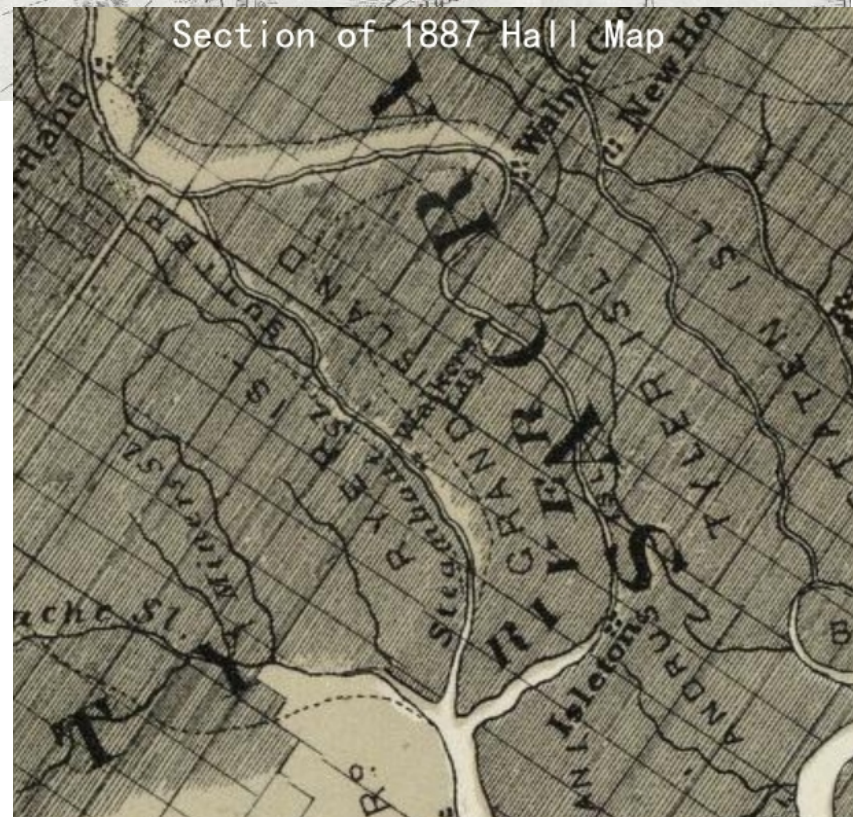
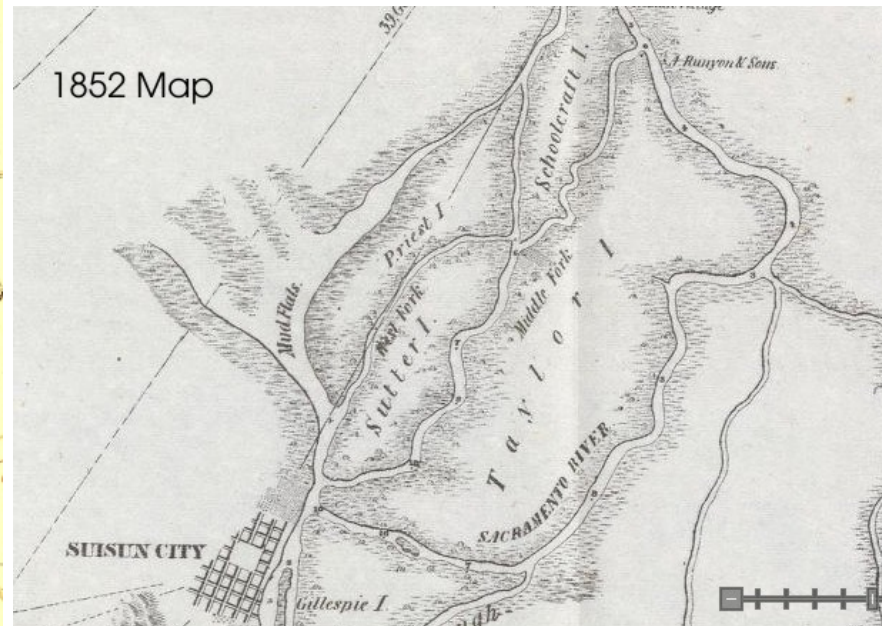
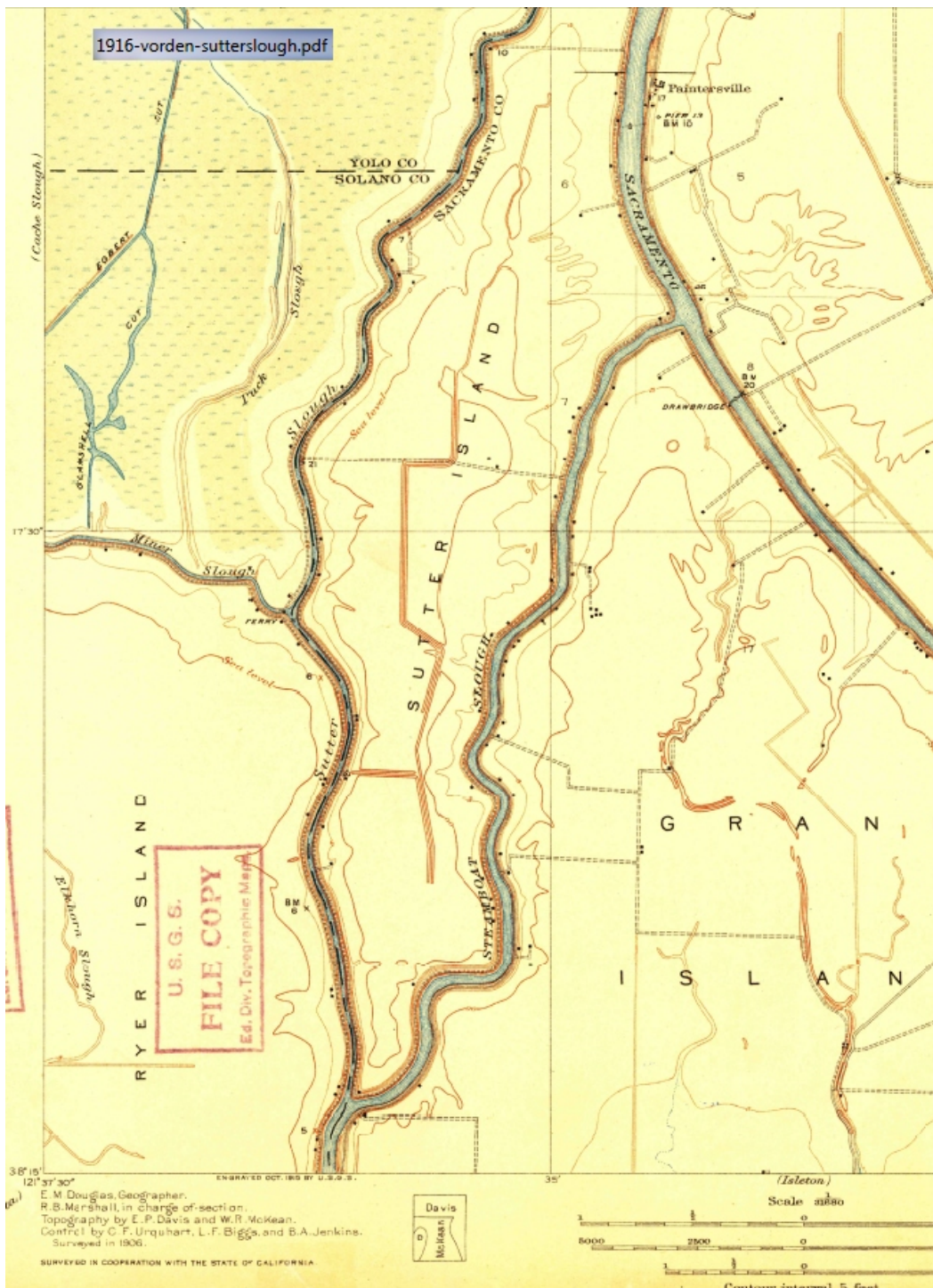
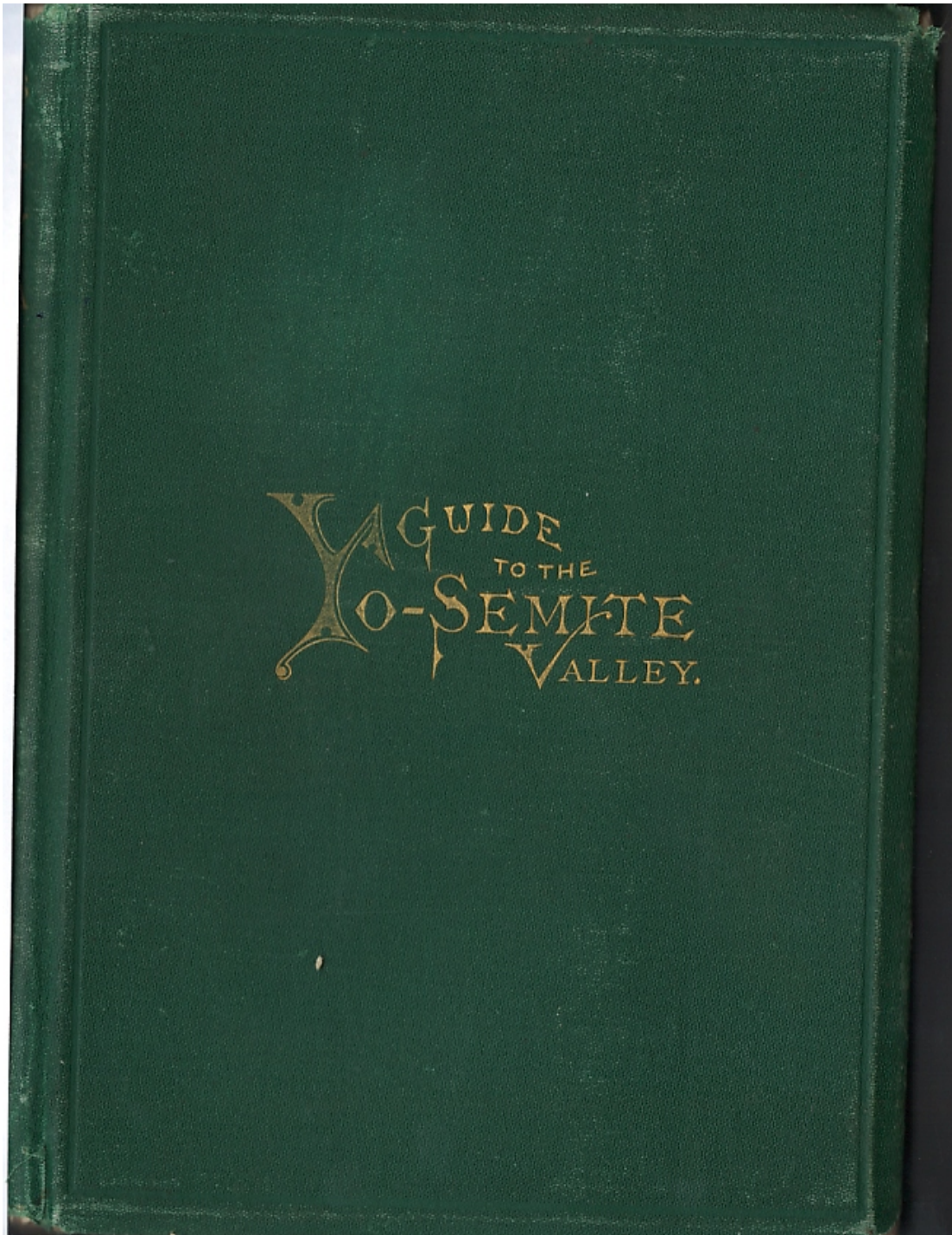


