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Edited by Clark Wing

SAN ANDREAS - CALAVERAS COUNTY

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Tyrrell Martinez

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SAN ANDREAS

The town of San Andreas, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, mingles the past with the present. Old narrow streets, and antiquated houses, still in use, combine with modern structures in a setting of rolling hills. The old and the new of the Mother Lode are here.

San Andreas is approximately one hundred and twenty miles from the San Francisco bay area. The most direct route from San Francisco is by way of Stockton via Highway No. 50, thence to San Andreas by way of Linden. A typical paved California highway runs through the center of this picturesque town. Its altitude of about 1,200 feet, and the healthful and pleasant climate makes it an ideal area for the visitor.

This noted mining town was first settled by Mexicans in 1848 and named after the parish of St. Andrew. While the Spanish for St. Andrew is San Andres, for some unknown reason an "a" was placed after the "e" to form the present spelling.

The discovery of gold brought in Frenchmen, Germans, Chileans, Chinese, Missourians, Texans and others with the Americans in the majority. There was no enforcement of formal law. Every man went around prepared to defend his rights at an instant's notice. Summary justice

was executed by means of extemporized courts. The turbulent conditions of the frontier prevailed.

A British artist, J. D. Borthwick, visited San Andreas in this period in the early fifties and records his impressions thus:[1]

> If one can imagine the booths and penny theatres on a race-course left for a year or two till they are tattered and torn, and blackened with the weather, he will have some idea of the appearance of San Andreas. It was certainly the most out-at-elbows and disorderly looking camp I had yet seen in the country.
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> The only wooden house was the San Andres Hotel, and here I took up my quarters. It was kept by a Missourian doctor, and being the only establishment of the kind in the place, was quite full. We sat down forty or fifty at the table - d'hote....
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> The sleeping apartments in the hotel itself were all full, and I had to take a cot in a tent on the other side of the street, which was a sort of colony of the parent establishment. It was situated between two gambling-houses, one of which was kept by a Frenchman, who, whenever his musicians stopped to take breath or brandy, began a series of doleful airs on an old barrel-organ. Till how late in the morning they kept it up I cannot say, but whenever I happened to awake in the middle of the night, my ears were still greeted by these sweet sounds.

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1. J. D. Borthwick, Three Years in California, 297-298.

There was a Roman Catholic Church. This was a canvas structure differing but little in appearance from the rest excepting that a small wooden cross surmounted the roof over the door. The altar in the interior occupied the farther end from the door; it was draped with colored cotton cloths and covered with candlesticks, some brass, some of wood but most were regular California candlesticks or old claret and champagne bottles arranged with due regard to the numbers and grouping of those bearing the different ornamental labels of St. Julien, Medoc, and other brands.

Sunday morning service was attended by Borthwick, who, on entering found the Mexican congregation occupying the space nearest the altar. A few Americans who were present out of curiosity, remained in the background near the doors with the exception of two great bulky fellows, who swaggered in and pushed their way contemptuously through the crowd. When the congregation went down on their knees these two were left standing in the middle of the church and were "as sheepish-looking a pair of asses as one could wish to see." Thus, hemmed in there was no retreat for them, and their bullying attitude quickly disappeared. The priest, who was a Frenchman, gave a short sermon in Spanish after which the people left, to spend the rest of the day in the gambling rooms.

Later in the day a herd of wild California cattle passed through San Andreas. As several head were drafted out one of the vaqueros gave an extraordinary demonstration of skill in throwing the lasso. Galloping in among the herd and swinging the riata around his head, he singled out the animal he wished to secure and threw his lasso so as to encircle its horns. As soon as he saw that he had accomplished this, he wheeled around his horse and stood prepared to receive the shock when the bull should have reached the length of the rope. In attempting to escape, the bull galloped around in a circle, the center of which was the horse, moving slowly around, and leaning over with one of his forefeet planted well out, so as to enable him to hold his own. If an animal is not very wild he may be taken along in this manner, but generally the procedure followed was to have another man riding up behind him who threw his lasso so as to catch him by the hind leg. If the animal became troublesome he was thrown and dragged along the ground.

