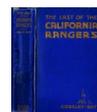


The Last of the California Rangers (1928) by Jill L. Cossley-Batt

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About the Author

Jill L. Cossley-Batt was born June 15, 1891 in England. She is not related to the subject, Captain William Howard, as claimed by some writers, but is a friend of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Ida Tinsley Desmond. Jill Batt also wrote *Elixir of Life* (1935), a book about food, and *Sipa Khorlo: the Tibetan Wheel of Life* (1955) with Irving Baird. Jill Batt died February 1969 in New York City.

Bibliographical Information

Jill Lillie Emma Cossley-Batt (1891–1969), *The Last of the California Rangers* (New York & London: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1928). 299+xix pages. 22 cm. Illustrated with black & white photographs, facsimilies, plates, & portraits. Frontispiece with author's photograph. First printing "Limited Deluxe Edition" limited to 200 copies, November 1928. Also a second printing, December 1928, reproduced here. Bound in blue cloth with gilt lettering; illustrated endpapers; edges untrimmed; Dust jacket has illustration of Murieta falling off his horse when captured. LCCN 28030766. Library of Congress Call Number F864.H86. Cowan, p. 144; Rocq. 15762; Zamorano 80 #64; Herd Six Guns 499.

This book is the biography of Captain William James Howard (1829–January 1924), the last surviving member of the California State Rangers. Howard ranched west of Mariposa and joined the Rangers, a posse formed by Harry Love to stop bandit gangs in central California.

Not mentioned in the book is that many of the bandit gangs were Californios who were driven out of the mines by Anglo miners or heavily taxed by the Foreign Miners' Tax Act (even though they were U.S. Citizens). The original California Rangers should not be confused with contemporary groups with the same name. The book includes information about the Mariposa Battalion and discovery of Yosemite. It also has information about Galveston Island, Republic of Texas, where Howard grew up.

- A review of this book is in *California History* magazine 8:83-84 (1928).

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—Dan Anderson, www.yosemite.ca.us

Next: Title page



[End papers: An Old-Time Mining Camp. Courtesy of A. C. Jackson, Union Pacific Railway; click to enlarge]
[Editor's note: Charles Nahl's painting *Sunday in the California Diggins*—*dea*].

THE LAST OF THE CALIFORNIA RANGERS

The Last of the California Rangers

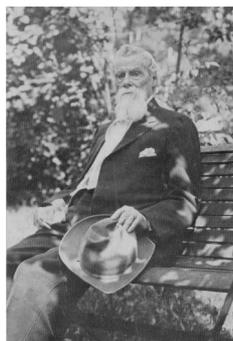
BY
JILL L. COSSLEY-BATT



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New York and London

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United States, August 11, 1910.



WILLIAM JAMES HOWARD

Last of the California Rangers, photographed on his ninety-seventh birthday by the author.

This Book is Specially Dedicated to
My Dear Friend

MRS. IDA TINSLEY DESMOND
The Eldest Daughter of
Captain William J. Howard

I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to the California State Library, Sacramento; to the University of California, the California Historical and Pioneer Societies, the Stockton Chamber of Commerce, and the Mariposa *Gazette*, for assisting me in historical research by giving me entry to their old records and by introducing me to old-timers and recognized historians.

J. L. Cossley-Batt

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Preface

Preface
On account of information previously published in various books and certain historical records on file, there is no doubt that many readers will be ready to question some of the statements made about Savage, Murieta and the Indians. However, I am anxious that people should know the truth about things pertaining to the early days. Under the circumstances I beg to state that it is a true statement of affairs as I found them when there in my young days.
W. J. Howard.
July 17 1923

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INTRODUCTION

The history of every nation is fraught with instances of individual heroism, sacrifice, and adventure. Many pages of the great life-book of the American Republic are stained with the blood of martyrs and heroes. In the veins of the native American flows the same brave blood with which the nation was baptized in its infancy, and the Western march of civilization was accomplished only after incredible suffering and almost insurmountable obstacles had been overcome.

As a fitting tribute to the memory of the thousands who blazed the trail, "Old Glory" proudly floats on the breezes from old New England to the golden shores of California.

The early history of California was enacted long after the birth of the American Nation; there is no other State in the Union, however, whose history is so replete with tragedy, romance and real adventure. Not many old-time pioneers, men who actually took part in the shaping of this early history—in fact, only one or two, and these very advanced in years—still survive, thus making it difficult for one to take a story from them personally.

One day in June, 1922, while sojourning in the scenic city of Portland, Oregon, I was invited to have tea in a quaint old-fashioned home near Portland Heights. Here it was my good fortune to meet one of California's old pioneers, a wiry, aristocratic-looking, white-haired Soldier of Fortune, who was soon to celebrate his ninety-sixth birthday. The exceptionally interesting life of this old gentleman, and his early activities in the making of Western history, so impressed me that I was persuaded to undertake the compilation of this book. Then one day, after I had been working on it industriously for almost four years, I grew disheartened and threw the manuscript into the heap of "forgotten things." A little later I heard from the California Historical Society that Mr. Charles Camp, of the University of California, was searching the country for me, and I immediately got into communication with him. We lunched on the campus, and during our conversation he inspired and encouraged me so much that I came away fully determined to complete my book.

Such is the story of how I came to write this account of the most stirring experiences in the long life of Captain William James Howard—as a mounted ranger, legislative administrator and diplomat—from materials furnished by himself, chiefly through spoken narrative. The whole course of his border career had been varied and rugged, and looking back over the panorama of the past, he conjured up many scenes of general human interest, especially for this age of historical research.

Captain Howard had a most interesting career; he was born August 26, 1826, and up to the time of his death in January, 1924, retained his keen intellect and retentive memory. His life, told in detail, would fill many volumes; therefore I shall be brief about some of his adventures, merely remarking that he lived in the days of the wine-cup and the guitar, the days when women were comparatively scarce and the jealous love of brave young men resulted in desperate duels.

One of Howard's chief distinctions is that, at the time the facts which have been embodied in this book were taken, he was the last surviving member of the "California Rangers," an intrepid band of frontiersmen, known also as "Harry Love's Rangers," organized at the request of the Legislative body of the Golden State in its early period of development, to suppress the activities of the "California Banditti," of whom Joaquin Murieta was the leader and most daring member.

In the pages of this book I specially stress Captain Howard's life with the Indians, his deeds as a Ranger, his activities in the Yosemite work in the Detective Service, and his service in the California Legislature. Many old letters dealing with early California politics, with Joaquin Murieta, and with the pioneers in the Yosemite Valley, are here reproduced for the first time; also a few unique illustrations, including a copy of the painting of Murieta, which was done by a young priest.

James Wilson Marshall and Major James D. Savage have special space, because Howard knew them both very intimately, and appeared anxious that the world should know them as they really were. Unusual incidents connected with the lives of General Sam Houston, Senator Broderick, Judge David Terry, General U. S. Grant, General Connor, Colonel Edward Baker, Joaquin Murieta and others—facts that had been suppressed for political reasons—are brought to light for the first time in these pages.

Many volumes have been written about the early days of the South and the West, some of them extremely far-fetched and others deficient in detail. Captain Howard's narrative doubtless contains a few contradictions of statements already published, but the facts of my story, supplemented by California travel and much historical research, are exactly as he related them. His veracity was unquestioned, and it was his dying wish to give to the world a true color of life as it was in his pioneering days. His knowledge of languages, his political and detective ability, in addition to his intimate friendship with the leading men of the land, placed him in a position to know the "ins and outs" of all the great events which took place when the mad rush for gold ushered in a new historical epoch—an epoch that furnished an unusual impetus toward the Western trend of civilization, which has prevailed for more than two thousand years.

All these facts he imparted to me in detail, and I now pass them on to the public as part of a word-picture of California life in its most romantic epoch, trusting that the whole may have particular appeal to both youth and adult.

Jill L. Cossley-Batt.

September 20, 1928.

The Last of the California Rangers

I EARLY CHILDHOOD

One hundred years ago, in Caroline County, Virginia, not very far from Richmond, could be seen a stately white mansion, standing some distance back from the road, and approached by a long drive bordered with poplars and box. It had a large portico and a beautiful "jut," while on either side of it was a well-laid-out garden, gay with multi-colored flowers and ornamental shrubs. In various corners of these extensive grounds were rose-embowered summer-houses and grape-arbors, places to dream in and about.

Through a mass of green foliage, the white house seemed, with its many windows, to peep and glisten, making a romantic picture in the soft sunshine. Even at night the windows retained their welcoming gleam, as seen through the trees, for an abundance of candle-light always proclaimed to the outside world, after darkness had set in, a message of hospitality. The wood-paneled interior consisted of a large hall, spacious dining-room, with detached kitchen, ball-room, study, and smoking-room. A beautifully carved staircase led up to four ladies' chambers and two guest chambers, furnished throughout for comfort and convenience.

A hundred yards from each corner of this Virginian mansion stood a dormer-window building. These four buildings were used respectively as school-house, laundry, coach-house, and stable. Quite near the stable was the bowling green, while some distance from these structures were the negroes' special quarters.

This mansion, known as "Taliaferro Court," and erected by Lawrence Taliaferro in 1776, was the home of Major Taliaferro Howard and his girl-wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Garnett Tinsley; also, in 1826, it became the birthplace of William James Howard, the subject of this book.

Major Howard and his wife were Baptists, consequently the home atmosphere was rather strict and puritanical. It was the old Virginian home-life, which moulded men, noble, gentle and brave, and women, tender, pure and true. An abundance of spiritual life filled the home with purity and peace, and gradually instilled in young William a tender reverence for his parents. The Howards led extremely active lives, a fact which contradicts the general assumption that the ante-bellum Virginians lived a life of ease and pleasure. It is true, the manual work was accomplished by colored boys; nevertheless, careful supervision, thinking, and planning were necessary on the part of the Virginian planter to insure financial success.

He was not alone in this work, for his young wife was ever near him to share his burdens and his pleasures. She was a sweet little mother, dainty and tender, a God-fearing, inexplicable Southern girl, possessing a force of grit and courage characteristic of her warrior ancestors. Her time was fully occupied superintending her house, servants, garden and dairy; sewing for herself and her children, in addition to taking care of her husband's important documents. Her hair, it is true, was brushed by one maid and her shoes laced by another, while a third fanned her when she read and sewed; nevertheless, her position was one of importance and responsibility. Because

it was the prevailing custom to extend to all corners the fullest hospitality, much entertaining had to be done; musical evenings, country dances, and many games were indulged in. Mrs. Taliaferro Howard, therefore, was always busy making arrangements for guests and planning meals, clothes or sleeping accommodations.

There were no hardships and calamities in the Howard home, and the devoted mother regarded the training of her children as something really sacred. She inspired and governed them, but her sympathy and tenderness were theirs always, so they grew to love her with a reverence akin to awe.

Under this care and supervision William's early life was very happy. With extensive grounds to ramble over, and with numerous darky servants, whose idol he became, to tease and order about, he grew to be a strong and stalwart little lad. His greatest joy was to ride on the back of Edmund, the willing family coachman, whom he called his "Black Gee-Gee," his arms clutched around the old fellow's neck. Daily he spent the time either riding, walking, or climbing trees, and at the age of six he could ride well, handle a gun, and even play the banjo a little. He also became familiar with all the negro songs, and many of the funny negro ways he could imitate very divertingly.

A born leader, fearless, ready to risk any kind of danger, he soon acquired a reputation for daring. The negroes never hesitated to fulfil his commands, and this precocious exercise of authority served to instil in him, at a very early stage, the habit of leadership and the desire to organize and command.

II COTTON, SLAVES, AND MISSISSIPPI

"Watah so shallah dat de eel taint swim
'Dout kickin' up de dus' in de middle ob de stream.
Sunshine hot, an' de catfish say,
We's gittin' right freckle-faced down ouh way.
 Oh, you gellahnippah
 Down on de Mississippah,
 Gellahnippah,
 Mississippah,
 O-h-i-o."

When William was about six years old, his father purchased a plantation in Mississippi. The idea of leaving old Virginia and commencing a new life among strangers was not very attractive to his mother. However, with all the grit of the pioneer stock from whence she came, the young woman bravely faced the obstacles, and in April, 1832, all the family left their native home.

The children with their father and mother led the way in a much-treasured family coach drawn by two prancing horses. Forty-six slaves, with horses and wagons carrying necessary equipment, followed in the rear. In this manner they traveled for ninety days, and at intervals camped by the roadside, where game and wood were plentiful. Amongst the men there were several good shots, therefore the family enjoyed excellent meals of turkey and deer.

It was the most beautiful season of the year, when nature bursts forth in her spring robes, and the scenery became more tropical the farther South they traveled. As they wended their way through this fascinating country, the children occasionally walked and played, feasting at intervals on berries and early wild fruits. The beautiful foliage, semi-tropical trees, hills, rivers, and rippling streams basking in the sunshine made a vivid and lasting impression upon the mind of William.

One glorious morning in July the little caravan halted outside a large log-house, rather crude compared to "Taliaferro Court." This was "Taladago," the new home, which was still occupied by the former owner, an Indian Chief, who was gathering his effects together. The house was quite good inside and contained four large rooms with an open fireplace at each end, in addition to a spacious hall for the convenience of hunting equipment. Near the house was a large orchard filled with ripening fruits, a river and a clear spring. For the children the greatest attraction was a huge mulberry tree, which, on their arrival, was covered with delicious berries. Doubtless, this home looked particularly good to the Howard family after their three months' sojourning on the roads and trails.

Two hours after their arrival, Louis Lucas, the Choctaw Indian Chief, while collecting his fishing tackle, fell and broke his ankle. One of the servants carried him to a newly erected bed, where he was confined for several weeks. During his illness Mr. and Mrs. Howard took the greatest care of him; he became extremely fond of William and taught him the rudiments of the Indian language. In the last week of August, the Chief was well enough to leave for his new home. Before taking his departure he presented the family with valuable gifts, and bestowed a blessing upon his apt pupil, who was celebrating his sixth birthday.

The new home, with its vast cotton plantation, was situated one-and-a-half miles from the nearest white residence. Major Howard immediately erected a school-house and negro quarters, engaged a special tutor, and brought in fifteen young boys to join William in his first studies. Fortunately, William was quick at learning, had a good memory, and made rapid progress.

Later, on account of business matters and the children's education, Taliaferro Howard had a hotel built in Macon, Mississippi, where the family resided for general convenience. William, having reached his eighth birthday, was sent to the grade school; here he had his first taste of Latin, archery, and politics, for his father became interested in the political fight which decided Macon as the county-seat of Noxubec County. In about one year the hotel was sold and the family returned to "Taladago" plantation.

While William grew in wisdom and strength amidst the sunshine and subtropical trees of Mississippi, the greatest social events of his childhood were the Christmas parties, one of which celebrated the marriage of John Adair and Miss Rebecca McCascal. William's father and the renowned General Adair had served together in the army at New Orleans, and shortly after the Howard family arrived at "Taladago," the General's eldest son, John, had come to live with them.

William Howard's parents carried their Virginian ideals and customs with them wherever they went, and so the Christmas party was the greatest event of the year. It was the slaves' annual holiday season, and preparations for this festivity were made weeks ahead. William took an active part in unpacking boxes and decorating the church and home. He also watched with eager eyes the killing of the turkeys and hogs, the gathering of the corn, and the cutting of the great Yule logs.

By Christmas Eve the excitement was at its height. The hall became crowded with immaculately dressed young women and men, all anxious to meet their relatives and friends. Hickory wood blazed in the open fire-places, and the kitchen was filled with cooks in action. As the carriages arrived with eager occupants who could scarcely restrain themselves, the servants led the way to host and hostess, who greeted them with friendly handclaps, followed by a hearty meal and cheerful talks around the old fireside.

The hanging of stockings was another exciting event, and on Christmas morning white-clad figures with bulging stockings moved joyously from room to room. At the breakfast-table young hopefuls confessed the tricks they had played in the name of Santa Claus, and every one was happy until dinner time.

Dinner was the great meal of the day. The old mahogany table, its snow-white cloth decorated with brilliantly colored candles and flowers—and bearing on its ample surface a large turkey, a ham and a roast of beef, with numerous other dishes that had tested the cook's skill— was surrounded with people, old and young, who feasted amid lively jests and repartee. Faithful old servants moved around in a somewhat uncertain manner on account of frequent visits to the toddie-bowl. Nevertheless, the dinner always ended well, and after a luxurious repast, the genial host selected the prettiest girl, and led his guests into the ballroom, where to the strains of violin music they danced the "Virginia reel."

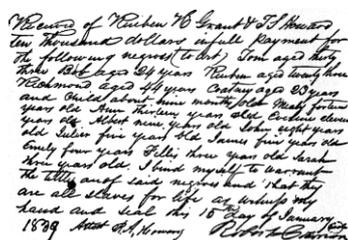
According to custom, the plantation hands were allowed to celebrate at this time of the year; all through their quarters they were giving thanks to "dey mahsah" for his generosity and for respite from work. They entered into and enjoyed the spirit of Christmas as much as the children of pleasure.

At the close of the dancing on Christmas Day, 1838, Major Howard, hearing the dogs bark, sensed that the disturbance might be the outcome of indulgence, and planned to take advantage of the superstitions of the negroes. He invited William to go with him, and, adorning themselves with two white sheets, they left the house unnoticed. Appearing like two ghosts, they crossed the stream which led to the negro quarters, and this caused the dogs to bark louder. On account of the barking, Mangrum, the overseer, crossed the stream, where he found three negroes attempting to cut down a tree, singing to themselves, "Coon up de Tree." Suddenly the negroes spotted the white figures holding lanterns, and moved as fast as their legs could carry them. One poor old fellow, who was very deaf, said "Mah God! Why yo' all runnin'?" Then, seeing the ghosts, he also ran like a deer. Major Taliaferro Howard and his son were successful in reaching the house before the frightened runners reappeared there, and it was with much inward amusement that they listened to the negroes' ghost story.

The following day two of the colored men who had been so badly frightened ran away from the old home. In the days of 1832-1840 slaves were valued at \$600 to \$1,200 each, therefore the planter immediately set out to recover them. One was caught in the act of stealing a chicken when only twelve miles away. The other, Daniel, a little stout fellow, stayed away several months, returning one day quite unexpectedly. When Taliaferro Howard asked him why he came back, he replied, "Well, Mahsah, I thought yo' all be ez glad ter see me as I am ter see you."

The family lived for seven years in Noxubec County, Mississippi, and before starting out on another venture, Major Howard, in collaboration with a man named Reuben Grant, purchased more slaves, and the original agreement for that purchase is here reproduced as a document of historical interest. It reads:

Received of Reuben H. Grant and T. S. Howard ten thousand dollars in full payment for the following negroes (to wit): Tom, aged thirty-three; Bob, aged 24 years; Reuben, aged twenty-three; Richmond, aged 44 years; Coatney, aged 23 years, and child about nine months; Mealy, fourteen years old; Ann, thirteen years old; Eveline, eleven years old; Albert, nine years old; John, eight years old; Julier, five years old; James, five years old; Emily, four



*Received of Reuben H. Grant & T. S. Howard
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three Bob aged 24 years Reuben aged twenty three
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and child about nine months Mealy fourteen
years old Ann thirteen years old Eveline eleven
years old Albert nine years old John eight years
old Julier five years old James five years old
Emily four years old. I bind myself to warrant
the title and carry my hand and seal that they
are all slaves for life as witness my
hand and seal this 15 Day of January
1839 Attest R. A. Howard*

A RELIC OF SLAVERY DAYS

years old; Fillis, three years old; Sarah, three years old. I bind myself to warrant the title of said negroes, and that they are all slaves for life as witness my hand and seal this 15th day of January, 1839.

Robert F. Coleman. (Seal)

Attest, R. A. Howard.

III ANOTHER VENTURE

At the close of seven years' residence in Mississippi, Taliaferro Howard decided to move his family farther West, so he purchased a farm in Washington County, in the independent Republic of Texas. It took ten days to prepare for the journey. As usual, the Major,

his wife and children led the way in the old family coach, followed in the rear by slaves and baggage, in exactly the same way that they had left old Virginia.

The trip proved both pleasant and thrilling to William, who was now an excellent shot. As they traveled farther West the country became more wild and the coloring more vivid. The young people daily discovered some new wild growth, and numerous kinds of flowers met their eager gaze. Indeed, this part of the globe has been generously endowed by Mother Nature. In the late springtime they arrived at their new home, which, sad to relate, proved a great disappointment. It is true they did not experience much trouble with bandits and negro-stealers; nevertheless, the mosquitoes were a real pest, and every member of the family suffered continuous attacks of malarial fever; therefore, on account of fever and crop-failures, Major Howard, at the end of one season, moved his family nearer to Austin, on the Brazos.

Here the surroundings were more interesting; they carried William's mind back to Mississippi. Yes, the same kind of home, with large rooms, vast open fire-places, and wide hunting-hall. The house was built on a slope, almost two miles from the River Brazos. Bordering the river were large oak-trees, which tested the boy's skill at climbing. There was also a corn and cotton plantation, with negro quarters some distance from the main residence.

At six o'clock every morning it was William's allotted duty to cross the bayou on his pony and call the slaves. How his heart leaped when he thought of the vicious alligators in the water, for they were especially fond of dogs, hogs, and little boys! Sometimes, however, the mischievous lad could not resist catching a half-grown specimen of these ugly creatures, and using it to play tricks upon the faithful old servants.

His old Mammy, "Aunt Agnes," was the head milker; she was in the habit of keeping her stool and bucket inside of the wooden fence which protected the cows in the pasture. Many times William reached through the fence and dipped his cup into the fresh, warm milk. When Mammy discovered his trick, she moved the bucket away from the fence; then the naughty boy procured a joint of hollow cane, and by pushing it through the rails into the pail was able to indulge freely. Eventually, "Aunt Agnes" was successful in placing the bucket of milk out of her tormentor's reach, and he, one day, gained revenge by almost frightening the poor old woman to death.

On bright days the alligators often came out on the bank to bask in the sun, and on this occasion the boy caught one four feet long. Carefully tying a cord around its neck, he attached the other end to the door-key, which Mammy usually hid under her door-step. Restoring the key to its accustomed place, he put the reptile in the waterhole under the cabin. When "Aunt Agnes" returned early in the evening and picked up her key, she naturally dragged the alligator with it. The shock caused her to scream and almost collapse from heart-failure, while the alligator fled, dragging the key after it. William watched the proceedings from a well-chosen corner, and at the critical moment came to the rescue, saying:

"Mammy, if you promise not to whip me, I will get the key for you."

She promised, and at the boy's request fetched an ax. With this implement William killed the alligator, secured the door-key, and handed it to her with a naughty look on his face.

Shortly after their arrival at the Brazos, Taliaferro Howard had a school-house erected and engaged Mr. Melvin as tutor. With all the excitement of his surroundings, William found it very difficult to study. His attention was continually attracted to some new discovery. He loved to study the flowers in the garden; there was the Spanish bayonet, with its pure flaxen flowers; and there was the exotic cactus, with its gorgeous blossoms; also the pinks, the forget-me-nots, hollyhocks, and purple, yellow, and pink gillyflowers. Stately lilies, all kinds of beautiful roses, gardenia, lemon-verbena, and the sweet olive filled the air with fragrance. All this beauty was the delight of his mother, too, for, according to the Virginian custom, the flower-garden was the result of the housewife's good taste.

In spite of its malarial climate, the Brazos region was charming, and William Howard had the time of his life amidst the wonderful works of the oldest "Mother" in the world. He made pets of the frogs, kingfishers, water-snakes, doves, pigs, deer, and sometimes a baby alligator. In this enchanted forest his mind developed in a most remarkable manner, and a strong foundation was built for his creative powers. Is it a wonder that as the years advanced he selected such a thrilling life for himself? He grew extremely fond of hunting, and every evening at the completion of his lessons and other duties, would take his gun and wander into the woods, in spite of the annoying mosquitoes that attacked him in swarms.

Occasionally, his father would take trips to Galveston and leave him to manage the plantation. These periods of responsibility helped to mould his character, and as he grew into manhood they gave him judgment and self-confidence. It was in this environment that he acquired his knowledge of the Spanish language and of the great out-of-doors, which, later in life, proved invaluable to him in his labors as one of the makers of California.

IV WITH HOUSTON IN TEXAS

While William was playing his pranks, hunting, and drinking in the beauties of nature, his parents pondered over his future. On account of climatic conditions and educational advantages, they decided in 1843 to leave the Brazos for the Island of Galveston, in what was still the independent Republic of Texas.

Taking his family and a few of the servants with him, Taliaferro Howard left the plantation negroes to work under an overseer. When he arrived at Galveston, he purchased a new home, called "La Fitte Fort." In 1816 this place was owned by the La Fitte brothers; they were French pirates, and in 1820 the inhabitants of Galveston ran them off the Island and turned their home into a dumping-ground for old firearms and large quantities of outworn mahogany furniture. In the center of the garden was an old cannon. It can be seen on the Island to-day, and is all that remains to mark the place where "La Fitte Fort" once stood.

William, now seventeen, was advised to take life a little more seriously. He was sent to Professor Deane's College, where, at the request of his father, he concentrated on the legal side of learning. Here he commenced his long friendship with David S. Terry, a fellow student, who later became prominent in the political and judicial life of California.

At this period great excitement prevailed throughout the Republic of Texas. The whole world wondered whether this rich country was going to be annexed to the United States. Great Britain appeared anxious that Texas should remain a Republic, and offered to finance her in order that she might increase her army and navy. LaMar was the head of the Texan Navy.

General Memucan Hunt had been appointed Secretary of the Navy in 1838, and had succeeded in inducing a large number of officers to resign their commissions in the United States Navy and serve under him. This noted patriot had started life as a planter. During the Texan Revolution he raised a mounted company, and in conjunction with James Henderson, traveled from Norfolk, Virginia, by way of New Orleans, and arrived in time to aid General Thomas Green. In August, 1836, he accepted an appointment as Major General in the Army of the Republic, and in this capacity he was sent as Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from the Texan Republic.

On his arrival at Washington, General Hunt found that recognition of the Republic had been defeated in the House by a majority of sixteen. This upset his plans, but by persistent work the hostile majority in Congress was won over, and General Hunt was formally received as Minister on July 6, 1837. One day in August of this year he addressed a letter to John Forsyth, American Secretary of State, proposing the admission of Texas into the Union, and continued to agitate the subject with officials and Senators until annexation became a reality.

Soon after William's arrival in Galveston, his father began to take an active part in public affairs. With the passing of the time the political excitement grew greater, and the country became divided in opinion with regard to annexation.

Early in 1845, a tall, noble-looking man, dressed in buckskin breeches and Mexican blanket, called at the Howard home. He appeared rather conservative in temperament, and filled his pipe slowly while Taliaferro Howard related some of his early experiences in New Orleans and Old Virginia. When the visitor learned that Major Howard was born in the same State as himself, he realized, as he afterward said, that they were soul-friends. Slowly approaching his subject, he explained that he had once been Governor of Tennessee, but that



Courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railway Company

THE HISTORIC ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The old mission building in which David Crockett and other brave Americans were besieged by the Mexicans in 1836 and died in defense of liberty.

an unfortunate marriage had necessitated his resignation after only two years of service. This unpleasant incident in his life had caused him to go into solitude for at least three years,

This aristocratic-looking man was General Sam Houston, one of the most distinguished and interesting characters in United States history. He was born in Rockbridge, Virginia, and after the war of 1812, in which he played an active part, General Houston had studied law and secured the envied position of District Attorney. Later, moving to Nashville, Tennessee, he became Adjutant-General of the State and afterward Major General. In 1823, he was elected to Congress and served two terms. Then he was nominated Governor of Tennessee, being elected by an overwhelming majority; but domestic troubles—and drink—caused his resignation after only two years in office. Leaving Tennessee, he was adopted into the Cherokee tribe of Indians, and took up his abode with them for about three years.

In the year 1830 we find him in Texas endeavoring to gratify his fondness for rural pursuits. He lived at San Felipe de Austin, and there, in spite of his desire to abandon public life, he was drawn into the political activities of the time. With his powers of foresight, he could vividly see the rising of a new commonwealth, a new field of achievement, where all the bold elements of his character could find full play.

