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ELIHU ANTHONY

(1818 – 1905)

A Biography by His Brother

Transcribed and Annotated by Stanley D. Stevens



Santa Cruz
Museum of
Art & History
at the McPherson Center

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ELIHU ANTHONY

An Introduction

by Stanley D. Stevens

The biography of Elihu Anthony, written by his brother Charles, and presented here for the first time in its entirety, complements and adds to biographies of Elihu published in other publications (see Appendix).

In my passion to document the life of Frederick Augustus Hihn, I naturally must explore each of his associates, business partners, his political and business ventures, and each member of his extended family. It was with that objective in mind that I compiled *Santa Cruz County History Journal*, issue number 4, in 1998. Its subtitle is *The Society of California Pioneers of Santa Cruz County*. F. A. Hihn was the President, each and every year from its founding in 1881 to 1913. Hihn died on August 23, 1913, and the Pioneers organization died with him.

Elihu Anthony was a member of the Pioneers and his biography, contributed by Keith and Dee Kraft, is based on the biography presented here, by Rev. Charles V. Anthony.

Anthony and Hihn were business partners, and they are forever linked in the history of Santa Cruz. They together developed a water distribution system, they joined with others to produce roads and the main railroad from Santa Cruz to Watsonville, and they were friends.

On April 23, 1870, the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* reported that another “Old Pioneer Landmark Gone.”¹ It described the building erected in 1849 for Elihu Anthony. The *Sentinel* reporter recounted “that the Anthony building may be considered the pioneer in the now principal business portion of the thriving town of Santa Cruz.”² It could also be considered as our first Santa Cruz bank.

That store was located where Pacific Avenue, Water Street, and Mission Street come together to form what is known at the Lower Plaza. Today’s Town Clock edifice is located at that intersection. The *Sentinel* reporter explained the esteem in which Elihu Anthony was held:

In the winter of 1849 many of the lucky miners wintered in Santa Cruz, and their depot for trade and place of deposit was “Anthony’s store,” where their “dust” was stored, in buckskin bags, with only the name and weight, marked on a tag, for security, or to guarantee a safe return to the owner; yet, we are informed that not a single mistake occurred out of the many deposits made, and not an ounce was ever lost to the owner.³

Elihu Anthony, as will be learned from his brother's biography, considered himself first and foremost a preacher of the Methodist church. In 1848, he was the founder of the first Protestant church in Santa Cruz. Although not an ordained minister, his license to preach had been renewed on April 13, 1850, by Bishop William Taylor. According to an article in the *San Francisco Call* about a Methodist conference in Pacific Grove, Elihu Anthony "was the first man granted a local preacher's license in California."⁴ (His brother, author of Elihu's biography, was also recognized at that Conference for having completed fifty years as a Methodist minister.)

Elihu Anthony helped found the San Jose First United Methodist Church in 1847, the first Protestant church in Santa Cruz in 1848, and was also the first regularly appointed preacher for the Methodist Episcopal Church of Watsonville.

There is much more that could be written about Elihu Anthony. A complete biography would also describe him as: Assemblyman, California Legislature; attorney – practiced before the Court of Sessions, without license; blacksmith; Board of Supervisors, first Chairman; brother of Kansas ex-Governor William D. Anthony – Santa Cruz resident; businessman-merchant; cousin of suffragist Susan B. Anthony; first Santa Cruz Postmaster; land owner, sub-divider and developer; water system developer; wharf builder.

Methodist Preacher Who Came In 1847 Had Many Firsts In Santa Cruz To His Credit

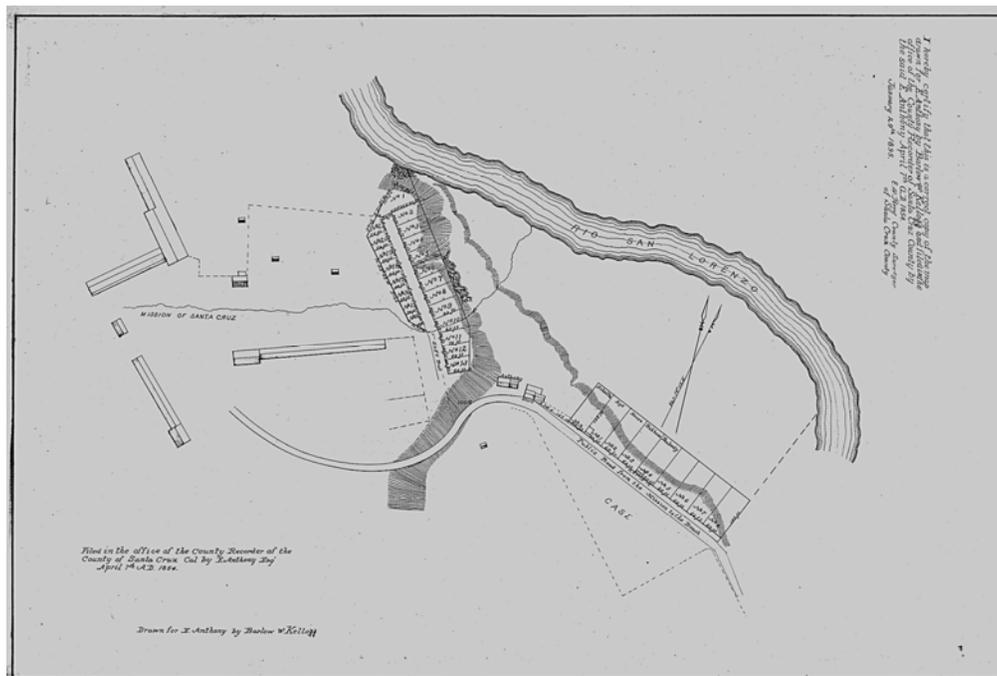
Elihu Anthony was the first postmaster of Santa Cruz.
He was the first chairman of the board of supervisors.
He built the city's first wharf.
He helped organize the first protestant church here.
He helped build the city's first water system.
He moved the business district from "the hill" to "the flat."
He established the first foundry in Santa Cruz.
He laid out the first residential subdivision.

In the fifty-eight years that Elihu Anthony, the circuit rider from Indiana who came here when he was 29 years old, saw the town grow from a handful of Californian Mexicans around the mission, and an equal number in Branciforte, to a city of ten thousand.

To his credit as a progressive citizen the city owed many of its measures which kept it in step with the rest of the world. The builder of the first wharf here saw railroads, telephones, gas, electricity, street cars all operating in his town.

Others have documented Elihu Anthony's life, notably the newsman and historian Leon Rowland. His 1937 full-page article provides an excellent summary of Elihu's life. An inset from that full-page is reproduced above:⁵

Elihu Anthony's property in relation to Mission Santa Cruz,



Elihu Anthony

(1818–1905)

A Pioneer of the Pioneers of California.

A biography by his brother,
the Rev. Charles Volney Anthony (1831–1908),
some of which was published earlier in his
Fifty Years of Methodism, A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church,
within the Bounds of the California Annual Conference from 1847 to 1897,
by C. V. Anthony, A. M., D. D.,
Published by the Methodist Book Concern, San Francisco, 1901.
Transcribed from a typescript in the possession of
and with the courtesy of Keith Richard Kraft
a great-great grandson of Elihu Anthony's sister Harriet W. Anthony Hinton
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Stanley D. Stevens



I. Early Life

Elihu Anthony was born in the town of Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York, on the 30th day of May, 1818. He was the second child of a family of six, a sister being older, and two sisters and two brothers being younger.⁶ His parents⁷ and his grandparents⁸ on both sides were Friends, commonly called Quakers. For some time before his birth and for a long time afterwards, his father's health was very poor, so that he was not able to carry on his business successfully and became quite poor in his financial condition. His business had been running a trip hammer where he had been making axes, scythes, and hoes.⁹ Being naturally a very ingenious man, he soon set himself at the work of a blacksmith, an occupation he followed during the greater part of his days and explains the fact that the party to whom this memoir is devoted was himself a blacksmith. Not long after this, Elihu was left at his grandfather's in Saratoga and his father's family moved into Western New York where for many years the family lived in Portage.¹⁰ He soon joined them there, working on a farm, he

continued to live until he was nearly nineteen years of age. It was here that he learned his trade as a blacksmith in a shop of his father's which was a source of revenue to the family during much of the year. For nearly a year he had learned to work in a carriage shop in the town of Nunda,¹¹ not far from his father's home.

In the Spring of 1837, he concluded he would like to try his fortune in the "Great West", as all that part of the country was called which lies beyond Lake Erie. He secured the permission of his father, who was himself fond of adventure, and with a little more than the clothes on his back, he started for the State of Michigan. His plan was to go as far as his money would last him, then stop and work until he had enough to continue his journey. Once, he had to stop and work before he reached the City of Cleveland. As his experience on a farm was of some value to him, he worked for a time on a farm making hay, but having secured enough to pay his meals and lodging, for he did not travel any other way than by foot, to the city of Cleveland, where he felt under the necessity of taking a steamboat for Detroit.

Here, he entered a large shop and asked for the position of a journeyman. The proprietor looked upon him and said, "You cannot earn the wages of a journeyman, you are only a boy." Elihu answered, with some degree of earnestness, "Will you give me a chance to try?" As there was a forge empty, he was given the place and some work to do. When he had finished it in a very workmanlike manner, the man told him he could go to work, Elihu supposing it was at a journeyman's wages. Here he worked hard, anxious to please his employer, doing as much as anyone in the shop and doing it well. At length having, as he supposed, earned enough to take him to his destination he asked his employer for a settlement as he thought he would be going on. The proprietor used all means to convince him that he had better stay with him, but finding it in vain, he looked at his book for a little while, figured a little, and then placed before him a sum less than half that Elihu had supposed his due.

When he protested and said he would return for the rest of his wages, the man told him that he would never pay him more than apprentice's wages, for he believed he was an apprentice who had run away from his master and was strongly inclined to have him arrested as such.

The boy was a little frightened at this and having given his mind in as few words as possible, he ran with all his might to the steamboat landing where he found that he had money enough to pay his passage in what was called a "deck passage," with no place to sleep, and no provision until the end of the journey. He spent his last cent in buying a loaf of baker's bread and on that he lived until he reached Detroit late in the day of the second day's passage.

