



# The 1849 California Gold Rush *Was* a Hoax

6/30/2020

*by* Noel Joshua Hadley

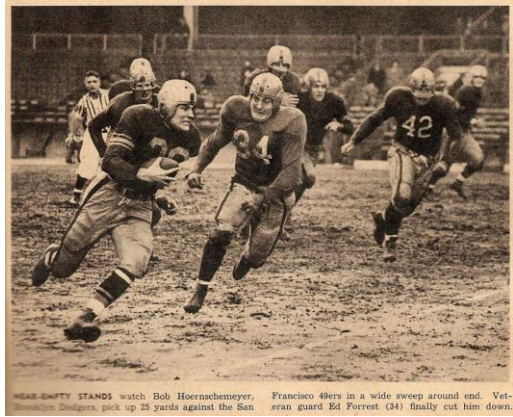
PART ONE:

The *Empty* City

THE year was **1849**. I highlighted it for you. That's when *it* happened, you know—in 1849. 1849 is the answer to the pop quiz and all you really need to know for the final. 1849. If need that spelled out for you, it's 1-8-4-9. Because San Francisco did not exist before 1849, give or take a year. And something about gold. *Oh*, haven't you heard? Everybody flocked to San Francisco in 1849 for gold. The reference to the gold and also the part about the flocking is important, though we mustn't forget the year. It's

why we even have a name for the gold rush prospectors, and we call them “forty-niners.”

And in case you have already forgotten, or perhaps history isn't really your thing, we have an NFL team called the 49ers. If nothing else, the 49ers will draw you into the cult of patriotism, which is also an important component to the indoctrination process. 1849. I'm starting to think the United States Corporate Gubbernment wants me to know that Nothing of importance happened in San Francisco *before* 1849, but that's probably none of my business.



NEAR EMPTY STANDS watch Bob Hoernschemeyer, Francisco 49ers in a wide sweep around end. Veteran guard Ed Forrest (34) finally cut him down. Dodger pick up 25 yards against the San



The Urbano Monte Map vs. *official*/History

Urbano Monte: 1587

Bay Area founded 1776

San Francisco named 1843

Before anybody accuses me of diddly-dawdling, I might as well get right to the point. As if the title wasn't descriptive enough already. Yes, the 1849 California Gold Rush was a hoax, but then again, the founding of the city of San Francisco doesn't fare much better in my opinion. It's a Millennial Kingdom city, totally preexistent from the official date they give us for its founding. What I am showing you is a slide from my Sacred

Word Publishing 2023 presentation. In that slide you will see two images and three dates. The photo of the Palace of Fine Arts is a definite contender for the MK narrative, existing decades if not entire centuries before the World Fair expositors assign its construction, but more on that some other time.



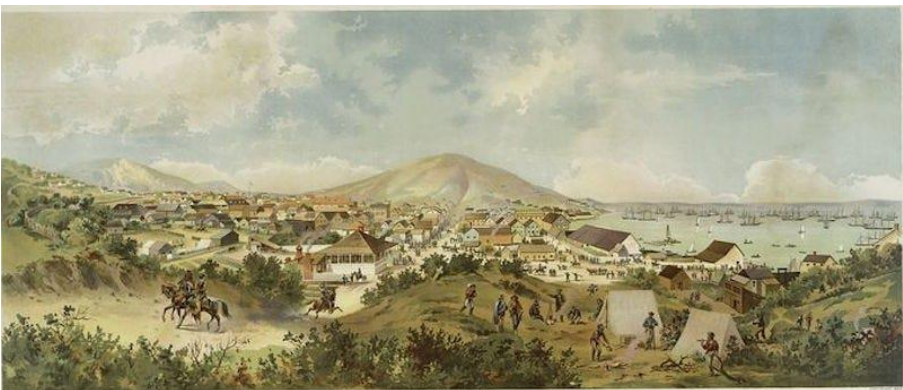
The map is the [Urbano Monte](#) and it's a thing of beauty. It's dated to **1587**, by the way, though just between you and me the 1 is an 'I' for Jesus, telling us that the year of its creation is actually the year of Jesus **587**. *Tomayto-tomahto*. The elephant in the room in regard to the Urbano Monte map is



that it shows an actual elephant being carried off by a bird. But then an even bigger elephant is in how Urbano unashamedly lists a great deal many pre-existing cities across North America, conveniently where the World Fairs were held. Among North America's cities, you should be able to spot the capitol city of **Quivira** of the Quivira Province easily enough, parked right alongside the two thatanka's. We are told that Quivira was a mythological city, one of the seven of gold which the conquistadors sought after, but come on. You and I both know Saint Louis when we see it. I'm thinking **Chiogiga** is none other than Chicago. There are dozens of other cities and it's a shame that they destroyed them because think of all the ongoing revenue from the World Fairs.