The lasso used by the vaqueros was about twenty yards long, made of strips of rawhide plaited. The end was made fast to the high horn which stuck up in front of the Mexican saddle; the strain was all upon the saddle and the girth, which being immensely strong was locked up very tight.

The following morning, two of a Vigilance Committee rode over to San Andreas from Mokelumne Hill, to get

the priest to return with them, to hear the confession of a Mexican, whom they were going to hang that afternoon for having cut into a tent and stolen several hundred dollars. The accused was first suspected of the crime from his going about the morning after the robbery and spending an unusual amount of money on clothes, revolvers and other articles. He was seized and searched; a quantity of gold specimens and coin and the purse were found in his possession all of which was identified by the rightful owner. This evidence was presented to a jury who convicted him and he was sentenced to be hanged. When told of the decision of the jury, and that he was to be hanged the next day the prisoner received the information as news of no concern to him, merely shrugging his shoulders and saying, "sta bueno" in a tone of utter indifference and requested that a priest might be called.

When the condemned man was led out to be hanged, he walked with as much nonchalance as any of the crowd. At the place of execution, when told that he might say whatever he had to say, he gracefully took off his hat and spoke to the crowd. He asked forgiveness for his offenses which he had confessed concluding with "Adios, caballeros." He was then hoisted up to a butcher's derrick by the Vigilance Committee with all the members having hold of the rope. This manifestation of frontier justice was to be fol-

followed by other hangings of a similar nature in San Andreas and vicinity.[2]

San Andreas was a rendezvous of Joaquin Murrieta and his group of bandits. The depredations of Murrieta and his followers were extraordinary for their audacity, cleverness and often cold-blooded murder of their victims.

Vengeance was the primary reason for Murrieta's turning to crime. His brother had been hanged without opportunity to defend himself against a charge of horse-stealing and his wife, Carmen, was murdered by American miners on the Stanislaus River. Joaquin had refused to leave a place which these miners wished to work themselves. They therefore set upon him with blows and the butts of their revolvers, leaving him senseless, while they outraged and killed his wife, Rosita.

Murrieta resolved to proceed slowly in his plans for revenge in order to be certain of their fulfillment. In April of 1850, he came to Calaveras County and worked in Murphys mines. For awhile after this he was a professional gambler. Then occurred an episode which sharply changed the course of his life.[3]

One day he went to see a friend named Valenzuela

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2. Borthwick, Three Years in California, 300-301.
3. F. P. Belle, Joaquin Murrieta, 37-40.

near camp. At night he returned to Murphys mounted on a horse which his friend had loaned him. He was surrounded suddenly by a crowd, several of whom accused him of stealing the horse. Joaquin answered that the animal had been loaned to him and attempted at the same time to convince the crowd of Valenzuela's honesty. They would not listen; he was tied to a tree and given a severe beating before the crowd. Then the mob went to the house of Valenzuela and he was hanged without opportunity to defend himself against the accusation.[4]

The impact of these incidents provoked a sudden change in Murrieta's character. Immediate vengeance became the primary aim of his existence. He swore that from that time on he would live only for revenge and that he would not leave in his pathway a single place that was not sprinkled with the blood of his enemies. It was a determination to be fulfilled in an unexampled degree.

One by one, those whom Murrieta considered had participated in the beating and lynching were mysteriously murdered. Soon it was common knowledge that a band of highwaymen were committing excesses throughout California under his leadership. When in a particular area, their murders and robberies made travelling on a public highway an action

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4. Belle, Joaquin Murrieta, 9.

few dared to attempt.

In 1852, Murrieta and five followers returned to Calaveras County and located at Yaqui Camp, a short distance from San Andreas. Then, for many miles around San Andreas, Calaveritas and Yaqui Camp one heard of nothing but the bold robberies, and no one heard anything of how they had been committed nor what had become of the victims. Several individuals had been beheaded without so much as knowing who the assassin was.