# Descriptions of the Sacramento River, San Joaquin River and Steamboat Slough in the 1850's





Hutchings's California Magazine was a very popular publication which described in great detail life in California from the 1840s to 1880s. Hutchings also wrote and published several books.

This compilation looks at the descriptions of the Sacramento River, San Joaquin River in the Delta region, and Steamboat Slough which is often labeled as the Sacramento River also.

Use the maps on the previous page to get an idea of the location of the descriptions from the book



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by L. PRASO & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

YOSEMITE VALLEY,

After Tit. Hilt's celebrated painting, Chromoed and Published by L. PRASO & Co., Boston, Mass.

SCENES  
OF  
WONDER AND CURIOSITY  
IN  
CALIFORNIA.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

A TOURIST'S GUIDE  
TO THE  
YO-SEMITE VALLEY,

THE BIG TREE GROVES—THE NATURAL CAVES AND BRIDGES—THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF  
NEW ALMADEN AND HENRIQUITA—MOUNT SHASTA—THE FARALLONE ISLANDS, WITH THEIR SEA LIONS  
AND BIRDS—THE GEYSER SPRINGS—LAKE TAHOE, AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

ALSO

GIVING OUTLINE MAP OF ROUTES TO YO SEMITE AND BIG TREE GROVES—TABLES OF DISTANCES—  
RATES OF FARE—HOTEL CHARGES, AND OTHER DESIRABLE INFORMATION FOR THE TRAVELLER.

By J. M. HUTCHINGS,  
(OF YO-SEMITE.)

NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO:  
A. ROMAN AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1871.

before leaving our southern home on the banks of "The Father of Waters," the old Mississippi, a gentleman arrived from northern Europe, and was at once introduced, a member of our little family circle. Now, however strange it may appear, our new friend had never in his life looked upon a live mosquito, or a mosquito-bar, and, consequently, knew nothing about the arrangements of a good *femme de charge* for passing a comfortable night, where such insects were even more numerous than oranges. In the morning, he seated himself at the breakfast-table, his face nearly covered with wounds received from the enemy's proboscis, when an inquiry was made by the lady of the house if he had passed the night pleasantly. "Yes—yes," he replied with some hesitation; "yes—toler-a-bly pleasant; although—a—small—fly—annoyed me—somewhat!" At this confession we could restrain ourselves no longer, but broke out into a hearty laugh, led by our good-natured hostess, who then exclaimed: "Musquitos! why, I never dreamed that the marks on your face were mosquito bites. I thought they might be from a rash, or something of that kind. Why, didn't you lower down your mosquito-bars?" But, as this latter appendage to a bed, on the low, alluvial lands of a southern river, was a greater stranger to him than any dead language known, the "small fly" problem had to be satisfactorily solved, and his sleep made sweet.

Perhaps it may be well here to remark, that the San Joaquin River is divided into three branches, known, respectively, as the west, middle, and east channels—the latter named being not only the main stream, but the one used by the steamboats and sailing-vessels bound to and from Stockton—or, at least, to within four miles of that city, from which point the Stockton slough is used. The east, or main channel, is navigable for small, stern-wheel steamboats as high as Fresno City. Besides the three main channels of the San Joaquin, before mentioned, there are numerous tributaries, the principal of which are the Moquelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced Rivers.

An apparently interminable sea of tules extends nearly one hundred and fifty miles south, up the valley of the San Joaquin;

and when these are on fire, as they not unfrequently are, during the fall and early winter months, the broad sheet of licking and leaping flame, and the vast volumes of smoke that rise, and eddy, and surge, hither and thither, present a scene of fearful grandeur at night, that is suggestive of some earthly pandemonium.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER—MONTE DIABLO IN THE DISTANCE.

The lumbering sound of the boat's machinery has suddenly ceased, and our high-pressure motive power, descended from a regular to an occasional snorting, gives us a reminder that we have reached Stockton. Time, half-past two o'clock A.M.

At day-break we are again disturbed in our fitful slumbers, by the rumbling of wagons and hurrying bustle of laborers discharging cargo; and before we have scarcely turned over for another uncertain nap, the stentorian lungs of some employee of the stage companies announce, that "stages for Sonora, Columbia, Moquelumne Hill, Sacramento, Mariposa, Coulterville, and Murphy's, are just about starting."

of the public, by erecting baricades, platforms, &c.; and placing a large number of lamps at favorable points, for the better illumination and inspection of the different chambers.

The discovery being made in the spring, considerable water was standing in some of the deepest of the cavities; but signs were already visible of its recession, at the rate of nearly six inches per day; and in a few weeks it entirely disappeared, leaving the cave perfectly dry. This afforded opportunities for further explorations; when it was found that a more convenient entrance could be made, with but little labor, from an unimportant room within a few feet of the road. This was accordingly done, and this, in addition to its convenience, allows of the free circulation of pure air. Having thus given an historical sketch of the discovery, with other matters connected with its preservation and management, we shall now endeavor to take the reader with us, at least in imagination, while describing it and

#### SOME SCENES BY THE WAY.

As a majority of visitors will, most probably, be from San Francisco, it may not be amiss, with the reader's permission, to present a brief outline of some of the most interesting sights to be witnessed, from the deck of the steamboat, on our way up the Sacramento. A large portion of the route, from that great mercantile metropolis of the Pacific to the mouth of the San Joaquin, has been already illustrated and described in the first chapter of this work, to which we would again refer his attention.

On page twenty-nine, we have described the course of the Stockton boat as to the right; while that bound for Sacramento City sails straight forward, toward the west end of a large, low tule flat, lying between the San Joaquin and Sacramento, named Sherman's Island, and here we enter the Sacramento river. The Montezuma hills, seen on our right, and a few stunted trees on the left, are the only objects in the landscape to relieve the eye, by contrast with the low tule swamp, until we approach the new and flourishing little settlement of Rio Vista. "This town," writes Dr. C. A. Kirkpatrick, the obliging postmaster, "is situated about forty-five



SCENE AT THE LOWER JUNCTION OF THE MAIN SACRAMENTO RIVER, AND STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

miles below the city of Sacramento, and below the outlets of all the large sloughs, or at least two of the largest, Steamboat and Cache Creek sloughs—uniting with the main, or old Sacramento river, just above this place; making the stream here about one-third of a mile wide. The reader will see that, being upon the main river, so near its outlet into Suisun Bay, not over twenty

"They seem to be gregarious in their nature, travelling in herds, or, as the fishermen call it, "*schools*." They do not like a very cold climate, as is indicated by their not ascending the rivers on the northern coast, except in very limited numbers, until the month of July. In those streams where the current is very rapid, their rate of speed is supposed to be five or six miles an hour; but where the current is eddying and slow, not more than two miles an hour. It has also been ascertained that they will stop for two or three days in deep, still water; no doubt to rest and feed, as they choose places where food can be easily procured.

"There seems to be quite a difference in the size, flavor, and habits of the salmon found in the Sacramento, Columbia and Frazer rivers; those of the Sacramento being larger, more juicy, more oily, and brighter colored. They are, however, more abundant in the north, and about half the average weight—that of the former being about fifteen pounds; although early in the spring some are caught in the north quite as large as any caught in the Sacramento, and weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

"In the Gulf of Georgia and Bellingham Bay, and on the Columbia, Frazer and Lumna rivers, the salmon are taken by thousands; while we of the Sacramento only get them by hundreds. One boat, last season, on the Frazer river, in one month, caught 13,860. There is also one peculiarity with the fish of the north—every second or third year there are but few salmon in those waters, their places being taken by a fish called the *hone*, which come in great numbers, equal if not greater than the salmon. The two fish never come in any considerable numbers together.

"From facts obtained from the freight clerks of the C. S. N. Co.'s boats, we learn, that from the principal shipping port of the Sacramento river, Rio Vista, there is an average of 150 fish, or 2,250 pounds, sent each day to market, for five months of the year, making a total of 22,500 fish, or 337,500 pounds; the greater part of these are shipped, and used fresh in San Francisco. But this number forms but a small proportion of what are caught, the principal part being retained and salted, or smoked, or otherwise prepared for shipment to various parts of the world—many finding

their way to Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, as well as to New York, and other domestic ports on the Atlantic seaboard."

