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ARTISANS OF FLAMBOYANT

Sam Brannan, the apostate Mormon speculator, will offer an argument to anyone who claims that James Lick was California's first millionaire. But no one will deny that the latter was the state's first philanthropist and early San Francisco's greatest benefactor. Nor will anyone contend the claim that the Pennsylvania Dutchman was the most eccentric—and generous!—miser in the history of California.

The historian, Hubert H. Bancroft, was probably accurate in his appraisal of James Lick: "He was an honest, industrious man, of much common sense though noted for his many eccentricities and whims and, in his later years, of irritable and thoroughly disagreeable temperament. . . . His great and well merited fame rests on the final disposition of his millions, which, after provision for his relatives, were devoted to various scientific, charitable, and educational enterprises for the benefit of the donor's adopted state."

James Lick was born on August 25, 1796, the oldest of seven children. His siblings were John, Jr., born May 24, 1798; Catherine, January 8, 1800; Sarah, August 27, 1802; Jacob, January 25, 1804; Margretta, September 27, 1806, (who died in infancy); and William, February 11, 1808. James' father, John Lick, was born on September 13, 1765 near Norristown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, as Johannes Lük. As a young man, he changed his name and moved to Stumpstown, now Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, where California's pioneer, James Lick, was born. James' mother was Sarah Long, born May 10, 1770.

Since he was the oldest boy, James had many responsibilities as a child. He helped his father, who was a skilled carpenter and wood-joiner as well as a farmer, with the plowing, planting, milking and caring for the crops.

Young James had a true green thumb; he liked to tend his mother's garden and he soon became expert in raising flowers, as he learned the special needs of each species. But his earliest memories were not of the flower garden but of his father's workshop. As a little boy, he used to pick up small pieces of wood dropped on the floor by his father. He would try to fit them together in the way he saw his father work or he would play a game of his own devising, creating designs on the floor with the many-colored chips and shavings.

When James was thirteen, on August 25, 1809, he became his father's apprentice. He liked carpentry and working with sweet-smelling woods, building and making things. His father was a strict taskmaster and the boy soon learned that he must do his very best work to gain a single word of praise from his dour parent. His constant effort to improve, his striving for perfection at this time, became traits which would influence him for the rest of his life.

The close early association with his father influenced his entire career. True, there were times during his apprenticeship days when he hated his father because of the older man's insistence on always having things as nearly perfect as possible. It annoyed James that his father refused to accept work which had only the slightest defects—such little errors that only the most skilled wood-joiner could detect them. He was wise enough, however, to conceal his annoyance and to strive even harder for that perfection which his father desired.

John Lick's cedar chests and boxes were always in demand. The ladies of Stumpstown used them for storing blankets. It seemed as though he could never keep up with the demand. But he would never rush the job. No matter how eager the customers were for the boxes, James never saw his father

turn out one of poor workmanship. John Lick insisted that the wood be joined with scrupulous care. This early training in perfection of workmanship proved of great value in James' adulthood. He became so skillful in the joining of wood that the drawers for his cabinets were so well-constructed that they could hold water.

James also attended the village school every morning. He was taught by Fritz Boehrer, a German, who spoke enough English to teach its rudiments. Most of the sessions, however, were conducted in German. The school term was anywhere from two-and-a-half to three months, depending on the severity of the weather.

At times, the schoolmaster had so few students that he made no attempt to segregate the younger children from the older. His pay consisted of irregular offerings of wheat, eggs, butter, bread and chickens.

School started at nine in the morning and lasted until noon. The curriculum adhered mainly to reading, writing and arithmetic, with some history, geography and natural science. These two latter subjects were the ones James enjoyed most except for history, especially that of the United States, which fascinated him.

He learned many things by listening to his elders tell of their experiences, and also to the tales that their fathers had told them. In this way he learned about the founding of Stumpstown (present-day Fredericksburg) by Frederick Stump in 1765. He learned of the Indian raid on the little Lebanon Valley town during which Stump's wife and children were killed. He learned of Stump's personal war against the Indians, during which he avenged the death of his family.

James particularly enjoyed listening to the stories that were related by his grandfather, William Lük who was a veteran of the American Revolution. He never tired of telling tales about the war and the terrible winter at Valley Forge. It was James' favorite story.

chased Sammy into the meadow. Although James spent most of the morning calling and hunting for Sammy, he never saw his pet again.

A great blow came to James in his sixteenth year. Early in the morning of November 14, 1812, he was awakened by his father, who called him to hitch up the horse. John Lick had been awakened by his wife, Sarah, shortly after midnight. She was suffering from severe pains in her back. John threw on his clothes, called to James to harness the horse, and told his wife he was going to get Dr. Krauss.

"No. I will go to him," Sarah cried, her breath coming in gasps. "Help me dress."

In spite of her agony, she struggled into a dress, then fell back on the bed, her ashen face contorted in agony. James was shocked when he came in from the barn and saw her. His mother had never been to a doctor, not even when her children were born. Never had he seen her in this condition.

His father told James to stay with his mother. "I am going for the doctor," John added.

James sat down beside his mother, holding her hand awkwardly. He was frightened. His mother turned to look at him. She spoke quietly and haltingly, asking him to mind his father and to help look after the other children.

Sometime later, he heard the sound of hooves pounding on the road. He ran out to hold the horse. His father and Dr. Krauss went immediately into the cabin. James tethered the horse and returned as quickly as he could. But when he entered the bedroom, he knew that it was too late.

James went quietly to the bed and looked silently at his mother. He sat down and waited beside the still form until his father came back after returning the doctor to his home.

Rain drizzled out of a leaden sky on the November day that James' mother was buried. A host of neighbors gathered at seven in the morning, carrying their black umbrellas, ready to follow the cart with its simple wooden coffin, in

which Sarah lay. The neighbor ladies also came to the Lick home to clean it thoroughly in preparation for the mourners who would return soon after the solemn service conducted by the Reverend J. Heinrich Von Hoff in little St. John's Lutheran Church.

Out of the dozens of boxes which they brought came pies and cakes and all kinds of savory foods. James retreated to a corner, sadly watching, and wishing that it did not have to be. When his mother was lowered into her grave, he stood like the rest, his round black hat in hand. It was a strange and depressing experience to come home and see someone other than his mother tending the pots on the stove. James had no appetite, no desire to eat.

Several years later, James' father married Barbara Smith. The new Mrs. Lick was a good stepmother but James was never as close to her as he had been to his own mother.

In his twenty-first year, an event took place which had a lasting effect on James Lick's entire adult life. He had been keeping company with a girl named Barbara Snavelly for some time. She was the daughter of a local miller and farmer. James was very much in love with Barbara. One day, she confided to him that she was pregnant. He became very concerned and planned to do the right thing by marrying her immediately. However, when he talked to her father the next day, and asked his permission to marry Barbara, Henry Snavelly was indignant at the very idea of a young apprentice joiner having the temerity to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage.

"Have you a penny in your purse?" he asked James. Without even waiting for an answer, he went on. "When you own a mill as large and costly as mine, you can have my daughter's hand—but not before!"

An angry James strode from the house but, before he left, he shot back at the haughty miller, "Some day, I will own a mill that will make yours look like a pigsty!"

On June 3, 1794, a man named John H. Lick, his son or to read town and told boy his blessing

A few months later, his brothers and sisters, being the only ones left down the road, saw him walking and waved goodbye to him as he tuned the stubble

The year was 1794. James trudged up the hills to Reading in each city. It appeared too favorable had to continue to Reading, Pennsylvania, Shepherdstown

He then went to the district of Columbia. Not many could survive the British invasion. It was slow, but he subscribed it twice. A magnificent International James Monroe Congress of the United States

Across the country, he secured work. After six months, he found a job that he worked for. He responded to

On June 3, 1818, Barbara gave birth to a boy whom she named John Henry Lick. However, James was unable to see his son or to resolve his problems. He finally decided to leave town and told his father of his decision. John Lick gave the boy his blessing.

A few months later, James said goodbye to his father, brothers and sisters. With one dollar in his pocket and wearing the only suit of clothes which he possessed, he walked down the road leading through town. Jacob Schnotterly saw him walking past his house and called out to him. James waved goodbye. At last, he was on his way to seek the fortune the stubborn miller had demanded.

The year was 1819, and he was twenty-three years old.

James trudged down the dirt roads and over the rolling hills to Reading and to Philadelphia, remaining a few days in each city. The prospects of good employment did not appear too favorable so he left for Harrisburg. However, he soon had to continue his search for work in Carlisle, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in Sharpsburg, Maryland, and finally in Shepherdstown, Virginia.

He then went to Washington City, now Washington, District of Columbia. Washington was a city with few streets and not many conveniences. Although it still bore scars of the British invasion, it was being rebuilt. However, the process was slow, which may have prompted Charles Dickens to describe it twenty years later in 1840 as still "the City of Magnificent Intentions." But, to James Lick, it was a place of glory. James Monroe was President, and it was here that the Congress of the United States assembled.

Across the Potomac River in Alexandria, Virginia, James secured work in the furniture factory of Green & Company. After six months, he went to Baltimore, but was unable to find a job there. He then journeyed to Hanover where he worked for Aldt, the organ maker, with whom he had corresponded before he left Stumpstown. During the brief pe-

riod in which he stayed in Hanover, he lived at the home of his Grandfather Lük, who was more than one hundred years old.

On his first trip to Baltimore, James had met a young German, Conrad Meyer, who worked for Joseph Hiskey, a noted piano manufacturer. In response to a letter from Conrad, James returned to Baltimore and worked with Conrad at Hiskey's. The close friendship which grew between the two men lasted for the rest of their lives. Each day, the two shared their lunches, spreading them on a work table in the piano factory.

Seeking more opportunity than Baltimore offered, James talked over his future plans with Conrad and decided to move to New York City. He was soon established there, but not entirely happy. One day, he saw, through the little window in his tiny workshop, a truck rumbling by loaded with chairs, tables, and pianos. At the same hour on the same day of every week the truck passed his window, and he usually stopped to watch. This day, he locked his door and followed the truck down the street. Presently, it stopped at the wharf alongside a vessel bound for Buenos Aires. James watched as the load was transferred to the ship.

Returning to his office-workshop, he sat down and wrote to Conrad. "There must be quite a demand for furniture in South America; why, even some of my pianos were shipped! So," he continued, "if there is profit in this business, why wouldn't I do well to make my pianos in the place where I hear the woods are of the best?"

Money for his fare was the big problem now confronting him. James met the captain of the ship *Seneca* and offered to build a piano for him and to install it in the ship's cabin in exchange for a \$150 ticket to Buenos Aires. The captain agreed. The cost would have been \$50 less if James had been satisfied to eat with the sailors, but he wanted to learn all that he could from the captain.

James wrote at once to Conrad, urging him to leave Hiskey's and join him on the trip to South America. But the phlegmatic German had no taste for such high adventure, and declined. Lick also wrote his father a brief letter: "Have no care about me. I will sail for Buenos Aires in South America today or tomorrow on the ship *Seneca*. It is a long voyage—10 weeks—from New York to Buenos Aires, a city as large as New York, and lies on the English side and is at present in the hands of the patriots. We will, however, not get there in less than 12 weeks because the captain must put into some African ports which extends the trip for two weeks." Actually, according to another letter which James wrote several years later, the trip lasted 15 weeks.

The *Seneca* set sail from New York at two in the afternoon on August 14, 1821, "with a weak, unfavorable wind." The ship made it as far as Sandy Hook and then cast anchor and lay to until the next morning when she sailed out into the ocean. In a short time, the coastline vanished and James, who had never before been at sea, was unable to tell where land was located.

The first two weeks of the voyage, James was sick—so seasick that his fellow passengers feared that he would die. And, for a time, he feared that he wouldn't. In a letter of some years later, recalling this trip, he observed:

"Sea sickness is one of the worst [illnesses] which the human body can get. It is not only the sickness which troubles the human, but the beating and rolling of the ship, which doesn't lie still for a minute but plunges up and down with the waves. One must always hold fast with both hands only to stay in bed."

Five weeks after leaving New York, the *Seneca* arrived off the African coast to pick up a load of 12,000 bushels of salt. The people, the great salt licks, and the manner of gathering the salt fascinated the young piano maker. The natives were all black, and most of them were naked. About the only peo-

ple who wore clothes were the Portuguese who were engaged in the salt business. There was no wood and hardly any grass in the salt lick area. The people lived mostly on fish which was abundant in the off-shore waters.

The salt flats, or salt licks, were areas which were flooded periodically by the ocean. James wrote: "The great heat of the sun evaporates the water and leaves the salt, so that one has only to scoop it up." The salt was purchased for about eleven pence a bushel.

The trip back across the Atlantic to Buenos Aires from Africa took ten weeks, but, to James the time did not seem as long as the five-week journey from New York to Africa. He was not seasick. Food was plentiful, but there was a shortage of drinking water. Part of the water supply was spoiled when the barrels in which it was stored opened their seams just enough to allow some salt water to enter and mix with the fresh water, making it unfit to drink.

This water problem made a great impression on James. In a letter written several years later, he recalled that drinking water for the passage "was measured out as though it were the most expensive wine." And he added that the water "which was good was bad to drink and stank so one had to hold his breath till he had swallowed it."

Eating daily at the captain's table, James listened attentively to all that the captain said. He heard tales of attacks by pirates, who swarmed over the seas, stealing ships and killing the crews and passengers. James made himself such a good listener and companion that the captain taught him many things about seamanship which the average passenger never learned.

Once he found his sea legs, James began to enjoy the trip from Africa to Buenos Aires. He stood on the deck for hours during good weather, watching the flying fish. At times, flights of up to 300 of the creatures rose from the water and raced alongside the *Seneca*. Often, at night, flying fish

crashed into the ship's masts and fell to the deck. "They are the best eating fish on the sea," James declared.

He saw five whales, the largest about fifty feet long, and, he wrote, "a million other fish of some inches to five feet long." None of the fish, however, seemed as pretty to him as the dolphin, which he described as "perhaps the prettiest creation of God."

The ten-week voyage was not all smooth sailing. Near the Tropic of Cancer, the *Seneca* ran into some heavy storms. Several times, two or three storms met in the vicinity of the ship, one storm coming up from one side of the vessel and a second crashing down from the other. At such times, waves poured over the deck leaving many fish in their wake.

On one occasion, a waterspout more than 100 feet in diameter roared across the sea near the *Seneca*. The only thing which landlubber James could think of, to compare with this watery phenomenon blown over the sea, was the swirling of leaves or grass when caught up by a gusty fall wind.

It was late in November when James finally reached his destination. During the trip from New York he had studied Spanish, but on his arrival in Buenos Aires he still could speak only a few words of the language.

James established his workshop, office and home at 11 *Calle Victoria*, near the *Río de la Plata*, where freight was brought in from the ocean. High tides, however, kept endangering his workshop, so he was compelled to make two moves, one to 61 Belgrano Street and the other to 45 Cangallo Street.

This latter location was behind *Plaza Colón* and the *Casa Rosada*, the Governor's house, a rambling mansion of red brick. It was near the *Ministería de Marina*, and the *Dique*, or canal, where the boats unloaded from the river. The *Pre-fectura*, or the Prefect's office, was across from his.

Here in a dark, cold, earth-smelling room, James slept, ate and dressed before he went to his adjoining shop, which faced the cobblestone street. For many months, he was forced

to cover the windows with paper until the panes of glass, which he had ordered from Europe, finally arrived.

The year before James came to Buenos Aires was known as "the Year of Anarchy," since the province of Buenos Aires had no national government but at least twenty-four governors.

For many years after Lick's arrival, Buenos Aires was shaken with revolutions and counter-revolutions. There were battles between the leaders in the city and those in the country with one side winning and then the other. There was a strong move, although it was kept under cover to a very large extent, toward establishment of a monarchy for each of the recently established nations carved out of the Spanish possessions in South America.

