

## THE GRAND VIEW

For several months past the Grand View Hotel of this place has been closed, greatly to the damage of the town. In fact, it hasn't been run a hotel of that class should be, for over two years. Mrs. Keefer, the owner, preferring to dispose of it, not caring to lease it. We are pleased to state, however, that J.S. Benhayon, who has been a resident of Monrovia for the past year, considered the price asked as very reasonable and has become the owner of the hotel and adjoining property. He informs us that it will opened to the public by the first of October. Three or four parties are trying to secure a lease of it.

The rooms are being thoroughly renovated and everything put in first class shape for guests. (See p. 363)

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 2  
Identification No. 09111890 - 2

#### AT THE DRYER

Work is livelier at the drying establishment of John H. Leslie & Company this week. Over a hundred fruit cutters are at work, working full time. The late peaches are beginning to arrive in considerable quantity. They will probably last for two weeks more. The prune crop has been taken care of; no more are to come in. Quite a force of men are at work grading and sacking prunes and another large shipment will soon be ready.

The Granite Bank has paid out over \$100,000 for this concern since it started in the latter part of June—less than three months.

## A RETROSPECT

### Of the Past Forty years in the San Gabriel Valley

The following very interesting article is copied from the Alhambra Review:

The past four decades have been a period of rapid history making. It is almost incredible that the California of 1850 should have become, within less than a half a century, the California of 1890. Then, it was obscure, unknown; now, its name is on every tongue, Then, it was a political cipher; now its power is willingly admitted. Then its commerce was a thing microscopic; now, it stands among the foremost of the wealth-producing states, Then, its science, art and education were at a minimum, now it is denominated by the spirit of culture, and is in the van of educational advance.

The changes which forty years have wrought are nowhere more plainly visible than in the San Gabriel Valley. The everlasting heights of the Sierra Madre, the unchanging hills of la Puente, the broad, smiling valley between, --these were here in 1850, but there were few others of the landmark which we have already begun to regard as ancient. The early pioneers looked down upon a very different scene from that of the present day. Here and there were a few grain fields and an occasional orchard or vineyard, but the plains were dotted over with innumerable herds of cattle and horses. Cattle raising was the business of the day and quantities of hides and tallow were being shipped from San Pedro, which in the year previous—'49—had seen its first steamer. So great was the cattle business in those early times that, when the great drought came in the Sixties, an old-timer says one could almost walk from one end of the valley to the other on the bones of the animals that perished.

At the east end of the valley, where prosperous Pomona now stands was a great rancho owned by Dalton, Palomares and Vejar, who were so absorbed in settling boundary disputes that in 1850 their broad acres had scarcely been touched by a plow. Westward lay the La Puente Rancho of 48,700 acres, granted in '45 to Rowland and Workman and already, in 1850, under some degree of cultivation. Until recently, the ruins of capacious adobe granaries, built by the Mission padres, might be seen scattered over the Puente plains, an index of the early prosperity of that section. Between the La Puente Rancho and the tract owned by Dalton, Palomares and Vejar, lay the Los Nogales Ranchito of 500 acres, and the San Jose de Palomares Rancho of 22,720 acres, a tract through which the Southern Pacific R.R. now runs and which formed a connected settlement east of Rowland's, chiefly occupied by New Mexicans. Up toward the foothills was the Rancho Azusa de Duarte, a tract of 4,000 acres, granted by the Mexican government to Andres Duarte and settled sometime in the Forties. Previous to 1850, Duarte had built the homestead place standing between the present town sites of Azusa and Duarte and now occupied by Captain Bacon. He had set out a few fruit trees and a small vineyard and had dug a water ditch from the mouth of the San Gabriel canyon, but aside from these

A RETROSPECT - Continued

improvements not a furrow had been turned in what is now one of the most promising citrus districts of the State.