#### THE HOG'S BACK.

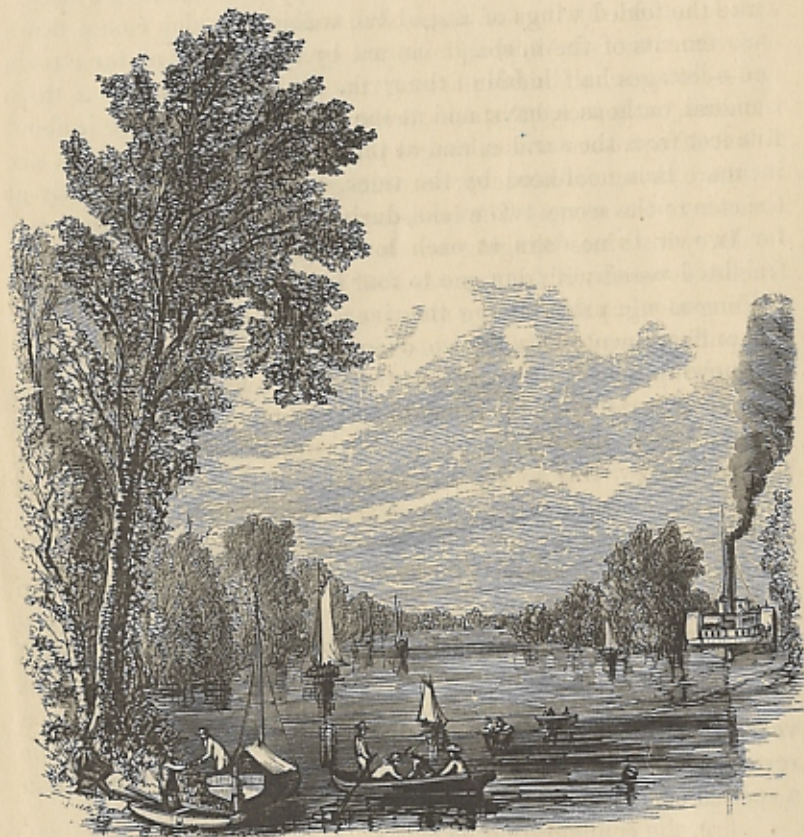
About six miles above Rio Vista is the far-famed "Hog's Back." This is formed by the settling of the sediment which comes down from the rivers above, and is caused by a widening of the stream and a decrease in the fall of the river. It extends for about three hundred yards in length; and at the lowest stage of water is about five feet from the surface, and at the highest point eleven feet six inches. Being affected by the tides, and as they are exactly at the same point every two weeks, during the fall season of the year, for two or three days at each low tide, a detention of heavily freighted vessels, of from one to four hours, will then take place.

Persons when descending the river, as the steamboat generally leaves Sacramento City at two o'clock p. m., have an opportunity of knowing when they arrive at the "Hog's Back" by seeing the mast of a vessel with the lower cross-trees upon it, and sometimes a portion of her bulwarks. This vessel was named the Charleston, and was freighted principally with quartz machinery, a portion of which being for the Gold Hill Quartz Co., at Grass Valley, she had discharged, but, the owners of another and larger portion of it not being found, she was returning with it to San Francisco in October, 1857, but having struck upon this sand-bank, at a very low stage of the water, careened over, and was swamped. Several attempts have since been made to take out the machinery, but as yet it has defied them all, and being filled with sand, it will be a very difficult task for any one ever to set her afloat again, and the reward be but poor, inasmuch as it cannot be in any other than a spoiled condition, from rust and other causes.

#### STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

A short distance above the Hog's Back we arrived at the junction of Sutter Slough with Steamboat Slough, and there enter the narrowest part of the stream. As this slough is deep and navigable, and moreover is about nine miles nearer for sailing through

than by the main, or "old river," nearly all vessels upward bound take this route; while those on the downward trip (excepting steamboats) generally take the main river, inasmuch as the wind is more favorable for their return to San Francisco.



SCENE AT THE UPPER MAIN JUNCTION OF SACRAMENTO AND STEAMBOAT SLOUGHS.

As we pass through Steamboat Slough, we are impressed with the narrowness of the channel for such large vessels, the luxuriant foliage of the trees that adorn its banks, and the snug little cabins,

nearly shut out from sight by wild vines and trees, that are seen at intervals on its margin. Indeed the scenery, as you steam up or down the river, is picturesque in no slight degree. Here and there, as you turn with the sudden windings of the stream, you come upon the little boats of fishermen, and sloops, with their sails furled like the folded wings of a sea-bird, waiting for the wind. The improvements of the husbandman are everywhere seen along the shore—cottages half hidden among the drooping branches of the sycamores, outhouses, haystacks, orchards, and gardens—with their product of squashes and cabbages piled in huge heaps; and here and there a school-house or church gives a cheerful domestic character to the scene. The landscape is diversified by the gnarled oaks, with vines clinging about them for support, and their branches covered with dark masses of mistletoe.

Sailing along, probably we may see a small stern-wheel steam-scow, puffing away like some odd-shaped and outlandish leviathan, named the "Gipsy." She plies between the various ranches and gardens on the river and Sacramento City, taking vegetables, grain, flour, &c., up to the city, and returning with groceries, dry goods, papers, &c. By this means she has created quite a snug little business for herself, and become an indispensable visitor to the residents. In fact they could not conveniently get along without her.

Far away to the eastward, the snow-capped Sierras, with a black belt of pines at their base, and nearer, the mist-draped and purple Coast Range, rise on the view. Along the plains are here and there seen clumps of trees—a sure indication of water; and occasionally, the charred trunk of some burnt and blasted tree lifts its bare branches toward heaven in solitary grandeur. During the season when the immense tracts of tules which cover the low lands are on fire, the conflagration lends a wild and peculiar beauty to the view.

The levee at Sacramento City—with its scenes of bustling activity; its numerous steamboats, dilapidated and otherwise; its locomotive, puffing and snorting; and all the living tide of industry, riding, driving and walking in all directions—is at length in view,

The first 7 pages were scanned directly from the pages of the book shown on the first page. Notice the description of travel on Steamboat Slough in the 1850's to 1870's. Note also that the Sacramento River is referred to as "Old River" and also the Main Sacramento River. Given the detailed list of miles from San Francisco to a specific location, it appears that at the time the description of travel by water to Sacramento was written, "Steamboat Slough" started at the same location as "Sutter Slough", but only Steamboat Slough was used to reconnect with the Sacramento River heading up to Sacramento. Some maps indicate the length of river we now call Steamboat Slough was called "Sacramento River" by some maps and writers. Hogs Back is clearly described and based on the navigation survey of 1850, it is located in the area of Steamboat Slough. See also the 1978-1980 Atwater survey maps of the Delta.

The following pages are scans of Hutchings writings as found online at the referenced webpage you will see on the scanned pages. Oddly, the description of travel includes the Hogs Back paragraph and then skips up to Sacramento, eliminating the Steamboat Slough and Sacramento River descriptions. One has to wonder why these important records of the view and use of both Steamboat Slough and Old River Sacramento were omitted in the state archival scan?



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HUTCHINGS'

## CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JULY, 1859. No. 1.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SACRAMENTO CITY.



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.



ALCATRACES ISLAND.

wharf, and that vessel now lying at anchor in the bay or in full sail upon her voyage, or while numerous nervous people are troubled about their baggage and asking the porter all sorts of questions, let us have a quiet chat together, upon the scenes we may witness on our trip, and the historical facts connected with the early navigation of this beautiful route to the interior.

The first sailing vessel that made the voyage from San Francisco to where Sacramento city now stands, was the schooner *Isabella*, chartered by Capt. John A. Sutter, about the 5th of August, 1839; and owing to the numerous intricate outlets of the Sacramento river, he was eight days in discovering its main channel; and when about ten miles below where Sacramento city now stands, two hundred armed and hostile Indians intercepted his progress.

These however, he succeeded in conciliating, and was then allowed to proceed on his voyage accompanied by two of the natives. Other sail vessels of course followed at different times, in the wake of the pioneer schooner "*Isabella*," but as we are now more interested in steam navigation we shall not mention them more length.

The first steamboat that ever plowed the waters of the Sacramento, from San Francisco, was the "*Sitka*," a Russian built, stern wheel vessel, about sixty feet

in length by seventeen in breadth, owned by Capt. Leidesdorff, (the former owner of most of the Folsom property,) and she reached what was then known as Sutter's Embarcadero, now Sacramento city, in the summer of 1847.

The next was a stern wheel steam scow named the "*Lady Washington*," built at Sutter's Embarcadero, in Sept., 1849, and was owned by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., and Smith, Bensley & Co., of that place, was run upon the upper rivers, and was the pioneer steam vessel above the mouth of the American river. The first trip was to where Coloma now stands; but unfortunately on her return trip she struck a snag and sunk, but was afterwards raised, refitted, and named the *Ohio*.

The next was a side-wheel steamer that was sent out on board ships from New York, put together in Sacramento city, there named the "*Sacramento*," and was run between Sacramento city and New York, on the Pacific, (a city of great pretensions, that was located near the mouth of the San Joaquin, but long since defunct,) and there connected with a line of schooners from San Francisco. This vessel was owned and commanded by Capt. John Van Pelt.

A small craft called the "*Mint*," was the next steamboat, and ran on this route through from San Francisco to Sacramento.

The large propeller *McKim*, of about 400 tons burthen, was the next in rotation, and made her trip from New Orleans, through the straits of Magellan to San Francisco, in 1849, and took her first trip up the Sacramento, in the latter part of Oct. of that year.