He allowed his name to be used as a candidate to a convention that was to be held in April, 1833, and much to his surprise he was elected. Thus he became a member of the first deliberative assembly of Anglo-Saxon men—there were fifty members, with William Wharton as president—to discuss the project of making Texas one of the States of the Confederacy of Mexico. Great care was taken to render the new Constitution favorable to the Federal Government of Mexico. To General Houston is attributed the moulding influence which controlled the actions of the assembly and gave tone to the political feeling and events that followed, for he was a born leader with rare human qualities.

Becoming Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Texas, in the spring of 1836 he was elected a member of the convention which made Texas a separate republic, and later served in the field at the head of the republic's military forces, which now had to fight the armies of Mexico. Immediately after the capture of the Alamo by the Mexicans, March 6, in which many prominent Texans were slain, General Houston with seven hundred and fifty men met General Santa Anna, who had eighteen hundred Mexican soldiers, on the banks of the San Jacinto, near the mouth of Buffalo Bayou. With the battle-cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Houston and his fellow Texans attacked the Mexicans, killing six hundred and thirty of them and taking seven hundred and thirty prisoners, including their General, Santa Anna. In this conflict General Houston was wounded, and on account of the shabby treatment received from jealous civil authorities he took a boat to New Orleans, where he could rest and recover his health.

Twelve days before the new republic's first election, he returned to Texas, and his popularity was so great that he received all the votes cast, and became the first President of Texas. Taking up his residence at Houston, near Galveston Bay, in 1837, this celebrated soldier in due time visited Galveston Island. Thus it was that Major Taliaferro Howard, with his own keen interest in politics, came into touch with President Houston when the latter made his first trip to the Island. Houston soon confided to Howard that his position as President was by no means one to be envied, since the tangled state of Texan affairs caused him constant anxiety. He had a plan to cure these troubles, and so diplomatically and convincingly did he present his ideas to Howard that he promptly obtained his new friend's interest and assistance in the endeavor to annex Texas to the United States.

When the President, on that first visit, had enjoyed some light refreshments, including two glasses of whisky, he turned to the boy, William, and said: "You must come and hear me speak in the church." Naturally, young Howard was present when the time came, and witnessed a great demonstration; but what surprised him most was that President Houston delivered an eloquent address on temperance.

Major Taliaferro Howard invited President Sam Houston to take up his abode at their home whenever he visited Galveston. Several months after that first visit, General Houston announced his intention to speak at Galveston in favor of annexation. On receiving this information, Major Howard and the Mayor made necessary preparations, for it was not likely to be exactly a gala occasion; in fact, when the people of the Island learned that the President was in favor of annexation to the United States, there were some who planned to kill him. The younger Howard, long afterward, vividly recalled the day and hour of this great meeting. The hall was crowded with eager people, some ready to cheer, and the majority ready to hiss and jeer. When President Houston mounted the platform he was protected on either side by Major Taliaferro Howard and the Mayor, who carried hickory sticks in their hands ready for action. His extraordinary personality and unusual eloquence resulted in complete silence until the close of his address, when there was great excitement, but no serious violence. After that, President Houston and Major Howard set out on an extensive political campaign for the purpose of supporting annexation. The President of the United States, Martin Van Buren, was opposed to the idea, but Houston, being a diplomat as well as a warrior, commenced negotiations with France and other European powers to take Texas, and this caused the opposition to die down. While his father was campaigning with President Houston in different parts of Texas, William Howard was busy scattering the new political ideas among the young folks.

With the approach of election day, when the issue was to be decided by popular vote, the whole Republic was in a state of revolution. People went to the polls in remarkable numbers, and some curious scenes were witnessed. One old farmer, in spite of his sufferings from a serious malady, insisted that his son place him in a wagon and take him to the voting place. Amidst a whirl of contention he cast his ballot for a Senator who favored annexation, and this one vote gave the majority which decided the admission of Texas into the American Union, December 29, 1845.

This is regarded as a very important item in United States history, for it is asserted by thinking people that had Texas remained independent, Great Britain would have attempted to control not only that state, but also the vast empire to the west of it, including California, Oregon and Washington.

General Sam Houston was elected the first United States Senator representing Texas. He served thirteen years, and while in the Senate did everything to prevent discord between the North and the South. He also upheld the Indian cause, saying that no treaty made with the Indians had ever been violated by them—or had ever been carried out in good faith by the Government. The younger Howard was a lifelong admirer of Sam Houston.

Immediately following annexation, an epidemic of yellow fever swept the whole of Galveston Island. The Howard family were busy moving into their new house when William fell a victim to the terrible disease. He was nursed by his father, and after many days of suffering, amidst general anxiety, slowly recovered. His father was the next to succumb to the plague, and after a short illness passed away. Two hours before his death he called William to the bedside, and told him that it was his duty to take care of his mother. The dying man also advised him to continue the study of law.

The death of his father was a great blow to William and it also threw a weight of care and responsibility upon his young shoulders. Realizing that the family were now largely dependent upon him, he gave up his studies and applied himself to looking after his father's property. His task consisted of the management of stock, plantation lands, and the supervision of slaves. The handling of these matters required much thought and hard work, and he was only twenty years old; yet with the assistance of his mother, he quickly grasped the situation and was successful in his administration of affairs.

About this time serious trouble began to brew between the United States and Mexico. War eventually became so imminent that companies were formed and equipped in every town throughout the State. These preparations were made for the specific purpose of invading Mexico and endeavoring to obtain more satisfactory terms regarding the western boundary of Texas.

Galveston felt the need for action, and the young hot blood of the Island ran wild. William Howard was among the first to enroll, and was unanimously elected Captain by his comrades. He fitted out a company at his own expense and entered into these activities with all his heart and soul. When the company was ready for active service, General Memucan Hunt visited Galveston. He had been entrusted by the Governor of the Lone Star State with the task of inspecting the army that had been organized for the invasion of Mexico. Two days before the company was ordered to leave for Mexico, William rushed into the house to bid his mother good-by. She seemed very low spirited and said to the boy, "Well, William, are you really going to leave me with all these slaves?" Then, recalling the death-bed words of his father, "Take care of Mother," he left the house in silence, returned to his company, and with great grief handed the men over to his cousin Robert.

While Captain Robert Howard's company went into Mexico, William worked in the Consular Department with General Simes. The war was of short duration, and at its close he resumed complete management of his mother's affairs.

William's favorite sister, Ann, celebrated the peace (1848) by marrying General Memucan Hunt, the officer who had inspected the Army of Invasion. After the wedding they left for Washington, D. C., where they were the guests of President Taylor.

V

WILLIAM'S FIRST LOVE

A few days after Sister Ann's marriage, William set out on a business mission to Velasco, a small town on the mainland, one hundred miles from Galveston. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he walked up the main street of the Island, on his way to the ferry-boat. Fully equipped with pistol and ammunition in case of emergency, he looked quite attractive in his well-fitting riding boots and breeches.

Suddenly his attention was attracted in the direction of a seething mass of people; they were shouting and cursing at a negro who was endeavoring to escape. On making inquiries as to the reason for all this disturbance, he learned that a drunken old woman had informed a Swiss tailor that the negro had insulted her by biting her on the cheek. When the tailor heard this complaint he had run out of the house and begun exciting the mob. Mobs were of frequent occurrence on the Island, and William had heard of them, but had not had a previous opportunity to be in the midst of such a scene.

Naturally, the intention of visiting Velasco vanished from his mind as he joined the excited crowd, whose members hardly seemed to know what they were yelling about. Pushing his way through the people into the front line, William was just in time to see several men putting a rope around the neck of the struggling negro. Then they tied the poor fellow to a dray, which was drawn by a mule, and amid shrieks of laughter and much shouting, the victim was dragged by the neck through the streets until dead. Before the police were able to interfere, they cut off his head and stuck it on a pole, while some of them picked up the crushed body and battered it with an iron dray-pin.

As young William witnessed this ghastly scene he could hardly contain himself. The affair made him feel quite ill, yet revengeful, for he had always had a horror of injustice.

When the mob had quieted down and the perturbed citizens were slowly wending their way to their various homes, William noticed a beautiful girl standing near him. She looked about sixteen, had long blonde hair and large blue eyes. Yes, the horrible scene had been too much for her; she had become extremely pale, and now she suddenly fainted. Impulsively the young Virginian rushed forward, caught her in his arms, and anxiously bent over the beautiful form that lay unconscious in his embrace. When the girl at length regained consciousness, she looked up into his eyes and asked in pathetic tones, "Where am I, and who are you?" The young man not only explained, but, taking courage, asked the fair maid for her name and address, intimating that he would be glad to see her to her door. Miss Eliza Crozier was her name, and William, with the air of a cavalier, accompanied her to her home, where she hurriedly explained to anxious parents how the young man had saved her from a violent fall. Mr. and Mrs. Crozier expressed their thanks to the young Virginian, whom they recognized as the late Major Taliaferro Howard's son.

It was quite dark when William arrived at his own home, and there, alone and in absolute silence, he took his evening meal. Before retiring, he had a short talk with his mother, and gave her the usual good-night kiss. Somehow he could not sleep, and as the early morning approached, his thoughts went out to the fascinating blonde who had stepped into his life under extraordinary circumstances.

Truly, it was the first fever of love, and try as he might it seemed impossible to quiet his feelings. They were stirred to such an intensity that he appeared to be surrounded completely by some very elusive power. He was experiencing those wonderful sensations which, until now, he had regarded as mythical, unreal, experienced only by the gods and goddesses, or by the most favored ones in this matter-of-fact world.

At the breakfast table, after a restless night, he heard his mother say, "William, you are very absent-minded this morning. What is the matter? Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "I'm all right." However, his one thought was Eliza; he must look into those big blue eyes again.

The fever which water can not quench, and which neither thirst nor starvation can overcome, had gripped him, and he now realized the futility of trying to stand against such a compelling force. The driving power of love is simply irresistible, and if fought against will leave one battered and maimed.

Precisely at ten o'clock he saddled his horse, and made another start for Velasco.

On the way to the ferry, William looked and longed for a glimpse of the fair-haired belle, but alas, no such good fortune! While waiting for the boat, which seemed later than usual, he became impatient, then desperate. By way of relief to his taut nerves, he entered the delinquent ferryman's hut and killed time by putting salt into his jug of whisky. When the ferry-boat arrived, the youth was soon aboard with his horse, and half-an-hour later, having reached the mainland, he vaulted into the saddle and galloped the rest of the way to Velasco.

His first duty in this town was to call upon a temperamental Southern Tennessee lady, named Mrs. William Wharton, who invited him to stay for a few days and enjoy some shooting.

On the third day, William, having just returned from a hard and exciting day's hunting, while in conversation with his hostess, accidentally dropped his pistol on the floor. It was loaded, but fortunately did not go off. His hostess became very much excited, commenced to reprimand him severely, and in the midst of all the commotion, who should appear upon the scene but—Eliza!

She had arrived during his absence, and was in the company of John Wharton, the only son of this rich widow. How delighted William was to see the beautiful girl! But here was John, his rival again; yes, John Wharton had been his rival before—on more than one occasion.

Without waiting for an introduction, William stepped forward and said in gentle tones, "Well, Miss Crozier, I am very glad to see you, and trust that you are none the worse for your fall." "Oh, no," she replied with a girlish blush, "I must thank you with all my heart for saving my life."

Just as the conversation was reaching an interesting climax, John Wharton shouted in a nervous and impatient manner, "I say, Howard, don't you think it's about time you picked up that pistol?"

William picked up the loaded weapon, made a courteous bow, and apologized profusely to his distinguished hostess. Mrs. Wharton quickly grasped the situation—two young men in love with the same girl; therefore, moved by love for her son, she hastened Mr. Howard's departure by inviting him outside to look at some property she had for sale. While looking at and passing remarks about the property, William inwardly planned how he could make an appointment with Eliza.

Re-entering the house, he asked Mrs. Wharton for some writing paper. Then he scribbled the following note:

"Eliza, come shooting with me on Thursday. Meet me ten o'clock at the gate of your home. W. J. H."

He also wrote another note with regard to some future business respecting the property, and handed it to his hostess. When bidding them all good-by, on shaking hands with Miss Crozier he diplomatically pressed her fingers and left the crumpled paper in her hand. No explanation was needed; she treasured the contents, and, as arranged, met William on Thursday morning.

It was a beautiful day when William, his brother Torn, Miss Crozier and her brother Bob all set out for a day of real pleasure. With loaded guns and well-filled luncheon baskets they wandered far into the woods. Everyone appeared extremely happy—especially William; the great desire of his life had been granted, for his little blonde friend was by his side.

As the day advanced, all went well, and they enjoyed excellent luck with their shooting. Just before deciding to go home, they arrived at the border of a beautiful little lake, where there were many ducks, and brother Torn, anxious to secure more game, crawled quietly along the edge of the water. Suddenly a man on the opposite side frightened the ducks and irritated the temper of the marksman so much that he fired right at him. One shot grazed the forehead of the victim, whose name was Parker; he was in the employ of William's mother.

The four young people became terrified, and appeared anxious to keep the incident from Mrs. Howard's ears; but Parker told her the story of the whole affair. It was an unfortunate ending to a happy day, a day which had meant so much to William J. Howard, for he had "put one over" on John Wharton, and had been in the company of his beloved Eliza for ten golden hours.

Father Time rolled on, and William's friendship with Eliza grew stronger. So far, many of their meetings had been in secret, and they meant more to him than the mere historian's pen may venture to describe. He adored her; she was the most beautiful girl in Galveston, graceful, a good musician, and full of vivacity. When William was not exchanging thoughts and sentiments with her, face to face, he was dreaming of her, and each moment they spent together he treasured as a precious jewel.

Eliza loved to go sailing, and as William owned the best boat on the Island, many parties were indulged in. On all these excursions he would talk to her about his future plans. In making a landing one afternoon, altho the boat was drawn as near to the shore as possible, they had to wade in the water. It was the duty of each man to carry his sweetheart, and Torn, having no lady, grabbed Eliza. This annoyed William immensely; he made a dash for Brother Tom, and in the struggle that ensued all three fell into the water.

A few days after this sailing expedition William obtained permission from Mr. Crozier to take Eliza to the "grand ball" at the Tremont Hotel. The request was granted with the understanding that the girl be taken care of and brought safely home at midnight.

At last the evening of the great event arrived. William secured his mother's carriage and pair, and with Edmund as coachman called for his partner. The blue-eyed youth looked remarkably handsome in his well-tailored dress-suit, which had been brushed and pressed for the occasion, as with a graceful bow he greeted Eliza and assisted her into the carriage.

Many thoughts passed quickly through William's mind while on the way to the ball. He and his beloved Eliza were going to experience a most delightful evening. This was his first dance with her, and, who knows? it might be the last. For the cry of "Gold! Gold. California!" had just reached the Texan shores, and so his thoughts rambled on. A new dream— Gold and California!

When they arrived at the Tremont Hotel, William dismissed the coachman with instructions to return at twelve o'clock. Then, with the young lady's hand on his arm, they entered the ball-room together, and it was not many moments before the handsome couple were gliding to the dreamy waltz-music. Dance after dance followed, and both young people were kept actively engaged.

During the evening Eliza danced frequently with John Wharton, and all went well until midnight. At the stroke of twelve, William went to Eliza and asked her to leave with him, as he was anxious to keep the promise made to her father. She refused to go, and girl-like, kept saying, "Just one more dance." A whole hour passed, and William, becoming impatient, called her attention to the fact that it was time to go home. Eliza sharply replied, "I will go home with Mr. Wharton."

This was too much for Howard's youthful blood. He quickly put on his wraps, jumped into the carriage, and commanded Edmund to drive to the Croziers' home. On arriving there, he told his story to Mr. Crozier, a very obstinate man, who immediately borrowed William's carriage and set out to bring his daughter home.

Eliza's actions pierced the young Virginian to the heart. How could a woman be so cruel? This was the first hard jolt in William James Howard's life. It was the end of his first love affair, and the next day he sent the fair and fickle one a poetic farewell announcing, among other things:

"A cruel fate between us rolls;
We part—we part to meet no more."

VI ACROSS DESERT AND PLAIN

April 17, 1849, a broken-hearted lover kissed his mother, brothers, and sisters good-by, and leaving Tom in charge of home affairs, joined in the mad rush for gold. Before departing William visited The Crozier home and extended his hand to the members of the family in token of a long farewell. Looking at him with eyes of repentance, Eliza, recalling her wilfulness at the ball, said in pathetic tones, "You're not really going to leave us, William?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am leaving in about an hour for San Francisco, and Ned Burns will go with me."

As he hurriedly left the house, Eliza threw him a friendly kiss.

William Howard and Ned Burns were of the same age, each in his twenty-third year, and both were fine specimens of manhood. One was fair, with blue eyes, and the other had dark curly hair with hazel eyes. A handsome picture they made, mounted on their spirited horses, while the inhabitants crowded around, shouting and waving, as they followed the two young men to the ferry. Having boarded the boat, which was to convey them to the mainland, the lads removed their cow-boy hats and waved adieu to the people of the Island of Friendship, until they were only dark specks in the distance.

Three hundred and eighty-one miles of pleasant riding brought them to San Antonio, the great Texan battlefield, now the largest city in Texas, and referred to by many as the "City of the Sword," for the Comanche and white man fought in that region for forty years to secure supremacy. Who does not recall "The Fall of the Alamo," when Davy Crockett and other brave pioneers were massacred?

It was springtime, and nature rejoiced in the season of creation; naturally, these two young men, filled with the courage that goes with youth, could not but be deeply impressed with the romantic beauty of the scene. As they walked up the narrow streets of this old Mission City, they took a deep breath of the balmy air, and were glad to be alive. They met interesting characters, many of them strikingly attired; the wealthy Mexican in blue and red silk, his breast covered with silver emblems of his favorite saints; military officers in white linen and scarlet sashes; Franciscans with blue gowns and large white hats; Brothers of Mercy in white flowing robes; Indian peons wearing ancient sandals; beautiful señoritas dressed as in the days of Cortez and Pizarro; Jewish traders; negro slaves; rancheros curvetting on their fiery steeds; Apache and Comanche, busy spying around small groups of English-speaking people, who were earnestly discussing the latest reports from the goldfields of California.

In this Old World city William J. Howard and Edward Burns were joined by several strong-looking, ambitious youths. Organizing themselves into a company, they obtained the complete equipment necessary for the long journey from San Antonio to San Francisco. Then, when everything was ready, this company of high-spirited young men, numbering forty, struck out across the plains with scarcely a thought of the hardships ahead of them. They were all well mounted, and several pack mules carried their belongings. Full of health, vigor and the joy of life, they chatted merrily as, guided only by the compass, they made their own trail.

Twelve hours of fast traveling brought them into thick forest and then into wild country where the sun beat down upon them without mercy. As they continued their journey the heat became greater, and water practically an unknown quantity. The men who chewed tobacco, it was noticed, suffered most from thirst. At night they all spread out their rubber blankets to catch the dew, and in this manner managed to survive until the Pecos River came in sight.

Howard had been appointed Captain of the company, and when they approached the Pecos he was riding a good distance ahead with three scouts. On sighting the river he gave the pre-arranged signal by blowing his bugle, and this started a mad horse-race in which every man participated, each endeavoring to be first in the cool, fresh water. The horses were as frantic as the men, and in the wild struggle that ensued while plunging down the muddy banks of the river, two men lost their guns. Men and animals alike reveled in the water of the Pecos, for many days had passed without a drop to drink, and these lusty youths had experienced their first real hardship.

On coming out of the river, however, they raised their voices with new courage, and commenced singing:

"O, California,
That's the place for me;
I'm bound for San Francisco,
With my washbowl on my knee."

As usual, they divided themselves into five mess-squads, and one of each party lighted a fire. It was a welcome sight—five blazing campfires under the trees! Some of the men unpacked the provisions and laid them out on the fresh green grass, while others stirred the blazing embers and started to prepare the meal. Hardships forgotten, they were soon busy making coffee and biscuits, preparing bully beef, and roasting potatoes in the hot ashes. When everything was in readiness, with a sense of hearty enjoyment, forty ambitious young men gave vent to their feelings of hope as they eagerly indulged in their first meal on the banks of the Pecos River.

They stayed here two days, spending the daylight hours in hunting and fishing. A Congregational minister was a popular member of the company, and he was fortunate enough to catch a catfish weighing forty pounds. This delicacy was enjoyed by the members of his particular mess, while thirty-two men did not get a taste of it. It being Sunday, he was called upon to preach a sermon, and when he had finished, one of the unlucky thirty-two—Phil Herbert—solemnly asked a blessing, ending it with the words: “Forty pounds of catfish, and not a bite to eat.”

In the evening the fires were again lighted, and under the oak-trees they spun yarns and told stories until every man was tired out. As the camp quieted down and the last story was told, a deep silence prevailed, for there was no breeze to disturb the foliage. The guard, lying in the green grass, was alert to the slightest sounds of the night. Moonlight beautified the whole landscape, transforming the dark laurels into a grove of golden foliage.

This rest at the Pecos was much appreciated, for it gave the men renewed energy to continue their journey.

For the next one hundred miles the country was quite fertile and water plentiful. Hickory, pecan, and poison-oak trees grew in wild profusion along the trail. The forest was inhabited by the wildcat, wolf, mink, raccoon, lynx, deer, and occasionally a bear would prowl near the train. All day long, vultures swung lazily in great circles above them, watching, as each man knew, for the luckless straggler who might falter and drop on the trail. Sometimes an Indian would come upon them; but he was always friendly. As the party wended their way through this wooded country, the men became scattered in their game-hunting activities. In this particular section of the country there were many wild bulls, it being the custom of the Mexicans to kill only the cows and preserve the males for bull-fights. Without warning, one of the ferocious creatures rushed out of a bush, knocked Burns off his horse, and made a dash for Howard, who shot him through the head.

Three days later, when the men came together again, Captain May was missing, and Howard volunteered to look for him. On the second day of the search he found him in an exhausted condition, for on his way back to camp he had lost his direction and had traveled aimlessly round and round. This man carried a well-filled money-belt, and as he had implicit confidence in Captain Howard, he gave him his home address, telling him to send his belongings there should he not survive the journey.

Again they entered the desert and were obliged to travel many hours without water; but now, accustomed to hardships, the travelers were much more able to withstand them. Day after day they plodded on, diverted even in their weariest hours by the ever-changing shades and lights of the desert. The monotonous expanse of sand was broken only by the crimson, pink, and purple flowers of the cactus, and as the sun poured down its all-consuming heat, their thirst often became almost intolerable. It was a hard, monotonous ride, but they had one never-failing source of interest—the constant expectation of attacks by Indians or wild beasts—some adventure such as they had read about in books.

Up to this point it had been demonstrated that mules could withstand heat and hardship much better than thoroughbred horses. With this in mind, and the knowledge that a hard trip was in front of them, on arrival at the next resting place, a trading-post on the Rio Grande, they exchanged their mounts for saddle-mules. Here the country was mountainous and the valleys fruitful; wild turkeys and other kinds of game were found in large numbers. All the men were in need of a good rest and plenty of nourishing food, so they unanimously agreed to stay fourteen days in this enchanting spot. Living luxuriously on turkey, vegetables and pure spring water, the health of even the weakest member was again up to its normal standard before they resumed their long march.

Leaving the Rio Grande, they crossed over at El Paso into New Mexico, and for the next five hundred miles no difficulty was experienced in obtaining good food and fresh water. After seventeen days of pleasant traveling they arrived at the Colorado River—in Arizona. This river was very wide and had a tremendous current, so the men fully realized the danger that lurked in the white water. Quickly building eight rafts to carry their belongings, they cast lots to decide who should swim and who should pilot the rafts across into California.

One of the men whose lot it was to swim became very much excited, shouting, “I can not swim, I can not swim!” Young Howard, on hearing his cry, said, “All right; you get on the raft, and I will swim in your place.”

When he jumped into the water, his mules entered with him. The strong current began drawing them toward the dangerous rapids, but William wisely kept to the right and managed to clear the danger point. In spite of their extensive experience, many of the men misjudged the treacherous whirlpools, and the crossing developed into a case of “each man for himself.” Three rafts were caught in the swirling waters, causing the death of one man and several mules. One of the ill-fated rafts contained Howard’s clothes and entire outfit.

On reaching dry land, the young Captain gazed at the tremendous volume of water, as it rushed by, regardless of human obstacles, and thanked God with a full heart for preserving his life. His undressed condition aroused the sympathy of his companions, who, when they learned that all his worldly goods had disappeared, fitted him out with some of their own garments. It was necessary to stay here for a few days and replenish the food supply, which had been completely exhausted by loss of rafts.

The remaining mules would now have to carry extraordinarily heavy loads; some one would have to walk, and after much discussion William started out alone, expecting the men to catch tip with him. He traveled all day in the scorching heat, and when evening came he decided to tarry on all night. When his emergency rations had vanished, and he found himself thirsty, hungry and footsore, he thought of his mother and home, where he knew there was bread enough and to spare. Through the long night the oppressive silence was broken only by the howling of a stray coyote, and occasionally a large cactus-bush would rise up before him like a grave-yard ghost.

The rising sun of the second day found him still on the trail. As the blazing orb rose higher in the sky, its overwhelming heat beat down upon him, until in his exhausted condition he became dazed, and every fibre of his aching body cried out for rest and refreshment. The romance of the desert faded away completely. As he stood there alone, the blistering sands beneath his feet, the one predominating thought in the great physical and mental struggle within him was, Water! Water! Water! Suddenly desecrating something a long way off

that looked like a mule, his spirits rose, and he walked a few hundred yards off the trail in the hope of finding relief. On reaching the object, however, it proved to be the skeleton of a donkey with some straw between its bleached jaws.

His water and food-supply had been sufficient only for the first hundred and fifty miles; therefore he had to walk sixty miles without food or water before reaching a spring. No words can express his joy and relief when he finally staggered to the spring; unfortunately, however, he drank so much water that he foundered and became unconscious. Regaining consciousness, yet feeling very ill and utterly exhausted, he sat beside the spring and gazed at the flaming red sky and mountains in the distance. His spirit still unbroken, he wondered why his companions had not overtaken him. Had they decided to stay longer at the Colorado River, or had they missed him entirely? Fearing that either might be the case, and realizing the impossibility of surviving without food much longer, he decided to resume the journey, trusting that the others would soon overtake him. He felt extremely weak—ready at any moment to fall on the trail; however, life was dear to him, so his indomitable will power led him on. Dragging his aching body many miles farther in that desperate condition, he finally reached the outskirts of what is to-day the beautiful city of Los Angeles.

Crawling up to the door of an adobe house, he fell in a heap on the steps, and recovered consciousness to find himself in a clean little bed with a kind-looking man bending over him. The man's name was Rollins; he possessed a generous nature, gave Howard plenty of good food, and nursed him back to health and strength.

In about fourteen days he was well enough to walk about, and when Mr. Rollins heard of his loss at the Colorado River, he gave him some money to buy clothes. To accomplish this, William had to walk twelve miles into the town of Los Angeles, which consisted of tent-stores, a few wooden structures, and two good adobe houses owned by the Pico brothers. These were Spanish homes of simple structure with large verandas.

At the store he met five men from the Eastern States; they had come by water, and on hearing that William J. Howard had crossed the plains from Texas, concluded he must be a good guide, so asked him to take them to San Francisco. They supplied him with a mule, on which he rode back to the home of his friend Rollins, and after thanking him for his kindness, informed him of his decision to join five men from the East who were bound for San Francisco.

Howard's new friends were all mounted on good mules, and the party started with a full equipment for the city of the Golden Gate. The journey proved both pleasant and interesting, for they traversed the coast trail at the best time of the year. On the way they kept their larder stocked by hunting and fishing, cooking their meals under the trees, where the air was keen with the fragrance of bay and pine.

The route that Captain Howard had taken across the desert and plains was not nearly as dangerous as the majority of immigrant trails. Traveling in the South, as he did, at the most satisfactory time of the year, he did not experience the Indian attacks and extremes of cold that befell the Donner party, whose story has been called the "Iliad of the Plains." It is true that he suffered, but men never learn except through suffering, and the hardships experienced by him in the desert, in a way, prepared him for the rough life that was to be his lot at the mines.

VII AT THE MINES

Captain Howard arrived in San Francisco on July 4, 1849. The beautiful Golden Gate at that period was bordered on either side with picturesque hills, covered with pasture, where sheep roamed unguarded by dog or shepherd. On the mountains, looming in the distance, thousands of coniferous trees formed a great forest. What a difference between the great commercial city of to-day and the little Spanish town viewed by young Howard in the days of the gold rush!