Despite the frequent fighting, Lick's business prospered and he became well-liked and well-known in the area. It was undoubtedly due to his friendship with leaders of both major factions that his home and workshop were not destroyed during the time of the revolutions. He was distressed that these leaders and their followers could not agree on a form of government for the new countries, especially Argentina.

In a letter written on February 14, 1824, James described an attack made on the city, some months before, at two o'clock in the morning. The peasants were beaten back with heavy losses and many were taken prisoner. A few days later some of the prisoners were executed in the market place. Many revolutionists who had been in prison were taken from their cells during the next ten days and shot.

The terrorists also mutilated prisoners and fastened their bodies to iron rails along the streets; and, in some cases, cut off the right hands of the dead and nailed them on the gallows.

"When it was advisable to go out," James wrote, "the streets

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The first eighteen months in Buenos Aires proved to be the most difficult. James was sick most of that time and could only do a little work. He was further handicapped by his lack of knowledge of the Spanish language. However, once he became acclimated and familiar with the language, he was able to do more business and to accumulate some money.

A year later, on March 1, 1825, James wrote to his father that he had decided to go to Europe in an effort to regain his health. He opened his letter with a word of thanks for receipt of one from his father, dated October 2, 1824, in which the elder Lick told of the marriage of one of James' brothers.

Remembering his thwarted romance with Barbara, James wrote to his father: "This blessing has not yet been bestowed upon me by the Almighty. So I wish my brother much happiness and blessing, as I also do to all my acquaintances and relatives." He also commented on his plan to sail to Liverpool, then to travel by land to London. He promised that he would write from London if he should arrive there safely.

The letter of March 1, 1825, shed further light on Lick's life in Buenos Aires. He continued:

"I do not enjoy traveling where I cannot speak the language, for I remember the time when I first arrived here and could not speak a word of Spanish and all the people were so strange. Now I am as much at home here as in Stumpstown, and I like the people real well and they me, too.

"I must almost hide myself for they come from all sides and beg me to repair their pianos. One says, 'For God's sake, only mine yet!' Another says: 'Please do me the favor of repairing my piano for me before you leave.'

"The price does not matter and in this manner they bring the pianos into my house against my will. I have no other way but to let them stand and leave, else I would never get away. My health is worth more to me than any money. God be

praised, I have plenty of money. This journey to Europe and back will cost me not less than 1,000 or 1,200 dollars.

"From London, my journey continues to France, from there to Italy, to Rome and to all important places in Europe. However, I will probably stay mostly in those countries where I can speak the language; that is, in Egypt, Germany and Spain, for with the natives of these countries I can get along fine.

"My factory I will leave in charge of a trusted man till I return from Europe. I have little hope of ever returning to Stumpstown. It may be that I will take a trip to America in 2 years, for I do not like to leave my position, for here I can earn a living with little trouble.

"Still, I would not advise any of my friends to follow me, for I see that man is a discontented creature. The more he sees in the world, the more he wants to see, and the more money he has the more he wants to have, and is always dissatisfied.

"Here all business and trade are very good. The Patriots have conquered. They came into Peru and drove almost all the old Spaniards out and recaptured Lima. The battle of Ayacucho on the 9th of December was very disastrous to the Spanish. Those who were not destroyed with the sword died broken-hearted.

"This battle was the cause of a celebration of 3 days and 3 nights. The town was filled with people who hardly went to bed and were always on the streets singing and crying 'Long live General Bolivar!'

"Father," he wrote, "I hope my letter will find you and all my acquaintances in the same conditions as I hope you are in, in good health and in happy and quiet life, not like me, one minute in the clouds of heaven and the next in the depths of the sea and death always before my eyes in ten thousand forms. This is far from peaceful living and I would not wish it on my worst enemy."

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On April 9, 1825, James Lick sailed from Buenos Aires aboard an English ship for Falmouth. This time he wrote more promptly to his father. He started his letter aboard ship on May eighth and later finished it in London. The letter first told of the four-day voyage down the dangerous *Río de la Plata* from Buenos Aires to the ocean. Then he wrote, "for five weeks the uncertain sea amused itself with us." He added, "Sea sickness got me again so that I thought, at any event, they would be forced to throw me into the sea. . . . I did not like the idea of being eaten by the fishes. It does not make much difference if one is eaten by the fishes or the worms, for one gets eaten at any event.

"We would like to be as lucky as the prophet Jonah whom the fish set on the land. With all this I wish I was on the land, for on the sea one gets little human help from the English. They are little concerned about the life of an American. It is as was said to Christ—"if you are God's son, help yourself!"

There was very bad service on the journey from Buenos Aires to Falmouth. The prices in England shocked Lick—50 cents for breakfast; \$1.25, or five shillings sterling, for dinner; a gill of brandy 11 pence; wine from \$2 to \$5 a quart. The 280-mile overland trip by post wagon from Falmouth to London cost \$65.

But he found England "a beautiful country through which to journey because it is thickly populated with all hills and mountains built up. The greatest wonder which I have seen from Falmouth, is a church which was built before Christ's time [!] and the wonders of it are beyond description and are now preserved by the Government, probably till the end of the world." He noted that London "is a terribly large city of 18 to 20 miles in length in which a stranger can hardly find his way and easily gets lost." In it, James observed, "all businesses seem to be very good—even hanging." He stated that, on the first day, he saw four men hanging on a gallows and

that, since then, he had seen twelve more. In conclusion, he wrote: "Fare thee well, I have nothing more to write!"

James' next letter to his father was from Paris and was dated the 25th of July, 1825. In this letter he wrote:

"Dear father, I hope and wish that these few lines may find you all well. I myself am half-well. I wrote you a letter when I left London and journeyed to Paris. I have been here three weeks already, and will soon journey to Germany and perhaps from there to Buenos Aires.

"Here one cannot travel from one state to another without having a good pass and going and registering in each capital. I had a very good pass from the American ambassador at Buenos Aires and I needed two days to achieve it in order to travel to Strassburg. And there I must register again to cross the border. That costs me not a little money to get all the seals of the king on my pass. King Carolus X was crowned in the city of Rheims not far from Paris.

"Paris is big—as big as London, but not as interesting and beautiful as London because it is built more in Spanish and Italian style. Still the houses in Paris are built very high and the streets are very narrow and filled with people so that one can hardly walk.

"As large as Paris is, yet a wall surrounds the city and the 55 gates which lead into the city are closed every evening and are guarded. A river, the name of which is the Seine, runs through the middle of the city. The river is a mile wide and has many beautiful bridges. There are no big ships here because it is so far from the sea, and the river is not deep enough.

"The King's palace is one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris. Napoleon as emperor, now quite forgotten, lived here. As many monuments as there are in Paris, I have not seen any of Napoleon. All his statues of marble and copper were taken away, with the exception of one monster, which is 200 feet high. All his battles are worked into the outside. The statue is 18 feet at the bottom and 9 feet at the top. There is a

stairway in the inside on which one can ascend to the top, but it is quite dark. Napoleon is on top on a horse. The statue is all of brass."

James also wrote about a life-sized equestrian statue of Louis XV, and brought his letter to a close with a description of a museum and of the 300-acre Government-owned garden in which were "all the plants and trees to be found in the whole world, also the animals to be found from the elephant to the smallest insect; also all water animals."

Concerning the museum, he wrote: "There is also a museum where all miscarriages of man and beast are preserved. Very often there are two human bodies grown together. These specimens are from six inches long to two feet. There are bones from more than 1,000 people, and some quite fresh so that the fat is still dropping from the fingers."

James had originally planned to go from Paris to Rome but after a month in Paris, he changed his mind and headed north into the Germanic states, then down the Rhine to Amsterdam. From there he sailed to Altona, a port in Denmark, near Hamburg.

In a letter written from Hamburg on December 13, 1825, James told his father that he was only able to write briefly as he had just learned that the ship for Buenos Aires would sail in two days. He said that he thought he had two more weeks to stay on shore.

He wrote of going through northern France from Paris; of a visit to Strassburg where he saw and climbed a 512-foot high tower on a church which had been building for 800 years. From there he left France and visited Baden, Swabia, and Hesse. He went to the latter place "mostly to see the church and the red house where Dr. Luther was taken into custody because of his teaching the Lutheran religion."

At Heidelberg, the feature which interested him most was an 80-year-old wine barrel, 30 feet long and 24 feet high, on which twelve people ate dinner. He journeyed through a

large part of Prussia and then took the river trip down the Rhine to Holland. The "ruins and wonderful castles which were built by the Romans and had been there for perhaps 1,000 years" fascinated him.

The voyage from Amsterdam to Denmark was a terrible one which, he swore, "I shall never forget, no matter how old I become." For thirty days the ship battled a continuous series of storms. Three ships were wrecked near his vessel. "Chests and trunks swam on the water, and where the unfortunate people were only the All-knowing One knew," he said, adding, "We did not know when the same fate would overtake us, but we succeeded and came to Denmark."

The trip from Hamburg to South America proved to be one of the most exciting voyages of any that James ever made. Three weeks out, his ship was hit by the most violent storm any of the passengers or crew could remember. The storm lasted for thirty-six hours. One man was washed overboard and lost. During the height of the storm, the Captain came to him, and "said in a sad voice, 'We have already lost a man,' as though to say it would not stop at that."

After the storm, however, came a good wind and good weather. "Our joy knew no bounds," he wrote in a letter of March 29, 1826, "and we believed that no misfortune would overtake us. We deeply appreciated our escape from death . . . which only sent one to eternity. Whether he was ready is a very sad question."

The ship was repaired and proceeded on its way to Buenos Aires. It sailed past the islands of Madeira and Tenerife. Lick was very impressed with the famous Pico de Teide. He wrote, "[The] Pico is so very high that it loses itself in clouds and is seldom to be seen in toto and has never been climbed by any human."

The ship was approaching the coast of Brazil when, on March twenty-third, it was attacked by a fleet of Portuguese men-o'-war. Portuguese Brazil was at war with Spanish

Buenos Aires and a blockade was formed to allow no ships either to enter or leave the harbor. James could not count the ships because of the smoke of battle, but he estimated them to number at least sixteen. The captain quickly surrendered, and his limping ship was escorted to Uruguay.

Three days later on Sunday they arrived at the capital, Montevideo, where the passengers and crew were taken prisoners. Later, James wrote: "The same day, they took five ships, three American and two French. We are allowed to walk around in the city where we will, but not outside the gates. The city has a double wall around it with a deep moat between the two, and it is very well provided with heavy cannons and soldiers who are mostly black, excepting the officers.

"This situation does not suit me much and I have made plans to escape, for the Buenos Aires army is only 30 miles from here. When one is once there one is safe, but to get there one risks what the whole world cannot give. But to get out of the hands of these tyrants I would risk my life. They have treated us as though we were the greatest criminals.

"The government sent us a message on the ship and took us to the land. Then they sent us guarded by soldiers from Pontius to Pilate (from one official to another and back again). At last we had to give up our passports because they knew that one cannot get very far without these."

James did not write his father again until October 23, 1826. He left his brothers and sisters, and his Pennsylvania friends, to worry and wonder if he had escaped or if he had died. Almost eight months elapsed before the next letter arrived from Buenos Aires. But it started with this word of reassurance: "I have the opportunity of sharing with you a few lines to tell you that I arrived well and safely in Buenos Aires, and found my house and business in good condition."

He then outlined briefly the manner of his escape from Montevideo. A fellow American had died. The Brazilian au-

thorities agreed to let the man be buried in an area half a mile outside the city walls. The authorities also agreed to let some of the prisoners accompany the body to the grave. James went with the funeral party which left the city under a guard of forty cavalrymen. Looking back at the wall of the city, James wrote that it "seemed more terrible from the outside than from the inside, with the heavy war artillery upon it."

Five steps from the grave, James spotted a deep hollow which was covered with thick brush. "I hoped to slip into the ditch, unseen by the guard," James wrote. This he managed successfully, at the conclusion of the funeral service, just as the rest of the group turned to go back to the city.

"I lay still in the ditch," his letter continued, "but, soon afterwards, I heard the soldiers riding around in full gallop. Some were so near that I could hear them speak, but I could not understand what they said for they spoke Portuguese. I kept quiet until night, then I crept out of my ditch and left the place as quickly as I could. I passed the outposts of the Portuguese army not more than 100 paces without being seen. By 11 o'clock the next day I was in the district of the Buenos Aires army and had the honor of dining with an officer who was happy that I had played such a trick on the enemy.

"I at once sent for a passport and, luckily, met five people who were going to Buenos Aires so we set off on the journey together with a native guide. The whole region is a wilderness where one can go for days at a time without seeing house or human. It is inhabited by wolves, pigs and millions of cattle. It is one of the most fertile parts of South America. At night we had to sleep under the open sky whether it rained or not.

"After 18 days we came to Buenos Aires. Here it doesn't look so good for the city has been blockaded for months. Their fleet is not half as large as the enemy's yet it has ventured out

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four times since I arrived and has done great damage to the enemy.

"These four battles were fought so near the city that I could see the bullets distinctly as they fell into the water, especially in the beginning, for naturally the smoke soon became so thick that one could not see half of the ships."

The battles witnessed by Lick were part of a series of attacks made by the small Argentine Navy under the command of an Irishman, Admiral Guillermo Brown. Admiral Brown had been placed in command of the Navy of the United Provinces of the Plata, i.e., Argentina and Uruguay, the latter sometimes called *La Banda Oriental*.

Three months after James wrote this letter (February 9, 1827), Admiral Brown defeated the Brazilian Navy near the island of Martín García in the estuary of the *Rio de la Plata*. Later, he won a series of brilliant actions which assured victory for the United Provinces.

Lick's European vacation had proven very costly. There was not only the fare for the trip itself, but also the loss of revenue because of the closing down of his business during his absence. However, he always had kept an eye open for ways in which to make money. In England he had noted that there was an excellent market for nutria, the fur of the *coypú*, a small, beaverlike water rodent, native to South America. After his return to Buenos Aires, he negotiated with trappers for the purchase of nutria. This he exported to England. He built up a good trade in furs, despite the local revolutions. He also prospered with his piano-making.

James set for himself a five-year plan. In accordance with this plan, he would accumulate money. He wanted money enough to return to Stumpstown, where he would marry Barbara and build a mill through which he would carry out his earlier vow to make his would-be father-in-law's "look

like a pigsty?" And for additional cash, he planned to take along a cargo of nutria furs for sale in New York.

One day in the spring of 1832, Conrad Meyer sat at his table engrossed in cutting a piece of cherry wood by hand. For some years he had worked in his own shop in Philadelphia, on Fifth Street near Prince. He raised his head when he heard the bell jangle on the front door. It was his old friend James Lick.

James found that Conrad had grown quite stout and now wore glasses. Otherwise, he was the same affable German whom James had liked on sight. They discussed piano-making for a time and James expressed his great pleasure at his friend's progress in the trade—progress which would, twenty-two years hence, win him First Prize at the London International Exhibition. For more than an hour the two friends kept talking, James even taking a beer to celebrate the reunion. He told his friend that he hoped to set up a piano-making business in Philadelphia.

Before leaving, Lick paid a \$400 advance for a year's rental of a house in Philadelphia near Eighth and Arch streets. Then he went to Stumpstown to see his family, his natural son, and the boy's mother. When he rode into town, it was with a beautiful horse and buggy and nearly \$40,000 in his money-belt. From his stepmother, Barbara Smith Lick, he learned of the death of his father on June 13, 1831. For the first time he saw his two half-brothers, Henry Smith, who had been born July 2, 1821, and Samuel, born February 22, 1824.

