

Golden Anniversary Edition

Mining Stories Section



GRANTS PASS, OREGON, APRIL 3, 1935

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Gold is Outstanding Southern Oregon Mineral

History of Old Browntown Daubed With Color

Rough Life, Rich Strikes Recounted

ADVENTUROUS TYPE RULED IN PIONEER CITY

By Wm. Mackey

The history of early pioneer days in Josephine county is for the most part the story that tells of miners and mining, as the latter industry was the sole occupation of the majority in this section in those times.

Many of those early miners particularly those of Althouse, were of that adventurous type of men who had crossed the plains at the time of the first discovery of gold in California. And with their old muzzle-loading rifles, they had encountered hostile Indians and bearded the great grizzly bear in his lair, and otherwise carved their way where no weakling could exist.

A number were men of good early training and education who became hardened and reckless by the lives they followed amid the rude surroundings of the then, wild west.

Learned to Drink

Many acquired the habits of strong drink and gambling, staking fortunes at the gambling table. And men of strong nerve were prone to settle their disputes with their fists or by mortal combat with deadly weapons.

Few mining towns in Oregon have a more eventful history than old Browntown which stood on the banks of Althouse creek, three miles from Holland, the latter place being situated in the southern end of Illinois valley. The site of old Browntown was a large flat of several acres at the mouth of Walker gulch, a tributary of Althouse creek.

The flat has long since been sluiced away and scarcely a vestige of the old townsite now remains. Browntown in its early history was visited by several desperate characters and was the scene of more than one tragedy or deadly duel in which men lost their lives.

Meeting Place

Browntown was the concentrating point for the miners of Sucker creek, Bolan creek and Democrat gulch. These adjacent camps yielded millions of dollars in the precious metal. The miners from those camps spent their money with a lavish hand in the dance halls and at the gambling tables in the drinking resorts of Browntown.

In the year 1859 a gambler named Sam Herd was shot at Browntown and at his funeral a crowd of miners in their shirt-sleeves, each one with a large revolver and bowie knife swung on his belt and a bottle of whisky in his hand, followed the corpse up Walker gulch to the miners' burying ground on the bank of that gulch, one mile up from Browntown.

Upon arriving at the graveyard, before the casket was lowered into the grave, some of the miners sat down on the coffin, and others stood around and lifting their bottles to their lips all drinking to the welfare of Herd in the great beyond. Addressing the corpse they said, "Good luck to you, Sam, old boy, where you are gone."

But with all of their faults a number of those miners were diamonds in the rough, and had with all their rough ways a reverence for higher and nobler things. They were ever ready to respond with open hearts to the calls for help and charity. And whenever a clergyman of any denomination came to Browntown he was treated with respect and received a large contribution.

Found Gold in '52

Gold was discovered on Althouse creek in the year 1852 by a man named Althouse, after whom the creek is named. He died and was buried in the miners' burying ground in Walker gulch. And after a lapse of several years his remains were raised and taken to the Willamette valley where they were reinterred.

Immediately below Browntown there is a large bar on the west side of the creek from which an immense amount of gold was taken. And a short distance up stream from Browntown, and opposite the old townsite within plain view of the same on the west side of the

creek, is a red hill called the Red Point from the color of its dirt.

From this red hill in about 100 yards of ground \$60,000 was mined. The writer's father, Martin Mackey, owned an interest in this claim in the year 1857. He was one of the twelve partners. From this red hill and from the creek bed in front for the length of a quarter of a mile the largest run of heavy gold on an average ever mined on the creek was taken out, pieces of gold that weighed from \$100 to \$400 and from \$800 to \$1,000 and \$1,400.

Got \$800 Nugget

A story is told about a fellow named Vaun who came to Browntown from the Willamette valley in 1858. He was penniless, and a gambler went his security for a new pair of boots in Browntown. Vaun inquired where he might find a good place to prospect. The miners seemed to make fun of him and pointed out to him a big rock pile by the side of the creek a considerable distance up stream from the Red Hill and told him to prospect there and that he would strike it, while they sought to fool him and secretly laughed. Vaun did as they advised him and started to work while it was raining. Soon after some men, a distance down stream from where he was working, saw him making motions and yelling for help and thinking he had gone crazy, they went up to where he was. They found that he had discovered a big piece of gold, which weighed \$800. Vaun then said that he had more money than the law allowed him. He bought a horse, bridle and saddle, and departed for the Willamette valley. The place where this mammoth nugget was found has ever since been known as Slug Bar.

Great Exodus

In the year 1858 there was a great exodus of those early miners from the mines of Althouse and other nearby camps to the mining excitement of Frazier river in British Columbia. And the majority never returned. The writer often heard his father, who was one of those who went, tell about the day of their departure at Waldo when every horse and mule that was obtainable in the livery stables of Waldo and Kerby was hired by the miners. And what a sight it was when that cavalcade of brave and hardy men mounted on mules and horses rode that day out of Waldo and took the road to Crescent City, there to take the boat to San Francisco and then journey by sea and land to the far off region to which they were bound.

As the writer has often gone up and down the public trail on the east side of Althouse and looked across the creek at Red Hill on the opposite side and viewed the yawning mouths of the old tunnels driven into this red hill 75 years ago by men now dead and forever gone, the following lines of Oliver Goldsmith have come into his mind: "But now the very spot where once they triumphed is forgot."

Indians Bothered

From the year 1853 until the year 1858 there was trouble with the Indians on Althouse and in the Illinois valley. A log fort was built during that period on the old Briggs ranch.

Three men were killed by the Indians at the Houck ranch three miles from Holland. They were

buried where the road now runs in the Houck lane. All trace of the whereabouts of their graves has long since been obliterated. They sleep in unknown and unmarked graves.

Two men were killed while mining in Deadman's gulch, a tributary of Althouse creek. They carried their guns to their place of work to protect themselves. The Indians stole stealthily upon them, while at work and killed the two men with their own guns.

In the year 1853 a very serious and unusual thing occurred on Althouse, in which Jack Gristle, a noted Indian fighter and gambler, was one of the chief actors. A man named Sam Anderson, while drunk, hid an oyster can containing \$500 in gold and when sober afterwards could not find the can with its precious contents. Anderson accused a boy 17 years old of stealing his golden treasure.

Flogged Boy

On Rich Bar, where 300 miners and gamblers were assembled, Jack Gristle and his crowd tied the boy to a tree and flogged him. The boy stoutly protested his innocence and said that it would disgrace him and his folks, who were living in the east. They tied the boy twice and flogged him to make him confess, and were going to tie him up and flog him the third time when Jim Little, a brave and fearless Irishman who lived near Waldo, drew his pistol and swore that he would kill the first man that again laid hands upon the boy. The later was not molested any more.

Jack Williams, a lone gambler, tried at first to prevent the flogging of the boy, but he was told by Gristle and his crowd that they would flog him if he interfered. Whereupon Williams told Gristle that he would settle with the latter yet and would avenge the wrong done the boy. Williams afterward made good his word. He met Jack Gristle as the latter was coming out of a barber shop in Jacksonville and blew the top of Gristle's head off with a double barreled shotgun. Anderson's can of gold was afterwards found where the latter had hidden it and the boy was proven innocent.

Millions Taken

From the time of the first discovery of gold until 1860 was what might be termed the golden decade on Althouse. Millions of dollars were taken out. The miners and gamblers rolled things high; there was much drinking and gambling and what the miners called having a glorious time. They were fond of playing practical jokes, and many were the cruel tricks played upon the simple and inexperienced.

Farmers in the fifties with their teams hauled farm products such as fruit, butter, bacon and vegetables from the Willamette and Umpqua valleys, distances of 150 and 200 miles, to Browntown and sold them to the miners. Many of those farmers or teamsters as they may be called were somewhat simple minded and verdant and were called "tartars" by the miners and gamblers of Browntown. Those farmers seemed to have a mania for gambling and playing cards and were often enticed to stake their teams and products on card games, almost invariably losing all.

One night a "tartar" was drinking heavily and was deep-

ly interested at the gambling table, while the miners were looting his wagon outside. Sacks of plums and other kinds of fruit were stolen by miners and carried up the trail about a mile and hidden in the brush, where they were in turn stolen by other miners, who were secretly watching the dishonest proceedings of the first thieves.

On another occasion a "tartar" came with his team and load of stuff from the Willamette valley and sat down to gamble in Browntown. The miners and gamblers had a performance which they used to act. It was called Russian Play. A number of men with pistols loaded with blank charges would shoot at each other from opposite sides. When the above named "tartar" engaged in a game the gambler who was his opponent picked a quarrel with the "tartar" and producing two pistols, handed the tartar one and challenged him to fight a duel.

Simultaneously with the gambler's challenge the Russian Play was opened, and a fusillade of shots rang out. The "tartar" sprang from the table and, rushing out into the darkness, plunged into Althouse creek which was flooded, as it was late in the fall. The unfortunate "tartar" was swept down stream some distance and almost drowned. He stayed out all night and appeared at a miner's cabin the next morning cold and wet and apparently more dead than alive. In the meantime his wagon was looted of its contents.

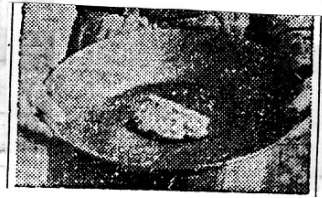
Lucky "Tartar"

Another farmer appeared in Browntown with a wagon load of good things to eat raised on a Willamette farm. He was arrested by a gambler on a charge of cheating at the gaming table. A jury was empaneled and everything bore the solemnity and dignity of a real court, over which an educated gambler, Dan Lanigan, presided as judge. He sat at a desk with a history of the United States as a pretended law book laid open before him. Witnesses were called and examined before Judge Lanigan. While the trial proceeded the miners who stood around would say in a low tone of voice to each other, but within hearing distance of the doomed "tartar," "Oh, it's a hard case, he'll get not less than 10 years." While the "tartar's" brother would go around among the bystanders crazed with grief and say, "I'm afraid that it will go hard with my poor brother." At last the "tartar" was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Lanigan to pay \$20 fine and forfeit his wagon load of produce and treat the crowd at the bar which the luckless "tartar" gladly did, thinking that he had made a narrow escape from going to the state prison.

At length a large and powerful looking man wended his way with his team into Browntown. Immediately after his arrival a gambler presented two pistols offering the stranger one and challenged him to fight a duel. The stranger declined to accept the pistol from the gambler saying, "No thank you, sir, I have one of my own in my wagon." He got up into his wagon and reaching down pulled up a large and formidable looking revolver which he cocked and held in his hand.

He told the crowd that he had

heard of their doings and invited them to pitch in, but, it is needless to say that they thought that wagon was a little Gibraltar which it was unsafe to carry by storm. The big stranger was allowed to go unmolested.



HARD LIQUOR MADE MINERS TOUGH OUTFIT

By Wm. Mackey

About five miles up the Althouse from Browntown is the famous Johnson's Point, a lofty bluff just below the forks of Althouse, and situated on the east side of that stream. It may be seen from afar, standing out in bold relief. This point is about 150 yards in length and ranked among the richest gravel deposits of Josephine county. This point was worked by Nels Johnson more than 70 years ago and bears his name.

The continuation of the Johnson lead was a bar of gravel in the creek underneath, which paid extremely rich. This bar was sold by a man named Henry McVay to a Chinese company for \$300 and the hilarious time which the Chinamen had while working this bar, feasting and drinking gin, indicated that Harry McVay had sold out too cheaply.

Gold Peters Out

From Johnson's Point down the Althouse there again occurs one of those unaccountable things in the geology of the country. As at Grass Flat, the creek failed to pay for one half, or perhaps three quarters of a mile.

This narrative would not be complete if we failed to mention of Bill Evans. He was a miner on Sucker creek in the year 1855 and was afterwards a merchant in Browntown from the latter 50's until the early 70's. He was from the state of Indiana and was a man of fair education, who dabbled considerably in politics and political literature. He bore the reputation among the people of being a good fellow. He had a vein of mischief and fun-making and delighted in practical jokes. He kept a large barrel of whisky of his own manufacture in a stone cellar in the rear of his store, which was called "terrible stuff."

When the combative miners came to Browntown and went into Evans' stone cellar and partook of Evans' best from the glass at the bottom of the big barrel, several went on the war-path, and set out like Alexander the Great to conquer the world.

Evans Calm

When they shed their linens, as they termed taking off their shirts, and went out in the street to settle their grudges and disputes by a fistic struggle, Evans seemed to enjoy himself immensely amidst those warlike scenes. He commented on the physical powers and prowess of the combatants. When those miners with Evans' brand rising in their brains cursed and berated the latter, calling him a scoundrel and accusing him of cheating them in bills of goods which he had sold them, Bill Evans coolly smoked his cigar and replied with a smile, "I know, boys, I am a d—d thief. I will beat you on every turn if I get a chance."