A company of the bravest citizens of San Andreas was organized by Captain Ellis, deputy sheriff of Calaveras County to apprehend the outlaws. It was ascertained by means of a spy that Murrieta was to be found in Yaqui Camp, and that one of his men was frequently at the "monte" tables. The posse went there and Carillo, one of the outlaws, was seized and condemned to be hanged at once for robbery and murder. He was offered a pardon if he would reveal the hiding place of his companion. The offer was rejected and the suggestion made by him, that he would help them in this objective, but in a way which would not excite the suspicion of Murrieta and his group. This proposition was ignored and Carillo was dragged to a tree and hanged from one of its boughs. The posse then destroyed and burned all places which might serve as a refuge for the bandits. Their search was unavailing as Murrieta remained secreted in the nearby

mountains until the pursuit had ended.

Another time, Murrieta enraged by the loss of several of his men, rode alone at a hand-gallop through the main street of San Andreas and shot and killed three Americans, whom he did not know, and who did not know him. The people on the street saw him as he rode in from the direction of Angels Camp. No one at first paid any attention to the lone horseman until the first crack of his revolver. The cry "Murrieta" rang through the street. There was nothing in his appearance which indicated any murderous intent. He rode carelessly and fired with an air of indifference as if practicing marksmanship. Three shots were fired by him and his victims fell about a hundred yards apart. Not a shot was fired at him as he rode out of town at a slow gallop on the trail to Mokelumne Hill, nor was any move made towards pursuit. This ride was recorded in the Alta California thus:[5]

> On Thursday Joaquin rode through San Andreas at a gallop and shot three Americans as he passed through the street. Joaquin is a young man and must be one of the best shots with a revolver in this or any other country as all three men were shot through the neck.

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5. W. Burns, Robin Hood of El Dorado, 141.

Murrieta and six of his men while fording the Calaveras River near Jesus Maria were fired upon from ambush by a small party of San Andreas men. The bandits, wheeled their horses, dashed back across the stream and disappeared in the brush with the exception of one, Claudio, whose horse had been shot under him. The prisoner was brought to Yaqui Camp by the Americans and preparations were made to hang him. Standing beneath a live oak with the loop of a lariat around his neck Claudio was asked if he had anything to say.

"I was taken with Joaquin," he responded. "That is enough. You will hang me no matter what I might say."

Then out of the distance, a faint rumble was heard and far across the level plain, in the bright sunlight six horsemen came riding with clouds of red dust boiling up from the heels of their speedily approaching horses. The Americans recognized Murrieta as one of the oncoming group and scrambled for their horses. All thoughts of hanging were abandoned as they galloped off the road to San Andreas. Claudio, with the rope around his neck, waved at his friends as they went past with the revolvers of pursuer and pursued cracking and bullets whining. The race did not stop until the Americans reached San Andreas.[6]

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6. Burns, Robin Hood of El Dorado, 142.

Murrieta went back to Yaqui Camp enraged, for all the Americans had escaped without a scratch. Seeing an American in the crowd at the camp Three-Fingered Jack shot him dead. Valenzuela, one of the outlaws, shot another and a third took to his heels with Murrieta after him. Darting out of town, the fugitive headed for the hills across ground covered with ditches and gravel ridges left from sluice mining. These obstructions hindered the horse while the runner lightly hurdled them and kept well in advance of his pursuer. Murrieta emptied his two revolvers and made carts with his lasso, and finally as a last resort hurled his long, two-edged knife at him. The blade slit the American's ear as he dodged behind a great boulder. Then he nimbly skinned up the face of a cliff to safety.

The reaction of the people of San Andreas to Murrieta's actions was decisive. The entire Mexican population of the town was driven out by angry citizens. The quarter in which they resided was burned, and men, women and children fled in fear of their lives. The smoke of their burning homes rolled in billows over the hills. San Andreas was not to be free from raids until after July 25, 1853, when Murrieta was slain by a barrage of bullets fired by the posse of Captain Henry Love, who had been commissioned by the governor for the express purpose of ending Murrieta's

criminal career.[7]

Accidents were common among the miners. One of these is recorded in the Calaveras Chronicle which stated that a young man by the name of James Kent, formerly from Cayuga Village, Cayuga County, New York, was killed by the falling of a bank of earth, on the flat near Banagan's Ranch, between San Andreas and the Kentucky House. He was prospecting in his claim with a pan, and a short time before the bank caved, had taken out a two ounce piece of gold which, it is considered, probably induced him incautiously to "coyote" too far under the bank.[8]

San Andreas like other mining towns was subject, by the flimsy nature of its structures, to the constant menace of sudden all-consuming fire. It was destroyed by fire in 1858 and in 1863 and each time was rebuilt. Its reconstruction was a recognition of its importance in the Mother Lode.

