

June 1, 1836 sailed from Bristol (my native town in England being then ten years and 8 months old) in the ship Bristol of New York (with Captain Adams) as a passenger in charge of Mr. William Tapscoth then 1st mate of the ship and in after years one of the Firm of A. and J. Tapscoth of New York.

Being in his charge he kept a lookout for me during the passage during which time all went pleasantly with me till we ran into a heavy gale during which the ship labored heavily and shipped much water carrying bulworks and booky hatch, letting tons of water into the ~~sea~~ steerage which carried away all the lashings of the passengers baggage lashed midships to the stantions which made things lively and was more than lifewas worth to be out of the bunks, the bottom ones getting considerable water in them.

I had been provided with a box of provisions which had the same fate of many other box being smashed and contents scattered over steerage. Nothing could be saved and the passengers were completley panic stricken, some cursing and some on their knees praying and the women and children squalling and myself not a little scart but was ~~comple~~ compelled to stick to my bunk. But in due time the storm subsided and the hatches (which were battened down) was opened and we were allowed to go on deck and and things were put to right again in the steerage but I was minus something to eat so I concluded to apply for a show to earn my daily bread by being admitted into the crew which was granted and I was introduced to the ship's forecastle for the first time of my life. I was placed in the first mates watch and was instructed in the rudiments of a sailors life from coiling ropes, sweeping decks, furling a Royal and boxing a compass, in all of which I made an apt scholar

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which laid the foundation of my principal vocation in life to further of what took place, more than once in a while Mr. T. would wake me up by cuffing my ears with some of my stockings or other garments he found kicking about decks. One other bitter circumstance worthy of writing was one day I was ~~taking~~ talking with some of the passengers on some subject which I disremember but I made this remark "that that was the way we sailors did." My dubbing myself a sailor was too good and hence forth I was known by the name of We Sailors, Jim being entirely dropped.

We arrived in New York on Sunday, the 8th day of July, 1836 after a passage of five weeks. I was down between deck feeding some birds, a bullfinch, goldfinch and canary which had been ~~me~~ sent out by my aunt Fanny Morgan to my father to whom I was, with the birds, consigned. About 8 A.M. Mr. T called me and took me into the cabin and introduced me to a gentleman represented to be my father and with whose looks I was not favorably impressed as he took more interest in inquiring after the birds than he seemed to take in me, so when sent to bring the birds I met Mr. T on deck and at once told him I wanted him to take me back to Bristol but that was beyond his power. He asked me why I made the request and I told him I did not like the looks of that man. I was afraid of him but he advised ~~me~~ he was good and would treat me well and I had to travel. We landed at Coencis slip, East River and he lived at 277 Hudson street, quite a distance to walk. I had to carry, I think, two bird cages, he none, and he walked like a race horse frequently leaving me far behind. We arrived at a store on Broadway where a man and his wife and two sons reside and keep a paint shop for painting window shades and blinds. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Baker and the boys names Frank and Fred. After passing the time of day and ~~something~~ commenting some

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on myself and the birds which got the greatest share of compliment, We started again for Hudson street where we arrived on time and breakfast was waiting and where I found a couple ladies, one about 25 and one about 16 or 18 by the names of Julia and Annie Baker, sisters to the above Fred and Frank. They seemed very kind and we all sat do wn to breakfast. The meal was prepared of the usual coffee and so forth except that they had fresh crabs, a dish much esteemed by some in New York and during breakfast, in picking the meat from the shells, I kept my knife in my hand which stuck over my shoulder when trying to get the meat out I was told to put my knife down in not a very affectionate tone which, of course, I did but not many minutes after, I done the same thing again, forgetting the hint already given when I was remmbered of it by a severe box on the ear and being asked if that was the way I was taught in Bristol. I don't think I forgot after that reminder.