By far the most beautiful, most commodious, most comfortable, and at the same time, the most successful steamboat that ever run on the Sacramento river, was the "*Senator*," of 500 tons burthen. She made the voyage around Cape Horn, and arrived here on the 27th of Oct., 1849, and her first trip up to Sacramento city Nov. 5th, following. Her rates of fare were \$25 per passenger up, and \$30 down; Meals \$2, each; Stateroom \$10; Freight per ton from \$40 to \$50.

During the first year on that route her net profits exceeded \$60,000 per month; and ever since she has been a very profitable boat for her owners. The number of her passengers was generally about three hundred, and her freight about from two hundred to three hundred tons.

The next was a stern-wheel steamboat called the "*Lawrence*," 108 feet in length by 18 feet in width. She was brought out by a New Bedford company and put up at New York on the Pacific; and when finished, she was sent to Stockton about the latter part of Nov., 1849, and was the first steamboat that ever sailed for or arrived at that city. In December following she was taken to Sacramento and there sold, when her new owners sent her up the Feather river to Marysville, in command of Capt. Chadwick, and she was the first steamboat that ever ascended that river.

The "*Linda*," a stern-wheel steamer, was the next, owned by a company of which Mark Brummagem was one of the principal members. She ran between Sacramento

city and Marysville. Freight on the *Lawrence* and *Linda* was from 8 to 10 cents per pound; drinks 50 cents each.

The first steamboat that ever ascended the Sacramento river as far as Tehama was the "*Jack Hayes*," commanded by Capt. Mosely, in May, 1850. She was first named the *Commodore Jones*, but being lengthened and otherwise changed, she lost her identity and her name at the same time.

The "*Gold Hunter*," commanded by Capt. Branham, now the U. S. surveying schooner *Active*, was put on about this time, but soon withdrawn.

The "*Capt. Sutter*," a small stern wheel boat, although only the second boat to Stockton, was the first to make regular trips from San Francisco to that city, and



RED (OR TREASURE) ROCK.

succeeded the "*Lawrence*." She was put up by Capt. James Blair, of the U. S. Navy, and was more successful in proportion to her size than the *Senator* on the other route; and cleared not less than \$200,000 for her owners the first year.

We might mention *en passant*, to illustrate the large profits made by steamboats at that early day, that the *Lawrence* made a trip from Sacramento city to Lassen's Ranch, and received 30 cents per pound for freight on her entire cargo.

The following list of the various steamboats that have from time to time been running on this route, occasionally changing to some other, or been laid up, is as complete as we could make it, and we think will include nearly the whole that have ever been upon it:—



THE TWO SISTERS.

## STERN WHEEL.

*(High Pressure.)*

Young America,  
 Goodman Castle,  
 Gov. Dana,  
 Shasta,  
 Plumas,  
 Gazelle,  
 Cleopatra,  
 Belle,  
 Gem,  
 Capt. Sutter,  
 Pike,  
 Orient,  
 Fashion,  
 Nevada,  
 Daniel Moir,  
 Kennebec,  
 Marysville,  
 Clara,  
 Medea,  
 James Blair,  
 Enterprise,  
 Lawrence,  
 Latona,  
 Maria,  
 Pearl,  
 Etna,  
 Sam Soule,  
 Swan,  
 San Joaquin,  
 Tehama,  
 Fire Fly,  
 Kangaroo,

## SIDE WHEEL.

*(High Pressure.)*

Urilda,  
 Camanche,  
 J. Bragdon,  
 H. J. Clay,  
 American Eagle,  
 Helen Hensley,  
 Anna Abernethy,  
 Willamette,  
 Eclipse,  
 Queen City,  
 Kate Kearny,  
 Express,  
 Caleb Cope,  
 Sagamore,  
 Mariposa,  
 W. E. Robinson,  
 Gov. Dana, No. 2,  
 Sophia,  
 Union, *(Iron Vessel)*  
 Cornelia,  
 C. M. Webber,

*(Low Pressure.)*

Senator,  
 New World,  
 Confidence,  
 W. G. Hunt,  
 Antelope,  
 Thomas Hunt,  
 Surprise,  
 Goliath,  
 El Dorado,  
 Gold Hunter,  
*(now Active.)*

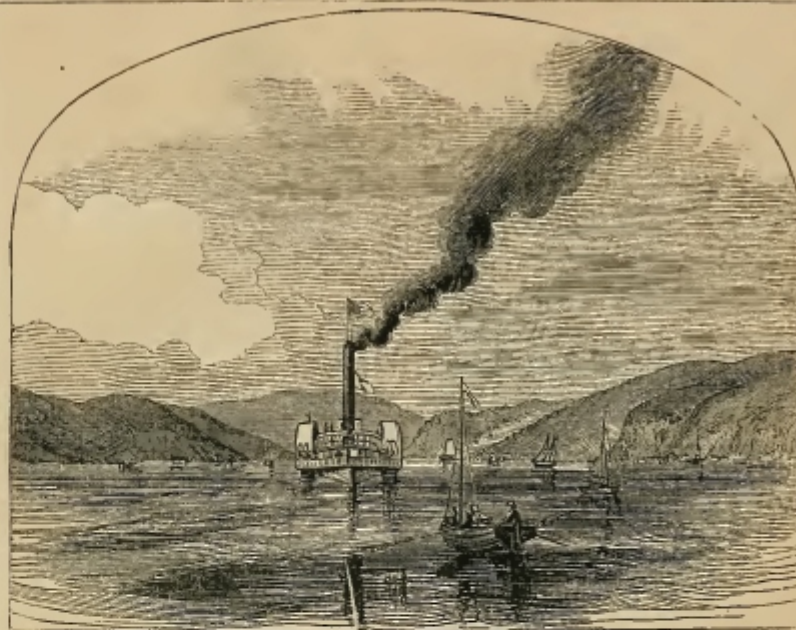
## PROPELLERS.

McKim,  
 Gen. Warren,  
 Commodore Preble,  
 Hartford,  
 Eudora,  
 Major Tompkins,  
 Chesapeake.

While we have thus been gossiping about steamboats, we have arrived off Alcatrazes or Pelican Island. This we see is just opposite the Golden Gate, and about half way between San Francisco and Angel Island. It commands the entrance to the great bay of San Francisco, and is but three and a half miles from Fort Point.

This island is 140 feet in height above low tide, 450 feet in width, and 1650 feet in length, somewhat irregular in shape; and fortified on all sides. The large building on its summit, about the centre or crest of the island, is a defensive barrack or citadel, three stories high, and in time of peace will accommodate about 200 men, and in time of war at least three times that number. It is not only a shelter for the men, and will withstand a respectable cannonade, but from the top a murderous fire could be poured upon its assailants at all parts of the island, and from whence every point of it is visible. There is a belt of fortifications encircling the island, consisting of a series of Barbette batteries, mounting altogether about 94 guns, 24, 42, 68, and 132 pounders.

The first building that you notice after landing at the wharf is a massive brick and stone guard house, shot and shell proof, well protected by a heavy gate and draw-bridge, and has three embrasures for 24 pound howitzers that command the approach from the wharf. The top of this, like the barracks, is flat, for the use and protection of riflemen. Other guard-houses of similar construction are built at different points, between which there are long lines of parapets sufficiently high to preclude the possibility of an escalade, and back of which are circular platforms for mounting guns of the heaviest caliber, some of which weigh from 9,000 to 10,000 pounds. In addition to these there are three bomb-proof magazines, each of which will hold 10,000 lbs of powder. On the south-eastern side of the island is a large furnace for the



STRAITS OF CARQUINEZ.

purpose of heating cannon balls; and other similar contrivances are in course of construction.

Unfortunately there is no natural supply of water on the island, so that all of that element which is used there is taken from Saucelito. In the basement of the barracks is a cistern capable of holding 50,000 gallons of water, a portion of which can be supplied from the roof of that building in the rainy season.

Appropriations have been made for the fortification of this island to the amount of \$806,000, and about \$100,000 more will complete them. From 40 to 200 men have been employed upon these works since their commencement in 1853.

At the south-eastern end of the island is a fog bell of about the same weight as that at Fort Point, and which is regulated to strike by machinery once in about every fifteen seconds.

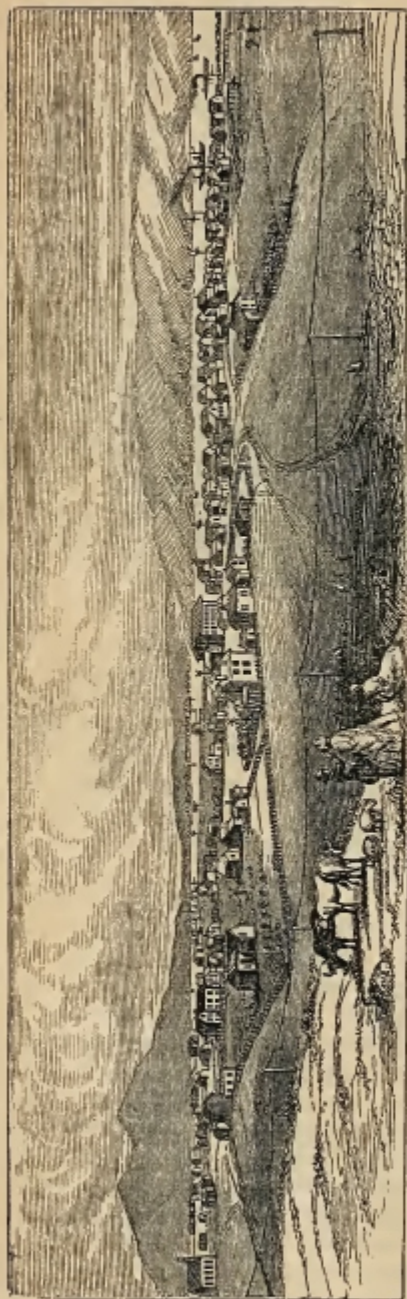
The whole of the works on this island are under the skillful superintendance of Lieut. McPherson, who very kindly ex-

plained to us the strength and purposes of the different fortifications made.