Also for the first time he saw his nephew, two-year-old James William Lick, son of his brother, John Lick, Jr. He renewed his acquaintance with his brothers, William and Jacob, and his sisters, Catherine and Sarah, and met their families.

He learned that Barbara Snavely had married John Desh about two years after he had left Stumpstown and they had several children. But search as he would, he could not find

her or his son, John, now fourteen years old. Barbara had left town with her family when she had learned of his arrival and did not return until after James left.

James made no attempt to see Henry Snavelly, but he made sure that the miller heard of his prosperity.

James spent about two weeks in Stumpstown and made several visits to St. John's cemetery, where his parents were buried. Their graves were side by side on a slight eminence in the old graveyard.

Before leaving Stumpstown for Boston, James gave his horse and buggy to his brother, William. The horse died a few months later and William sold the carriage for \$100, putting the money aside to help educate James' son, John.

In Boston, James visited the Paine Memorial Association headquarters, and looked around rather half-heartedly for business opportunities. He wrote Conrad Meyer in Philadelphia, asking him to cancel the lease he had taken, making the best settlement possible. Conrad secured a refund of \$300 from the \$400 deposit. James collected the money on a visit which he made to Philadelphia a short time later. On that visit, he gave Conrad \$100 as down payment on some pianos which he said he would order.

Later in 1832, James arrived once again in Buenos Aires. His property was in good condition, but the political situation was worse than when he had left for Pennsylvania. The atmosphere was explosive and rumors abounded. A close friend, a Spaniard who had been a member of the Argentine Congress, warned him that a revolution was liable to break out within a short time and that, if he wanted to save anything, he had better sell out and leave the city. James took the advice of his friend, sold his business, and took a ship for Valparaíso, Chile.* In a letter dated January 1833 from the Chilean port, he wrote:

* Puzzlingly, the Society of California Pioneers' account of Lick's life has him reaching Valparaíso *overland*, via Mendoza and Puente del Inca.

"You will probably be astonished to hear that I have left Buenos Aires and have placed an even greater distance between my Homeland and myself at the time when you, perhaps, were expecting me in America.

"I found Buenos Aires in such a sorry condition that nothing remained for me to do except to make my goods into money, or lose them entirely. To be sure, I had a lot of luck to get a ship in time before the revolution broke out. I had only been away two weeks when the city was besieged and permission to leave would not have been obtainable.

"So it was that a civil war which had long been smoldering finally broke out. It cost many people their lives and made a complete ruin of the land. Two good friends of mine, an American and an Englishman,* were killed in their own houses and many hundreds were killed at night as well as by day in the street and many families locked themselves in their own houses and walled up the doors from the inside and with it almost starved to death.

"The city was in this condition three days. From this account you can form a partial idea of our situation in a big city like Buenos Aires where for 34 days nothing but robbery and murder were the order of the day.

"I cannot say much for my journey to the Pacific Coast, but it was not worse than I had expected. It is well known all over the world that the voyage around Cape Horn is one of the most dangerous and tedious, and many people are not brave enough to undertake it.

"I was fully aware of this in Buenos Aires, but my prospects there were so dangerous I decided to risk it. We almost lost our ship through carelessness. The captain was a drunken sot and did not care much for his ship.

"The first storm proved the ship did not have sufficient ballast and consequently we were in great danger. One night

*The American was probably John Franklin, and the Englishman, Leslie Bennett, who lived next door to Lick.

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at two o'clock the ship fell over on its side so that the tall masts lay flat on the water. It lay thus for about a minute, and shook and swayed like a wagon so one did not know which way it would go.

"All stood ready and awaited their fate. For my part, I would not have given a pipe of tobacco for my life at that moment and did not even get out of bed. I thought it better to go down at once than to float around for days and then at last sink anyhow for rescue would have been impossible.

"To our good fortune the ship righted itself—perhaps with the help of a wave or with the little ballast it had. The only thing which I thought saved us were two mill stones which I bought in Buenos Aires. They were pure iron work with cast wheels which weighed all-together 17 tons. The mill stones I bought in Buenos Aires for three thousand dollars. I am selling them in Valparaíso for seven thousand.

"I therefore deem it twice good fortune which saved the ship and passengers and makes me a profit of four thousand dollars."

James' letter then told of the bitter cold weather which the ship had encountered, the storms which had raged day and night, and "the icebergs which break loose from the South Pole and float around this region and are a hazard to vessels." The trip to Valparaíso lasted for two months and two days. Despite the storms, he arrived "hale and hearty," adding, "which condition I wish to you and all my friends."

Describing Valparaíso, Lick wrote: "Many houses are built on the rocks in the sea for at many places there are only 10 paces between the sea and the foot of the mountains. These mountains are covered on their peaks with snow the whole year round. At the base it is eternal spring and it never snows. Seven months out of 12 there is no rain. The snow which melts up on the mountains waters the plants and fruit trees.

"The Andes are volcanic or fire-spitting mountains. There is one very near the city which one can see by clear weather."

He also went on to describe the severe earthquakes which frequently shook the area, citing the quake of 1821 which almost totally destroyed the city and which killed many people.

"These earthquakes," he wrote, "come very often and are so unexpected that one does not have time enough to run out of the houses. Very often, at the slightest motion the doors are shut so tightly that they are not to be opened. Of all natural phenomena this is the most terrible and fearful. Lightning and thunder storms are nothing compared with this, for it is not alone the subterranean rumbling, but the crackling and quivering of the buildings as well."

Two years after he wrote this letter, came the great earthquake of February 20, 1835. The city of Concepción was nearly destroyed in this quake and the Government authorized a nation-wide collection for relief of the victims. Among those listed as contributors from the Almendral, a suburb of Valparaíso, was Diego Lick—the name by which James Lick was known to his Spanish-speaking friends.

The Almendral was regarded as the most pleasant part of Valparaíso, although many people felt it was a dangerous place in which to live, as it was too far from the protection of the city. The area was narrow, about three miles long, and full of olive groves and almond gardens. It was from the latter that it got its name, *almendral* meaning almond grove, or almond plantation, in Spanish.

James' house was typical of those in the area. It was of one story, built of unburnt bricks or *adobes*, whitewashed, and covered with a roof of red tiles. There was a small entrance hall, a sitting room about sixteen feet square, and two bedrooms, neither of which had a window. Behind the house were several fruit trees, including figs, lemons and pomegranates, and a flower garden.

When he was not working in his shop in Valparaíso, James relaxed by working in his yard, caring for the trees and the flowers which he loved. The flat, sandy soil in the Almendral

in 1829. It was a trade conceal the he controlled Reading James was

was perfect for gardening and James took delight in this activity.

John Brown, a carpenter from Albany, New York, arrived in Valparaíso about the same time as James Lick. The two men, being engaged in a complementary trade, became good friends. Both were avid readers, and both were close students of South American politics. Newspapers from throughout the world were brought to Valparaíso and were available in the reading rooms of the Customs House. There, James and John Brown often met to read the latest issues of European and American newspapers.

James' business prospered, but in the fall of 1836 he decided to move to Lima, Peru. For years under Spanish rule, Lima had been the most important city in South America. It was still a leading city and the center of much wealth.

There was another reason for the move to Lima. James and John had discussed it for some time. This was the political situation and neither man liked it. There was every appearance of a coming war. The Bolivian president, Andrés Santa Cruz, succeeded earlier in 1836 in uniting Peru and Bolivia into a powerful confederation and set himself up as "Supreme Protector."

Joaquin Prieto was the President of Chile, but the real strong man in the country was Diego Portales, who had a cabinet post. Prieto was inclined to favor joining the Santa Cruz confederation. But Portales, realizing that he would not have power comparable to that he held in Chile, was opposed to the merger. Portales had led a revolt which had forced the resignation of President Francisco Antonio Pinto in 1829. It was the belief of many persons that Portales, who was a trader and a speculator, overthrew Pinto in order to conceal thefts in tobacco and other state monopolies which he controlled.

Reading Portales' newspaper, published in Valparaíso, James was convinced that Chile would declare war on the

Confederación Peru-Boliviana. He made up his mind to leave and notified his customers that he could take no more orders. However, his friend John Brown decided to stay. Strangely, both decisions proved wise, for both men prospered. Brown left an estate of about six million dollars when he died at the age of sixty-eight on December 31, 1877, one year after James' death.

James Lick closed out his business, took passage on the 149-ton Mexican brigantine, the *Brillante*, and sailed for Callao, the port of Lima, in December of 1836. Captain Francisco Esprío got his ship to Callao on Christmas Day.* The following day, Chile declared war on the Confederation.

James rented a horse for the nine-mile journey to Lima. In the city, he found a place to stay and within a short time he opened his cabinet and piano shop on *Calle Mercaderes*, the Street of Merchants.

A year soon passed, a year without incident. By now, Lick was well-established and there was hardly a family in Lima who did not know the *Yanqui* master builder who made the finest pianos in all Lima. For *Limeños*, the piano was the center of the home. It seemed more prized as an accompaniment to the *baile*, or dance, than as purely a musical instrument.

Young and old, rich and poor, respected Lick's ability to construct piano frames of the most beautiful polished woods, as well as to restore their old pianos. Thus, he was welcomed warmly to the best homes in the city. As a mere tradesman he would not have been given a second look by the higher and wealthier classes.

On some occasions, he was asked to social affairs. He would accept tea if he were out supervising deliveries, but he rarely accepted an invitation to lunch or dinner. He knew that those of the working class, even of the commercial class, did not

* The *Brillante* sunk January 12, 1837 with all on board.

mingle with high society. However, with his own workers he was very democratic, often sharing lunch with them.

It was about this time that a young man arrived to take possession of the store next to James' cabinet shop. This young man was Domingo Ghirardelli. Born in Rapallo, Italy, he had married at the age of twenty, and sailed with his bride to Montevideo where, for about a year, he had run a chocolate and coffee establishment. He then closed his Montevideo shop and sailed around the Cape to Callao. From that port he took the nine-mile road into Lima to set up a new confectionary.

James lived in Lima for nearly eleven years. At first, as he had in Buenos Aires, he slept in the back room of his shop on Mercaderes. He then moved to 130 Monterrate Street, a street near the river, and later to 111 *Calle San Ysidro*, closer to the University Library where he read books on the Inca Indians and learned all that he could about them.

The Spanish-language papers that Lick read so avidly carried many accounts of activities in the United States and Mexico. The more he read the more determined James became to leave Peru and to return to the United States.

The election of James K. Polk as President in 1844 initiated the series of events that finally caused Lick to leave for California. Polk had campaigned on an expansionist platform. He promised to extend the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Lick had read of the revolt of Texas, its establishment as a separate nation, and then of its joining the United States. He read of the war between the United States and Mexico, and of California's revolt. Despite the forebodings of his friends, and their urging that he remain in Lima, Lick decided in 1846 to go to California. He felt sure that the United States would hold the area as a consequence of the war with Mexico.

It was never Lick's habit to let his customers down. He had orders for twelve pianos. He dispatched, by Government war vessel, an order to Conrad Meyer in Philadelphia for be-

tween \$1,300 and \$1,400 to pay for the inside works, or action, of the dozen upright pianos. Before these arrived, however, his workmen quit. Most of them were Mexicans and they returned to Mexico to take part in the war against the United States.

Lick stayed on in Lima and finished the pianos himself. It took him eighteen months to complete the upright pianos which he fitted with the actions sent by Meyer. It was not until 1847, the month was November, that he was able to leave.

James sold out his business for \$30,000, although it had been valued at \$59,000. He converted it all into cash, mostly Peruvian specie. Soon afterward, he boarded the brig, *Lady Adams*, and departed for San Francisco. On January 7, 1848, the *Lady Adams* sailed through the Golden Gate. The name of the town had but recently been changed from the old Spanish name of Yerba Buena, given to it because of the "good herbs" which grew so abundantly in the sandy soil.

James Lick stood on the deck. In the hold was his workbench, his iron strongbox, containing nearly \$30,000 in gold, his tools, and six hundred pounds of chocolate. No longer was he the sickly youth who had been forced to give up his piano-making and cabinet work, years before, to seek renewed health in a European trip. Now, he was a man of fifty-one, his spare frame had no fat and he was in excellent physical condition. There were no signs of graying in the thick fringe of beard or the head of heavy black hair. His posture was erect and his step was quick and light.

At the crude counter in the Customs House, Captain Joseph Folsom checked Lick's papers of declaration, his baggage, and the metal strongbox, which he unlocked for the official's inspection. Folsom was dazzled by Lick's \$30,000 of capital.

Lick thanked the captain, shouldered his metal box and strode out the door. He looked across toward the *Lady Adams*, riding at anchor in waters that were washing the northern

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slopes of Telegraph Hill, where a few dozen shacks and tents were visible. At the City Hotel on Clay and Kearny streets, he stopped to secure a room and to eat. After eating, he left the hotel, climbed Telegraph Hill, and from the summit studied the harbor and surrounding area.

He counted the ships at anchor. Not as many as lay in the bay at Valparaíso but, nevertheless, their number was a strong indication that with the growth of the Union, the little town was destined for increasing maritime activity. All that he had to do was to determine in which direction the town would expand. He would gamble his money and his future on San Francisco real estate.

For the next three weeks Lick studied the town, walking through every part and taking long hikes into the wooded and hilly interior. He explored the shoreline from the Golden Gate entrance to the southern end of San Francisco Bay and even went to the little town of San Jose, fifty miles south of San Francisco. There he noted the fertile soil and the fruit trees along the Guadalupe River.

At last, he felt that he was ready. He knew which properties he wanted. His first purchase was an irregular lot near the southwest corner of Montgomery and Pacific streets which he bought from Gregorio Escalante on February 1, 1848, for \$270.

The next day, James went to the only house in the village which had a cellar. The house was of adobe on a 50-*vara* lot at the northeast corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets. (The *vara* was a Spanish unit of measurement about 33½ inches long.)

S. J. Ellis, owner, opened the door and let him in when James informed him of the purpose of his visit. Lick offered him \$2,000 for the house and land. Ellis and his wife boosted their price to \$3,500. Lick offered \$3,000. He carefully counted out the sum in gold coins, and piled them on the table. The Ellises accepted the money, and James took posses-

sion of the house. The price which he paid was the highest for any one piece of property he purchased at this time in San Francisco.

Once he had secured Lot No. 189, James moved from the hotel to Ellis' house. In the cellar he dug a hole into which he placed his chest of gold coins. He had his workbench and his tools put in the house. (Many years later, he sold half of the property to Duncan and Sherman for \$32,000—a nice profit on a \$3,000 investment.)

It took Lick nearly a week to get settled. Then he resumed his land purchases. On February seventh he bought water lots 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, and 336, on Mission Street between First and Fremont, from George Hyde. He paid \$50 a lot. Water lots were those on the east of San Francisco along the shore of the bay. At high tide most of the water lots were covered by eight feet of water.

The lots had originally been Government property. They were sold at auction in June of 1847, by order of Governor Stephen W. Kearny, with the proceeds to go to the needy coffers of the town of San Francisco. The lots were $16\frac{1}{2}$ *varas* wide by 50 *varas* deep, or roughly, 46 feet by 139 feet, and they sold for \$16 each.

A few days later, Lick paid Hyde \$275 for land on Montgomery, Sutter and Post streets. This later became the locale of one of his most expensive projects, the famous hotel known as The Lick House. On the same day that he made this purchase, he bought three 50-*vara* lots from Benjamin S. Lippincott for a total of \$320, and a 50-*vara* lot from William McDonald for \$70.

The town buzzed with excitement. Seven lots in one day! Word spread that this man Lick must be crazy. However, James continued to buy real estate. His purchases on February eleventh totaled \$665, no mean sum in the sleepy San Francisco of pre-Gold Rush days.