Now, those ladies keep a millinery store. From what I have since learned, my father boarded with them and done the pressing of the straw goods on some kind of a lay unbeknown to me, but, however, I at once was put to work in the press room pressing brims and fronts of hats and bonnets, making sizing and stiffening the goods, scrubbing straws, attending to the bleach box, sawing wood, blacking boots and shoes and in short, become a general <sup>scullion</sup> scullion to which (when out of an Irish servant) was added the cooking which, as it turned out, was a means of giving me employment wherewith to earn a living in a short time after. This lady # Julia turned out to be rather a snake in he grass, whêle she would talk very sweet to me ~~in~~ during the day/ in his absence, would have a thousand complaints to make when he returned home at night from his main work which was in a wool factory at Brooklyn with the firm of Kogel & Co. And the consequence was that I had to take a good sound ropes ending and otherwise abused as near as

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I can remember, I remained there about six weeks when one morning I was washing off the sidewalk in front of the store and found a \$2 bill. My father and Miss Julia had gone out to make some purchases and feeling rich at finding two dollars, I went in the house and called to Anna and told her of my good fortune, when she at once said it must belong to Julia and I had to give it up. I was getting pretty well disgusted at the treatment all around and began to contemplate running away. When I left Bristol, I had been told by my aunt, his sister, that I would be sent to school and be given a good education and would return home a gentleman. That was all very fine but I found quite different. I was sent to school, the public school which in New York at that time was not as highly disciplined as now, but I was only let go some three or four days when he concluded he had too much for me to do at home. I should go to school in winter, and that was all the fine schooling I got from his assistance. What seems to me now, to look back, a very amusing incident during the few days at school but was rather irritating at that time was the actions of the small boys who by my <sup>accent</sup> ~~accent~~ of some other very soon found out I was English. This was ducks for them and they would let me have no peace. They would acost me "You are English aren't you? I can lick you, we licked the English" and one would no sooner get through with me than another would tackle me and at times a half dozen would be at me but, however, I don't remember it having ever come to blows.

It turned out the next morning after having found the \$2 bill that I was given the same bill to go to market being instructed to purchase a piece of pork and some tomatoes which I did by going to Washington market, spending 50 cents for same and returned and placed the basket on the <sup>basement</sup> kitchen and went into the front basement under the store, but on an corner that furnished me with a

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hat and prepared to saw wood and had placed a stick on the buck took up the saw and commenced my daily labor when the Irish servant came in and commenced abusing me about there being no wood at which my dander got up and I threw the saw across the cellar, threw off the apron saying damn the wood, I will saw no more and dodged up the front cellar steps across Huson and down Barrow to the north river. Still haveing the \$1.50 change in my pocket enabled me to purchase something to eat. I at once began to cast around for something to do but my youth was objected to and not finding work where I expected to among the sloops in the vicinity of the North River heyscales, I concluded to go to Staten Island and took the boat for New Brighton, from there I went to the quarantine ground but was not successful and seeing a couple men in a large yard applied to them but they frightened me by telling me I was a run-away from New York and if I did not start back they would sack me up so I started back to New Brighton and took the boat back to New York by which time it was night and where to sleep was now bothering me. If I went home I knew what was in store for me so I took to the lumber piles and got a little sleep but was disturbed several times by hoodlums who would find me and roll me over and must have picked my pockets for in the morning I was minus my money, what was left after buying a fish dinner, some cakes and paying my fare to and from New Brighton but at daylight I went to the water and washed me and started againto hunt a job but without success till near night when I ~~ge~~ began to think something had to be done. Nothing to eat and no money, and to go home after being gone two days meant something severe but I strolled on board a schooner called the Sammel Lewis , sailed and owned by Capt. Samael Lewis, to whom I applied for a job and he thought I would suit him- to go to his home in Jersey and help his wife so he took me with him and sailed that evening or the next morning.

On board the schooner he had an old negro named Philip or Phil, as he was called. He took a great notion to me and as he done the cooking and I was quite handy at that and washing dishes, he made me quite at home as long as I was on the schooner which went direct to Perth-Amboy and went on the ways to be cleaned and painted during which time the Capt~~a~~ went home to consult his wife on sending me to here but they concluded they did not want me and I had to hunt another job. There happened to be a sloop there that had just come off the Cr<sup>o</sup>weks ways by the name of John Gould owned and run by John Gould and David Cutter. I applied to Cutter for a job to cook and approached him and asked him if he wanted a By (boy) "By, what have you got to sell?" ~~no~~ "No, no, do you want a by?" "By! Oh, do I want a boy." Yes, I want to get work." "I don't know, what can you do." "I can cook and steer and have been to sea." "A sailor, ah yes. What can you cook." "Oh, most anything." "What wages do you want?" "My vittles and clothes and what you like." "Well, go on board. I will try you."