In 1857 there came to Althouse an accentric and combative Irishman named Patrick Rooney. He had crossed the plains the time of the first gold rush to California and had formerly been a mule driver in the Mexican war of 1846. He was a small man of slight build and light complexion, and for his size was a wildcat in a fight. When under the influence of liquor he would purposely take what he knew was the wrong side in an argument, to get the chance to insult or provoke somebody. He was familiarly called "old Pat" by the miners. He had a cabin alongside of the Althouse trail about one mile up the creek from Browntown. Old Pat's cabin was a hanging out place for the miners when coming home from Browntown with their bottles and little harvest kegs full of Bill Evans' fighting whisky. Sometimes they spent days and nights drinking and carousing at Old Pat's before they resumed their journey through the tall fir trees up the Althouse canon.

Set Miners Fighting

While the miners stayed over at Old Pat's cabin, the latter, who was well informed on the current topics of the day, introducing arguments which caused the intoxicated miners to fight with each other, or they sometimes administered a good thrashing to Old Pat himself, before they left

his premises. It is safe to say that Old Pat's cabin and its immediate surroundings had been in 10 years the scene of 100 fights.

In the year 1859 Colonel E. D. Baker, who was afterwards killed at Balls Bluff in the Civil war stumped the state of Oregon in the interest of the republican party, for which he received \$36,000. In making his tour Baker came to Browntown, and Bill Evans knowing that Old Pat had always been one of the most uncompromising of democrats resolved to convert him to republicanism.

Made Him a G. O. P.

Evans called some of his confidential men around him, and said, "Now boys, we want to make a republican out of Old Pat. We will get Colonel Baker after him." Evans' friends, knowing the contrary disposition of Old Pat shook their heads and said, "The thing cannot be done."

Evans said, "Leave it all to me and you will see." Evans knew that Old Pat's weak point was his great personal vanity. And as Colonel Baker had been an officer in the United States and Mexican war of 1846, in which Old Pat had been a mule-driver, Evans instructed Baker to meet Old Pat unexpectedly

Bold Characters of Mining Men, Bloody and Amusing Occurrences Around Browntown Are Revealed

in the midst of the crowd and suddenly recognize Old Pat as one of his old Mexican war soldiers. Old Pat was seen coming down the Althouse trail to Browntown, and when he arrived Evans and his friends gathered around to see Colonel Baker try his powers of persuasion on Old Pat.

Singles Pat Out

Baker, in passing through the throng of miners, stopped abruptly in front of Old Pat and said, "Well, is it possible that I meet one of my old soldiers here in the wilds of Oregon?" Baker then extended his hand to Old Pat and said, "Give me the hand, my fine Hibernian," and holding Old Pat's hand in his own, Baker turned to the crowd and said, "Gentlemen, here is a brave Irishman, who stood side by side with me on the plains of Mexico, where the bullets fell like hail, and was willing to spill the last drop of his life blood for the stars and stripes and for the land of his adoption." Bill Evans wore a very serious look and said, "You bet, Colonel, I know Pat. They don't make any braver men than he is," "And now," continued Baker, "my brave soldier, as you have served me so faithfully in war, you will serve me, your old chief, in peace, by walking up to the polls on the coming election day and voting the good straight republican ticket."

Old Pat was much moved and replied, repeatedly, "You bet your life I will, Colonel, you bet your life, I will." And from that day forth, Old Pat was one of the staunchest of republicans. It seems that Colonel Baker had convinced Old Pat contrary to the latter's senses, that he, Pat, had been a soldier fighting in the ranks when he had been only a government mule driver.

Drew His Knife

The most disastrous combat in Old Pat's career was his encounter with Daniel Kinney in the year 1859. Kinney was a young man of powerful physique and belonged to the old school of frontiersmen who believed in settling their grievances by the code of the lead and steel. Old Pat had spoken in a manner derogatory of Dan Kinney and the latter met Old Pat in Browntown and demanded an explanation. Kinney always carried a huge white handled bowie knife, and a large six shooter hung on his belt. When he interrogated Old Pat in regard to what the latter had said about him, Old Pat gave Kinney an insulting answer. Kinney then knocked Pat down and jumping upon him bit off Old Pat's under lip which was very large and protruding. Bill Evans was often heard to say that it made a handsome man of Old Pat to have that lip taken off.

While Kinney was wreaking vengeance on Old Pat the latter's partner, Mike Riley came to the rescue. Kinney jumped off of Old Pat and drawing his big knife pursued Mike Riley, who ran in swift retreat. Riley fired

three shots with his pistol at Kinney but being closely pressed he could not take a correct aim and the bullets missed Kinney. After they had run about 200 yards or the whole length of the

street in Browntown, Kinney caught up with Riley, as the latter turned around the corner of a house, and drove his huge blade which was 10 inches long into Riley's side at the waist. The blade entered to its full length into the hollow space over the bowls. It seems that no member of the body was severed. Riley was taken to a hotel in Browntown where he hovered between life and death for five weeks.

Riley, wonderful to relate, recovered and afterwards he killed Dan O'Regan with a knife in Browntown.

Kinney Flees

Kinney, after the fracas, fled into the Siskiyou mountains but was followed by the officers, captured, and brought back and was tried and sentenced to a term of years in the state prison. Upon being sentenced Kinney said that he had now only one thing to live for and that was to serve his time, and then come back to Althouse and kill Old Pat.

Kinney escaped from state prison, and was on his way back to carry out his threat when he had a battle with the officers in the Willamette valley and was shot and fatally wounded, dying at a farm house to which he was taken.

In 1865, six years after his bloody encounter with Daniel Kinney, Mike Riley was the chief actor in a terrible tragedy in Browntown. Dan O'Regan was a merchant in that place, and had what was then called the finest store in Josephine county. Dan O'Regan's wife and Mike Riley formed a strong attachment for each other and together they planned to elope. In order to pave the way for the elopement they found it necessary to cause Dan O'Regan to openly rebel against his wife. With the consent of Mrs. O'Regan Mike Riley paid George Wells, the old Texas Ranger at Waldo, \$10 to write Dan O'Regan an anonymous letter charging the latter's wife, Mrs. O'Regan, with very improper conduct.

Scented Trouble

Dan O'Regan learned the source of the letter which he had received and sent for George Wells to come to his store at Browntown. O'Regan also sent for Mike Riley. Wells scented trouble in the air. He sheathed his left arm with leather between the elbow and the wrist to guard against a knife thrust, carried the arm in a sling which was suspended from his neck and wore a large soldiers overcoat. Taking along with him his big old fashioned dragoon pistol, he went to Browntown. The O'Regan store was thronged with miners. George Wells stood on the outside of the counter with his left foot upon a chair, and the left arm rested on his left knee. His

big dragoon pistol, which he held in his right hand, he laid across his left arm, which was supported by the sling and concealed by the cape of the soldier's overcoat.

Standing on the outside of the counter also stood Mike Riley about 10 feet from George Wells. Both men were facing each other. Dan O'Regan stood on the inside of the counter and producing the trouble-breeding letter, said to George Wells, "Did you write this letter?"

Wells coolly replied, "Yes, that is the letter that I wrote for Mr. Riley." At the mention of his own name Riley flared up and excitedly exclaimed, "What!"

Pulls Out Pistol

It seemed as if Wells and Riley were about to clash, when Dan O'Regan, who was under the influence of liquor took the quarrel out of Wells' hands. He called Riley a vile name and reaching under the counter, pulled out an old rusty unused pistol in sight of all. Mike Riley said, "Well, self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature." Drawing his huge bowie knife, he buried the blade in Dan O'Regan's body. He fell upon the floor and expired within a few minutes. Mrs. O'Regan rushed into the store and pretended to almost go into hysterics over the loss of her husband. Mike Riley and O'Regan's wife afterward left the country together.

About the year 1856 a German Jew named Cohen kept a store in Browntown. He was the first owner of the famous Cohen Quartz ledge which bears his name. This ledge is situated about two miles from Holland

up on the mountain southeast of that place. They say that it was very rich when first struck. There is a large amount of iron in the vicinity of the Cohen ledge and other things which indicated the presence of gold. There was also a quartz mill built down in the valley about one mile from Holland, to which ore was hauled from the ledge. This quartz mine has been repeatedly abandoned and then relocated for 70 years.

Althouse Post Office Located At Three Places

Small postoffices in the early West seem to have had no fixed location, being moved from one place to another according to the residence of the postmaster at the time. The Althouse postoffice was at one time located in the Browntown section and later in the Holland district. Althouse was first known as "Aloysius."

WM. MACKEY TELLS STORY OF OWN LIFE

By William Mackey

In writing the story of early mining days in southern Josephine county I find it the most convenient to follow the thread of my own personal experience. I was born on Grass Flat, on Althouse creek in the year 1859, in a hotel kept by my father, which was a resort for the miners from points many miles around. Grass Flat was a lively little mining town, and, like Browntown, which was three miles further down Althouse, it was a great congregating point for the early miners in those golden days. Grass Flat was the center of a locality on the creek which has been very appropriately called the "Wonderful Spot on Althouse."

Yielded Fortune

Frenchtown Bar, immediately below Grass Flat, according to good authority, yielded from a comparatively short strip of ground, more than \$300,000.

I knew many of the first miners on Althouse in my early boyhood. One old man named Collins, who worked at the upper end of Frenchtown bar, told me that he had made as high as \$100 a day on this bar.

In the beginning of mining on Althouse the law allowed only 30 feet in length to a claim, according to the local laws of the district. This was afterwards changed to 100 yards by location, and 100 yards by purchase.

The main pay streak on Frenchtown Bar was only 30 feet wide. The bar was shallow and easily worked. It received its name Frenchtown from the fact that many Frenchmen worked on the bar.

One tragedy on Frenchtown Bar will show how slack the law was executed. Two Frenchmen were working together on their claims on the bar. One day they had a slight quarrel and one of the men called French John quit work and went home to his cabin before his partner did. The other in going home after quitting work had to pass by French John's door. The latter stood on the threshold of his door crying with a double barreled shotgun in his hands and warned his partner not to pass his door.

Blew His Head Off

The latter disregarded the warning and laughingly said: "You damned fool, what is the matter with you?" and continued to walk by, when French John blazed away with both barrels of the gun and nearly blew the whole top of his head off.

There were two storekeepers in Browntown to whom French John owed \$600, and they said it would never do to have John hanged as they would lose the money he owed them, and they influenced a justice of the peace to dismiss John's case, and he was never brought to trial in the higher courts. French John's victim was buried in the canyon of Snow Gulch, which empties into Frenchtown bar. I saw

this slain Frenchman's grave several years after he was killed. The grave was where there was a growth of underbrush and large trees, and was half burrowed out by squirrels and other varmints.

French John was a coward at heart, as was afterwards proven at my father's hotel at Grass

Flat. John and a little American named Montague had a difficulty and met at the above mentioned hotel. French John was under the influence of whisky, and armed with the gun with which he had killed his countryman, paced up and down in front of the hotel crying and flourishing his gun, and said "this is the only friend I have."

Montague came into the hotel and addressing my father, said, "Martin, I wish you would go out and talk to that d---d fool John he might shoot me. My father then went out and getting close to French John he grabbed the latter's gun, and wrenched it from John's grasp, and when John was thus disarmed, the little American, Montague, procured two knives, and offering French John one of the knives, challenged him to mortal combat. John declined to accept Montague's challenge, and cowered like a whipped cur.

No Pay Dirt

At the upper end of French Bar and nearly opposite Grass Flat, the big pay in the creek ceased, the coarse gold gave out, and the creek was almost a blank for the length of a mile.

On the west side of the creek extending up stream from Grass Flat, was an immense deep bar of great width, which appears to have been a big slide from the mountain behind. The late Newell DeLamater of Grants Pass in 1870 sluiced a tremendous cut at the lower end of this bar, near Grass Flat, which cost \$4000.00, without any success. And before 1860 nine tunnels, each several hundred feet in length were driven across this deep bar, and far into the mountain behind. All this work was done up stream from DeLamater's cut.

For many years after 1869 innumerable tunnels were driven into this deep bar by different men without any beneficial results and sums of money spent, which if taken together, would amount to a large fortune. The bottom of this deep bar, which lies on the west side of Althouse, is on a level with the present bed of Althouse creek.

The gravel deposits on the east side of Althouse, unlike those on the west side, lie high up on the hill above the creek.

Fails in Search

My father, Martin Mackey, raised company after company, and made repeated efforts for 30 years to find the lost gold leads, and punctured the high hill on the east side of the Althouse for the extent of a mile with tunnels and shafts. And at last, being broken physically and financially he was compelled to discontinue his operations.

One mile up the Althouse from Grass Flat the big pay was again struck in the bed of the creek in what is known as the Nully claim, which was the richest place ever found on Althouse creek.

A short distance up from the Nully claim and high up on the hill above the creek, and on the west side, is situated what is known as the old Hank claim, called after its first owner, Frank Hank and afterwards by

the brothers, Peter and Frederick Hansen who made several thousand dollars there. The claim was later operated by Chinamen. There are large bodies of cement, in this Hank claim, that would pay \$10 a day to the man if a process could be found by which this cement gravel could be worked.

In the early '60's most of the richest deposits of gold on Althouse creek were well nigh exhausted, and the mines were on the wane.