Further to the west lay the Santa Anita rancho, which reached to the foothills including the present site of Sierra Madre and which stretched far down into the valley; and the San Pasquel Rancho, upon a part of which the city of Pasadena now stands. From time immemorial the San Pasquel Rancho had been crossed by a trail known as the Camino del Rey, leading from San Diego to Monterey. The rancho had been granted to Eulalie Perez by Father Sanchez, of the Mission and then it was that its Indian name, Acuranga—which means, "where streams meet"—had been changed to San Pasqual. But Senora Perez failed to occupy her land and it was eventually given to Manuel Garfias, who built a handsome adobe residence on the banks of the Arroyo Seco, but who, in 1850, had abandoned his property here and returned to Mexico.

San Gabriel, which included the present site of Alhambra as well as a large tract of surrounding country, was a vast sweep of grazing land, in the midst of which stood the Mission and a collection of adobe house. It was at San Gabriel that the charm of the valley centered. The time-stained walls of the mission were already historic; near at hand stood the pioneer orange orchard of the county; and not far away flourished the famous "Vina Madre" or Mother Vineyard of Southern California, which had been started from 3,000 slips brought from Baja California, but which before 1831 had reached the number of 50,000 vines. Behind the Mission, up against the foothills, stood the old mill, which for half a century was the only one of its kind in all the State. It has since been used as a residence by E.J.C. Kewen and now belongs to the Mayberry estate, Almost fifty years before Admission Day, water had been piped to San Gabriel by Father Zalvidea and the olives, figs, palms and pomegranates flourishing there gave promise of the possibilities of California soil.

At the western extremity of the valley stood Los Angeles, an adobe village of 2,000 inhabitants. It could not boast a single frame building. Its streets were narrow and crooked, but in accordance with the petition of Regidor Cota, in '45, the council had ordered the citizens to plaster and whitewash their houses, because "Los Angeles should show its magnificence so that the traveler might be able to say, 'it is to be the paradise of Mexico.'" The northern part of the town was laid out to streets and given up to trade, while the southern section was occupied with gardens, vineyards and orchards. The great sycamore tree now standing on Aliso street near the Philadelphia Brewery was then in its prime and its broad branches sheltered the wine cellars of Don Louis de Vignes, whose great "castle" with its high adobe wall, has formed a refuge for many a fugitive during the Mexican war. De Vignes, William Wolfskill and the San Gabriel Mission were the only owners of orange orchards in the country and in 1850 not more than 100 orange trees

#### A RETROSPECT - Continued

were in bearing. It is interesting to compare this fact with the figures presented this week by the Horticultural Commission, which shows the present number of citrus trees in bearing in the county to be 1,336,002.

A wide, wild stretch of country, containing but two villages in all its length; vast numbers of cattle and horses grazing over the plains; ranch houses scattered at long distances; Pomona a desert, Azusa a cactus plain, Monrovia a wilderness, Pasadena a sheep ranch, El Monte a cornfield, Alhambra a cattle range; such must have been the physical aspect of the San Gabriel Valley when the first Admission Day dawned upon the State.

The ranches were large and population was scarce. Only 337 votes were cast at the county elections that fall. In Los Angeles there were but 30 white men, the rest being Mexicans and Negroes. A writer of the time, speaking of the society of that town, notes the "indolent, pleasure-loving spirit of the Californians," and B.D. Wilson said in 1841, "Courts, lawyers and judges were unknown, nor was there any need of them. The people were honest and hospitable; their word was as good as their bond; in fact, bonds and notes of hand were entirely unknown to the native population." Mr. Avis, of Alhambra, who came to San Gabriel in '49 and who spent some time camping in the vicinity, says, "I felt just as safe as I would in any eastern state, --in fact, more so. The Spaniards were very hospitable and treated us splendidly.

That was in '49, but the manners of the time were rapidly changing and in '54 we find the editor of the Southern Californian complaining of a dearth of news, "there having been but four murders in Los Angeles that week." The civil affairs of the county were administered by a court of sessions, consisting of a country judge and two associate judges; and in 1850 the office of jueces del campos was still in effect, its object being to settle disputes between owners of stock. It was not until '52 that the first election of Supervisors was held.