The lighthouse at the south of the barracks contains a Fresnel lantern of the third order, and which can be seen on a clear night some twelve miles outside the heads, and is of great service in suggesting the course of a vessel when entering the bay.

Yet, as we are sailing on at considerable speed across the entrance to the Bay, towards Angel Island, we must not linger here, not even in imagination; especially as we can now look out through the far famed Golden Gate and towards the golden hinged hope of many who with lingering eyes have longed to look upon it and to enter through its charmed portals to this land of gold. How many too have longed and hoped for years to pass it once again, on their way out to the endeared and loving hearts that wait to welcome them at that dear spot they still call Home! God bless them.

Now the vessel is in full sail, and steam-



BENICIA, MARTINEZ, AND MONTE DIABLO.

ships, that are entering the heads, as well as those within that are tacking now on this stretch and now on that to make way out against the strong northwest breeze that blows in at the Golden Gate for three eighths of the year, are fast being lost to sight, and we are just abreast of Angel Island and but five miles from the city of San Francisco. This Island was granted by Gov. Alvarado to Antonio M. Asio, by order of the Government of Mexico, in 1837; and by him sold to its present owners in 1853. As it contains some 800 acres of excellent land it is by far the largest and most valuable of any in the Bay of San Francisco; and the green wild oats that grow to its very summit in early spring, but ripened now, give excellent pasturage to stock of all kinds; while the natural springs at different points afford abundance of water at all seasons. At the present time there are about 500 sheep roaming over its fertile hills. A large portion of the land is susceptible of cultivation for grain and vegetables.

From the inexhaustible quarries of hard blue and brown sandstone that here abound, have been taken nearly all of the stone used in the foundations of the numerous buildings in San Francisco.—The extensive fortifications at Alcatrazes Island, Fort Point, and other places, have been faced with it; and the extensive Government works at Mare Island have been principally built with stone from these quarries, and many thousands of tons will yet be required from the same source before the fortifications and other Government works are completed. Clay is also found in abundance, and of an excellent quality for making bricks.

In 1856 this Island was surveyed by the U. S. Engineers, for the purpose of locating sites for two 24 gun batteries, which are in the line of fortifications required before our Bay may be considered as fortified. The most important of these



SCENE AT THE JUNCTION OF OLD RIVER AND STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

batteries will be on the north-west point of the Island, and will command Raccoon Straits; and until this is built, our Navy Yard at Mare Island, and even the city of San Francisco itself cannot be considered safe, as through these Straits ships of war could easily pass, if by means of the heavy fog that so frequently hangs over the entrance to the bay, or other cause, they once passed Fort Point in safety. But let us pass on to Red Rock.

This singular looking island was formerly called Treasure or Golden Rock in old charts, from some traditionary report being circulated of some large treasure having been once carried there by early

Spanish navigators. In charts of recent date however, it is sometimes called Molate Island, but is now more generally known as Red Rock, from its general color.

There are several strata of rock, of different colors, if rock it can be called, one of which is very fine and resembles an article sometimes found upon a lady's toilet-table—of course in earlier days—known as rouge-powder. Besides this there are several stratas of a species of clay or colored pigment, of from four to twelve inches in thickness, and of various colors. Upon the beach numerous small red pebbles, very much resembling

cornelian, are found. There can be but little wonder it should be called "Red Rock" by plain matter-of-fact people like ourselves. It is covered with wild oats to its summit, on which is planted a flag-staff and cannon. Some four years ago its locator and owner, Mr. Selim E. Woodworth, took about half a dozen tame rabbits over to it, from San Francisco, and now there are several hundred.

As Mr. W., before becoming a benedict, made this his place of residence, he partially graded its apparently inaccessible sides; and at different points planted several ornamental trees. A small bachelor's cabin stands near the water's edge, and as this affords the means of cooking fish and sundry other dishes, its owner and a small party of friends pay it an occasional visit for fishing and general recreation. Several sheep roam about on the island, and as they like rabbits never drink water, they do not feel the loss of that which nature has here failed to supply.

But on, on we sail, and pass Maria Island and also two low rocks called the Two Sisters, and after shooting by Point San Pablo, we enter the large bay of that name; charmed as we are with fine table and grazing lands on our right at the foot of the Contra Costa range of hills.

Just before entering the Straits of Carquinez, that connects the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, on our left we get a glimpse of the Government works at Mare Island, and the town of Vallejo; but as we shall probably have something to say about these points at some future time, we will now take a look at the straits. As the stranger approaches these for the first time, he makes up his mind that the vessel on which he stands is out of her course and is certainly running towards a bluff, and will soon be in trouble if she does not change her course, but as he advances and the entrance to this

narrow channel becomes visible, he then concludes that a few moments ago he entertained a very foolish idea.

Now however the bell of the steamboat and a porter both announce that we are coming near Benicia, and that those who intend disembarking here had better have their baggage and their ticket in readiness. One would suppose as the boat nears the wharf that she is going to run "right into it," but soon she moves gracefully round and is made fast; but while those ashore and those aboard are eagerly scanning each other, to see if there is any familiar face to which to give the nod of recognition, or the cordial waving of the hand in friendly greeting, we will take our seats and say a word or two about this city.

Benicia was founded in the fall of 1847 by the late Thomas O. Larkin, and Roland Semple (who was also the originator and editor of the first California newspaper published at Monterey, Aug. 15th, 1846, entitled "*The Californian*,") upon land donated them for the purpose by Gen. M. G. Vallejo, and named in honor of the General's estimable lady.

In 1848 a number of families took up their residence here. During the fall of that year a public school was established, and which has been continued uninterruptedly to the present. In the ensuing spring a Presbyterian church was organized, and has continued under its original pastor, to the present time.

The peculiarly favorable position of Benicia recommended it at an early day as a suitable place for the general military headquarters of the U. S., upon the Pacific. Being alike convenient of access both to the sea-board and interior, and far enough from the coast to be secure against sudden assault in time of war, it was seen that no more favorable position could be selected, as adapted to all contingencies. These views met the approval of the General Government; and according-



VIEW FIVE MILES ABOVE STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

ly extensive storehouses were built, military posts established; and arrangements made for erecting here the principal arsenal on the Pacific coast.

There already are erected barracks for the soldiers, and officers' quarters; two magazines capable of holding from 6,000 to 7,000 barrels of gun-powder of 100 lbs. each; two storehouses filled with gun-carriages, cannon, ball, and several hundred stand of small arms, besides workshops, &c.

About one hundred men are now employed, under the superintendance of Capt F. D. Calender, in the construction of an Arsenal 200 feet in length by 60 feet in width, and three stories in height, suitably provided with towers, loop-holes, windows, &c. Besides this a large citadel is in course of erection. \$225,000 have already been appropriated to these works, and they will most probably require as much more before the whole is completed.

Here too are ten highly and curiously ornamented bronze cannon, six 8 pounders and four 4 pounders, that were brought originally from old Spain, and taken at Fort Point during our war with Mexico.

The following names and dates are inscribed on some of them, besides coats of arms, &c.

"San Martin, Ano. D. 1684."

"Poder, Ano. D. 1693."

"San Francisco, Ano. D. 1673."

"San Domingo, Ano. D. 1679."

"San Pedro, Ano. D. 1628."

As the barracks are merely a depot for the reception and transmission of troops, it is difficult to say how many soldiers are quartered here at any one time.

There are numerous other interesting places about Benicia, one of which is the extensive works of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, where all the repairs to their vessels are made, coal deposited, &c., &c.

In 1853 Benicia was chosen the capital of the State by our peripatetic Legislature, and continued to hold that position for about a year, when it was taken to Sacramento, where it still (for a wonder) remains.

And, though last, by no means the least important feature of Benicia, is the widely known and deservedly flourishing boarding school for young ladies, the Benicia seminary, under the charge of



CHURCH ON THE RIVER, NINE MILES ABOVE STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

New York on the Pacific, we arrive at the west end of a large, low tule flat lying between the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, named Sherman's Island, and here we enter the Sacramento river. The Montezuma hills seen on our right, and a few stunted trees on the left, are the only objects in the landscape to relieve the eye by contrast with the low tule swamp, until we approach the new and flourishing little settlement of Rio Vista, just opposite the mouth of the "old Sacramento river," or more properly speaking, the principal branch of the stream.

Miss Mary Atkins, founded in 1852, and in which several young ladies have taken graduating honors. Next to this is the collegiate school for young gentlemen under the superintendence of Mr. Flatt, and which was established in 1853. Next to this is the college of Notre Dame for the education of Catholic children.— These, united to the excellent sentiments of the people, make Benicia a favorite place of residence for families.