There were a few good adobe houses, and one or two wooden buildings that rented at 3,500 piasters per annum. Tents and canvas blankets of every color formed an amphitheater. These housed a population of adventurers, vagabonds, bankrupts and refugees—interspersed with honest seekers of fortune. The streets were almost impassable, and rats played merrily in the rubbish scattered everywhere. People plodded along either in deep sand or in deep mud, according to the kind of weather, all bent on amassing riches—a goal which, for most of them, seemed just within reach, but invariably eluded them. All-night cafes, gambling houses and saloons were more numerous than dwelling houses. The saloons were open twenty-four hours of the day, and whisky ran as freely as water. People gambled, drank or slept, just as the mood happened to strike them.

Brawny Mexicans with broad sombreros, short embroidered jackets decorated with silver buttons, wide slashed buckskin trousers looped over with silver lace, long inlaid Spanish spurs jingling like little bells, strutted up and down like peacocks. They were mounted on fiery steeds that champed Spanish bits plated with silver, and that sported headstalls of braided hair, and embroidered, high-pommel saddles with long tapaderos. In a haughty manner they would scan the Americans, and remark sarcastically, "More Gringos!"

An occasional Chinaman with long pig-tail passed in and out of the narrow alleys, dressed in coarse blue linen smock, with bare feet (sometimes covered with Chinese slippers), wide trousers and native straw hat. He carried two large baskets suspended on a pole across his shoulders and filled with fruit and vegetables.

In the distance one gazed upon the old red-tiled mission, edged with Castilian roses, and encircled by one scent-tinted, bee-invaded garden. The bay was dotted with ships from all parts of the world, and from these sailing vessels hundreds of men and a few pretty girls poured into the town. They represented every variety of human nature, and were all making for the mines. The average age of the men was twenty-five, and the majority of them looked strong, full of ambition and adventure. Their flashing eyes proclaimed the courage and joy of youth. A large number of seafaring men also joined in the rush; after they had unloaded their cargoes, the gold fever overcame them, so the ships were forced to stand idle.

It did not take long for Captain Howard and his companions to dispose of their mules. They entered a restaurant, and who should they run into but Ned Burns and several of the men whom William had left behind at the Colorado! While the fleas took a few pieces out of their legs they gathered around the menu, which revealed to them the fact that they were in a wild Western town. It read as follows:

Roast Grizzly	\$1 a slice
Baked Beans	\$1 a plate
Eggs (uncertified)	\$1 each

At last they were in a country where there were no written laws, where men were free to run wild, and where the three great inevitable forces—time, death, and love—ruled supreme. Yet a thinking person could not fail to realize that the basis of future prosperity in this new country was the strong arm of the worker—plus the brains of the business man and the capitalist—united with law and order.

During his short stay in San Francisco, Captain Howard put up at a small hotel kept by a robust, rosy-faced Englishwoman. The price for room and board was one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and the price of sleep was to rub one's legs and feet with alcohol, then let them dangle over the side of the bunk—for fleas were fast and numerous.

While residing at this hotel William met some French aristocracy. There were the Marquis of Franchlieu and the Count Sastonde Rousset de Boulban, a native of Avignon; but the most sensational character was the Marquis of Pindray. He was loquacious, dynamic and brazen, a popular demagog, with powers that might have made him a general or a great lord, altho at heart he was a bandit of the lowest order. After successful gambling-bouts he would walk boastfully up and down the streets dressed in fawn-colored trousers, wide-brimmed hat and heavy boots. Dangling from his belt could he seen a revolver and sword, sometimes rabbits and ducks, with deer-horns hung around his neck.

Some of the men went East to the San Joaquin mines; but Howard, accompanied by the five Easterners whom he had guided from Los Angeles, took the boat to Stockton. This place was the center of activities for the Southern mines. Before leaving San Francisco, they purchased mining equipment, paying fifteen dollars each for picks, shovels, pans, camping outfits, and eighty dollars for a rocker.

The boat trip from San Francisco to Stockton cost just ten dollars, and in spite of the many leaks, the vessel was packed with people of all kinds and nationalities. All the way across the bay and up the river, the one topic of conversation was gold. The peculiar names attached to some of the mines did not escape the ears of young William Howard. There were Whisky Bay, Hell's Delight, Brandy Gulch, Blue Belly Ravine, and many others—names indicating the kind of environment one had to tolerate on such ventures.

When the vessel drew near to Stockton, every one was eager to get a good look at the splendid walls of the Sierras, which are four hundred miles long and two miles high. The long white line of ghostly peaks and the radiant colors of the different belts attracted much attention, for all knew that nuggets of gold were hidden in the distant foothills.

This town was crowded with thousands of young men, and much building was being done to accommodate the venturers. William's curiosity led him on a general inspection, and it did not take him long to discover that it was a town where everything was run on the wide-open principle. It was a seething mass of enterprising nationalities, and one heard a jargon of many languages. There was the American in his flannel shirt, top-boots and sombrero; the Turk in his gay-colored pantaloons; the Hindu in his vermilion or white turban; the German with his large mustache; the Englishman with his little derby or high silk hat; the Portuguese (commonly known as Gees), quick-tempered Frenchman and Italian, and the Chinaman, then, as ever, untroubled by woman suffrage or the eight-hour law. The most fascinating figure was the dashing young Spaniard; he was so courteous, so passionate; romance was the wine of his life. One could easily see that business to him was a means or a necessity, not a pursuit.

The few pretty girls did not escape the eyes of the newcomers; amongst them were a few señoritas with beautiful forms, delicate features, and dreamy eyes. They looked very charming and graceful in their white gowns, each with a single rose in her hair; while their movements quickly revealed to the onlooker that music to them was the breath of life.

Everything in this renowned mining town was run on extremely broad lines, for there were as many bars as there were gallons of whisky. The brilliantly lighted gambling dens, with their bad liquor, foul atmosphere, and black smoke, were filled with reckless spirits, whose heated brains were not allowed to cool. During the day they would earn thirty dollars, and at night would lose it gambling in one of these glittering palaces of mad and feverish mirth.

As a general rule, man does not leave hearth and family to seek adventure in foreign lands unless consumed of ambition, love of gold, science, or religious ardor; unless he has some duty to fulfil, some disaster to repair, some sin to hide, a rope to evade or a big love to forget. William J. Howard soon realized that he had landed in a human conglomeration filled with the spirit of youth and adventure, of ambition, crime and possibly heroism. Its members were divided into two different kinds; one kind was hardy, honest and earnest, filled with courage and conscience; the other, a horde of human leeches, ever ready to suck the blood of their fellow workers.

Due to lack of feminine home life, their primitive instincts ran rampant, and many indulged recklessly in drinking and gambling. Human nature was put to its severest test, and success in such an environment was the result of moral endurance and physical strength. Big money is often the ruination of a little soul; thus many a man in Stockton, after enduring starvation, blew out his brains as a result of quick gains. It was indeed a case of the survival of the fittest, and a young man had to cultivate a strong mind and body in order to retain the ideals which had been drilled into him by his parents, for moral courage, brute strength and luck counted more than education, clothes, or good looks.

Fully armed, young Howard, in the company of five men from the Eastern States, started walking toward the Mokelumne Hill mines. On the way he met and exchanged greetings with five placer-miners who were taking their hard-earned treasure to Stockton. They looked very picturesque in their dilapidated coats and vests, which had almost vanished, piece by piece. Their trousers were in ruins; the uppers and soles of their boots had parted company or disappeared altogether, and were replaced by pieces of nether garments. This gave the newcomers a glimpse of the hard times ahead of them.

On arrival at the mines, they were greeted by the old-timers, who patiently waited to play a joke or give incorrect information to the so-called greenhorns. Some were singing songs of thanks to Marshall and Sutter for discovering the precious metal; others were working quietly and arduously at their daily task; while an occasional Chinaman was heard to shout, "What you wantee catchee here?"

The majority of miners were dressed in shirts with pantaloons tucked in the tops of their boots. Their faces were practically covered with shaggy beards, and their uncut hair fell in tangled disorder over their shoulders. A pipe or cigaret filled the mouth, and around

the waist was a strong leather belt, which held the frontiersman's substitute for police and the law—two revolvers and a bowie knife. During mining exertions, these firearms were carefully laid on the ground near-by.

"Let's cast lots for partners!" said one of the men in Howard's group.

The significant half-dollar was tossed in the air, and William's partner, thus chosen, proved to be a big, burly carpenter from New York, named Hank Reeves. Reeves soon constructed a cradle, but his disagreeable manner soon showed that he was displeased with his young partner, for William was thoroughly unsophisticated in the ways of mining. Another thing; the young Virginian was not used to working hard under the instructions of another. On the first day, Hank, after manipulating his pick-ax and spade, handed William a can and told him to fill it with water. All day long in the intense heat the young Virginian poured on the water and rocked the cradle, while Hank shoveled the gold-bearing dirt.

Many stories and old-time jokes were hourly related in good Castilian and other languages less comprehensible to Howard. Amid this babble it was quite evident that the miners were extremely cosmopolitan in sympathy, worked hard and minded their own business, while the element of chance in their quest for gold kept their ambition at the highest pitch, sustained their morale, and enhanced their endurance.

Eventually, the daily task made the young Virginian-born miner very nervous and thoroughly tired out. Being new to the work and without a tent, he had to spend the first night under a bush, and his alarm-clock the next morning was the hoarse cawing of the crows overhead.

About the middle of the second day, the labor of rocking the cradle—the crude instrument used to separate the gold from the dirt—got on his nerves to such an extent that he commenced to think out other means of getting gold. Observing that game was plentiful and meat selling at one dollar a pound, Howard concluded that hunting and selling game would be a much quicker way of making gold than mining. Filled with this new ambition, he could not contain himself, and impulsively said to his partner:

"Hank, I want to go and shoot a deer. See, meat is selling at a dollar a pound."

"No, the Indians will kill you," was Hank's emphatic reply.

"I can speak Spanish," William argued, "and they will not hurt me. If I can shoot a deer weighing seventy or eighty pounds, surely it is better than mining."

In old-time mining camps, intelligence traveled fast by word of mouth; therefore it soon became generally known that William J. Howard had come from Texas. The majority of "Gringos" were under the impression that men from Texas were a lot of desperadoes; so William did not hold a very high place in the estimation of Hank Reeves. The burly carpenter stopped shoveling, turned to William, and said in loud tones, "You're a lazy coward! You are trying to get out of rocking the cradle!"

This was too much for young Howard; it touched his honor, and without warning he slapped Hank in the face. Hank grew furious at the idea of a Texan tenderfoot daring to hit him, so he landed William a sledge-hammer blow, which fractured his jaw and caused him to faint and fall to the ground. Then, taking advantage of his helpless condition, Hank sprang upon him and endeavored to finish him altogether. They were soon surrounded by miners, but not one offered assistance, for they all knew that the victim was from the Lone Star State.

At the critical moment, a certain Mr. Wilson, who, like thousands of others, had come to try his luck at the mines, seeing the helpless youth at the mercy of a man like Reeves, could not hold himself. He rushed forward, and in spite of the protests of the bystanders, pulled the heartless assailant, known as "Hank, the Bully," off the wounded youth. On being relieved of Hank's weight, Howard drew a pen-knife from his breast pocket. It was not a very formidable looking weapon, but when Reeves saw it he made off as fast as his legs could carry him, and in running stumbled and fell. William was soon upon him, and as he rolled over, gained his revenge by striking him in the forehead with the toy knife, and made a terrible gash.

Rising to his feet, Hank put his hand to his head, and whimpered, "I'll bleed to death!"

The crowd yelled, "Get a rope and hang the Texas desperado!"

Mining camps in those days were a law unto themselves, and if a character did not stand the test he was left at the end of a rope. Under the circumstances, one fellow grabbed William by the arm, while another put a rope around his neck. Just as all hands were ready to pull it over a limb, a stern cry, "Stop!" rang through the air.

A tall man of commanding presence drew close to the scene. His name was Calhoun; he had come from South Carolina, and had been very friendly with William's parents when they lived in Virginia. In a voice of authority he said:

"Let loose that boy. Is there a Justice of the Peace in the crowd?"

"I am an officer," replied a serious-looking man; "pick a dozen men, and we will see who is to blame in this matter."

One dozen men were quickly selected, and they decided to try the case by Missouri law. When the call for the presence of the defendant was given, Calhoun made a speech to the jury, and pointing to William, he said, "Does that boy look like a Texas desperado?"

After listening to the lad's side of the case, the jury decided that William J. Howard was not to blame. He looked a mere boy compared to the average miner, and the rough treatment received at the hands of Hank Reeves had left him in a bruised and bleeding condition.

The miners at Mokelumne Hill lived in fear of the Indians and of the men from Texas. The latter fear was due to the fact that many ex-Mexicans from Texas, in common with other nationalities, had been attracted to California by the gold rush. The State had been settled originally, of course, by Spaniards and Mexicans,



CLOSE CALL FOR YOUNG HOWARD

“Got a rope and hang the Texas desperado!” yelled the infuriated miners.

and when it was acquired by the United States as one of the fruits of the Mexican War, many of the old-timers, as well as many of the new arrivals, were classed by the Americans as undesirable. These people, comparable to the population of Northern Mexico, had somewhat crude ideas of mining. They quickly discerned that the “Gringos,” as they termed the Americans, were much better equipped in this regard, and capable of achieving far better results in the quest for the precious metal. Their jealousy was aroused accordingly, and it was extremely hazardous for an American to venture far from the mining camp unattended.

It being already public knowledge that young Howard had crossed the plains from Texas, his life, for this reason, was endangered. Mr. Wilson called him to one side and said: “Mr. Howard, here is a rifle. I advise you to get away from here as soon as possible, for the crowd is angry with you, and might attempt to kill you.”

William took the rifle thankfully and followed his benefactor’s advice, realizing that he would be safer among the Indians than with a lot of miners who misunderstood him.

VIII NURSED BY THE INDIANS

About this time an extremely bitter feeling existed between the white man and the red. The Indians had moved fifteen miles from the mining camps, because the miners had killed many and robbed them of their claims. Filled with the spirit of revenge, they were in a mood to kill any miner that came within their reach. These conditions did not facilitate matters for William J. Howard in his efforts to gain the confidence and friendship of his red brethren; nevertheless, he was fully assured that he would be safer with them than with the miners.

Out of sight in a neighboring ravine, he bathed his wounds in a flowing stream, and then walked away from the mining camp with no idea of where he was going. His position was indeed tragic, for he lived in fear of being killed either by miners or by Indians. Nursing his wounds, both mental and physical, he walked twelve miles to the top of a hill, where close observation revealed, in the distance, an Indian boy searching for something. William coughed to attract his attention, hoping to be able to talk to him; but the only result was that the red boy ran down into a gully, no doubt with the intention of getting behind the miner, and shooting him. Howard decided to play the same game. He ran down the hill, made a circuit through a gully, and got into a position where he could see without being seen. Soon the Indian boy appeared, looking around for William, and evidently surprised not to see him where he expected to find him. Suddenly William shouted in Spanish, “Baja su carbine!” which means, “Put down your gun!”

When the Indian boy lowered his gun, Howard walked nearer to him and asked him in Spanish what he was looking for. He replied, “I just wounded a deer and am tracking the animal.”

Howard diplomatically volunteered to assist him in the search, but at the same time he took the precaution to keep behind, thus avoiding sudden treachery. In this manner he followed the red lad four miles, while all the time his wounds pained him so much that he became quite faint. Suddenly they came in sight of an Indian village, and the boy quickly disappeared.

William was left in solitude to gaze upon the oven-shaped, badly-thatched structures of the village. They were six feet in height and about the same in diameter, while the only opening in each was a hole level with the ground, barely large enough for a man to enter when crawling on all fours. Occasionally he glanced at the graveyard in the distance, and the dim trails that led to the dancing grounds and wigwams of the medicine man and chief. While he stood silently planning how he could defend himself if attacked, a number of squaws gathered around him, apparently with hostile intentions. When they commenced to gather brush for a fire, William became quite alarmed, and shouted to them in Spanish, “I am not a miner.”

At the sound of his good Castilian the women paused and began to ask questions. While the excited young man was trying to answer all the inquisitive squaws, who should appear upon the scene but the Indian boy, and this time in the company of four men. They were followed by several children of both sexes, who in spite of their nakedness were very intelligent. One of the four men was a chief, and he was the father of the boy whom William had volunteered to aid in the search for a wounded deer.

Again he had to work on the defensive, and in Spanish informed the Indian chief that he was not a miner. Falis, the chief, listened to him with interest, and asked him what was the matter with his face. William replied, “A miner named Hank Reeves dealt me a sledge, hammer blow, because I suggested that hunting was a quicker way of making gold than mining.”

On learning that the wounds had been inflicted by a miner, Falis took the young man into his own wigwam and told him to sit down on the hide of a deer. William observed that the chief’s home was crowded with all kinds of hunting equipment, beautifully made baskets, hides, blankets, shell-inlaid bone pipes, wood-pecker scalp, and various implements of the chase.

In a commanding voice Falis told one squaw to collect some herbs and make a poultice, another to make a basin of gruel. While these were being prepared, William was placed in a comfortable bed made of deer-hides and blankets. When the squaws had furnished him with a basin of gruel and had bathed and poulticed his wounds, they left him to rest for the night.

The next morning, in spite of a restless night, he felt much better. For three days the squaws fed and nursed him with the greatest care, and when he was able to get about, the chief told him that he was at liberty to walk around the ranchario, but must not attempt to run away. William, however, had no intention of leaving the Indians, for life with them promised to be more interesting and much easier than mining.

One week after his arrival at the Indian village, William joined in a sprinting match, and was successful in out-running all his Indian competitors. This gave him great prestige, and they began to place the utmost confidence in him. Having gained their friendship, he offered to hunt deer for them, and to sell some of the meat to a butcher at the mining camp. All the members of the village agreed to his proposition, and four young bucks proposed to join him.

The first day he was successful in shooting a fine deer, and sold the carcass to a mining-camp butcher for seventy-one dollars. With this money he bought provisions and gave them to the Indians. Needless to say, many days did not elapse before he was a little king among them. He did not cultivate a taste for all their native dishes, but he found one day that he had enjoyed a bowl of grasshopper soup; not finding any legs in it, he had thought it was clam chowder.

William noticed that the squaws and *mahallas* (camp drudges) did most of the manual work; they were the beasts of burden, and a woman often carried a crated child on her shoulder and another in her arms, while on her head rested a basket of provisions. When traveling, they followed their lords and masters, who spent a great deal of time indulging in sun-baths and hunting. The men wore their hair tied in a knot on the head, decked out with feathers; they had no hair on their bodies, no beards on their faces. Their eyes were very piercing, nose flat, head round, lips thick, cheek-bones prominent. While the women were fat, the men were thin and muscular, quick in movement, splendid with the bow and arrow, intrepid swimmers, with a highly developed sense of hearing, sight and smell. They loved to barter, and a favorite sign, used in this process, was made by crossing the two index fingers before the face.

Many of the squaws were badly scarred with small-pox. Basket-making was their chief industry, and these artistic productions were woven so firmly that liquid would not filter through them; to this day they are used as vessels for eating and drinking. The Indians often boiled water in these baskets by heating stones and placing them in the basket one by one. In spite of polygamy and extreme scantiness of clothing, which the miners thought shocking and abominable, they were not lustful, for their physique showed no sign of abuse.

On coming to womanhood, the girls were tattooed on the lips, and as they increased in years more tattooing was done, stretching down toward the chin. This decoration to a certain extent told their ages, in the same way that the obi signifies the age of a Japanese maiden. The Indian girls married young and became mothers early in the game of life, nursing their children as long as the milk lasted; a mother, it was said, was highly amused when a child five or six years of age would jump over a tree-trunk a meter high to take the breast.

Howard did not neglect to visit the much discussed sweat-house, a small chamber used for curing diseases, similar to the present-day Turkish baths. The *mahallas* and medicine-women were the only females admitted. One place of special interest to the young white man was the community dance-wigwam, where the Indians celebrated their spring, harvest, bear and sun dances. For these sacred occasions they put on their best garments, which were beautifully embroidered and brilliant in color. The men wore moccasins and tight breeches, but were bare above the waist. Their music was made with tom-toms assisted by extremely heavy breathing movements. Around a blazing fire, amidst great heat and offensive odors, they danced madly until they were quite exhausted and perspiration streamed from their bodies, causing them to glisten as tho they were covered with oil.

Young Howard became daily more popular with the tribe on account of his unusual trading ability and hunting skill. Foreseeing a career whereby he could not fail to do good in the interest of both the white man and the red, he erected for himself a tent just outside of the Mokelumne limits, and did all in his power to establish good permanent relations. Daily, with the help of the Indians, he would kill game, sell the meat to a butcher at the mining camp, and return to the Indian village with money or essential commodities. At intervals he took stray horses back to the miners, and for this service they paid him well. The miners would not venture far to search for these animals themselves, as they were afraid of the Indians. On the other hand, the Indians lived in fear of the white men, remembering the harsh treatment they had received at their hands when attempting to trade with them.

After several months of individual trading, William tried to bring about a friendship between the miners and Indians. The majority of miners did not understand the red men; their knowledge of these interesting people was confined to what they had read in their history-hooks, and they were fully under the impression that if they killed an Indian it was a laudable thing to do. This attitude necessitated a great deal of explanation—a campaign of education, in fact—in order to bring about any kind of lasting business relations between the two races.

William informed the merchants that the Indians were anxious to do business with them, but were afraid, and by diplomatic methods he obtained their collaboration. He and the merchants talked with the miners and tried to make clear to them the fact that the Indians had rights in the same way that they had, and that it would be to their advantage to be kind to them and encourage their commercial activities.

On learning that the merchants had been successful in gaining the miners' support in the movement to protect and uphold the trading efforts of the Indians, William persuaded Falis, the chief, to accompany him to the mining town. The chief talked with the white men; they presented him with gifts, and told him that his brethren would receive the protection of the miners, should they decide to buy and sell in the camps. Falis went away convinced that the Mokelumne Hill miners were willing to trade with the Indians in a fair and genuine manner; nevertheless, he and his people were always on the alert, fearing that some white man would take a mean advantage of their friendliness.

Having accomplished the great work of bringing about a friendship between the white men and the Indians in and around Mokelumne Hill camp, William concluded that it was time for him to do other things. During his activities with the red men he had saved \$3,000 in gold dust, and he decided to invest the money in a pack-train and a store where new camps were opening up. On learning of his intended departure, all the Indians gathered around his tent and made a powwow, calling him their heap-big chief. Howard gave them presents; they presented him with a new pony, and he waved them a heartfelt "Adios!" as he set out for Sacramento.

Captain Howard's departure was a great blow to the Indians. While he was among them, good luck and peace had reigned supreme. According to custom, there was much weeping, for they regarded him as their white mascot, and to this day the Indians consider him one of the greatest friends they ever had.

IX MOMENTS WITH MARSHALL AND SUTTER

With three thousand dollars in his possession, a suit of new clothes and a good revolver, William J. Howard set out on his Indian pony for Sacramento. His gold dust was stowed safely in a sack, which was rolled in deer hide, tied at each end like a roly-poly pudding, and adjusted to his saddle.

The young man was on business bent; he had heard that land was being staked in and around Mariposa. Now, if only he could buy some good mules at a reasonable price, fit up a pack-train, and run it between Stockton and Mariposa, with a tent-store in one of these two towns, he could make lots of gold without the laborious task of mining.

With this great object in mind, he scarcely glanced at the beautiful scenery or at the peculiar characters that passed him on the trail. The country was sparsely populated, and he passed wild-oat fields dotted with stately oaks; rippling streams edged with tall, pale, cottonwood trees; lakes with long branches trailing over the



Born October 8 1810
Hope Township, New York
New Jersey

Died August 10 1885
Kelsey, El Dorado County,
California
Buried beneath big monument
at Colusa

James W. Marshall

Discoverer of Gold - Sutter's Mill - Colusa, El Dorado County, California

January 24th 1848.

Sketched & painted from life at Colusa, in 1848, by Harrison Eastman.

Collection of PHIL B. BECKEART
SAN FRANCISCO

surface, and bordered by forest, mountain, and sea, with not a city to break the harmony. Occasionally he stopped to gather wild fruits ripening under the golden sun. On completing half the journey he put up at a small hotel, where they fed him on hot biscuits and good coffee, in addition to giving his pony some fresh food and water.

When William arrived in Sacramento, the town presented an interesting sight, for it looked like a small island. It was built close to the river, and a backwater had worked its way around the houses, so that they were standing on marshy land. The inhabitants went right up to the doors of their homes in row-boats and canoes.

Sacramento was the trading center for the mines of Eastern California, and it was here that William met James W. Marshall, the man who had made history by discovering the precious metal that put California on the map. He was a man of medium height, dressed in a rough shirt, pants tucked in his boots, and a large black hat. He was then about forty years old, wore a heavy beard, and had a wonderful head of hair. Marshall's face was kind and gentle, but to Howard he seemed to have the strangest-looking eyes. Judging from his conversation and actions, he had a very ingenious and constructive mind. He at once honored the young man with his complete confidence, gave him several good points about hunting in the vicinity, and advised him to guard his interests, as incoming prospectors were trying to rob many of the older miners of their land and claims.

According to history, James Wilson Marshall was born at Round Mountain Farm, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, October 8, 1810. His mother's maiden name was Sarah Wilson, and his paternal grandmother, Rebecca Hart, was a daughter of John Hart, one of the men who put their signatures to the Declaration of Independence. Marshall's father was a wheel-wright. He gave his son James a very good education, and taught him the wheelwright trade, also how to shoot the flintlock rifle.

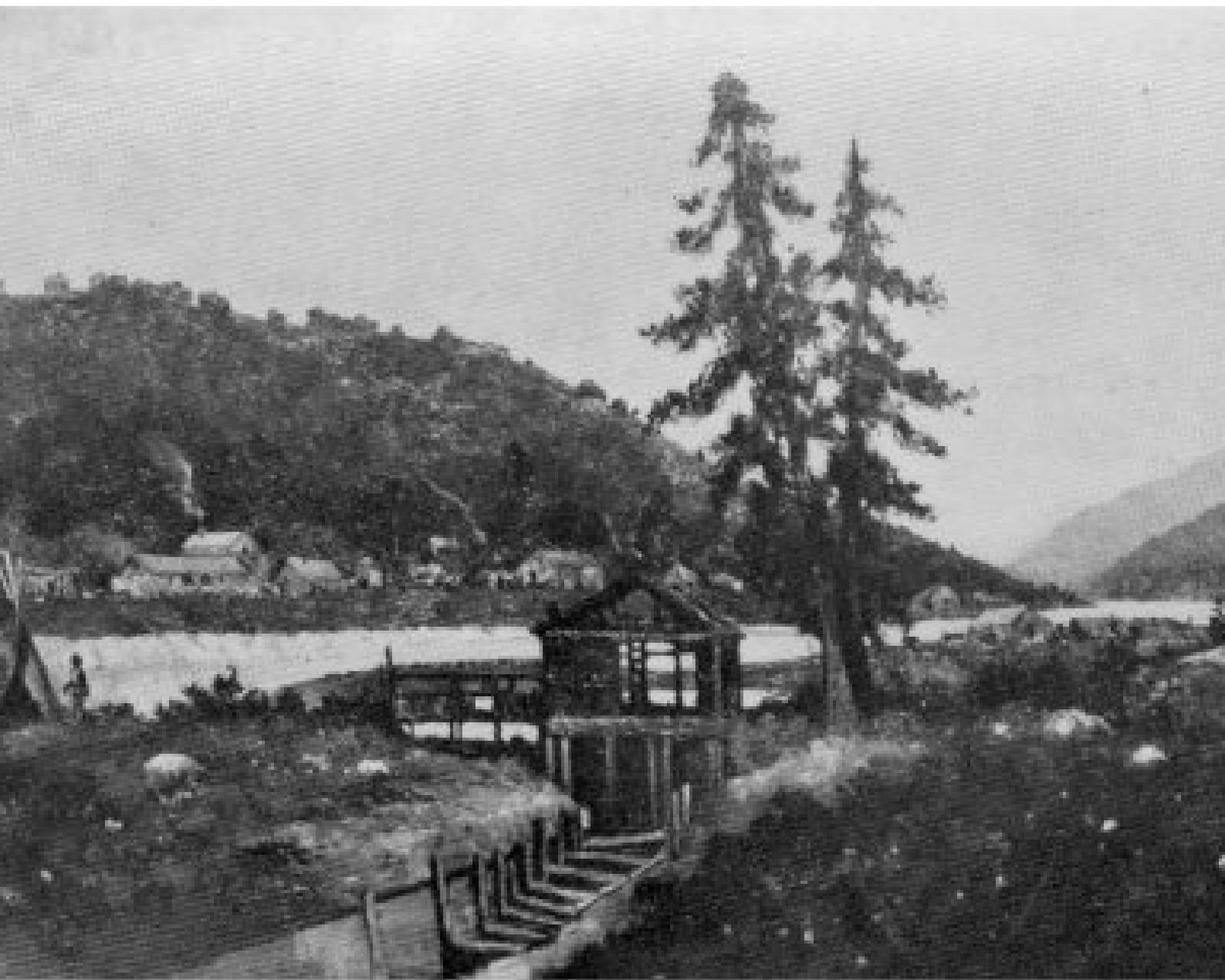
Soon after his twenty-first birthday, filled with the spirit of adventure, Marshall had bade his father, mother and sisters good-by, and had fared westward, a soldier of fortune, working at his trade as he followed the setting sun. Little did he dream, when commencing this journey, that it would end by linking his name with one of the world's greatest discoveries; neither did he have any conception of the possibility of being the direct cause of the wildest excitement that the modern world had ever known.