James Lick made additional purchases of \$239.50 on Febru-

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ary sixteenth, of \$120 on February eighteenth, and of \$170 on February twentieth, bringing his February total to \$4,764.50. In March, he paid out \$1,285 for twenty-seven lots, twenty of them at a public sale held March thirteenth and fourteenth by *Alcalde* (Mayor) George Hyde. Prices for the public lots ranged from \$16 to \$43 a lot. He had thought out his purchases with care and had made plans before investing in a single lot.

In April, he bought five more lots in San Francisco for \$250. He then headed south into the Santa Clara Valley. On a previous trip to San Jose, he had seen a mill and adjoining land which he thought had great prospects. He still had not forgotten his boast of thirty years before that he would have a mill that would make Henry Snavely's "look like a pigsty."

James took a horse and rode out to speak to the owner of the mill, Manuel Díaz Miranda. He was told that the tract on which the mill was located was very large and that Díaz was only a part-owner. Lick offered him \$3,000 for the mill, the land, and the water rights.

Díaz agreed. So, on April 22, 1848, Lick handed him a token payment and an outline of the way in which he planned to conclude the transaction. Then he returned to San Francisco. More than two years later (December 20, 1850), he bought from Oliver Magnant, half-owner of the mill property, fifty more acres. On January 1, 1850, James had secured title to 167 additional acres on the Guadalupe for \$1,512.

Gold was discovered January 24, 1848, by James Wilson Marshall, only seventeen days after Lick arrived in San Francisco. Marshall, hired to build a sawmill for Captain John Sutter, found gold in the tailrace of Sutter's mill at Coloma.

News of the discovery was kept secret for a brief time, but it leaked out and the Gold Rush was on in earnest. Sam Brannan, who had led a Latter Day Saints (Mormon) group to San Francisco eighteen months before, was one of the early

bearers of the gold find's tidings. Late in April, he rode into San Francisco waving a small bag containing some gold nuggets and gold dust. He shouted, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!"

By the first of May, San Francisco and other settlements along the Pacific Coast were nearly deserted. Even James Lick tried out his luck in the gold fields.

While at Mormon Island in the American River, he met the surveyor and map-maker, Captain W. F. Swasey. The year before the captain had been commissioned to make a map of the San Francisco area showing the location of the few houses. The map had been published in the local newspaper. The two men conversed for a while and then went to Swasey's nearby camp for further talk. Lick's costume, as a miner, was the first thing which Swasey noted. He was wearing an overcoat which flapped about his knees, almost touching the water and hiding his rubber boots. On his head he wore a tall plug hat.

James accepted the teasing about his clothing with good grace, and turned the talk to real estate. He admitted that he did not care much for gold panning, but said that he was interested in buying some of John Sutter's land. The captain predicted (correctly) that Sutter would wind up with nothing. The two men then discussed the future of San Francisco. Captain Swasey was amazed at the extent of Lick's holdings.

James spent only about a week in the gold fields and then returned to San Francisco. He had decided, during that time, that his future lay with the port of San Francisco, not with the gold fields. He had collected a small amount of gold, and he had gained a firsthand view of Sutter's pet project, called Suttersville, about four miles down the river from the site of Sacramento. The following year in June and August, James purchased twenty-seven lots in Suttersville. But the boom town soon died, as its rival, Sacramento, grew, and with it went Lick's \$1,500—one of his few bad investments.

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News of the discovery of gold in California reached the East in the fall of 1848 and the great migration to the West began. The majority of the treasure hunters came in 1849 and soon after James' fifty-third birthday (August 25), the population of San Francisco reached 20,000.

Crime-ridden areas grew up around Clark's Point and the slopes of Telegraph Hill, but Pacific Street remained the heart of the notorious Barbary Coast which harbored a line of iniquitous dens called Battle Row that were said to average a murder a week. This street was the headquarters for dope addicts or "hoppies" who lived also in the alleys of Chinatown. The hoodlums and their kings arose. Thus an era of blood and violence began.

The forty-niners were making houses out of dry-goods boxes, muslin, and canvas. At one time, lumber was more than a dollar a foot. Even partitions in the newer hotels were made of muslin; nevertheless rents soared. A room twenty-by-sixty feet could rent for one thousand dollars a month; bunks on an enclosed porch were twenty-one dollars a week. Big buildings brought a rental of fifteen thousand a month; and in lodging houses space was chalked off on the floor, on which guests could sleep, in their bedrolls.

James had long since sold the chocolate which he had brought from Lima. Now, with the population increasing daily and with the demand for food and staples far exceeding the supply, he saw a great market for his Italian friend, Domingo Ghirardelli. He wrote Ghirardelli, urging that he move from Lima to San Francisco.

In the letter, he gave a description of the chaotic conditions in San Francisco. He warned his friend that steamship companies were over-selling their space; that the cost of staples had skyrocketed, and that the town was ill-prepared to handle the influx of people. He advised his friend, however, that there was an opportunity to increase his business and to make money.

Some time later, Ghirardelli arrived with his second wife and his stepdaughter. His first wife, Bettita, had died after Lick left Lima. Domingo conferred with James as to good business locations and soon established himself in San Francisco. The real estate king and the chocolate baron remained friends for the rest of their lives, although they seldom had time to see each other.

Always alert when he saw a chance to make some money James Lick watched the prices of produce rise. Apples sold for as high as \$5 each; eggs were \$10 to \$50 a dozen; and wheat flour sold for \$40 a barrel. His property on the Guadalupe River, near San Jose, produced these things.

He sent the produce to the market in San Francisco and started to rebuild the mill. For a while, he commuted between San Francisco and Alviso, a town on the southeast end of San Francisco Bay about three miles from the mill. The mill itself was about the same distance from San Jose, then the capital of California where, in December of 1849, the first session of the California Legislature was held.

James appointed E. W. Leonard as his agent in San Francisco. This gave him more time to concentrate on the mill. He took up residence in a ramshackle house nearby. Every beam and plank of the flour mill had to be fitted with greatest care. Often, he fitted and polished the beams himself. For the interior, he had the finest mahogany from Central America and cedar from the forests of Northern California. The outside walls were of red brick. His original plans called for a three-story structure. But before the walls were finished, a severe earthquake twisted them badly. He had the damaged walls cleared away to the level of the second floor and then proceeded to reconstruct the building with redwood timbers and covering.

Working alongside his men, he patiently corrected all mistakes but the work was slow. He replaced the original machinery with polished brass and steel equipment ordered

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from Boston. It was the finest equipment in the West and the people of San Jose were now sure that James Lick was crazy.

When at last, in 1855, the mill was finished, it was known as "the Mahogany Mill" and as "Lick's Folly." Cost of its construction was \$200,000. Alongside the mill, Lick erected a circular rat-proof warehouse with walls two feet thick and twenty-two feet high, surmounted by a dome and observatory, according to the Appendix to the *Journal* of the Tenth Session (1859) of the California Senate.

During the building of the mill, Lick was forced to make a number of trips to San Francisco to protect his properties there from squatters and to fight legal battles to insure possession of his lands. He had to hire his own guards to keep squatters out, or to eject them forcibly, if necessary. Lick paid the guards as high as \$20 a night. On one occasion, his guards reported that they had evicted a squatter at gunpoint and had moved his portable home from Lick's property. Many houses at that time were lightly constructed shacks imported from China, known as "China houses."

Lick's knowledge of Spanish, as well as his experience in South America with revolutions and revolutionaries, proved of value during the tumultuous early gold rush days in San Francisco. Most of the Spanish-speaking residents knew him as a friend, and he had little difficulty with them. He was one of the many who contributed in the summer of 1849 to a relief fund for destitute Spanish-Americans, mostly *Chilenos*, following a wanton attack on them by a gang of toughs who called themselves "the Hounds."

Legal battles over land titles extended for more than ten years. Many of the Spanish and Mexican grants were so confused that it took attorneys months and even years to straighten them out. Lick employed the best attorneys and fought for his rights. But he was always just in his dealings. An example of this was the case of Ignacio Alviso, who left his land grants to his widow in such a muddled state that it took

a court case to determine who really owned the property which Lick had purchased. He won the suit, but he agreed to let the widow remain on the land to raise her sheep and cattle in "permanency and tranquility."

Although Lick was never much of a society man, and was often misunderstood by his neighbors and by those who had but slight knowledge of him, he had the faculty of making the kinds of friends who supported him in time of need. One such friend who gave him a helping hand in one of his legal battles was Captain Swasey, his gold-panning acquaintance of May, 1848. James had a written contract with Thomas O. Larkin to exchange four 50-*vara* lots on Montgomery, Sutter and Post streets for certain water lots on the east side of Sansome Street between Washington and Merchant.

José Chávez of Monterey claimed ownership of this property—lots which Lick had purchased in 1848. Larkin tried to secure the title to the lots claimed by Chávez. Chávez offered to sell the title for \$5,000. When Larkin hesitated, the price went up to \$6,000, and then to \$8,000. At this point Leonard, Lick's San Francisco agent, called on Captain Swasey to buy the lots. The captain did and in less than twenty-four hours, had an instrumented deed from Chávez to Lick. For this, Chávez received \$12,000 and Lick kept the lots on Montgomery, Sutter and Post streets.

The most notorious of all the fraudulent land claims that came to court was that entered by José Yves Limantour. He laid claim to 600,000 acres of land on February 3, 1853. Much of the land was in San Francisco. The U. S. Land Commission rejected the claim for land outside the town, but confirmed Limantour's claim for lots in San Francisco. Lick took no chances; he paid Limantour \$10,000 to settle claims on properties he bought. Other land owners followed suit and bought quit claims which brought the total collected by Limantour to \$300,000. The Government finally ruled Limantour's case fraudulent when it was proven that he had forged the Mexi-

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can Government seal on land papers. He was released on \$30,000 bail, and fled the country. A half-dozen years later, another land case almost claimed Lick's life although he was an uninterested bystander in the affair. On March 29, 1859 he wrote his brother William: "I have sent you a few newspapers. You will see by them that the troubles and contentions about our California land titles are far from being quieted. I came very near being shot this morning in the court room where a case of murder was pending, originating about titles. A young man, who was shot, was seated next to me on the same bench?"

Although people came to regard Lick as an eccentric because of his taciturnity and strange ways, and some were even suspicious of his sanity, he was always known for his absolute honesty. An example of this was a horse-hiring incident in 1853. James ordered a new dump cart, which he planned to use on his mill farm, and a new harness. When the order was filled, he decided to rent a horse rather than buy another one. He sent his nephew, Jimmy, to find a horse. A neighbor offered to rent a horse for \$1.50 a day. The neighbor also offered to sell the horse for \$150. James told his nephew to hire the horse which was done. Nearly five months later, when the charge of \$1.50 a day had accumulated to a total of \$200, James gave his nephew \$350 to pay the neighbor \$200 for the hire of the horse and \$150 for purchase of the animal. Years later, the horse was retired to pasture and died of old age. But Lick could easily afford the \$350 for, eight years before, a San Francisco newspaper had made a survey of the wealthy men in town. Lick headed the list with an estimated \$750,000. The next-wealthiest was Captain Joseph L. Folsom with \$400,000.

One day in 1852, while he was checking over flour sacks in the shed near the mill, Lick's foreman came in with a young man who gave his name as James W. Lick. James looked up an instant, shook hands with the young man, and turned back

to his work, searching for a missing flour sack. The young man was indignant at the cool reception and turned on his heel to leave. He had gone about fifty yards when he heard a shout. Lick had found his sack and was now ready to talk.

The young man identified himself as James William Lick, from Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania. He had been in California since 1849 hunting gold but had not had much luck. He explained that he had been told by a chance acquaintance that another James Lick had made a fortune in real estate and had gone to live in San Jose. The story told young James William was that the San Jose Lick, like his father's brother, had lived in South America. So, he had come to check on the story.

After James identified himself to his nephew, he learned of his brother John's death in 1839. He was relieved to learn that his other brother, William, was still living.

Lick drove his nephew to the First Street property in San Jose, showed him the house which he had started, and then returned to the mill property. There, they ate and talked. Years later, James W. recalled the meeting:

"When he had exhausted all his questions and my patience, he told me I could retire when I wanted to. He pointed out the place where I was to sleep on the hard surface of the top of an old piano, without a mattress or anything to make it comfortable except my blankets. He lay down in equally uncomfortable quarters, save for his mattress, which was spread upon an old door laid upon the tops of four nail casks in an adjoining room of the cabin."

The next day, when James W. was making ready to go back to San Francisco, his uncle invited him to live with him. James' nephew did return and spent the rest of his life in California, assisting in many of his uncle's projects. He did considerable work in the orchards, helping to care for the trees and aiding in the picking of fruit. However, if the elder Lick expected a companion in his nephew, he was greatly dis-

appointed. The young man took no interest in current affairs and had no ambition.

Once, Jimmy discovered several deep holes in the property. No one knew why they were there. His uncle, fearing that squirrels were dining on the roots of his beloved trees, put a gang to work to dig them out. The squirrels were never found, but the workmen did strike water. Lick installed a pump and soon was satisfied that he had a very good second well. He never praised Jimmy for this project, but his nephew knew that his uncle was pleased.

It was James' habit throughout his life, a habit which was to grow stronger as he grew older, to discuss important matters with trusted acquaintances and friends. Thus, he once went to see his good friend, Rudolph Jordan. Rudolph was Lick's flour agent, living in San Francisco. As soon as he saw Lick he knew that something was disturbing his visitor. He asked if the books were in order and if Mr. Lick was not satisfied with his work. James assured him that everything was all right. Then he got down to business. He told Jordan that he was thinking of sending for his son. Satisfied that Jordan thought it was a good idea too, James returned to the ranch and wrote to his son inviting him to come to California. Shortly, a return letter came saying that business made such a move impossible. James wrote back: "If you can't sell your store, give it away. Come at once. I have enough for both of us."

In the fall of 1855, John came and for the first time, James saw his son and the young man saw his mysterious father. The latter was now a lean, tall, man of fifty-nine years, with a curly and full beard and a head of thick hair. The father saw a pale, weak-faced man of some thirty-seven years. From him, Lick learned that his beloved Barbara had died on February 1, 1851.

James appointed his son manager of the mill, but the younger Lick lacked the initiative and the drive of his father.

He was slow-moving, quickly irritated, and very much inclined to do just as he pleased, disregarding instructions received from his father. He preferred simple things and simple surroundings. In the cabin near the mill where he, his father and his cousin, Jimmy, lived when he first came to California, John built a bed. In his own room he spent much time reading novels and writing in a diary. However, he did do a little work on the ranch. In his diary of January 1856, he wrote about cutting hay, a thing he certainly could not have done in Pennsylvania at that time of year. Most of the diary however, contained comments about the weather. Not once in the 1856 "Daily Memorandum Book" did he mention his father.

James tried to interest his son in reading his scientific books or in taking additional schooling, but John refused. James did get him to take an all-expense paid trip to Europe in 1858. John spent about a year there and then returned to San Jose where he resumed his position as mill manager. But the actual work of managing the mill was done by others.

In 1860, in an attempt to bring his family together in a more suitable building than the cabin, James erected on the mill property a residence which became known as the Lick Mansion. It was a colonial house flanked on three sides by white pillars. It contained twenty-four rooms, each with a marble fireplace. The roof was made of flattened five-gallon tin cans. The house was surrounded by pepper trees and a peach orchard on one side and a row of olive trees on the other. The olive trees separated the house from the homes of the men who worked in the mill. Fan palms, fruit trees and beds of flowers ornamented the grounds.

In spite of his father's enthusiasm, John could not stand the grandeur of the building and soon returned to his simple room in the cabin. Jimmy preferred sleeping in quarters near the workmen. Their lack of interest in the mansion discouraged James. One of the few rooms which he finished, before

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losing interest entirely, was his own where he kept his numerous scientific and metaphysical books. He also had a small collection of books on theology. In the large living room was a grand piano, a table and a few chairs. He often covered the floor with newspapers on which were placed rows of fruit to be dried.