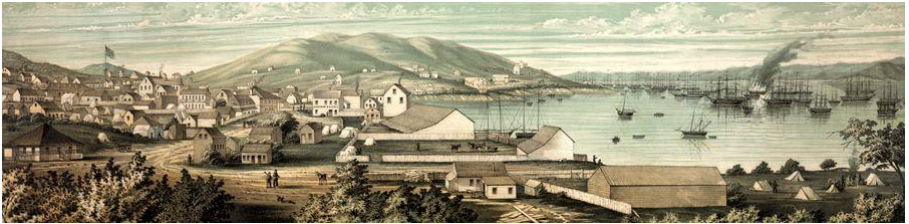


You will get cute and tell me the cities of the plane are Native Americans villages. Amazing then how **San Francisco** is listed among them. I wonder which tribe that one belonged to. Miwok, is it? I will remind you for the third time that the date on the map is **1587**. Official history claims the city on the bay wasn't founded until **1776**. *Oops*. But even then, its name was **Yerba Buena**. It wouldn't become San Francisco until **1835** or thereafter. Story has it that its first inhabitant, **William Richardson**, pitched camp out of a ship's sail on a sandy rise near what is now Grant and Clay. Yeah right. It wouldn't even receive the official San Fran title until January 30, **1847**, in a perfect symmetrical build-up to the Masonic gold rush hoax. How very strange then, considering that a Spanish era map shows a city along the coast called San Francisco. Call me crazy but 16<sup>th</sup>-century mapmakers weren't prophets. Somebody is lying.



Speaking of lies, here we have a cartoon drawing of what the city of San Francisco supposedly looked like in **1849**. There is that year again. I'm seeing random wooden buildings and people on a camping trip in the

foreground. Looks like a pioneer town if you ask me. Exactly what you might expect of a hastily built frontier city intended to cater almost exclusively to prospectors who have only just arrived to shower and shave before heading up to the hills. The problem I am initially having is that the sketch wasn't even published until **1894**. It is an artists' reimagining of what he thinks it might have looked like. Not interested in depicting the old Golden Gate in, *say*, 1848, hmmm? The night is young. Perhaps we should keep looking.



**Henry Firks** is said to have drawn this cartoon in... *wait for it*... **1849**. Amazing, his perfect sense of timing. Firks didn't arrive to sketch the city in 1848 or 1850. Nope, it was the year of all years. I tried learning more about this Firks fellow, like was he a Mason or a Jesuit or a Newspaper Man or all of the above, and only managed to glean that he was tasked with sketching California in the 1800's. Strange then that I can't find a single other drawing in the public records. There's plenty of this one to go around though. Wait a second, the 1894 sketch is just a rip off of this one. Well, there you have it. In 1849, San Francisco looked very much as we would expect to find a blossoming gold west town.

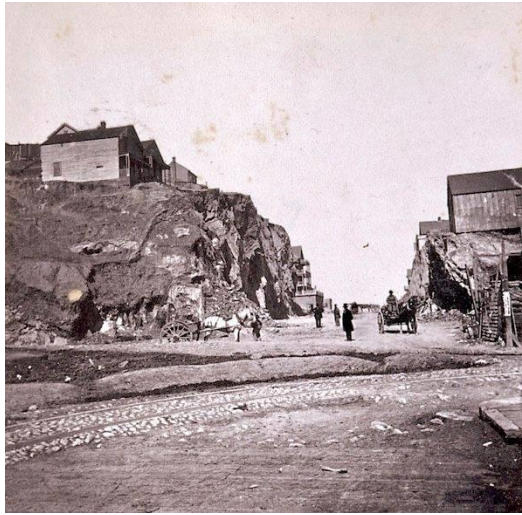


*There it is.* Photographic evidence that absolutely no funny business is going on. Just three city developers in top hats planning out the future of your ordinary run of the mill cowboy town. The scene is Portsmouth Square, *circa* 1851. The future location of China Town. It is here, we are told, that the first American flag was raised in 1846, and also the precise location where the discovery of gold was first announced. If this photo is documented evidence of anything, it's that a conglomerate of city entrepreneurs and money grubbers, all chaotically plopping their tent and their house of sticks and bricks onto random parcels of land, mutually decided to go from a ragtime movie set, complete with the Bonanza theme song playing over the loudspeakers, to something resembling a Millennial Kingdom city. Who are those three men and can they be the president of my HOA? It's difficult enough getting the potholes paved.



See what I mean? It's the middle of a gold rush and San Francisco was successful in elevating a western movie set to something resembling the family vacation to Europe that you've always dreamed of. That's the old city hall, by the way. LOL. Because nothing says Aetheric harvesters in the form of domed resonators or electromagnetic coils in the forms of arched rotundas and Corinthian pillars quite like the paper pushing of a Gubberment records office. And then we have the Freemason's headquarters on the *right*, looking very Gothic. Suffice to say, those are not the sort of places I'd be interested in visiting on holiday, but that is only given the circumstances. You and I both know a repurposed building when we see them.





But *then* we are treated to this *here* dribble. We are told that Broadway is being carved out of the rock in preparation for greatness, among the street corners of Kearny and Montgomery, and that the year is wedged somewhere between **1860-1870**. *Yes*, 1860 to 1870, remember the years. And San Francisco still looks like a Howdy Town to me. I'm seeing the shacks of gold prospectors on the hill and horses pulling incredibly small carriages, even for 1800s standards, but no construction equipment.