The ranchos were not a proverbially progressive people. They seem to have accepted the saying of their own Cervantes, "The more thou stir the worse it will be." Their plows were the forked branch of a tree, fitted at the end with a sharp piece of steel and fastened with thongs to the horns of their oxen. A straight pole tied behind the horns served as an ox-bow. They drove with goads and had no synonym for our "gee". Until Mr. Avis' party came over in '49 there were no four-wheel wagons in the country, except one owned by the Mission fathers. The conveyance almost entirely in use in 1850 was the "carreta" or ox-cart, having solid wooden wheels and a loosely built box, shaded by raw hides stretched from corner poles. For long journeys they rode on horseback, taking a cavalcade of bronchos with them, to be brought into service when their own horses showed signs of fatigue. They used to cover a hundred miles a day that way! To have a

A RETROSPECT - Continued

horse shod cost \$16 in Los Angeles and iron was so scarce that John Goller, the village blacksmith, was obliged to scour the plains for old tire-irons to be made up into horse shoes. When a gentleman wanted goods at a store he sent his sword with the order and it was more readily recognized than his signature would have been. Prices were never asked and small quantities of goods were never sold. Money was free and in 1850 Wheeler's general merchandise store in Los Angeles averaged from \$5,000 to \$6,000 per day. Grapes brought 12 ½ cents on the vines and found a market in the north at \$1.00 a pound. They were shipped packed in sawdust and were readily disposed of at the mines. Land was cheap, however and in '51 city lots were sold at auction for from \$20 to \$30 each. The rate of interest on money was from 5 to 10 percent and upwards per month.

Los Angeles was already reaching on for commercial power. "The Salt Lake Trade" had been for many years its motto and as early as 1840 hazy plans were being discussed for a transcontinental railroad. It was long, however, before the plans materialized and Admission day found the traveler coming around by the Isthmus or crossing the plains in wagon trains. The adventures of some of the pioneers who came overland are of thrilling interest to a generation accustomed only to dining-room cars and Pullman sleepers. Mr. Avis, of Alhambra was among those who crossed the continent in 1849, he belonged to a party of 110 wagons and at Little Salt Lake, having heard that, on account of the hostile Indians, the usual wagon trail was unsafe, they engaged a Mormon trader named Hunt to guide them through the mountains over a peak trail with which he had become familiar in going and coming between San Bernardino and Salt lake. After they had been out several days on the trail, however, they heard of a shorter route and decided to save time by leaving Hunt and coming through what is now known as Death Valley. They braved incredible discouragements and dangers in getting down into the valley, but once there, they could find neither pasturage for their cattle nor water for themselves. Many perished, -- some within a hundred feet of the life-giving springs. A number of the party, however, with Mr. Avis for captain, turned back and followed Hunt's trail down through the mountains. It was only a pack trail. They could not get their wagons through and they took them apart and hauled them over piecemeal. At one place it was so steep that their cattle could not climb and they tied ropes to their horns and pulled them up by main force. Their rations gave out and they had to kill their stock. For days they did not taste bread. They were exhausted, famishing. They reached San Bernardino alive, but scarcely more. The rancheros, however, received them with generous hospitality. They had heard of their distress and had sent out a mule train to meet them, laden with jerked beef and flour from Workman's mill. The flour was, of course, unbolted and was little more than cracked wheat but never did the finest delicacy look more appetizing. With characteristic Californian courtesy, the Mexicans of the valley did everything in their power to aid the new-comers and there are few of the party who do not look back with gratitude upon the Spanish kindness of their reception in San Bernardino.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 2                      Column 1  
Identification No. 09111890 - 7

A RETROSPECT - Continued

Hospitality, generosity and honor were the virtues of the day; music, dancing, wine and bull fights, its pleasures; and drunkenness and murder, its vices. Since then a new race has taken possession of the land. New towns have sprung up over the valley. New enterprises have been opened and new objects have been pursued. California is owned by two distinct classes. --the haughty, pleasure-loving Spaniard and the progressive, eager American. It is easy to see which will win the struggle between the two races. But there is an old Norse saying which it is to be hoped will prove true in this case, that "the virtues of the vanquished pass into the character of the victors," and we shall not win without having been broadened and bettered by the contact with our southern brethren.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 8

Have you registered?