Town Abandoned

The town of Grass Flat was finally abandoned, and, in miners' phraseology, took on the appearance of a ghost town. Some of the buildings which were made of logs with shingle roofs were torn down and disappeared, and only two or three dwelling houses remained, in one of which our family, consisting of my father and mother, and an only sister, Mary, and myself, lived for several years. My sister and I traveled 14 miles daily to attend school at the Beach and Platter school in the lane a short distance below Holland, on the present mail route from Kerby. We had one horse between us, each taking turns at riding and walking, going down

the Althouse seven miles from Grass Flat to Illinois valley, and seven miles returning home. I was only 14 years of age at that time, and my sister was younger. Half of the road over which we traveled to school was mountain trail.

My mother died on Grass Flat in the year 1874. My mother was widely known and respected for her kindness by the early miners. When any lone miner was crippled or hurt by accident she would send me to his cabin to wait upon and take care of him. When she died a large number of miners assembled at Grass Flat to pay her their last regards, and she was carried by the miners down the Althouse trail to the home of Lawrence Leonard, in the Illinois valley near the present site of Holland, from which residence her funeral took place. She was interred in the old Catholic cemetery in the Allen creek gulch near Waldo.

Few Women

As there were very few women in the mountain regions of Althouse in those days my sister was sent away to distant relatives, and was never more with my father or myself in that part of the country.

I knew Matty Collins, the miner who found the 17-pound nugget on the east fork of Althouse in 1859. He came back on a visit to Althouse in 1875 and stayed one night with my father and myself on Grass Flat.

In the early '70's there was a silver excitement on Althouse. Two miners named Cameron and Wheeler, while placer mining on Johnson gulch, a tributary of the east fork of Althouse, found specimens of float silver ore which assayed several thousand dollars to the ton in silver, with a large percentage of gold. More float silver was afterward found by other miners besides Cameron and Wheeler.

Men from different parts of the country fitted out pack trains of horses loaded with grub and tools and repaired to Johnson's gulch to prospect for the hidden lode. Most of those silver prospectors who repeatedly came and went, did little more, however, than run over the country and scratch the surface.

Location Given

The summit of the mountain ridge above the head of Johnson's gulch runs east and west and is the dividing line between Oregon and California. Johnson's gulch is on the south side of the east fork of Althouse creek. The mountain side at the head of Johnson's gulch is covered with soil and trees, which makes it difficult to find the hidden silver lode.

On the summit of the ridge the bare bedrock is visible in several places, and the rock formation is of a character favorable for gold and silver.

The late Newell DeLamater, Grass Flat miner, in the '80's sluiced a cut a hundred yards in length in the left fork of Johnson's gulch trying to strip the silver ledge, but his efforts were in vain. The late Jack Henderson the pioneer of Kerby, told me that he prospected to find the silver ledge in Johnson's gulch in 1887, and while placer mining there, he washed out black sand which assayed 36 per cent in silver.

The miners of the old school and some today are impressed with the belief that gold is not to be found in any rock excepting quartz. But the contrary is once in a while what happens. It has been clearly demonstrated that gold is likely to be found in any formation, but when it is discovered in any rock besides quartz it is generally mixed with other minerals.

Belief Inaccurate

Another idea accepted by many miners is that a ledge which carries but small values on top does not increase in worth at a greater depth. But the reverse is sometimes the case, as in the Constock lode in Nevada, which was a quartz ledge almost barren on the surface, and deeper yielded a fabulous sum of many millions of dollars.

Many of the richest gold and silver lodes in Old Mexico are not visible on the surface, and are called underwater mines.

A little more than 40 years ago two miners working in the vicinity of Johnson's gulch uncovered a big dyke of black rock resembling charcoal. They started to sink a shaft on this dyke, but after getting down to the depth of a few feet they abandoned the undertaking, as they did not understand timbering and were afraid of being caved upon. There were streaks of pretty yellow sulphurets in this dark rock, and gold was visible also in the black bedrock. The two men who stripped this black dyke were old, and went away soon after, and one died in the county hospital at Grants Pass. Their shaft and the cut in which it was sunk

was soon covered with tailings from the hill above, and has remained ever since buried. I have often thought that this black dyke might contain a tremendous deposit of gold, as considerable amount of gold was taken from the gulch below, which appears to have been fed from this dark dyke. This place has been claimed by men for many years.

Johnson's gulch is the center of a great iron belt, which runs northeast and southwest from Bolan creek to the east fork of the Illinois river. And as I believe the richest deposits of gold have been discovered where there are large bodies of iron, there is a strong likelihood that immense pay chutes of gold lie along the course of this Althouse iron belt.

MAYBE RICH ORE HIDDEN

Iron Dyke Exists

In Johnson's gulch there is a large iron dyke, and two miles northeast from the aforesaid tributary there is a large, well defined ledge of high grade iron ore which assays 76 per cent in iron, in iron gulch, on the north side of the east fork of Althouse creek. In the same locality as the iron ledge the famous Hewston pocket of gold was found by Frank Hewston in 1895, which yielded \$15,000.

On Bolan creek, five miles northeast from Iron gulch Jack McLaughlin, while driving a tunnel, in the year 1875, stripped a ledge of iron ore which was 50 feet in width.

Bolan creek, which lies west of the main Althouse, and over a ridge from the latter stream, was noted for its yield of heavy, coarse gold in early mining days.

After the white men had first worked the bed of Althouse creek, and the bars and points on its banks, and had taken only the cream of the rich gold lead, then came hundreds of Chinamen, who turned and removed the rocks, and cleaned the bed-rock several times over, in the old claims of the early miners.

Those Chinamen were adepts at saving fine gold, and worked for themselves for as low as 25 cents a day after board and expenses were paid. Their methods of living, when compelled by necessity, were very cheap. They subsisted on tea with spongy, steamed bread, and rice, with skunk cabbage, which they grew on little spots of sand on the bars along the creeks. Those Chinamen found many good paying places which were left by the first miners, who, in many instances, skinned along over the ground, taking only the best.

Chinamen Had to Buy

The Chinamen were not allowed to hold claims except by purchase. They used to come to my father and get him to locate a claim on some old worked bar, and then they would pay him two or three ounces for his location. The Chinamen wrought in this manner on all of the creeks, and were a great detriment to the country, as they sent all of the gold back to China. Even their bones, after their deaths, were exhumed from their graves and transported by their countrymen back to the fatherland. Those Chinese miners when making money and prospering were much given to going on sprees and feasting. Gin was their favorite beverage. They ate much pork and chicken and indulged in the smoking of opium.

There would be gold diggings yet remaining which would support white men and their families for many years to come had it not been for those Chinese miners. The Chinamen were at last expelled from the country, but not until they had done irreparable damage to the white population.

One incident I remember occurred in the year 1887 and shows how superstitious the Chinese were. On the north side of Grass Flat there is in the winter time a small seepage of water fronting Althouse creek, at the head of a small ravine which

runs down a high, steep hillside from Grass Flat to said creek. In the year mentioned there was a great freshet on Althouse and the little brooks and rivulets on the hillsides were booming with rainwater. A crowd of Chinese miners lived in a house close to the creek, at the base of this high hill fronting Grass Flat. They worked in a claim on the east side of Althouse, opposite the house in which they lived. My father had repeatedly warned these Chinamen when the floods came to turn off the water of the seepage and ravines in another direction by means of a ditch dug for that purpose up on

Grass Flat, as he had foreseen that if the water was allowed to run down the hill to the Chinamen's dwelling it would soak the ground and cause the hill to slide and bury the Chinamen's house.

Failed to Listen

But the latter failed to heed my father's warning, and one day during the flood the Chinamen came home from their work at noon, cooked and ate their dinner, and then recrossed the creek to work in their claim again. One of their number, feeling unwell, remained behind at their house to rest for the afternoon. Immediately after his partners had crossed the creek to work, he started to go from the house to a blacksmith house a few yards from the house, and when almost at the shop, the whole side of the rain-soaked hill above slid, and buried the Chinaman and the blacksmith shop and dwelling shop a few yards from the earth, mingled with stumps and trees.

It was raining heavily when the Chinamen ran to my father's house wailing piteously and told him what had befallen their partner. Father urged them to get to work at once and take their partner's body out from under the debris, but they seemed gripped with fear, and said, "too late, too late." My father, seeing that his appeal to rouse the Chinamen to action was in vain, procured the assistance of two white miners, David Houck and Edward Moore, and those men, with my father, sluiced nearly all of the afternoon, until nightfall, and finally uncovered the body, which was terribly bruised and mangled. They then retired, leaving the corpse to be disposed of by the Chinamen. My father gave them a large cabin on Grass Flat, in which to stay, after the accident occurred. The cabin had two spacious apartments within it, and a wide rock fireplace, in which the Chinamen built a good fire. That night following the accident it rained continuously until the next day. One can imagine the feelings of my father and mother, when the next morning they discovered that the Chinamen had left the body of their unfortunate countryman outside, lying on the ground beside a log, with a few shingles over the body and leaning against the log to shed the rain during the stormy night. Common sense and human feeling should have forced them to take the body for safe keeping into the house for when left out in this manner it was in imminent danger of attack by varmints, as bears and panthers, and wild cats were numerous on Althouse in those days.

The day following the death of the Chinaman a number of Asiatics from up and down the Althouse attended the funeral. The dead Celestial was taken a half mile from Grass Flat and buried upon a hillside in a shallow grave. Many times afterwards I saw the lonely mound, with red Chinese candles, and food gotten up to suit the Chinese palate laid at its margin to feed the ghost of the departed when he would come back from the great beyond. At length I visited the grave and it was empty. All that was mortal of the man that wore the queue was raised, according to custom, and taken back to China.

Game Abounded

The Althouse region and adjacent creeks in the Siskiyou region were a great hunting ground and abounded with wild game of various kinds in early mining days.

As I roamed over those mountains when I was a boy I have seen innumerable grouse, pheasants and quail, hawks and snow birds, and large bands of deer, and I have picked up the old horns of an elk. I have seen many black and brown bears, cougars, panthers and wild cats, and occasionally a grizzly bear might be seen. But there has been a wanton slaughter of those animals for commercial purposes by men who made sale of their hides. The birds and animals have been almost exterminated. There are game laws now for their protection, when there are but few to protect. The wanton destruction of animals and birds has deprived poor prospectors and families of a great means of support.

The east fork of Althouse and Bolan and Green creeks have their source around the base of Bolan peak, which looms up like a great Indian lookout against the sky. The mountain scenery in this locality, when viewed from a vantage point, is not excelled for grandeur and sublimity in any other part of the world.

I remember one incident in my boyhood which has left an indelible picture in my mind. When on a clear summer day in the month of June I stood for the first time, when I was but 16 years of age, on the top of Bolan peak, and viewed the broad expanse of mountains stretching far in every direction in panoramic beauty, with Mount Shasta towering in snow-crowned grandeur 75 or 100 miles away.

Remembers Peaks

There was one thing of which I have a very vivid recollection. On the top of the peak there was yet remaining a spot of unthawed snow, about 50 feet in extent, on the surface of which was imprinted what appeared to be the huge track of a grizzly bear.

From the summit of Bolan peak I looked down on the clear water of Bolan lake, which seemed to shine in the bright afternoon sunlight. This was in the year 1875.

This lake seems to be an extinct crater, as there are masses of cemented conglomerate resembling sulphur around the margin of the lake, which seem to have been belched up by volcanic action from the bowels of the earth. Sometimes I have thought that this cemented formation around Bolan lake might be gold bearing, and I have contemplated having some of this stuff assayed for gold. The lake and the locality in which it is situated is now within the national forest reserve.

BEAUTIES OF REGION ARE PORTRAYED

Looks Like Blowout

French peak, which lies about 1½ miles north from the head of the east fork of Althouse creek, has an iron capping and looks like what miners call a "blow-out." Running north from French peak a mountain ridge extends for 10 miles in the direction of Holland. The main Althouse lies on the west side of this ridge, and Bolan creek, and Sucker creek lie on the east side. This mountain section of the country is highly mineralized.

At the southern extremity of this dividing ridge near French peak, and close to the summit of the ridge on its west side, a well-defined fissure, with a hanging wall and a foot wall may be traced by holes that have been sunk in the fissure, the holes hundreds of yards apart, and from the last hole on the north end, a ledge may be dimly traced on the surface of the ground extending northward for a distance of two miles.

There are bunches of white quartz in these prospect holes on the side of the hill above snow gulch. The fissure is in a porphyry formation, and as the hillside is very steep under this fissure, it could be tapped by a tunnel at a considerable depth without much expense. It is quite probable that this fissure may contain an underwater gold ledge.

A distance of two miles north from French peak and on the east side of the dividing ridge, is McDonnell gulch, which has its source near the summit of the ridge and empties into Bolan creek.

Large quantities of coarse, heavy gold were found by miners placer mining in McDonnell gulch. The gold was supposed by the miners to have come from a quartz ledge somewhere in the hill.