His first stop was at Crawfordsville, Indiana, where he worked as a carpenter in order to provide funds for further westward travel. Passing through Illinois, he eventually found himself in Missouri, where he located a homestead, planted grain, and worked occasionally at trapping and carpentering; at the same time he cultivated a close friendship with the Blackfeet Indians. After several years of misery, due to ague and fever, he decided to move farther West, and joined an emigrant train bound for California.

This train, with four hundred members in the party, and with more than one hundred wagons, left Platte Purchase on May 1, 1844. The emigrants traveled along the North Fork of the Platte River, reaching Fort Hall, a frontier post near the Snake River, in the fall, where they were obliged to rest for the winter. This trail proved an extremely hard one. It had been explored the previous year by Captain John Frémont.

Early in 1845, the party separated; some headed for California, while Marshall and forty others without wagons decided to go to Oregon. Being well mounted and well armed, they made the trip to the Willamette River without any hostile encounter with the Indians. Then Marshall joined Captain Clyman's band of adventurers, composed of plainsmen, trappers and settlers, who in the spring of 1845 started for California. Traveling through the Willamette valley, then east toward Klamath Lake, crossing the Siskiyou, they followed the Klamath River, passing Mount Shasta and Sutter Buttes, and finally making their camp at Cache Creek, about forty miles above Sutter's Fort. Here the party broke up; some went to Yerba Buena, but Marshall and a few others went to Sutter's Fort, arriving early in July, 1845. Dressed entirely in buckskin, and possessing first-hand knowledge of good trading methods, he was a welcome addition to Captain John Sutter's colony, where he was hired immediately, being paid with cattle, horses and ammunition. Accumulating some livestock, he bought two leagues of land on the north side of Little Butte Creek, where he planted grain and commenced stockraising.

In the spring of 1846, Marshall was one of twenty men who, with a number of friendly Indians, helped to protect Sutter's Fort by a march against the Mokelumne red men. Later he joined the Bear Flag party, and fought with the California Battalion to the end of the first year of the Mexican War. Receiving his discharge at San Diego in March, 1847, he made his way on foot to Sutter's Fort, where he arrived after an absence of one year, barefooted and in a very sorry plight, as did many others who volunteered with the Bear Flag party. He never received one cent of payment for his services in this war, and on returning to his ranch found



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WHERE CALIFORNIA'S WEALTH OF GOLD WAS DISCOVERED

Tail-race of Sutter's sawmill at Coloma, in which James Wilson Marshall found the first rich nuggets, January 24, 1848. Painted by E. G. Holdredge about 1870 from a sketch made in 1849.

nearly all his stock strayed or stolen, and himself left penniless. He was obliged to sell his ranch, and later in life often referred to the ingratitude of the stay-at-homes and newcomers, who robbed him while he was away fighting for California.

Sutter, being in need of a sawmill to supply Yerba Buena and the Sandwich Islands with timber, sent the old woodman and hunter into the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to locate a suitable place for it. Marshall wandered over the hills and canyons until he struck what he considered the ideal spot; plenty of pine and hemlock, and a river that ran like a mill-race. The river was the South Fork of El Rio Americano, and the place was one that he made historic. Returning to the Fort, he reported to Sutter, drawing a rough sketch of the valley, the trees, the river and a proposed mill-site. This sketch and a drawing of the proposed mill are in the State Library, Sacramento, to which they were presented by John Sipp of Kelsey, one-time partner of Marshall in the Grey Eagle mine.

On August 19, 1847, in the presence of Samuel Kyburz, a contract was drawn up, in which Sutter agreed to furnish the capital for the erection of a sawmill at Coloma, and Marshall agreed to superintend the building and running of the mill, while both were to share equally in the profits.

On being supplied with pack-trains, tools and workmen, Marshall with his men left Sutter's Fort, September 27, 1847, carrying with them all necessary equipment for the mill. They were several days reaching the valley, for in some places they had to cut roads. Peter Wimmer and his wife were in the party; she to cook for the hands, and Peter to act as foreman. Marshall was the selected superintendent, for he had the knack of conciliating the Indians with presents, and feeding them on better stuff than acorns, pine-nuts or grasshoppers.

It did not take them long to split pine-slabs and shakes for cabins and houses, to hew timber and framework for the mill, and to excavate the tail-race to Marshall's satisfaction. About this time the entire party at the sawmill consisted of: James W. Marshall; Peter L. Wimmer, his wife Elizabeth Jane, and their two sons, John and Martin Wimmer; Charles Bennett; William Scott, and six young Mormons recently discharged from the Mormon Battalion, namely, Henry W. Bigler, Azariah Smith, James S. Brown, William Johnson, H. Stephens and

James Berger. There were also ten Indians on the place, some of whom could speak Spanish. History is very clear respecting the fact that there were no other white men in the vicinity of Coloma at the time of Marshall's gold discovery.

While testing the wheel, Marshall found that the mill-race was not deep enough; therefore he had the flood-gate opened, permitting the water to run through the race all night in order to widen and deepen the channel. Early every morning the water was shut off and the Indians would throw out the boulders that the water left bare. When opening the flood-gate on the evening of January 23, 1848, Marshall observed yellow specks, and mentioned to some of the men that he believed he had found a gold mine. Then he went to his cabin and retired for the night, little dreaming that the next day was to mark an event that would send the whole world wild and make the United States the richest country on the globe.

If the Mexican Government had only foreseen this great discovery, they would not have parted with California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Utah as readily as they did for the sake of peace and a few millions in gold.

On the morning of January 24, Marshall arose early, as usual, and while the hands were still at breakfast, wandered down to the mill, where he took a good look at the tail-race to see the effect of the night's rush of water. Near the lower end of the race, on a rock about six inches under the water, he picked up a flake of yellow metal, the historical first piece of California gold. It was shaped like a small melon seed, and was worn very thin and smooth, like all river gold. Being alone at the time, he picked up a few more flakes, and bit the largest piece, trying to ascertain what it was. Then hammering it with a stone on a flat rock, and finding it malleable, he was satisfied that it was gold.

The first man to whom he showed the flakes was William Scott. Johnson, Bigler, Stephens and Brown were the next to see it, but they had not the slightest conception that it was real gold. After they had examined it, Marshall took it to Mrs. Wimmer; she was busy making soap and boiled the flake in strong lye. The next morning, when cut out of the cold soap in the bottom of the kettle, it showed no signs of discoloration. He then took the flake to Charles Bennett and instructed him to beat it as thin as possible on the blacksmith's anvil, which again proved its malleability.

Knowing that Sutter was a gentleman of great scientific knowledge, he took the flake to him and had it tested with acid, also by specific gravity. John Sutter proclaimed it gold, and later it was sent by Captain Folsom, with a covering letter, dated August 29, 1848, to the National Institute, Washington, D. C., and we should be thankful that Folsom had the foresight to preserve

~~Monday~~ ^{the} ~~24~~ ²⁵ ~~th~~ ^{is} ~~day~~
some kind of metal was
found in the tail race that
looks like gold and is
very fine. It is thought to be
gold. It is thought to be
rich. We have picked up more than
a hundred dollars worth last
week.
Sunday 30 Clean & had been
all the last week our metal
has been tried and proved to
be gold. It is thought to be
rich. We have picked up more than
a hundred dollars worth last
week.
January 30, 1848
The water has been clean

From a Photograph by Phil. B. Beckert.
HENRY BIGLER'S DIARY—ENTRY ON THE DAY
THAT GOLD WAS DISCOVERED

the first flake of the gold which made California known to the remotest antipodes.

"Mein Gott!" cried Captain Sutter, in his Swiss-German accent, to Marshall, "if the boys find out that there is gold here there'll be no work done at the mill—it will be all up—gone to the dyfel! Marshall, you must keep it secret until the mill is all finished."

But it was impossible to keep such a secret for any length of time. The "boys" soon learned of the discovery and went mining. Sutter was left alone with his Indian horse-soldiers, for all the inhabitants of the hide-and-tallow shanties made off by skiff, horse or foot for the South Fork. The fields went to waste, and the golden ripe wheat was allowed to rot in the drenching rain.

The news traveled down the coast of Mexico to Central America, Peru, Chile; out to the Sandwich Islands and Australia; and riff-raff from these countries arrived in large numbers. It took longer for the news to reach the Atlantic shores, but when the President announced in Congress that gold in large quantities had been found in California, the whole country became stirred, and the mad rush which followed, ruined both Marshall and Sutter. Men and women braved the hazards of the wilderness, the desert and the Rocky Mountains to build a new empire; they took from the State two billion dollars in gold. With the arrival of the advance guard of the "forty-niner" Argonauts, Sacramento became a city almost overnight—the outfitting post for the mines. While fifty stages a day left for the diggings, hotels and stores were built in large numbers. California's population and wealth grew so rapidly that on September 9, 1850, it was admitted as a State without first becoming a Territory.

Timber was sawed in the mill until the latter part of 1848 by Sutter and Marshall, and afterward by Marshall, Ragley and Winters, who bought out Sutter's interest. In 1849 they were selling lumber for five hundred dollars per thousand feet, and timber eventually became so scarce that all the available trees near Coloma were cut down by the miners. Some of the unscrupulous ones stole logs and boards from the sawmill, which was obliged to stop working. They paid no attention to the notices of ownership of land and stock, which Marshall posted all over the valley, but took anything and everything that filled their immediate needs. When poor Marshall brought suit, he was invariably beaten in the courts; in fact, on two occasions his life was threatened. He was driven out of Coloma, his cabin burned, and his property stolen.

General John A. Sutter was born of Swiss parentage in Kandern, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was a man of small stature, loved flattery, but had a big heart and a confiding nature, believing that everyone was honest. Many newcomers to California received food and comfort at his hands when they arrived at New Helvetia, hungry or in want, after a hard trip across the continent. With a little band of Kanakas, in three whale-boats, Sutter had landed on August 12, 1839, near where the American River empties into the Sacramento. The Indians in this particular section were quite hostile, so as a source of protection Sutter and his men built an adobe fort, which stands to-day and was recently restored by the Native Sons and Daughters. It is a much-visited California landmark.

As the years passed, both these pioneers died in a somewhat impoverished condition; the Government made them a small allowance, but historians agree that neither of them received the consideration from the people or the reward from the Government that was really due them. It is said that later in life Marshall felt extremely bitter on account of this treatment. On one occasion he remarked to Captain Howard: "All that I can call my own is my likeness, and the sale of it may yet keep me from starvation, buy me a dose of medicine in time of sickness, or pay my funeral expenses."

This famous discoverer, toward the end of his life, did not have a fertile farm to call his own. How strange to think that a man who had conferred such a great benefit upon the State was so sadly neglected in his old age! During his last years he drank quite heavily, altho no one ever saw him under the influence of liquor. In early manhood he must have had a wonderful constitution, for he thought nothing of enduring privations, and subsisted for days at a time on very little food. Some one has said that he died of starvation, but this is not true, for there was plenty of food in his cabin at the time of his death. He passed away quite suddenly August 10, 1885, at Kelsey, whither he had moved in 1867. One of his best friends to the end was Miss Margaret Kelly, who conceived the idea of Marshall's Museum in this California town. He was a friend of the Indians, and they remained faithful to him until the end.

We are told that Marshall usually wore a black Prince Albert suit, with a large soft black hat to match. He seemed very moody, and from his conversation one could not help observing that he was inclined to brood over things. Captain Howard had several long talks with him in San Francisco about spiritualism.

X THE PACK TRAIN

With fourteen mules, miner's clothing, and other equipment, William J. Howard, accompanied by Bob McKee, made direct for Mariposa. This town was so named on account of the myriads of bright-colored butterflies found in that region when the discoverers rested there in June, 1807. To-day Mariposa County covers fifteen hundred and forty square miles, is an excellent agricultural center, and noted for the number of its Native Sons. It is watered by the Merced and Chowchilla rivers, and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove holds the interest of thousands of tourists annually. These trees are 427 in number, each six to thirty feet in diameter and 150 to 300 feet in height.

The famous Yosemite Valley is in this county, at an elevation of 4,060 feet, with walls five thousand feet higher. This wonder-spot is situated on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Mount Dana being the highest point.

On reaching Mariposa, Howard bought three hundred and fifty acres of land from a Mrs. Brown and named the site "Upper Buena Vista." This was an act of foresight on his part, in order to have food for the animals. Then he erected a tent-store on the outskirts of the town, close to the camps, and hired two Mexicans to assist him in running the Stockton-Mariposa Pack Train.

To replenish his tent-store he made frequent visits to Stockton, where he became a prominent figure. As already stated, this old mining camp was the trading post for the placer mines of that region; therefore it served as a depot for all kinds of provisions. There were not sufficient stores and tents to house these essential commodities, so they were left on the streets in barrels and boxes, where they sometimes sank in the mud caused by the incessant rains.

One day Captain Howard was told to help himself to the contents of several barrels. He soon discovered that each one contained four hundred pounds of pickled pork, and it did not take him long to load eight hundred pounds on his mules. The task of conveying this meat to Mariposa was not as simple, however, as it would be to-day; for several times the mules rolled over and the pork fell in the mud. But those whom God has not overlooked can be blind to a little mud, and this was a mere trifle in the gold-fever days.

No sooner had William entered Mariposa with his cargo of pickled pork than the chief hotel-owner ran out in great excitement to buy it from him.

"You can have it for a dollar and a quarter a pound," said the young trader.

"Oh, that's too much," replied the hotel-man; "I'll give you one dollar a pound and no more."

The owner of the pack-train, considering this a good offer, promptly unloaded the pork, and the buyer weighed it out and paid him eight hundred dollars in gold on the spot. It was money easily made, as the pork had only cost William the labor of conveying it to Mariposa. There is an old saying, "Money easily made easily goes," but with this money he erected a house on the Buena Vista ranch.

Beef being the staple food of the miners, William gradually stocked his land with cattle and employed Indians to take care of them. It was a romantic sight to watch them whirling their lassos as they went around with an air of importance, dressed in their calico shirts and corduroy pants, with red handkerchiefs around their necks and a fancy belt encircling the waist. Among the shacks, tents and muddy roads, one encountered all kinds of picturesque costumes, for every nation of the globe was represented. They all mingled together in this popular mining-town. During the day they



MARIPOSA COUNTY COURT-HOUSE

Oldest seat of justice in California, erected in 1854, five years after the gold rush began.

worked with their picks and pans, and in the evenings visited the only store in the place, which was owned by William J. Howard. Here their gold dust was deposited in tin-cups specially allotted for this purpose. Each man scratched his name on his cup with a knife, and put it under a blanket for safety. Many strange and interesting characters congregated in this store, where they told yarns and enjoyed jokes until the early hours of the morning. It was also the scene of many a heated discussion, many a renewal of friendship, at times both humorous and tragic. The use of the store as a meeting-place only stimulated business, for a sudden influx of gold-seekers was causing the town to grow by leaps and bounds.

Captain Howard often recalled his first Christmas at the mines—in 1849; it was a day of great rejoicing and much dissipation, as wine and whisky were more plentiful than water. He spent the season in Stockton, and for the first time in his life witnessed a bull-and-bear fight. The people were out in gala dress, the streets gorgeously decorated, and as he was gazing at the scene an angry bull entered the well fortified ring. As the fierce animal pawed the earth a bear entered, stood up on its hind legs, opened its grim arms, and uttered a terrible growl. The bull stiffened his neck, lowered his head, and with glaring eyes and pointed horns rushed upon the defiant claws and teeth of his enemy. There was a dreadful impact, blood spurted in all directions, and as the bear went down, the crowd cheered madly to indicate its approval of the show.

The town was congested with young men eager for intense action, virile, capable, but lacking the wisdom that develops only with the passing of years. There were no written laws, and every man was tried by an impromptu jury. Daily they wrestled with old King Alcohol; every store was a saloon and gambling house, and the wild carousals which took place in this celebrated mining center on Christmas Day and on New Year's Eve, 1849, are almost indescribable.

The gambling rooms, with their colored glass or cross-wood windows, handsome bars and attractive waiters, were one continuous din of voices and musical instruments. Men in flannel shirts, top-boots, sombrero or silk hat, would sit around the little tables day and night, dealing out the spotted cards. Some of them wore hobnailed boots, slouch hats, long hair and uncut beards. They guided their women around at night with the aid of a lantern. A pronounced gambling spirit prevailed, for they would bet their last dollar, or parts of their clothing, and one desperate gamester is on record as having bet his glass eye. While hundreds played hard at monte, roulette, faro, rouge et noir, vingt et un, dozens pressed their faces against the windows, and around the tables crowds stood awaiting their turn at the game.

Dance-halls were as numerous as the gambling hells, and in these places the easy-money butterfly laid the snare for the man who loved his toddie. William loved dancing, and in the evening of this festive day he ran into Dave Ferry, his colleague of Texan days, who introduced him to a beautiful señorita. After several dances she raved over William's little feet. We gather, in short, that this acquaintanceship grew to be another "grande passion," which in later years he was reluctant to discuss. The affair lasted quite a little while, and, *entre nous*, he never truly comprehended the passionate, romantic and expressive love of a Latin belle.

This memorable Christmas was celebrated for five days; during all that time both men and women consumed liquor freely, and many a tragedy occurred which added a few more red pages to California history.

On New Year's Day, 1850, the miners experienced their first California snowstorm; they were extremely excited, stripped themselves of their garments, and rolled in the soft white carpet like little children. A snow-shoe race was organized, the first prize being a purse of gold. The winner was a strange female, and there was much whispering as to who she could be. At the presentation of prizes the headgear was removed and, to the disgust of everyone, "she" was a man—a miner. This made a rival so angry that he impulsively shot the snow-shoe champion through the heart—a good start for the new year.

Early in 1850, in answer to the cry of gold which had reached the Atlantic shores, all kinds of people were flocking to the mines, many of them most undesirable. A number of women began to arrive at the camps; they had no idea of existing conditions; there were no suitable openings for them, so their expectations of making a living were somewhat upset. Many new arrivals decided to go into the trading game; therefore William J. Howard, after four successful months as storekeeper and pack-train owner, sold his tent-store for a large sum of money and retired with his mules to his ranch.

XI WILD AND WOOLLY

Having disposed of his tent-store, William purchased another three hundred and fifty acres of land and named the property Lower Buena Vista, known in history as Howard Ranch, quite near the town of Hornitos. He also bought six quit-claims near the mountains. The latter purchase proved to be very beautiful, for on leaving the Merced River one entered open prairie, broken by large oaks. To-day the rich products of this valley soil, planted, tended and watered by Mother Nature, and known the world over. On one of these quit-claims he erected a frame house and store, which became known as the Merced Inn and was successfully managed by Doctor and Mrs. Chambers.

About this time California was admitted into the Union, and San Francisco in particular voiced the extreme in celebrations, for two hundred people paid twenty dollars each to obtain reservations for the famous Admission Dinner and Ball. There was a unique procession, gay with beautiful banners, and broken occasionally by pistol shots. A very elaborate chariot drawn by six horses carried thirty children, dressed in blue trousers, belts and shirts of white wool; they held decorated shields representing the various States of the Union. In the center sat a pretty girl of six years; she portrayed California, and was the first Anglo-Saxon child born in San Francisco; her name was Mary Elizabeth Davis. Most gala days have tragedy in them, and on this particular occasion the largest boat plying between San Francisco and Stockton met with disaster. Its decks were thronged with passengers when, without warning, the boiler burst, killing many people and sending the ship to the bottom. The few survivors who escaped drowning were taken to the nearest hospital, where at two o'clock in the morning a fire broke out and burned them to death.

At the request of the Federal Government, Adam M. Johnston chose several licensed traders to take care of the Indian Reservations. Among them he selected Judge G. G. Belt as the Merced representative, and to him Captain Howard sold Merced Inn, the name being changed to the Merced Reservation. George Gordon Belt was once Quartermaster Sergeant in the State of New York. While in California

he became an Alcalde and made a great deal of money through trading, but did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labors, for he was murdered at Stockton in 1869 by William Dennis.

Howard accepted the position as licensed trader for the Tuolumne Reservation. There he had a house and store built, and renewed his friendship with the Indians, to whom he sold large quantities of beef and flour.

Being in need of help on his ranch, he hired a young man named Bill Aike, who after only a few months' work left for Arizona, where he secured a position with an honest, reliable settler. However, possessing an avaricious disposition, Aike killed his employer in cold blood, and then left immediately for Merced, where he built a new home.

The unfortunate settler left several children and a widow who, a few hours after the tragedy, gave the eldest boy a note, put him on his pony and sent him to his uncle in Texas. The note enabled the boy to obtain nourishment and assistance along the route. Several months later the boy, accompanied by his uncle, a very reserved man, called at the Howard Ranch and enquired for Bill Aike. No one knew of Aike's whereabouts; nevertheless, they waited around for three or four days, and one night when Bill was about to enter his home he was riddled with bullets by an unknown man.

Frontier justice of this sort was nothing unusual in the early days of California. The whole State was overrun with robbers and murderers; people lived in fear of their lives, especially the women and children. Roving bands of Mexicans and other nationalities were holding up people and robbing homes in their efforts to obtain both food and gold. They were too lazy, often too discouraged, to dig for the precious metal, but had no compunctions about stealing it.

The Mexicans of the upper class, commonly known as Dons, were of an arrogant disposition, and treated the peons shamefully. These servants were considered no better than slaves, and it is said that the slavery days of the South never furnished such cold-blooded treatment as that accorded the poor peons by their lordly masters. The masters usually grabbed everything in sight, so far as the peons were concerned, and allowed them just sufficient to eke out a miserable existence. When the peons were sent into the mountains for mining purposes they were usually accompanied by a despotic boss or mayordomo. These were the designated overseers, whose duty it was to see that every scrap of gold was accounted for, and it was a sorry day for any peon who attempted to evade their vigilance. The slightest infraction of the rule brought down upon his head a punishment whose cruelty he was not likely soon to forget.



Courtesy of the Sacramento Lib

A LANDMARK OF HOWARD'S ROMANTIC YOUTH

Remnants of the old "rock store" on the outskirts of Hornitos, California.

Courtesy of Stockton Chamber of Commerce

ANOTHER RELIC OF THE GOLD-RUSH DAYS
Dance-hall of 1850 at Hornitos, with an underground passage for escape when things grew too hot.

One of the most prominent of these Dons was Señor José Pacheco, and it was well known that his peons had been quite industrious in the accumulation of a large quantity of gold by the method described. The gold was stored at their master's ranch on the west side of the San Joaquin river, known as the Nile of California. One night in 1850 fourteen masked men appeared at the Pacheco Hacienda

and levied tribute to the extent of fourteen thousand dollars, under penalty of death for refusal. This amount the wealthy rancher handed over without a murmur rather than take any chance of losing his life.

At the same time the ranch of Don Ramundo Olivas was robbed. This home was situated on the Santa Clara river, six miles from the town of Ventura. Sixty thousand dollars in gold were stolen, and the system by which this burglary was accomplished would pale into insignificance some of the most romantic achievements of Claude Duval. Various theories prevailed as to who was responsible for these outrages; the Americans contended it was the Mexicans, and the Mexicans said it was done by the Americans.

By reason of ill feeling thus engendered, large numbers of Mexicans were always visible in the neighborhood of Hornitos (Spanish for "little ovens"), a small mining town in Mariposa County. Mexicans also congregated in large numbers in Sonora, the seat of government for Tuolumne County. These towns were mining camps of the old type, where gambling and dance halls were wide open and every form of vice indulged in.

Daily one heard of some new robbery or arrest. A Doctor Bell on the Stanislaus, at the head of a band of marauding Mexicans who were holding up coaches and robbing homes, was arrested at the instance of Judge Belt, and upon the verdict of a jury was ordered to be hanged on the west side of the San Joaquin. Before the hanging took place he asked for a paper and pencil, and taking full advantage of the time allowed, wrote a pathetic letter to his mother in Alabama.

Six months later two families named Dallas and Jones crossed the plains from Tennessee. Wishing to celebrate their arrival into the Golden State, they elected Major Baldwin as toastmaster, and invited a large number of miners and merchants to a dance and dinner at the Merced Reservation. A few days after this feast, Major Baldwin, in cooperation with a miner named Anderson, opened a store near the Merced River, on the trail leading from Stockton to Mariposa. One evening when Howard was traveling to Mariposa, he felt very hungry, and entered the store to buy some crackers and cheese. There a horrible sight met his gaze. Beside the barrel of crackers, which was streaked with blood, lay the bruised and bleeding body of Baldwin. At the back of the store was the mutilated corpse of Anderson. Everything indicated that the murderers had been looking for gold. Captain Howard immediately informed his nearest neighbor and notified the Sheriff.

The next day the Captain, accompanied by his faithful Indian boy, set out for Stockton to buy provisions for the Reservation. Carrying a well-filled money-belt and being fully aware that robbers were waylaying coaches and horsemen, he suggested that they take the short cut, thus avoiding the main road. While they were loping leisurely along, the Indian suddenly called Howard's attention to a man coming through the thicket in a stooping position. A gang of robbers was stalking them. Like a flash the red man disappeared as Howard turned his horse and galloped away. Looking back, the Captain saw four men riding toward him as hard as their horses could carry them, so he immediately made for the Stockton road, and had gone only three or four miles when he saw four other robbers a few hundred yards away. To avoid the eight he doubled, struck in the direction of the Tuolumne River, and made for a shallow place where he knew it was possible for his horse to cross. After crossing the river, in order to arrive again on the Stockton road, William turned to the left and, looking across the water, saw two Americans and six Mexicans on the opposite bluff.

"What do you want?" he shouted.

"Your money!" came the reply.

"You won't get it."

"We'll get it one day," the robbers yelled, as William waved defiantly and went on his way.

Shortly after this thrilling chase William Howard visited his ranch to look at his thoroughbred cattle. When he was taking a little refreshment three men called and asked the way to Kern River. Being well informed concerning the surrounding country, he gave them a map and imparted to them a description of the Kern River district, which he thought would be useful to them in their desired undertaking.

Champion was the name of the leader; after mining at Kern River for one month, all three decided to mine near Howard Ranch and obtained the permission of Captain Howard to live in his house, providing they took proper care of it.

When Howard went again to the ranch he was grieved to find that these prospectors were tearing up the floor of his much valued home, to make mining boxes. He remonstrated with Champion, who was extremely disagreeable and raised an argument as to the title of the land, insisting that he was the rightful owner. Not being in a quarrelsome mood, Captain Howard told the three men to clear out of the place within five days, then resumed his journey to Hornitos.

Hornitos was built by the Mexicans and Spaniards in the days of 1848, and at that time was considered one of the richest gold diggings in California. To-day many of the original adobe buildings are still standing, and the general atmosphere of the "Forty-nine" days is apparent here more than in any other California mining town.