Ashore in a strange city, without a cent in his pocket, and hungry as a boy could well be, he started westward, little knowing what might befall him. Near the edge of the city he came to a hotel, or tavern as such places were called in those times, and here he asked for work, stating he was without cash but was willing to do anything that had to be done and was indifferent about the pay, for the present at least, quite willing to work for his board. When asked if he could take care of horses, and learning that he was quite up to business, he was sent out to the stables where he worked until after dark on an empty stomach. He often said that no man could appreciate how welcome the invitation to supper could sound to the ear of a poor fellow in the same fix he was that night when the information came to him that he could go and eat what he wanted. The next morning he was up early at his work for a breakfast. As soon as he had eaten his meal and had thanked the proprietor for his kindness he was away on his westward trip.

II. How He Got Work At Last.

All that day, with his pack upon his shoulders, he traveled until near sundown, when he suddenly heard the music of a hammer upon an anvil. Never was music sweeter than that. In a few minutes he was standing in a shop asking of the young man who was at work, if he didn't want to

hire a journeyman. He replied that if he could get a man who knew more about the business than he did, and was willing to take store pay, or such things as were therein counted good pay, he would be glad to engage him. But his look at the boy, never very large and even then small for his age did not carry that with it that would give him great confidence that he had found his first position in this far away place. It so happened that the man was engaged at a piece of work that Elihu saw he did not know exactly how to handle to the best advantage. He offered to test his skill right there and asked for the privilege of hammering the thing as he saw best. The man readily agreed to the proposition and in a few minutes was convinced that this boy was better posted in handling tools than he was himself; indeed, he then told Anthony that he had never fully learned his trade and would be very glad to have his help. He would board and lodge him and pay him one hundred dollars a year, though he might have to take much of it in the way of deal. He then and there pledged for the next year's work.

That night he found it hard to quit eating without showing how very hungry he was; indeed, he left off without any decrease of appetite. As he passed up the stairway that night to go to bed, he saw that within easy reach of him were the shelves with a plate full of biscuits which had been left from the supper table. He had quite a time reconciling himself to go to sleep without quietly going down and helping himself to a few of those tempting morsels which were so easy to reach. After getting better acquainted with the young woman for whom he always felt a very strong friendship, she cried and told him how sorry she was that he went to bed hungry.

For one full year, he labored with this man who proved to be a very nice one to deal with, never having had a single word with him of an unpleasant nature during the time they were working together. He was so constituted socially that he always made friends wherever he went. This was shown this year by his being, though yet under age, elected to the office of a second

lieutenant of the company of which he formed a part of the local militia. He gave no small attention to his work and soon provided for himself a very dashing uniform. With a very full silk sash about his waist, and a sword by his side, he stood in his place at the training time. His pride, however, took a certain fall one day, when he was sent with some kind of a message to the colonel who asked a bystander who stood by, while he was within reach of his question, who that boy was.

A year later, the whole family having moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, he left Michigan and joined them there. He joined with his father in carrying on his trade as a blacksmith. The Wabash and Erie Canal was then being built and work was very abundant. His father soon obtained the title of the “Yankee Blacksmith”, and because he was capable of doing any kind of work had all the work he could do. In the Spring of 1840,¹² he was married to Miss Frances Clark. She was a lovely woman, with whom he lived a very happy life for only a few years. Not long after this, the family moved on to a farm in the country where he continued in his work until an event occurred in his life which set him in a very different direction and indirectly led to his becoming a resident of the Pacific Coast.

III. His Conversion

As already stated, the father and mother of Elihu Anthony were Quakers at the time of their marriage, and the mother continued her relation with that body until her death. But before Elihu had reached the age of personal thinking on such subjects his father left the Society of Friends and became quite a deistical¹³ in his opinions on the subjects involved. Still later, he adopted the Universalist¹⁴ notions of the New Testament theology. As he was a man of strong ideas, and as he was the soul of all religious thinking in the household, it was but natural that the children should entertain similar views in regard to their ideas of the subject. Thus he left home a Universalist and remained such until the time of our present consideration of his life. He was, in

those days, very fond of society, fond of parties and dancing and had gradually fallen into the practice of profanity. Though he was not a total abstainer, he had rarely indulged in the use of alcoholic liquors to any great excess. But upon one occasion, only a little while before he was converted, he had to be helped home. This was a source of great humiliation to him and was always associated by him as among the reasons which led up to his change of life.

That winter there was a great revival under the labors of Rev. O. W. Miller¹⁵ in the little village of Wolf Lake.¹⁶ One day the pastor called at the shop and began to talk with Anthony about his work. He inquired about the difference of iron, how steel was made and such like subjects, to all of which he received a ready response. After a little conversation of that character, he took leave, asking Anthony to come to their meetings. Anthony always insisted that had Mr. Miller come and talked to him on the subject of religion the outcome would have been very different. As it was, he took a liking to the man who seemed so interested about his work and resolved that night that he would go. A neighbor with whom he was on terms of great familiarity, and his wife, having come in to spend the evening, were invited to go with them. As they went on their way, they joked with each other about going forward to the “mourner’s bench”, each offering to do it if the others would. They were all so powerfully converted that all went forward in good dead earnest. It was customary, in those days, for the preacher to “throw open” the doors of the church at the close of each service. When he did so, on this occasion, all four of them went into the church together.

It was a great trial to Anthony that night, when he began to think of it, that he had not tried to join the church until he had stopped swearing. “There,” he said to himself, “I have tried to stop this miserable custom many times in the past, but have never succeeded. Now, when I begin to shoe a horse and he makes me hit my hand instead of the nail, I shall certainly begin to swear, and how will that look in a church member? Why did I not

wait until I got over that difficulty?” From that day to the day of his death he never uttered a profane oath. For over sixty years, he remained faithful to the vows he had assumed that night in the service at Wolf Lake.

IV. Preaching the Gospel

Not long after his conversion, the thought was expressed by both his pastor and his fellow members that he ought to preach and to that end his own conscience seemed to be in unison. Accordingly, very soon after his reception into full connection, he was licensed to preach, and not long afterwards he was recommended to the North Indiana conference. Accepting this as the full result of his life’s work, he at once sold out his own business at a great sacrifice, sold his home and at once entered upon his work. He was received into the North Indiana conference in 1843, and was appointed to Warsaw circuit.¹⁷

This was a very, very favorable appointment for a probationer and in it he did very well. They even asked for his return. When the next session met, with Bishop Waugh¹⁸ in the chair, a new condition on things presented itself to the conference. The Bishop informed them that there was a large decrease of appointments and that there must be a weeding out of their list of probationers, and since there was a large number of places where young men could be supported, it was necessary that the married men should be first left off the list. Every married man was at once discontinued. The truth was that the previous year, there had been a great influx of new members and a corresponding increase of appointments with a corresponding increase of those who would naturally be led into the work of the ministry. The past year had been a corresponding decrease of members as is usual after the existence of extensive revivals. Still the determination of cutting off the married men was arbitrary in the extreme and was the result of a bishop’s own direction. To show that the conference had the utmost confidence in Anthony, they passed a resolution that any of the presiding elders might employ him if the

exigencies of the work would warrant it.

At first Anthony felt that his life work was about to be changed into the old ruts of working at his trade, though he never wavered in his sentiments about leading a religious life. But the way opened at once. A presiding elder offered a work that would have been readily accepted by him if he had been a probationer in the conference. But he was deferred from entering into the work because of the health of his wife. For a few months he was kept by her bedside, and then she was taken from him, forever.¹⁹

Taking his child, Charles Wesley, to his parents, he hurried off to his work. That year was also a success and at the end of the year they were all in favor of his entering the conference again. But to this, Anthony would never agree. He was returned to his work as a supply[sic] and a few months later married Miss Sarah Van Anda. With her, he lived for more than fifty years. Their bodies lie together in the cemetery at Santa Cruz.²⁰ She had been acquainted with his first wife and during her last illness had been in almost daily intercourse with her, often watching with her at night. A strong friendship had grown up between them, which perhaps, led in the long run to a second marriage. That year proved to be the last of the years that Anthony ever worked in the ministry in the bounds of the North Indiana conference. Utterly refusing to be placed again on the rolls of that conference, he began to think of some other region where he could go and engage in work without the thought of further humiliation over his continuance therein. This led to his leaving the state for good and finding his way to Iowa.

This was in the fall of 1846. He settled in Oscaloosa [sic], in Mahaska County²¹ for the present and during the winter he wrought at his trade. The winter was unusually severe, sickness invaded his family, his only child by his first wife died,²² the result of which led him to desire a more favorable climate. Oregon was then just beginning to be greatly praised for the excellence of its climate and in his thought he would be glad to get where there were no such fearfully cold

weather as he was sure of finding in the great Northwest of the States.[sic] To render it yet more uncertain about his remaining, there were several of his new-made acquaintances in that community who were contemplating going to Oregon the next summer. He concluded to join them and perhaps find in that land a field where he could do the work of the ministry to which he felt that he had been called.

V. His Journey to the Pacific Coast

The large caravan he was to join was made up in St. Louis, Missouri. Not far from one hundred wagons were put into the string which started westward from that place in the spring as early as their cattle could get through enough to eat.[sic] The family consisted of Mrs. Anthony, a daughter, Louisa, who had been born to them in Iowa, and Miss Jane Van Anda, a sister of Mrs. Anthony. Having selected their captain, fixed upon the plans by which all were to have an equal chance of being at the head of their long list of wagons, so that each in turn should have that position for one day, together with certain rules on other subjects necessary for their comfort and quietness, they started on their long journey over the mountains and plains which lay between them and the Western side of the continent.