Tragic Tale

There is a tragic tale connected with the history of this gulch. In the year 1859 a miner named Pete Dolan mined in McDonnell gulch. The winter of that year was noted for its great snowfall and severe weather. A little fellow named Gray, from San Francisco, being destitute, was taken by Dolan into his cabin and harbored and fed during the winter. One Sunday a number of miners, among whom were Dolan and Gray, were congregated at a miners' resort on Bolan creek and were freely indulging in strong drink, when Gray insulted Dolan. The latter, being a powerful man, proceeded to chastise Gray, who fled from the house and ran into the woods, pursued by Dolan. Gray stopped, and resting his pistol on a stump, took aim and shot Dolan through the heart. Dolan, being a man of wonderful vitality, followed Gray several yards after being shot, and had almost overtaken Gray when he fell dead. Gray made good his escape and was never afterward seen.

Dolan had a very rich claim

on McDonnell gulch and was supposed to have had money buried in that locality, as he was often seen to take his rifle and absent himself from his cabin for an hour or more, apparently looking after his cache. His hidden treasure was searched for by men for years but never was found. His bones were two or three times sluiced out by miners in the course of years, and again reinterred.

I was informed that a man named Lacy, while running a tunnel a few years ago, above the head of McDonnell gulch, crossed a large ledge several feet in width which abounded in sulphurets and pyrites of iron, which he said indicated the existence of gold in the ledge.

Directly over the ridge from McDonnell gulch, and on the Althouse side, is the large Run gulch, in which Joe Ponsler worked a few years ago and found a good deal of gold far up on the gulch. While panning on his claim he also found large quantities of metal resembling platinum. I procured some of this metal and had it assayed. It showed \$4 to the ton in gold. The Run gulch, and that section, abounds in quartz indications and prospects.

Gulches 7 and 8

Three miles north from the head of the Run gulch, and also on the west side of the dividing ridge, are what are known as No. 7 and No. 8 gulches, from which considerable amounts of gold have been taken. These streams are tributaries of Althouse. At the heads of these two gulches good prospects of cinnabar, or quicksilver, have been found.

On an arm of the dividing ridge and extending east toward Sucker creek, and two miles from Holland, is the famous Cohen ledge, where a very rich pay chute of gold was struck in the year 1865. This pay chute was afterwards lost, and prospectors have tried for many years to again find it, but without success.

There is a large area of red iron rock in the neighborhood of the Cohen ledge, which indicates the existence of a large deposit of gold somewhere in that vicinity. I have seen extensive bodies of red iron rock, similar to that near the Cohen ledge, in the richest gold and silver mines in the state of Hidalgo, in old Mexico.

When I was only six years old, in 1865, my mother lived with my sister and myself for a short time on the Althouse road, a few hundred yards from Jack Smock's store and the present site of Holland, and my sister and I played where the buildings now stand, and all over the hill that lies back of Holland. As children we roamed over the Bain ranch at Holland, which was then owned by the pioneer, Calvin Bain, and now belongs to Mrs. Martha Trefathen. This ranch was noted for its fine crops of hay, and its splendid apple orchard, which produced the best apples in Josephine county.

Saw Many Miners

As my sister and I wandered about, the southern boundary of our playground was what is now called the Burnt Ranch, on the Althouse road, near Democrat gulch, about one quarter of a mile from Holland. Here we used to watch the butchering of hogs and cattle by Lawrence Leonard and his hired man, Tom

Blake. Mr. Leonard afterward had a store in connection with his butcher shop, and dealt largely with the miners. Lawrence Leonard was a Civil war soldier in the Union army, who came to Althouse in 1864. From that date until his death in 1906, he was a prominent business figure in Josephine county.

In plain view from Holland, and lying to the west, is the Beach and Platter ranch, named after its original owners, Beach and Platter, two men of whom it was often said that they did more hard work, and took less comfort, than any other two men in the country where they lived.

When I was a boy I worked for these two men at different times on this ranch, which produced an abundance of hay, and excellent fruit and vegetables. Beach and Platter were bachelors and toiled almost incessantly on this ranch for 30 years, engaged in the store and butchering business, combined with farming. They were called "iron men" physically, and seemed never to rest. They had a pack train of horses with which they packed beef, vegetables and groceries to the miners far up in the Siskiyou. I have often heard the bells on their horses far into the night coming down Althouse, returning after delivering their goods to miners up in the mountains.

Like Oliver Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Beach and Platter were men of splendid hospitality and their house and home was a regular bachelors' hall, where any weary or destitute traveler was welcome to stay and have his bed and meals free of charge.

Drinking Explained

Several people are at a loss to conjecture how it was that many of the first miners were so much addicted to strong drink and gambling, but, on consideration, this seems easily accounted for. Those early miners were in a great part hardy adventurous frontiersmen who were here in this, then new and wild country, isolated far from their homes and families, where they knew only primitive methods to overcome the obstacles which nature had thrown in their way. When travel and transportation was so slow in those days, when everything seemed to depend on chance and adventure, coupled with great dangers, this wild life of risk naturally awoke the spirit of gambling and staking their all on cards, and they partook of stimulants to nerve themselves for the gigantic task ahead of them.

Had Fatal Spree

When I was a boy only 13 years of age I witnessed the results of a spree which terminated fatally for two men. On the Althouse in the year 1872, there were three miners, one Joseph Delaney, was an educated Irishman, who had formerly been a salesman in the famous A. T. Stewart's big store in New York City. The second was Thomas Russell, a literary Englishman, who was a writer of stories, and had mined in California. These men came to Althouse in 1857. They were unmarried, and as far as known have not left any relatives behind them. They lived and mined far up on the east fork of Althouse. They were wont to meet at their respective cabins and have what miners called glorious sprees.

When they had their last and fatal spree together they drank from Christmas until New Year's eight gallons of whisky,

and they ate little or nothing to sustain themselves during their long spree. The whisky was horrible, home-made stuff which used to be manufactured in Browntown. On this last spree they hired a Chinaman to pack the whisky to them in their little harvest kegs up from Browntown, a distance of eight miles.

Toward the end of this protracted spree the Frenchman Hubert went down to the foregoing town to get a fresh supply of liquor, and he was taken seriously ill on his way back and reached home with much difficulty. He arrived at the cabin at midnight where Delaney and Russell, who were awaiting him, started a fire to prepare some food and make a little hot whisky punch, while Hubert lay down on a bunk to rest, with his face turned to the log wall. His two comrades imagined Hubert had fallen asleep. When they had lunch and refreshments prepared they proceeded to awaken him. When they turned him over in bed they found to their horror and surprise that he was dead.

Miners Assemble

The news was carried up and down the creek, and the miners from above and below, my father, Martin Mackey among the rest, assembled at Delaney's cabin, and the body of Hubert was borne by the miners down the Althouse trail to Browntown and interred in the miners' burying ground on Walker gulch, one mile up on the hillside from the already mentioned town.

When Hubert's body was lowered into the grave and his coffin covered with earth, Joseph Delaney stepped off the space for a grave for himself beside that of Hubert's and said, "When I die I wish to be buried right here," and in 48 hours from that time he was laid in the spot he had marked for himself.

Delaney went down to Browntown after Hubert's funeral and sat up all night in a store and he became sore internally from the effects of the excessive drinking which he had done. Inflammation of the bowels set in and he died in a few hours.

The miners, while it was raining, waited all the next day following Delaney's death for a coffin to be brought up from Illinois valley in which to place his remains. The coffin was brought to the place of its destination in a wagon when it was almost dark in the evening by Charley Trefathen, who is yet living in Holland.

I well remember that damp evening in January nearly 62 years ago when, as a boy, I fol-

lowed the funeral procession on the wagon road leading from Browntown up to the place of interment in Walker gulch, where the pioneer miner, Tom Carr, preached a short funeral sermon, and Joseph Delaney was laid to rest until the resurrection morning.

Russell Dies Later

Thomas Russell, the survivor of this fatal spree, died several years after, and sleeps in a lonely grave far up on the east fork of Althouse.

Contrary to the opinion of many people nowadays, several of the first miners of California and southern Oregon were highly educated men who became hardened and reckless by the wild life of the frontiers.

I did not have much educational advantage in my boyhood. My schooling was limited. I studied myself without a tutor

and picked up the rudiments of an education. I used to go up in the mountains from Grass Flat and visit the cabins of educated miners, and get them to solve problems in arithmetic for me, and otherwise instruct me. In later years I have roamed over those mountains and seen grass covered mounds here and there, where the rock chimneys of cabins which belonged to the first miners had been. As I viewed, all this it caused me to have a painful and lonesome feeling. I looked around in vain to find some one of those old-timers yet living to whom I could talk about past days, and the words of the poet, Thomas Moore, came to my mind:

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose
garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

Yours truly,
WILLIAM MACKEY,
Crescent City, Calif.

August 13, 1934.

REMOTE LIVES LED BY WIVES OF MINING MEN

Five years Mrs. Charlotte Johnson of Takilma spent on Althouse creek, with no woman neighbor to run in for friendly chats in the kitchen about the day-by-day events of their small mining world. That was from 1875 to 1880.

"No, I wasn't lonesome," Mrs. Johnson replied recently in answer to a question. "Sometimes I would see a woman once a year, sometimes not. I wasn't lonesome. I had my husband and my children, and I was busy. Besides, I couldn't speak English very well."

Mrs. Johnson, whose surname at birth was Jacobson, was born June 23, 1853, in Sweden. "I tell you where in Swedish," said she, smiling, without attempting to spell the name of the town which was her birthplace.

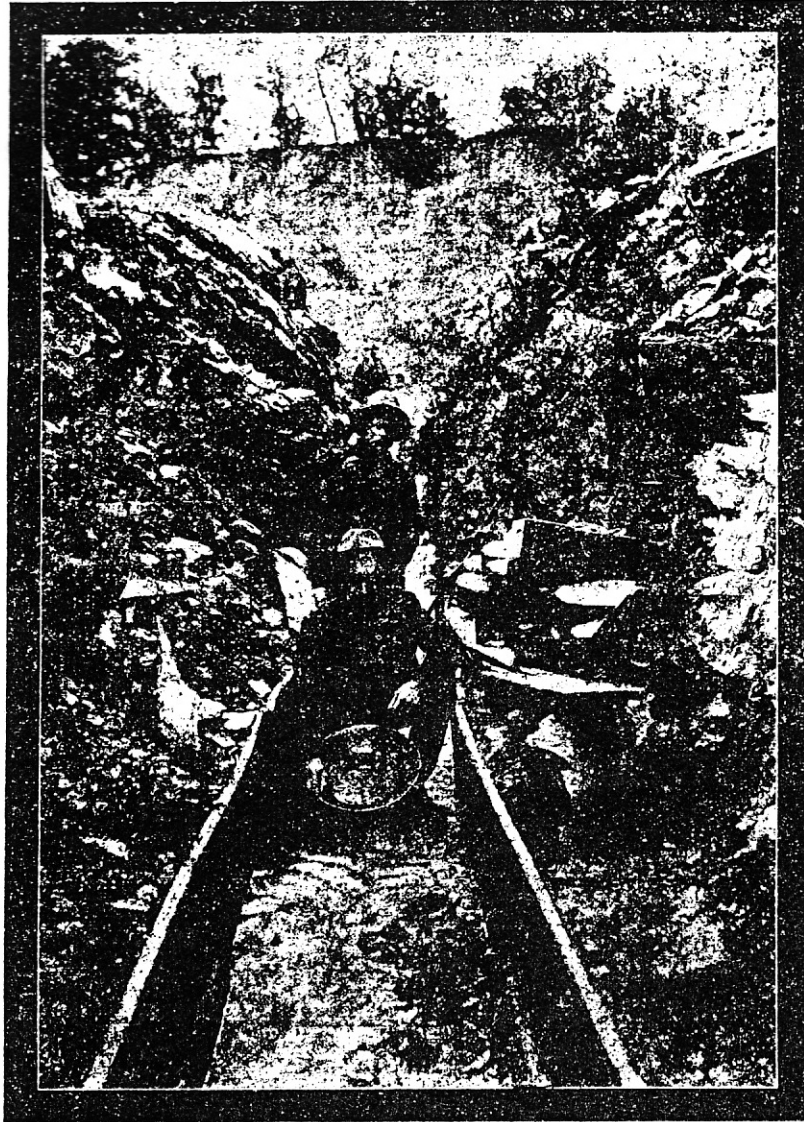
Johnson's Point Named

Johnson's Point on Althouse creek was named for the late Nels Johnson, husband of the Takilma woman.

"I moved from Althouse in 1880 to Waldo," Mrs. Johnson said. "My husband died in 1897. I worked in the hotel a while. My youngest boy was about three years old then. I have had 10 children, eight boys and two girls, but only three of them are living: Joe and Charles who live here in Takilma, and Ida Veach, who lives in Cottage Grove."