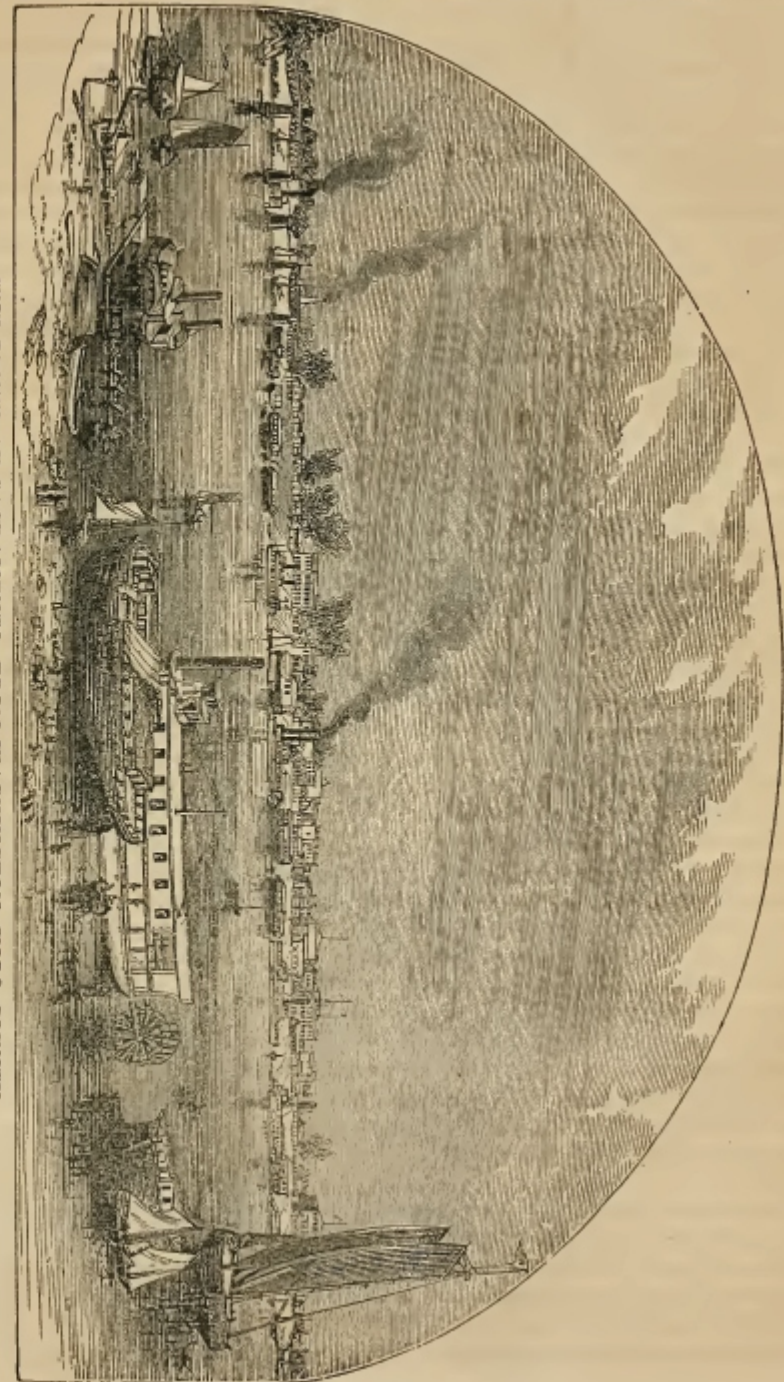
This village is just about half-way between Benicia and Sacramento, and bids fair to be a place of some importance eventually, as arrangements are now being made to open a road past here, and between Suisun and Vacca Valleys and Stockton. From Mr. C. A. Kirkpatrick, the obliging post-master there, we are favored with the following table of distances:—

Nearly opposite to Benicia and distant only three miles is the pretty agricultural village of Martinez, the county-seat of Contra Costa county. A week among the live-oaks, gardens, and farms in and around this lovely spot, will convince the most skeptical that there are few more beautiful places in any part of the State. A steam ferry boat runs across the straits between this place and Benicia every hour in the day. The Stockton boat always touches here both going and returning.

From San Francisco to Benicia.....	30 Miles.
Benicia to New York.....	20 "
" to mouth of San Joaquin,	21 "
" to mouth of Sac. River,...	26 "
" Montezuma,.....	27 "
" Lone Tree Island,.....	29 "
" Twin Houses,.....	32 "
" Seven Mile Slough,.....	39 "
" Wood Island, [2 M. Long.]	40 "
" Rio Vista,.....	41 "
" Mouth of old Sac. River,	42 "
" Mouth Cache creek slough,	46 "
" Hog's Back,.....	48 "
" Beaver Slough,.....	52 "
" Mouth Steamboat slough,	54 "
" Mouth of Sutter slough,...	54 "
" Head of Sutter slough,...	55 "
	[one mile long.]
" Head Steamboat slough,	
and junction with the main Sacra-	
mento river, [5 miles long.]	59 "
From Benicia to Randall's Island	61 "
	[2 miles long.]
From Benicia to Sac. city,.....	90

But now we must hurry on our way, as the steamboat is by this time passing the different islands in the bay of Suisun, named as follows:— Preston Island, King's, Simmons', Davis', Washington, Knox's and Jones' Islands; and passing

THE LEVEE AT SACRAMENTO, FROM WASHINGTON, YOLO COUNTY.



202.7 20 834

As we have seen, six miles above the mouth of the old river, is the far famed "Hog's Back." This is formed by the settling of the sediment which comes down, caused by a widening of the stream, and a decrease in the fall of the river. It extends for about three hundred yards in length; and at the lowest stage of water is about five feet from the surface, and at the highest point eleven feet six inches. Being affected by the tides, and as they are exactly at the same point every two weeks, during the fall season of the year for two or three days at each low tide, a detention of heavily freighted vessels of from one to four hours will then take place. Persons when descending the river, as the steamboat generally leaves Sacramento city at 2 o'clock, P. M., have an opportunity of knowing when they arrive at the Hogs Back by seeing the mast of a vessel with the lower cross-trees upon it, and sometimes a portion of her bulwarks. This vessel was named the Charleston, and was freighted principally with quartz machinery, a portion of which being for the Gold Hill Quartz Co., at Grass Valley, she had discharged, but the owners of another and larger portion of it not being found, she was returning with it to San Francisco, but having stuck upon this sand bank at a very low stage of the water, she careened over and was swamped. Several attempts have since been made to take out the machinery, but as yet it has defied all attempts, and being filled with sand it will be a very difficult task for any one to perform, and the reward be but a poor one, inasmuch as it cannot be in any other than a spoiled condition from rust and other causes.

There is a little steam scow called the Gipseey, that plies between the various ranches and gardens on the river, and Sacramento city, taking vegetables, grain flour &c., up to the city, and returning with groceries, dry goods, papers, &c.—

By this means she has created quite a snug little business for herself and become an indispensable visitor to the residents on the river.

Sacramento City is at length in view, but we have gossiped so much by the way, that we have not the space left to devote to the subject which we should wish to give to a place holding the second rank on the Pacific coast, and possessing as many objects of interest as does our sister City of the Plains. We shall, therefore, defer all remarks until some future number, when we intend to give an elaborate description of the capital of our Golden State.

In conclusion, we would say to those who wish to escape for a brief season the confinement of city life, and enjoy a summer's ramble, we could not recommend a tour which can be made with so much ease, and is so generally calculated to please every variety of tastes, as a trip on the bay and river. The tourist who merely journeys for amusement—the individual desirous of beholding the unbounded resources of our state, and the artist, will each find much to gratify the desires which induced them to travel.

The scenery as you steam up the river is in no slight degree picturesque. Here and there, as you turn with the sudden windings of the stream, you come upon the little boats of fishermen, and sloops, with their sails furled like the folded wings of a sea-bird, waiting for the wind. The improvements of the husbandman are everywhere seen along the shores.—Cottages half hidden among the drooping branches of the sycamores, out-houses, haystacks, orchards, and gardens, with their product of squashes and cabbages piled in huge heaps, give a cheerful domestic character to the scene. The landscape is diversified by the gnarled oaks, with vines clinging about them for support, and their branches covered with dark masses of mistletoe. Far away the

THE GRAVE DIGGERS.

UNCLE RALPH'S STORY.

BY G. T. S.

You see, brother Tom and I courted sisters, and there were no nicer girls in all the village than Hetty and Nancy Rice, who afterward became our wives. I say it who ought to know; although it may sound foolish for a man to be heard praising his own kith and kin.

Well, we had been at Deacon Rice's sitting up with our girls—it was one Sunday night in the month of September.—How well I remember it—just one of those nights that we have after the fall winds set in—the moon riding high, and the wind coming in gusts, and driving the great heavy masses of white clouds, looking like snow drifts, over the whole face of the sky.

We had started to go home together—I should think it must have been about half past one o'clock—and we had to go by the old burying ground on the green; for our house lay just beyond Minister Moore's old stone parsonage. We walked along by the east wall where the road lay, talking pretty briskly, and whistling to keep off bad thoughts, when suddenly, Tom stopped and said, "Ralph, don't you see something? Look there!" pointing towards the west end of the churchyard, where an old yew tree stood near the wall. I looked and saw some object; but I could not tell what it was. Just then the moon shone out, and I made it out to be a horse and wagon, standing under the old yew.

I said to Tom, "This bodes no good.—The grave diggers are about—that is their horse and wagon standing under the old yew, and they must be at work somewhere among the graves."

Presently we thought we heard voices, and the sound of steps approaching, and then we saw two men moving from the

snow-capped Sierras, with a black belt of pines at their base, and nearer the mist-draped Coast Range, rise on the view. Along the plains are here and there seen clumps of trees—a sure indication of water; and occasionally the charred trunk of some blasted tree lifts its bare branches toward heaven in solitary grandeur. During these seasons when the immense tracts of tules which cover the low lands are on fire, the conflagration lends a wild and peculiar beauty to the Scenes on the Bay and River.