In this town W. J. Howard was successful in securing several nuggets of gold. Putting them in a buckskin bag and rolling the bag in his coat, he tied the package securely to his saddle. On arrival at Merced he was surprised to see his brother Tom, who had just arrived with news from home. Naturally he could not refrain from telling Tom about the nuggets, which he intended sending his mother, and in great glee the two brothers loosened the coat behind the saddle. Imagine William's disappointment when he discovered that the gold was missing!

Early the next morning William and Tom set out to find the buckskin bag containing the nuggets. Riding through the oats, along the trail made by William the previous evening, they approached a slight rising in the ground.

Suddenly stopping, William said, "I have an idea that I lost it here."

Tom, walking four to five feet behind his brother, looked around, spotted the buckskin purse, and exclaimed, "Brother, there it is!"

They carried the refound gold carefully back to Hornitos, and from there it was dispatched to their mother in Galveston. She received the nuggets safely and sent them to the mint in New Orleans, where they assayed nineteen dollars to the ounce.

Having forwarded the nuggets to Galveston, William, his brother Tom, and the Indian boy made for Buena Vista Ranch to see if the undesirable miners had vacated the premises. Arriving quite early in the morning, they found Champion in the yard cleaning and testing his revolver. He at once led the way into the house and seated himself on a bench near the large fireplace, in which blazed a huge log. William, presuming that the other two miners were still in bed, stood in the doorway while Brother Tom and the Indian boy listened outside for orders.

Champion, in a contrary mood, still insisted that the land belonged to him.

Howard impatiently replied, "You're a coward."

This was enough to start a fight. With a look of contempt on his face, Champion raised his pistol and arose to shoot. But before he could do any damage, William had drawn a derringer from his coat pocket and shot Champion through the forehead. As he fell into the fireplace, William said to Tom, who had now entered the house, "Pull that man out of the fire."

He then went to the bedroom door and held his pistol at the head of another miner, while a third stood near the bed. Both of them appeared very nervous as they held up their hands saying, "Oh, don't shoot!"

Tom and the Indian boy looked quite pale as they stood near the fire, waiting for further orders. Then William said to one of the miners, "Ride to Hornitos and fetch the Sheriff."

In quick time the Sheriff arrived with thirty men, and a jury was soon formed. Turning to the miners, Howard said, "You heard it all; you tell the officer."

When the Sheriff heard the statement of the witnesses, he decided that Captain Howard's action was in self-defense, therefore a just one. The jury came to the same decision. Orders were given for the burial of Champion; the two miners cleared out as quickly as they could, and William was left in peaceful possession of his own property, which he handed over to his brother to superintend.

Many years later Captain Howard met Champion's brother at a San Francisco race-course. He was a tall, well-built man about sixty-five years of age. They became good friends, and he informed Howard that his brother had been killed while mining in Mariposa County, but he did not know who had committed the deed.

XII MAJOR SAVAGE AND THE INDIANS

Judge George Belt's store on the Merced Reservation was a meeting-place for both the Indians and the white men. One day in the year 1855, Captain W. J. Howard, licensed trader; Kit Carson, one of Colonel Frémont's scouts, and Sam Ward, the son-in-law of John Jacob Astor, were in a heated discussion with the Government Agent, Colonel Adam M. Johnston, when in walked the three United States Indian Commissioners, Barbour, Wozencraft, and McKee, accompanied by a distinguished-looking man, whom Barbour introduced as James Savage. Savage was well built, and had a fair complexion, with large blue eyes. His conversation showed him to be extremely well educated, and he seemed very much at home with the local Indian language. His actions showed that he was shrewd, an interesting talker, and a man who spent money freely.

It is said that this brilliant character came from Oregon to try his luck at the mines. Shortly after his arrival in Mariposa, he gained the reputation of being able to make his gold at the expense and labor of others. He did not mine with the "sweat of his brow," as many were obliged to do, for, being a man of polygamous tendencies, he had at his service seven squaws, who worked hard and mined the precious metal for him.

According to Captain Howard, the relations of James Savage with the red men have always remained a mystery to the miners and settlers of California. In his efforts to gain both notoriety and revenge, he tried to play two games; his scheming brain, assisted by a thorough knowledge of the language and customs of the Indians, gave him great prestige and power. When the white men were trying to arrive at a compromise with their red brethren, he circulated untruths that made them appear hostile. On the other hand, he imparted information to the Indians that created in them a very hostile feeling against the miners and traders. His wealth and exceptional personality enabled him to deceive his associates and to influence in any desirable manner those who worked under him. He made reports which were accepted as truth, and for such services received praise and recognition on more than one occasion. Many of his statements were put down in black and white by Doctor Bunnell, and are to-day regarded by the reading public as a true record of events pertaining to that period. According to Captain Howard, however, they are not always reliable.

For several months Major James D. Savage was the acknowledged leader of the Indians in California; they regarded him as infallible and elected him their general agent to do all their buying and selling. In September, 1855, accompanied by Chief José Juárez and two Indian squaws, he went to San Francisco for two reasons: one, to find a secure place for the storage of his gold-dust, the other, to buy provisions and blankets for the different tribes who had supplied him with money. This trip was the great event of the season, for Major Savage carried a large amount of gold. All four traveled by stage to Stockton, where they took the boat.

On their arrival in the city of the Golden Gate, they all put up at a down-town boarding house. As usual, the great land-locked bay was plowed by vessels of every class and tonnage. The gold rush had broken the city's uneventful calm with a new and vigorous trading activity; the streets were throbbing with fresh business energy, due to the inflowing tide of humanity, and this grew into a habit which eventually laid the foundation of San Francisco's great commercial prosperity.

Naturally, the two men did not neglect to visit all the places of interest, including the gambling dens, where they drank too freely and not wisely of fire-water. In the Plaza Hotel, Savage caused great excitement, for, being a born gambler, now under the influence of alcohol, he jumped on the scales and gambled off his weight—one hundred and sixty pounds in gold. At the turn of the card his luck was out, and he had to pay his debt with some of the money that had been given to him for the purpose of buying supplies. This act of madness annoyed José Juárez so much that, in spite of being under the influence of alcohol, he commenced to remonstrate with Savage.

To think that a red man dared call him down in a public place made Savage so angry that he gave the chief a blow, which caused him to fall to the ground. Juarez received the blow in silence, and even on the return journey he made no reference to it; nevertheless, deep in his heart he was determined that Major James Savage should pay.

On their return to Mariposa, Savage, presuming that he was taking advantage of an unusual opportunity, called the Indians together and made a short speech. He told them all about the beautiful women and clothes to be seen in San Francisco, also about the dance-halls and gambling hells, concluding by emphasizing the fact that it would be to their advantage to cultivate a good understanding with the whites, for they were willing to be friends.

At the close of this address there was great applause. Then José Juarez stepped forward and said:

“What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue, for the Great Spirit is looking at me and will hear me. Savage, indeed, has told you many interesting things, but he didn’t tell you how he gambled away our gold, and how he struck and knocked me down. I tell you he is no friend of the Indians; he has a forked tongue; he is telling lies to his Indian brethren. He is not our brother. He is ready to help white gold-diggers to drive the Indians from their country. We can drive them from us, and we will, with rocks and bows and arrows. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. They do not pay for insults and dead people. They do not protect my father’s grave. They do not pay for our country, now over-run with white people, and they do not pay for horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children, they will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. It makes my heart sick to think of all the good words and broken promises. There has been too much talking by white men who had no right to talk. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief, and if the white men want to live in peace with the Indians, they can live in peace. There need be no troubles. Treat all men alike. Give all an even chance to live and grow. All men are brothers and the earth is the mother of them all. When I think of our condition my heart is heavy—but we must fight to protect ourselves. José Juarez has spoken for his people.”

A solemn and ominous silence hung over the council of red men at the close of the chief’s speech. Then José Rey stepped forward and expressed his approval of what José Juarez had said. Savage kept his lips closed; he saw that he had made a mistake in giving this talk, for it gave the chief the desired opportunity to comment, criticize, and impart to the tribes the truth about his careless actions in San Francisco; how he had squandered some of the gold that had been given him to buy winter clothing and provisions for the red men. Indeed, it was evident to many that he had made enemies of the two most influential Indian chiefs.

“Now you have spent the money, where do we get food from?” they demanded.

“There are plenty of horses,” was all that Savage could reply.

Previous to this meeting the Indians had done all their buying and selling at this white man’s store, but after hearing the speech of José Juarez they gradually left Savage and did all their purchasing at Cassidy’s. This change of patronage made Savage extremely envious, and he did all in his power to gain revenge by declaring the Indians hostile. He commenced to circulate reports about them which gave him notoriety among the white men. At the same time he communicated with the red men through the medium of his squaws, and endeavored to make them forsake their pale-faced brethren and take up arms against them. Captain Howard’s friendly relations with the Indians, and his intimate knowledge of their language and habits, enabled him to unearth these pernicious activities of Savage.

Savage frequently indulged in a drink and chat with Colonel Johnston and Judge Belt, and one day he said: “I have just given a Mexican two thousand dollars to buy horses and cattle for a ranch I am going to purchase next month. Do you know,” he continued, “I strongly object to white men living with squaws.” (There were a large number of Americans and Europeans living with squaws).

“What are you going to do with your seven squaws?” Judge Belt asked.

“Oh,” answered Savage, “I have enough money now and can afford to marry a white girl.”

XIII

A SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS

As the people came pouring into the mines there grew a connecting link of kindness between the white men and the Indians, which seemingly bound their common interests closer together. Civilities and gratuities imperceptibly indicated the opening of a broader pathway to mutual confidences and concessions between the two races, leaving no doubt as to ultimate harmonious concert of action.

With the development of his good fortune and his wants, the miner’s need for the packer, the trader and their assistants kept constantly swelling the army of occupation in the haunts and homes of the red men. Pitched tents and erected cabins indicated that the newcomers had come to stay. The Indians were pressed into willing service as miners, laborers, and their women as laundry-maids. They were liberally paid, and did not seem to object; therefore the onlooker naturally presumed that a mutually advantageous community of interests had sprung up which was as gratifying as it was profitable. However, the rapid increase of mules, horses and cattle among the whites offered visible evidence of an accumulating wealth that was unshared by the red men. This growth caused some unrest, discontentment and jealousy, which ripened into resentment and hatred, eventually leading to open warfare.

Actual Indian hostilities did not begin until the end of 1850. The following letter, written by Adam M. Johnston to Governor Peter Burnett, January 2, 1851, indicates the nature of the depredations committed by the Indians:

COLONEL ADAM JOHNSTON’S LETTER

San José, January 2, 1851.

Sir:

I have the honor to submit to you, as the Executive of the State of California, some facts connected with the recent depredations committed by the Indians, within the bounds of the State, upon the persons and property of her citizens. The immediate scenes of their hostile movements are at and in the vicinity of the Mariposa and Fresno. The Indians in that portion of your State have, for some time past,

exhibited disaffection and a restless feeling toward the whites. Thefts were continually being perpetrated by them, but no act of hostility had been committed by them on the person of any individual, which indicated general enmity on the part of the Indians, until the night of the 17th December last. I was then at the camp of Mr. James D. Savage, on the Mariposa, where I had gone for the purpose of reconciling any difficulty that might exist between the Indians and the whites in that vicinity. From various conversations which I had held with different chiefs, I concluded there was no immediate danger to be apprehended. On the evening of the 17th December we were, however, surprised by the sudden disappearance of the Indians. They left in a body, but no one knew why, or where they had gone. From the fact that Mr. Savage's domestic Indian had forsaken him and gone with those of the ranchario, of village, he immediately suspected that something of a serious nature was in contemplation, or had already been committed by them.

The manner of their leaving in the night, and by stealth; induced Mr. Savage to believe that whatever they had committed or intended to commit, might be connected with himself. Believing that he could overhaul his Indians before others could join them, and defeat any contemplated depredation on their part, he with sixteen men started in pursuit. He continued upon their traces for about thirty miles, when he came upon their encampment. The Indians had discovered his approach and fled to an adjacent mountain, leaving behind them two small boys, and the remains of an aged female, who had died, no doubt from fatigue. Near to the encampment Mr. Savage ascended a mountain in pursuit of the Indians from which he discovered them upon another mountain at some distance. From these two mountain tops conversation was commenced and kept up for some time between Mr. Savage and the Chief, who told him they had murdered the men on the Fresno and robbed the camp. The Chief had formerly been on most friendly terms with Savage, but would not now permit him to approach him. Savage said to them it would be better for them to return to their villages—that with very little labor daily they could procure sufficient gold to purchase them clothing and food. To this the Chief replied it was a hard way to get a living, and that they could more easily supply their wants by stealing from the whites. He also said to Savage he must not deceive the whites by telling them lies; he must not tell them that the Indians were friendly; they were not, but on the contrary were their deadly enemies; and that they intended killing and plundering them so long as a white face was seen in the country. Finding all efforts to induce them to return, or to otherwise reach them, had failed, Mr. Savage and his company concluded to return. When about leaving, they discovered a body of Indians, numbering about two hundred, on a distant mountain, who seemed to be approaching those with whom he had been talking.

Mr. Savage and Company arrived at his camp in the night of Thursday in safety. In the meantime as news had reached us of murders committed on the Fresno, we had determined to proceed to the Fresno, where the men had been murdered. Accordingly, on the day following, Friday the 20th, I left Mariposa camp, with thirty-five men, for the camp on the Fresno, to see the situation of things there, and to bury the dead. I also dispatched couriers to Agua Fria, Mariposa, and several other mining sections, hoping to concentrate a sufficient force on the Fresno to pursue the Indians into the mountains. Several small companies of men left their respective places of residence to join us, but being unacquainted with the country, they were unable to meet us.

We reached the camp on the Fresno a short time after daylight. It presented a horrid scene of savage cruelty. The Indians had destroyed everything they could not use or carry. The store was stripped of blankets, clothing, flour and everything of value; the safe was broken open and rifled of its contents; the cattle, horses and mules had been run into the mountains; the murdered men had been stripped of their clothing, and lay before us filled with arrows; one of them had yet twenty perfect arrows sticking in him. A grave was prepared, and the unfortunate persons interred. Our force being small, we thought it not prudent to pursue the Indians further into the mountains, and determined to return. The Indians in that part of the country are quite numerous, and have been uniting other tribes with them for some time.

On reaching our camp on the Mariposa, we learned that most of the Indians in the valley had left their villages and taken their women and children to the mountains. This is generally looked upon as a sure indication of their hostile intentions. It is feared that many of the miners in the more remote regions have already been cut off, and Agua Fria and Mariposa are hourly threatened.

Under this state of things, I come here at the earnest solicitations of the people of that region, to ask such aid from the State Government as will enable them to protect their persons and property.

I submit these facts for your consideration, and have the honor to remain,

Yours very respectfully,

Adam Johnston.

*To His Excellency,
Peter H. Burnett.*

Early in January, 1851, Captain William J. Howard was lying in his ranch-tent with malarial fever. The night was very dark and stormy; while lying there in a bath of perspiration he could hear the rain and hail beating against the canvas. With him was Charlie Wade, a working partner, who was also sick with fever. About midnight they heard the sound of bells, and William quickly recognized them as belonging to his own horses. In spite of his high temperature, he was ready for any fray that might arise to protect his favorite mare, who was tied to a pole near the tent entrance.

In a very emphatic voice he said to Wade, "Are our revolvers loaded? Because, if the Indians attempt to take my pet mare, we will take a shot at them."

However, they did not try to steal that particular animal, but got safely away with all the horses, mules, and colts that were corralled eight yards from the tent.

The next morning Howard asked several of his friends to assist him in the search for his animals. Owing to the fact that intelligence traveled fast by word of mouth in the days of 1851, many hours did not elapse before every one in Mariposa and the surrounding counties knew about the Buena Vista raid; therefore the services of nineteen men were soon enlisted. In high spirits they set out to track the robbers, and on arrival at Mormon Bar they ran into Major James Burney, sheriff of Mariposa, with forty of his helpers. Captain Howard told him about the theft of his animals, and Burney immediately offered to join forces with him. The following paragraph taken from a letter written by Major Burney to Howard verifies the theft above described:

“The first night, you came into my camp and reported that the Indians had stolen all your horses and mules, a very large number; that you had followed their trail into the hill country, but, deeming it imprudent to go there alone, had turned northward, hoping to strike my trail, having heard that I had gone out after Indians. I immediately at sunset sent ten men, yourself amongst the number, under Lieutenant Skeane—who was killed in the fight the next day—to look out for the trail, and report—which was very promptly carried out.”

Major Burney was most willing to help Howard recover his animals. Major Savage also volunteered to assist in the search, and Burney, thinking that his knowledge of the country and Indian language would be invaluable in such work, willingly engaged his services. All the men followed the horse tracks, which led them into the mountains, where, after traveling for fifty miles, they decided to camp for the night.

There was a peculiar charm about this camp life in a country that was unknown and far from the world’s crowded thoroughfares. The absence of certain civilized formalities and restraints; the freedom from ordinary cares; the constant change; the tendency of the wilderness to develop the best and sometimes the worst of human qualities; the hourly inspiration to fearlessness; the uniform healthfulness of the mountain climate of California, filled these full-blooded men with an intense fighting spirit, and many a man boasted of the number of Indians he had killed.

Early the next morning Major Burney sent Savage to find the location of a certain tribe of Indians, and he returned later in the day with news of their position. They traveled another five miles and arrived within two miles of the Indian village, where they all camped for a second night under the twinkling stars.

The village was situated on the top of a steep hill, so at daybreak all horses were left in charge of twenty men, while the remaining forty, under Major Burney, headed for the Indian community. As they climbed steadily to the summit they heard the bark of a dog. This was the danger signal to the red men, and resulted in trained runners carrying the news of “white men advancing,” from one village to another. Sometimes they sent out messages through a primitive method of fire-and-smoke telegraphy, which was accomplished by covering a large fire with a wet hide, and lifting the hide at intervals; thus the alternating flashes of fire and clouds of smoke, according to their number or intensity, communicated the kind of trouble the senders were in and the nature of the assistance required.

Without hesitation Burney gave orders to charge. The excited men rushed forward with all speed to fall upon the enemy; but the Indians had disappeared into the brush. Among the pursuers, those fleet of foot were naturally ahead, and when the order, “Charge!” was given, they suffered as a result of the bad shooting of those who lagged behind. The men in the front line were Major Burney, Captain Howard, Lieutenant Skeane, William Little, Charlie Houston and Dick Tillinson. Burney, Howard and Skeane were the only men who had taken part in active warfare before; therefore, great confusion prevailed, and some of the men lost their heads completely. Shots from the rifles of those in the rear killed Lieutenant Skeane, wounded Bill Little and Charlie Houston in the neck, and carried away one-half of Dick Tillinson’s nose.

When Major Burney observed their haphazard shooting, he said, “Boys, don’t fire unless you see something to shoot at.”

Then they entered the village with the hope of finding some dead Indians, but to their surprise there were only two wigwams, and not far from one of them lay a poor old squaw who had been shot in the thigh. Charlie Houston was lying quite near her, and she, in spite of her wound, was attempting to finish him with a bow and arrow. A short distance from Houston they discovered the bodies of two Indian boys.

After improvising a litter for Skeane’s body, they all sat down to rest under a large pine tree at the edge of the village. Suddenly Major Burney asked for volunteers to cut down three parts of a horse carcass that was hanging on the limb of a neighboring tree. All the men, knowing that the Indians were hiding in the brush, were unwilling to take unnecessary risks. Being of a daring disposition, William Howard said, “I’ll take a chance.” Long years afterward he seemed to enjoy telling the rest of the story at his own expense.

While he was busy with his bowie knife cutting the string that held the horse-meat, a bullet struck the tree close to his head. Dropping the knife, he ran like a deer in the direction of his companions, and said breathlessly to Major Burney, “It’s no use, our staying here; there does not seem to be anything to shoot at.” Howard then sat down under a large pine tree, while the other men lay quietly on the grass. Without warning there was another report; a bullet hit the tree, knocking off a large piece of bark, which struck William in the face, almost knocking him over. He immediately covered his face with both hands, and Burney said in a half-frightened voice, “Oh, Howard, are you hurt?”

William answered, “Yes, don’t you see the blood running down?”

Impulsively Burney grabbed away his hands, looked in his face, and said, “No, you’re not—you’re only crying!”

In accordance with suggestions, Major Burney and eight men attended to the wounded as well as they were able; then, picking up the litter which held Skeane’s body, they made for the valley, where the twenty men were waiting with the horses.

Captain Howard and nine men remained near the pine tree until the others were out of sight. These tactics were used in case the Indians in the thicket should attempt to cut off Burney and his men before they could reach those who were waiting in the valley.

When Major Burney and his helpers were out of sight, Howard and his companions started down the hill. After they had gone about two hundred yards, their attention was attracted by dreadful yelling. In the distance they distinguished an Indian running like a hare in his efforts to cut them off. Howard said, “Let’s get that fellow!” but his men did not appear keen to shoot.

Gazing in the direction from which the shouting came, Howard spotted a Mexican standing on a huge boulder at the side of the hill. He was cursing the Americans in the Spanish language and calling them cowards. This was too much for Howard to endure; he knelt on one knee in a firing position, and took deliberate aim. It was a long distance to make a center, but he had a good gun, and at the crack of the rifle the Mexican fell forward on his face, signifying that the bullet had found its mark.

Howard’s companions, by this time, were far ahead. Finding himself with an empty gun, and in great danger of being cut off, he did not let the grass grow under his feet as he rejoined them. They all arrived safely in the valley, where the horses and men were encamped, and here they erected a fort in case of another invasion. After burying Lieutenant Skeane’s body and again attending to the wounded, they all retired for the night; and, being thoroughly tired out as a result of the skirmish, they were soon fast asleep.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the following morning horse-bells sounded in the distance and Major Burney commanded that Captain Howard take nine men and head the Indians off. In this scrap they secured forty-nine horses and mules, killing one man, while two men with one horse made a miraculous escape.

When Howard and his men and animals arrived again at the camp, they soon built a corral to put the horses and mules in. All the men examined the animals and commenced helping themselves, one man claiming this one and another that one, until the expression of their desires led to contention. In the midst of the confusion, William stood up and said:

"Boys, you can't do that. These animals belong to your neighbors. If you take them this way you are no better than the Indians. You have been helping me to hunt my horses; if they had been found, would you all claim them?"

As a satisfied grin passed over the faces of his listeners, he said to Major Burney, "I'm going home; the men have no right to portion these animals out," and left them to fight it out amongst themselves.

For a few days Major Burney and the men stayed at the temporary fort; they finally settled the matter with regard to the horses and mules, and all returned to their various homes in and around Mariposa.

At the request of Governor McDougal, Major Burney made a report of this skirmish, and according to Captain Howard, whose veracity, I understand from two Stockton Judges, was unquestioned, many of the statements in this report were "extremely exaggerated." These inaccuracies, Howard said, were due to Savage's peculiar influence over Burney.

It appears from Howard's statement that James D. Savage had discreetly grasped this opportunity to attain a certain goal he had in mind, and had offered to assist Major Burney make up the report. Being a very talented man, and working in his own interest, he possessed extraordinary hypnotic powers which enabled him to influence State officials, gaining for himself fame and public honors. Major Burney was desirous of telling the truth in his report, but in all details Savage suggested that he draw on his imagination and make things stronger. His actual words were, "Make it stronger; we don't know how many we killed say forty or fifty."

With similar speeches the agitator did all in his power to prejudice Burney and others against the Indians. Therefore, when Burney's account of the "great battle" was read by Governor McDougal, he naturally was led to believe that the red men were extremely hostile.

In spite of the roving "California banditti," the Indians were unjustly accused. Savage, according to Captain Howard, circulated untrue statements as to how they had killed the storekeepers, Baldwin and Anderson; also as to how they were killing and robbing other Americans. These reports were received by Adam M. Johnston, and he, considering them to be real facts, had at intervals imparted them to the Governor in a letter. Here is the letter from Burney to the Governor:

MAJOR BURNEY'S LETTER TO GOVERNOR MC DOUGAL

Agua Fria, January 13, 1851.

Sir:

Your Excellency has doubtless been informed by Mr. Johnston and others, of repeated and aggravated depredations of the Indians in this part of the State. Their more recent outrages you are probably not aware of. Since the departure of Mr. Johnston, the Indian Agent, they have killed a portion of the citizens on the head of the San Joaquin River, driven the balance off, taken away all the movable property, and destroyed all they could not get away. They have invariably murdered and robbed all the small parties they fell in with between here and the San Joaquin. News came here last night that seventy-two men were killed on Rattlesnake Creek; several men have been killed in Bear Valley. The fine Gold Gulch has been deserted, and the men came in here yesterday. Nearly all the mules and horses in this part of the State have been stolen, both from the mines and the ranches. And I now in the name of the people of this part of the State, and for the good of our country, appeal to your Excellency for assistance.

In order to show your Excellency that the people have done all that they can to suppress these things, to secure quiet and safety in the possession of our property and lives, I will make a brief statement of what has been done here:

After the massacres on the Fresno, San Joaquin, etc., we endeavored to raise a volunteer company to drive the Indians back, if not to take them or force them into measures. The different squads from the various places rendezvoused not far from this place on Monday 6th, December, 1850, and numbered but seventy-four men. A company was formed, and I was elected Captain; J. W. Riley, First Lieutenant; E. Skeane, Second Lieutenant. We had but eight days' provisions, and not enough animals to pack our provisions and blankets, as it should have been done. We, however, marched on, and struck a large trail of horses that had been stolen by Indians (William J. Howard's horses and mules). I sent forward James D. Savage with a small spy force, and I followed the trail with my company. About 2 a. m. Savage came in and reported the village near, as he had heard the Indians singing. Here I halted, left a small guard with my animals and went forward with the balance of my men.

We reached the village just before day, and at dawn, but before there was light enough to see to fire our rifles with accuracy, we were discovered by their sentinel. When I saw they had seen us, I ordered a charge on the village (this had been reconnoitered by Savage and myself). The Indian sentinel and my company got to the village at the same time, he yelling to give the alarm. I ordered them to surrender; some of them ran off, some seemed disposed to surrender, but others fired on us; we fired and charged into the village. Their ground had been selected on account of the advantages it possessed in their mode of warfare. They numbered about 400, and fought us three hours and a half. We killed from forty to fifty, but cannot tell exactly how many, as they took off all they could get to. Twenty-six were killed in and around the village, and a number of others in the chaparral. We burned the village and provisions, and took four horses. Our loss was six wounded, two mortally; one of the latter was Lieutenant Skeane, the other a Mr. Little, whose bravery and conduct through the battle cannot be spoken of too highly.

We made litters on which we conveyed our wounded, and had to march four miles down the mountain, to a suitable place to camp, the Indians firing at us all the way, from the peaks on either side, but so far off as to do little damage. My men had been marching or fighting from the morning of the day before without any sleep, and with but little to eat. On the plain, at the foot of the mountain, we made a rude but substantial fortification, and at a late hour those who were not on guard were permitted to sleep. Our sentinels were (as I anticipated they would be) firing at the Indians occasionally all night, but I had ordered them not to come in until they were driven in.

I left my wounded men there with enough of my company to defend the little fort, and returned to this place for provisions and recruits. I sent them reinforcements and provisions, and in two days more I will march by another route, with another reinforcement, and intend to attack another village before going to the fort. The Indians are watching the movements at the fort, and I can come up in the rear of them unsuspectedly, and we can keep them back until I can hear from Your Excellency.

If Your Excellency thinks proper to authorize me or any other person to keep this company together, we can force them into measures in a short time. But if not authorized and commissioned to do so, and furnished with some arms and provisions, or the means to buy them and pay for the services of these men, my company must be disbanded, as they are not able to lose much time without any compensation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
James Burney.

XIV FORMATION AND ACTIVITIES OF THE MARIPOSA BATTALION

It is a somewhat singular coincidence that, evidently through Adam M. Johnston's official communications and other sources of information respecting the struggle that was progressing in Mariposa County, Governor McDougal issued a letter bearing the same date as Burney's—January 13, 1851—authorizing the Sheriff of Mariposa County to call out one hundred able-bodied men (militia), with which to meet the pressing exigencies of the times.