And I stayed in her till winter when she laid up and then I had to hunt another job. Capt Gould got me a job at a farmer's house by the name of Gus Coinston. I went there at noon, being strangers, I was not at home. I staid all night and after the folks had set their breakfast, I was called and went to the table when they brought my breakfast. Among the food was buckwheat cakes which by the <sup>way</sup> by was rather sandy which I did not like and did not know the reason, neither did I ask. But after breakfast I took my "Trunk" a dirty shirt and a handkerchief and started to hunt better quarters, went and seen David Cutter who asked if I would like to go to his fathers. Of course I would prefer to go with him as we were acquainted so he took me to his home at his father's which was a pretty rough old customer but his girls were pretty nice girls and also the old lady but they had a boy

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several scrapes. One was setting me to cutting brush with a broad ax and having me to cut brush with the handle working between my legs which caused me to ~~cut~~ stick the corner of the ax in my leg, the scar being visible yet; another, getting me to jump an old rawboned horse over the bars bareback, running a race down, the same causing her to run over a flock of ducks and breaking one of their legs which got the old lady in my wool. My supply of clothing was very limited and shoes and stockings about as good as none so that my heels became frozen in holes as big as half dollars. My bed was a tick with a very limited supply of straw chaff which, when I lay down, would squash out on both sides leaving me on the floor, and my covering, a buffalo robe. The boy Bill, slept in a ~~the~~ room whose door was directly opposite my bed which was on the floor of an attic directly under the eaves. There was a lot of apples in his room and it was great sport for him to fire apples at me which at times was not so pleasant, especially when one would take me in the nose. Finally he got so fond of his fun *with* as the girls, as they could not make him quite it, erected a baracade in front of my bed. This put an end to his fun. Among the girls, one was named Sarah. She, of all of them, was my friend and protector but she was married during the winter to a man by the name of John Winams of Elizebeth town and left home. The old gent and me could not hitch too well. He called me a bitched critter and his favorite weapon was a hay rake with which he would sometimes comb my hair but I put in the winter of 1836, a bitter cold one and memorable by frequent wrecks on the coast among which was the ship Bristol that I had come out in and a ship called the Mexico or Mexican. They were both lost on B(R)ockney Beach and most all the people lost. My friend W. Tapscot came near loosing his life and finished his life as a seafaring man. Capt. Adams, I believe was lost.

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When Spring of 1837 opened, as I liked boating better than farming, I struck out one day (after getting my head combed with a hayrake) for Perth Amboy and had no trouble in finding a job as cook on board a sloop called the North Star of Crows Creek. I put in this spring summer and fall on her and in the fall at Buckwheat thrashing time, got work on a farm at board clothing and  $\frac{1}{4}$  year schooling with a man by the name of Isaac Potter, a widower with three maiden daughters one of which was off, scarcely associating with the other two. Those were very kind, good people and gave me plenty to eat and a good bed and comfortable clothing. I staid all winter there. The next spring, by which time I got a letter from home, mother wishing me to try and get home, I resolved to do so and so contacted ~~the~~ the girls who were opposed to it and to prevent my leaving put my clothes out of my reach but that did not defer me and I started out. Just how I got to New York, I have forgotten, but I got there in due time shipped. I went by steamer from Perth Amboy when then, I began to look for a ship bound for England and found a ship ~~at~~ called the Coletisti of Liverpool and shipped on her and was on her several days when one evening near sundown I was sweeping decks. A gent came out of the cabins, he looked very pale but the features were very familiar to me. I stopped and looked at him when he spoke saying "Hello Jim, what are you doing here?" I told him I had shipped to go home in the ship but for fear he would report me as soon as I was out of sight, I left the ship to hunt safer quarters and the next day, not succeeding another ship, I shipped on the sloop called the Magician of Cow Bay to cook and and run several weeks on her. One day while in New York I saw a ship Called the Columbus up for Liverpool in a few days and went on board. Found the chief mate, a Mr. Leach, and asked him for a passage. He seemed to take a liking to me but said he thought I was some little New York boy trying to run away