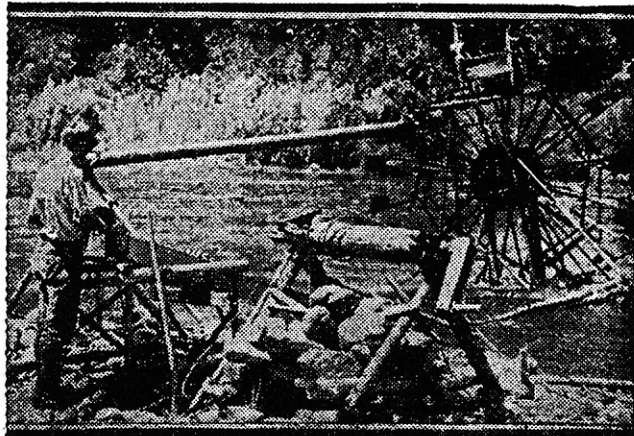
In 1907 Mrs. Johnson moved to Takilma, her present home.

CLEAN-UP AT THE SLUICES



After the gold is caught in the sluices, it is frequently further separated from sand and gravel caught with it by the process of panning.

AND GOLD COMES OUT OF IT



This contrivance pictured above brings water over gold-bearing sand and gravel and washes away all but the gold. Gold mining in Josephine county ranges from panning to big operations. Locally, the youth pictured above and his brother are known as the "Willie Westinghousers" because of their ingenuity.

Largest Althouse Nugget Weighed 17 Pounds

FINDER LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR THEN ON

By Wm. Mackey

The largest piece of gold ever taken out on Althouse creek was mined by a little Irish miner named Mattie Collins in the year 1859 on the east fork of that noted stream. The piece weighed 17 pounds. It was found in the face of a high bank about 12 feet up in the dirt, under a big stump above the water in the creek. The bank in which the piece of gold was discovered is the front of a small flat which lies at the foot of a high mountain on the north side of Althouse creek.

South Side Pays

The south side of the creek, unlike the north side, rises with considerable slope back in a southerly direction for several hundred yards until it strikes a big gorge in the mountain higher up and further back. As the sloping mountain side leading up to this gorge has yielded good returns in gold, and as the big piece of gold was found several feet up in the dirt above the bedrock, it would appear that the mammoth nugget came into the creek in a glacial drift from the high gorge.

From the place where the big piece of gold was found, the creek extending up stream failed to yield the large returns in gold which it did below.

After Mattie Collins found his monster nugget he lived in constant terror of being robbed. He hired a fellow countryman, named Dorsey, to pack the big piece out of the country to a safe place of shipment on the outside. Dorsey carried the piece of gold in a sack on his back and on the road Mattie would call a halt and say, "Go ahead of me, Dorsey, till I see if anyone would notice it." Mattie would then "size" Dorsey up from the rear, and after reassuring himself that all was well, he would say, "Arrah, the Devil a one will notice it. Dorsey, g'wan." And in the evening when it would be growing dark on the road, and Mattie would see a black stump or some indistinct object ahead, he would stop Dorsey and say, "Dorsey, is that a man?"

Business Index

In the early mining days the presence of gamblers was an unfailing sign of prosperity in mining camps.

The knights of the gaming table were in evidence in Browntown and at Waldo. The gam-

blers went back and forth from one of those places to the other. Gamblers whose names were household words in those times are now forgotten and lost to sight in the dim haze of 75 years. Such men as Dan Lanigan, Pony Young, Bill Nicholas and Jos. Wall.

The writer, when he was a boy used to hear the old timers tell about Bill Nicholas and how he used to mine for a while and then put on a white shirt and go to gambling. They said he was a good fellow, who never insulted or wronged any man.

They used to tell how Nicholas was once challenged by a gambler in Browntown to fight a duel. Nicholas and the gambler went out in the street to do battle. They took one handkerchief between them, each holding an end in his left hand. The gambler held a pistol in his right hand pointed at Nicholas' head. Nicholas holding a bowie knife in his right hand. Nicholas dodged his head as the gambler fired, and drove his knife into the gambler's shoulder, when the crowd of miners rushed in and the men were parted.

Matched With Bully

Bill Nicholas was a small man. A big bully at Waldo, who was an ex-prize fighter, declared that he would whip Nicholas the next time that he came from Althouse to Waldo. When Nicholas entered Waldo the bully proceeded to pick a quarrel with him. Nicholas walked away and went into a store, the bully following him. Nicholas seized a 10-pound weight and struck the bully on the head with it. The bully reeled. Nicholas picked up another weight and struck him in the stomach, felling him to the floor. After this the bully, on meeting Nicholas, never pretended to see the latter.

A man named Burnett kept a hotel at Waldo in the year 1859. He kept a young grizzly bear which weighed 500 pounds chained in the back yard of his hotel. Dogs from all parts of the country were pitted against this bear for the entertainment of the gamblers and miners.

In one of those grizzly bear and dog exhibitions at Waldo the grizzly bear broke loose and entered the kitchen of the hotel, dragging his chain. The cook and the hired help fled and the bruin was left in sole possession of the cooking department. Burnett bravely entered the kitchen and jumping a-straddle of the bear recaptured the animal and with the help of others placed him back in the bear pen. The bear afterwards escaped and was never recaptured.

The ridge between Bolan creek and Althouse is a highly mineralized section. It extends from the east fork of Althouse nearly to Holland, a distance of 10 miles. From gulches on either side of this ridge good values were mined in early days. McDonnell gulch, which empties into Bolan creek, was noted for its large yield of heavy gold. Several large pieces of gold were found in this gulch.

Ryan Runs Amok

In the year 1858 there was a reckless desperado on Althouse named Tom Ryan. Several were afraid to come to Browntown on Sunday lest ill fate might number them among Tom's victims for when Tom Ryan came to Browntown on Sunday and had had a few drinks of old Bourbon rising in his brain he would hold a big bowie knife in one hand, and a rock in the other and whoop like an Apache Indian in the street. He had seriously wounded two or three men and attacked others without provocation.

About this time at Waldo there was a notorious shoulder-striker and bully who, it was said, could whip any man in Josephine county. He could strike a blow with his fist equal to the kick of a horse. Tom Ryan, jealous lest his own ruffian fame be eclipsed by that of the Waldo ruffian, resolved to humble the Waldo shoulder-strikers pride. Ryan procured a large stick or club through which he drove several 40-penny nails crosswise. Armed with this odd weapon he started from Browntown to invade Waldo and carry war into the shoulder-strikers territory.

Upon arriving at Waldo, Tom Ryan met the shoulder-striker and charged upon him with his stick full of 40-penny nails. The shoulder-striker fled with Ryan in hot pursuit. Ryan was gaining in the race with the Waldo bully when the latter in despair rushed up a high staircase on the outside of a building closely followed by Ryan. When the bully reached the top of the high flight of steps and saw Tom Ryan ascending the stairs with his stick of nails, the bully jumped from the top to the street beneath and was fearfully shaken by bumping on the hard ground. Stimulated to greater exertion by the fear of being transfixed to the wall or some other place by 40-penny nails, the shoulder-striker shook the dust of the town from his feet, leaving Tom Ryan in complete possession of Waldo.

Name Becomes Terror

The name of Tom Ryan had become a terror to Althouse and to the entire country, but conqueror as he was recognized to be, he was yet destined to meet his Duke of Wellington.

There was living on Althouse at that time a husky son of the Emerald Isle named Maxwell, who was a noted character among the miners of Althouse and the country in general in those days. He was a large and finely formed, handsome man, possessed of great bodily strength and activity and was a good singer and dancer. The latter qualities made him popular among the sporting miners.

There was a social gathering of the miners one night in Browntown. During the evening while wine and whiskey flowed copiously and freely and while all were enjoying themselves, Maxwell was called on to sing a song. While all were listening

with respectful attention to Maxwells melodious voice, Tom Ryan arose suddenly and seizing a stool without warning struck a poor and inoffensive fellow named Jim Travis on the head, knocking him senseless.

Maxwell then interfered and laid hands on Ryan to prevent him from striking Travis again. Ryan struck at Maxwell with the stool. Maxwell dodged and the blow landed between his shoulders. The latter then grappled with Ryan and a terrible struggle ensued in which Ryan was thrown to the floor and severely punished by Maxwell. The miners pulled Maxwell off but the enraged Maxwell turned to a rude table, newly made with small fir trees for legs, and with his hands wrenched one of the little green legs loose from the table. He was about to knock Ryans head off with it, when it was wrenched from his grasp by the miners.

Learns What Fright Is

Ryan, for the first time ever frightened on Althouse, made a rush to get out of the house but turned for a moment on the threshold to look back when the infuriated Maxwell grabbed a hot stove lid from the stove with his hand and hurled it at him, striking him in the face and splitting his upper lip in two and making a gash which extended nearly to his eye. He fell to the floor.

Maxwells hand was severely burned by the hot stove lid and Tom Ryan was led to another house and 14 stitches were taken in his face.

Ryan was so humiliated over this crushing defeat which he had met at the hands of Maxwell that he left Althouse soon afterward and went to peddling goods on board a boat running up and down the Columbia river from The Dalles to Portland.

In that eventful year of 1859 when so many remarkable things occurred in this country, there lived on Althouse a miner named Harry McVay who was an athlete and had considerable reputation as a wrestler and boxer. McVay had formerly been a deck hand on the line of steamships plying between San Francisco and Panama and was said to have whipped and thrown some of the best men on that line. However, there were miners on Althouse who seemed to think that Maxwell, although unknown to fame, was a better man physically than McVay and they were anxious to bring the men together in a physical contest of some kind.

McVay Jealous

McVay was somewhat jealous and piqued by the admiration of the miners for Maxwell and was always in a good-natured way taunting and daring Maxwell. The latter seemed to disregard all this and appeared to avoid anything that would lead to a personal collision.

There was an Australian Englishman named Webb who kept a hotel and saloon at the forks of Althouse creek. One day on a special occasion a large number of miners were assembled at

Webbs from different parts of Althouse and other parts of the country. While the miners were sitting in the bar-room and when several bottles of whisky were brought and passed around and their contents drunk Harry McVay arose suddenly in the crowd and said, "I can throw any man that is in this house."

When McVay flung out his challenge to the crowd, Maxwell, who spoke with a brogue, replied, "Harry, you mane that for me, now you have gone far enough. You'll have a chance to try yourself."

McVay admitted that he meant his challenge for Maxwell. The miners quickly cleared the room in the center and formed a circle to witness the struggle between the two men. When they clinched, Maxwell threw McVay without any apparent great effort. McVay, surprised said, "You cannot do that again."

"Yes," replied Maxwell, "I'll do it aisy," and he threw McVay three times in quick succession.

Cousin Steps Forward

Then Dick Doran, a first cousin of McVay's, came forward and struck Maxwell with the back of his hand. Maxwell, with wonderful self control, pulled out a purse containing \$100 in gold dust and handed it over to the bar-keeper for safe-keeping. He then addressed McVay and the latter's friends and said with an Irish brogue, "Yeas have been after me for a long time. Now if this is yere game I'll give ye enough of that too. Let the best of yeas come. I can whip any man that is on Althouse."

The miners then tried to prevent the men from fighting. They put McVay out of the house and the miners all went outside themselves and they locked the door on Maxwell and kept him inside. That terrible temper that had swept Tom Ryan before it in Browntown was aroused. Maxwell procured an axe and swore that if they did not open the door for him he would chop the door down. They then opened the door and let Maxwell out.

Excitement Prevails

Great excitement now prevailed among the miners. Axes were uplifted and pick handles were flourished and pitched battle seemed about to be fought between the friends of the two men. At length the crowd was pacified and quieted down and two combatants faced each other. McVay made a furious rush at Maxwell, but the latter cleverly side-stepped and knocked McVay down. McVay sprang to his feet like a lion and launched several terrific blows as he fiercely rushed the fighting, but Maxwell skillfully ducked and parried those blows and they went wild. Maxwell knocked McVay down several times in a few minutes. The men then clinched and McVay was thrown heavily and severely beaten by Maxwell while underneath the latter. The miners told McVay to give up and say enough as Maxwell, they said, was too much for him, but McVay replied that he would die before he would do that.

The miners then pulled Maxwell off the prostrated form of McVay and while being pulled away Maxwell gave McVay a parting kick with the toe of his heavy boot, cutting a terrible gash in McVay's forehead. McVay had been severely punished; his face and head were black-

ened with bruises and blood from cuts and gashes, while Maxwell scarcely bore a mark of the exciting struggle. The miners gathered around the two fighters and the two men were made to shake hands. McVay was complimented on the gallant struggle that he had made and Maxwell was acknowledged the best man on Althouse.

While several bottles of whisky were being purchased and handed around a proposal was made to raise a purse of money and send Maxwell to England to fight the English champion, Tom Sayers. As they said that Maxwell would surely make his mark in the world if he did not spend all of his life in the wilds of Oregon.

Rich Bar, where Maxwell and his partners worked, is a part of the famous Leonard, Beach and Platter claim, a tremendous deposit of gravel near where Althouse empties into the Illinois valley. A fatality seems to have attended the working of these extensive placer deposits.

Two tunnels were driven the length of several hundred feet to drain the ground and dump the tailings into the Illinois valley. Great freshets filled these tunnels with debris and choked the outlet for tailings and otherwise impeded the progress of working for many years past.