James had been interested in agriculture and horticulture ever since he had been a little boy working in his mother's garden. He studied everything which he could find on the subject forming ideas of his own, which placed him far ahead of his time. It was not until 1874, some fourteen years later, that plum-drying became an accepted method of fruit preservation. His prediction that the Santa Clara Valley would become one of the world's greatest prune centers, came true.

As the years went on, the three Licks saw less and less of each other. It was seldom that James was able to get them all together. And on those occasions when he did, there were often outbursts between the cousins. Jimmy could not resist taunting John on his indolence. And John would attempt to reply in kind. John's thoughtlessness was a source of great irritation to his father. He did not have the understanding of his father's nature which Jimmy had. Once, when James asked his son to put some quinces and apples in the storehouse, John did, but then proceeded to forget about them. He failed to store them properly and some time later, his father found the rotting fruit and chided his son for his negligence. Another time, when Lick went to the city, he asked John to care for his parrot, Lennie. John, once again, forgot about the request. When Lick returned, he found the parrot's cage uncleaned, the bird unwatered and unfed. He never forgave John for this, nor did he ever forget it.

John stayed in Alviso until 1863, when he returned to Fredericksburg. He did not come back to California again until just before his father's death, thirteen years later.

When John left for Fredericksburg, his father offered the

mill for sale at a price of \$250,000. It had cost him in the neighborhood of \$500,000. The best flour to be obtained in San Francisco came from Lick's Mill, and during the first few years in which the mill was in operation, it made money. However, James never did sell the mill. In 1872, he wrote to the Thomas Paine Society of Boston, offering to give the mill to the Society with the understanding that the organization would sell the property. Half the proceeds of the sale would go to construction of the Paine Memorial Hall in Boston, and half to the upkeep of the Hall.

Thomas Paine, whose writings had so inspired the English colonists during the American Revolution, was one of the Revolutionary heroes whom James had always admired. Paine's beliefs, controversial as they were, made a deep impression on James. To many people, his views on religion were regarded not only as thoroughly unorthodox, but actually atheistic. The Thomas Paine Society was organized to help perpetuate Paine's philosophies and beliefs.

The Society immediately accepted the surprise gift from the California land baron and sent an agent west to complete the transaction. The deed transferring the mill to the Society was filed in the office of Charles Payne, Santa Clara County Recorder, on January 16, 1873.

Soon after, the Society sold the mill to Pfister and Waterman, paper manufacturers, for \$18,000. James was most unhappy about this when he learned of the low price received. Most of the money was used for construction of the Memorial Hall and very little was left for its upkeep.

The mill burned down on July 6, 1882, and was replaced by another that same year. The new mill, however, did not contain the mahogany and other fine woods of "Lick's Folly."

About the time that John left for Fredericksburg, James moved from the Lick Mansion to a less pretentious house which he built on property in the southern part of San Jose. This house was commonly called the Lick Annex or the Lick

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Homestead. James had purchased the property November 16, 1848, for \$1,200 from Charles and Elizabeth White. Known as the Lick Tract, it lay on the westerly side of the road leading from San Jose to the New Almaden quicksilver mine. He also owned other plots in San Jose north of the Court House. One lot was on the east side of First Street between Julian and St. James streets. Another was on the west side of First Street, between Hawthorne and Fox. This extended back to the Guadalupe River.

The move from the Mansion to the Annex took more than two years. The main reason for the length of time was James' decision to transplant many of the trees and shrubs from the Mansion grounds to the Annex property. The transplanting was done under his direction and his personal supervision. The plants had to be removed at certain specific times, in order that they might survive. Earth had to be kept in place around the roots of the trees.

Two twenty-year-old locust trees could not be moved. So James had them cut down at their roots. The butts he sawed into veneering of a beautiful curly grain and color. He then shipped the veneering East, the same day, December 17, 1872, sending a letter to his old Philadelphia friend, Conrad Meyer:

"I have this day forwarded by the Central Pacific Railroad to your address one case containing 100 feet locust wood veneer, and a *ne plus ultra* sound board, and a model, or pattern, showing the best way of putting on the rives or sound board, that is, according to my experience in upright pianos—and a package for Joseph Long. Please send it to him by express as soon as you receive it. The box is also made of *ne plus ultra* sound board wood, fastened with screws to save all the wood.

"I think you will find the *ne plus ultra* the most extraordinary wood for sound boards you ever did use. I can, however, only speak confidently of the soft kind. I got a few pieces of it from the captain of a vessel from Peru. It was very soft,

and I could only use it for a few octaves in the bass. It did make the most powerful, and also the sweetest tone I ever did hear without exception, in all my long experience in pianos.

"Make your sound board in the base very thin, not over one-eighth of an inch thick, and do not cut in your ribs Joseph Hiskey fashion. You want all the elasticity of your sound board.

"You have a collection of wood of all degrees of hardness, so that you can tune your sound board with a little care, octave by octave, from one end to the other. Use the softest wood in the base. I am satisfied you have a good thing if you keep it to yourself.

"Make me a piano for my parlor of the Lick House. Do not make it all of locust wood but judiciously and skillfully distribute it in panels and borders. My dining room doors are made in that style. The effect is beautiful. The doors are thirteen by five feet."

The Homestead covered a total of 105 acres. One of the first things which James had done when he decided to live there was to build a high wooden fence around the entire 105 acres. Many of the townspeople thought that it was a "spite fence," that he did this because he considered himself too good for them and did not intend to let them see what he or his workmen were doing. James, as usual, did not bother to explain. The fence was built to keep squirrels out of the garden! The boards were sunk sixteen inches in the ground. A branch of the Guadalupe River ran through the grounds. To prevent future flooding, he had the banks boarded with planks, matched and laid like a floor. The grounds were carefully graded, just as had been the case with the ranch on the mill property. In one instance, a five-acre section cost \$10,000 for grading.

Although Lick specialized in fruit trees, he also imported many different species of trees and shrubs from various parts of the world for ornament and shade. Eucalyptus, cork oaks,

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and acacia trees from Australia; pepper trees from Peru; palm trees from the tropics. While he bought plants from the Fox and Farney Nursery in San Jose, he also gave cuttings to them, as well as to O'Donnell's Zoological Park and Gardens. Eventually, he owned his own nursery on South First and Willow streets.

Although he was called a miser by many men, James Lick paid his employees excellent wages. During the winter, he had a staff of fifteen workers. In the summer there were many more. Over a period of eight years, James paid out in wages an average of \$750 a month. One day a group of men, knowing his willingness to give work to those who were unemployed, approached him for jobs. But, to James, a job was not merely a job. He had learned under his father, and under other men to whom he had been apprenticed, to do *exactly* what he was told. He, too, expected his employees to follow orders, to the letter. So, he decided to test the job-seekers.

A shipment of young trees had just been received and holes had been dug in which to plant them. James divided the men into two groups. Turning to the first group, he ordered them to plant the trees with their tops in the holes and their roots in the air. The laborers protested that that was not the proper way to plant trees. But James insisted upon their following his directions until they complied. When they had finished the unusual task, James sent for the second group to dig up the trees and to plant them correctly, with their roots in the ground. He was satisfied that he had taught the first group how to follow directions properly.

James took great pleasure in showing off his trees, his flowers and fruits, to anyone who wanted to see them. He enjoyed having groups tour his mill as well as to visit his cultivated areas. Visitors were always welcome and, whenever he could, James showed them around personally.

Another incident which added to James' reputation for eccentricity occurred one hot June day when a class from the

San Jose Female Academy came to visit the mill and garden. James escorted the group of young girls and their teacher through the mill and then took them out to the gardens. There he pointed out the various species of shrubs and flowers. One of the girls asked him how he could remember the Latin names of all the plants. His answer startled the assembled young ladies: "You remember the names of all *your friends*, I'm sure," was his reply.

He led them through a portion of his orchard, then into the greenhouse, where he had orchids from the Hawaiian Islands. Finally, he led the way into a garden where there were roses, dahlias, sweetpeas, bougainvillea, petunias and violas. One of the girls, looking at the violas, commented that, although they were very pretty, she had seen much better specimens in San Francisco. James overheard the comment. "Come," he said, "let me show you another garden." He led the girls through a gate into a field of wild mustard. When they were preoccupied, he slipped unnoticed through the gate, closed and locked it. The girls and their teacher were forced to walk the long way around the fence until they eventually reached their carriages. They learned, the hard way, not to make disparaging remarks about James Lick's beloved friends, his flowers.

Lick's exhibit of fruits at the California State Fair in San Francisco in 1856 was the largest and most elaborate of the Exposition. Fair officials had not expected such an outstanding entry and had assigned a space much too small for the display of Lick's specimens. He threatened to withdraw from the Fair unless given the area which he knew would show his fruit to the best advantage. The officials quickly concurred with his demand.

The Visiting Committee of the California State Agricultural Society made the following report on the "Farm of James Lick" in 1859:

"Four miles north of San Jose, we visited the farm and

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flourmill of Mr. James Lick. The farm contains 200 acres, one-half of which is in cultivation. There is on the place a mill, propelled by water, 60 feet square, and two stories high above the basement; walls of basement, stone two feet thick, and ten feet high. The body of the building is of brick, 22-inch wall; first story, 13 feet, and second, 11 feet clear. In the garret is a pigeonry, in which more than one thousand birds have a home every night. This he keeps for the manure it yields.

"There are in the mill four runs of French Buhrstones, capable of making 200 barrels of flour per day. All departments of this mill are furnished with the latest approved patterns, executed without reference to cost. No inconsiderable portion of the inside work is made of solid mahogany and other valuable foreign woods. The cost of this was \$200,000. Besides this, Mr. Lick has erected a circular store-house 62 feet in diameter, 22 foot walls, surmounted by a dome and observatory, entirely fire-proof and rat-proof.

"Having finished these structures, Mr. Lick appears to have become satisfied in this direction, giving the charge to the chief miller, and is now bestowing all his thoughts and efforts upon his orchard. He brings every rod of his ground to a spirit-level, sets every tree just as high as every other tree and prosecutes his work with a zeal worthy of any cause. He has now about 5,000 apple-trees, beside many of other varieties, all set as above described and with his own hands. His preparations for the future are equally interesting with his present operations. He has vast heaps scattered here and there of various composts and manures preparing for use. In one single pile, he has over one hundred wagon-loads of old bones, horns, hoofs, etc., for placing (a barrowful each) under trees yet to be planted. With his enthusiasm, abundant means, and untiring industry, he will very soon have one of the most valuable places in the state."

It was not until after this report was published that his fellow farmers realized why he drove around collecting old

bones. Previously, he had been thought a bit touched in the head, although harmless, because he never took time to explain that he ground the bones and hooves to use as fertilizer.

Lick's fruits were also acclaimed internationally. In a sense, he anticipated California's Luther Burbank. Through his special methods of care and fertilizing, he grew some of the largest pears ever seen. Pictures of some of his giant pears were sent on October 26, 1861, to London for the 1862 World Fair there.

Early in the 1860's, James ordered a replica of the Kew Gardens Conservatory. He had been greatly impressed with the Conservatory when he had visited London as a young man. The model, built by Lord and Burnham in Irvington, New York, was dismantled, packed in heavy wooden crates, and shipped to him via Cape Horn. He had the crates stored on the Homestead property at San Jose with the intention of giving the conservatory to the city of San Jose. However, an article in the San Jose paper by J. J. Owen, criticizing James' manner of dress, displeased him and he left the crates unopened. Eventually, after his death, the conservatory was left to the Society of California Pioneers, which allowed a group of public-spirited men to purchase it for \$12,000 and to erect it in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, for \$15,000. This latter expense was borne by the City.

Another side of James' nature was brought out in an experience with his friend, Caius T. Ryland of San Jose. Ryland was driving from San Jose to Alviso when he overtook James, who was carrying an ox-yoke across his shoulders. Ryland slowed his horse to a walk and offered to give James a ride. When James declined, Ryland suggested that James at least put the heavy yoke in his buggy. But the stubborn Lick walked on. "Thank you," he said, "but, so far in life, I have borne my yoke patiently, and I will not shirk my duty now." So, for the two-mile journey to the mill, Ryland walked his horse, James carried the yoke, and the two men talked. In the course of

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their conversation, Ryland suggested that James sell some of his San Francisco property. James told him that he was thinking about selling half of the Montgomery Street lot on which stood the adobe house which he had purchased five years before.

A few weeks later, James sold that portion to William Tecumseh Sherman, then a retired Army officer, as the location for a bank. He received \$32,000. He had paid \$3,000 for the entire lot. Now, half of it returned \$2,000 more to him than all of the wealth which he had brought, originally, to San Francisco. The bank failed in the great San Francisco depression following the gold rush boom. Sherman returned to the East and resumed his military career, which culminated in the Civil War with his famous march from Atlanta to the sea.

On another occasion, in 1873, The Knox Block, which was owned by James in San Jose, burned to the ground. The next day, when he was looking at the blackened debris, a young man came up to him and asked for work. James remained silent for a full minute and then said:

"All right. Pick up all the loose bricks and pile them in the corner."

The young man went to work without a word. When the job was finished, he reported to James.

"Now pile them in that corner," James told him, pointing to the opposite corner.

Without a word of protest, the obedient young man did as ordered. Thereafter, he had a steady job on the Homestead.

As the oldest of seven children, James early became used to young people. When but a little boy, he learned to help care for the younger members of his family and he became very fond of children. This liking for children persisted throughout his lifelong bachelorhood. Thus, he was a regular contributor to the San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum Society, which had been organized January 31, 1851. His

greatest loyalty, however, was to the Society of California Pioneers. When the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company—a volunteer fire department—disbanded in 1863, James gave the Society the lot which the company had leased from him since July 1, 1853. In recognition of the support which he gave the Society, he was made a life member in 1870. Only a few persons were so honored.

One day, a stranger wanted to buy a sixty-acre field which James owned on the Almaden Road. He asked James how much the land would be. Lick told him he could have it for the cost of the fence. The would-be buyer said he would have to think it over. The next day, after checking with other farmers and learning that the fence had cost a reasonable sum, he returned to James and said that he would buy the property.

"If you had taken it yesterday," James said, "You would have the land now. But you delayed, so you can't have it at any price."

The Lick House, San Francisco's first great luxury hotel, James built on Montgomery Street, the City's main thoroughfare. It became the most glamorous of all California hotels—a place that was talked of from Coast to Coast, copied throughout the State, and not rivalled until William Ralston's Palace Hotel was completed in 1875.

Work was started on the Lick House late in 1861. Rather than sell any of his land to meet the construction costs, James borrowed the necessary \$400,000 from the Hibernia Bank. Friends advised him against this expenditure, pointing to the depression which had hit San Francisco in 1853 and had lasted to 1858. But James had confidence in the future of San Francisco. Discovery of silver in Nevada had brought another wave of immigration to the West and San Francisco was benefiting from it. Housing facilities in the city were at a premium.

Another factor, which James did not foresee, but which was destined to increase San Francisco's wealth and population,

was the Civil War. California produced leather, furs. Also, a hundred men escaped the country.

Sure of his hotel. He lived in the cause of the hotel with a second floor sections. Its bath, six single five single rooms, thirty ing room, a billiard room.

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At the corner nine by two

was the Civil War. While the rest of the nation suffered, California produce commanded ever-increasing prices. Wheat, leather, furs, lumber, gold, and silver were in great demand. Also, a hundred thousand people entered the State in order to escape the conflict.