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but I told him my home was in Bristol. Well, he told me to stay on board the ship and he would try and get me a passage. So I was quite contented till the day before sailing when the capt. one day came on board and the mate told me to go and ask him for a passage which I did but he said no. But the mate spoke a few words to him and he turned and said I could go. This was Captain C<sup>o</sup>ppen, late of the steamer Cortes that ran on this coast and died several years ago. During the passage of 21 days to liverpool I experienced several changes in the ship being first placed in the Forecastle then in the cabin where the niger stewards made me earn my grub by keeping me up from four a.m. to 12 p.m. scouring knives and scrubbing pantries, the former after every meal, the later after 10 p.m. I slept the four hours in a coil of sails but I got tired of it and concluded I would hide from the black cusses so I crawled into the long boat on the hay and slept there till some time one forenoon when the carpenter came along and opened a window of the boat and found me and reported me to the steward who came and undertook to haul me out but I showed fight and refused to go in the cabin any more and applied to the mate to be changed off with an Irish boy who had stowed away. The mate thought I was much better off in the cabin but I told him I preferred to be feed<sup>ing</sup> ducks and keep my watch than to be in the cabin. So he changed me. Now there was another boy.

He had to take care of the cow in his watch and me in mine. One evening the captain saw the cow had no hay and called this fellow and told him to feed her some. It was my watch below. He came and called me telling, the Captain said I was to give the cow some hay so I went and was doing it when the C<sup>o</sup>ppen came and saw me at<sup>it</sup> and asked me what I was doing. Then I told him that the fellow had ~~had~~<sup>me</sup> told<sup>me</sup> he had told him to call me to give the cow some hay, at which he told me to send him to ~~me~~ him which I did

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and had the glorious fun of seeing the captain boot him all around the decks for his pains. I had good times after that till the end of the passage when another change took place.

I staid on board the ship after getting someone to write for me to my mother who received the communication and wrote to my aunt Mrs. Ann Black to hunt me up. I think we had been in Liverpool about a week when one evening after the men had quit work and I was engaged sweeping decks and had just come from the forecastle with a basket to give a boy to pack the dirt on shore to the scavenger, we not being allowed to throw it overboard. A man stepped onto the gang plank where Mr. Leach, the first mate and the second mate was standing talking and asked them if they had a boy on board by the name of Cass. I heard him and answered at once that that was me as I was sailing under the name of Kingston. The mate was somewhat surprised. The man said, "Do you know Mrs. Black?" I said, "Yes, that is my aunt." He said, "She wants you to go up to her house in Toseths Park." But she had a trap laid for me to keep me from going home by telling my mother did not want me then and all letters was kept from me so getting no direct communication I concluded she was right and she convinced me I had better let her apprentice me to a ship and go to sea again. So it was. She apprenticed me to a barque called the Dibbin of New Castle for five years and in the meantime we sailed for Mobile, nothing particular occurring on the voyage but the usual routine of ship life except that the mate, a north country man by the name of Mr. Jemeson, one of those brutes usually found on English ships, that delight in treating boys as they were treated. As near as I can remember, the first offense I gave him, I was on the lookout on the break of the starboard side of poop and to assist me in keeping awake, I was whistling a little air to myself when all at once I felt the end of the topgalant sheet.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch rope. come