Well, here is Montgomery Street in a few short years. The picture on the *right* is dated to **1876**. What in tarnation? The yeehaw is once again quite suddenly missing from the Golden Gate city that I've come to know over the last few pages. That's quite the transformation. Laying the mustard on

kind of thick, don't you think? It's all so suspicious that I'm thinking an extra splash of Tartar sauce is needed to keep the south-blowing breeze of Pier 39 and the wharf at bay.



Yet another picture of the city dated to **1880**. The scale difference between the pedestrians and the horses and carriages with the grandness of the buildings is undoubtedly telling. The power drill hadn't even been invented yet. I'm pretty sure that's the Masonic Temple with its Gothic spires, which we've already seen. The vulgarity of the human mind, grounded into the earth and the mud rather than the heavens, as represented by the LIQUOR store is yet another contrast in all of this. That's something which the inheritors would contribute right alongside the whore houses.

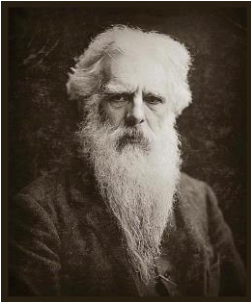


Perhaps the most important documentation of the bay city derives from a panoramic series of photographs dated to **1877**. If you're keeping track of the time, we're **28** years after the nugget announcement, and San Francisco is a fully realized haven. Not that such a feat is impossible. There are plenty of landscapes which have received the 'urban treatment' in as little time. The manifestation though from gold camp to architecture equipped with antiquitech is nothing short of breathtaking. I recommend you spend an afternoon giving it the [looky-loo](#). If we are alike, then it will be an experience long remembered. I am even including a link, allowing you to zoom in upon every nook and cranny. Tell me what you see. Or rather, what is missing. Something is awry, alright, I'm just not ready to tell you yet.



Edward James Muggeridge was born and raised in England. Muggeridge changed his name several times, starting with "Muggridge". From 1855 to 1865, he mainly used the surname "Muygridge".<sup>[5]</sup>

From 1865 onward, he used the surname "Muybridge".



The panorama is attributed to somebody named **Edweard Muybridge**. I know [Wikipedia](#) lists him as **Edward James Muggeridge**, but that is only because he changed his named several times. Muybridge isn't who he truly was. He was born a 'Muggeridge' and ended up a Muybridge, though even his first name was toyed with.



Quickly, I was able to find another [Muggeridge](#), a **Malcolm Muggeridge** who is listed as a journalist for [The Newspapers](#), but not even Wikipedia cares to hide the fact that he was a **spy**. He started out as an operative in Moscow promoting **communism** but then jumped ship to **MI6** (as if that's not suspicious) and

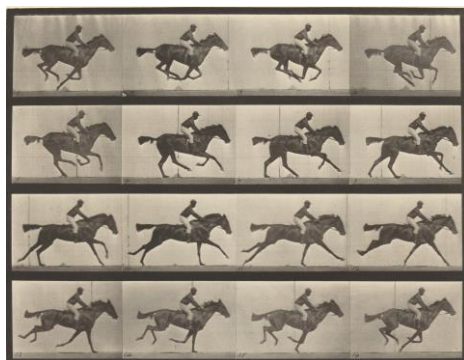
then, after The War, helped bring the **Mother Theresa** project to the forefront of western consciousness. There is at least one spook in the family, it seems.

Born in [Kingston upon Thames](#), England, at the age of 20 he emigrated to the [United States](#) as a bookseller, first to New York City, then to San Francisco. In 1860, he planned a return trip to Europe, but suffered serious head injuries en route in a stagecoach crash in [Texas](#).<sup>[2][3]</sup> He spent the next few years recuperating in Kingston upon Thames, where he took up professional photography, learned the [wet-plate collodion](#) process, and secured at least two British patents for his inventions.<sup>[2]</sup> He returned to San Francisco in 1867, a man with a markedly changed personality. In 1868, he exhibited large photographs of [Yosemite Valley](#), and began selling popular [stereographs](#) of his work.

Well, back to Edward Muggeridge, *er*, I mean, Edweard Muybridge. Gleaning from his Wiki page, we come to learn that he migrated from England to America in 1850 when he was only 20 years old. The actual year when he arrived in San Francisco is not mentioned, though by 1860, we are informed of a serious head injury due to a stagecoach crash in Texas. I find that suspicious. I even find his next few years recuperating in Kingston upon Thames suspicious, learning professional photography. But then I particularly find his return to San Francisco in **1867**, wherein

we read, he was “**a man with a markedly changed personality**,” to be highly suspect, rising above all suspicions. Look, people have *oops* accidents and it’s a thing of life. I’m not talking about those people though. I’m talking about Edward Muggeridge emerging from his accident as Edward Muybridge. That’s phoenix talk. Victims of the MK-Ultra program emerge from psychodramatic episodes ‘a changed person’ as well and the sheeple never bat an eye. Somebody is bound to tell me that the CIA program hadn’t been created yet. Yeah well, mind control of that level goes all the way back to Egypt and Babylon. I find it all suspicious because he is written off like ‘a nobody’ before the head injury and then a great innovator afterwards, complete with a distinct personality change which involved the killing of a man.