Sure of his business judgment, Lick went ahead with the hotel. He limited the building to three stories in height because of the danger of earthquakes. It was built in two parts with a second-story bridge over the alley between the two sections. Its three stories contained twelve double suites with bath, six single suites with bath, forty-nine single suites, fifty-five single rooms, ten "dark rooms" without outside windows, thirty-two small single rooms, the hotel office, a reading room, parlor, dining room, kitchen, storeroom, bar and billiard rooms, and a barber shop.

Of all the rooms, painstakingly designed and carried out with beauty of decor, the dining room was the most beautiful and the showplace of the West. It had a capacity of four hundred persons and was a replica of the dining room in the Palace of Versailles which had greatly impressed James when he visited Paris in 1825. The dining room walls were thirty-two feet high and the arched ceiling forty-eight feet high at the peak of the dome. The floor, sixty-four by eighty-seven feet, was composed of mosaic, a masterpiece of parquetry, containing 87,772 pieces of fine woods, many of them cut by James himself. By day, the dining room was lighted by twelve skylights made of stained, ground and cut glass. At night, illumination was furnished by two great gas-burning chandeliers and thirty-six bracket lights. The chandeliers cost \$1,000 each. An eight-foot wide gallery extended the length of the dining hall, twenty feet above the floor. Here, on special occasions, honored guests, who had not been invited to the banquets, were seated as spectators.

At the corners of the hall were French plate glass mirrors, nine by twelve feet in size. Along the walls were eleven panels

of oil paintings by California's foremost landscape artist, Thomas Hill. The paintings represented California in 1849—a vessel coming through the Golden Gate; the Yosemite Falls; South Dome with El Capitan in the foreground; Sentinel Dome; Mount Shasta; the Redwood Forest; the Russian River Valley; a scene on the Isthmus of Panama, and others. The mirrors and the paintings were enclosed in frames designed and made in part, by James Lick. They were of rosewood with ornamental iron work at the foot of the frames. James designed his own cutting machine and sent to Washington for a patent.

For himself, James retained a simple back room on the third floor where he moved some of his books, his carpenter's kit, and the workbench which he had brought with him from South America. Later, he moved to room 127 which looked out on Montgomery and Sutter streets.

During construction of the hotel only workers and domestics were allowed in the building. On many days, James worked alongside his men doing special jobs, such as the making of the picture frames and cutting the small pieces of oak, mahogany, maple and ebony which went into the dining room floor.

The three-story red brick hotel opened in 1862. Within five years, it had made enough money so that James was able to clear his loan with the Hibernia Bank. Lick House continued to be a moneymaker for many years, until its destruction in the great earthquake and fire of 1906.

Prior to the opening of the Lick House, James had been ordered by his physician, Dr. Corey, to take a rest at Samuel Brannan's hotel at Calistoga, at the upper end of the Napa Valley. The Doctor believed that the hot springs there, and the good food, would help restore James' health. Soon after arriving at the hotel, he went out to inspect the buildings and grounds. The hotel manager, George Schonewald, ap-

proached James for him. James guage. Schonewald affirmative. Thomas invited the old promising him Schonewald's of *maitre d'* in San Francisco as his *maitre d'*

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Ten years before had called a tribute to President on July ninth until the steer August. Among taking part in

proached James and asked if there was anything he could do for him. James asked him, in German, if he spoke the language. Schonewald replied in the same language and in the affirmative. The two men hit it off immediately. Schonewald invited the older man to dine with him in his private quarters, promising him excellent food. So impressed was Lick with Schonewald's culinary ability that he offered him the position of *maitre d'* in the Lick House. Soon after James' return to San Francisco, Schonewald arrived and remained for years as his *maitre d'hotel*.

While building the Lick House and making plans for its management, James insisted on special provisions for children. Although the hotel became *the* place for great society parties and for the gathering of leading politicians, it also catered to family groups. Special meals for children were always on the menu and were usually served half an hour before meals for the adults.

Shortly before work was started on Lick House, Alexander G. Abell, a friend of James and a leading member of the Masonic Lodge, asked him to sell the lot at the corner of Post and Montgomery streets to the Masons. Abell explained that the Lodge had searched the city for a suitable building site and that this was the only place which they could find. Although he was loath to part with any of his properties at this time, James did sell the corner to the Masons. Construction of the \$150,000 Masonic Temple was started in 1860, just about a year before work began on the Lick House.

Ten years before, on August 23, 1850, Mayor John W. Geary had called a citizens' meeting to arrange for a memorial tribute to President Zachary Taylor. The President had died on July ninth, but San Francisco did not learn of his death until the steamer *California* docked on that Friday late in August. Among the groups represented at the meeting and taking part in the parade which was held, was one consisting

of persons who had arrived in California before January 1, 1850. A few days later, this group met again and organized the Society of California Pioneers.

James Lick became one of the Society's first members. He enjoyed the fellowship of the Society, one of the very few organizations to which he wished to belong. Whenever possible, he attended meetings and when business kept him away from San Francisco, he helped with gifts. Society records show receipt of a letter from him accompanying a barrel of choice flowers from his mill ranch at Alviso for the Society's use on "Celebration Day"—now known as "Admission Day"—September 9, 1855. Their records report that "The Present was unanimously accepted and a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Lick."

James' friend, Abell, was president of the Society in 1859. On Admission Day that year, an announcement was made that James Lick had given the Pioneers a piece of land at the corner of Montgomery and Gold streets. The Society's first building, Pioneer Hall, was erected there in 1863. The three-story building of brick and stone was dedicated on January 8, 1863. The President of the Pioneers, State Assemblyman Owen P. Sutton, gave the dedication address which concluded with high praise for James Lick. As James was not present that day, a copy of the printed proceedings and a certificate of life membership were sent to him. In a letter sent from Lick's Mill, Santa Clara County, James acknowledged receipt of the documents "with infinite pleasure." In his letter to President Sutton, James added:

"I feel flattered at the honor you have conferred upon me, and would beg through yourself, the President, to present to the members of the Society my most grateful acknowledgments for the compliment."

In 1871, James deeded to the Society the vacant lot directly behind Pioneer Hall on Gold Street. In appreciation for this act, the Society appropriated \$500 from its treasury "to pro-

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cure a gold medal to be presented to James Lick in recognition of his generous donation to the Society." The "medal" was a diamond-studded gold pin with the insignia of the Society. For many years (after Lick returned it to the Society), it has been the custom for the Society's president to wear the Lick pin at the first open house, each year. In February of 1873, James gave the Pioneers a valuable lot on Fourth Street between Mission and Market and, five months later, presented an adjoining lot with a forty-foot frontage.

Despite his desire to avoid the spotlight, Lick was elected president of the Society of California Pioneers in 1873 and was reelected each year for the next three years. He was the only candidate named for president at the election of July 7, 1876, although there were contests for all the other offices. All 484 votes were cast for him.

In the early 1860's, he had become interested in Santa Catalina Island. There were persistent reports of great mineral wealth on Catalina. James bought an undivided share in the island for \$4,150 in 1864. Later, he bought up all the other ownerships, the total amounting to some \$23,000. A syndicate of three men, Major Max von Stroble, John Downey and John Forster, secured an option for \$125,000 from Lick for the Island in June of 1871. The syndicate planned to sell to an English mining syndicate, but on the morning the papers were to be signed and the money was to be received, Major von Stroble was found dead in his London hotel room. The Island was again Lick's. By this time, various ranchers and stock raisers had moved in and claimed squatter's rights. They thought that the island was Government property. Among the squatters who believed they had legal right to their land were Captain and Mrs. William Howland. James offered to sell the entire island to Howland for \$8,000 but Howland thought the price too high. A few years later, his offer of \$50,000 was turned down by the Lick trustees. Meanwhile, James had the other settlers on Catalina evicted. On

August 11, 1887, the Lick trustees sold the title to Santa Catalina Island to George R. Shatto for \$200,000.

As he grew older, James cared less and less for fancy clothing. He dressed as he pleased, in comfortable old clothes. His manner of dress and the generally out-of-date clothing he usually wore drew attention not only in San Jose but also in San Francisco and increased his reputation as a miser and an eccentric.

One day in the early 1870's, as James was striding up Montgomery Street toward his hotel, a woman called to him from the doorway of her home. She had been watching him for several days and had noted that this elderly man wore a battered plug hat and a somewhat shabby-appearing black suit.

"Sir," she called to him, then pressed one of her husband's hats upon James, as a replacement for the shabby stovepipe which he was wearing. According to the tale, the good woman's husband came home, heard about the incident and, when the passerby was described, realized that the largest stockholder in the bank in which he worked had been the object of his wife's charity.

Lick always insisted on having contracts followed to the letter and he strongly resisted any attempts to take advantage of him. An example of this is seen in the letter dated June 28, 1869, addressed to Messers Johnson Co., Lick House.

"Gentlemen:

"I much regret the misunderstanding on your part in regard to the rent to be paid for the Lick House. If your mind lacks the faculty of remembering past transactions, you ought to had your frind, Mr. Montague present, instead of soliciting a private interview, it is not true that you was to keep the House for one year, or any other time, nor did you ask for it.

"Your refusing to pay rent according to the notice of the first of April compelling me to have resource to a court of Justice and Receive green backs. You will please therefore, taken notice that on and after the fifteenth day of July, the rent of

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the Lick House will be seventhousand five hundred dollars (\$7500) payable monthly in advance in United States gold coin.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours,
"James Lick"

His spelling was not entirely according to Webster, but his meaning was always clear.

James' books were almost as close friends to him as were his beloved flowers, shrubs and trees. One of his favorites was Edward L. Youmans's *The Correlation and Conservation of Forces*; and another, the volume which showed that the religion of the Egyptians was founded on astronomy. Since the days when he had sat as a boy on the rail fence of his father's farm in Stumpstown, James had been fascinated by the stars and the heavenly bodies. He added to his knowledge of them on every opportunity.

In 1860, a young student of astronomy and geology, George Madeira, was lecturing throughout California. James attended the lecture given in San Jose and, after the meeting, stepped up to Madeira and asked if he would accept an invitation to visit his place and stay over a few days. Struck with the older man's forceful face, Madeira accepted. He was driven to James' ranch, where he remained three days, hard put to answer all of James' questions about the stars. Each night, the two studied the stars through Madeira's telescope. The young Portuguese-American told James all that he knew about the largest telescopes and discussed the discoveries which had been made through them. A few days later, James went to San Francisco to attend Madeira's lecture. Again, he had the astronomer spend several days with him and they watched the stars and other heavenly bodies through Madeira's telescope.

It was at this time that Madeira exclaimed, "Why, if I had your wealth, Mr. Lick, I would construct the largest telescope possible to construct." Lick did not forget these words. They

were probably the beginning of his greatest monument, Lick Observatory, although Joseph Henry liked to think that *he* had persuaded Lick to build a great observatory when he met the eccentric Californian in the Lick House in 1871. Henry cited to Lick, at that time, the example of James Smithson and the Smithsonian Institution, as the best way for a man to perpetuate his fame. The West Coast scientist, George Davidson, too, had advised Lick to build an observatory and perhaps all three men—Madeira, Henry and Davidson—deserve a share in the honor of motivating Lick to his greatest accomplishment.

On October 20, 1873, at a California Academy of Sciences meeting, announcement was made for the first time of Lick's intention to build an observatory. The story was the biggest news break of the day. The *Alta California* carried a three-column spread on the plan. The observatory, with its great telescope, would help man in the search for the answers to those questions which had troubled Lick since his boyhood days. Why the stars? Why the shifting night? What other universe lurked before his straining eyes? Were all the stars a pattern of the whole, or were they chips of sun flung aimlessly in space? The stars, James had always felt, were fixed and had a plan, if one could but find it. And if that plan could, one day, be found, then the barriers to space might be removed. Men might even visit other planets.

Some years later, George Schonewald recalled a conversation he had had with James, during which the latter predicted that the day would come when man would go to the moon and back. "Someday, George," Lick said, "we will know the secrets of the spheres and it will be as common for man to take an intraorbital trip into space as it is for you or me to walk down Montgomery Street." In telling of this conversation Schonewald added, "I wanted to tell him he was crazy, but something held me back. The observatory is to be a scientific project. Mr. Lick told me he didn't even want any picnic

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The year before James met Madeira, he revealed his intention to erect a monument in memory of his grandfather, William Lük. This plan was mentioned in the letter of March 29, 1859, from Lick's Mill to his brother, William. In the letter James wrote:

"I wish you would make inquiry about my Grandfather William Lick, as I intend to have a monument erected to his memory. I heard him say that he carried the musket five years under Washington. He underwent all the hardships and severe trials of those brave and noble men of Seventy-Six, his place of residence was about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, the place was called Falkamer Swamp, about one mile east of Norristown, my uncle Jacob Lick lived within a half a mile of him at the time I paid him a visit, so that you cannot help finding someone of the family living in the neighborhood, you oblige me if you will go in person and get all the information you can get, also any papers or writings of my Grandfather's. Any troubles you may be put to, you will charge me with and I will send you the money. Please let me know if my Sisters are in need of assistance."

Gradually, over the years, James built up the outline of what later was to become the most amazing and most generous series of bequests ever made to the people and State of California. The public, however, knew nothing of these plans until the maker was ready to disclose them. The generous miser knew how to hoard a secret.

The disclosure came only after James had been stricken with a paralytic stroke. He was quite alone when it happened. Jimmy had promised to return to the mill from San Francisco, where he was working for the Society of California Pioneers as an assistant to the manager.

Only a few workmen were living at the Homestead when

James let himself in the back door late on an April day in 1873. He lit the gas light in the kitchen, set the table and started a fire in the wood stove. He put the coffee pot on the stove. Suddenly his hand went rigid, he felt dizzy and he fell to the floor.

After a while, he tried to pull himself up, but he failed. He lay on the floor all night. Finally, he fell asleep. In the morning he pulled himself to the sink, and after several attempts finally managed to stand up. At that moment Tom Fraser, foreman at the Homestead, came into the room. He had seen the kitchen light and testing the door, had found it unlocked. He had not known that his employer had returned the previous night.

Fraser was shocked to see the sagging figure of his employer. Hurrying to James' side, he half-carried him to a chair, then hurried out to harness a horse and get a buggy. He drove to the back door, carefully helped James from the house to the buggy, and drove to the home of Dr. Corey.

The doctor helped Fraser bring James into the house. After examining the stricken man, Dr. Corey assured the anxious foreman that Mr. Lick would, with proper care, including lots of rest and a good diet, regain control of his limbs.

On the return to the Homestead, Fraser put James to bed. When he asked his employer if he thought that it would be better to return to San Francisco, James nodded. He realized he would be a burden to Fraser, who already had a full-time job. Before he left for San Francisco, his friends, Murphy and Ryland, came to visit him. They were quite distressed to see their usually active friend so helpless.

For almost a year, James was confined to his suite, room 127, on the second floor of the Lick House. Beside his bed was a small table on which were his open-faced gold watch, his papers, and a bowl of fresh flowers. On the walls were an India ink drawing of Pioneer Hall and a colored drawing of the Paine Memorial Building in Boston.

James took advantage of this long period of recuperation to work out most of the details of the way in which he wanted his fortune distributed. He called in leading citizens of San Francisco and named seven of them as trustees to handle all of his properties. The men he named were Thomas H. Selby, a church-minded man who made a fortune in the smelting business; Darius Ogden Mills, banker and real estate owner who was one of the wealthiest men in California; Henry M. Newhall, a close friend since they were first neighbors, in 1850, whose real estate holdings extended south as far as the town of Newhall, named for him. The others were William Alvord, former Mayor of San Francisco, a stockholder and trustee of the Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works; John O. Earl, a founder, director and chief stockholder in William Ralston's bank; Mayor James Otis; and George H. Howard, a wealthy businessman.

With these men and his attorney, Theodore H. Hittell, James went over his plans in detail. First of all, his trustees were to spend \$700,000 for land, construction of a telescope and an observatory. The telescope was to be "superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made."