All went well until they reached the end of civilization and the land of buffaloes. Here they found the most wanton sport practiced by some of their company. They were accustomed to kill the buffaloes when they had no need of meat and where they left them to decay upon the plain. Some of the emigrants objected to this, among them Anthony. But nothing would prevent these fellows from doing their work until they found that the Indians were upon them and they had to stop their folly. One night when they had gone into camp they found themselves surrounded by several hundred Sioux Indians, all armed to the teeth. They were well mounted, and their faces painted ~~and~~ [sic] red and represented an appearance which filled the whole company with dread. They stopped a little distance from the wagons, only one of their number stepping near

enough to be heard. He demanded an interview with the captain of the company and such others of them as they might wish to be present at the interview he wished to hold with them. Among others Anthony was chosen and these went forward and the young man, in excellent English, pretended to lay before them what they expected them to do. [sic]

The young man, who proved himself to be a half-breed, addressed his audience in somewhat the following words: “We want first of all to tell you that there must be an immediate end to the slaying of the buffaloes as a mere past-time. If you want to kill a buffalo for food, we will make no objection, but we shall certainly see to it that you do not kill them for fun, and if you do, you will have to punish the ones who do it, or we shall hold the whole body of you responsible for the transgression. These buffaloes belong to us. They feed on the pastures which belong to us, and it is a necessity for our various needs that they should be spared. And now as to the permission of traveling through our lands, we will protect you and suffer you to go the whole length of our lands, a distance of more than four hundred miles, during all of which distances we will see that you shall not be hurt by any of our tribe or by the members of any other tribes if you will pay us a certain amount in tribute. We will leave it to your own choice what it shall be, only every person, old or young, among you must pay a certain amount in flour, in bacon, in tobacco, in coffee, in sugar or in corn meal.”

Here he indicated the amount of each of the articles named each one would have to give. Having given all the instructions he told them to go and talk with their people and bring them word as to what they intended to do. He made no threats except that he said these conditions were required of people going this way last year and that none who had done as they were requested had any harm on the way. A few thought to do differently and it did not go so well with them.

A meeting of the men of the caravan was called within the circle of their wagons and the question was asked what they would do in the

case. Some were in favor of reporting themselves ready to meet them in battle, but never to pay tribute, but most of them, Anthony being of that sort, concluded that they were shut up to this and that the lives of all were at stake if they refused to comply with their conditions. A committee was appointed, one of whom was a member to make a report of their willingness to comply with all they demanded.

No Indian had stirred during all this controversy, not a word had been spoken by any one of them until the committee stood before the half-breed Indian and he was told that the slaughter of the buffaloes would end at that moment, and that they stood ready to punish any man who should dare to disobey this rule. They also represented themselves as willing to pay the tribute asked whenever it should meet with their requirements that it should be done. Without any further contributions with the other Indians [*sic*], the young man told them that when they got ready to start on their journey the next morning their teams were to be hitched to their wagons, all members of the different families were to be in the wagon where they belonged. They were not to start until they came and received their tribute. A few words were spoken by their interpreter in Indian, and they all went off in quietude, not a whoop nor a yell being made by them as they went on their way. The young man did not seem inclined to go with them and as Anthony was somewhat inclined to find out something more concerning him, they remained together while the young man, in answer to questions asked him, told the following story:

He said that his father was a Canadian Frenchman who had married his mother, the daughter of a great chief among the Sioux Indians. When his mother died, his father returned with him to his own country and had him educated in one of the church's schools. Here he received a very good education, not only in French, but also in English. As long as his father lived, he remained with his father's relatives, but when his father died, the love of his old life among the Indians remaining in him got the

ascendancy over him and he returned to his mother's people. He had gone back a few times and might go back again, but his home was with the Indians and would remain so as long as he lived. He took occasion to remark to him that they had done all they could do under the circumstances. He said he had tried to do all that he could do to keep them in a more civilized form of life but that even they would not take from him kindly what he might say in regard to those whom they thought were doing them and their interests a great wrong.

From the time of the departure of the Indians after the interview no Indian was to be seen until the company had yoked their cattle on the following morning and were ready to start on their day's journey. Then appeared from the distance the whole tribe. Not only were the men they had seen the night before there, but a whole tribe of men, women and children, all of their ponys [*sic*], ready for the affair that was to bring them so much pleasure. As they came near they spread a vast number of buffalo robes with their hairy sides downward, ready to receive the tribute asked for. Then a certain number of Indians were detailed, or had already been so detailed, for the whole thing was done in a most systematic manner, went from one wagon to another, insisting first on seeing every one that wagon contained, and then on receiving the amount due from the man who was acting as the head of the family. As soon as the amount was received, it was carried to the place appointed for it and laid upon the skin for which it had been intended. Meantime other Indians were engaged in distributing it among the squaws who came with baskets to get the amount due to them and their families. It really took but an incredibly small time when the whole thing was settled and they were told, with much kind feeling, that they might go on their way. Nor did they ever have any further trouble with the Sioux Indians while upon their lands. They had tribute to give to Indians afterward, but never to the Sioux.

Not long after leaving Fort Hall, they found two roads, one going to the North and the other

to the South. But here was a warning from the Governor of Oregon, telling them not to take the Southern route as the Indians were very bad by that way. The Northern was the shortest, but from what they had learned from other sources, the feed was very bad. A meeting was held, and the majority decided on going the Southern route in the face of the governor's warning. They argued that in the conditions of their teams they would rather take their chances on the Indians than to take their chances on being left among the mountains without teams. Anthony was among the most strenuous of those who were in favor of going the Northern route. In the first place they had been much longer on the way than had been expected and his family rendered it necessary that he should get to some civilized place as soon as possible. They were near the place where people were accustomed to leave by a still further Southern route for California. One family had started for California and were exceedingly anxious to take that road. Two others were quite willing to go with them rather than to take the road that promised them so much trouble. The way to California was several hundred miles nearer than to Oregon. These four families, having three wagons, finally agreed to go the way that lead to California. A great deal of complaint was made by the caravan, as it was considered a most wonderful thing for them to attempt it without more going that way. Indeed, when they had reached the point of departure there was a meeting held and quite a number were in favor of using the authority of the whole caravan to prevent it. But most of them, while recognizing the danger of the proceedings, concluded that it was a free country and these might go if they pleased into the very jaws of ruin. The feeling was so intense that the next morning when the four families and their team left the company there were no farewells taken, each family took their appointed ways and went on to find their way to their destined places. The Oregon party, after taking trials without number, reached their destination.

As for the California contingent, the dangers

they met all the way to Sutter's Fort were far greater than they had calculated upon. The want of a clear road, for not many were at that time traveling to California, often put them to great inconvenience and sometimes caused them to double their journey because they had taken the wrong way. Then they had to cross the great desert forty miles across it, without any other provender ^{^provender^23} or water except what they took with them, traveled mostly in the night in order to avoid the heat of the day's sun. Anthony always [said]²⁴ that his cattle would have given out but for the fact that they scented water several miles before getting to it, and from that time until they got to it they needed scarcely to be whipped in order to keep them going. When near the stream which was to quench their thirst they plunged in regardless of the load that was behind them coming very near upsetting it in their eagerness, not only to drink, but to bathe themselves in the water. Hills had to be crossed that were so steep that everything they had had to be carried up to the top, the teams being so weak that it was impossible for them to do more than haul the empty wagons, and that, too, with the help the men could give in places, in rolling the wheels with their hands. In going down these hills they had nearly as great trouble as going up them, having to cut down small trees and to hitch them on behind to serve as an assistant brake, while the men held them from falling over by means of ropes attached to their sides and held by men who held them as they walked on the upper sides of the wagons. In spite of all their care, Anthony lost an ox one night, and from there he had to yoke his cow into the team. This was successfully done, as it was in those days generally, the cows showing but little trouble in getting used to the yoke and showing themselves quite willing to [do]²⁵ all they could in dragging the load along. Everything they could they threw aside in order to make the load lighter. Here another difficulty arose, one of the families refused to leave anything out of their load until they had nearly reached a place where it was as good to have kept it. This lead to hard feelings, some of them were

always determined to leave them to their fate and should have done so but for the efforts of Anthony who said that it would be impossible for them to get on without such help as these might afford, while they would certainly be lost if left alone.

At this stage of their proceeding, help came to them in the form of an Indian concerning whom we shall later have considerable to say.

It is a saying among Indian haters that “a good Indian is one who is dead.” This was not the case with Tinnab, the Shoshone Indian, who came to the little company, tired and almost discouraged, as they went into their camp in the evening of the most trying day. By signs, and a few English words, that he had learned, he told them that the place they had chosen was not a safe one. He showed them that the place they had chosen was too near a hill over which the Indians could come and drive their cattle away before being seen. He told them of a place not far removed, right on their way, where the feed was equally good, and where they would be very safe from the Indians, who he said were very bad in that region. After some further conversation they decided to follow his directions and soon found that it was as he had said. He told them that he would conduct them right along until they came to a safe place to leave them if they would feed him while he was doing it. Their food was short and some of them were under the impression that after all he was only acting as a stool pigeon for some other Indians that in the long run they would suffer if they placed themselves under his control. It was Anthony’s night watch, and he made them this proposition. He would give him some supper and have him sleep under his wagon, promising to keep a single eye on him all that night. If, on the following day, he should stay by them, they would have to trust him and help feed him as he was perfectly willing to do himself. The Indian slept right on all night, and the day following was of great use to them in helping them over the hills. Thus they passed on crossing the mountains where the Donner party met their terrible fate only the winter before. They found

the body of a young woman in a very fair state of preservation which they stopped to bury. Then hastened on as they were where a storm might fix them in the same condition as the Donner party had been in. Tinnab still kept with them until they had reached a point where the great Sacramento Valley was before them, then, having been given a meager part of their small supply of food, he left them. We shall see him again in good time.

The only difficulty with them after this was in regard to food. One night Anthony and his family sat down to their last food. The meal was of flour pancakes mixed with gravy made from the milk of their working cow. They were yet many days before they could reach Sutter’s Mill. While eating a meal that hardly satisfied their wants for the time being, Miss Van Anda suddenly cried out: “What is that?” When looking in the direction she pointed they saw, upon a high rock near by them, a large sheep, fat and flourishing. Anthony’s rifle soon brought him down, and in the strength of that sheep’s supply they reached Sutter’s Fort without suffering for want of food. The sheep had been lost from a flock that had been driven over by Eli Moore, of Santa Cruz, California. He had had time to get in good condition ere the reason for his stay came along.