Case in point. Thomas Edison may have been responsible for ‘the invention’ of the Kinetograph motion picture camera, as well as the Kinetoscope peep-hole motion picture viewer (both in the whereabouts of 1888), but it is **Muybridge** who paved the way in **1878** with the ‘The Horse In Motion’, what many accredit to being the first ever motion picture. FYI, Muybridge produced various other motion pictures, though if I showed them to you, I would be accused of distributing homo-erotic material. Like the two naked dudes playing leapfrog over the other. There are some things I wish I could unsee and that is one of them. Yep, the earliest motion pictures were nudies.



In addition, he used the pseudonym **Helios** (Titan of the sun) for his early photography. He also used this as the name of his studio and gave it to his only son, as a middle name: Florado Helios Muybridge, born in 1874.<sup>[6]</sup>

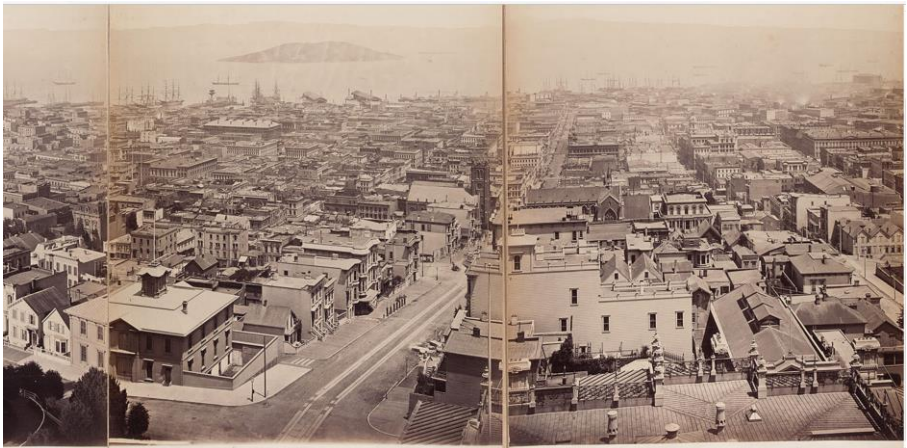
Among Muggeridge’s personality alterations, we come to learn that **Helios** was one of them. It was his pseudonym as well as the name of his San Francisco studio, and later, the middle name of his only son. Sounds like **alchemy** if you want my take on it.



Labeling himself the Titan of the sun identifies the light component to his industrial magic as well as a potential tip-off to the inner-divine.

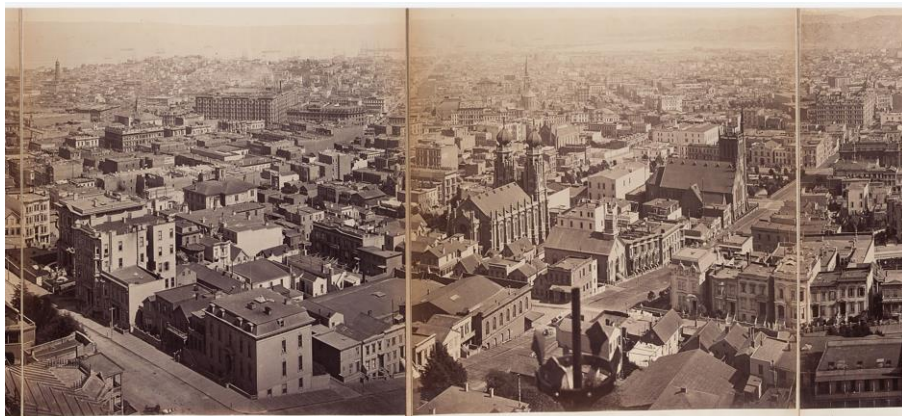


And I'm sure pictures such as this one were completely routine. Muggeridge or Muybridge or Helios or whatever name he was going by on that particular week was just out and about in the woods, minding his own business, enjoying nature, when he stumbled upon three witches scrambling up their morning eggs over the cauldron. Yes, that must be it. Nothing to see here. Moving on.



Where are all the people? That is what I was hoping you'd notice a few pages earlier. Their eerie absence. San Francisco is a ghost town. We are back upon the panorama of San Francisco again, having taken a closer look at its photographer, and the visual before us isn't stacking up quite right. Where are the horses and the carriages? I'm not seeing any. There should be. Check out the pole in the foreground. It has a shadow. The shadow is pointing west towards the Pacific, informing us that we are

gazing upon the city in the A.M. hours. The height of the pole when compared with the shortened length of the shadow tells us that it is closer to noon rather than sunrise.