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 - 9

School will begin a week from Monday.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 - 10

Miss Colmery has returned from Long Beach.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 11

Work is progressing on the Saw Pit Canyon trail.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 12

Miss Mabel Holden of Los Angeles is visiting Miss Lida Barnes.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 13

Mrs. Slemons and family left yesterday for a few month's visit to Montana.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 14

On Friday last while Harold Bray was coming home from Azusa he killed a young wild cat near the wash of the saw Pit Canyon on Falling Leaf Avenue when it saw him it climbed a tree. He struck it in the head with a stone.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43

Page 1

Column 3

Identification No. 09111890 – 15

Mrs. Dr. Bucknell and J.W. Reed and family intend removing to Los Angeles next month but will not dispose of their property here. The family of S. Bowerman will occupy Mrs. Bucknell's house on Mayflower Avenue.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 16

A letter from J.R. Davis says he would like to return to Monrovia. That cyclone at Wilkes Barre must have frightened him somewhat that is not the real reason of his desire to return however, but the fact that he thinks Monrovia is the finest place for residence he ever saw. Come back John.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43

Page 1                      Column 3

Identification No. 09111890 - 17

George H. Peck candidate for supervisor for this district lost a valuable horse while at Alhambra one day last week. The animal became frightened and ran away. It landed into a barbed-wire fence and we torn in a frightful manner. Mr. Peck considered it advisable to kill the beast and therefore shot it. It was quite a loss to him.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 18

Did you see W.L. Sackett's new sprinkler? If you see one you will surely buy.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 - 19

G.A. Lawrence and wife visited the family of C.C. Eddy, Alhambra, yesterday.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 20

Mr. Cogswell and family have returned from Long Beach, where they spent a month.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 21

Have your name placed on the Great Register before the 25<sup>th</sup> instant or you cannot vote.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 22

The Music of the Riggins children will please you. Hear them at Barnes' hall Saturday night.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 23

Mrs. J.H. Bartle and Miss Addie Bowerman have returned from a month's visit to Long Beach.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 24

A.E. Cronenwett expects to take a trip to San Francisco and the northern part of the state,  
in a few days.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 25

City attorney Smith and Johnny Woodruff were up san Gabriel canyon a couple of days  
this week on a fishing expedition.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 26

When a Republican primary election is called, we would like to see a caucus, to nominate candidates for delegates to the County convention.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 - 27

Tuesday was Admission day and quite a number of our citizens celebrated it. It is 40 years since California was admitted to the union.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 – 28

The excursion was run over the Rapid Transit Tuesday evening to give people an opportunity of hearing Scanlan. Quite number took advantage of it.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43  
Page 1                      Column 3  
Identification No. 09111890 - 29

Dr. Stevenson and wife left Monday morning for San Francisco. The Dr. is representative of Monrovia at the World's Fair Convention which is in session at that city this week. They will return Friday.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43

Page                      Column

Identification No. 09111890 – 30

#### DUARTE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The young men of Duarte have organized an athletic club, with the above name. The idea is for the practice of athletic exercises, tug of war and other gymnastics. The club has secured temporary quarters in the post office building and they hope soon to erect a more commodious building for them as they will have a permanent organization. There are forty members, but it will undoubtedly soon be largely increased. Any members of the committee will be glad to receive names of persons desirous of becoming members. The entrance fee is \$1 and the monthly dues 25 cents.

The following are the officers:

President – Lee Shrode

Vice-President – C.C. Lancaster

Secretary – A. Gillison

Treasurer—B. R. Davisson

Success to the Duarte Athletic Association.

Monrovia Messenger, September 11, 1890, Volume 4, No. 43

Page                      Column

Identification No. 09111890 - 31

## THE IRISH MINSTREL

### Theatre Train to be Run Saturday Evening

An excursion train will be run over the Rapid transit railway on Saturday evening of this week, to give an opportunity for parties wishing to attend the play at the opera house on that evening. The play will be "The Irish Minstrel," and the Scanlan Company plays it more successfully than any other company traveling. If you are a lover of good Irish wit you should not miss this chance. Quite a number attended "Myles Aroon" Tuesday evening and they were so well pleased that many of them want to go again Saturday evening.

Those desiring seats can have them secured by leaving their money with Conductor Patterson.

The train will leave Monrovia at 6:45 and returning will leave Los Angeles at 11:30. The regular fair will be charged for the round trip.