At Sutter’s Fort they were received by the old general, as indeed all immigrants had been before him, with cordiality and furnished with plenty for their future journey. It was the hope of all who came to that country in those times to get what might be needed for food in that place. He had built him a fort and under its guns he was trying to build his New Helvetia, named after his own country [Switzerland]²⁶ – the little republic among the Alps.²⁷ He held out to all of them inducements to stay with him and make their home with him. Some of the party were ready to end their journey but Anthony and some other of his fellow travelers made on as fast as they could. Passing by where Stockton now stands they passed over the mountains where Livermore is now seen, and in due time they found their way to the Mission of San Jose. There are many residents of California today who do not know of this

place. It is just amid the foothills about fifteen miles from where the city of San Jose now stands. In those days what is now called San Jose was the Pueblo of San Jose. The Mission was a place for the instruction of the Indians while the Pueblo was a kind of colony where people who went there were given special privileges in the matter of gaining land. It was at the Mission of San Jose they were compelled to stop by the advent of a son into the family.²⁸ This detained them for several weeks, when they went on to the Pueblo of San Jose. It was now near the end of November [1847].²⁹ As they had no cold weather, the plains were already covered with green grass and flowers, he came to the conclusion that he had found a country that was good enough for him, an opinion in which he grew stronger as the years went by.

VI. A SELF-APPOINTED ITINERANT.

It was never expected in these rapid changes that Anthony had made in the last few years that he would do otherwise than spend his life in the ministry. In going to Oregon he only expected to engage in the ministry there. In coming to California it was only for the present, as he had expected to go to Oregon the next spring. Finding the country so very delightful, he at once began to think of setting at the work he felt he had in view. It may be well to give here a statement of the country conditions previous to that time.

It was in the fall of 1846 that Adna A. Hecox, a licensed exhorter of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arrived in Santa Clara with a company of fifty-seven souls. Typhoid fever broke out among them and the first death which occurred was attended by Hecox, himself, but recently saved from the disease. His text upon that occasion was, "Remember how short my time is." From that time on until Mr. Hecox went to Santa Cruz he used to hold meetings among the Americans in that place. On the 24th day of April the Bark *Whitton* [*sic*] arrived in Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called, and on board of that vessel were two clergymen of the Methodist Church. One was William Roberts who was going

to take charge of the work in Oregon, and the other was James H. Wilbur who represented Methodism for many years in the Great Northwest. These held services in San Francisco and in Monterey. In the former place they formed a society. These were all the Protestant services held in the State before the arrival of Anthony.

They reached San Jose toward the end of the week, when Mrs. Case,³⁰ one of the ladies that had come with them over the plains, told Anthony that he must preach on the following Sunday. He rather protested about beginning so soon, but she said they were to have services and she was going to give out the notices to people as they passed her place. One instance of this announcement may be repeated. A man was going past her house when she stopped him to tell him of the coming event. He was the driver of a team that was bringing lumber from the [Santa Cruz]³¹ mountains on the west side of the valley. As he leaned upon his long ox goad, she told him there was to be a meeting and a sermon at that place next Sabbath at eleven o'clock. The man listened until she was through and then asked who was going to do the preaching. She replied that it was a man by the name of Anthony. "Did he come across the plains driving an ox team this year?" "Yes."

"Well, he ought to wait a little longer to repent of swearing at his team." "Nay, but he never swore at his team all the way but on the contrary sang songs and hymns all the way." The man assured her he would never fail to be present to hear a man preach who had driven an ox team across the plains without swearing at them. The sermon followed and was repeated each Sabbath until a class was formed of seven Methodists and five or more Cumberland Presbyterians. Not long after this, the beginning services at San Jose, he received a letter from a man in Monterey [Walter Colton],³² the man who built the first brick house ever erected in California, a building still to be seen in Monterey, asking him to come to that place and preach for them. Anthony had already started a shop and found himself doing well making the long rewelded spurs, then so much in

use by the Native Californians. By putting into them twenty-five cents worth of silver to ornament them he could get sixteen dollars for them as fast as he could make them. But without wavering from his work, he readily consented to go to Mr. Colton, formerly a chaplain in the Navy, but now the regular *alcalde* of the place. Mr. Colton was rather glad to have the services held and on the invitation of Anthony made the closing prayer. He also asked the people to give a collection and himself passed the hat. When he gave the money to Anthony he noticed that it contained one five dollar gold piece. Anthony always concluded that the clerical *alcalde* had made that gift himself.

About the same time he also received a note from Captain Gilson [*sic*]³³ asking him to come up to San Francisco and preach on board the Bark Whitton [*sic*] which had but recently returned from its mission to the Columbia River to take the missionaries and make such trading as was the custom with “Hide Rogers,” of that time. He was then trading in San Francisco for hides and, being a Methodist, wanted services on board his bark before he started on his way down the coast. He reached the place after dark on Saturday night and turned his cattle loose upon the grounds around him. He made his camp upon the plaza which in time came to be called Portsmouth Square. There were a few houses, mostly adobes, fronting on the plaza in which he camped. It was soon settled that he was to preach in a new school house which had been set up by Samuel Brannon [*sic*],³⁴ whose after history was so rich a part of the future history of the Great Metropolis. He was then a Mormon elder who had been sent to establish Mormonism in that place. He gave his consent with great readiness to a morning sermon there, and the afternoon service was to be held on the Bark Whitton [*sic*]. The services of the hours named were well attended, Captain Whitton [i.e., Gelston] taking all who wanted to go out free of charge in his little boats.

Having heard that Santa Cruz was a delightful place to live in, he visited that place and finding it much to his idea, he went there with the express

purpose of making it his home. He reached that place on the first day of 1848, and immediately added that to the list of his appointments. He set up his tent in the plaza in front of the old Catholic church. The weather was rainy and the padre of the church came out and urged him to take some rooms of a long row of adobe buildings which used to face the plaza. Anthony told him he was a preacher of the Protestant church, concluding that that would cause him to cease his efforts to please him. It seemed to have only the reverse effect. He said he was glad to have a Protestant minister in Santa Cruz, for he hoped he might have a good effect upon the Protestants there who were misleading his own people. He had at once the rooms he needed for the time being, without charge. Here he formed a church within a few days. Hecox and wife, his own wife and sister-in-law, together with Mr. and Mrs. Case who had come there to reside with them, and five others.³⁵ Hecox had been at Santa Cruz for several months, but had only preached once at the funeral of a man who had been accidentally killed. But he had lectured on temperance, forming the first temperance society ever formed in California. That church has had a successfully continued history until this time.

The discovery of gold which took place in January of that year [1848]³⁶ led to a change in his life. He took his family to San Francisco where he already had a lot on the corner of Filbert and Powell Streets, a lot for which he had exchanged his team that had brought him over the plains. Here he worked for a while at his trade making picks at fifty dollars apiece³⁷. Having fixed his family so that they were comfortable to leave, he left them in the Spring and went to the mines in what is now Calaveras County, not far from where the town of Mokelumne Hill now stands. Here in a little stream which emptied into the Mokelumne River they found a stream where the gold seemed to abound. Here for about two weeks they took out money with no small degree of success. Here, also, Anthony learned a lesson which he never forgot. When Saturday night came his partners, of which [there] were several, took

the question into their minds whether or not they should work on the following day. They concluded that as they were far from their families out of the reach of churches, it would only be right for them to work. Having agreed among themselves on this point, they turned to Anthony and asked him if he would tell them his mind on the subject. Having an idea it was wrong to argue a case in conscience, he at once answered that they might do as they pleased, but as for himself, he would not work under any circumstances. Then they wanted to know what part of the day's work he would demand as his right because of his share in the mine. He argued immediately that he wanted no money obtained by Sabbath labor.

That was a week for Anthony to cook. Having got the men their breakfast, he went up on the hillside and with his Bible spent the day alone. They all returned to the camp at night with a larger amount of gold than they had obtained during any day of the week. They rather congratulated themselves on having the Divine direction as to the course they had pursued. That day they had finished the spot where they had been working for some time and the next morning they moved up the stream a little ways and were hard at work when Anthony, having put away his cooking affairs, went to take his place with them. As he passed by the place where they had worked the day before he saw a large stone in the center where they had worked which had not been removed. He went to them and asked that for that forenoon they would let him work in the same place where they had worked the day before, but they told him that while he was at liberty to work there if he wanted to they could tell him beforehand that he would find no gold in that place. Cutting down a small tree, he made a lever of it and threw the stone from the foundations it had occupied for so many years. He found a washbowl full of earth which was thoroughly spotted with gold. Having washed the dirt from the gold he had done his forenoon's work and was drying his soil on his shovel when the rest of them came to their dinner. He had over six hundred dollars worth of gold for his half day's

work.

Feeling anxious about his family he returned to San Francisco in the middle of the summer. Having found them well and having fixed them in circumstances less uncomfortable [than] when he left them before, he returned to the mines and remained until late in the fall. It was at this time that we get another view of Tinnab, the Indian who had been so helpful to them in the Sierra Nevada Mountains one year before.

One afternoon, as they were at work in their mine, they saw an Indian coming towards them at a full run, with a man behind him flourishing a black whip. In another moment, the Indian was at the feet of Anthony, whom he had seen from the road and recognized. The man in pursuit of him came up and demanded that the Indian should go with him. Tinnab had been helping him over the mountains, as he had done the year before with Anthony's party, but upon Tinnab's assertion of leaving him, he had obliged him to go on whether he was willing or not. Seeing Anthony at work he had run to him for protection. Anthony told him, and his partners joined with him as well, that this was a free country and that this Indian need not go with him if he desired to do something else. The man, after a good deal of threatening, went off without the Indian, who remained to help his friends until the time of Anthony's leaving the mines, when he wanted him to take the trip home with him to San Francisco. Here he was of great service to the whole family, cutting wood and bringing water and helping in doing the work of the kitchen in which he soon after learned to be of much help. Only once did he leave them. For two days he was gone and they began to think that he had left them for his own home among the Shoshones though how he could reach them in that season of the year was a wonder. The cause of his absence was soon [known] about two days after in his sudden return with a large stock of abalone shells which he had been down the coast to get. When asked what he was going to do with them he answered that when he got back to his own country these bright shells would make him the richest man in all the tribe. From that

time on, he became very constant in wearing off the rough parts of the outer pieces of the shells when not wanted for any work about the house.