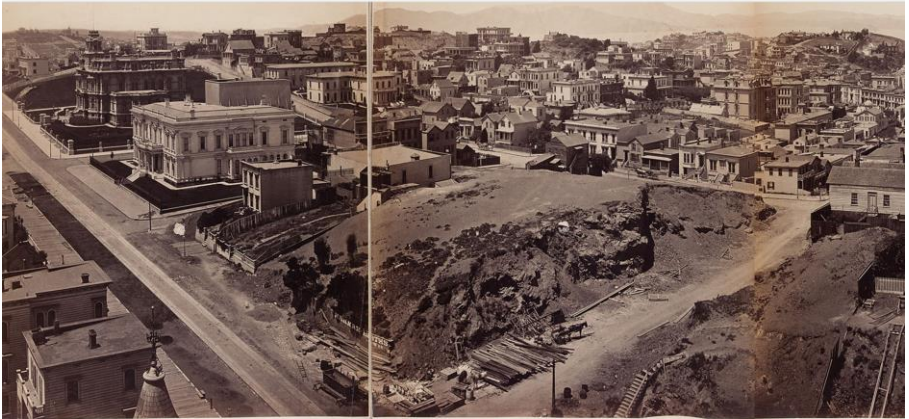


Do recall that I even dropped a link, asking you to spend an afternoon going over every plate. An hour even. Though I suppose five minutes during your next bathroom break would do. Plate after plate reveals a fully developed city. The only missing component are the people. I will remind you that Muybridge-Helios captured this scene in 1877. San Francisco held a population of 150,000 in 1870, though its number would have been closer to the 233,959 mark according to an 1880 census. Apparently, they didn't get the memo. The city was empty.

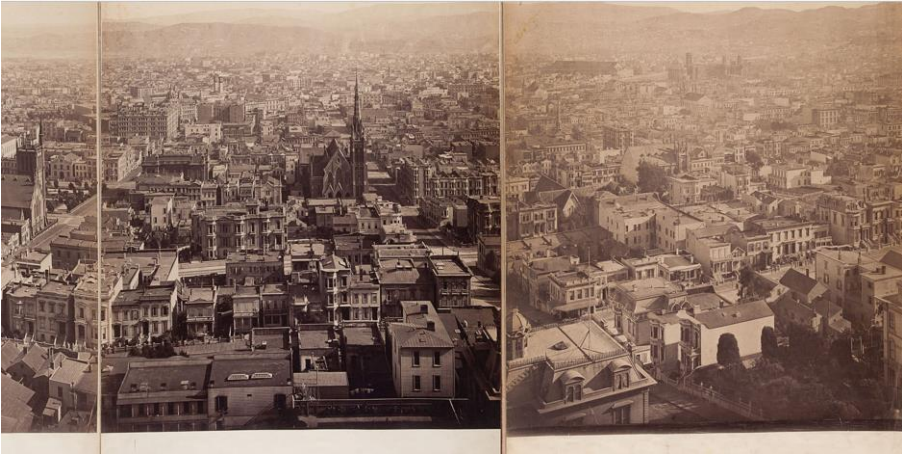


You will tell me that early cameras had slow shutter speeds. So slow that a person could walk completely through the frame before it was taken,

and that is why the city looks empty. *Wrong*. Though early daguerreotype images required an exposure of around twenty minutes, according to the *official* narrative, by the early 1840s it had been reduced to about twenty seconds. And this is 1877 we're talking about. There's a reason as to why I showed you Muybridge's 'Horse In Motion.' He was perfectly capable of capturing animation. And apparently, you didn't study the panorama as I had asked. If you had taken the time to scroll all the way to the left, you would have observed horses and carriages moseying up the street. I'm counting five of them.



Here is yet another frame capturing the hint of activity, though it is minor at best. I'm counting two horses, a cart, and a heaping of building material in the foreground. And so, it would be incorrect to claim that I am saying nothing was built in the city after 1849. Don't be ridiculous. Contrarily, the building materials gives the impression that another house of sticks is being built, which is exactly what I have come to expect from a generation arising from the mud.



The far right-side of Muybridge’s panorama is just as stunning as the rest, if not more-so. In little time, San Francisco transformed from a tent and shack layover destination to a fully developed cityscape, complete with spiraling Cathedral towers and steeples of the antiquitech nature, and there are no people.

San Francisco had been a tiny settlement before the rush began. When residents learned about the discovery, [it at first became a ghost town of abandoned ships and businesses](#).<sup>[19]</sup> but then boomed as merchants and new people arrived. The population of San Francisco increased quickly from about 1,000<sup>[20]</sup> in 1848 to 25,000 full-time residents by 1850.<sup>[21]</sup> Miners lived in tents, wood shanties, or deck cabins removed from abandoned ships.<sup>[22]</sup>

Believe it or not, Wiki does throw us a bone. On their California Gold Rush [article](#), we read: “When residents learned about the discovery [*of gold*], **it at first became a ghost town of abandoned ships and businesses**, but then boomed as merchants and new people arrived.” So, everybody just abandoned the city and made for the hills? They just got up and left like that? That seems to be what they’re saying and only a little awkward. Did they even bother to lock the front door? How long do you suppose San Francisco remained a ghost town? A week... a month... a year maybe? We’re not rightly told. They tell us the population had boomed to 25,000 full-time residents by 1850, but the ghost town story seems like a clever way of introducing a once thriving Millennial Kingdom city to its new arrivals. Yes, that is what I am suggesting. It all leads me to suspect that Muybridge-Helios was selected for this very purpose. To document a rather odd moment in His-Story—as inconvenient as the mud flood. The gold rush was just a cover story.