Gulch Yields Fortune

Immediately over a low hill from Rich Bar lies Democrat gulch, where a few hundred yards of shallow ground yielded in early mining days the sum of \$300,000. This gulch empties into the Illinois valley near the Smock store at Holland.

In 1870 when many of the richest claims on Althouse were pretty well worked out, the gold excitement was on the wane and things were not as brisk as they used to be. The majority of the first miners had taken their departure for new fields. Yet there remained quite a number of the stand-bys who partook of ardent spirits and made things howl on certain occasions, keeping alive the spirit of the golden 50's. Among those was an Irish miner named Bill Dooley, who was called Old Bill by the miners because he was a true chip off the old block. He had been a soldier on the plains in the '40s and a miner in the early '50s in California. He was a true type of the early plainsman.

In Old Bill Dooley's time on Althouse there was a German miner named Peter Lockamy who worked on that stream. He was a short, heavy-built man with crooked and deformed hands and feet.

Deformity Marked

Lockamy's deformity was very marked. The palm of his hands were turned out a great deal and the ends of his feet at the toes were turned extremely to the outside. As he shrugged his shoulders when talking he presented ludicrous appearance. He had a very peculiar turn of mind. He was given to making mischief and trouble for others and was continually prying into other people's affairs and investigating other people's business and commenting on what he found out and heard. Very little of what transpired in the entire county escaped his notice and comment. The miners used to say that Lockamy was more valuable than any local newspaper from which to learn the news of the day.

There seemed to be great rivalry between Lockamy and Old Bill Dooley. Lockamy seemed to never tire of trying to undermine and overthrow Old Bill and upset the latter in all of his plans. Old Bill said that Lockamy was a crooked-legged Dutch scoundrel, who was as crooked in his mind as he was in his hands and feet.

Old Bill and Lockamy had the bed of the creek between their claims was not located by claims opposite each other on the banks of Althouse creek. anyone. Lockamy had a German partner named Charley, who went away from Althouse before the trouble which we will relate occurred. While Old Bill was working at the Cohen quartz ledge for wages, Lockamy located the creek bed between Old Bill's claim and his own, and sold it to a company of Chinamen.

Makes Threats

When Old Bill was informed while working at the Cohen ledge of what Lockamy had done he said, "That is my ground and I will go up there and kill that crooked-legged Dutch scoundrel."

It was nine miles up the Althouse from the Cohen quartz ledge to Lockamy's claim. Old Bill shouldered his old rifle and girded on his six-shooter and knife and started up Althouse to put his threat into execution. He stopped over for a few minutes at Browntown to partake of a few glasses of Bill Evans' fighting whisky to excite his courage.

Lockamy's cabin was built high up on the side of a deep ravine which emptied into Althouse creek. The cabin was built lengthwise with the course of the ravine. From the end of the cabin a long open shed extended towards the creek. At the end of this open shed next to the creek, Lockamy had a small rock fire place at which he cooked.

Bolts Into Shed

Old Bill bolted into the shed on an April evening while Lockamy was sitting on a small stool before the little fireplace. Accosting Lockamy Old Bill said, "You crooked-legged Dutch scoundrel, what did you sell my ground to the Chinamen for?"

Lockamy replied, "You're the worst feller who I ever did see, you want monopoly of the whole country. Me and Charley claim bank on one side, and you claim opposite side, and creek belong nobody."

"You lie," answered Old Bill. "You crooked-legged Dutch scoundrel, that is my ground, and I'm going up now to kill them Chinamen. Have your peace made with God agin I come back, for Be Heavens Almighty, I'm going to finish you."

Old Bill then started up the creek to where the Chinamen were at work about a half mile from Lockamy's house. Upon approaching where the Chinamen were at work in the creek, Old Bill yelled like a Comanche Indian and fired his pistol into the air. The Chinamen threw down their tools and fled in terror. Old Bill picked up and axe and smashed and cut their sluice boxes and threw their tools into Althouse. Then he started back down the creek to put a finishing touch on Lockamy. The latter was still sitting on the stool as he was when Dooley started up to attack

the Chinamen. Upon entering, the shed Old Bill said, "Now you crooked-legged scoundrel, your time has come."

Lays Gun Down

He then laid his gun down against the end of the cabin and struck Lockamy a blow in the forehead with his fist, which knocked him off the stool and into the fireplace. Old Bill then said, "I may as well finish you while I'm at it," and he picked up his gun and pointed it at Lockamy. The latter sprang from the ashes and wrenching Old Bill's gun from his grasp, flung that firearm far down the ravine. Then grabbing Old Bill himself he hurled him over the side down into the ravine where he landed on the top of his head among stumps and roots.

Old Bill rose to his feet, bleeding from contact with the roots, and looking up to where Lockamy stood above, said, "You crooked-legged Dutch scoundrel, you done that well."

Old Bill's spirit was now broken by this disaster of the ravine. He clambered up into the shed where Lockamy stood and procured a wash basin and washed the blood from his hands which were bleeding from being torn by the roots and stumps. He said in a vanquished tone of voice, "Well, I got the worst of this fight, I guess I'll retrace."

He then picked his gun from the ravine and departed from Lockamy's premises.

J. P. Refuses to Act

Lockamy started to Waldo to lodge a complaint before McIlwain, the justice of the peace, and have the latter issue a warrant for Old Bill's arrest. McIlwain, upon being approached by Lockamy, flew into a passion and said that the miners of Althouse were not half civilized, and that if it were possible for him to do so he would make one kill the other until they were all exterminated. McIlwain further declared that he would not put the county to the expense of a trial, nor encumber his books with the names of such detestable trash.

Whereupon Lockamy raised his hand and pointed his forefinger at McIlwain in a menacing attitude, saying in broken English, "If you no do your duty and make paper for arrest that feller in one-half hour, I put you behind bar."

Upon being threatened by Lockamy, McIlwain reluctantly issued the warrant for Old Bill's arrest.

McIlwain exceeded his limited authority as justice of the peace. He proceeded in a high handed manner to try the case after the manner of higher court. At the start, it was with great difficulty that he could keep order in his court, where noise and confusion reigned. Owing to the broken English of Lockamy, the fierce denunciations of Old Bill and the geseelike gabbling of the Chinamen, it took some time to restore order. McIlwain called witnesses to prove Old Bill Dooley's character. One Irish miner who was a personal enemy of Old Bill was sworn and swore that Old Bill was an old bluffing blowhard, who would not kill a chicken.

Upon hearing this miner's testimony McIlwain discharged Old Bill and dismissed the case.

Thus ended the greatest farce ever carried out in Waldo.

Although this Irish miner's testimony caused Old Bill's acquittal, yet the latter was furious over the slur cast upon his character by this witness. Old Bill said that he would rather be put to states prison or hung than to be stigmatized as a coward in that manner. He challenged the Irish miner to mortal combat with shotguns loaded to the brim with buckshot, at ten feet apart or muzzle to muzzle.

Lockamyer Disgusted

Lockamyer returned to Althouse highly disgusted with American justice and was heard to exclaim in broken English, "No law in the United States. If I have that Irish scoundrel home where I come in Sherman, I put him to jail so long he live."

In the year 1861 a man named Pat Kearney, who was one of Maxwell's partners on Rich Bar, was a pioneer miner, and cut a remarkable figure in the early history of Browntown, and Althouse. Kearney was a dark, heavy built man, about five feet nine inches in height, and between 35 and 40 years of age.

He was possessed of great bodily strength and once carried a stove which weighed 400 pounds on his back on a foot log across Althouse creek. He seldom, if ever wore a coat, and he went around wearing a heavy overshirt. He always carried a large dragoon pistol on his hip, suspended from a belt which encircled his waist. Kearney, like several others of that time was a combination miner and a gambler.

Kearney was a desperate character and had a number of rough and tumble fights in Browntown. He was once made the victim of a practical joke. Someone procured a pig's tail and while Kearney was mingling with a crowd of the mischief-loving individual contrived to fasten the pig's tail to the center of Kearney's belt hanging lengthwise downward from the middle of his back.

Made Laughingstock

While Kearney was unaware of the trick which had been played upon him he walked around Browntown, presenting a ludicrous spectacle with his big dragoon pistol swung on his hip and a pig's tail suspended from the center of his back, which made him the laughing stock of everybody.

When Kearney was at length apprised of what caused the merriment of the spectators he was almost beside himself with rage. He swore that if he ever knew who the joker was who perpetrated the trick on him, he would fill the audacious scoundrel so full of lead that somebody would locate the trickster for a mineral claim.

One night there was a free for all fight in which several miners were engaged in a dance house in Browntown. While the conflict was raging Kearney, who was one of the combatants, was stabbed but was not aware of the fact until the fracas was over. When feeling something warm about his waist he placed his hand to his side and said, "What in the devil is this?" Upon removing his shirt he saw his intestines protruding on his hip from a knife wound. On another occasion Kearney was gambling in Browntown when the gambler with whom Kearney played challenged him to mortal combat. Kearney, who had the choice of weapons, procured two

double bitted axes and flinging one to the gambler dared him to the encounter with battle axes like the knights of old. The gambler declined to fight in that manner.

Reared as Fisherman

Kearney had been raised a fisherman in his youth on the historic river Shannon. Having made a stake at mining on Althouse he resolved to take a trip to Ireland. He, with three others, took their departure from Althouse for San Francisco, and from the latter place embarked on board of a ship called the Yankee Blade.

When out on the ocean the ship caught fire and was burned. While the vessel was ablaze Kearney plunged from the deck into the fathomless deep, carrying his fortune in his shirt bosom suspended from a loop which he wore around his neck. The weight of his gold took him down under the water, but being an excellent swimmer he rose to the surface, and would have in all probability been able to keep his precious metal, had he not seen a little girl alone struggling in the water a short distance off.

Kearney, rough and desperate man that he was, had a tender heart. He flung away his gold which greatly encumbered him, and swam to the rescue of the child, whom he saved.

Upon again setting foot on land, Kearney was destitute, having lost his gold. He was compelled to give up the idea of going to Ireland and returned to Astoria, Oregon, and there engaged in fishing and where he was still living a few years ago, at an advanced age.

Kearney was never married. It is said that the little girl whom he saved from drowning was afterwards a rich woman, and offered to give Kearney a home in his old age, but he refused to accept the kind offer.

Says 1000 Men Regularly Came In to Althouse

Ed Holland of Bridgeview literally has grown up with the Illinois valley. He came to Josephine county when he was four months old in the spring of 1860.

"We boarded ship at New York City," he said when interviewed recently. "From there we went to the Isthmus of Panama, crossing it on a dinky little railroad—so I was told by my parents. James E. and Maria Holland.

"My mother had two brothers and two sisters who had come here ahead of us. They were Oscar Ganyard, who died in Ashland—they called him the Ashland capitalist because he owned a lot of property there, built the opera house—and Peter Ganyard of Bridgeview; Mrs. J. B. White who had the stage stand at Rock Point, and Mrs. Magruder, whose husband and a man named Haman had the store at Rock Point. Willis Hayes was a blacksmith there."

Town Named for Him

Mr. Holland was born November 29, 1859, in Hanover, Michigan. He grew to manhood at the town which is now named for him: Holland.

"The old postoffice, known as Althouse, was first kept at Browntown, three or four miles above Holland," the Bridgeview man related. "They kept a store there, and it was a thriving town. Seventy or eighty years ago, on a Sunday, a person could have counted a thousand men on the streets. The postoffice was later moved near our ranch, and named Holland."

Although Mr. Holland says, "I have never mined in my life," he is quite familiar with mining lore of the community.

"In the old days, ground on Sucker creek and Althouse that didn't yield an ounce of gold a day, white men wouldn't work," he said. "The Chinese stuck to it longest, and worked the mines till the surface gold was gone. Then they left. The last Chinaman here was 'Whiskers'. He was called that because he never shaved. He had thin, long whiskers on his chin. In about 1910, I think it was, Whiskers was taken to Grants Pass to the hospital. After a few days he was taken to the poorhouse, where he died. He's buried in Grants Pass somewhere."

Mr. and Mrs. Holland moved to Bridgeview six years ago. Prior to that time they had lived at Holland ever since their marriage which was performed years ago by John Goodell, county clerk, at the old wooden courthouse in Grants Pass. They had six daughters, one of whom is dead. Mrs. Holland, formerly Elizabeth Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Preston Lewis, was born on September 9, 1866, in Linn county. Her mother died three years ago at 98 years of age.

Children Listed

The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Holland are as follows: Mrs. Edith Hays, Mrs. Ethel Sowell, Mrs. Pearl Houck, and Mrs. Edna Anderson, all of Bridgeview, and Mrs. Vera Archibald, who resides near Grants Pass. Their daughter Vada is dead. The grandchildren are Linden, Alton, Mildred, Edward, and Jack Sowell; Jay and Evelyn Hays, Hazel Houck, and Lawrence and Jerry Anderson.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Holland remember the sight of Chinese walking down the road carrying two or three dozen chickens on a pole with notches cut in it to hold the down-swing fowls firmly in their places at each end of the split bamboo. The slant-eyed foreigners, every one wearing a wide-brimmed hat, walked with a peculiar skip that kept their poles and burdens perfectly balanced.