That winter was spent in work in San Francisco. On Sabbaths, Anthony always found a place in which to preach. He made some adventures with the money his mining had brought him which also led to fortune. This little dot on the corner of Filbert and Powell Streets, about 137½ ft. in extent, he sold enough of it to allow his own family a home on a part of it, for the sum of \$12,000, a sum quite equal to the old worn-out wagon and the few oxen that went with it in the bargain.

VII. CARRYING THE GOSPEL AND GOODS TO THE MINES.

[William]³⁸ Roberts, who by the action of the General Conference of 1848 in making California a part of the Oregon Mission, had become the superintendent of California Methodism, visited California in the spring of 1849. He found Anthony making arrangements to go to Coloma, the place where gold had been discovered, but which now had become quite a mining center. Roberts resolved to go with him and see what he could do towards introducing the Gospel into the mines. The two men went on horseback, having a man by the name of Dye³⁹ to accompany them. At a place near where the town of Woodland now stands, Sabbath overtook them. Here they remained until Monday, Roberts preaching to them at eleven o'clock with all the vigor he could have shown if he had a thousand auditors to whom he could address it. The next Sabbath they were in Coloma. Here they found Father Damon, who at that time, and for many years afterwards, was pastor of the Seaman's Church [*sic*] in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.⁴⁰ The day was divided between them, Roberts preaching in the morning and Father Damon in the evening. It was Anthony's business to raise money enough to pay their expenses to and from the mines. He had no trouble in doing it. The collection was in gold dust, as but very little currency was then in the country. One of the packages put in the hat was

one designated for "that man from Oregon who dared to tell them what he believed to be true." (Roberts, like a faithful preacher, had set upon them some urgent things about the practices of the country he had observed, especially upon gambling, which was then very outspoken all over the land). The package contained twenty dollars. The name signed to the package, Anthony soon discovered, was the name of one of the worst gamblers in the country. In another bag was a small package addressed to the preacher from the Sandwich Islands without comment, but signed by the same man. It contained but one half as much as that directed to Roberts. Roberts organized a church of a few members whom he found there; among them was the family of S. F. Bennett,⁴¹ who had crossed the plains the year before. Anthony was appointed as pastor while Bennett was appointed as the leader. A few Sunday School children were found and these were organized into a Sunday School. This was the first church ever formed in the mines of California. It has had existence until this day.

Anthony had laid in a store of merchandise such as were then in demand among miners, and had them shipped in before he went to Coloma. A large tent was erected in front of which he kept his store, while to the rear dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Bennett with their children. Anthony boarded with the Bennetts. He also had a few tools nearby, so that when engaged in tending his store, he could work at his forge. As profit and labor were both on a high list of prosperity he was making money very rapidly. Of course, his preaching was thrown in for what the people could get of benefit from it. The only money he received for his ministerial labors was when he married people, which occurred only twice while he was thus engaged. Though he had never been ordained, it was quite common in those days for unordained preachers to marry people, both in Indiana and in California. The first couple that came to him was a gambler who wanted to be married to a girl that did not promise much. He thought that they should be married, so conducted the ceremony. He received fifty dollars in gold dust for the job.

Not long afterward he was asked to marry a man who was a steady teamster, who was bringing goods from Sacramento to Coloma. The girl he married seemed in every way worthy of him. This was a delight to Anthony, who, when asked for his fee, told the young man that he would charge him nothing, that he was only too glad to help him to such a prospect as that before him. “No,” said the man, “I will not have it for nothing. How much did that gambler pay for performing his ceremony?” Anthony tried for quite a while not to tell him, but finally told him what it was. He weighed him out a full fifty dollars and then put in a large pinch of gold dust in addition, saying that no man should ever say that he paid less for his wife than that gambler did for his.

And now we must take our last look at Tinnab. He followed Anthony to Coloma, and the next day asked for pick, shovel and mining pan, then the principal articles of a miner’s outfit, and went off somewhere to work. Where he went nobody ever knew, but when he came home that night he handed over to Anthony a half ounce of gold. Anthony gave him credit. Thus it continued for a long time. Once in a while his supply would be a little short of an ounce, in which case he would utter a grunt and the next night he would bring a little more than a half ounce. Beside paying his board he had quite a little sum to his credit, when near the close of the summer he told Anthony one day that he had decided to go back to his own country. He had long declared he would go back and get his family and bring them to California. He had a girl and a boy and he wanted Mrs. Anthony to take the girl and teach her to do as the white women did, and he was to take the boy and teach him what he was to do in order that he might live to be “all the same” as a white man. Now he told Anthony that the time had come that he was to do what he had long intended to do.

Anthony looked at his book and told him that he [was] owed so much, amounting to several hundred dollars. But Tinnab told him that was all his (Anthony’s). He told him that he had lots of money left and, producing a buckskin bag,

showed Anthony he had what would amount to several hundred dollars besides. Finding that Tinnab would not take any more he bought him a mule, with a saddle and bridle, together with such clothing as his store would furnish and above all, gave him a military cap that was covered with gold lace in abundance. This, Tinnab thought was the finest of all, and with this outfit he started off on his homeward trip. He had brought his abalone shells with him from San Francisco, and the care he took of them made it appear that he thought them of much more worth than all his gold. But where he got his gold was never found out by anybody. Anthony never sought to know where he did so successful a job of mining. It seemed strange that no one should ever have followed him. Perhaps he finished the mining place where he worked, for otherwise he might have left word with his dear friend, Anthony, where it might be found.

As immigrants came into the place, Anthony always asked if they had seen such an Indian on the way. Once a party had seen such an Indian, but never anything more has ever known of Tinnab by anyone that Anthony ever saw. Whatever became of this man? Did he die on the way by the Indians he had so long sought to save the white men from? Did he reach home and find his family unwilling to go with him to the land of the good white friend? How glad we would be to hear, if only the fact made it apparent he met a fate he richly deserved.

VIII. SETTLES IN SANTA CRUZ

There had never been a time when the heart of Anthony did not go back to Santa Cruz as the place of his final earthly home. Not liking to take his family to the mines as they then were, and not willing to remain longer from them, he sold out his interests in the store at Coloma and returned to Santa Cruz in the fall of 1849. On his return to this place he found that the church which he had founded had continued to live. A. A. Heacox [*sic*] had been appointed by Roberts as the pastor until the arrival of William Taylor, under whose care the whole country south of San Francisco was

placed. Enos Beaumont, a local preacher, had made his home there, and Alexander McLean had been licensed to preach. While Taylor was seldom in the place, these local preachers had the Sunday services still their own. Anthony took his place among them and spent much of his time to the advancement of the work of the Church. But he began now to consider that his work was away from the ministry except in a purely local relation. Ministers were regularly coming to the country; his own age, now being thirty-one, was rather too far advanced to suit itself to a studious life. Thus he concluded that the money which God had given him would be better fitted to be employed by him in promoting the advancement of the community.

He had an *Alcalde* title to about eighteen acres of land where his proprietorship remained, over most of it, until the day of his death.⁴² On that he erected a home, and nearby fitted up a place for a store. Here he continued for many years to carry on a business of a store-keeper, dealing in all manner of goods except liquor. It was very far from his desires to have his time kept inside of any place. He hired a nice young Christian man to tend store, and for the most part of his own life, gave himself to the work of promoting the good of others as well as himself.

One of his first ventures was to build a wharf to facilitate the landing of goods. His first efforts were not successful. It could only load goods when the surf was very moderate, and then it was not much needed, as the practice of loading through the surf was well understood by the sailors working upon the coast. He then conceived the idea of a wharf sunk out far enough to make a sure landing at all times of the tide and connecting it with a whim⁴³ set on the bank above the wharf, on the bluff which at that place rose very abruptly above the water. Timbers were so arranged that a car could be run up and down this distance by a horse attached to the whim. This was a great saving of time and strength and enabled the schooners to land at a time when it would have been impossible for them to land through the surf. Davis and Jordan had, in the

meantime, begun developing vast deposits of lime which the region attained, and as it was of great consequence that their lime should be saved from any touch of water, this was the business, more than any other, which kept the new wharf in use. They offered to buy, declaring their purpose to erect another if they could not own that, and so Anthony sold to them at a price far less than it seemed to be worth. It was all out to sea the next winter in a furious southwester and its place was occupied by the wharf now known as the Cowell wharf.⁴⁴

His next great adventure was in bringing in water to the town of Santa Cruz. As getting iron pipes was very difficult at that time, the first effort was made with logs bored for the water to pass through. This did well for several years, but as logs were giving out and the water was not good for drinking purposes he proceeded to put in iron pipes and to get the water from more reliable sources. It was at this point that he took into partnership with him, F. A. Hihn. But for the fact that Santa Cruz has had water to defend itself from fire from the earliest times must be ascribed to the enterprise of Anthony.⁴⁵

About the same time, he began to plan for a wagon road over the mountains. From the earliest periods of Mexican settlement, men had to cross the mountains on horseback or go around by the way of San Juan⁴⁶ and Gilroy with wagons. This is nearly three times as far as across the mountains but the difficulties of making a road over that way were very many. Some said it could never be done. And this conclusion could be readily reached by anyone who should at that day climb up the steep ascents and down again only to reascend, for fifteen miles or more. Anthony had been over the mountains in his time and that caused him to believe that a judicious outlay of time and strength and money would make a very practical road direct to San Jose. For this end he spent weeks among these mountains with a helpful engineer, Alfred Higbie, the pastor of the Methodist Church at Santa Cruz. They found a very practical route and the work was quickly done, so that by 1856[*sic*] stages were running

from Santa Cruz to Alviso, making daily connections with San Francisco.⁴⁷

When the Southern Pacific railroad had been built past Watsonville, Anthony saw the opportunity of Santa Cruz getting connections with San Francisco by railroad by simply building a road from Santa Cruz to Watsonville. He set himself among the most leading of the citizens of Santa Cruz to build a narrow gauge road between the places so named. He gave largely of his time and his money to that one object until it was gained. By a peculiar process, in which he had no part, the road was sold to the Southern Pacific road. They immediately sent out notices to the effect that all persons having stock in the Santa Cruz and Watsonville railroad could, by coming before a certain time, make over their stock to the Southern Pacific Railroad. He went at once and gave his stock as they expected.⁴⁸ When some inquired why he did it, he told them that if they would do the same they would make some money by it. Those who refused soon had a heavy assessment to pay, and were made to pay it at the end of a long lawsuit. They were very glad to accept the privilege of giving up their stock without receiving one dollar for all the road had cost them. Anthony never got one free ride for all the money he put into the work. Of course, the main thing had been done – Santa Cruz had access to San Francisco and back each day of the year, which was soon supplemented by another across the mountains.