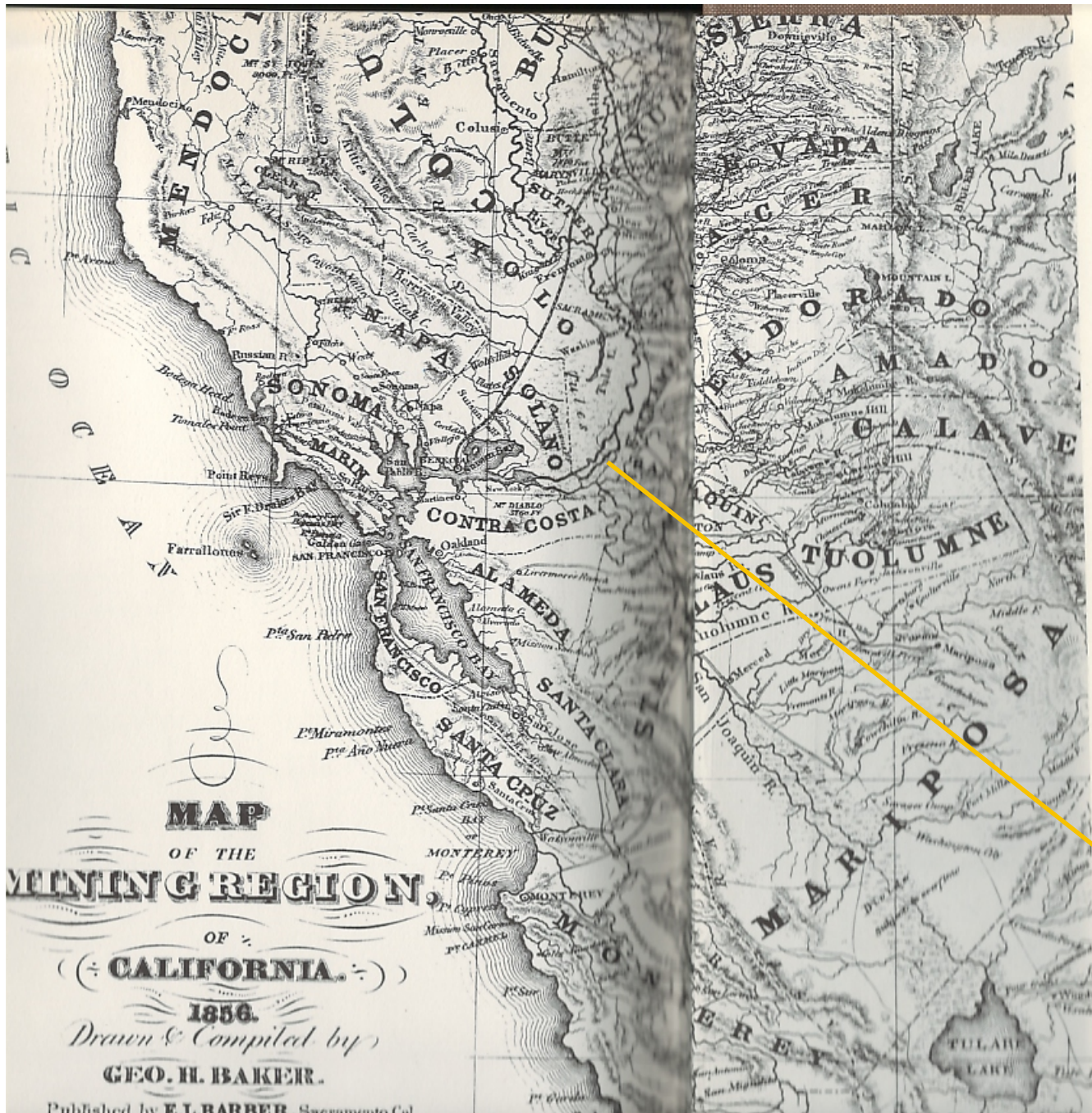
LINES TO ———.

Talk as you will—think as you may  
Of human virtues, loves and graces,  
The indices of human hearts  
Are rarely ever human faces;  
And quite as hard to judge, I think,  
Is friendship by its oft inditing—  
You cannot tell of human worth,  
By any test of human writing.

Beneath the merriest face I know,  
There throbs a heart of bitter sadness,—  
All seeming joy—all real woe—  
Deep sorrow hid 'neath smiles of gladness,  
And one who doubts sweet friendship's  
truth,  
And scouts at love's fair dream beguiling,  
Will write in noblest praise of both,  
As both were on him ever smiling!

I've seen the mother's love destroyed, [ed,  
For her sweet child once loved and cherish—  
I've seen the father's watchful care  
Turned into hate when love had perished;  
The sweetest friendships I have known,  
Confiding, true, unselfish seeming,  
A slanderous word made bitterest scorn,  
And taught the heart it was but dreaming.

There is one friendship—not of earth—  
A boon to weary mortals given,  
That ne'er forsakes in darkest hours,  
And draws the soul to God and heaven.  
This is "true friendship"—be it thine,  
Secure it now with brave endeavor;  
Its silken bands of love and truth  
Not even death itself can sever!



**ROGER R. OLMSTED**

As proper for a fourth generation Californian, Roger R. Olmsted was born on Admission Day in 1928. He is the grandson of the noted San Francisco publisher and bookseller, A. M. Robertson. He confesses that engineers and even privateers also lurk in his antecedents but prefers this, according to his scholarly bent, to be asterisked and used as a footnote.

Although he received his B.A. and M.A. from University of Nevada, the lure of the sea led him to further studies at University of California and then to the position of Curator of the San Francisco Maritime Museum from 1957-1961.

He is an historian of intense and ardent admiration for those in the past who were guided by lofty purposes. Hence his attraction to Hutchings. Although he is not a member of the lofty, he lives forward (San Francisco) with a certain amount of... (San Francisco) with a certain amount of...





showed the disposition "to have a good time," and "to give a good time," generally.

The great fact that public servants are elected to subserve the public good, and to be conservative of the public honor and pecuniary interests, has been much overlooked, and which will be felt in the State's prosperity for many years to come.

Unfortunately this is too much the result of indifference on the part of the people, in not attending to their interests at all primary elections, and aiding the nomination of high-minded and honorable men of good legislative abilities—but few of whom will accept of a nomination, owing to the dishonorable manner in which their characters are assailed by those of the opposite party, in order to defeat their election.

The official visit of the Japanese Embassy—which consisted of twenty gentlemen, some of whom are hereditary princes, and fifty-two servants—to the United States, although of apparent insignificance to many, may be attended with important results to this country and Japan. Its large and numerous islands, with their dense population, and various mineral, agricultural and mechanical products, may open up a profitable system of commercial intercourse between us, that may be mutually beneficial in its results, and this peaceful mission do more towards breaking up the spirit of exclusiveness entertained by the Japanese, than a victorious war could possibly have done.

Each member of this embassy seems much interested in all he sees, and excites much interest in return. If they are well and respectfully treated elsewhere, as they have been here, their report to their countrymen, on their return, will conciliate and impress them favorably in our behalf.

Their currency, of copper, silver and gold, is very curious, and is as follows: of copper there are three:

1st. *Za-ne*, or one cash, a round coin, about the size of an American nickel cent.

2d. *Quan-ai*, or 4-cash, a round coin, about the size of the old American cent.

3d. *Tempo*, or 10 cash, equal to 2 cents.

Of silver there are also three:

1st. The *Ii-ze-bu*, (or *E-che-boo*, as the Japanese pronounce it,) value 32 or 33 cents. Its weight with American silver is only 32 cents.

2d. The *Ne-che-yu*, or half *e-che-boo*, value 16 cents, eight being reckoned equal to a cobang.

3d. The *E-che-woo*, or quarter *e-che-boo*, value 8 cents, sixteen being equal to a cobang.

* * * * *			
* It-ze-bue. *	* Ne-che-yu :	* E-che-woo :	
* 32 Cents. *	* 16 Cents. *	* 8 Cents. *	
* * * * *			

The GOLD COINS are these:

1st. The *O-bang*. This is of large size, of an oval shape, six inches in length, three and three-quarter inches in width, and of the thickness of an American five-dollar coin. The value is about \$95. It is probably the largest gold coin in the world.

2d. The *Co-bang* (or small bang) is of the same oval shape as the above, but of course is much smaller. It is a little larger than the 100-cash copper piece. Its value in Japan, prior to the interference of foreigners with their coins, was 138 cents. It was found to contain gold to the value of \$4 42. As soon as the drain on the gold coins commenced, the Japanese government called in the cobangs, and fixed their value at 12 *itzebues*, at which rate they now pass in Japan. There are four sizes of cobangs, varying in value from \$3 15 to \$4 42 each.

We were pleased to see that the city of San Francisco tendered the officers of this, the first Japanese Embassy, a public reception, which was promptly accepted: when the Board of Supervisors hospitably entertained them, and escorted them to the forts, arsenals, manufactories, and other sights of interest available on so short a visit.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Several favors received, which will be duly examined next month.

# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1860. No. 12.

SALMON FISHERY ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

BY C. A. KIRKPATRICK.



GROUP OF SALMON FROM THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

**M**ANY of the Pioneers of California, if they are not already aware of the fact, will be sorry to learn that the Salmon fish are fast disappearing from our waters—that is, upon all the streams upon which mining is carried on to any extent, and, in fact, we may say from all the streams of importance.

This may be attributed to three causes. First, the mining operations, by which the water is carried by ditches and flumes for miles out of its channel, and, when it again finds its natural course, it would scarcely be true to call such a muddy mass, *water*.

This being the case on all the tributaries, the fountain being impure the whole stream is polluted, and our beautiful and highly palatable fish, scorning to "live, move, and have their being" in such an impure element, are seeking other realms, where their native element is not made so unpleasant by man's search for gold.



FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

How well does the writer remember the good old days of '49, when he wished for no better mirror than the crystal waters of the "Rio de los Americanos," Mokelumnes, or Los Mariposas, and how the pure water sparkled and flashed from

the shining sides of the merry fishes, as they hurried to their mountain retreats, to spend the "season" at the "Springs," or returned to the busy scenes of their old ocean home, the crowded capital of all Fishdom—where stand in all their original splendor, the palaces of the real "Codfish Aristocracy."

The second cause for the disappearance of the Salmon, is the navigation of the rivers, which has been shown in their leaving the Hudson, Connecticut, and other streams of the Eastern States, where they were once plentiful, and where the first cause spoken of did not exist.

The third cause is the immense destruction of the fish, which has been going on for the last ten years. Just note the recession.

In the year 1849, we had no trouble whatever in procuring all the salmon we wished, by just constructing a rude barb or spear of this kind ————o }— wade out a few steps, and literally pick up all we desired.

In 1851, we could observe a great decrease, and since that time the fish have been gradually retreating beyond their pursuing destroyers, until, like the "poor Indian," they are being driven westward into the sea.