Then there were bequests of \$25,000 each to the trustees of the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco; to the City of San Jose for an orphan asylum; and to the trustees of the Ladies Protection and Relief Society of San Francisco.

Bequests of \$10,000 each were made by Lick to the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco and to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of San Francisco.

One hundred thousand dollars was to go to the founding of an institution to be called the Old Ladies' Home in San Francisco. He named his friends, A. B. Forces, Ira Rankin, J. B. Roberts and Robert McElroy, along with Mr. Newhall, as Directors of the Home.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars he set aside for public baths, with Mr. Newhall, Mr. Rankin, Dr. J. D. B. Still-

man and Mr. John Earl to be directors. He specified Tenth and Howard streets as the location since there was an artesian well there.

The second-largest fund which James Lick set up was of \$540,000 for the founding and endowment of The California School of Mechanical Arts, to be under the direction of Dr. Stillman, Horace Davis, A. S. Hallidie, John Oscar Eldridge, Mr. Earl, and Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer.

Other sums in the Lick Trust funded such projects as the erection of a statue to honor Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner"; the memorial to honor his grandfather, William Lük, and his parents; a group of bronze statuary "well worth one hundred thousand dollars which shall represent by appropriate designs and figures the history of California from the earliest settlement of the missions" to January 1, 1874.

He also stipulated various individual bequests but the residue of his estate was to be divided equally between the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers.

First announcement of the Lick Trust was made on June 2, 1874. The announcement came after many somewhat stormy sessions in the Lick House quarters. A new Deed of Trust was drawn up on July 16, 1874, clarifying certain points in the first deed. The first draft had specified that the observatory was to be located on land which James had acquired on the shores of Lake Tahoe. The second draft left the location to be determined by Lick. Specifications regarding the \$700,000 to be spent for land, construction of the telescope and building of the observatory were contained in the third clause of the Lick Trust Deed. This called for the conveyance of the land, "the telescope, observatory, and all the machinery and apparatus connected therewith, to the corporation known as the 'Regents of the University of California.'"

James also ordered that the trustees turn over any sur-

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plus there might be to the Corporation, to be invested by it "in bonds of the United States, or of the City and County of San Francisco, or other good and safe interest-bearing bonds, and the income thereof shall be devoted to the maintenance of said telescope and the observatory connected therewith, and shall be made useful in promoting science; and the said telescope and observatory are to be known as "The Lick Astronomical Department of the University of California."

The trustees took over the great task which James had set before them. There was, however, one thing which bothered them. That was the small amount of money left to James' son, John Henry Lick, and to his nephew, James William Lick. He had provided gifts of but \$3,000 in gold to his son and \$2,000 in gold to his nephew.

The trustees feared that the courts would hold up the execution of all other bequests should either Jimmy or John bring suit. Mr. Selby spoke up for the other trustees and attempted to point out to James this danger to the entire Trust. However, Lick was not to be persuaded. He still would not forgive John for neglecting to take proper care of his parrot when he had put him in charge of the pet during his absence, so many years before, in San Jose. "When I got home I found he had neither fed the bird, nor given it water, nor cleaned the cage. Now, do you blame me? He has absolutely no sense of responsibility and deserves nothing."

"But you will have to leave him more or the courts will hold up the execution of the will," Selby persisted.

"I don't have to do anything of the sort, Mr. Selby! I only have to do what I see is right, and you are here to obey me. I do not have to keep any trustees who are not in accord with my wishes."

With Lick unwilling to budge on this point, the trustees moved with caution in the disposal of James' properties. Naturally, James became impatient with what he considered their lack of action. The feud between him and Selby grew in

intensity until, on January 23, 1875, he asked Selby to resign. This Selby refused to do. Instead, Selby and other members of the board continued to urge James to change the provisions regarding his son John. At last, James decided to revoke his Trust Deed and write a new one, at the same time appointing a new board of trustees. He asked Judge William P. Daingerfield if this could be done. In an opinion dated February 16, 1875, Judge Daingerfield ruled it could not.

A month later, on March 24, 1875, James wrote to trustees Selby, Mills, Newhall, Alvord, Howard, Otis and Earl:

"When I executed the instrument in which you are named as my trustees, I supposed I had a very short time to live and that if my intentions of founding an observatory and other institutions were ever to be carried out it would be through you.

"I was therefore induced hastily and without due and proper consideration to execute the instrument referred to. It is still my intention and ever will be to carry out the general purposes therein expressed, but I now find upon a cool and careful study of the provisions of that instrument which my improved health has enabled me to make, there are many serious mistakes and errors of detail in it which might be corrected. One of the most serious of these is, that by the terms of said instrument the execution of the great works which I have contemplated is virtually postponed until after my death, a result which I certainly never intended.

"Another serious objection is that some of the beneficiaries (whose claims on me perhaps I did not sufficiently consider) have declined to accept its terms, and this fact, I am advised, will indefinitely delay if not entirely revert the carrying out of the plans for that execution of which you were appointed my trustees and agents.

"Under the circumstances and as I desire while I still live, to see the work contemplated at least started, and as I am ad-

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vised and am entirely satisfied that the instrument referred to does not and cannot accomplish the purposes desired by the public, as well as myself, I respectfully ask you to resign, or to revert in me the subject of the Trust so that by the execution of other papers better calculated to carry out my plans, the work contemplated from the beginning may at once be commenced, and carried out without delay.

"I request you not to sell any more of the property included in my deed of trust, and I beg of you the favor to answer this communication immediately."

Seven months passed and he did not hear from his trustees so he consulted his lawyer, Theodore H. Hittell. Hittell said that it would be very difficult to revoke the Trust Deed but recommended an exceedingly brilliant young attorney, John B. Felton. John Felton made an agreement with Lick "to oust the present trustees and obtain either their resignations or such other arrangements as will enable said James Lick to appoint such new trustees as he may choose" and to draw up a new Trust. For his services Felton was to receive \$100,000 in gold coin. Selby resigned and soon after died. Felton brought public pressure against the remaining trustees, and they, too, resigned. Court actions relative to the case continued into September of 1875 when a new Deed of Trust dated September twenty-one was recorded. The new trustees were Captain Richard S. Floyd, Faxon D. Atherton, Sr., Bernard D. Murphy, John H. Lick and John Nightingale. John Lick never served in an active capacity as a trustee; he continued to remain in Pennsylvania.

About a month after the new trustees were in office, Felton presented his bill for \$100,000. The trustees decided that they would pay it only on written orders from James. Mr. Murphy, acting for the trustees, accompanied Felton to James' room. Murphy explained the purpose of the visit.

James said, "Mr. Felton, I had anticipated great problems in breaking the first Trust Deed but since the cancellation has been made with such little difficulty I think under the circumstances you should reduce the fee."

The attorney smiled and said, "Mr. Lick, your proposition reminds me of a story."

Felton then told a little story about a countryman who had a bad toothache. The man went to a rustic dentist who finally extracted the tooth after hours of hard work and great pain to the patient. The fee was one dollar.

The next year the farmer had another toothache. This time he went to a city dentist who extracted the tooth in only a few minutes, with but little pain to the patient. The fee was five dollars. The patient objected and claimed that because it was done so easily he should have been charged less than a dollar—not more.

There was a long pause before James replied: "Mr. Felton," he said, "I don't think that is a parallel case, but I guess, Mr. Murphy, you had better pay the bill."

He then signed the authorization for the trustees to pay the \$100,000. This was on November 4, 1875. Payment was made the following March seventeenth.

For a man who had been active all his life, James proved to be an unusually good patient while incapacitated. He recovered sufficiently from his first stroke so that he was able, for a while, to visit the office of the Trust at 120 Sutter Street. But then he suffered a second lighter stroke.

The location of his major project, the observatory, was one of his greatest problems. His agents, including the scientist, George Davidson; David Jackson Staples; and the ranch foreman Tom Fraser; all reported on a number of prospective sites.

One of these was Mt. St. Helena in the Napa County mountains. James decided that he was feeling well enough to see this site himself. Partway up the summit the wagon toppled

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on the steep, rutted road, and the tailgate swung open. James and the mattress on which he had been resting were spilled into the dust. He cursed the road, the mountain, the wagon and all Napa County. His companions quickly put him back in the wagon—on his mattress—and drove to nearby Calistoga where his old friend, George Schonewald, was once more managing the Sam Brannan Hotel at White Sulphur. James was in his seventy-ninth year. The fall from the wagon and his burst of temper left him feeling weak and sick.

Charles M. Plum, who had first met James in San Francisco when the foundation was being laid for the Lick House, happened to be in Calistoga. The two men had talked numerous times and James had once hired Plum at \$500 to appraise some of the Lick House furniture. Plum had built a cottage on Post Street and had suggested to James that he move his office from cold and damp Sutter Street to the sunny side of Post. James, at that time, had told Plum to mind his own business and not to meddle in his affairs. However, later James did build an office near the cottage on Post Street and stored some of his things in Plum's basement during the construction.

Now, when Plum heard that Mr. Lick was ill at the Brannan Hotel, he came to James' room to offer his sympathy. During the course of their conversation, Plum suggested that the Trust be executed immediately and that Lick's bequests be carried out while he was alive. James was furious. This was just what he had been trying to get his trustees to do. But he didn't like to hear about it from the meddling young Mr. Plum. He sat up in bed sputtering: "Young man, you are always visionary. You are always interfering with my affairs." Plum, preparing to leave, made a parting remark: "Well, that is what I would do if I were you."

James lay back on the bed. For two years, he had been trying to get more action out of his trustees. Plum had a spirit which he had not found in many people—a will to go forward.

He began to think about a new Trust. He wanted trustees who would put the Trust first and their own personal affairs second.

A few days later, James was brought back to his suite in the Lick House. Tom Fraser, manager of the Lick Homestead, had personally ridden up Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara County and had determined that the peak would be suitable for the great telescope and observatory. James was impressed with this report. (Later, scientists, including S. W. Burnham, also ascended the mountain to survey its possibilities. They agreed with Fraser.)

On June 15, 1876, James wrote to his trustees that he had designated the summit of Mt. Hamilton as the site for the observatory. The same day he sent this letter to the Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors:

"Being more interested in the observatory and telescope which I have ordered to be erected on the Coast, than any of the other projects, and which I intend to be in advance of any other scientific work in the world, the question of its location has been a matter of deep interest to me. Of the many locations proposed, I have, after much deliberation, thought favorably of locating it on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, Santa Clara County, providing this, my petition to your Honorable Body is received with favor.

"The advantage its near vicinity would be to the general public and tourists abroad, of course, I have taken into consideration, but above all, the benefits to be derived from it by the inhabitants of Santa Clara County, and especially the City of San Jose. You are, no doubt, aware that I have donated for the purpose above mentioned \$700,000. Out of this sum a corps of astronomers and engineers are to be engaged and salaried for an indefinite period, and you will observe that economy must be practiced in its distribution, which I have studied by presenting the following request, viz:

"That the County of Santa Clara build a road to the sum-

mit of Mt. Hamilton. It is located, except at the point most convenient, stood that the fact is that you, gentlemen, delay, as my work commences to facilitate matters, payment, and of which please come early and frequently.

The Supreme Court proved the point of the bond issue. To come the site of the observatory.

Happy over James was sitting in the summit of the mountain, outspoken in his hotel room.

Sunday morning a boy from the Lick House, Mr. Lick. The boy told him to go to the room. At the time who had returned told him to go to the room.

Plum was told since he had been an old man's factually all of the time of his outdoor work.

"What can you do?"

"Mr. Plum, answer. "And Plum was d

mit of Mt. Hamilton, where the proposed observatory is to be located, extending from Santa Clara Avenue, or any other point most economical to the county; but it must be understood that the road will be first class in every particular and that you, gentlemen, will take action in the matter without delay, as my earnest desire is to have it matured at once and work commenced immediately. I am willing, if it would facilitate matters, to take bonds of the County of Santa Clara in payment, and advance money for the purpose specified, all of which please give due consideration and, praying for an early and favorable answer to this. . . .”

The Supervisors acted quickly. They unanimously approved the plan and the State Legislature authorized the bond issue. The matter was settled. Mt. Hamilton was to become the site of the world's most powerful telescope.

Happy over the selection of a location for the observatory, James was still distressed at the slow pace of his trustees. During the summer, he thought many times of the remark which outspoken Charles Plum had made to him in his Calistoga hotel room.

Sunday morning, August 27, 1876, at eight-thirty, a bell-boy from the Lick House brought a message to Plum from Mr. Lick. The message was a request to come at once, to his room. At the hotel, Plum was met by George Schonewald, who had returned to manage the Lick House. Schonewald told him to go right up.

Plum was shocked at the change in James' appearance since he had last seen him, months before. The eighty-year-old man's face was much thinner, and his skin had lost practically all of the tan which it had accumulated over the years of his outdoor life.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Lick,” Plum asked.

“Mr. Plum, I am going to discharge my trustees,” was the answer. “And I want you to get me four more.”

Plum was dumbfounded and tried to protest. But the aged

millionaire shouted him down, "Don't argue! And, mind you, I want them by three o'clock!" He picked up and peered at a huge gold watch as he spoke.

Plum left the room. Once out in the street he realized that the mission assigned to him was almost impossible to accomplish. It was Sunday. But he sought his friend, Edwin B. Mastick, and explained the task which Lick had given him. The two men discussed possible candidates.

Exactly at three o'clock, they entered James Lick's room. Plum introduced Mastick who reminded the Pennsylvania Dutchman that it was Sunday and that, even in San Francisco, no business could legally be transacted that day.

Lick was angry. He hated being stopped in any way. But he realized that the younger men were right. He warned them, however, that he would expect a new board by sundown of the next day.

Plum and Mastick agreed that Captain Richard S. Floyd should remain as Chairman of the Board. They secured the consent of William Sherman, the Assistant Treasurer of the United States for the city of San Francisco and an owner of a clothing store in the city, and George Schonewald, to join Floyd on the board.

Monday morning, they submitted the list to James. Putting on his rimless glasses, he studied the names: Floyd, Sherman, Mastick, Plum and Schonewald. Henry E. Mathews was to remain in office as Secretary of the Board of Trustees. On Saturday, September second, Lick appointed his third Board of Trustees. No changes were made in the Deed of Trust. The new board was to have the same rights and powers as the second. Floyd was kept as President. Sherman was named as Vice President and Mastick as Treasurer.

James had been confined to his bed since the Fourth of July, when, assisted by his nurse, Rose Messiter, he had gone to the window looking out on Montgomery Street to watch the parade and to wave in response to the cheers given in his

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honor by the Pioneers. The door to the aged millionaire's room was always open. His friends came frequently to see him. Newspaper reporters dropped by to check on his condition. When word of the change in trustees leaked out, there were rumors that the old man was insane. James heard these rumors, and decided to do something drastic about them. He feared that, otherwise, his will would be attacked and his Trust broken. He ordered Plum and Mathews to select a jury of the most eminent doctors to examine him and to issue a written report on his mental condition. The doctors interviewed James individually, and one of them, Dr. Shurtliffe of the State Institution for the Insane, had three long interviews with him. In his report, Dr. Shurtliffe summed up his conversations with James to prove that the old man was of a perfectly sane condition of mind. Other doctors who examined him were Beverly Cole, Henry Gibbons, J. D. B. Stillman, John Townsend, Hugh Toland, Charles D. Zeile (who later claimed \$5,051 for services and prescriptions), C. E. Buckley and Thomas Bennett, James' personal physician. All were in agreement that he was sound in mind, level-headed in all affairs of life concerning himself and, in the words of a story in the *Daily Morning Call*, "perfectly conscious that one who leaves so much money, if found vulnerable, would be plutarchic carrion for litigious vultures."