PART 2:  
The Gold Rush Hoax

“What is it?” inquired Scott.  
“Gold,” I answered.  
“Oh! no,” replied Scott, “That can't be.”  
I said, “I know it to be nothing else.”

—*James W. Marshall*

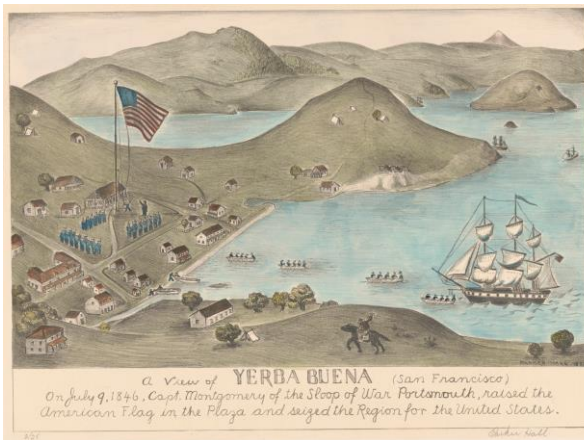


NO sooner had the Mexican American War ended on **February 3, 1848**, when, quite suddenly, a **Freemason** named **James W. Marshall** discovered gold at Sutter's Mill in Coloma, California. Masonic history will tell you that Marshall discovered gold before the War came to an end, **January 24, 1848**, to be precise. I call it convenient. January 24 happens to be **10** days before the war was formally won by the United States Gubbernment, but it would not be confirmed until **March 1848** by **Freemason Samuel Brannan**, a **Newspaper** man and high-ranking **Mormon**. Freemason, Newspaper man, *and* Mormon. I always knew San Francisco was on acid, but that's just through the roof highwire activity, right there.

And not just any Mormon, either. After the death of Joseph Smith in 1844, the Church of Latter-Day Saints decided to relocated their center from Nauvoo, Illinois to California which, at the time, mind you, was beyond United States borders. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 oversaw Mexico's ceding 55 percent of its territory, including the present-day states California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, most of Arizona and Colorado, and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, and Wyoming.



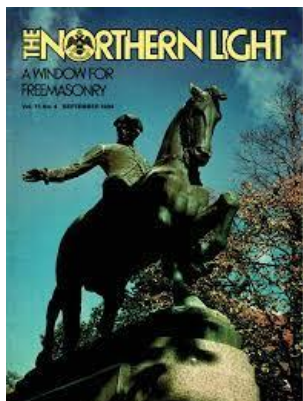
With J-Smith gone, Brannan found himself the highest-ranking religious leader in New York. He set sail for California upon *'The Brooklyn'* in January 1846, bringing along an antiquated printing press and a complete flour mill. The Mexican American War started on April 25, 1846, three months before his arrival in Yerba Buena. Something was indeed happening. The Mormons wanted California. The United States Gubbernment wanted California. The Freemasons wanted California. Hell, the Jesuits had established their presence in California as early as the late 17<sup>th</sup>-century. Clearly, in the few short years leading up to Marshall's discovery, there was a rush out to California, and it wasn't for gold. Spooks were being put in place. Everyone wanted a slice of the alchemical pie.



Brannan arrived in Yerba Buena on **July 31, 1846**, only to be greeted by Commander **John B. Montgomery** of the United States Navy. They had proceeded him by as little as three weeks, taking the city from the Mexicans on July 9. Brannan was pissed.

Of course, it needs to be stated that Yerba Buena is advertised to us as a small insignificant Mexican port, reportedly containing 100 structures upon Brannan's arrival in 1846, many of which were saloons. By 1847, the population of Yerba Buena contained approximately **450** inhabitants. And then something *happened*. The Mormons had agents in place. The Masons had agents in place, many of which were Mormons. And the U.S. had its military in place, many of which were Masons, ~~though perhaps not Mormons.~~ **[EDIT: Never mind. Fact check. The Mormon Battalion** was

actually a thing. They served for one year during the Mexican American War, from July 1846 – July 1847. Their job? Marching up and down California. You can't make this stuff up. The Mormons and the Masons and the Military, or the M.M.M. as I like to call them, were all in bed together.] And then, not to be overlooked, the “forty-niners” arrived. Because of 1849, you know. Just as suddenly, the city of Yerba Buena was reconfigured to its San Francisco counterpart, but why the name change? After **Saint Francis of Assisi** too, the man who stripped off his garments so as to renounce his paternal inheritance.



**Carl Swanson**, a self-proclaimed, **32-degree Mason**, wrote in the **September 1984** issue of *The Northern Light*, a Masonic paper with an alchemical phoenix for its logo, that Masonry wrestled “the town of Yerba Buena from the murderers and other criminals.” It is furthermore due to their involvement and concern, Swanson insists, that San Francisco became the great city that it is today. Well, darn. And here I’ve been calling San Fran a psyop city for so long that I’ve forgotten to thank them.