Anthony continued to preach as opportunity occurred; at one time he accepted the position of pastor, under the elder, of the Watsonville charge. He it was who organized the first Methodist Church of that place. In the winter of 1853, when the church was first regularly represented by a session of an annual conference, he was ordained a deacon under local preacher's rule. But business increasing, he rarely had the opportunity of exercising his gifts in that way, and when, a few years afterwards, he was induced to run for the office of a representative to the legislature, he decided that a minister should never take part in politics and he surrendered his parchments to the

conference.⁴⁹ Though he often recognized the fact that his relation to the church was of more value to him than anything else in the world, in other official relations to the church he continued until near his end, when the infirmities of age kept him from giving them such attention as they needed.

In the spring of 1854 he took his wife and youngest child East and spent the summer in visiting places of interest in the "States", as we Californians called all the Eastern land of our country at that time. He returned with greater love for his chosen home than he ever had before. He was not then, nor, indeed ever afterwards, rich in the sense of those who are rich by the world's view, but he had a sufficient amount to give him a living in a moderate manner all his days and leave enough to his children for their sake. He spent three months or more with his brother at Denver in the spring of 1899. He went with his brother to the Pan-American Exposition in 1901, making a week's stay in New York, returning by way of the Canadian Pacific. A year later, with Miss Nellie Huntington, his granddaughter, and his brother, he spent a month in Honolulu.⁵⁰ He never again left his home.

He knew what it was to be bereaved. We have already seen how he was called to lay away his first wife and her children born in the Eastern States, but he was called to mourn the loss of two children born in California. His wife, about the beginning of 1891, was seized by a stroke of paralysis from which she never recovered. Her mind was extremely influenced by her malady and the care that was required by her took his whole time until she died in the fall of 1898. All his business was given up that he might attend to her wants. No one ever heard him complain in reference to the exacting nature of the work he had to do in taking care of her.

In the summer of 1896 he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy which came near carrying him away. Indeed, it was thought for some time that he might die any moment of the time. He never recovered from the effects of that shock, though in a few weeks he was taking care of his wife as usual. As we have already seen, he was able to

travel abroad though between times he was afflicted with the malady that finally carried him off. For more than a year before his death it took the constant attention of one man to take care of him. His son-in-law, Mr. Wilbur Huntington, did this by Anthony's own request, and greatly to the comfort of the patient. The end came on the 18th of August, 1905. He had wishes for Home, and said to his daughter that he wanted to go there, and the Home came to him, for God took him.

IX. SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE MAN

He was a man who was a brother to any other man, whatever his color or nationality. No one could ever charge him with being above his fellow man. We have seen him care for and protect the Shoshone Indian who had come to the rescue of the little company among the hills of Nevada. Tinnab would have given his own life in defense of Anthony at any time when the circumstances had required it. Here is another instance which hundreds of people in Santa Cruz could certify to if called upon. It is of "Negro Dave" as he was known for well nigh forty years in Santa Cruz. He had been brought a slave to California in the early days and had worked for his freedom until his master gave him free papers. Finding his way to Santa Cruz he proved to be a hard-working and correct man, in all his doings, though very ignorant. At one time he lost all that he had by the wickedness of an officer of the law. In other days he was often mistreated by those who knew him. He was confiding in disposition and rarely made a bargain with out [remembering] how he had been treated, he often went to Anthony and told him how he had been cheated. At last, Anthony said to him, "You come to see me when it is too late. I want you to promise not to sell anything, nor to buy anything, without first seeing me and then following my advice." Dave made him the promise required and from that time on saved what his own hard work had accumulated. When unable to work any more, Anthony carried his clothes and provisions [to] his cabin up in the canyon about seven miles from Santa Cruz. A letter received about this time revealed the fact

that he had a granddaughter living at Colusa. Through Anthony's interposition they were brought together and she took care of him until he became so insane as to be dangerous. He was sent to the Insane Asylum at Agnews where, inside of a year, he died. He was brought to Santa Cruz and buried in Anthony's lot in the cemetery at Santa Cruz. A neat little monument tells the visitor of Dave's history as far as it is known. Having been appointed as guardian of Dave by the county supervisors, he returned, in perfect order, all the accounts he had made in reference to him, providing a receipt from his granddaughter for the balance of the estate. Not a dollar was ever charged by him for the time he spent in looking after this Negro who had been constantly abused by all who had dealings with him until Anthony took his case.⁵¹

Never was there a man who was truer to his principles than was Anthony. We have seen how he withstood his partners in observing the Sabbath while mining. When he began to keep store, his place was the only one in town where no liquors were kept and where the doors were never opened on Sunday. Mexicans would come to him on Sunday and ask for something which they could not get anywhere else, but he had one answer to make them, "*Es Domingo.*" 'Twas enough. He set himself that not one part of his ground should ever be used to disgrace the Lord's Day, or to mete out the liquor which sets the hearts on fire. In two or three instances he sold land for other purposes and the men who bought them sold them to men for Saloons. He held a corner which had been where his old store was opened in 1849. It had been unrented for a long time when a man wanted to obtain it. He asked the man what he wanted to do with it. He said he wanted to establish a grocery store there. Once more he asked if he wanted to sell liquors. Yes, he wanted to sell liquors but would see to it that nothing objectional [*sic*] should ever be transacted about the place. Anthony said, "You cannot have it at any price." The man had already offered him \$65 a month for it. The man said, "Think it over, Mr. Anthony". The reply came quickly. "The

more I think it over, the less willing I shall be to do it.” That place went without a renter for a long time, and when it had a renter it brought in but \$12 a month. A loss of that kind this man always considered a great gain.

In regard to his honesty in all his dealings with his fellow man, no man was ever heard to call him in question. He lost much by other’s regard to their own interests rather than to his claims upon them. No man could ever say of him, “This man forgot me when he assumed to settle his accounts with me.” It may well be said that a good man would never forget his aid to his country when such aid was needed. In the time of the war, he was an understood and pronounced Unionist. His voice and his vote went at every opportunity for the preservation of the Union. The war over, the nation saved, he found himself ready to help in every possible way to work for that which would in all probability help his fellow man in his struggle for life. It was this that led him, at an early hour, to oppose the importation of Chinese labor into this country. He had no personal feelings against the Chinese. It was contrary to all his predilections to have such a feeling, but he loved the working-man of his own country more, and felt that it was wrong to put them in competition with the people of China. He always counted himself a working-man, and concluded that what affected them affected him as well. When the working man’s party was organized in California, mainly on this issue, he took his place with them until they had sufficiently changed the situation so as to make the importation of Chinese no longer a menace to the working-man of California. He represented them in the legislature of California, where in a time of much bargaining and selling, no one ever heard of him in any case of scandal. His character was so well fortified against temptation that no one thought it worth his while to tempt him. While a member of the legislature, he was the one who called Santa Cruz, “The Little City by the Sea.” It was reported by the “Bee”, a daily paper of Sacramento, and has never left its place as a proper designation of the little city which is admired by all as being one

of the most beautiful of the cities along the seashore of California.

A little after, he became interested in reading “Progress and Poverty”, by Henry George, and became a single tax believer. It would have been a sad thing for his own finances to have the idea prevail. But that would never make any difference with him in forming an opinion on any political subject. From this he never varied all his long life. But for many years, believing that the Republican Party was closely connected with the monopolist, he voted with the Democratic Party.

At one time, there was quite a boom in real estate in Santa Cruz. A man came to him and asked him what he wanted for a certain place of unimproved land lying within the city corporation. Anthony answered that he would not sell it at any price. But the man said, “I guess you would take ten thousand dollars for it if I was to offer it.” “No,” said Anthony, “I would not take that or any other price *you* might offer me.” As he had emphasized the word “you”, the man said, “Why do you say you would not sell to me?” Anthony said to him, “I know in what work you are engaged. More than any other one you are making this boom. If I took ten thousand dollars for that place you would put it into lots and sell it for at least fifteen thousand dollars. That is just about twice what the place is worth, or will be worth as soon as this boom is over. Now you propose to sell the place for enough to make five thousand dollars from it and you are willing that I should take half as much. I want no money that will be regretted by the man who looks upon his purchase a year or two since and regrets his having paid twice what it is worth. But I will tell you what I will do. If you will bring me a man who wants to build him a house and live in it, I will sell him what he needs for one-half what he can buy it of you among all the lots you have for sale.” The man said, merely, “I have heard that you were a strange sort of man, and now I believe it.”

If the Golden Rule was the guiding point in every man’s mind there would be a great many more “strange” men in the world.

About the Contributors

Charles Volney Anthony - In His Own Words.