Meanwhile, James' son, John, arrived from Fredericksburg. He was given quarters in the Lick House and was cautioned to be careful how he spoke to his father as Mr. Lick was very ill. John went to his father's room and they spoke quietly for a while. The young man was puzzled that his father would give a fortune to strangers and so little to his own flesh and blood.

But father and son parted amicably, and, a little later, John met with the trustees and with attorney Felton. He assured them that he did not want to break his father's will, but that he thought more money should be left to his father's poor

Eastern relatives. Charlie Plum agreed with him and said that the trustees felt that, with a little urging, Mr. Lick would increase the figure of \$150,000 to \$500,000 or more. John agreed, on condition that the increase met with his approval.

Another complication arose when a man named Krebbs appeared. He claimed to be a relative of James Lick. He contacted John and tried to persuade him to break the will, hoping to get a large share of James' wealth for himself. Krebbs flew into a rage when he learned of John's agreement with the trustees. Charging into John's quarters at the hotel, he all but called him an idiot. His remarks stirred John's anger and he sent Krebbs packing.

Having satisfied himself that he would be treated more generously in his father's will, John left San Francisco and did not return again until November 1, 1876, a month after his father's death.

As September moved steadily toward October, James became weaker and weaker. He had his third Board of Trustees. He had won the sanity test. He had made peace with his son. Yet he constantly worried over the progress being made to fulfill his wishes as expressed in his Trust Deed.

One day, late in September, Henry Mathews remarked to Charles T. Zeile, "He never smiles although I have been seeing him since January nearly every day. I don't suppose his money has ever made him happy?"

"Oh, I don't know," Zeile replied. "He has made the people his heirs, and that is what he wanted. It is too bad, but I think both his son and Jimmy were great disappointments to him. He seems so alone, yet I would not want him to think that is why I come to see him. Nor would I dare to have him think I came here because I wanted something?"

The bed in which James Lick lay was placed with its foot towards the window so that he could look out on Montgomery Street. But, now, he no longer looked out the window,

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About four o'clock on Saturday morning, September 30, 1876, James took a turn for the worse. His mind began to fail and he became incoherent. Later in the day, he rallied and, that afternoon, asked for Schonewald. However, when the hotel man arrived, James was unable to speak intelligibly. Schonewald finally left, saddened to see his friend so wan and feeble.

Dr. Bennett, in the hope that they could rouse James, asked Charles Zeile to speak to him in German, as English brought no response. Zeile asked James if he would take some medicine. The slight motion of the head failed to indicate either assent or dissent.

At nine that evening, William Huefner, Levi Markley, and a few newspaper reporters were still in the room. Mrs. Messiter asked the reporters to leave, but to no avail. Dr. Bennett, who had been in and out all day, returned at ten o'clock to check his patient. The doctor decided that it was time to call the trustees to come to the bedside. The room in which the trustees had been meeting was a converted janitor's room in the hotel. They had picked that as their headquarters because it was so close to James' room.

Four trustees arrived. With them were Smythe Clarke, A. C. Bradford, and Henry Mathews. Captain Richard S. Floyd was in Paris conferring with glass makers regarding the lens of the Lick telescope.

Dr. Bennett expressed amazement at the vitality which James showed. "His pulse is faint," the doctor said, "but he seems not to want to dismiss his spirit from this earth until his affairs are in order. That is why I asked you gentlemen here."

So they stayed. James' lips moved. He was continuously trying to say something, probably about the Trust. He was always pressing for more action. He so wanted to see a good

start on all of the projects which he had outlined. Slowly the time passed. Midnight came. At eight minutes before one, by his own watch, James gave a quiet sigh, and his heart stopped beating. Dr. Bennett set the time of death at one minute before one of the morning of October 1, 1876.

In a corner of the room waited Pietro Mazarra, who had been summoned to take the death mask before the arrival of the undertakers, Massey & Young.

Among others in the room, were reporters from all the San Francisco morning papers, several attendants of the hotel, and representatives of the Society of California Pioneers. A. C. Bradford, Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers, met privately with other representatives of the organization to make plans for James' funeral. The action of the Pioneers was in accordance with a resolution adopted at a special meeting of the trustees shortly after James' death. The resolution, signed by Secretary Mathews, read:

"Whereas, James Lick, the founder of the James Lick Trust, departed this life on the 1st day of October, A.D. 1876, and whereas he was at the time of his death President of the Society of California Pioneers, therefore, be it resolved that the Society of California Pioneers be invited to take charge of the obsequies and, in order that the body may lie in state, that the parlor of the Lick House be appropriately draped and placed at its disposal."

For three days, the body lay in state at Pioneer Hall in a heavy casket of highly polished laurel with eight silver handles. It rested on a catafalque trimmed with black cashmere and pure white flowers, the body clothed in the customary black. At the head of the coffin was a table on which flowers were placed. At the foot was a large birdcage in which James' canary hopped about, her chirrups and songs breaking the silence usually maintained during such obsequies.

During the three days, thousands of persons passed through the chamber, from ten to four o'clock, to gaze on the pallid

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face of the man whose acts, in the words of one newspaper writer, "placed him in the front rank of philanthropists of this or any country?"

The President's desk, Lick's portrait, and the Hall itself were draped in mourning. The railings of the staircase leading to the second and third floors were wrapped with a light green silken stripe. The green silk was used to express the wish: "May his memory be fresh in our hearts?"

Flags throughout the city flew at half-mast.

Final details and the time schedule for the funeral were completed on the afternoon of October third. Invitations had been sent to all Federal and State officials, the clergy, medical organizations, public institutions and the organizations named in James' will. At noon on Wednesday, October fourth, the individuals and organizations taking part in the funeral procession gathered at Pioneer Hall. Promptly at one o'clock the funeral cortege moved forward, the now closed coffin conveyed by a hearse drawn by four horses. Beck's Band played Beethoven's Funeral March.

Official duties precluded Governor Irwin's attendance, so Chief of Police H. H. Ellis, with thirty members of the San Francisco Police Force, headed the entourage. Then came the band, Marshal William Huefner and his assistants, E. B. Vreeland, W. F. Swasey, and G. W. Thomas.

Next were 300 members of the Society of California Pioneers, followed by the Trustees of the Lick Trust; the hearse; and the pall bearers representing the Pioneers, the Mechanics' Institute, the California Academy of Sciences and the University of California.

The pallbearers who followed the hearse were Samuel Brannan, Jacob R. Snyder, Stephen R. Harris, Alexander G. Abell, Phillip A. Roach, Owen P. Sutton, J. W. Winans, C. Troyer, S. P. Cristel, Professor John Le Conte, Professor H. A. Moses, W. R. Wheaton, W. H. Clark, Richard Chenery, A. W. Von Schmidt, Peter Donohue, P. B. Cornwall, Harry Edwards,

H. C. Hyde, Charles G. Yale, C. D. Gibbs and Professor C. F. Gompertz. Von Schmidt wore the diamond-studded gold pin which the Pioneers had given James in 1871 and which he had returned to the Society.

Following the pallbearers were Mayor Bryant and other city officials, Federal officers, officers of the State Militia, Regents and others connected with the University of California, members of the Board of Fire Underwriters, about fifty members of the Sons of the Golden West, a large deputation of the Territorial Pioneers, and private citizens.

The procession moved slowly down Montgomery Street to Market, Sixth, Mission and the Mechanics' Pavilion. The casket was placed in the Pavilion in the midst of many floral displays. These included anchors, stars and baskets of smilax, tuberoses and camellias.

As the pallbearers entered the hall, Samuel D. Mayer, organist, played a solemn voluntary. When all persons had been seated, Beck's Band again played Beethoven's Funeral March. The opening prayer was given by the Rev. Dr. Sylvester Woodbridge. A choir led in the singing of Pope's hymn, "Father of All!" The funeral oration was given by the Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins. Walcott's Band then played Handel's Choral Hymn and Dr. Woodbridge pronounced the benediction.

From the Pavilion, the cortege went by way of Eighth Street, Market, Jones, and Turk to the Masonic Cemetery. A simple service was conducted there as the casket was placed in the Masonic vault. Final interment was to be on Mt. Hamilton beneath the great telescope, more than ten years later.

One month after James' death, his son, John, returned to San Francisco to contest the will. He retained Hall McAllister as his attorney and applied for letters of administration on his father's estate. This threat of a court contest was eliminated after more than two months of negotiations by a compromise signed on January 19, 1877. The compromise was

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signed by E. B. Mastick, William Sherman, George Schone-
wald, Charles M. Plum, John H. Lick, F. D. Atherton, John
Nightingale and B. D. Murphy. It read:

"1st. The parties hereto are to act together in good faith to
accomplish the performance of this agreement.

"2nd. John H. Lick is to endeavor by all proper means to be
appointed Administrator of the Estate of James Lick, De-
ceased.

"3rd. After the appointment of said John H. Lick, as such
Administrator, he is to compromise, settle and release all his
claims to the Estate of James Lick, Deceased, both as an in-
dividual and as such Administrator, for the sum of five hun-
dred and thirty-five thousand dollars, in United States Gold
Coin, which sum is also to be a full payment of the Legacy of
one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to said John H. Lick
under the Deed of Trust of James Lick, of September 21st,
1875, which is recorded in the office of the Recorder of the City
and County of San Francisco, in Liber 810 of Deeds, page 26,
etc.

"4th. The parties of the first part, as such Trustees as afore-
said, by and with the consent of the beneficiaries hereby agree
to the compromise and terms of compromise with said John H.
Lick, individually and as such Administrator, as aforesaid,
as are hereinbefore expressed, and hereby pledge themselves
to endeavor, by all honorable means, to carry out and effectuate
the same.

"5th. The details as to the payment of said five hundred and
thirty-five thousand dollars are to be arranged between John
H. Lick, as Attorney of the parties of the first part and Hall
McAllister, as Attorney of the said John H. Lick, and also the
legal mode of carrying out and effectuating this agreement so
as to vest in the Trustees a clear title."

James' nephew, Jimmy, filed a claim of his own against
the trustees. He was dissatisfied with the mere \$2000 that his
uncle had left him and he sued for \$17,000 in back wages.

The court awarded him a much smaller sum, based on back wages covering only the last two years of his service.

The third Board of Trustees faced another problem. Although the men had been appointed by James on September second, it was not until November 29, 1876, that they were formally elected and the old board retired. The only active member of the Lick Trust from the time of James' death to the election of November twenty-ninth was Henry E. Mathews, the Secretary.

Captain Floyd was still in Paris, working on arrangements for casting the lens of the telescope, and could not return to California. Thus, Mathews had the full burden of the Trust. The members of the third board feared to act in collecting money to pay the more than \$40,000 in taxes which was due in December. But Mathews took it upon himself to collect that sum. He got it out of rents, interest, earnings of the Lick House, and collections on notes. He deposited the monies in various banks as trust funds in the name of H. E. Mathews, Secretary of the James Lick Trust. On December 12, 1876, he paid the money over to the new board and the tax bill was met in full.

The job of the trustees was not an easy one. They were constantly berated by the press. Finally, the Lick Trust was dissolved on July 12, 1895, all clauses having been carried out as ordered by James.

Their biggest project was the Lick Observatory and the great telescope, the largest which had ever been constructed at that time. The road to the top of Mount Hamilton was completed. Under the driving leadership of Tom Fraser and Captain Floyd, work progressed on the observatory. A tomb was made in the piers of the great telescope. Construction had advanced sufficiently by January 8, 1887, to permit the burial of James Lick in that tomb.

The flag-draped casket containing the body of James Lick was brought from the Masonic vault in San Francisco to the Lick Observatory. Accompanying the body were Captain

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Richard S. Floyd, President of the Board of Trustees; Edwin B. Mastick, Charles M. Plum and George Schonewald, members of the Board; J. W. Winans (representing Governor Washington Bartlett), President of the Board of Regents of the University of California; Professor George Davidson and representatives of the California Academy of Sciences; the Society of California Pioneers; and the Mayor of San Jose. Missing was William Sherman who had been Vice President of the trustees; he had died September 12, 1884.

The next morning, after a brief speech by Captain Floyd, the casket was lowered into the vault, which was then sealed with a two-and-a-half-ton stone. Two other stones were set in place and then bolted to the foundation of the telescope. After the ceremony the four members of the Board of Trustees signed the following statement:

"This is the body of James Lick, who was born in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, August 25th, 1796, and who died in San Francisco, California, October 1, 1876.

"It has been identified by us and in our presence has been sealed up and deposited in this foundation pier of the great equatorial telescope this ninth day of January, 1887.

"In the year 1875, he executed a deed of trust of his entire estate, by which he provided for the comfort and culture of the citizens of California for the advancement of Handcraft and Redecraft among the youth of San Francisco and of the State, for the development of scientific research and the diffusion of knowledge among men and for founding in the State of California an astronomical observatory to surpass all others existing in the world at this epoch.

"This observatory has been erected by the trustees of his estate, and has been named the Lick Astronomical Department of the University of California, in memory of the founder.

"This refractory telescope is the largest which has ever been constructed and the astronomers who have tested it

declare that its performance surpasses that of all other telescopes.

"The two discs of glass for the objective were cast by Ch. Feil of France and were brought to a true figure by Alvan Clark and Sons of Massachusetts.

"Their diameter is 36 inches and their focal length is 56 feet, 2 inches.

"Upon the completion of this structure the Regents of the University of California became the trustees of this Astronomical Observatory."

Captain Floyd then delivered a brief address:

"Gentlemen: We are here to place the remains of James Lick in their final resting place beneath this stone foundation of the pier upon which will be mounted the great telescope that he has given to California and the world of science.

"Mr. Lick left no positive instructions as to the disposition of his remains. The idea of making this place a tomb for his body did not enter the motive of his munificent bequest which has created this great work. The idea was suggested to him long after he made this trust deed, and it met his approval.

"The trustees have concluded with the approbation of his son, John H. Lick, now in Pennsylvania, to place his remains in this pier, believing that the most powerful telescope so far made in the world will make his most appropriate monument, and this commanding site overlooking his California home his most fitting resting place."

James' workbench, which he had brought with him from South America and which he had first used in New York, was given by the trustees to the observatory.* The observatory was finally transferred to the Regents of the University of California on June 27, 1888.

The monument honoring James' grandfather, William Lük, was unveiled at Fredericksburg on April 22, 1878, in a dedication service conducted by the Hermit Commandery of

*Now at Lick-Wilmerding High School

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Knights Templar. Col. J. P. S. Gibin was the principal speaker.

The Francis Scott Key statue was unveiled in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on July 4, 1888. The Lick Historical Monument was unveiled at the corner of Grove and Hyde streets, San Francisco, on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1894.

On January 3, 1895, the California School of Mechanical Arts was opened at Sixteenth and Utah streets.*

The Lick Old Ladies' Home and the San Jose Orphan Asylum were established, and bequests made to other organizations were given before the Lick Trust dissolved. The Lick Baths at Tenth and Howard streets were opened to the public on November 3, 1890.

The Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco received the sum of \$10,000 in gold coin.

James' son, John, died October 21, 1891, leaving money to an Evangelical Seminary which became associated with Albright College at Reading, Pennsylvania.

Properties sold by the Lick Trustees brought about \$3,000,000. The Lick House alone sold for \$1,250,000. Besides his properties in Santa Clara County, Placer County, and San Francisco, he owned the huge Rancho Los Feliz in Los Angeles County and Santa Catalina Island, also in Los Angeles County.

In accordance with his instructions, after all other bequests had been made, the residue of his estate was divided equally between the Society of California Pioneers and the California Academy of Sciences. Each received \$604,654.08.

His gifts to science, education, and human and animal welfare far exceeded the dreams of the little boy who used to sit on the worm fence in Stumpstown in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century.

*Now called Lick-Wilmerding High School.