Indian Got Idea

"Father used to sell chickens to the Chinese for \$12 a dozen," Mr. Holland recalled. "The Chinese paid a poll tax, collected by the sheriff. One time an Indian observed the collection, and he thought it was a good idea, so he got a big book, and started out. The Chinese were deathly afraid of an Indian, so he had no trouble gathering his poll tax. He was having a fine time when the authorities learned what he was up to, and arrested him."

"There are quite a number of yarns about the Chinese and Indians. One of the best ones was told by my wife's uncle, Orville Tycer, who could, and did put in all the flourishes that made the story entertaining."

"It seems the Chinamen put up at a town in California, and the white men wanted to run them out. The Chinese had pistols, and wouldn't leave. The rumpus was getting pretty heated when here came a big Indian with his bow and arrows."

They Vamoosed

"One of the white men stepped forward and held out a dollar to the Indian, motioning that he wanted the Chinamen chased out. The Indian pocketed the dollar and went to work. He was only one Indian against many Chinamen, but he simply took an arrow and punched the Chinese in the ribs or wherever convenient, and grunted, 'Vamoose. Vamoose.'"

"They 'vamoosed.'"

Grass Flat Was Real Town in 1850's

Saloons, Hotels,
and Meat Market
Thrived Here

By Wm. Mackey
About three miles up the Althouse from Browntown and on the west side of the creek is the old townsite of Grass Flat. The town received its name from the grassy bench of almost entirely level land on which it stood, opposite the south end of the famous Frenchtown Bar, which lies on the east side of Althouse. The general course of Althouse creek is from south to north. The bars lie parallel with the course of the creek. On Grass Flat in the middle and later 50's there were saloons, hotels, a butcher shop and corral.

Cattle were driven in from different parts of the outside country and butchered and the beef sold to the miners. In after years when the town had been abandoned and the majority of the buildings and ceased to exist the writer and his sister, being small children, played around the corral where old steer heads and cattle bones and horns were scattered in profusion.

Saw Remarkable Horse

The writer saw the celebrated horse, Ferguson, which was famous for his speed and endurance, and the many cattle drives to Grass Flat in which the horse had been. This remarkable horse when seen by the writer seemed very stiff and broken down.

Here on Grass Flat in the year 1859 Martin Mackey kept a hotel in which the writer, his son, was born. Also, in 1859 in this hotel, General Joe Lane, the first governor of Oregon, made a speech to the miners on the political issues of that day. This year was also memorable for its great fall of snow.

It was beautiful weather, clear sunshine in the last months of 1858 up on the first of January, 1859, when it began to snow and continued snowing almost constantly for 72 days. The cabins at the head of Althouse where the snow was deepest were buried and the snow was tunneled to get around the cabins. When it froze the miners walked on the crust.

Fell Down Chimney

One miner who had been to Browntown and returned in an intoxicated condition fell down through the large chimney of his cabin and landed among the pots where his partners were cooking dinner.

Even in prosperous times many men have not any money. A large number of miners whom weather conditions did not permit to work boarded at my father's hotel during this terrible snow winter and, to use the old expression, they ate father out of house and home.

The writer saw a journal of accounts which his father preserved in which unpaid board bills for the winter of 1859 were recorded amounting to \$1800. Peter Brown kept a hotel on Grass Flat at this time. He was afterwards killed by a rock falling upon him in his claim, where he was working about one mile up Althouse from Grass Flat. His daughter, Louisa Brown, then a little girl, lived with her father in Grass Flat. She was in

after years the wife of the pioneer, Al Adams, of Waldo. George Thrasher ran a butcher shop at Grass Flat in those times and subsequently at Waldo. He was very popular among the pioneer miners, being a good natured, social fellow. He was a good scholar, was neat, and rapid in figures and the best public reader in Josephine county.

The gamblers and sporting miners went back and forth from Browntown to Grass Flat to gamble and carouse.

Frenchtown Bar Famous

Frenchtown Bar, the greater part of which lies on the creek below Grass Flat, has been famous for the immense amount of gold which it yielded in the earlier and later 50's. A conservative estimate placed the sum taken from a strip of ground 1200 feet in length with the main pay streak 30 feet wide at \$300,000. There was a log house built on this bar which served the double purpose of a hotel and store.

Once a packer contemplated starting from this store over the mountains to the coast with a mule loaded with gold, designated for shipment out of the country. Three suspicious looking characters armed with rifles hung

around the store for several days and it was strongly suspected that they intended to meet the packer on the mountain and rob him of his gold. The packer had recourse to the following ruse to foil the plans of the wouldbe robbers. One night while a number were sitting around in the store among whom were the three strangers, the packer pretended to be going to bed, entered the store and told the storekeeper to call him, the packer, at 4 o'clock in the morning, as he intended to start on his journey over the mountains. But instead of going to bed the packer went out through a window in the rear of the building where his mules were saddled and packed, mounted his riding animal and proceeded on his journey. When daylight came he was miles away. The three strangers were not seen at the store in the morning and when they appeared later in the day it was observed that they wore a maddened and disappointed look.

Strange to say, the big pay stopped or appeared to be cut off at the head of Frenchtown Bar, opposite Grass Flat. One hundred yards from where it paid as high as \$100 a day to the man, the yield of gold was so small as to hardly justify working. And for the extent of a mile up stream from Grass Flat the creek was almost a blank. On the west side of the creek was a low bar of gravel 800 or perhaps 1000 feet wide which was covered with a deep slide from the mountain about two-thirds of a mile back. As early as 1860 this bar was cross-cut with nine tunnels for its entire width. The gold seemed very thinly and unevenly scattered. In some places two or three ounces of gold would be found to a set of timbers and then it would give out scarcely anything for weeks.

Those tunnels ended in a deep muck channel at the back of the flat.

Lost Lead Still Lost

At intervals for 50 years numerous miners came and went and tunnel after tunnel was run and fortunes were spent on this west side of the creek to find what they called the lost lead. This blank in the creek and the hills on both sides has been named the "Wonderful Spot on Althouse."

In the year 1870 the late Newell DeLamater, of Grants Pass, spent \$4000 prospecting to find the mythical gold lead. Finding a good prospect in a tunnel near Grass Flat, Mr. DeLamater dug and extended a long ditch to the place of his prospect and sluiced a deep cut, running the tailings through a long flume far down the creek. He at last abandoned the undertaking, leaving an ineffaceable mark near the old townsite of Grass Flat.

At the upper or south end of the cutoff a mile from Grass Flat where the big pay again was found in the creek was the richest place ever worked on Althouse. It was called the Nulty claim, being named after its owner who was an old Irishman named McNulty. The latter was much addicted to strong drink and would fall down while drunk in his claim and holding a handful of heavy bright gold in his hand, he would say, "What's here is yellow."

Mackey Kept On

But the man who far outstripped all other miners in his efforts to find this lost lead was Martin Mackey.

When Mackey kept the hotel on Grass Flat he was in close touch with all of the miners on Althouse and from them he learned all about the yield of gold and the results of workings along the creek. In the early 60's Mackey went with several other miners from Althouse to the northern mining excitement in Caribou. Upon returning to Althouse from the north he went to Esmeralda, Nev., in 1863 and came back from the later place to prospect for the lost lead in the "Wonderful Spot on Althouse" in 1865.

Together with a man named Tom Hanlon he ran 300 feet of tunnel at the old townsite of Grass Flat. A very peculiar thing happened while they were driving this tunnel, which they ran entirely in serpentine bedrock. One day while they were working in serpentine, which was of a soapy nature, the whole face of the tunnel moved suddenly forward.

They jumped over the car and ran for their lives to reach the tunnel's mouth. A loud sound like thunder in the tunnel was heard a long distance on the outside. The car and tools were forever buried and in a few minutes the tunnel was full of pulverized serpentine. They sank shafts and did other work on quite a scale which cost along with the first work, the sum of \$2700.

Mackey then organized a company of seven men and went over on the east side of Althouse to prospect a body of gravel high above the creek. In this company were two noted miners, Charley Felt and Peter Kline. This company ran a tun-

nel several hundred feet through this high bench of gravel, and sunk a deep shaft and tunneled out from the bottom of the shaft towards the creek and also into the mountain.

Mackey's partners then became discouraged as they found but very little gold in 1000 feet of gravel. All gave up the pursuit of the "golden phantom." Mackey worked along for some time and then organized another company, three of whom were well-known miners, Jack McLaughlin, George Crabtree and Bill McGurk. They started in at the upper end of the cut-off one mile up Althouse from Grass Flat and upon the hill on the east side of Althouse near the McNulty claim, which lies in the creek. Upon this hill they found good-looking gravel and creek gold, in which appeared to be the entrance of the old channel. Laborious and expensive prospecting was done but all failed to uncover the lost lead.

Organizes Company

Mackey then led his partners down stream and again began operations at a place about 400 yards up stream from where he had done the first prospecting on the east side. Here they drove a tunnel from the side of the hill high over the creek far into the mountain behind. A part of this tunnel was run through gravel and a portion through bedrock, and they raised two upright shafts in the tunnel. The golden prize still seemed to evade their grasp.

His partners again abandoned the ground and Mackey was once more left to continue the work of prospecting alone. This was in 1870. He commenced work at the extreme lower end of the claim inside and back of all the work that had been done by him and his partners, and high up on the hill at what seemed to be the outlet of the old channel, and where it appeared to have broken down into Frenchtown Bar.

Finds Prospect

Here in 1872 Mackey found a good prospect and was much encouraged. At this place he made at times small wages and at other intervals he made scarcely anything. Taken on the whole it was just enough to lure him to make great efforts prospecting. He used to go away, even to other states, earn grubstakes, and return and renew work, searching for the vexing lead. He did as much work alone as all of the partners, taken together, had done before. He accounted for not finding more gold at this place by assuming that it was too near the outlet of the channel and was scattered and broken, and he had the idea that the pay would get better when he should reach to where there was a confined and unbroken channel.

Accordingly he went several hundred feet up stream from the outlet and drove 500 feet of tunnel into the mountain across the extension of the bar of gravel he had found at the outlet. This tunnel was not driven on the bedrock but on top of a bar of gravel with a deep overburden overhead. He sank three shafts through the gravel to the bed-

rock in the bottom of this tunnel, but did not find anything but a little fine gold. At the end of this tunnel, he raised a shaft 104 feet up on the face of the bedrock hill, thinking to find a channel still higher and further back. This tunnel was run through tough gray clay and without timbers, and still stands today after 45 years. Thousands of pick marks may be seen in the roof and walls, where the pick seems to have brought out only an inch of dirt at a time. All of this work was done by Mackey alone, without profitable results.

Mackey struggled for some years after driving this tunnel unassisted by anyone except the writer. In 1878 he enlisted the help of a company under the management of Dr. McCoy of Portland. This company sank three shafts in a large flat at the upper end of the claim in what was supposed to be the inlet of the channel, but when they reached a certain depth in those shafts the water came in so fast as to prevent them from reaching the bottom.

Claim Abandoned

The company abandoned the claim. In the year 1888 Mackey secured the aid of a man named W. T. Wadleigh from Dutch Flat in Nevada county, California. Mr. Wadleigh hired a force of men and blasted through into a deep channel in the large flat where the shafts were sunk by Dr. McCoy.

This channel was almost as deep as the present bed of Althouse on the front outside. It contained falls of hard smooth bedrock, where great rapids had evidently once been which swept everything out and away. After Mackey's failure to find the lost lead through the cooperation of Mr. Wadleigh, Mackey went to Alaska where he remained about a year and then returned and sank one more shaft in the 500 feet of tunnel already mentioned. He did not find any prospect in this last shaft. This ended Mackey's long prospecting for the lost lead. Those mining operations were carried on by Mackey with only short interludes between, for a period of 30 years, until the mountain on the east side of Althouse creek for the extent of a mile was pierced with tunnels and shafts, driven from the creek in front 1200 feet back into the hill.

Career Unique

Mackey's career of prospecting on this claim is unique in the history of mining. In the opinion of miners this lead, if ever found, would be worth a half million dollars. Many practical miners said that according to all rules of mining Mackey should have found the lost lead in this claim, in which there are many lost underground workings.

There are those, however, among miners who still think that the lost lead lies buried somewhere in that rugged mountain and they predict that it will some day be found.

Soon after the first miners on Althouse and other camps departed for Caribou and Frazier river, there were hundreds of Chinamen on Althouse creek and other streams throughout the county. There is no estimate of the loss that their presence meant to the white residents. The first miners took only the cream of the golden deposits, but the Chinamen who came after worked all the ground over several times and dug and cleaned

the bedrock to the finish. And they found many rich spots, the wealth of which they never made known. The Chinamen were permitted to mine out all of the gold and take it back to China, and then they were expelled from the country after all of the mischief had been done.

The Chinamen were much given to feasting and drinking gin, which was their favorite beverage. And it was an unflinching mark of prosperity among these Chinese miners on Althouse when they indulged in this manner.