Duels were not infrequent in the Mother Lode and in San Andreas. On the 16th of September 1859, William J. Gatewood shot a certain P. Goodwin in the abdomen with a rifle at forty yards, so that he died in excruciating agony within three hours. The killing, it is asserted, was done

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7. Burns, Robin Hood of El Dorado, 144.
8. Sacramento Union, April 7, 1856.

in a very gentlemanly manner. Gatewood was a lawyer and Goodwin a doctor.

An account of the duel stated:[9]

> 'Doctor I am sorry that this affair has terminated so; very sorry indeed,' said Gatewood.
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> 'I am glad to know that you acted like a gentleman,' replied Goodwin.
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> It was beautifully done; and so sentimental like! One would think the lawyer would almost rather have been shot himself, and that the doctor found it sweet to die at the hand of so gentlemanly a slayer. The people of San Andreas where the two men lived were likewise sorry; they were both good fellows and had their friends.

The county seat was not moved to San Andreas until 1863. An intensive campaign preceded its removal from Mokelumne Hill. Steamship lists and everything but the names on cemetery headstones were voted. Mokelumne Hill contested the election and for three years the issue was in the courts. Finally in 1866, it was declared that San Andreas was the legal county seat and a celebration followed. Cannons were fired, flags flew, and at nightfall a four-horse wagon, accompanied by most of the citizens as outriders, drove to Mokelumne Hill and seized the records and returned with them to San Andreas.[10]

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9. H. H. Bancroft, California Inter Pocula, XXXV, 775.
10. L. J. Stellman, Mother Lode, the Story of California's Gold Rush, 99.

The reminiscences of an old-timer, John F. Scieffard, constitutes an interesting contribution to the history of San Andreas.[11]

'When I first began to notice and remember,' stated Scieffard 'there were three or four hundred Chinamen still living here, cleaning up some of the gravel and placer mines that the white men wouldn't bother with any more. You know San Andreas was mostly a Mexican town at first, in '48 and '49. There was a Spanish Catholic mission here before that, I've heard. But when the whites came rushing in, in '49, they began to have trouble with the Mexicans. Finally they ran most of 'em out. Chinamen followed the whites. Big Chinatown here in the '60's. All burned in the big fire of '68.

'This was considerable of a sportin' town. Race track right here where my ranch is now. It wasn't quite level, but it was the best place around. Jim McKee owned a horse he called Moses Taylor. He thought a lot of that horse. Comin' into camp one evening on that horse's dam he met a grizzly. Used to be plenty of grizzlies around. Well, McKee took a shot at this grizzly and the grizzly lit out after him. The mare run away. She ran so fast that McKee decided nothing on four feet could beat her. Later he bred her to the famous stallion, name of Thad Stevens.

'The colt was named Moses Taylor. Quite a horse. Fred Weston owned a good horse named Fandango Jack. They matched 'em out here on the track and

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11. G.B. Glasscock, A Golden Highway, 264-265.

the whole town was out to see the race. That was the sort of town it was. Sportin' life kept up for quite awhile.

'Right over there by the cement plant' Scieffard pointed, 'was Kentucky House. It was built of whipsawed lumber, so it must have been built before there were any mills around. Plenty of gambling and such went on there. They packed in their supplies from Stockton. Jim Scott, he was an ex-pirate, gambler and robber, used to hang out there. He was a bad one. He was arrested half-dozen times, and finally run out of camp. Then he joined Walker's Filibuster expedition to Nicaragua.

'Yes, we had quite a camp for a long time. Gwin Mine was the first big quartz mine hereabouts. Plenty of gravel and placer mines of course. Still is.