But, before taking the final "plunge," they seem to have turned at bay in one part of the Sacramento river, and here they are eagerly caught. Rio Vista is now the principal shipping point for the Salmon. This town is situated about forty-five miles below the city of Sacramento, and below the outlets of all the large sloughs, or at least two of the largest, Steamboat and Cache Creek sloughs—unite with the main, or old Sacramento river, just above this place; making the stream here about one-third of



NIGHT SCENE ON THE OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.

a mile wide. The reader will see that being upon the main river, so near its outlet into Suisun bay, not over twenty miles, and so far from the mining region, that there is a clearer and larger body of water than can be found any where else on the river. It is to this place that the fish now resort.

The Salmon are taken in this manner:

First, however, we will speak of the means, then the process:

Nets are constructed of stout shoe-thread, first made into skeins, then twisted into a cord about the size of common twine, after the fashion of making ropes. It is then, with a wooden needle, manufactured into a web of open net work from 780 to 1200 feet, or 130 to 200 fathoms

long, and 15 feet wide. On both sides of the net are small ropes, to which it is fastened. On the rope designated for the upper side, are placed, at intervals of five or six feet, pieces of cork or light wood, for the purpose of buoys; while on the other line, bits of lead are fastened to sink the net in the water. Now attach to one end of the upper line a small buoy, painted any dark color which can be easily distinguished, and at the other end make fast a line fifteen or twenty feet long, for the fisherman to hold, while his net floats, and the net is complete.

Whitehall boats are those most generally used in this branch of State industry, and which are from nineteen to twenty-two feet in length of keel, and from four

to five feet breadth of beam; this size and style being considered the best.

Now, the next thing wanted, is two fearless men; one to manage the boat, and the other to cast the net.

The net is then stowed in the after part of the boat, and everything made ready for a haul. Being at what is called the head of the *drift*, one of the men takes his place in the stern of the boat, and while the rower pulls across the stream, the net is thrown over the stern. Thus is formed a barrier or net work almost the entire width of the stream, and to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

The *drift* is the distance on the river which is passed after casting the net, and floating with the tide until it is drawn into the boat. This passage, and the drawing in of the net, completes the process of catching the salmon.

In coming in contact with the net, the head of the fish passes far enough through the meshes, or openings, to allow the strong threads of the net to fall back of and under the gill, and thus, they are

unable to escape, and are effectually caught in the net and drawn into the boat.

During the year 1852, there were probably as many fish caught in that part of the Sacramento river before alluded to, as at any time previous, and more than at any time since. Two men with one net and boat having caught as many as three hundred fish in the course of one night; the night being the best time to take them, on account of their being unable to see and avoid the net.

The fish which are caught in the spring, are much larger and nicer than those caught during the summer months; the former being really a bright *salmon color*, and the texture of the flesh firm and solid, while the latter, in appearance, might properly be called salmon color faded, and the flesh soft and unpalatable. This difference is no doubt owing to the temperature and composition of the water in which the fish may be sojourning; the cold, salt sea water hardening and coloring the flesh, while the warm, fresh river water tends to soften and bleach.



PAYING OUT THE SEINE.



HAULING IN THE SEINE.

In regard to the habits of this fish, but little seems to be known. They seem to be gregarious in their nature, traveling in herds, or as the fishermen call it "*schools*." They do not love a very cold climate, as is indicated by their not ascending the rivers on the northern coast, except in very limited numbers, until the month of July. In those streams where the current is very rapid, their rate of speed is supposed to be five or six miles an hour; but where the current is eddying and slow, not more than two miles an hour. It has been also ascertained that they will stop for two or three days in deep, still water; no doubt to rest and feed, as they choose such places where food can be easily procured.

There seems to be quite a difference in the size, flavor, and habits of the Salmon, as found in the Sacramento, Columbia and Frazer rivers; those of the Sacramento, being larger, more juicy and oily, and brighter colored. They are, however, more abundant in the North, and about half the average weight; the average of the former being fifteen pounds.

Although early in the spring some are caught in the North quite as large as any caught in the Sacramento, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds.

In the gulf of Georgia, and Bellingham Bay, and on the Columbia, Frazer and Lumna rivers, the salmon are taken by thousands; while we of the Sacramento, only get them by hundreds. One boat, last season, on the Frazer river, in one month, caught 13,860.

There is also one peculiarity with the fish of the North. Every second or third year there are but few salmon in those waters, their places being taken by a fish called the *Hone*, which come in great numbers, equal if not greater than the salmon. The two fish never come in any considerable numbers together.

In regard to the manner and power of reproduction of these fish, we shall not even present a supposition. Suffice it to say, that in portions of Frazer river—mentioning but one which they frequent—the water is so filled with their eggs as to render it unfit for use, and the air becomes tainted with the effluvia



INDIAN SPEARING SALMON.

of their decomposition. From this statement let the reader form his own conclusion in regard to the probable number of fish which might have been hatched, provided they had not been *bad eggs*!

But as this article is growing too lengthy, we will close it with a few words relating to the business of taking the salmon, and its importance as one of the resources of the Pacific coast.

From facts obtained from the obliging freight clerks of the C. S. N. Co.'s boats, we learn that from the principal shipping port of the Sacramento river, Rio Vista, there are an average of 150 fish, or 2,250 pounds, sent each day to market, for five months of the year, making

a total of 22,500 fish' or 337,500 pounds; the greater part of these are shipped, and used fresh in San Francisco. But this number forms but a small proportion of what are caught, the principal part being retained and salted, or smoked, or otherwise prepared for shipment to various parts of the world—many finding their way to Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, as well as to New York, and other domestic ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

During the last summer, a new process, which had been for some time maturing, was at last brought to perfection, for putting up in a neat, portable style, the fish, all ready for the table, and ca-

pable of being transported to any climate, retaining all its original sweetness and flavor.

There are many other facts and subjects connected with this business which might be of interest to many; and if such should be found to be the case, the subject may, at some future time, be renewed.

But few persons who have ever walked the streets of any English city can forget the cry of "Pickled Salmon! Salmon, Oh! Fresh Pickled Salmon," from a pair of stentorian lungs: and the method of preserving those delicious fish on the Sacramento, very much resembles that adopted by the most celebrated, and best, of the English preserving houses.



A CHINESE SOLDIER.

## THE CHINESE.

FROM recent advices, it would seem that the Anglo-French war with China, is at an end. What effect this will have upon the commercial prosperity of the world remains to be seen. How far its direct influence will be felt in California, is, at the least, problematical. Accord-

ing to past and present appearances, the advantages to be gained are almost exclusively in favor of the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom.

That country has sent a large tide of population upon our shores, filling up the unoccupied mineral lands, and thus directly excluding our own people from their working. A few traders, and would-

MANY of our readers are aware that the great navigable highway for at least three-fourths of the inland commerce and passenger transit of the State, lies through the northern end of the bay of San Francisco, from thence past the southern shore of the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, and up the Sacramento river to Sacramento city. To illustrate the beautiful scenes upon this route we find it next to impossible to obtain faithful and reliable sketches from the deck of a swiftly moving steamboat, that generally makes the upward trip (123 miles,) within ten hours, about seven of which, even in summer, are by night. To obviate this difficulty, the writer, in company with two others, engaged a sailing craft of about five tons burthen, and deposited thereon our precious lives, (without even taking the precaution of having them insured) a limited but assorted cargo of general stores, cooking apparatus, bedding, and other sundries, then gave our canvas to the breeze, and were off.

As one of our party, in addition to being an excellent draughtsman, was familiar with the mysteries of navigation, and the other with the duties appertaining to the office of a *chef de cuisine*, we all considered that our prospects of securing the end at which we aimed were indeed flattering; while the comfort and pleasure we endured would more than counterbalance all the risks that were undertaken, and at the same time allow us the opportunity of sailing when and where we pleased, for all the sketches and enjoyment that we wanted.

Inasmuch as the course of our voyage, by mutual consent, lay around several islands and among numerous sloughs and lagoons of the Sacramento, as well as on the principal streams, occupying some eight days, and as much of our time was consumed among the beaver-trappers and salmon-fishers and curers on the above named waters, we shall not now recount

our personal experiences and adventures, but reserve these subjects for a future and more suitable occasion, and take the reader, with his or her consent, by the far more pleasant and expeditious route of steamboat navigation.

There probably is not a more exciting and bustling scene of business activity in any part of the world, than can be witnessed on almost any day, Sunday excepted, at Jackson street wharf, San Francisco, at a few minutes before 4 o'clock P. M. Men and women are hurrying to and fro; drays, carriages, express-wagons and horsemen, dash past you with as much rapidity and earnestness as though they were the bearers of a reprieve to some condemned criminal whose last moment of life had nearly expired, and by its speedy delivery thought they could save him from the scaffold. Indeed one would suppose by the apparent recklessness of driving and riding through the crowd, that numerous limbs would be broken, and carriages made into pieces as small as mince meat; but yet to your surprise nothing of the kind occurs, for on arriving at the smallest real obstacle to their progress, animals are suddenly reined in, with a promptness that astonishes you.

On these occasions, too, there is almost sure to be one or more intentional passengers that arrive just too late to get aboard, and who in their excitement often throw an overcoat or valise on the boat, or overboard, but neglect to embrace the only opportune moment to get on board themselves, and are consequently left behind, as these boats are always punctual to their time of starting.

Supposing that we have been more fortunate, by securing our passage and state-room in good time, please to put on your overcoat, as it is always cool in the evening on the bay, and let us take a cosy seat together, and while the black volumes of smoke are rolling from the tops of the funnels, and the boat is shooting past this



THE STEAMBOATS ANTELOPE AND BRAGDON AT JACK ON STREET WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.

From 1960's tourist book that said sketch below was from Bancroft library



*Overnight steamers to Sacramento offered luxury transportation that was popular until well into the twentieth century. As this 1877 scene suggests, they were opulently furnished with elaborately turned moldings, red plush upholstery, marble-topped tables, gilt-framed mirrors in the latest Victorian décor. Their passenger lists included a mixed clientele of businessmen, ministers, and...*