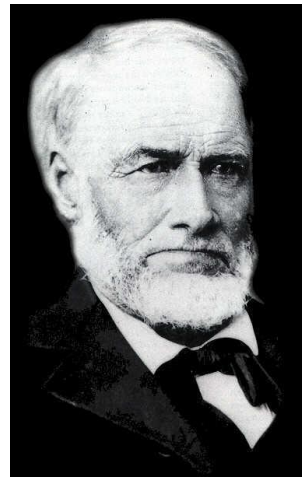
The person responsible for the name change was someone called **Washington A. Bartlett**, the city’s very first Alcalde. I looked Bartlett up. He’s related to **Josiah Bartlett**, a **signatory** of the United States Declaration of Independence. Also, they’re both **Freemasons**.



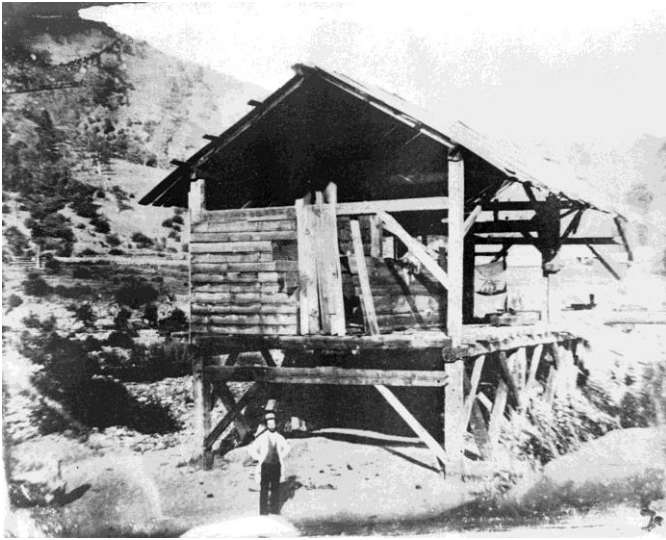
Freemasons are of course everywhere in the narrative. I could throw you into the deep end of the pool and sadistically watch you attempt to doggy paddle through them with a leg cramp, and I won’t, but there’s one name in particular who may be worth bringing up. After serving as the private secretary to New York Governor **Daniel D. Tompkins**, who became **Vice President** in 1816, **Freemason Jonathan Drake Stevenson** was personally offered command of a regiment of ten companies of 77 men each by **President Polk** in **1846** with the understanding that they would patrol California. They landed in Yerba Buena, an untold number of agents in place. On **November 9, 1849**, business leaders of San Francisco

who were affiliated with Lodges across the country formed the first **Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons**, which was furthermore granted by the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. Stevenson was its first Master. I bring this up because California's first constitution was adopted 4 days later, on the **13th of November**. By April 18, 1850, California's Grand Lodge was formed, with Stevenson becoming its first **Grand Master**. And then, not surprisingly, on September 9, California entered the United States.

Getting back to Samuel Brannan, the Mormon-Mason Newspaper man founded *The California Star*, originally a Yerba Buena-based paper, releasing its first issue on **August 1, 1846**. Shortly thereafter, James Marshall entered into a partnership with **John Sutter**. Marshall, you know about. Well, I *checked*. Sutter was also a **Freemason**.



Starting in August of 1847, the idea was to build a mill in order to supply lumber for the construction of Sutter's Fort. At the time, the capital of California was Monterey. John Sutter would change that. No sooner had the mill frame risen and the brush dam finished in January of 1848, when Marshall discovered the yellow sparkly stuff in the soil. Mill workers decided to give it a look and, according to Carl Swanson, **laughed at his discovery**. I will remind you again that Swanson is recounting these events for *The Northern Light*. I dropped you a link to the actual article. His confessions come across with flavors of esotericism, and they're telling. We then read that Marshall entered Sutter's office in Sacramento and emptied his pockets. Swanson insists that they alone, and nobody else, tested the rock and found it to be gold. No proof of a discovery was ever found. Marshall then returned to his mill on the morning of January 29 and opened a private investigation up the river. Here Swanson adds, conclusive evidence was shown that "gold was lodged all along its course and in the tributary ravines and creeks." Marshall had discovered the Sierra Nevada's divine secret. The entire country was a womb, impregnated with gold.



What's more, I can't even find evidence that Marshall ever was at Sutter's Mill. The **Library of Congress** claims you're looking at him. They've included it in a caption which states *that's* James Marshall propped up in front of the mill in **1850**. Yep, there he is, James Marshall in the flesh, standing around at Sutter's Mill, arms pressed to his thighs, proving to future skeptics like me that he was there, right alongside the creek, and that gold was discovered by him. But then, somewhere along the way, a miracle actually happened. It certainly doesn't happen every day when it comes to these psyops, but historians at Marshall Gold State Historic Park got together and mutually agreed that they'd been hoaxed. The James Marshall fellow is an imposter. Even Wikipedia is pressed to admit that the person you're looking at isn't him. I'll take that as a win. How much of the James Marshall character was invented, I wonder?