'Then you don't think this country is worked out?' 'Hell no! why there's gold right here under our feet that would pay to handle with improved machinery. I'll prove it to you.' With this he produced samples in support of his contention. The interviewer excused himself upon the plea that a travelling companion was waiting for him.

San Andreas suffered much from the decline of placer mining. A visitor on his way to the Big Trees in the present Yosemite National Park, in 1865, described the town as having "caved in." "It has been a place of consequence," he wrote, "Many of the buildings are of brick or stone, with iron shutters, etc., but most of these and many of the frame buildings are untenanted." He was told that there were none but Chinese working in the placers, and that, though there were quartz mines in the vicinity, they were mostly in the

hands of persons who neither had capital to work them, nor would care to use it for that purpose if they had. It was his opinion, that the placers giving out was not a sad fact, for they made the face of the country, a repulsive wilderness; these mines were so uncertain, that the population which worked them, must always be migratory and unsettled in their habits.[12]

The culmination of seven years of stage holdups and robberies by Black Bart, a sort of California Robin Hood, who worked with an unloaded shotgun, came in San Andreas. Black Bart was hardly a bandit in the sense that the term was applied to Murrieta and others. He never took a life nor fired a bullet. His procedure was to point an unloaded shotgun at the head of his victim. This monumental bluff worked twenty-seven times. The twenty-eighth holdup was to lead to a series of circumstances, which was to bring him into the Superior Court of Calaveras County.

Black Bart's activities began in the summer of 1877. A stage driver was urging his horses on the road from Fort Ross to Russian River when suddenly, at a bend in the road, a man appeared and dictated terms to the driver at the point of a shotgun. A Wells Fargo treasure box, containing about

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12. "Notes of a Trip to the Big Trees," Bancroft Scraps, I, May 1865.

three hundred dollars, and mail sacks with a few more dollars were handed over to him. The bandit quickly disappeared and the driver whipped up his team and notified the authorities of the occurrence.

A year later a lone highwayman stopped a stage between Quincy and Oroville and obtained a Wells Fargo treasure box of coin, jewels and bullion amounting to a considerable sum. He was met with no resistance, and after telling the driver to move on, sat down by the wayside and improvised a few lines dedicating them to Wells Fargo Company. These lines were as follows:

Here I lay me down to sleep
To wait the coming morrow
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
and everlasting sorrow
Yet come what will - I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse
And, if there's money in that box
'Tis money for my purse.
Black Bart P.O.8

This signature served as a trademark for successive robberies. It indicated to the authorities that there was one bandit involved in the same series of holdups. Rewards were offered after each succeeding robbery until a total of $18,000 accumulated for Black Bart's apprehension.[13]

Then, November 3, 1883, the stage from Sonora,

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13. J. A. Henshall, "Black Bart," Overland Monthly, 476. June 1909.

bound for Milton, was stopped near Copperopolis in Calaveras County by a lone highwayman. This bandit had a flour sack over his head, perforated by two holes for the eyes. The driver was ordered to descend and unhitch his team as there were no passengers. He did so, bringing the horses to the rear of the stage where he awaited further instructions. Meanwhile, the treasure box was dragged from the seat by Black Bart, who had used his usual technique of the unloaded shotgun to force compliance with his orders. Finally the box was opened after half an hour's work on the lock, and amalgam, gold dust and coin to the amount of $4,800 was taken out.

Black Bart was about to depart with his loot when an Italian boy armed with a rifle appeared. The driver beckoned to the boy to advance cautiously and hand him the gun. As soon as the driver, a certain O'Connell, secured the gun, he opened fire upon the highwayman. Black Bart ran into the brush with O'Connell following and continuing to shoot. He escaped, but left behind his hat and a silk handkerchief, which was found to contain a laundry mark, F.O.X. 7.

The services of ex-Sheriff Harry N. Morse were enlisted and the handkerchief was given to him as affording the best clue to the identity of the highwayman. A routine inspection of laundries followed. It was ascertained that the robber had his washing done in some San Francisco laundry and the books of ninety-one establishments were scanned over

and over. After several days of investigation it was found that the laundry mark on the handkerchief came from a laundry on Bush Street, between Kearny and Montgomery, kept by a man named Ware. Morse inquired as to the name of the patron in relation to the laundry mark and was told that it was a Charles E. Bolton.

