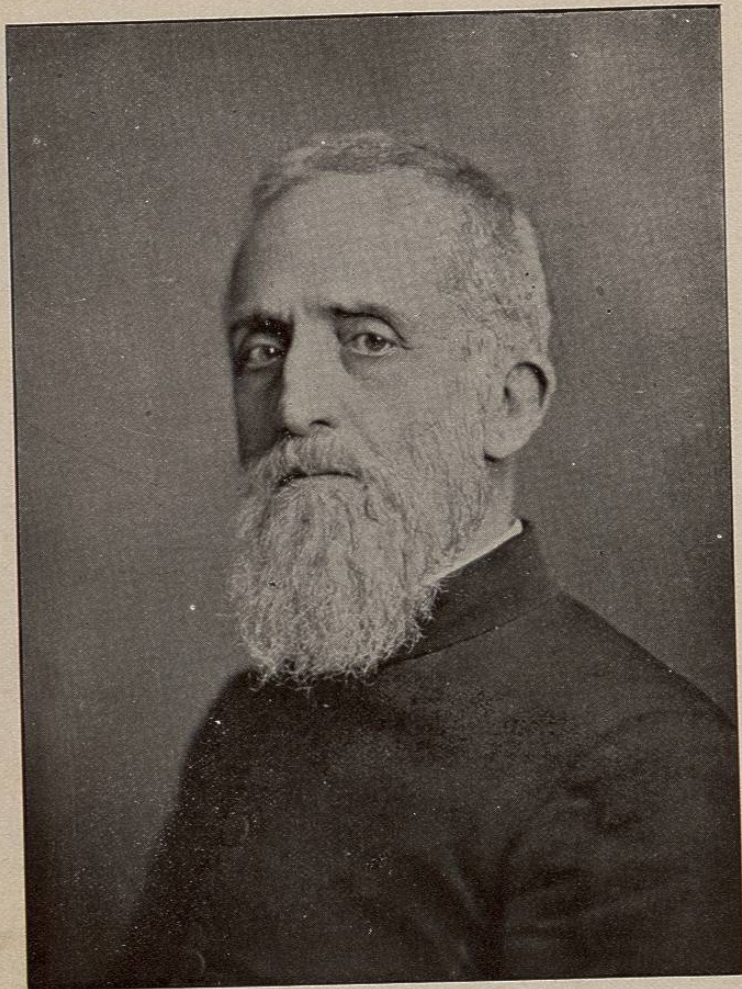


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O. P. FITZGERALD.
(1895.)

CALIFORNIA SKETCHES.

NEW AND OLD.

Oscar Penn Ob. 1829-1911
BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

ILLUSTRATED.

*"And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon his joys had been."*

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.

1897.

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

If these California Sketches, new and old, shall beguile a lonely hour, or rouse a kindlier feeling or higher aspiration in any human soul, I shall be satisfied.

THE AUTHOR.

July, 1894.

PREFACE TO THIS CONSOLIDATED EDITION.

SOON after these Sketches first came out in book form, the suggestion was made to me by friendly readers that they should be illustrated. Successive editions have been printed from the original plates, and the kindly appreciation of the reading public has encouraged me to bring out a new edition in a single volume, in which some new Sketches are introduced and some of the older ones are omitted.

The two former volumes are thrown into one, and the price put at a figure that will place it within the reach of all sorts of readers.

This new and consolidated edition has pictures illustrating the text. Whether these pictures have enhanced the interest of the work, the future will determine. The artist was left to follow his own taste in the choice and treatment of subjects. This statement will relieve the author from any imputation of undue "subjectivity" in these pictorial delineations.

To the old friends and the new these Sketches are presented as they are, with the hope that they will not only furnish entertainment for leisure moments, but leave in the reader's mind a deposit of profitable suggestion and gracious inspiration.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

July, 1895.

(4)

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MY FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MINES.....	7
CISSAHA.....	12
LOST ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.....	23
FULTON.....	32
THE FATAL TWIST.....	37
STRANDED.....	41
LOCKLEY.....	46
AN INTERVIEW.....	53
FATHER COX.....	61
THE ETHICS OF GRIZZLY HUNTING.....	67
STEWART.....	74
A MENDOCINO MURDER.....	81
MY FIRST CALIFORNIA CAMP MEETING.....	87
THE TRAGEDY AT ALGERINE.....	95
THE BLUE LAKES.....	101
OLD TUOLUMNE.....	106
BEN.....	107
A YOUTHFUL DESPERADO.....	110
NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO.....	114
MY MINING SPECULATION.....	122
DICK.....	125
THE GRAIN KING.....	131
THE DIGGERS.....	133
FATHER FISHER.....	144
THE CALIFORNIA MADHOUSE.....	153
THE REBLOOMING.....	161
SAN QUENTIN.....	168
TOD ROBINSON.....	177
JACK WHITE.....	184
CAMILLA CAIN.....	190
CORRALED.....	192
THE RABBI.....	203
AH LEE.....	209

(5)

	PAGE
CIELA VISTA.....	214
THE EMPEROR NORTON.....	215
BUFFALO JONES.....	221
SUICIDE IN CALIFORNIA.....	227
MIKE REESE.....	238
UNCLE NOLAN.....	245
OLD MAN LOWRY.....	250
THE CALIFORNIA POLITICIAN.....	255
BISHOP KAVANAUGH IN CALIFORNIA.....	265
A DAY.....	276
CALIFORNIA TRAITS.....	284
FATHER ACOLTI.....	295
CALIFORNIA WEDDINGS.....	299
HOW THE MONEY CAME.....	312
HAVING SOME FUN.....	316
AT THE END.....	318

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MINES.

SONORA, in 1855, was an exciting, wild, wicked, fascinating place. Gold dust and gamblers were plentiful. A rich mining camp is a bonanza to the sporting fraternity. The peculiar excitement of mining is near akin to gambling, and seems to prepare the gold hunter for the faro bank and monte table. The life was free and spiced with tragedy. The men were reckless, the women few and not wholly select. The conventionalities of older communities were ignored. People dressed and talked as they pleased, and were a law unto themselves. Even a parson could gallop at full speed through a mining camp without exciting remark. To me it was all new, and at first a little bewildering, but there was a charm about it that lingers pleasantly in the memory after the lapse of all these long years from 1855 to date.

Sonora was a picture unique in its beauty as I first looked down upon it from the crest of the highest hill above the town that bright May morning. The air was exhilarating, electric. The sky was deep blue, without a speck of cloud. The town lay stretched between two ranges of hills, the cozy cottages and rude cabins straggling along their sides, while the full tide of life flowed through Washington Street in the center, where thousands of miners jostled one another as they moved to and fro. High hills encircled the place on all sides protectingly, and Bald Mountain, dark and