At the same time he sent an appealing message to the State Legislature, then in session, asking for means to meet such pressing emergencies; also a communication addressed to the Indian Commissioners, appointed by the General Government, for cooperation. The same day a dispatch was sent to General Persifer F. Smith, commanding the Pacific Division of the United States Army, informing him of the Indian disturbances, and asking what aid might be expected from his department, the number of effective troops to be relied on, whether there could be furnished arms and ammunition to volunteers, and if so the character and number of arms and ammunition, concluding with the question: "Will you deem it advisable to cooperate in the present emergency?"

There seems to be no published response to this last inquiry; nevertheless, it is a matter of record that the State assumed the responsibility for the disbursements of this war, tho the expenses were afterward shouldered by the United States Government.

Appearing most anxious that no delay on his part should cause unnecessary loss of life or property, the Governor immediately dispatched Colonel J. Neely Johnson, an officer on his Staff, to the United States Indian Commissioners, Messrs. Wozencraft, McKee and Barbour, with offers of safe conduct to the scene of the disturbances, accompanied with the assurance that: "Colonel Johnson will afford you every facility in his power, and cooperate with you in all measures necessary to insure a return of those friendly feelings which are so desirable to us and so essential to the happiness of both whites and Indians." This offer was cordially accepted by the United States Indian Commissioners, who, under the escort of Colonel J. Neely Johnson and a small body of State troops, set out on their peaceful mission.

While the volunteers were enjoying sweet repose, a new excitement made its advent among them; it came as a great revelation, for it was an order from His Excellency Governor John McDougal to Major Burney (dated January 13, 1851), to enlist one hundred men. By a subsequent order, January 24, 1851, the number was increased to two hundred able-bodied militia. They were to be organized at the earliest practicable moment into independent companies, not to exceed four, and, under officers of their own selection, to proceed at once to punish the offending tribes.

The full complement of organized volunteers, numbering two hundred and four, rank and file, reported to Major Burney at Savage's old store near Agua Fria, February 10, 1851, equipped, mounted and ready for service. It was known as the Mariposa Battalion. At the election of officers, Burney, to whom the honor of commanding the force naturally belonged, magnanimously declined to be a candidate. He explained that his duties as Sheriff of so large a county were too pressing; but Captain Howard and others realized that this was an act of diplomacy, for the purpose of insuring harmony by avoiding a clash with jealous and ambitious rivals.

This resulted in the election of James D. Savage as commander, not because of his military knowledge, but on account of his knowledge of the habits, customs, haunts, and language of the Indians, as well as of the country they would have to traverse. M. B. Lewis was elected Adjutant; Doctor A. Bronson, Surgeon, later succeeded by Doctor Lewis Leach; Assistant-Surgeons, Doctors Pfifer and Black.

The battalion was divided into three companies, A, B and C. The Captains commanding were: John I. Kuykendall, Company A; John Bowling, Company B; William Dill, Company C. The First Lieutenants were: John I. Scott, Company A; Reuben Chandler, Company B; Hugh W. Farrell, Company C, with Robert E. Russell as Sergeant-Major. Provisions and baggage wagons were provided by the State, but the troops supplied their own horses and equipment. Their first headquarters was a meadow near Mariposa Creek, fifteen miles from the town of Mariposa. Here they were daily drilled and put through all the preparatory exercises necessary for efficient military service.

Major Savage was in the height of his glory as head of the government troops. He had reached his goal, and gained his revenge upon Chief José Juarez. From the time that he made himself unpopular with the two Indian Chiefs, he had sought by published statements to make it appear that every depredation, whether committed by Americans, Mexicans, or persons of any other nationality, was always done by Indians.

When the red men saw that Savage was exciting the white men against them, they fled to the mountains for safety. At this time Captain Howard had many Indians working on his ranch. One was a Chief named Falis. He had a friend living near, named Sapianna, who was unusually bright and a gifted orator, and who placed great confidence in Howard. Sapianna said to him one day: "Savage is responsible for all the hard feelings which have arisen between the white men and the red."

While the four squads were busy making preparations and sending out occasional scouting parties to look for the enemy—who, judging by the many horse and cattle thefts, must have been amazingly near—the dawn of a new era was breaking. Strong humanitarian influences were at work on behalf of a nobler policy toward the Indians. Letters and other forms of communication were being continually received

by the Executive. They were written by persons holding official positions, and set forth new views on the Indian question. Among them was the following from General Thomas B. Eastland:

Sir:

That the Indians have been more "sinned against than sinning," since the settling of California by the whites, is the opinion of many old inhabitants, as well as miners, who have lived in their midst and watched the rise and progress of the many disturbances that have occurred. They are naturally inoffensive, and perhaps less warlike than any other tribes on the continent; indeed, they have not even the resources necessary for defense; the bow and arrow are their only arms; they are destitute of animals even for transportation purposes; they have no means of support within themselves, save the transitory fruits of the season, some few esculent plants and acorns, the latter being garnered up for their winter supplies, by which they must stay or starve; they are to a man almost in a state of nature, without a single comfort in the way of clothing, and during the cold months huddle together in their holes, as their only protection against the inclemency of the weather; in fact, all their habits are peaceful, and in their whole character it is not discoverable that naturally they possess the first element of a war-like people; but the germ of a hostile spirit has been created in them, that without some prompt and decisive action on the part of the General Government will grow and spread among them a deadly hate toward the whites, which ere long may cause our frontier to be marked with lines of blood. If they are apt scholars they will not only be taught how to fight, but in time will muster many warriors, each with his firelock and butcher-knife, taken from the bodies of murdered white men.

I have the honor to be Your Excellency's obedient servant,

Thomas B. Eastland.
Brig. Gen. 1st. Division, Cal. Ma., Comm'g.

Apparently the majority of the Americans strongly objected to the formation of the Mariposa Battalion, which was solely for the purpose of combating inoffensive tribes, who had not the resources necessary for defense. Many thoughtful contributors to the press foresaw a growing and deadly hatred toward the white man, which would in time bring about terrific bloodshed. Such well considered sentiments carried with them the force of conclusive argument, and gave full strength to the moulding of a more generous future for the campaign. Governor McDougal gave much anxious thought to this all-absorbing question, and held earnest conferences on it with influential members of both Senate and Assembly, and with other State officials.

Effectual conferences between the Governor of the State and the Indian Commissioners sent out by the General Government, frequently took place; they resulted in the adoption of a more just and more benignant policy toward the Indians. Finally it was agreed by the State Executive that the United States Indian Commissioners, Messrs. Wozencraft, McKee and Barbour, in the interest of humanity, should take over full command of the State troops, then in the field near Mariposa. Therefore, instructions were sent to Major James Savage, ordering him to suspend all active hostile demonstrations against the red men until further notice.

Thus it happened that while the Mariposa Militia was doing strenuous training exercises, the Indian agents were selecting stores adapted to the red men's tastes and general needs. They also engaged the services of peaceful Indians as messengers and interpreters, feeling that through these men they could more readily find access to the hearts of the Indians. When all things were in readiness for the proposed peace campaign, the United States Indian Commissioners, under the escort of Colonel Neely Johnson and a small detachment of State troops, repaired as rapidly as possible to the camp of the Mariposa Battalion.

After receiving a cordial and somewhat informal welcome, Colonel Johnson delivered the following sensible address before the battalion:

Soldiers and Gentlemen: Your operations as a military organization will henceforth be under the direction of the United States Commissioners. Under their orders you are now assigned to the duty of subduing such Indian tribes as could not otherwise be induced to make treaties with them and at once cease hostilities and depredations. Your officers will make all reports to the Commissioners. Your orders and instructions will hereafter be issued by them. Your soldierly and manly appearance is a sufficient guarantee that their orders will be conscientiously carried out.

While I do not hesitate to denounce the Indians for the murders and robberies committed by them, we should not forget that there may perhaps be circumstances which, if taken into consideration, might to some extent excuse their hostility to the whites. They probably feel that they themselves are the aggrieved party, looking upon us as trespassers upon their territory, invaders of their country, seeking to dispossess them of their homes. It may be that they class us with the Spanish invaders of Mexico and California, whose cruelties in civilizing and Christianizing them are still traditionally fresh in their memories.

As I am soon to leave you, I will now bid you good-by, with the hope that your actions will be in harmony with the wishes of the Commissioners, and that in the performance of your duties, you will in all cases observe mercy where severity is not justly demanded.

Around this time the Indian Agent called upon Captain Howard and asked him to take fifteen or twenty men as a bodyguard, go to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, find two tribes who had fled there when they saw the white men turning against them, and bring them back to live peacefully on the Tuolumne Reservation.

Knowing that these were Mission Indians and not really hostile, Captain Howard eventually decided to take only his secretary with him, a young French-Canadian named Logan, who was able to converse in the Spanish language. It did not take the two men long to reach the wigwams, where they obtained an interview with the two Chiefs, Hauhau and New Mexicano. William informed them that the Government had agreed to give them food and blankets, providing they came back to the Reservation. This little heart-to-heart talk, assisted by his friendship and personality, brought about the return of the two tribes to the Tuolumne a few days after Howard's visit.

On another occasion a large number of Indians revolted through a misunderstanding with the whites, and all started for the mountains. Captain Howard, learning of their intentions, went ahead, and waited for them on a narrow trail that overlooked the river. As the red men approached this point of the journey he stood in the middle of the trail and commanded them to halt. They could easily have thrown him into the river, but his kind voice and known friendship made them earnest listeners to his Spanish speech. He asked them to return with him, and he would answer for their happiness. They followed him back to the Reservation, and another uprising was quelled.

The taking over of the command of the State troops by the Commissioners resulted in the sending of peace messengers to the numerous Indian settlements. Among the messengers was one named Russio, who seems to have been preeminently qualified for this service. His discriminating comprehension of the Indian viewpoint, his superior intelligence, and his convincingly persuasive manners, were invaluable to the Commissioners in their efforts to establish peace relations. Accompanied by another named Sandino, he visited the nearest Indian village, where he depicted in graphic terms the invincible power of the whites, and the wonderful gifts of blankets, provisions and ornaments that were ready for distribution among the Indian women and children, if they would only make friends with their white neighbors. In this way many were induced to talk with the Commissioners, and finally agreed to live on the Reservations, providing the whites left them in peace.

There still remained some unfriendly Indians, presumably influenced by José Rey. One day Russio said:

“The Indians in the deep rocky valley on the Merced River do not wish for peace, and will not come to see the Chiefs sent by the Great Father to make treaties. They think the white men cannot find their hiding places, therefore they cannot be driven out. In this big deep valley one Indian is more than ten white men, and the hiding places are many; if the white men should come near them they will throw rocks upon them. These tribes in the great valley are strong and lawless, like grizzlies; we are afraid to go to this valley, for many witches are there.”

XV

DISCOVERY OF THE YOSEMITE AND DEATH OF SAVAGE

The Indian Commissioners established Reservation Grounds on the Fresno River —on property now known as Adobe Ranch, Madera, and owned by Mr. J. G. Stitt. This became a place of general rendezvous for both soldiers and Indians.

Notwithstanding the attentions and humane treatment received at the hands of the agents, several tribes of red men still doubted the sincerity of the whites and remained hidden in their secret places of retreat. Weary of waiting for the Ah-wah-nee-chees to come down to the Reservations, and constantly hearing about the depredations committed upon the horses, cattle, and other property of miners, settlers and militia, the Indian Commissioners decided to go after them, and gave orders for the battalion to prepare for action.

The volunteers received this order with great joy, as the prolonged inactivity had made life very monotonous for them. So when the injunction was given to “mount,” every saddle was filled with alacrity. The entire absence of roads necessitated their marching along the most obscure trails, advancing in single file under the directions of Major Savage. Traveling in silence, as instructed, they braved the heavy rains without a qualm. On reaching the South Fork of the Merced River, their efforts were rewarded by the discovery of “Indian signs.” It was very dark, and a terrible blizzard almost blinded them, so they camped here until morning.

At daybreak, leaving the animals and camping-outfits in charge of a strong guard, two of the companies under Captains Boling and Dill, with an Indian guide named Bob, advanced without hesitation to the Indian village. Let Dr. Bunnell continue the narrative:

“On discovering us, the Indians ran hurriedly to and fro, as if uncertain what course to pursue. Seeing an unknown force approaching, they threw up their hands in token of submission, crying out in Spanish, “Paz! Paz!” (Peace! Peace!) We were at once ordered to halt, while Major Savage went forward to arrange for the surrender. He was at once recognized, and cordially received by such members of the band as he desired to confer with officially. We found the village to be that of Pon-wat-chee, a chief of the Noot-chu tribe, whose people had formerly worked for Savage under direction of Cow-chit-ty, his brother, and from whose tribe Savage had taken Es-e-ke-no, one of his former wives. The Chief professed still to entertain feelings of friendship for Savage, and expressed himself as now willing to obey his counsels.

“Savage at once told the object of his expedition, and his requirements. His terms were promptly agreed to, and before we had time to examine the captives or their wigwams they had commenced packing their supplies and removing their property from their bark huts. This done, the torch was applied by the Indians themselves, in token of their sincerity in removing to the Reservation on the Fresno.”

After this bloodless victory, Pon-wat-chee, the returning Chief, voluntarily informed Savage of a camp of the Po-ho-no-chees on the opposite side of the river, not far below his old village. Messengers were immediately sent there, and the Po-ho-no-chees, having through their runners already learned of the unexpected peaceful abduction of the Noo-chus, and of the kind treatment received from the whites, willingly gave themselves up.

The submission of these two tribes resulted in messengers and runners being sent in all directions to discover the hiding places of other Indian bands. They were instructed to promise food, clothing and protection if the Indians surrendered, and extermination if they refused. This message had the desired effect, for all those found in the immediate vicinity, in a timid and somewhat fearful manner, gave themselves up.

All this proved extremely encouraging, so the Commissioners decided to send a similar message to the defiant Ah-wah-nee-chees, or Yosemite; but not a single one presented himself. Then, in order to avoid compulsory measures and possible slaughter, a kind but decisive message was sent by the hand of a special courier, to Ten-ie-ya, their Chief. To this note the old Chief responded promptly, for the following day he came in person and had a serious talk with Major Savage.

It appears that the Chief had the courage to go without a single escort, and on presenting himself with unusual dignity to the guard, he remained standing until Savage motioned to him to enter the tent. Once inside the tent, he was quickly recognized and respectfully greeted by Pon-wat-chee as the Chief of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. The officers and men likewise received him cordially and extended to him the hospitality of their camp. Dr. Bunnell gives us this clear account of what followed:

“With the aid of the Indians, Major Savage informed him of the wishes of the Commissioners. The old sachem was very suspicious of Savage, and feared he was taking this method of getting the Yo-semite into his power, for the purpose of revenging his personal wrongs. Savage told him that if he would go to the Commissioners, and make a treaty of peace with them, as the other Indians were doing, there would be no more war. Ten-ie-ya cautiously inquired the object of taking all the Indians to the plains of the San Joaquin,

and said, 'My people do not want anything from the Great Father you tell me about. The Great Spirit is our father, and he has always supplied us with all we need. We do not want anything from white men. Our women are able to do our work. Go, then. Let us remain in the mountains where we were born, where the ashes of our fathers have been given to the winds. I have said enough!'

"This was abruptly answered by Savage in Indian dialect and gestures. 'If you and your people have all you desire, why do you steal our horses and mules? Why do you rob the miners' camps? Why do you murder the white men, and plunder and burn their houses?'

"Ten-ie-ya sat silent for some time; it was evident he understood what Savage had said, for he replied: 'My young men have sometimes taken horses and mules from the whites. It was wrong for them to do so. It is not wrong to take the property of enemies who have wronged my people. My young men believed the white gold-diggers were our enemies; we now know they are not, and we will be glad to live in peace with them. We will stay here and be friends. My people do not want to go to the plains. The tribes who go there are some of them very bad. They will make war upon my people. We cannot live on the plains with them. Here we can defend ourselves against them.'

"In reply to this, Savage very deliberately and firmly said: 'Your people must go to the Commissioners and make terms with them. If they do not, your young men will again steal our horses, your people will again kill and plunder the whites. It was your people who robbed my stores, burned my houses and murdered my men. If they do not make a treaty, your whole tribe will be destroyed; not one of them will be left alive.' At this vigorous ending of the Major's speech, the old Chief replied: 'It is useless to talk to you about who destroyed your property and killed your people. If the Chow-chillas do not boast of it, they are cowards, for they led us on. I am old and you can kill me if you will, hut what use to lie to you who know more than all the Indians, and can beat them in their big hunts of deer and hear. Therefore I will not lie to you, but promise that if allowed to return to my people I will bring them in.' He was allowed to go.

"The next day he came back and said his people would soon come to our camp; that when he had told them they could come with safety, they were willing to go and make a treaty with the men sent by the Great Father, who was so good and rich. Another day passed, but no Indians made their appearance from the 'deep valley', spoken of so frequently by those at our camp. The old Chief said the snow was so deep that they could not travel fast; that his village was so far down (gesticulating, by way of illustration, with his hands) that when the snow was deep on the mountains they would be a long time climbing out of it. As we were at the time having another storm, Ten-ie-ya's explanation was accepted, but he was closely watched."

Day after day brought no tangible evidence of the Yo-semites, however, and in spite of the discouraging pictures painted in both language and gesture by Ten-ie-ya of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered on the trail, the Commander and Commissioners decided that the missing tribe must be sought after. An expedition to the Mystic Valley, therefore, was resolved upon.

When Major Savage called for volunteers, the entire command stepped to the front. This presented a new and difficult situation, for the Indian captives as well as the baggage had to be protected; a camp-guard was as essential as an advancing cohort. A call for camp-guard was then made, but very few responded, so the officers decided to provide for it by a good-natured piece of strategy. A foot-race was organized, the fleetest to be the chosen ones for the expedition, and the slowest to form the camp-guard. This novel method of selection made provision for both emergencies without prejudicial discrimination, and was greeted with great applause.

Amid many jocular allusions to the possible value of their fleet-footedness, should they wish to make a retreat when they met the enemy, the troops made an early start the next morning. With Major Savage in advance, accompanied by Ten-ie-ya as guide, they soon encountered deep snow; but the usual difficulties of making a trail through it were quickly overcome by team-work, the horseman in front frequently falling out of line, and the next taking his place. By this old-fashioned method an excellent horse-trail was soon made, especially when one considers the rough and rocky country they traveled over.

Half-way between the camp and the valley they met about seventy-two Yo-semites, forcing their way in a floundering manner through the snow. Loaded down with children and wares, they were making for the Reservation near the Merced River. This proved to a certain extent that Ten-ie-ya was acting in good faith, but the estimated number of his band was over two hundred; therefore the question arose, where were the remainder? Ten-ie-ya tried to explain the reason for such a limited following. He said that many of his people had intermarried with distant tribes, and that some were sick and would join them later; these were all that were willing to leave their mountain homes for the plains just now.

These statements did not satisfy the troops, who were determined upon advancing; so, on account of Ten-ie-ya's reluctance to go farther, they selected one of his "braves" in his place, and the old Chief was allowed to accompany his people to the camp. After separating from the seventy-two mountain Indians, they had gone only a few miles when the great valley opened before them like a sublime revelation. The white man had at last discovered the wonderful Yosemite Valley—May 5, 1851. Dr. Bunnell paints this graphic picture of his first impressions:

"It has been said that it is not easy to describe in words the precise impressions which great objects make upon us. I cannot describe how completely I realized this truth. None but those who have visited this most wonderful valley can even imagine the feelings with which I looked upon the view that was there presented. The grandeur of the scene was but softened by the haze that hung over the valley, light as gossamer, and by the clouds which partially dimmed the higher cliffs and mountains. This obscurity of vision but increased the awe with which I beheld it, and, as I looked, a peculiarly exalted sensation seemed to fill my whole being, and I found my eyes in tears with emotion.

"To obtain a more distinct and quiet view, I had left the trail and my horse, and had walled through the snow alone to a projecting granite rock. So interested was I in the scene before me, that I did not observe that my comrades had all moved on, and that I would soon be left indeed alone. My situation attracted the attention of Major Savage, who was riding in the rear of the column, and who hailed me from the trail below with, 'You had better wake up from that dream up there, or you may lose your hair; I have no faith in Ten-ie-ya's statements that there are no Indians about here. We had better be moving; some of the murdering devils may be lurking along this trail to pick up stragglers.' I hurriedly joined the Major on the descent, and as other views presented themselves, I said with some enthusiasm, 'If my hair is now required, I can depart in peace, for I have here seen the power and glory of a Supreme Being; the majesty of his handiwork is in that "Testimony of the Rocks."'"

To the Mariposa Battalion under the Command of Major James D. Savage is to be accorded the honor of first entering the Yosemite Valley. Is it strange that these Indians of the hills and mountains were so unwilling to leave the awe-inspiring wonders of the Great Spirit and go to the plains, where malaria and mosquitoes prevailed, and where an incoming civilization that was to them new and objectionable,



Courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railway Company

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Where the Howard family led the way for the tourist legions that now go there every summer to view Nature in all her grandeur. was gradually forcing their people away from their life of “real nature”?

Owing to the fact that the Yo-semites again returned to the valley, and, with the Chow-chillas, refused to answer the messages of the Commissioners, a second expedition was undertaken, commanded by Captain Boling. This time there were a few skirmishes, with quite a little chasing, in which, to the great grief of Ten-ie-ya, his youngest and favorite son was killed. The son’s death seemed to crush the spirit of the old Chief, who, with his four squaws and the remainder of his band, was now willing to accept almost any terms. These Indians went quietly with the troops to the Reservation, where they were handed over to the Commissioners, who formally commended the expedition for its success. With the complete accomplishment of this undertaking, the Mariposa Battalion was mustered out of service, July, 1851. During the time this organization was in existence, not one of its number was killed, but it is said to have killed a few Indians.

Major Savage, the Commander, resumed his duties as storekeeper and renewed his intimacy with his seven squaws. Late one evening in August, 1852, he came home feeling extremely tired, and in consequence was very much annoyed when his favorite squaw informed him that a man named Harvey, who had called during the day, had said insulting things about him. Calling the members of his harem together early next morning, he said to them, “Get ready: come and see me whip Harvey.”

Major Harvey, a brilliant young man, was on his way to Los Angeles to carry out a Government mission. Savage knew that he had put up for the night at the home of a rancher named Campbell, twelve miles from Mariposa, on the Tuolumne River, in the rich region of the Southern mines.

He was soon on the war-path, and it did not take him and his seven wives many hours to arrive at the Campbell Ranch. Major Harvey and a friend, Judge Marvin, were sitting at a little table close to the door, engaged in a very serious conversation. Suddenly Marvin

looked out of the window and saw Savage with his seven squaws walking along the road in the direction of the house. Quickly turning to Harvey, he said, "Here comes Savage with his regiment."

Then Judge Marvin opened the door and invited Savage to enter, while the squaws remained outside some distance from the house.

Once inside the door, Major Savage fixed his deep blue eyes upon Major Harvey, as he said, "Did you say I wasn't a gentleman?"

While saying these words he slowly drew from his pocket a pistol, but Judge Marvin, perceiving that trouble was ahead, instantly grabbed the weapon, and after a slight tussle was successful in taking it from him. Savage then took out his bowie-knife and rushed to the table—in fact, almost over it—in his attempt to stab Major Harvey, who impulsively pulled the trigger of his revolver and shot Major Savage through the heart.

When the squaws saw their master fall, they shook their hands, Indian fashion, and hurried with all possible speed to impart the news to their relatives and friends.

The coroner was soon notified, and Major Savage was given an honorable burial, for forty Indians armed with bows and arrows attended his funeral.

This account of the death of Savage, which was obtained from Captain Howard, differs a little from that published in the *Alta California*, August 25, 1852. According to this paper Savage was on his way to an Indian Council. At Converse Ferry he met Judge Marvin, and the two traveled to Campbell Ranch together, where they ran into Major Harvey. In a very impatient manner Savage asked Major Harvey to retract a statement made by him to the effect that Savage was no gentleman, and so on.

The death of Major Savage caused a great sensation, for he was well known, and many people expressed their grief at losing such a genial and interesting personality. Others, who had already seen through his skilfulness in circulating false reports, did not feel so badly over his death.

This was not an unexpected ending for a man who had, through his suave tongue, been successful in attaining fame and public recognition. It is well known that after his death the Indians in California appeared more satisfied and contented. In this particular section of the country they were Mission Indians, and had always been peacefully inclined toward the whites. History speaks of Indian wars in Mariposa County, but Captain Howard insisted that they were only skirmishes, and that no one could prove that the Mariposa Indians had ever made an attack upon white men. They were misrepresented and made to appear hostile through the machinations of the man with the "forked tongue," to use the term employed by José Juarez, the Indian Chief, in his very emphatic speech regarding Savage.

One must remember that there were bad white men in those days as well as bad red men, and when Indians fired upon the whites they often did so in self-defense. The red men knew that Savage was not really in sympathy with them, and in their moments of fear would often seek shelter and comfort at the hands of Captain Howard. They found in him a true friend, who would never forsake or turn against them.

XVI CALIFORNIA BANDITTI

With the Indians living peacefully on their Reservations one naturally expected all depredations to cease—but they did not, which proved that the red men were not wholly responsible for them. In fact, the State was overrun with a lawless element; murders and robberies increased at an alarming rate. To the majority of men and women life was a matter of extremes—one long excitement. A large number were intoxicated with prosperity, and this wealth, so rapidly gained, created a community of unspeakable wickedness and degradation. One man did not trust another. Everybody carried a revolver and had a bowie knife stowed somewhere about his person. Even when sleeping, these weapons were carefully placed under their heads.

Homes were looted so frequently that all citizens lived in fear of their lives, and the human vultures who infested the camps and ranches were able to conceal their individuality as long as they wished. Gamblers and outlaws organized themselves into bands; theft, burglary, stage hold-ups and murder were all in the day's work. Cutthroats were everywhere, many of them escaped convicts.

Due to the feeling engendered by the Mexican War, Mexicans or "Greasers," as they were called, figured largely among the criminals, and several swarthy characters were recognized leaders of organized bands. One was named Manuel Garcia, better known as Three-Fingered-Jack, because of the fact that he had lost a portion of his hand in a quarrel. His initial acts of plundering were successful, and this fact encouraged the floating population of Mexicans infesting the region to try the same methods. Occasionally he varied the monotony of his murders by tying the victim to a tree and flaying him alive. Another, Joaquin Valenzuela, was a man of forty years, who had learned the fine art of bushwhacking down in Mexico under Padre Jurata, the notorious Guerilla Chief. A third, Joaquin Claudio, was a lean and seasoned robber from the mountains of Sonora, an adept in disguises, skilful as a spy, and able to mingle with the crowd in any Plaza, unrecognized by men who had known him for years. Others were Pedro Gonzales, a finished artist in horse-stealing, and Tiburone Vasquez, who was just entering upon his career as an outlaw. Every one of these leaders had his own well trained gang of riders, and each man was getting pickings from pack-trains, stage-coaches, valley ranches, miners' cabins, and sometimes a boat.

The brightest star in this firmament of outlawry, whose name is still mentioned with horror in the gold counties from Marysville to San José and Los Angeles, was Joaquin Murieta. This handsome and daring character was often referred to as "The Mysterious Chief"; his intelligence, combined with a set purpose, gave him unusual influence and resulted in all the hold-up bands being under his leadership. He was quick and fearless in confirming the rumors of his directorship, and managed by spectacular methods to let more than one community know who was responsible for some startling outrage.

Joaquin Murieta was born on a ranch in Sonora, Mexico, and was a descendant of an ancient Basque family, hardy pioneers who had come from the Spanish Pyrenees to Sonora, where they were given a grant of three square leagues of land near Hermosillo. Being a Mexican of the better class, Joaquin was fairly well educated, a good dancer, fond of pleasure, and a genius at playing stringed instruments, especially the guitar.

When Joaquin was seventeen years of age there lived near his ranch a packer named Feliz; he was a widower and his only house-keeper was his little sixteen-year-old daughter, Rosita, whom he idolized. She was a dear little Castilian maiden, with pure ivory skin, deep black eyes, and hair smoothed down with oil of almonds, possessing all the dignity, beauty and lure characteristic of the daughters of Spain.

During long absences of the packer from his home, Joaquin often called at the cabin to enjoy a chat with Rosita, and these frequent meetings between the two resulted in a feeling of regard for each other, considerably stronger than friendship.