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crashing down on my head and shoulders as a reminder, as we were then in a gale of wind, we had enough, it being generally considered that a little whistling will call a breeze. After giving the several welts on the head and back, I was introduced to a handspike which I had to shoulder in regular regimental style and march fore and aft the deck the balance of my watch. Another time, for some trifling offense, I was compelled to shoulder the deepsea lead and march the poop two or three hours of the night and another time he gave me a big scare by calling me on the poop saying, "do you see that lead?" Yes Sir." "Do you see that Soap?" "Yes sir." "Well, <sup>Now</sup> I want you to eat every bit of it." Of course I did not like the idea of taking a lunch of soap and sand, The lead long been cast and the sand from the bottom <sup>of the ocean was still</sup> adhering to the soap, his object was to have it removed and fresh soap placed in the cavity ready for a cast of the lead when the watch was called. So after granting me a smile and getting some fun out of me which he had all on his own side, it being no fun for me to eat yellow soap and sand, he told me what to do and I was greatly relieved. Another method of his which is common punishment for boys who fall asleep was to send us aloft with a slush <sup>D</sup> line to grease Royal topgalant of topmasts down over it was one watched below, but I lived through all and in some 60 days from date of starting, we arrived in Mobile Bay where we lay and discharged and loaded a cargo of cotton, a gang of stevedors being <sup>R</sup> employed from the city to stow her which is done by means of screws and sampson posts ~~making~~ and Co. making two or three <sup>blaes</sup> of cotton occupy a space you would think but one bale could be <sup>put</sup> ~~fit~~ in and us boys had to pack ballist in turtle shells to fill the holes between the bales. We had not been there long when one morning my friend mate, Mr. Jemeson told me to bring the boat up alongside which I did and, as I supposed, made her fast, but she got adrift and I got a rope's ending from Jemeson for making

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a slipping hitch. The captain took another boat and a crew and went in search of her and found her on Pelican island. It took them until dark at night before they got back as they had a hard tow up the bay against ~~the~~ a strong breeze down the bay. Another incident took place through the brutality of Jemeson. We had an apprentice by the name of John Lee, my birth mate. One calm moonlight night we turned in and I noticed he had a black silk handkerchief tied round his neck. Said, "Jack, take that kerchief off." He said it was only an old one and let it stay on. Next morning at knock out, I missed Jack and asked one of the other boys where Jack was. Oh, says he, he's alright, or something to that effect but on going to work, he was missed and search was instituted and after hunting the ship over, I was on the baracade and discovered him hanging by the neck in the ship's head having taken the bight of the jib downhaul and made it fast to the jib stay, then made a slip with the bight and put it over his head and swung off, had his arms over the lead rail as though he had tried to overcome his weight and get back but could not. He had nothing on but his shirt and drawers and the black silk handkerchief and another cotton one round his neck. I gave the alarm and he was taken in and work on the ship was suspended. Flags in the harbor put at half mast on all the ships and next day he was taken to an island called Dauphin island and there buried.

For recreation on Sunday, the crew were generally given liberty but there was no place but the beach light house and Fort Morgen or the shallow water in the entrance to lake ~~Point~~ Pontretrain which got the preferred as we could get all the oysters we could eat by picking them off the beds.

I remember no other matters worthy of note but in the meantime we got loaded and homeward bound. We made a reasonable passage though the ship was very crank (cramped) as all cotton loaded ships

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are, but after a passage of some four or five weeks discharging and loading for New York, when I heard she was going there I felt like I ~~she~~ was going home as before when in Liverpool I could get no communication from mother, my aunt keeping control of my movements and keeping all letters from me, they having been sent in her care. But in due course of time, we got loaded and took aboard some 600 emigrants and a few cabin passengers. Half the Emigrants were Irish and half German. We had a very long passage of 60 days from Liverpool to New York. We experienced some very rough weather on the fore part of the passage which <sup>P</sup>strang our foremast and necessitated putting in a new one in New York. Here being at home, I concluded to go and see father but not knowing where he lived applied to my old friend Wm. Tapscot. ~~He took me up rather than show me the way~~ to take me up or rather, show me the way, which he did. Father was then living at 227 Division street having married the Julia Baker and had two or three children. William, Fanny and I think Fred was a baby but can't say positively, but, however, when I went in Father after passing the time of day asked me why I ran away and having made my living for some three years had got to have a little snap, I at once told him the reason which was an act of ill treatment. Then he asked what I ~~was~~ was doing on board an English ship. I told him his sister placed me there, had apprenticed me to the employ.