MINER OF '53 CHALLENGES STATEMENTS

A. J. Howell, who came to Josephine county in 1853, mined at Althouse, Waldo, Sailor Diggings, and Canyon creek. In 1858 Mr. Howell went to Douglas county and married Emily Martin. He returned with his bride to Browntown on a Sunday and the town was full of expectant miners eager to see the bride, who was the fourth woman in camp.

When she appeared the miners went wild, throwing their hats in the air and yelling so long and loud that the young bride expressed fear that Indians had broken out again. Mr. and Mrs. Howell celebrated their golden wedding at their farm in Curry county July 1, 1908.

Mr. Howell provided the following information, published in the Rogue River Courier March 8, 1912. In several particulars it disagrees with other published stories.

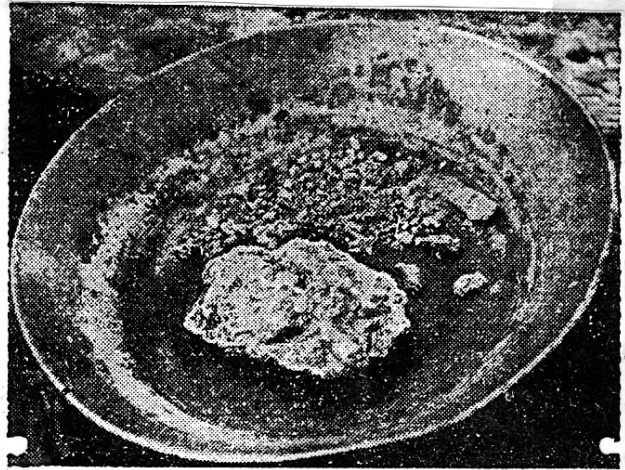
Gold Discovered in '51

Gold was first discovered in what is now called Sailor Gulch, one mile east of Waldo by a group of sailors from a schooner wrecked on the beach at Crescent City, California. Leaving the wrecked vessel the sailors came across the coast range of mountains to what is now Waldo, where they camped in the gulch in which they discovered the gold. This was in 1851, not 1852, as has been supposed and chronicled. I know whereof I speak because my brother-in-law, Joseph Alred, was a passenger on the wrecked schooner and came over the mountains with the sailors to the gulch where gold was discovered. The schooner laid on the Crescent City beach half covered with sand for several years. I saw much of it chopped away for the copper bolts in the hull. The sailors left for Jacksonville because of having no provisions with which to remain in the gulch where they found the metal.

Althouse in 1852

Next came the discovery of gold on the Althouse in 1852 by the Althouse brothers, John, who lies buried on the creek above Browntown, and I think the brother's name was Philip.

Two brothers named Fry also found gold on Sucker creek. The men being from Illinois the creek was named for their state. Next



came the finding of gold on Canyon creek and Josephine creek. A German named Charles Hook lived on Josephine creek, where a daughter was born named Josephine, after which the creek and county were subsequently named. Hook, Dave Kendall and myself belonged to a society called the "Chosen Friends." This was in 1861. I was well acquainted with Mr. Hook and for many years we talked over early events in Josephine county. Mr. Hook went to California in 1864, and bought a hotel in Arcata, later he bought property in Eureka.

Packers Named

George E. Briggs, commonly called Governor Briggs, Peter Peveler, long county clerk of Del Norte county, Cal., and Robert Worthington were among the earliest packers to deliver supplies on pack animals to the new mines. A Mr. Cochran was the first, coming in 1852. Mr. Warwick, Bill Mitchell, Dave Kendall, Mr. Kerby and Sam Johnson were also of the packers caravan of 1852. The packers were the first to build a trail to Crescent City.

Express Riders

Jim Riley and George Cornwall were the first express riders in the early days, often carrying great loads of gold dust from Sailor Diggings to Crescent City. This was from 1853 to 1855. John Mann began carrying dust in 1855. In 1858 Mann was reported lost with a fortune of gold dust, but in a few days he arrived at Moffit's station, now Gasquet, having followed the rugged north fork of Smith river to its confluence with the middle fork of Moffit's.

Mail Price High

In the early days a dollar was paid for carrying letters and 50 cents for newspapers. I have paid \$50 for a sack of flour on the Althouse, \$25 for a pair of rubber boots, and \$16 for a pick, pan and shovel.

On Althouse, William Mums, afterward surveyor of Josephine county, missed a nugget weigh-

ing \$1100. Mums, who later was my partner, had mined around a big fir stump, leaving it standing. Mr. Sanders worked the ground, removed the stump and found the big nugget under it. Mums vehemently declared war on all stumps in his mine after that. The next big nugget was found by Pat Murphy a half mile above upper Browntown, weighing \$1500. The Sanders nugget was found 50 yards below upper Browntown.

Warwick and Cochran started the lower Browntown store.

Guthrie Waldo Merchant

A Mr. Guthrie was first at Waldo with merchandise, followed by Logan and Thompson; Coyle in Allen gulch, and then McIlwain at Waldo, with a fire-proof building, having a full basement, which still stands and is 32x72, the lower story or basement with stone walls two feet thick; the upper part concrete or patent brick, with iron doors and shutters, city style.

Actress Came

The then famous Lottie Crabtree of San Francisco, gave the miners their first show at Browntown in 1855. The enthusiastic miners were so carried away with her dancing that they threw handfuls of coin at her feet so thick that the pretty performer stood amazed and looked at it.

In 1855 a large log building was erected at Browntown as a fort and storehouse — a protection against the hostile Indians. Later this was converted into a gambling saloon. One Sunday when the saloon was full of miners, and games of faro, monte, roulette and billiards were going full tilt, a gentleman with a tall hat and a Prince Albert coat walked in. He removed his hat

and softly spoke to the boys, announcing that he was a minister of the gospel—would they listen a half hour to him? Instantly every hat was off and the first religious services publicly held in camp were on. When the minister said "amen," Dr. Sykes, a miner, grabbed a hat. "Staking the preacher" as the miners called it. When the minister was "clean gone" the games were resumed as if nothing had happened.

Was Mail Carrier

The writer (A. J. Howell) was a mail carrier and express rider from Waldo to Crescent City in 1866 and 1867, and carried much gold dust across the mountains. On one trip I carried big sacks of dust for Work & Crandall, A. B. McIlwain, Mr. Coyle and Logan and Thompson. I usually gave out in camp that a substitute messenger had already gone; then I made my exit under cover of darkness. It is remarkable that so much gold was carried over the mountain by lone messengers for years and not one of them was ever robbed. One robbery of a civilian occurred, however, and that was a Jew merchant of Crescent City in 1855. His name was Rottenham.

FLANAGAN MINE IMPORTANT PLACER PROPERTY



Reported to be a good producer, the Flanagan property has been only partly mined.

GOLD FOUND FIRST IN 1851 NEAR ILLINOIS

By Wm. Mackey

Gold was first discovered in Josephine county in the year 1851 at the mouth of Josephine creek, close to where that stream empties into the Illinois river, near the foot of Eight Dollar mountain, which stands on the north side of the river west of the stage road and rears heavenward like a gigantic pyramid built by nature that overlooks the beautiful little valley extending south. Through this valley runs the Illinois river and in it is situated the town of Kerby, three miles distant from the above named mountain.

Eight Dollar mountain is somewhat of a striking landmark. When viewed from the south from Kerby or other points on the stage road it seems like a great perpendicular high wall standing out in a bold red outline against the sky.

Mountain Named

The mountain is said to have received its name from the fact that a man wore out a pair of new "eight dollar" boots walking over it in one day. Josephine creek, and also Josephine county were named in honor of a girl, Virginia Josephine Rollins, who was the first white woman born in Josephine county, in the year 1851.

OLD CHANNEL MINE PROPERTY TO BE WORKED AGAIN



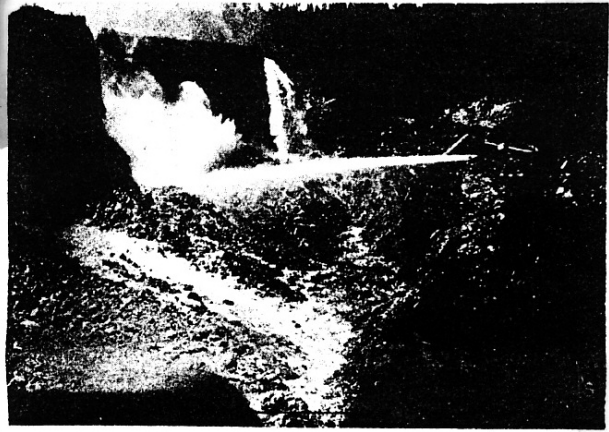
This famous old property, first mined in the 1850's has recently been sold. Millions of yards of gold-bearing gravel are reported still contained in the property. New operators are planning large scale production. The story is told on this page.

ANOTHER VIEW OF ESTERLY MINE



Another view of the Esterly (Llano de Oro) mine at Waldo, one of the largest placer properties of Oregon, is shown above.

LAYTON PLACER MINING GROUND



A view of the Layton placer mine property is shown above.

BIG NUGGETS RECORDED IN GOLD HISTORY

The largest nugget ever found in the southern Oregon district was discovered in 1859 by Mattie Collins on the east fork of Althouse creek. This piece of gold weighed 204 ounces, 17 pounds troy and was valued at approximately \$3500. The present price of refined gold would have brought its value up to more than \$6000.

Some of the other finds in local properties have been:

1858—Vaun nugget, \$800, found on Slug bar, near Browntown.

1892 — Oscar creek nugget, \$365, found by Boardman Darneille.

1904 — Klippel nugget, \$500, found on McDowell gulch.

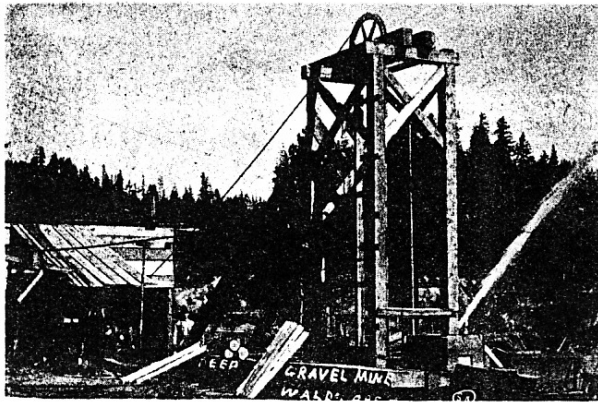
19-- — Oscar creek, in the early 1900's, several large nuggets, \$240, \$125 and \$100.

1934 — Burns nugget, 34.37 ounces, approximately \$1000, found in the Stovepipe mine on Brimstone gulch, near Leland.

1934—A piece of float found on Footh creek by E. R. Prefountain, while placer mining, weighing out more than \$450.

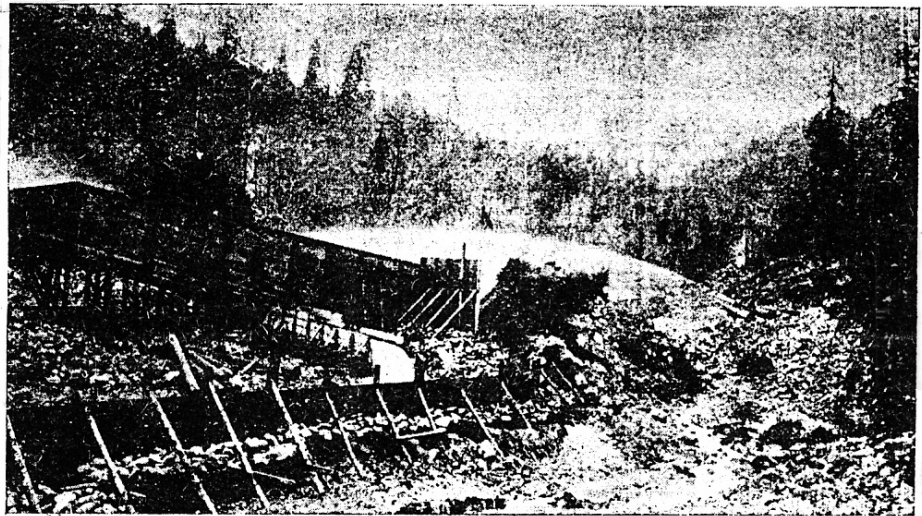
There have been several notable "pockets" strikes from which large amounts were realized, among them by Scribner and Henderson, Wolf Creek district in 1900, \$50,000; the Briggs strike, Sucker creek district, in 1904, approximately \$35,000; and the Robertson, in the Galice district, in 1926-'27, variously estimated at \$100,000 more or less.

ESTERLY MINE — WALDO DISTRICT



The Esterly mine, in the Waldo district, uses equipment costing many thousands of dollars. It is one of the larger placer mines in Oregon and has been a producer for many years. The story is on the front page, headed "Waldo District."

A MODERN METHOD OF EXTRACTING PRECIOUS METAL



Above is pictured a Ruble elevator at the Forest Queen mine, in the Louse creek district of Josephine county. It supplies the necessary grade for washing the gravel and recovering the finer gold in the mine's alluvial (gravel) deposits. Fuller description is given on page three.