One day in the absence of her father Rosita greeted Joaquin as usual, but this time the good-looking young Mexican brought a letter which he had received from his half-brother, Jesus, who had left his home town in the rush for gold a year before. The contents, which Joaquin carefully read to Rosita, presented such a glowing account of the gold-mines that he decided to take the little Spanish girl and leave that very night for California.

We may picture them making their plans for elopement: A dark-skinned boy of seventeen with dreamy-looking eyes, lounging with his head against the breast of a comely maiden, barely sixteen, in the doorway of a Spanish bungalow, reading to her a letter which had been written in San Francisco. Rosita's little brother, Reyes, suddenly stops strumming his



“WIDE-OPEN” SAN FRANCISCO
Colonel Savage leaps upon the gaming table and wagers his weight in gold.



THE RANGERS IN ACTION
Just beyond the ridge, California's most desperate bandits are encamped.

guitar and slides down from the flat roof to learn about the golden city. Won by promises of a gold-mounted saddle, the little fellow gives his cooperation to the elopers, and arrangements are soon completed for the great venture. And so Joaquin, riding on a strong horse, takes Rosita away in true Lochinvar style to California.

As they ride across the cactus-studded Mexican desert in the hot sunlight, they enter the little gray church of Hermosillo, where before the Virgin they pledge their troth for life. No one suspects—least of all the fair bride—that this lad standing almost six feet, with a mustache already shadowing his sulky lip, and with bold, black eyes flaring catwise at the corners as he kneels meekly before the altar,

is destined never to reach full manhood, and yet is to be a synonym of terror throughout the Golden State, and to add some of the reddest pages to American history.

The two lovers soon reached San Francisco, where, after gazing for a few moments at the busy streets, piles of tents, and hundreds of marooned vessels, they sallied forth in search of the brother with the peculiarly Mexican baptismal name.

On their arrival in the Mexican quarter, Rosita was taken care of by several Señoras, while Joaquin, in company with his brother, explored the town and purchased mining equipment. When visiting the gambling houses, where yelling and tobacco smoke filled the air, they fell into the pathway of the hounds—the city's drunken set of law-makers, headed by Sam Roberts.

Murieta was soon tired of this bed of savagery, so with mining tools, grub-sack and a mule, he and his little Rosita started eastward across the Coast Range and the flatlands of the San Joaquin, where they climbed into the red foothills of the Stanislaus, and here staked a claim.

Their claim proved rich enough to attract some ne'er-do-wells, and one evening these rough characters attacked the young couple's cabin for the purpose of jumping the property.

When the young Mexican put up a resistance, saying, "I have as much right to mine here as you have," they bound him hand and foot and abused little Rosita dreadfully. Some historians report that she died, that Murieta buried her with a vow of revenge that changed his whole life from that of a good romantic boy to a heartless outlaw. Captain Howard and several others, however, state that Rosita did not die, but recovered and persuaded her lover to leave for Columbia, once the largest town in California, now a ghost town. There again they were driven out by an anti-Mexican mob.

Murieta eventually gave up mining in disgust, Captain Howard further relates, and filled the position of monte-dealer in a lively little placer camp known as Murphy's Diggings, where he became very popular with Americans on account of his fluent English and exceptional courtesy. Rosita, whose beauty earned for her the name of "Queen Victoria," took up her abode at Tulita, a short distance from the Howard ranch. Here, with the assistance of two other Spanish women, she made a success at mining, and at the same time kept an intelligence station for her husband. The other two, known as Anita and Marianna, were the mistresses of Pedro Gonzales and Rosita's brother Reyes, who had joined his sister in California.

"Queen Victoria" loved to discuss shooting with Captain Howard, and one morning when he was riding along the dusty trail she came out of her tent, motioned to him, and said, "Captain Howard, I hear that you are the best shot in the neighborhood, and I bet you a bottle of champagne that I can make the best two out of three at a distance of fifty yards."

Champagne being then sixteen dollars a bottle, William dismounted and agreed to take on the bet. It was decided that both should use "Navy six-shooters." One of the women helpers placed a target fifty yards away, and when everything was in readiness the handsome Señora appeared anxious that William should have the first shot. He, however, had the presence of mind to suggest tossing for the first, thereby avoiding the danger of possible treachery. When the half-dollar was thrown in the air it fell to the lot of Rosita to shoot first. She shot three times and failed to hit the target, while William was successful in getting three out of three, thereby winning the bottle of champagne. When Rosita produced the sparkling liquor, William thanked her, saying that he did not drink, but would consider it a great honor if she would accept the wine as a present. She smiled and bowed in grand Spanish fashion.

Many thought that this handsome woman helped to blaze the trail for Murieta's spectacular course of crime, for he was intensely jealous of her, and resented with all the passionate ardor of his race the imagined attentions of would-be rivals. Under the impetus of this trait of character he gave full rein to his murderous instincts, claiming that he was actuated solely by revenge; however, he always respected women and would never hurt them.

While working as a monte-dealer, he frequently visited his half-brother, who lived only a few miles away. One evening Jesus lent Joaquin a horse to ride home, and when Joaquin drew near the camp a group of miners held him up, declaring that the animal belonged to one of their number. They listened to the monte-dealer's explanations and returned with him to his brother, who told them he had bought the horse in good faith from a stranger. Refusing to believe the brother, they bound and hanged him to the nearest tree. Then, stripping Joaquin Murieta to the waist, they tied him to a tree and flogged him until the blood poured down his bare back. While the lash was being applied, the victim gave them the vendetta look, signifying that he would devote the rest of his life to gaining revenge.

That same evening, as the monte-dealer knelt beside the grave of his dead brother, holding in his clasped hands, high above his head, a naked bowie knife, he undertook for himself a new job. A small group of Mexicans hiding behind the pine trees listened to his words, as he made a vow to color the knife-blade and his hands red with the blood of twenty men from Murphy's Diggings, and to devote the rest of his life to killing Americans. The cruel injustice of the miners, Captain Howard believed, had suddenly changed Joaquin from a romantic boy to a fiend incarnate; at any rate, from that time forth he persevered in hideous crime until his name echoed throughout the State.

It did not take him long to get a following, as all the established bandit leaders decided to become his lieutenants. Many of the men's names who gathered around him are unknown, but there were five Joaquins, namely, Valenzuela, Carillo, Claudio, Oconorenia, and Boteller, as well as Three-Fingered-Jack and the boy Reyes Feliz.

Murieta and his one hundred followers, all dressed as Mexican dandies, were exceptionally well mounted, and all were fitted out with revolvers and bowie knives, ready to take death by the throat. In this manner, sometimes accompanied by the three beautiful girls dressed as boys, they traveled through the country establishing alliances and spying out new fields of plunder. While the pack-trains jingled down from the hills, and the procession of heavy wagons passed up from the San Joaquin Valley enwrapped in clouds of dust, this swarthy company swept through California like a fire on a chaparral hillside when the wind is high. Their destructive operations were carried out with amazing rapidity, because they were based upon a most extraordinary system, which Joaquin Murieta worked out himself.

Occasionally a miner would get a glimpse of the bandit gliding among the tents on the outskirts of the mining camps, or a late reveler, returning to his cabin in the darkness, would be startled by the sight of his dark, silent figure. In the chilly mornings men would fall over the bodies of his victims, or of some of his helpers, for his followers submitted wholly their lives and fortunes to this daring young leader, the possessor of such appalling ideas and a most definite plan of action.

The California Robin Hood had many men and women friends outside of his band; among them were a tradesman named Moreno, a noted card player, Bill Burns, and a very charming young woman known as Juanita, wife of José, who not only played a part in Murieta's life, but left a lasting impression upon the mining districts of the Golden State, for she was the only woman known to have been hanged under the California lynch law.

Juanita was a true friend of Joaquin's and regarded him as El Patrio, the man who was going to bring California back under the Mexican Eagle. Her dignity and her sincere devotion to her man, José, compelled respect. In Downieville, on July 4, 1851, while three thousand men were celebrating in the streets and saloons, one Jack Cannon, in a fit of drunkenness, tried to force his attentions upon Juanita. On seeing him coming to her home, she locked the door, but the burly pioneer picked up José's ax and smashed it in. Juanita's face turned deadly pale as Cannon followed her across the room, but his pals eventually persuaded him to let the girl alone.

The next morning Jack Cannon, having sobered down, went to Juanita's cabin to pay for the damage he had done to her door. This time she was prepared, and before he had time to apologize pierced him through the heart with her cooking knife. Then followed the battle of the sexes, and in spite of the pleadings of a Nevada lawyer and a doctor, three thousand men cried out, "Hang Juanita!" So on July 5, 1851, a woman with exceptional courage stepped upon the plank of Downieville Bridge, and at the decision of "Judge Lynch" was hanged for protecting herself against the insults of a miner by stabbing him to death.

There is hardly an old town in California that has not some thrilling story to tell about its hang-trees, raids, murders, and robberies of 1851 to 1853. While posses were foundering their lathered horses on every road in Southern California, the flames of blazing ranch-buildings were throwing their red lights in the faces of dead men almost every night.

In the days of the roving Banditti every marl was armed to act in self-defense, like those described by Sir Walter Scott in his Waverly novels, when he speaks of the fear imposed on the peasantry of England by the reputed return of Richard Coeur de Lion from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. According to this eminent authority, horsemen were accustomed to reprimand their fractious mounts with the words, "Hey, fool, thinkest thou Richard is in the bush?"

Without doubt this feeling was paralleled in California during the evil reign, of Joaquin Murieta, when his name spread terror in all directions, and little children added to their prayers every night, "God save me from Murieta."

XVII

THE WAYS OF A DESPERADO

To describe all the daring deeds of the California Banditti would fill many volumes, and the story would be too bloodthirsty for the average reader; therefore only a few of the crimes described by Captain Howard will be related.

While all these atrocities were taking place Howard worked quietly on his ranch, where he had his own detective service. His thorough knowledge of the Spanish, Indian and English languages gained for him the reputation of being the greatest detective in California. Often during these terrifying days Murieta and his companions would call at the Howard ranch, and after securing food for themselves and their horses, would warn him not to take certain trails on certain days, otherwise his life would be endangered.

There was a good and human side to Joaquin's nature, which made for him many friends amongst all classes. He loved to attend all the rodeos, where, accompanied by three beautiful women and several members of his band, he would take all the lariat prizes and enjoy to the full the hospitality extended to him by the ranchers, who felt quite safe when he was in their midst.

Another popular function patronized by him and his companions was the Spanish Fandango, where, amid the strumming of guitars, lively stepping and Spanish waltzing, many a woman was heard to scream and many a knife-blade flashed. Joaquin was expensively but unobtrusively dressed, therefore he was seldom recognized as the bandit leader on such occasions. The three women that accompanied him were always well dressed, too, either in black or in dull red silk, and were much admired by the miners on account of their demure and delightful ways.

At these meeting places, where men and women gave free vent to their passions, life moved so swiftly that no one had time to think of his neighbor's business; so the good-looking young Mexican was like a drop of water in a rapid stream. When candlelight filled these houses with a mellow radiance, he mingled with the crowds, where he either talked, danced, drank, or indulged in a game of monte with his old friend Bill Burns.

Murieta loved music and dancing, and his revelry, like his bandit work, went to extremes. When he played, music could not be fast enough, stakes high enough, and women gay enough. His one great joke was to start a fight or shoot out the lights amidst argument and frivolity. On one occasion, at Shear's saloon in Mokelumne Hill, with pistol in hand, he jumped on a table shouting "I am Joaquin!"

Another time Deputy Sheriff Clarke fined him two dollars for disturbing the peace. "I have no money," Joaquin replied to the Deputy, "but if you come with me to my cabin I will pay the fine and more."

Looking at him with searching eyes, the Deputy Sheriff answered, "I'll go."

As the two men rode out toward Alviso, Deputy Sheriff Clarke thought he was an agreeable young Mexican, just full of devilment; but as they rode into the willow clumps with their horses flank to flank, the Deputy felt a sudden numbness, for the bandit's knife had done its deadly work, and as the victim fell dying from his horse he heard a voice saying, "I am Joaquin, El Patrio."

Joaquin Murieta divided his company into five different squads, each one having as its leader one of the numerous Joaquins. Being a Napoleon of crime, his carefully laid plans enabled him to work so swiftly and silently in two vastly different parts of the State that no one suspected him for a year. His various



Courtesy of A. C. Jackson, Union Pacific Railway, Portland, Oregon

THE SPANISH FANDANGO IN THE WILD OLD DAYS

A popular dance in California mining camps, where, amid strumming of guitars and lively stepping, many a woman was heard to scream and many a knife-blade flashed.

headquarters were Marysville, Carrillo Ranch, Mokelumne, Shasta, and the most secret one, Cantura Canyon. He first entered this lonely bottle-necked valley in the spring of 1853, with seventy-eight men and three pretty girls dressed as boys.

This bandit leader had no fear of the Lynch Law or the Vigilantes; he believed that he was not born to be hanged. As a matter of fact, during the gold-rush days, one could not look to any organization for protection, as each man took the law into his own hands. It was not uncommon to find a man dead by the roadside, with a note pinned to his breast, saying: "I caught this man stealing my mules and shot him."

As the days advanced, and the Sonora Ghost (another name for Murieta) slipped in and out of the towns and hills, conditions became so terrible that Sheriff Buchanan decided to give all his time to hunting down the criminals, and surrounded himself with a strong posse. Without the slightest warning, one dark night, the officer and his men were encircled by marauders, whose pistols streaked the gloom with bright orange flashes; and in the struggle that followed, the Sheriff was badly wounded. Several weeks later, while slowly recovering, he received word from Joaquin Murieta to the effect that it was this bandit who had shot him down.

Shortly after this, Deputy Sheriff Wilson, a bold young man from Santa Barbara, arrived in Los Angeles to hunt down the desperadoes. Daily he stood near the old Plaza Church, in the north end of Los Angeles, addressing the citizens, and saying:

"Get good men together. Smoke the robbers out. I am ready to go with a posse any time."

He also preached these words in the gambling houses and saloons, until the vigor of his voice put new life into his listeners.

One hot July afternoon he was, as usual, standing on the narrow sidewalk near the old church, giving vent to his impassioned feelings, when two Indians started to fight with their flashing knives. People came running from every direction, and all became so interested that they did not notice the approach of a solitary horseman, or see him rein his animal close to the single-plank walk, lean forward in

his saddle, and whisper something into the ears of Deputy Sheriff Wilson. What words passed from his lips, the spectators never knew; but Wilson lifted his eyes to gaze in the face of a handsome Mexican, whose white teeth flashed in an unpleasant smile as the Sheriff's hand moved toward his gun. Instead of firing, the young officer pitched forward on his face, while the sharp report of a pistol, the scrape of hoofs, the smell of black powder, and a vision of the rider through the tenuous wreaths of smoke left a sort of blur upon the senses of the dazed witnesses. Then the Indians separated and went in different directions, while several citizens came to their doorways just in time to see the murderer riding away at a swinging gallop.

Deputy Sheriff Wilson's death aroused more men than his heated words had ever done, and General Joshua Bean found plenty of recruits for the two companies of militia he started to organize. When they were almost ready for an expedition against the bandits, Murieta and Three-Fingered-Jack waylaid this brave officer near San Gabriel Mission, and one dark night when he was riding home after reviewing his two companies, they dropped the noose of a reata over his head, dragged him from his horse, then stabbed him to death.

By December, 1852, the list of wanton murders had grown so great that the State of California offered a reward of three thousand dollars for Joaquin Murieta, dead or alive. One Sunday, notices announcing the offer were plastered all over Stockton, and a large placard attached to the flagpole attracted considerable attention, for various groups of strong young men were gathered around it discussing what show a bold man might have of earning three thousand dollars.

Faith in the State's promise sent many riders out of Stockton that day to scour the willow thickets by the river and the winding tule sloughs. For that reason very few were present on Monday morning to watch the departure of a schooner for San Francisco. She left the levee with her crew of three miners and two passengers; they were miners from San Andreas, who were taking out twenty thousand dollars in gold-dust. The crew let down the sails, and the canvas spread out before the easy breeze as the schooner glided down the red-lined slough, whose smooth waters held her reflection like a mirror.

Then without warning a row-boat shot out of the tules ahead of her. The helmsman took one look at the five men in the little craft, and instantly dropped his tiller to pick up a double-barreled shotgun. He shouted to the sailors, who sprang for weapons as the miners leaped up the companion stairs with loaded revolvers in their hands. Before the first miner was half way up the flight, the shooting had begun; he reached the deck in time to see the helmsman fall over the swinging tiller. The small boat lay alongside with a dead man huddled between the thwarts, while four other bandits were leaning over the rail, firing at the sailors on the forward deck of the ship. The fight was short, and at the completion every man in the ship's company was lying dead or mortally wounded. Two robbers were killed, and the other three lingered aboard long enough to lower the gold-dust overside into the smaller craft, then set fire to the schooner. As the black smoke filled the air, horsemen hurried out from Stockton just in time to hear the story of the dying men.

Things had truly reached the point of desperation. No miner was too insignificant to become a victim of Murieta's band. They even slit the throats of Chinamen and tortured teamsters to learn where they kept their wages. One day a brother Mexican was shot down in broad daylight because he revealed the bandit's presence to those who chased him; but again the Lone Rider galloped away with the bullets of his pursuers flying about his horse's head.

That same evening he demonstrated the more humane side of his nature. A house for accommodating travelers and teamsters, on the second night after its opening, was being raided by five Mexicans and two white men. They bound the owner, James Hunter, and demanded where he hid his gold. Rather than lose his life, Hunter showed them an old chest which contained seven hundred and forty dollars. When the others were out of the room, he looked the leader in the eye and said: "Is this how you treat a friend who saved your life in Mount Diablo Valley?"

Joaquin Murieta recalled the incident and commanded his men to return the gold-dust to the man who had once befriended him.

Several days later a party of twenty-five miners were encamped among the rocks, one hundred yards above a running stream. Without being recognized, Murieta rode up, and with one leg over his saddle talked to them in a congenial manner. They were heavily armed and carried plenty of gold-dust; therefore the young bandit listened carefully to their stories, as he glanced at their numerous packs and fat buckskin sacks.

The miners traveled all that day, and at eventide made their camp in the midst of a thick forest under the bare granite peaks. After kindling a fire they lounged about the flaming logs, smoking their pipes and warming their weary limbs. While they indulged in the warmth of the camp-fire, fifteen swarthy men crawled through the trees like so many snakes. Suddenly the click of a pistol-hammer brought one of the lounging men to his feet, and as he fell forward on his face the woods echoed with firing volleys. The bandits were so close and their aim so true that when the echoes died away fifteen miners lay dead and eight mortally wounded. Two who managed to escape, as they crept away in the darkness, saw one of the numerous Joaquins and Three-Fingered-Jack rush into the camp. The bandits waved their bowie knives and whooped like Apaches as they rode away from this massacre with thirty thousand dollars in gold-dust and forty horses.

XVIII

CAPTURE OF JOAQUIN MURIETA

Early in 1853 conditions became so terrible that a petition was presented to the State Legislature praying that steps be taken to suppress these ghastly outrages. On May 17 of this year the State Assembly, then in session at Benicia, passed a joint resolution empowering Governor John Bigler to organize a joint company of determined men to be known as "The California Rangers," and to offer three thousand dollars reward for the capture of Joaquin Murieta. The chief purpose of this organization was the complete subjugation of all lawless elements.

The Chief Executive appointed Captain Harry Love to select twenty capable men, and there seems to be a slight contradiction in historical records as to the names of the men chosen. The list given by James Ridge, semi-Cherokee Indian, in his narrative about Murieta, is as follows:

P. E. Connor,
William Byrnes,

Col. McLane,
P. T. Herbert,

C. V. McGowan,
George A. Nuttall,
D. S. Hollister,
Willis Prescott,
E. B. Van Dorn,
C. F. Bloodworth,
John Nuttall,
Robert Masters,

James M. Norton,
S. K. Piggott,
G. W. Evans,
Wm S. Henderson,
W. H. Harvey,
Lafayette Black,
John S. White,
Coho Young.

According to Captain William J. Howard, however, Harry Love came to him and said: "Howard, you are more familiar with the fighting men of this part of the country. I wish you would pick the men you consider best suited for this undertaking." Acting upon this request, he chose the following first-class marksmen, and his list agrees with that published in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, April 21, 1907 (page 12, column 7):

Harry Love, Commander, famous scout, Indian fighter and veteran of the Mexican War; killed afterward in a feud at Santa Cruz, California.

P. Edward Connor, a slender man with brown hair and blue eyes; served as a general in the United States Army during the Civil War; died in San Francisco, California.

"Bill" Burns, ex-partner of Joaquin Murieta in a monte-game; a tall man with blue eyes, who had many shot-marks on his body; died in Stockton, California.

Charles Blutworth, known as "Bloodthirsty Charlie," a man with fair hair and gray eyes; once Sheriff of Merced County, California; died at Snelling, in that State.

John White, a dare-devil soldier of fortune; a small man with brown hair and blue eyes, who was killed in Fort Tejon, California.

George Evans, a good-natured rough diamond and a noted gun-fighter; died at Santa Cruz, California.

William J. Henderson, born in Tennessee, came to San Francisco in 1849; a man with brown hair and hazel eyes. It is said that he once hanged a man single-handed; died in Fresno, California.

Thomas T. Howard, a tall, slender man with blue eyes; brother to William James Howard; died at Galveston, Texas.

James Norton, a man with dark hair and eyes; nicknamed "The Terrible Sailor"; was killed at Salt Lake, Utah.

Augustus Black, a man of medium height with blue eyes and blond hair; killed in action during the Civil War.

George Chase, a large man with blue eyes and light brown hair; drowned in the Frazer River, California.

"Doc" Hollister, a man with great sense of humor, light brown hair and eyes; died at San José, California.

William Campbell, a tall, fair man from Scotland; died at Kings River, California.

Nick Ashmore, killed at Salt Lake, Utah.

Edward Campbell, a tall, fair Scotchman, who died at Kings River, California.

Robert McMasters, a man of medium size and light complexion; died in Sacramento, California.

John Nuttall, a medium-sized man of fair complexion; killed in Nicaragua.

George Nuttall, his brother, died in Stockton, California.

Ned Van Buren, a man with dark brown hair and eyes; killed in Contra Costa County, California.

William James Howard, who died at Portland, Oregon, in January, 1924, at ninety-seven years of age; at the time the notes for this narrative were taken, he was the only surviving member of this intrepid band.

These twenty men comprised the members of "the California Rangers," an organization that will live long in the memory of Californians. They were all full-blooded fighters, and Harry Love, their leader, was eminently qualified for the position. Being a man of exceptional physical strength and stature, his penetrating black eyes and thick, black, curly hair, falling over his powerful shoulders, made a lasting impression upon the minds of those who had the opportunity to meet him. As a dispatch rider for various American generals, he had made a name for himself in the Mexican War. Many times he had dodged the reatas of guerilla parties, and out-jockeyed swarthy horsemen in wild races across the flaming deserts of Sonora. He could not speak Spanish but knew the science of fighting as well as old Padre Jurata himself. His whole life had been placed amid frontier conditions, and it is one of the ironies of fate that he was killed in a feud in a civilized community.

The position held by these twenty men was a most responsible one, for they had the law in their hands, and could hang, burn or crucify as they pleased. Under the circumstances, it was necessary to have men with courage and good judgment. They were all dead shots with either rifle or revolver, and not one of them knew the meaning of the word fear. Naturally all were familiar with the hardships incident to border life, which implied a great deal in view of the measures that had to be adopted to put a stop to the reign of terror then in full force.

The California Rangers bore a striking resemblance to the Canadian Mounted Police; they traveled under "sealed orders," and their principal object was to achieve results. Their traveling equipment was extremely light, each carrying his share of provisions and his cooking set behind his saddle in a piece of canvas, with a blanket which constituted his sole bedding.

These old pioneers did not bother much with cooking utensils; a tin-cup, tin-plate, bowie-knife, sugar-spoons and individual coffee-can represented a complete outfit. Whenever they obtained meat it was cooked over the fire on forked sticks, and bread was baked in the same way, while potatoes were roasted in the hot ashes. All frontiersmen understand this phase of the situation and can appreciate the importance of packing as little weight as possible in a man-hunt of this character.

The firearms consisted of old-fashioned muzzle-loading guns of every variety, and each man carried a Colt's Navy six-shooter. The Rangers were operating in a comparatively arid region, and as activities began in midsummer, the above equipment was considered adequate for all practical purposes.

At this time Captain Howard had a large number of high-grade animals on his ranch, for breeding purposes; therefore, he supplied practically all the horses used on the expedition. Every one realized the necessity of being well equipped in this respect, as those pursued had many advantages; not only could they rely upon aid from every Mexican source, but they could also obtain fresh mounts whenever required. Through their secret friends the bandits obtained a great deal of information about the movements of the Rangers. The ability of the Rangers to be exceptionally well mounted, thanks to the resources of Howard's ranch, stood them in good stead in many a tight corner.

Shortly after this Government organization was formed, information was received from Los Angeles that Joaquin Murieta and his band of cutthroats had robbed the home of Don Andreas Pico, brother of Pio Pico, the last Governor of California under Mexican rule. Upon receipt of this intelligence they hurried south as far as the present site of Fort Tejon, about seventy miles below Bakersfield, Kern County. At this point they met several Indians, who told them that a number of Mexicans answering to the description of Murieta's band had purchased supplies from them a few hours ago, and had then gone through San Emidion Valley in the direction of Kern Lake.

The Rangers promptly took their trail. They experienced little difficulty in following it, as the country was desert in character, and the footmarks showed very plainly in the sand and gravel soil. Little did Captain Harry Love and his band of dusty horsemen realize that the region they were traveling across would one day rank with the most productive oil-well districts in the world. Yet they passed directly through the present Sunset and Midway oil-fields, where the Lake View gusher at times has flowed upward of forty thousand barrels every twenty-four hours. In the days of 1853, there was scarcely a settler in the whole San Joaquin Valley, south of Stockton; therefore, there was not one member of this extremely courageous posse that would have risked twenty-five cents for the entire country, since they regarded it as just a worthless desert.

On arrival at Kern Lake, two trails were discovered; one led north along the western shore line, and the other turned directly west toward the Coast Range of mountains. It was evident that the bandits had separated, and at this juncture the Rangers were at a loss to comprehend their intentions. The prevailing opinion, however, was that the bandits had separated for the purpose of "cacheing" their ill-gotten gains at some obscure point. Dividing his company into squads of ten men, Captain Harry Love commanded each squad to follow one or other of the two trails. To their great surprise, just before reaching Cantura Canyon, near the site of the present town of Coalinga, in Fresno County, they came together again. So the separation of the bandits had been merely a ruse to throw possible pursuers off the track! Here the glorious scenery held the Rangers enchanted for a few moments, but the fighting blood in their veins soon reasserted its supremacy, and they began to talk about the business in hand.

Captain Howard, noted for his uncanny intuition, stirred interest by remarking to Harry Love, "To-day is July 23rd, 1853, and I feel that something unusually exciting is going to happen."

About fifteen minutes after Howard's statement they discerned smoke arising from an improvised camp on the banks of Cantura Canyon. Harry Love and his men were on a brow of one of the numerous ridges common to that section, and realized at once that they had found the bandits.

Murieta and his followers had halted to prepare their midday meal. From their point of vantage the Rangers counted fifteen men. For obvious reasons they approached the camp with extreme caution, the idea being to surround the bandits completely before beginning any attack, and this part of the tactics was accomplished in a highly creditable manner.

The Lone Rider and his helpers had not the least idea that members of the Government Posse were in the neighborhood; they were enjoying a siesta, and disorder reigned supreme. Some had staked their horses and lay stretched out on their saddle-blankets, smoking and talking, while others were hunting cottontail rabbits in the adjacent brush with their revolvers. Captain Harry Love and William Howard walked into the camp as tho they were travelers. Love approached Three-Fingered-Jack, who was sitting on a saddle-cover, and asked him something. A handsome young man, who was standing nearby smoothing down a grey mare, while his saddle and pistols were lying on the saddle-blanket, said in loud tones:

"Talk to me. I am the leader of this band." As Harry Love went nearer to the speaker, Three-Fingered-Jack fired a pistol, the bullet of which grazed the side of Love's face but did not injure him.