When I was well pleased to have him tell me to run away or he would break my indenture. I was only too anxious for a chance to get away, much more putting him to the trouble was thinking it over for several days. One evening a boy on

board the ship Hanabal, laying on the other side of the dock at the foot of osfelt Street wanted me to ~~see~~ sleep with him for company and I did so. Next morning we turned out and I seen a man by the name of Allen on the dock coiling ~~some~~ up some lanyards that had come out of the old fore rigging. I supposed our ship had knocked out and the men turned to and I :

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for me if such was the case so I went on the dock and Allen called me to help him shoulder the rope, which I did thinking to palm off as though I had been helping him and so escape a licking but as soon as I got it on his shoulder he started off up the dock and I went on board when to my surprise it was not knock out yet, then I began to see that there must be something wrong but was pleased to find I was in time to muster with the balance of the crew and thought no more of the matter until noon. I was getting my dinner when I was called aft. Captain wanted me. I went. He called me in the cabin and accosted me, accusing me of stealing my rope which I denied and explained the facts and then the man Allen, himself, came to the cabin door and pled for me but the Captain ~~wh~~ would not listen to him and told him he would put him in the penitentiary but that was the last of Allen. He put off on shore by jumping off our poop onto another ship jib boom and ~~was~~ so on shore but I was introduced to a nanilla reef point and got a most unmerciful licking, the worst I have ever got from Captain or Mate in my life. That settled my mind as to leaving the ship and that evening went up to father's and got Frank Baker to come down the next evening which was very dark. I got a large sailor's bag and packed all my duds in it putting a lot of old irons in my chest which I donated to the ship and when Frank came down, I was ~~already~~ all ready, threw the bag on the dock and Frank musselled it and walked off up the dock and I followed a little way behind and joined him up by Roosevelt street and in a short time I was safe from all harm and went to bed. Next morning at daylight or before I was wakened with a great pain in my shin bone which was badly swollen. I got up and put on my pants and it still kept swelling. I went across the street to a doctor and he ~~promised~~ pronounced it broken and ordered a poultice which was put on my leg swollen all out of ~~concentration~~ <sup>proportion</sup> and after many days came to a head

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and broke. I was laid up just 8 weeks before I could walk about to do anything during which time all sorts of plans were laid and calculations made-what was the best thing to set me at and at last it was concluded to send me to Newburgh to a man by the name of Joe, a buckskin dresser and glove and mitten maker. Here I found Fred Baker, a brother to Frank Baker that helped me to run away from the ship. I staid there some months but got tired of Old Dickey Joe as he was called. Winter had set in and it was very cold and the old man had several fox hounds. He ~~he~~ used to turn them out on a hill called Snake hill about a mile from the new mills some nine miles back of Newburgh and had me traveling round in the snow to get a shot at the fox but I never took in Reynard or saw his bush. But before the winter was out, I gave out. I wanted a place to work on a farm and a man by the name of Unker John Powell, a relation of Old Tom Powell of Powell's bank called on me to go and work <sup>for</sup> ~~ch~~ his son Jonas <sup>P</sup>owell near the Bay Point and I was only too glad of the chance and went with him and found them pretty clever people and I staid with them some ~~none-nones~~ nine months, till early in the fall of 1840 when I took a notion I would rather go to sea so I told him and he gave me \$5 to pay my way to New York. I went home and father was mad because I left Old Dicky Joe and I saw I was not welcome so I concluded to set to sea.

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Cass, beginning ~~18~~ January 30th 1849

I sailed from New York January 30, 1849, one of a picked crew of the old packet ship Orpheus, Captained by Leander Freeman. Occupation, sailor before the mast. Arrived in San Francisco July 8 1849. All hands left the ship and went on shore as soon as sails were furled. Myself and chum, Frederic Sinclair, a son of a doctor Sinclair of Brooklyn. New York We took

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brand new mattresses that some would-be high toned intended miner found too expensive a luxury to take to the mines and placing them in a dry ditch opposit the Whatcheer house, spent our first night on California soil rather comfortable <sup>facing</sup> ~~baring~~ the anticipation of a visit from the nomads which was not realized.