Do try to understand what I'm *not* saying. People love that part, to read into what I'm not saying and then run with it to social media, or their home church groups, where my papers are apparently discussed. I'm *not* saying there was no gold to be discovered and that nobody lived a plush life afterwards, even if the "gold" was intended to be read as something alchemical in nature to the Elite. Contrarily, our Controllers knew there was gold in the hills, *some* gold. I guess what I am saying is, they used agent Marshall to draw them out when they were good and ready.



The irony of California being “the Golden State” didn’t even occur to me until I compiled whatever information I could find on [Calafia, Queen of California](#) into a research paper. In it, I displayed a series of maps which reveal California to have been an island not so long ago. But then another discussion point involves Calafia herself, queen of the California Island. According to the official narrative, she was first introduced to the world by 16<sup>th</sup> century poet **Garci Rodríguez de Montalvo**. His epic novel on chivalry, ‘Las sergas de Esplandián’ (The Adventures of Esplandián), was written around **1510**, of which we find the most peculiar plot point, courtesy of [Wikipedia](#).

Calafia meets Radiaro, a Muslim warrior who convinces her that she should join him in retaking Constantinople from the Christian armies holding it. Calafia, in turn, convinces her people to take their ships, weapons, armor, riding beasts, and 500 griffins, and sail with her to Constantinople to fight the Christians, though she has no concept of what it means to be Muslim or Christian.<sup>[5]</sup> Her subjects arm themselves with weapons and armor made of gold, as there is no other metal in California. They fill their ships with supplies and hasten to sea.<sup>[5]</sup>

Did I read what I *think* I read? *Mm-hmm*, I just re-read it again for certainty. It says **gold**. As in, there be gold in them hills. **California gold**. What are the chances that the very land named after a fantasy novel describing a land of gold would *also* create the biggest push for Manifest Destiny in

American history—because of gold? Slim to none. And to the *Calif* state of all places. I'd say they can't make this stuff up, but they do all the time. If you need this spelled out for you, California was named by Spanish mapmakers in the 1500's but only based upon a fictitious land of gold from a Spanish novel. **Gold would then be discovered 300 years later**, according to the *official* narrative, in the very state named after a fictitious kingdom of gold. It gets *worse*.

For many years, the Rodríguez de Montalvo novel languished in obscurity, with no connection known between it and the name of California made by English speaking Americans. In 1864, a portion of the original was translated by Edward Everett Hale for The Antiquarian Society, and the story was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine.<sup>[5]</sup> Hale supposed that in inventing the names, Rodríguez de Montalvo held in his mind the Spanish word *calif*, the term for a leader of the Muslim people.<sup>[16]</sup> Hale's joint derivation of *Calafia* and *California* was accepted by many, then questioned by a few scholars who sought further proof, and offered their own interpretations. George Davidson wrote in 1910 that Hale's theory was the best yet presented, but offered his own addition.<sup>[17]</sup>

*Far worse*. Next paragraph, we are told the Montalvo novel “languished in obscurity with no connection known between it and the name of California made by English speaking Americans.” It wouldn't be published for the English-speaking world until **1864**. Do the math on that. You may need to pull out the calculator again. It's some **15 years** after the **gold rush** kickoff. Oops. That's their way of telling us to keep our filthy paws off their draperies, because nothing's getting pulled from the curtain rod on their watch. Never mind the fact that the county where gold was discovered by James Marshall is named **El Dorado**. No, I am not making that up either. Naming the land after another conquistador legend, are we?

In review, what have we learned? I have shown you that the city of San Francisco, not overlooking the State of California as a whole, were M.M.M. operations from the get-go. But then here is something that I neglected to tell. We know Brannan was an agent working to secure an exodus for the Latter-Day Saints because, in June 1847, he traveled to Wyoming to meet with **Brigham Young**, hoping to steer him west. But by then it was too late. Young had already wrestled control from Joseph Smith's protegee and settled upon Salt Lake City. Oh, and that's another thing. I forgot to show his picture. Well, *boom*, then. There he is. Agent Samuel Brannan.



It is strange indeed that James Marshall was never once capable of offering proof of his discovery, even after he'd staked claims of his own. The man who invented the Gold Rush had nothing to show for it. We're dealing with the greatest gold rush the modern world has ever seen, but like Newspaper man Brannan, those who spread California's alchemy far and wide made their fortunes selling supplies to "forty-niners," and I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised to find real estate come into it. Brannan sold his paper in 1848 of all years. Was it poor timing, or was his assignment done? One thing seems certain, the entire push for westward expansionism seemed perfectly orchestrated.

Speaking of which. On **October 26, 1846**, only steps ahead of the winter snowfall, **Freemason James Reed** emerged at Sutter's Fort in modern-day Sacramento. Several months earlier, he had started with a wagon train in Independence, Missouri, the very site which John Smith had selected as Mormonism's New Jerusalem. They called themselves the Donnor Party, and Reed had a story to tell.