The Reverend **Charles Volney Anthony** was born in Portage, then Alleghany County, New York, February 22, 1831. His parents had been Quakers until a few years before his birth, when the father was disowned by them, though the mother remained a member until her death in California, in 1858. The family moved to Fort Wayne, in the Spring of 1838, and a few years later into Whitley County, where they cleared up a farm in a very thickly-wooded region. When the writer [Charles V. Anthony] was about twelve years old he began to pray and read his Bible carefully. The result was a very happy Christian experience which he never could forget. Having no encouragement to confess Christ, he soon lost his hold on this new-found joy and gradually fell into his father's way of thinking, which was then Universalism. In the latter part of January 1851, he left his home for California by way of New York and Panama. He reached San Francisco March 20, 1851. He made his home with his brother Elihu, in Santa Cruz, where he lived for two years and a half. In the Summer of 1852, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in November following was happily converted. In the Fall of 1853, he returned to attend school, already convinced that his life must be spent in the ministry. He passed one year in Fort Wayne College, then, his health having somewhat broken down with the hard winter and hard study, he came back with his brother, who had spent several months in the Atlantic States on a visit. The Winter of 1854-5 was spent in teaching in the public school in Santa Cruz, and in May he joined the California Conference on trial. While many things conduced to cause him to take this step with so meager an education, having never been in school two years, as a scholar, since he was seven years old, he sincerely desires that his example should not be followed by others while the means of education are so much more accessible than in those times.⁵²

His obituary was published in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* on January 15, 1908:⁵³

Death of Rev. C. V. Anthony

Rev. C. V. Anthony passed away on Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alton Hyde, Watsonville, after an illness of several weeks. He had a stroke of paralysis three weeks ago, leaving him in a condition from which the doctors could offer no hope of recovery.

He leaves a wife, two sons, Arthur and Walter, and two daughters Mrs. De Leon of Berkeley and Mrs. Hyde, a large number of relatives and a host of friends without number throughout the State, to sincerely mourn his death.

The indomitable spirit that in spite of physical weakness, has bravely kept up the studies and functions of a strong energetic will, and its thoughtful ministrations to those about him, has,

at last, been merged in the higher ideal of life of freedom and eternal joy, that we poor mourners call loss to us, but realize, is blessed gain to him.

A few years ago, a dear old friend who was present when we were gathering some flowers to send to Mr. Anthony, picked a beautiful white rose, "pure as though wafted from an angel's white wing," and said: "Give this rose to him for me; it is like his life."

This unconscious tribute from a loving heart, given when the recipient could appreciate it, was but the unspoken expression of all who knew this noble, gentle friend.

May the memory of his character and life be a solace to the dear ones left in loneliness now.

The funeral will be held at the Methodist Church, Watsonville, Wednesday, at 2 P. M., to which all the friends of Santa Cruz Co. are invited. The remains will be taken to Oakland, and services will be held there on Thursday, and the body laid to rest in the cemetery, where a son, Nelson, and daughter, Gussie, are buried.

Appendix

Elihu Anthony's biography appears in several other publications.

Early California histories are generally rare and, when found for sale are hyper-expensive. Fortunately for researchers, they have been collected and reproduced on microfilm and are available at the University of California, Santa Cruz (UCSC) on thirty-three rolls of microfilm at the McHenry Library under the following description: [Abbreviated as CLH.]

“California City, County & Regional Histories.” Call # F856.C121 v. 1 – v. 33 Microforms.

In addition, in a separate publication, there is a comprehensive index: Stanley D. Stevens, *Index to Personal Names, Portraits & Illustrations, appearing in California City, County & Regional Histories*, (Santa Cruz, CA: University of California, Santa Cruz, 2005).

Call # F861.S74 2005 (2 vol.); it is also available at the Santa Cruz Public Library, Genealogical Room, Call #GeneSoc CALIF. 121.

The following list is arranged in the order of publication, earliest first:

1879: CLH reel 20, book 4366: W.W. Elliott & Co., Santa Cruz County, California with illustrations descriptive of its scenery, fine residences, public buildings, manufactories, hotels, farm scenes, business houses, schools, churches, mines, mills, etc., (1879).

Note: The Santa Cruz Museum of Art & History published an Indexed Edition in 1997. See UCSC McHenry Library Stacks F868.S3 S3 1997.

1892: CLH reel 20, book 4363: E. S. [Edward Sanford] Harrison [1859-], *History of Santa Cruz County, California*, (San Francisco, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Co., 1892).

Biographies of the pioneers and prominent citizens of Santa Cruz County. Includes chapters contributed by various writers. Includes indexes. Elihu Anthony's biography is on pages 227-229.

1901: C. V. Anthony, A. M., D. D., *Fifty Years of Methodism, A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the Bounds of the California Annual Conference from 1847 to 1897*, (San Francisco, CA: Methodist Book Concern, 1901), 11-16, 19-23, 43-44, 57, 101, 116, 212, 240.

1903: CLH reel 10, book 2019: Prof. J. M. [James Miller] Guinn [1834-1918], *History of the state of California and biographical record of Santa Cruz, San Benito, Monterey and San Luis Obispo counties*, (Chicago, IL: Chapman Publishing Co., 1903), 667.

A historical story of the State's marvelous growth from its earliest settlement to the present time. Also containing biographies of well-known citizens of the past and present.

1937: Leon Rowland, “Elihu Anthony, Pioneer of 1847 Was God Fearing Man And Santa Cruz' First Progressive Business Leader,” *Santa Cruz Evening News*, January 2, 1937, 1.

1998: Stanley D. Stevens, ed., *The Society of California Pioneers of Santa Cruz County, with biographies and portraits*, Santa Cruz County History Journal, Number Four, (Santa Cruz CA: Santa Cruz Museum of Art & History, 1998), 31-34. Source of Anthony's biography, by Rev. C. V. Anthony and Keith and Dee Kraft.

About the Contributors

Keith Kraft

Keith Kraft, is a great-great grandson of Elihu Anthony's sister Harriet W. Anthony Hinton. Keith, and his wife Dee, edited and published "My Early Childhood Memories" by Sarah Hinton Gourley, in *Santa Cruz County History Journal* Number Two (1995). Elihu Anthony was Sarah's uncle. Dee and Keith have been researching the Anthony-Hinton-Gourley family histories for several decades, and they are well known to many of the old-timers at Researchers Anonymous.

Stanley D. Stevens

Stanley D. Stevens is a Librarian Emeritus, University of California at Santa Cruz. He was the founder of the University Library's Map Collection, 1965-1993. His primary work focuses on German immigrant Frederick A. Hihn, a Santa Cruz capitalist and partner of Elihu Anthony in developing a Santa Cruz' water supply.

He has published over fifty works about Hihn, including *F. A. Hihn and the Founding of Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo*; Hihn was founding Trustee, 1902 to 1909.

Stevens has also indexed several journals and books, including the *Slavs of Watsonville*, and the *Jewish Community of Santa Cruz County*. He is author or co-author of several articles, including the recently published *African American Churches in the City of Santa Cruz: The Early Years*.

In 2001, he was named Historian of the Year by the History Forum (MAH). He also served as the Chairman of the History Publications Committee at MAH. His biography appears in *Who's Who in America*, and *Who's Who in the World*.

He was co-author of *Every Structure Tells a Story: How to Research the History of a Property in Santa Cruz County*; and compiler of *The Society of California Pioneers of Santa Cruz County* (*Santa Cruz County History Journal* No. 4). He assisted the late Donald T. Clark in the compilation of his landmark geographical dictionaries, *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, and *Monterey County Place Names*.

Notes by Stanley D. Stevens

¹ *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, April 23, 1870, 2:1

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *San Francisco Call*, September 18, 1904, 32:1-2

⁵ *Santa Cruz Evening News*, January 2, 1937, 9:2-3

⁶ Lydia Ann Anthony (1815-1905); Elihu Anthony (1818-1905); George T. Anthony (1820-1896); Harriet W.

Anthony (1823-1916); Amanda Melvina Anthony (1825-1917); Charles Volney Anthony (1831-1908).

⁷ Asa Anthony (1793-1869) & Sarah Odell (1789-1858).

⁸ Elihu Anthony (1768-1863) & Lydia Mason (1769-1848).

⁹ A *trip hammer* is a large, heavy pivoted hammer used in forging, raised by a cam or lever and allowed to drop on the metal being worked.

¹⁰ *Portage* is a town in the southwest corner of Livingston County, New York, United States. The name of the town stems from the need to portage (carry) canoes around the falls of the Genesee River.

¹¹ *Nunda* (pronounced "none-day") is a town in Livingston County, New York, United States. The name is derived from Nunda-wa-ono, a Seneca Indian tribe that once lived in the hills and valleys along the Genesee river and Keshequa stream within the present-day Town of Nunda. In the Seneca language, "Nunda" relates to hills and a popular translation is "Where the valley meets the hills." The Town of Nunda is at the southwest border of the county and contains a village also called Nunda.

¹² Written by hand, in pencil, above the "Spring of 1840" is the date, "April 4, 1839."

¹³ *deism* is a belief in the existence of a supreme being, specifically of a creator who does not intervene in the universe. The term is used chiefly of an intellectual movement of the 17th and 18th centuries that accepted the existence of a creator on the basis of reason but rejected belief in a supernatural deity who interacts with humankind.

¹⁴ *Universalist*: 1. (usually Universalist) a member of an organized body of Christians who hold the belief that all humankind will eventually be saved. 2. a person advocating loyalty to and concern for others without regard to national or other allegiances.

¹⁵ Reverend Oliver W. Miller, was later the founder and president of Pleasant Hill College, of Warsaw, Ind., 1871-72.

¹⁶ *Wolf Lake* is an unincorporated community in Noble Township, Noble County, Indiana. Wolf Lake was platted in 1836, taking its name from the nearby eponymous lake. A post office has been in operation at Wolf Lake since 1834.

¹⁷ Warsaw circuit, Indiana.

¹⁸ Beverly Waugh (1789–1858) was an American who distinguished himself as a Methodist Pastor, Book Agent, and Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, elected in 1836.

¹⁹ Frances Clark/Clarke Anthony, first wife of Elihu, Frances Clarke was born in 1818 in Michigan. She married Elihu Anthony in 1838 in Indiana. They had three children during their marriage. She died as a young mother in 1843 in La Grange, New York, at the age of 25;

<http://person.ancestry.com/tree/17225255/person/19751197658/story>.

²⁰ Santa Cruz Memorial Park & Funeral Home = (Sect. A, Lot 4, I.O.O.F. Cemetery, Santa Cruz).

²¹ *Mahaska County* is a county located in the U.S. state of Iowa. As of the 2010 census, the population was 22,335.^[1] The county seat is Oskaloosa.

²² Charles Wesley Anthony, died 1846, presumably in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

²³ The word *provinder* was corrected to *provender* by manuscript written above the line.