Monday morning, July 9, heard of a schooner called <sup>U</sup>levia needing a couple of men. We made application and both shipped at the moderate sum of \$150 per month to run to Sacramento as a packet carrying passengers at from \$25 to \$59 per head with or without board which occupation we stuck to for two months and in September went to Coloma to try the mines where we found gold in good paying quantities but I was compelled to leave my chum an account of taking chiles and fever so I went to S.F. and engaged in White Hall boating until November, again by which time my chum Fred had come down and we concluded to go to Sacramento and sew on canvas houses and thereby helped build up sack city at 17 ¢ per yard, running single seam, but that did not pay the expense of playing Monte so we concluded to try the diggings again and we concluded to Dry Town and engaged passage on an ox team navigated through the mud across the Macosmey by a skillfull bullwhaker by the name of James Woods who ended his life a few years ago near Cambria in this county. We were only seven days on the passage from Sacramento to Dry ~~freek~~ Town where we found the east bank of Dry Creek alive with miners averaging about 15 feet apart composed of ~~Yobes~~ <sup>Yobes</sup> clasus Americansos, Chileans, Yaqui, Senaranean, Californian greasers and the noble diggers, today heanta,

We prospected here a few days and then went over the hills to near the mouth of Amador Creek where we struck four ounce diggings and concluded <sup>to stay</sup> and build the usual domicile with stone and mud fireplace, six pine logs and a tent 8 x 10. Bought 50 pounds of

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\$65 which after grinding and bolting made very fine fair damp--  
But myself conceived I would make a better spectator than miner in  
February 1850 went into partners with a gentleman from Pike Co, Mo.  
and struck out for Tods Valley(?) with four sacks of good hard  
chili flour on two high-toned mules and all went well till we started  
down a slightly inclined grade of about 45 degrees <sup>Toward</sup> ~~thoward~~ the middle  
fork of the American where one of our speculative sacks worth the  
respectable sum of \$200 took a notion we were going too slow and  
concluded to go down on its own hook and the last seen of it was  
making a circle <sup>of about</sup> ~~of~~ ~~about~~ twelve feet in diameter on the way to  
Big bars and for what I know is going yet, but we called a halt and  
retched so if the others went they would have to take the mules  
along, but after some three hours down hill we arrived at Big Bar  
where \$2 per pound was considered very reasonable for such a very  
fine hard quality flour which contained animal as well as farinacious  
feed and \$600 for 300 pounds was a very fair <sup>speculation</sup> / after all but  
as it cost dust to prospect, it did not last long and making  
raises there was some times slow. My luck seemed to have here  
scattered with the flour on Big Bar hill for I did not make a  
raise again till October when I struck four ounce diggins again  
on Dry Creek when four of us took out \$2500 in fourteen days and water  
drove us out. Then another speculative mood struck me and I proposed to  
an old friend by the name of Joseph Creebon(?), then one of  
the <sup>proprietors</sup> ~~prospectors~~ of the old New York store two and a half miles  
below Dry Town who with a man by the name of <sup>Charles</sup> ~~Charles~~ Sammons had  
bought out John Carroll ~~and Starin Carroll~~ afterward of the firm  
of Carroll and Starin and Mowes and Carroll Scudder and Co.  
Carroll and Starin had run the New York store during the winter  
of 49 and 50 and wished me, several times, to buy them out and fondly  
sold to Aracbon and Sammon. They went in with myself and a going  
man by the name of Levv Shepard and we started

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of November at a point on Dry Creek two miles north of the Celebrated Q ranch in Torre and on the opposite side of Dry Creek, from what afterward became a mining camp called Irish Hill which proved to be very rich but prior to that the diggings was principally grease wood. Hill and gulch yielding from one to four ounces per day in a fine flour gold of fine value bringing \$19 per ounce.