Ware said that Bolton was a mining man who alternated between the city and the mines and had just left the same morning on one of his usual trips. Morse asked Ware to describe Bolton's personal appearance. The laundry proprietor gave the desired information and added that Bolton resided at the Webb House on Second Street. This place was watched and when Bolton did not reappear there after a few days, Morse called again upon Ware and conversed with him about the suspect.

While they were talking the laundryman looked out on the street and suddenly exclaimed: "Why, there he comes now! Come outside and I will introduce you." Morse stepped out, and a few moments later was introduced to Bolton under the name of Charles Richardson.[14]

The suspected highwayman looked like anything but the perpetrator of twenty-eight holdups. Bolton was elegantly dressed and came sauntering down the street swinging a light

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14. Henshall, "Black Bart," Overland Monthly, 476, June 1909.

cane. He wore a Derby hat, a diamond pin, a large diamond ring on his finger and a heavy gold watch and chain. He was about five feet eight inches in height with deep sunken and keen blue eyes. His high cheekbones and a handsome gray mustache with imperial complete his description.

After a few minutes conversation followed by a visit to a nearby bar the detective asked Bolton, if he was not a mining man. When he admitted that he was, Morse asked him to go with him to his place of business and give an opinion upon some ore specimens which had just been acquired. The detective had posed as one seeking the advice of Bolton as an expert on ores, which he was supposed to possess.

The two men walked down the street, arm in arm, and before Bolton knew it, he was sitting in the private office of the special agent of Wells Fargo Company. The suspect was perfectly calm but great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he entered the office. Once seated in the office of the company, which he had robbed for seven years questions were rapidly thrown at him without ceremony. "I am a gentleman," he exclaimed angrily. "I do not know either of you, nor in what way my personal business concerns you." He was told that his business affairs concerned them in a way, which would soon be made apparent.

A waybill smeared with blood certifying to the contents of the treasure box had been picked up at the scene of

Black Bart's last robbery. Morse observing that the suspect's right hand was in the process of healing from a wound, suddenly asked: "How did you receive that wound?" "It is none of your business, but I will tell you, I struck it on the car rail at Reno," was the angry response.

"No you didn't," replied Morse "you got it when you broke open a Wells Fargo's box a few days ago at a place a good distance this side of Reno." The suspected stage robber changed color but made no reply. The detective then went with Black Bart to his room and searched his belongings. He found several handkerchiefs exactly similar to the one picked up at the scene of the robbery, besides other clothing, all bearing the same laundry mark F.O.X. 7. Questioned as to these coincidences Black Bart replied: "I am certainly not the only individual with his laundry mark on his clothes. This handkerchief [referring to the one picked up at the scene of the robbery] may have been stolen from me, or I may have lost it."

Then he was informed for the first time where the handkerchief had been found; he immediately assumed an air of offended dignity. "Do you take me for a stage robber?" was the angry response "I never harmed any one in my life, and this is the first time that my character has been brought into question."

A small Bible was found in the room, on the flyleaf

of which was written: "To my beloved husband, Charles E. Boles," and signed by his wife. The stage robber's real name was Boles, though he occasionally assumed the names of Spaulding and Bolton. Using this Bible as the pivot Morse and Detective Hume of Wells Fargo Company interrogated the suspect at great length, but he gave no indication that he was Boles, nor would he admit any relation to past holdups. The detectives were calmly told by him that they and the Wells Fargo Company would have to face heavy suits for damages when he was freed.[15]

The next move was to take Black Bart to San Andreas, where he would have to be tried in the hope of obtaining identification evidence. All the way there Morse and Hume tried to trip him into an incriminating admission and urged him to confess. Black Bart, playing for time, declined to discuss the subject of robberies and in apparent jovial mode varied his jokes and reminiscences of army life during the Civil War with reminders of the suits for damages he soon would be able to file.