²⁴ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

²⁵ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

²⁶ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript. New Helvetia (Spanish: Nueva Helvetia), meaning "New Switzerland", was a 19th-century Mexican-era Alta California settlement and rancho, centered in present-day Sacramento, California.

²⁷ John Sutter, in full John Augustus Sutter, original name Johann August Suter (born Feb. 15, 1803, Kandern, Baden [now in Germany]—died June 18, 1880, Washington, D.C.), German-born Swiss pioneer settler and colonizer in California; the discovery of gold on his land in 1848 precipitated the California Gold Rush. (Source: The Editors of *Encyclopædia Britannica* 9-17-2007).

²⁸ Bascom Florenzo (*aka* Florenchio) Anthony (1847–1892) born: 27 Oct 1847 *or* 30 Nov 1847, Santa Clara Valley, CA.; Great Registers of Santa Cruz County; Anthony biography in Santa Cruz County History Journal Issue 4, 1998, p. 32, uses the earlier date for his birth; Another source, an interview of Elihu Anthony, uses October 13th: *Santa Cruz Surf*, October 25, 1889 3:4.

²⁹ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

³⁰ Mary Amney Case, subsequently a resident of Santa Cruz, died in Santa Cruz on August 11, 1889. Her obit, and a tribute to her by Elihu Anthony, appeared in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, August 13, 1889, p. 3:4.

³¹ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

³² Rev. Walter Colton (May 7, 1797 – January 22, 1851) was a Chaplain for the United States Navy, the Alcalde of Monterey.

³³ Two sources, two years apart, from two different newspapers identify the Captain and his ship: Captain Roland Gelston, on bark Whiton, sailed from New York for California on 26th of November 1846; New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, December 6, 1846, 2:4; “For San Francisco, (Upper California.) Direct — The fast sailing coppered bark WHITON, Roland Gelston, master, well known in the trade ... will sail from the 10th to the 15th.” New York *Evening Post*, Nov. 3, 1848 1:3.

³⁴ Samuel Brannan (March 2, 1819 – May 5, 1889) was an American settler, businessman, journalist, and prominent Mormon who founded the *California Star* in San Francisco.

³⁵ Adna Andress Hecox, his wife Margaret; Anthony’s wife Sarah Van Anda, and his sister-in-law, Jane Van Anda; Benjamin Allen Case, and Mary Amney Case; Mrs. Mary A. Dunleavy (Mrs. James G. T. Dunleavy), Mrs. Caroline Mathews (Mrs. James Mathews), Silas Hitchcock, a Mr. Reed [possibly James Frazier Reed of Donner party] and a Mrs. Lynn [possibly Mrs. James Lynn]; *Fifty Years of Methodism*, 14.

³⁶ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

³⁷ Other versions of Elihu Anthony’s biography use different quantities of picks, and locate his foundry in Santa Cruz. (see Leon Rowland, Santa Cruz Evening News, 1937 Jan 2: full page 1); W. W. Elliott’s Santa Cruz County, Calif. Illustrations, indexed edition, (Santa Cruz CA: Santa Cruz Museum of Art & History, 1997), 29.

³⁸ Supplied by transcriber; it did not appear in original typescript.

³⁹ J. H. Dye, was probably Job Francis Dye. Leon Rowland, wrote that “J. H. may be [confused] with Job Francis Dye”; and the Santa Cruz newspaper *Riptide* identified him in the same manner: “DYE, Dr. – Perhaps the above and possibly J. H. Dye, who in ’49 with William Roberts, Methodist church superintendent for Oregon and California, and Elihu Anthony, the Sta. Cruz M. E. circuit minister, went to Coloma” (Sources: Leon Rowland card files, University of California at Santa Cruz (hereafter cited as UCSC) Library, Special Collections, Box A-2, Card #908. UCSC Special Collections: <http://libfmp.ucsc.edu/fmi/iwp/cgi?-db=rowland&-loadframes>; also, Dye’s reminiscences titled “Recollections of a Pioneer of California,” appeared in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* on May 1, May 8, May 15, & June 19, 1869; but, he doesn’t mention that trip with Anthony.

⁴⁰ Samuel Chenery Damon (February 15, 1815 – February 7, 1885) was a missionary to Hawaii, pastor of the Seamen’s Bethel Church, chaplain of the Honolulu American Seamen’s Friend Society and editor of the monthly newspaper *The Friend*. Damon traveled extensively throughout his life. In 1849, he visited California and Oregon. In 1851, he visited the United States, coming by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and returning in 1852 to the Hawaiian Islands. (Source: *Wikipedia*).

⁴¹ Silas Foster Bennett (1802-1882), with his wife and six children crossed plains in 1848, spending the winter of 1848-49 at Sacramento. Silas died in 1882 at home of his daughter, Mrs. C. V. Anthony at Petaluma. (Sources: Leon Rowland card files, UCSC Library, Special Collections, Box A-1, Cards #460.02 & #460.03).

⁴² For a map of Anthony’s land, see the reproduction *facing page* 388: “Map filed in County Recorder’s Office in Santa Cruz in 1845 by E. Anthony” [the date 1845 is wrong, it should be 1854], in the *Story of the Mission Santa Cruz* by H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company, 1933. For an 1895 redrawn map, see image at the very end of this document.

⁴³ *Whim* = a windlass for raising cargo from the ship to the wharf, or vice versa; a type of winch used especially on ships to hoist anchors and haul on mooring lines, and, especially, to lower buckets into and hoist them up from wells, etc.

⁴⁴ “Isaac E. Davis and Albion P. Jordan were major lime manufacturers in Santa Cruz from 1853 to 1865 and operated a wharf at the foot of Bay Street for shipping their product. This wharf was the first one built in Santa Cruz (in 1849). After Henry Cowell bought Jordan’s half of the business in 1865, it became known as the Davis and Cowell Wharf, and, still later, the Cowell Wharf.” For a history of that wharf, see the book, *Lime Kiln Legacies*, published by the Museum of Art & History, Santa Cruz, 2007 (p. 139); see also Frank Perry, Barry Brown, Rick Hyman, and Stanley D. Stevens, *Notes on the History of Wharves at Santa Cruz, California*, April 14, 2012. Available online at website: www.cityofsantacruz.com/home/showdocument?id=33911

⁴⁵ *Hihn and Anthony — Water Pipes*: “The petition of F. A. Hihn and E. Anthony is presented to and filed with the Board, and the Board upon considering the same Order that the prayer of the said petitioners be allowed and that Elihu Anthony and F. A. Hihn do have the privilege of digging a ditch in the streets named in the said petition for the purpose of laying down pipe to conduct water to certain Hydrants to be by them hereafter placed and also to enclose the water now running in a Ditch across the Plaza in pipes — Provided that they shall in no way obstruct the streets or disturb the public traveler or public convenience.” *Minutes of the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz County, State of California*, Vol. 1, p. 268, November 8, 1859.

⁴⁶ The full name of the town is *San Juan Bautista*, site of the Mission San Juan Bautista. The 15th of 21 missions in Alta California; the buildings and grounds were dedicated on June 24, 1797. San Juan Bautista is located along State Highway 156, inland from the Monterey and Santa Cruz County beaches by about 20 miles, To the northwest is San Jose’s Silicon Valley less than 50 miles away, and San Francisco Bay Area 92 miles distance; <http://www.seecalifornia.com/missions/directory.html>.

⁴⁷ The year 1856 is probably wrong, since Anthony and others didn't advertise their intent to build the road until 1858; *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, February 25, 1858, 3:1: "To all Whom it may Concern. TAKE notice that it is our intention to form a Joint Stock Company for the purpose of building a turnpike road." The signers of the notice were: Samuel A. Bartlett, Nathaniel Holcomb, John Hames, Elihu Anthony, F. A. Hihn, James Fitz James Bennett, John Daubenbiss, George Parsons, Henry Rice, John Elden, Asa W. Rawson, and Francis M. Kittredge.; Leon Rowland noted that "At a meeting in Soquel on January 30, 1858, Judge Henry Rice was appointed chairman and F. A. Hihn secretary. On Elihu Anthony's motion a committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency and practicability of a wagon road and to form a joint stock company to build such a road, consisting of Anthony, Samuel A. Bartlett, N. Holcomb, F. A. Hihn and John Hames; Leon Rowland card files, UCSC Library Special Collections, Box-2, Card #22.01.

⁴⁸ Anthony bought 15 shares in the Santa Cruz Railroad Company, at \$25 per share; he surrendered Certificate Number 8, a value of \$375, in April 1881, but apparently received nothing in return; *A Researcher's Digest on F. A. Hihn and his Santa Cruz Rail Road Company*, compiled by Stanley D. Stevens. Santa Cruz: The Hihn Archive, University Library, University of California at Santa Cruz, 1997, 81-85.

⁴⁹ Somehow, C. V. Anthony didn't seem to be aware that at a Methodist meeting in Pacific Grove, the "parchments" had been restored to Elihu; *San Francisco Call*, September 18, 1904, 32:1-2: "The parchments of Elihu Anthony of Santa Cruz were returned to him as a valued keepsake. He was the first man granted a local preacher's license in California."

⁵⁰ The Honolulu papers reported their expected departure for San Francisco on June 21, 1902 on the Steamship *China*. Passengers included "Miss Nellie Huntington, C. V. Anthony, [and] E. Anthony;" The (Honolulu) *Hawaiian Star* June 19, 1902 2:3.

⁵¹ For an excellent biography of "Negro Dave" [ex-Slave, Dave Boffman] see: Phil Reader, *Uncle Dave's Story, The life of ex-slave Dave Boffman*, (Santa Cruz, California, Cliffside Publishing, 1995). Available online in two parts: scplweb.santacruzpl.org/history/people/dave.shtml; scplweb.santacruzpl.org/history/people/dave2.shtml

⁵² The autobiography was written by Charles Volney Anthony and published in his *Fifty Years of Methodism*; its Preface was dated in Santa Cruz, April 27, 1900, where he was living when he completed this monumental work: *Fifty Years of Methodism, A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the Bounds of the California Annual Conference from 1847 to 1897*, by C. V. Anthony, A. M., D. D., Published by the Methodist Book Concern, San Francisco, 1901.

⁵³ *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, January 15, 1908, 6:4.