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Notes of James Cass---

June 1, 1836 left Bristol in ship Bristol of New York for New York. Arrived July 8, 1836. Sept 1836 went in schooner Samuel Lewis to Perth Amboy. Same month went on board sloop Paragon as cook. Staid on her till rivers froze up. Went on Captain Cutter's father's farm and wintered. Early in 1837 went to Perth Amboy and went as cook on board sloop Morning star. Staid in her till fall then went to work on farm of Isaac Potter. Staid till spring of 1838. Went to New York and shipped as cook on sloop Magician. Staid about a month and went to Liverpool in ship, Columbus of New York, a black baller. In Liverpool by aunt Ann Black(Bleck) prenticed there to the Bark Dibbin. Went to Mobile in the spring of 1838 and back to Liverpool then she went to New York. Ran away from her there and went to Newburgh, New York to learn buckskin business. During the winter, left it and went on farm 1839, of Johnathan Powell and staid till ~~ag-er~~ after haying time and then went to New York to ship on schooner Joseph Hoope and tool cargo of teakettles to Baltimore, being discharged from the ship, shipped on schooner Pantaloon St. and went to Augusta north province for soldiers in Seminole war about Jan 1 1840.

Discharged her and went back to Baltimore and shipped on schooner Convoy of New Haven, went to Tancapan and staid there till spring of 1841 they took cargo of molasses to Mobile, discharged and took in some ballast and went down to the bay. Laid there three days wanting fine weather it being squally

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On the 10th of June we sailed. On the 11th the mate capsized her and we took to the boat. She sunk shortly after we left her at 5 p.m. Next day at 3 p.m. got on shore at Fort Morgan on Mobile point where they fed us. On the 13th we got the boat out of the bay, got our oars and started for Mobile, arrived at 4 p.m. Could get no wages and had <sup>lost</sup> ~~left~~ everything in the schooner. Got a chance and shipped in the ship Bengal of Boston for Liverpool where we arrived in on time. Wrote to mother and she sent me money to go to her in London and in November she sent me to school at Brockley Somerset 1842, where I staid one year, then shipped in ship, William Miles and went out to Falmouth, Jamaica, and back to Bristol. Went to London and shipped on Bark Statel and went to voyage <sup>from</sup> Newport in Wales, <sup>to</sup> St. Thomas, <sup>where we spent Christmas & New Year</sup> West Indies and Baleise, 1843 Honduras and back to London. Discharged and made another start in same ship. <sup>went to take coal</sup> Went to Newport, and loaded for Greenada, West Indies and Ichaboon(?) but got in gale of wind in Chanes and put into Falmouth, <sup>in distress</sup> Leaky. All hands left her and I went to London in a sloop and in November shipped in Bark Sarah for Boston. Was 9 weeks on passage, arrived early in 1844. Left her and voyaged up west to Moltin in Bark Flores through Jacksons Bay(/) to and shipped in schooner Portland and went to P<sup>r</sup>rtland Maine and left her and shipped in Brig Mary and went to Matenzés(?). On the trip north with a load of lumber, jettisoned the deck load in a gale in the gulf but arrived all right. Took in cargo of mollasses for Boston, had rough weather but arrived all right, then shipped on the schooner Marblehead and went to Ponce, Puerto Rico and back, then shipped in 1845 in a Boston and New York schooner packet named Armias of Armias ~~Nineyard~~ Ningard for New York with granite for New New York exchange. A block fell on my right foot and crushed my instep and laid me up 8 weeks.

When it got well, I shipped in the ship Hendric of Hudson

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Staid on there and went to work for Hornsby Glue factory the 25th of June and then shipped, on Brig Sarah and went to Malagas, a three month trip, then shipped in Brig Tyro as second mate, went to Breast and Palermo and back to New York and shipped in the ship Northumberton(?) and went to London . Found mother had been dead three weeks from earth. Very sad, went back to New York and quit going to sea. Went to the Belle of Glen in ~~early~~ every Canal worked in New York during the winter straw hat pressing and during the summer went on the canal and worked at pressing next winter 1848. Went to canal all that summer and then came down to New York and shipped on ship Orpheus for San Francisco.

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Baptismal register - solemnized in the Parish of  
St. Mary Redcliffe in the county of Bristol, 1826  
Baptized - May 7. James of James & Harriet Cass  
Esq. - Bedminster. Father's Trade Fellowmanger.  
Copy made from register and attested to June 12  
1888