The populace of San Andreas were gathered to see the prisoner as he was brought into town on the stage. Most of them took one or the other of the officers for the high-

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15. Oakland Tribune, February 19, 1922.

wayman, as Black Bart was still dressed as a man of means. After the evening meal was over, Morse took Bart into a private room and renewed his attempts to extort a confession. It was pointed out to him the undeniable strength of the evidence with a jury, in the event the case went to trial. Bart continued to evade the subject, relating graphic descriptions of army life to the detective, who inflexibly returned to the first subject. After several hours of these tactics Bart suddenly asked: "I don't admit that I did this, but what would happen to the man who did - if he should confess?"

Morse explained to him that a confession would save the government a great deal of money and incline the officials to be lenient. Then Black Bart confessed, but before doing so made terms relating to his sentence and an early pardon. It was agreed that a sentence of seven years' imprisonment at the state penitentiary should be imposed upon him,and a pardon should be granted at the end of the second year. Detective Hume agreed that he would obtain the approval of the officials of the Wells Fargo Company, and the arrangement was carried out to the letter.

A team was hired and the same night, the three men drove twenty miles over the mountain roads in the bright moonlight to the scene of the robbery. Bart led the officers into the brush, and stooping down at the end of a hollow log,

pulled out a sack containing the missing $4,800 intact. On the return to San Andreas, the robber informed the detectives that he had for some years been employed about stage offices, and had come to have a good idea of the times when bullion or coin were to be shipped. He said he kept up a show of mining at his place far up in the mountains and used it as a retreat after every robbery. On selecting a spot for the actual holdup he made camp nearby to which he returned after the robbery. A San Francisco residence had to be maintained as a big city was the only place where gold dust and amalgam could be disposed of with safety to himself. An unloaded gun was used because he had determined that he would never kill or injure man or woman. In all the years of his absence Black Bart sent regular remittances to his wife, and she never knew until after his capture that the money that came during seven years was stolen.[16]

Black Bart pleaded guilty in the Superior Court of Calaveras County in San Andreas in 1887 and was sentenced to seven years in the State Prison. Two years later he was released and immediately called upon the officers instrumental in his capture. While he was in jail, his wife, in Illinois, frequently wrote to the authorities dilating on her husband's

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16. Oakland Tribune, February 19, 1922.

good qualities, and requesting them to see that he was sent home upon the expiration of his sentence.

What happened to Black Bart after his release from prison is not known. One story is that he drifted across the Pacific to the Chinese coast; another account is that he went to Nevada and lived the rest of his days on a farm. Others were of the opinion that he returned to San Francisco.

Quartz mining was the dominant type of mining prevalent in the region of San Andreas after 1865. The cost of mine labor remained almost stationary on the Mother Lode from about 1870 until the World War. The earlier miners were Americans for the most part although Chinese miners were used in some drift placer mines and for surface work at quartz mines. The Americans had been almost entirely superseded by Austrians, Montenegrins, Italians and other Southern Europeans before 1912.

The World War by increasing material and labor costs put most of the low-grade mines out of business. A revival of interest in gold mining was manifest in 1930 and a substantial increase in production was noted for that year. The hand placer operations of "depression miners" in 1931 and 1932 was credited as the cause for at least one-half of this increase in production.[17]

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17. C. A. Logan, Mother Lode Gold Belt of California, 9-10.

San Andreas in 1940 has all the marks of a prosperous mountain county seat. Its streets are filled with life; its buildings are generally in excellent shape. A fine modern schoolhouse provides for the educational needs of the community. A county museum with relics and mementos of the past history of Calaveras County is located a block from the main highway. The business life of San Andreas has kept pace fully with the growth of California. Its population as recorded by the 1930 census includes 1,082 persons. Its romantic past still lives in its progressive present. It is a living chapter in the history of the Mother Lode.

Because of its historical background, San Andreas has been listed as one of the Registered Landmarks of the State. This plan of registration was started by the California State Chamber of Commerce in 1930, which drafted and put through the Legislation. The Chamber has since acted as a coördinating medium for such registration, coöperating to this end with the Department of Natural Resources.

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