Then Bill Burns put in an appearance; he was the Ranger that had frequently played



Courtesy of Capt. Overton Walsh

JOAQUIN MURIETA

Only known portrait, painted by a young priest, and here reproduced for the first time

cards with Joaquin. On seeing him, Murieta mounted his unsaddled horse, jumped down into the gulley, and rode away as hard as he could, while Burns shouted:

“There’s Joaquin!”

Captain Love detailed John White to follow Murieta, while a general battle took place between the remaining bandits and Rangers. Three-Fingered-Jack put up a game fight; two of his wounds were mortal, and it is known that he fired his last shot after his heart had been pierced with a bullet from the rifle of George Chase.

The bandits were armed exclusively with six-shooters, whereas the Rangers, being fitted out with rifles, revolvers, and shot-guns, had the advantage, and soon made short work of the swarthy desperadoes. Twelve were killed outright and two were taken prisoners. The Rangers were uninjured, but Captain Love had experienced a “close shave.”

While all this fighting was going on, John White, mounted on a fresh steed which he had been leading for any possible emergency, experienced little difficulty in overtaking the fleeing bandit chieftain. Joaquin was riding “Injun fashion” with one hand clutching the mane of his mount, and only his feet exposed to view, his body being shielded by that of the horse he was riding.

As the two men came into close quarters White discharged his revolver at Murieta. The first shot missed him, as he moved quickly to one side; a second shattered the hand that clutched the animal’s mane, causing the rider to fall on the ground. Quickly rising to his feet and holding the bleeding hand aloft in token of submission, the wounded man addressed his captor in Spanish, saying:

“Mira mi mano, amigo!” (“Look at my hand, friend!”)

White, who had formerly been the trusted lieutenant of Jack Hayes, a renowned Indian fighter, was exceptionally courageous, but too chivalrous to take advantage of a wounded man. He said to Joaquin, “I arrest you,” and the young Mexican surrendered. At this moment,

CAPTURE OF MURIETA BY THE RANGERS

“A shot rang out in the silence, and the bandit toppled to the ground.”

however, the other Rangers arrived upon the scene, and some of them, seeing Joaquin's arm lowered, and thinking the two were still in combat, shot the bandit to pieces.

This impulsive action upset many of the Rangers, for they were anxious to take Joaquin alive in order to present substantial proof, when claiming the reward which had been offered for his capture.

The whole affair happened about eighty miles from Fresno, and a question arose concerning the proper disposition of the dead bandit's body. After considerable discussion they decided to cut off Murieta's head, sever the hand of Three-Fingered-Jack, and take these trophies along for the purpose of satisfying public anxiety and giving tangible proof that the bloodthirsty bandits were out of the way.

One of the prisoners, when fording the river, committed suicide by plunging under the water and holding on to the growth beneath, thus defying the efforts of the Rangers to save him. The other was placed in jail, but the jail was mobbed at night, and the next day he was found hanging near the spring of a prominent citizen.

The head and hand were taken to Fresno and preserved in alcohol, then placed in the office of Doctor Leach for safety's sake. Here they were identified by Mr. Dorsey and several others from Mariposa, where Joaquin Murieta was well known. Later they were moved to Hornitos, where Edward Connor and Captain Howard helped to prepare the affidavits establishing the capture and identity of the dead bandit. After a while Black and Henderson placed them on exhibition in San Francisco, where an admission of twenty-five cents was charged. They attracted so much attention that the same men exhibited them in New York, where they netted a large amount of money. Then the Rangers raised so much objection that the relics were brought back to San Francisco, where they were destroyed in the great earthquake and fire of 1906, which wiped out almost every landmark and relic of the gold-rush days.

Some of the old Spanish families appear thoroughly convinced that Joaquin Murieta was not killed—that it was one of the other Joaquins. However, the head was inspected by Governor Bigler, and the bill granting the reward passed the Senate, May 13, 1854. Captain Howard states that there was no doubt as to its being Joaquin Murieta; also that the terrible murders and robberies ceased from that time forth, and that Californians lived in a reasonable degree of peace until 1872, when there was a revival of banditry under the leadership of Vasquez. This later criminal was eventually captured by the Sheriff's posse and executed in the Santa Clara jail, San José, March 19, 1875.

According to the following letter written to Howard by Edward Connor (later General Connor), there was some doubt as to whether Harry Love would divide the three thousand dollars reward that had been offered for the capture of Joaquin Murieta. It appears that Connor went to Sacramento in order that he might be on hand should anything unjust occur.

Sacramento, May 13, 1854.

Dear Bill:

Harry Love's bill passed the Senate to-day, by a large majority; he will not draw his money until Tuesday morning. I expect I will have some trouble to make him stick to his word; may be not, aitho I dread it. There will be hell in the camp sure if he don't stick to his word. I leave here on Tuesday for San Francisco, at which place I will stay until my eyes get well; that is, if I find a letter from you saying that I have Schofield's permission to do so. I put myself in the hands of a good Doctor to-day, who thinks he can cure me; my eyes are still very bad.

As Ever Yours,

To W. J. Howard,
Shear's Saloon,
Stockton.

Connor,
Flat Broke.

Murieta's wife, the beautiful "Queen Victoria," disappeared from the county soon after the capture of Joaquin. It is said that before taking her departure she buried much gold in the garden of her home near the Howard ranch, and that several years later three Mexicans came and searched in vain for the hidden treasure. Captain Howard stated that a Major Baldwin from England was fortunate in finding the gold when he and his helpers mined in the Tulita district.

XIX HUNTING AND SURVEYING

With the death of Joaquin Murieta, the reign of terror ceased and the California Rangers were disbanded. At this time Jack Hayes was Surveyor General of the United States, and it was in his power to give out contracts. Edward Connor, who was resting for a few days at the Howard Ranch, said to William one evening: "Jack Hayes is a good friend of mine. I am going to San Francisco, to see if I can get a contract from him." So Howard furnished him with a horse and buggy, and when Connor arrived in the city of the Golden Gate he diplomatically made his request known to the Surveyor-General.

"All right," replied Hayes, "I'll give you a contract, on condition that you employ a qualified surveyor."

This old Mexican town named after the beloved Saint Francis was fast growing into a substantial-looking city, with churches, hotels, solid houses, brick and granite business buildings. Under the shadow of old Tamalpais there was a flowery carpet; the wild thyme, oxslip and modest violet basked in the sunlight, swayed by the gentle winds. These humble flowers were overcanopied with the sweet muskrose, woodbine, and eglantine, while the hillside was aflame with the gold and blue of the poppy and the old-fashioned forget-me-not. Amidst all this romance of natural beauty Edward Connor met his affinity, and without a word to any of his Ranger friends, entered the state of holy matrimony.

On returning with his bride to Mariposa, they spent a few days in Stockton, where Connor was successful in finding a qualified surveyor, and immediately wrote the following letter to Captain Howard:

Stockton, August 20, 1854.

My Dear Bill:

I have seen a Surveyor, and he tells me it will be necessary to have all white men to act as chain bearers, axe-men, etc. We will have to give a Surveyor \$200 a month. You could take two or three Indians along and make them very useful—one for hunting, one for hauling wood and water, etc. I hope the boys will not make a race on Kitty, as I would very much like to have her as soon as possible. If they should not, you would greatly oblige me by sending her down, as I am not able to buy me a buggy-horse at present. Send Tom down to enquire about those mules as soon as possible. Scofield arrived from San Francisco the night before last, and says he would like us to start for the Tejon as soon as possible, as he expects Brown, the Secret Agent of the Department, may pay us a visit. If you find that Phil's horse cannot win the race, and you can enter one that is now here, which nobody in your County knows except yourself, you can get him. (It is Ito.) Write to me and let me know the result of the race, if you do not write before it comes off. Mrs. C. desires her regards.

Yours ever,
Connor.

Captain Howard welcomed the bridal pair to his ranch, where they stayed for several weeks selecting men, tools and equipment for the surveying campaign. The party was ready to commence activities by October 1, 1854, when they all started for the Buena Vista Lakes. After four days' traveling, two tents were pitched, one for Connor and his wife, the other for the men. While thirteen men worked under a competent surveyor, the Connors did the cooking, and William, accompanied by his Indian boy, Tewatchee, kept the camp supplied with game.

The tent life was indeed a new experience to Mrs. Connor, for she had been reared in the lap of luxury, in a large city. Because of her delicate make-up, she was ill-fitted to withstand the terrible heat and mosquito-bites, and she suffered dreadfully from chills and fever.

Howard's hunting expeditions to secure food for the camp proved most exciting. One day he and his assistant, after a long, unpleasant tramp, made for the shade of a large tree, where they ate a hearty meal, then rested under the over-hanging boughs. Tewatchee, the Indian boy, was in a talkative mood, and related what he thought was a wonderful story. Captain Howard gave it to me as an example of Indian imagination. Tewatchee had said:

"On one occasion I was hunting for elk and ran out of ammunition. Luckily my pockets were full of cherries, and after eating the fruit I loaded my gun with the stones. In a little while a large elk came to the brink of the river to take a drink. Naturally, I fired, and my stones found their mark, for the animal jumped into the water.

"Three years later I returned to the same spot and saw two cubs wrestling like little children. When the little-boy bear hid behind a bush, I fired and wounded him very badly. His groans caused the sister bear to run; she caught him in her arms and screamed just like a little girl. Then the mother bear came upon the scene; she grabbed the little wounded cub, and commenced licking his wounds in a most human manner. Oh, how sorry I was, that I had shot the baby bear; but my sorrowful feelings did not stop the mother from rushing at me. As her sharp claws scratched my clothes, I dived into a near cherry tree, and to my surprise was carried down the valley at 'full speed,' for the cherry stones had taken root in the back of the elk. You see, the cherry-tree-elk carried me safely from mother bear's reach, and saved my life."

After Tewatchee had finished his yarn, a band of elk came in sight, so the two hastily fired and killed one. Again they discharged their guns, and a second lay dead some distance away. When William had cut off sufficient meat to supply the camp, he said to Tewatchee: "Bob McKee lives one mile from here. Go and ask him to come and get the rest of the meat for himself." So McKee was soon on the spot with his horses and wagon, greatly elated to get so large a supply of good meat with so little effort.

The Connor-Howard Surveying Party remained away two months, and during that time was successful in surveying the Kern River District and the land in the immediate vicinity of the Buena Vista Lakes.

XX GRIZZLY EXPERIENCES

Every old-timer has some thrilling hunting experience to relate, and there is nothing so stimulating as a good story of an encounter with a grizzly. Captain Howard had a few narrow escapes from the grizzly's claws of steel; but his bear stories were inclined to be humorous rather than thrilling, and the episodes that follow are of interest mainly as revealing another side of his character. They show that he enjoyed playing a joke on a greenhorn.

Following the completion of the surveying contract, General and Mrs. Connor went to Stockton, while Captain Howard went to Fort Tejon, where he was the guest of Edward Beale. A certain doctor from Stockton was also spending a few days at the Beale residence, and he expressed a wish to take part in a grizzly hunt. Beale supplied the physician with a mule for the trip, while Howard rode his faithful thoroughbred. Arrangements were made for a Mexican named José to accompany them, and when all was ready they set out for Bear Canyon, in full expectation of some real sport.

After traveling for seven hours they reached the canyon, and William's keen eyes spotted a large male bear standing on his hind legs in the bush. Quickly dismounting, he handed his bridle reins to José, saying, "I'll approach him near enough to shoot, and when I fire, you bring my horse."

At the crack of the rifle he whirled around to get his horse, but to his horror saw the two men, who were still mounted, running away with the faithful creature. Fortunately, the bear was badly wounded, which gave the marksman a chance to escape, and while running, he at length prevailed upon the frightened Mexican to bring his horse.

Once again in the saddle, William and his fellow sportsmen walked their animals until another grizzly was seen in the act of running up a hill. This time they all discharged their guns without dismounting, but did not kill it.

Another thirty minutes' ride brought them into a beautiful open country, which was covered with wild oats, where a bear was busy eating off the heads.

"Do you see it?" said William to the doctor. "I have to get down and shoot, and for heaven's sake, bring me my horse when I fire."

As soon as he fired, the doctor ran again, and José followed with the faithful mare. Presuming that José had obeyed the physician's orders, William became very angry and fired close to his head. This frightened both of them so much that they suddenly stopped. Then he shouted, "Bring my horse, or I'll take a little better aim next time."

The bear slunk away with an injured back, so when safely mounted again William went closer and put another bullet through the animal, which finished her outright. Then, cutting off a foot, he carried it behind his back as he approached the physician, who was sitting on his mule several yards away. When the doctor asked for the coveted trophy, William, instead of handing it to him, held it under the mule's nose. This caused the animal to buck and run away, leaving the physician in a sitting posture on the earth.

While José was riding after the mule, William assisted the doctor to his feet, and after ascertaining that he was not hurt, offered to exchange mounts. The physician was at a loss to comprehend the antics of the mule, not having seen William place the bear's foot under its nose.

José soon recovered the animal, and this relieved the doctor's anxiety, altho the fall had made him so nervous that he refused to mount it again. He had lost all interest in grizzly hunting, and was easily persuaded to exchange animals. All three soon returned to Fort Tejon, and when Beale asked the doctor how he had enjoyed the hunt, he turned the conversation by saying, "I must get back to Stockton."

William volunteered to go with him, so early next morning they saddled their horses and made for the Stockton road. Twenty miles of fast traveling brought them to White River, where they decided to spend the night with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Goodhill.

Antelope hunting was William's bright suggestion the next morning, but to this proposition the doctor strongly objected; all that he wanted was a good swim. An unpleasant climb through bush and brier brought him to the river, and while he was reveling in the cool water, William hid his clothes. On coming out of the river, the physician searched for the hidden garments until his body was burnt and blistered; then, in a state of exhaustion, he entered a corral near the house. When his shouting had attracted Mrs. Goodhill's attention, he said to her, "Bring me some clothes; the Indians have stolen everything."

Mr. Goodhill was a much larger man than the doctor; therefore, when the good housewife pushed some of her husband's clothes through the cracks of the corral, the poor naked victim had a terrible time endeavoring to make them fit.

At twelve o'clock, when William returned from antelope hunting, the sunburned and perturbed doctor whispered to him, "Oh, Howard, the Indians have stolen all my clothes."

"Come and show me where you put them," Howard replied, "and I will go after the Indians."

In the meantime the culprit had brought the garments from their hiding place; therefore the search was a short one, and it was not many moments before he called to the doctor: "Why, here are your clothes!"

"My, my! just where I put them!" answered the victim. Delighted at recovering his garments, he continued: "Why, Howard, you're the greatest man that ever lived."

A few days after this hunting expedition Captain Howard was standing by the side of the Tuolumne River, when on the opposite bank he saw three Indians, one on foot and two on horseback, driving a male bear. Suddenly he heard the report of a gun and saw the bear slash one of the Indians with its terrible claws. Realizing the poor fellow's sufferings, he threw off his coat and swam across the river, holding his pistol in his right hand high above his head. As he ran up the bank, the bear, on seeing him, left its victim lying on the ground. The Indian's arm was broken and a part of his tongue and several of his teeth were missing. William shot the bear in the neck, but the revolver bullet only aroused the animal's anger to greater intensity, and it made a rush for him. However, owing to the fact that a bear cannot run on the side of a slanting hill, he had the advantage and continued to shoot.

While this battle was taking place, one of the Indians had gone across the river for William's horse and gun, but in the meantime the grizzly disappeared. It did not take him long to mount, and then with rifle in hand he pursued the bear in the direction of a large oak tree. Old Bruin hid behind the tree until he was overtaken, when he rushed out and frightened the horse. William then commenced shooting from horseback, and the twelfth shot finished the bear.

XXI PLEASURE AND POLITICS

The death of Murieta and the annihilation of the desperadoes was followed by peace in that quarter, but evil broke out in another spot. While the good men were resting after a grand display of their silent forces, the bad men were gradually moving to the front. This time San Francisco was the affected center, and the vices of the city were the malignant element. In spite of discomfort, disappointment, suffering, danger, sickness, and possibly death, the immigrants continued to pour into California. Many of them were under the impression that the streets were paved with gold, and were not willing to rest until a hatful of the precious metal had been obtained.

While the Golden State was passing through this period of early development, its political and social problems grew greater. Money traveled fast and free; everyone had enough and to spare; eating, drinking, dancing, gambling, bear-fights, bull-fights and horse-racing were all in the day's enjoyment. People became intoxicated with prosperity; they overbuilt, overbought, threw money around in a reckless manner, and indulged to excess in all the harmful things of life.

Horse-racing was the chief interest of both the successful and the unsuccessful, and in this particular sport William J. Howard's Viking blood craved leadership. It did not take long for him to gain recognition as the greatest race-horse owner in the State, for his keenness and ambition in this direction persuaded him to become the possessor of a beautiful race-track, which gave him publicity and popularity throughout California.

Just before the great financial reaction of 1854, the State races were run in San Francisco, where Howard was sure to be present. His age was now twenty-eight. The race-course presented an interesting picture: Beautiful señoritas dressed in hues of red and gold, with their artistic mantillas swaying in the gentle wind, while gay young señors and native Americans, in their most courteous manner, endeavored to receive some recognition from these emotional beauties. A few American women were also present, adorned in equally bright colors, for they had gradually adopted the gayer dress of their Latin environment.

Leaving the race-course one day, Howard put up at Ella Moon's cottage, which was exceptionally clean and cozy, for she was the personification of neatness.

The next morning, mounted on his favorite steed, he rode like a conquering hero through the streets of the city—a city, however, whose 20,000 citizens still threw their garbage in the mud and slime to decompose. Passing a poundmaster's van whirling along, the driver of which was throwing a reata around the neck of a fluffy dog led by a young and expensively dressed Frenchwoman, his attention was attracted in the direction of a Spanish steer rushing madly down the street, scattering a group of richly dressed Chinese, who were on their way to do homage to departed souls. In trying to escape the steer he almost bumped into a wagon carrying roasted pigs, rice, fancy dishes, liquors, and other little dainties necessary for the "Sacred Feast of the Dead."

Continuing his ride, he passed many Chinese dens with Oriental lanterns hanging from narrow balconies, and crowded with almond-eyed people having that sickly pallor which is typical of every Chinatown. Next came the gambling dens and dance-halls, with decorated doors indicating vice and sin, in front of which lounge the gaily attired women who constitute the main attraction of the place.

Then a few Spanish-American women clad in black—wrapped to the eyes in their rebozos, and in spite of their dissipation still retaining some distinguishing grace of manner and speech, walk quietly past him. Chinese porters and washerwomen follow closely on the heels of the señoritas, carrying heavy burdens on the ends of bamboo sticks, balanced on their shoulders, while from the plank side-walk come the shrill cries of an English candy-crier, his narrow-brimmed black derby hat, precise dickie and unrelenting shirt collar present every indication of being built on English soil.

Every moment the sights become more interesting, for numerous Chinese females dressed in cotton pantaloons and straight sacques of broadcloth or silk, according to their social rank, shuffle along the streets laughing and talking in their native language. Their richly embroidered blue satin shoes, gold and silver bracelets, black hair braided in two plaits hanging down the back beneath a striped gingham handkerchief, show plainly that they are slaves. Every second building is a saloon, and in the basements many Chinamen are seated at low benches actively engaged in making cigars and cigarets. Dusk is falling, and every effort is being put forth to make the hopeless buildings look attractive, for this is San Francisco's famous Barbary Coast. All nationalities are entering the dance-halls and gambling hells, where the silence is broken only by the chink of coins or the monotonous voice of the dealers. Sharpshooters, jay-hawkers, gaily mounted horsemen and horsewomen dash madly past, while riding leisurely down the street on a black, high-stepping charger with showy saddle and bridle, dressed in broad-brimmed sombrero, blue coat with gold buttons, long bright buckskin gauntlets, goes the editor of the *Alta California*.

In this rendezvous of unbridled pleasure many a disheartened and irresponsible young man is destined to lose his life or fortune.

Howard won the State races that year, and yet he felt low-spirited as he returned to Mariposa. The condition of things in the city of the Golden Gate aroused the serious side of his nature; the dilapidated streets, the lack of police protection, the uncontrolled vice bred by exceptional prosperity, pointed clearly to a great reaction. He could sense it in the atmosphere, for everything seemed to be in a chaotic state. There were no laws and no standards whatsoever; nightly the ruthless gambler beat up or fleeced the visiting miner, rancher, and greenhorn fresh from distant parts, or rode out a few miles along the highway and robbed a stagecoach of its strong box. Local government was of the same stamp. Most of the law-makers of the city and State were incompetent men who made laws to suit themselves and their associates, and in spite of the Vigilantes, politics were absolutely corrupt, for drunken, inflamed crowds were bribed to oppose or support political candidates, as the case might be.

Early in 1854 the period of hard times set in, and before the year was over, three hundred out of every thousand business houses had failed. In the midst of excitement and disaster, many business and professional men turned to politics. Their motives were not all the same; some saw in it an avenue to fame and fortune, whereas a few less selfish spirits desired office for the sole purpose of bringing about a state of order and law enforcement. Among the more noble spirits was Captain Howard, but it so happened that before he had expressed publicly his commendable ambition, there appeared upon the scene a unique character, whose peculiar cognomen, James King of Wm, became one of the best-known in the annals of California.

His rare ability, unusual modesty, yet supreme fearlessness soon made him a dominating spirit in the State. He had come in the gold-rush of 'forty-nine by way of the Isthmus, from the old village of Georgetown, near Washington, D. C. Later he opened a banking house in San Francisco and was quite successful until 1854, when the speculation of his associates almost ruined him. Then he merged with Adams & Company and went down with them in the commercial disaster of 1855. Being one of the finest characters in the Golden State, his honor was unchallenged; the public continued to believe him innocent in connection with the outrageous frauds of Adams & Company, and gave him sufficient financial backing to enable him to start a newspaper called *The Evening Bulletin*, which has played and continues to play a great part in the history of the State.

As its editor he was not influenced by money or flattery, and, being a man of convictions, did not hesitate to present the facts to the public in regard to the corruption that was taking place before their eyes. He boldly denounced Senator Broderick, whom he accused of fraud and bribery. Social, financial and political conditions were going from bad to worse, and James King of Wm poured out his indignation against politicians and gentlemen gamblers—until he was numbered among the victims of a gambler named Casey.

The shooting of this brave editor aroused the whole State, for his courage and honor had won the hearts of the people, and mobs besieged the county jail day and night, demanding that Casey be hanged. Their howlings and shriekings eventually became so terrible that the citizens secured the assistance of a mounted militia battalion to hold them in check.

As days passed and the clamor grew greater, an impersonal organization was being formed with the sole purpose of enforcing justice. This was the Vigilance Committee, a band of strong and determined men who believed in law enforcement. It was first organized in

1851, and William T. Coleman, its President, came from Kentucky. On his arrival in California, Coleman had made pies from a recipe given to him by his aunt, and had sold them to the miners for a living. He was a great friend of William J. Howard, and every one recognized his qualities of courage, fairness and leadership. Altho only thirty years of age, he had repeatedly proved his wisdom and spirit of justice to the satisfaction of all. As president of the Vigilance Committee he seemed able to decide, without prejudice, whether the accused deserved death or freedom.

In the stormy days of 1851 to 1856, money could do anything in San Francisco, and its influence permitted men to run riot at pleasure or crime; however, no man lost his life through Coleman's decisions who did not richly deserve it. When the people objected to the Committee, he would tell them that its members, who were known by numbers only, were not anxious to meddle in affairs, and that as soon as California selected officials and judges with honor and courage—judges capable of enforcing good laws—they would willingly hand over their power to the lawmakers and political idealists.

Many regarded the Vigilance Committee as an illegal tribunal, and the Law and Order party objected to its existence. Captain Howard held that there were two sides to this question: the Committee did harm in undermining the Government, but at the same time it did a great deal of good by expunging the worst elements. He also related how Coleman's oratorical gift gave him great prestige and influence over all those who raised opposition.

On one occasion Governor Neely Johnson, representing the Law and Order party, visited President Coleman, who told him that the law was a dead letter, and that the object of the Vigilance Committee was to turn San Francisco into a city fit for decent and law-abiding people to live in, and this they proposed to do, "Governor or no Governor." Johnson was so surprised at his eloquence that he slapped him on the back and said, "Go to it old boy! but get through as quickly as possible, on account of the terrible opposition and pressure."

Governor Johnson certainly had a stupendous task, for men were deserting the militia to join Coleman's organization. Even William T. Sherman, who later became famous as one of the great Civil War generals, refused to serve under the presiding Sheriff. The Vigilance Committee membership increased almost hourly, and such men as Isaac Bluxome, J. L. Mauron, J. L. Sunde, Charles Doane, R. M. Jessup, N. O. Arrington, George Ward, J. W. Farewell, James Dows, William Arrington, William Rogers, W. T. Thompson, Charles Case, were among its members. Its secret roster also included bankers and many prominent city men.

Senator Broderick was extremely active at Fort Gunnybags, and Captain Howard vividly recalled the time when Coleman said to him, "Broderick, why do you mix with bad characters?" Broderick replied, "I can buy bad characters to work for me; they are an influence in my efforts to gain position."

While hundreds of volunteers were being enrolled in the ranks of this great reform organization, James King of Wm breathed his last, May 10th, 1856. In spite of his brief residence in San Francisco (seven years) no private citizen had ever received such a tribute as was rendered him at the funeral. The attitude of the masses demonstrated that this man had virtues which could not be hidden under a bushel, for he was beloved by all who knew him. Crowds gathered in the streets wearing bands of crape around the arm as a sign of profound respect, and while the burial ceremony was being performed, the Vigilance Committee, supported by ten thousand men, decided to hang the murderer, who had been given a fair trial.

News of the hanging traveled fast. Crowds quickly filled the streets in the vicinity of Fort Vigilance, and in their desire to see vengeance some men climbed to the tops of business buildings.

This Committee remained in power until the end of 1856, when the members arrived at a compromise with the State Government.

During frequent visits to San Francisco, William J. Howard spent much time discussing politics with his old pals, Judge Belt; Hall McCallister, District Attorney; Horace Hawes, his assistant; Peter Burnett, Judge David Terry, Latham, William Coleman, Kit Carson, and others. These discussions eventually became a habit, as more and more he studied California politics.

At this time there were three national political parties—Republican, Democratic and Whig; the Know-nothing party had died out. The Democrats were quite conservative and in favor of the farmers; it is not surprising, therefore, to find that young Howard, scion of the South, was a Democrat. He discussed politics so intelligently that Judge Belt suggested he offer himself as a candidate for office. His Virginian birth and education gave him the support of the Southerners, and his knowledge of the Spanish language helped him with the Mexicans.

These qualities resulted in his being nominated for the State Legislature at a Convention held in Mariposa in 1856, and in his election by a large majority.

XXII

THE POLITICAL PENDULUM

Shortly after his nomination the still youthful W. J. Howard decided to pay a visit to his mother in Galveston, Texas. Seven years had passed since the memorable day that he and Edward Burns had waved adieu to the people of the Island, and without doubt many changes would be seen in both mother and son.

This time he did not journey across desert and plain on horse and mule, but covered the distance by water. Embarking at San Francisco on a vessel under the command of Capt. Torrey, he touched at Nicaragua on the homeward voyage. The steamer *Fashion*, which sailed just ahead, carried William Walker, an ambitious and adventurous spirit, who indulged in great dreams of conquest. Born in Tennessee of good Scotch and Irish parentage, Walker had early shown intelligence beyond his years. Having finished his education at the Universities of Edinburgh, Paris, and Heidelberg, taking degrees in both law and medicine, he worked for a brief time on the San Francisco *Herald*, where an excellent opportunity presented itself to further his visionary scheme of conquest. One of his ambitions was to establish on the border of Sonora, Mexico, a military post to protect the State of California from Apache Indian raids.

As the two vessels prepared to come alongside at Nicaragua, some of the citizens gathered in the fort overlooking the bay, and fired upon the ship commanded by Captain Torrey, thinking that she carried Walker and his forces. One shot penetrated the vessel, killing a

woman and child. When Captain Torrey asked for volunteers to cope with the situation, his daughter, observing an unwilling man, said: "Here, you take my clothes. Go down amongst the women and children, while I wear yours and join in the fighting."

Sixteen men, including Captain Howard, volunteered; they were soon in the lifeboats and on their way to the other vessel, where they joined Walker and his soldiers. These reinforcements soon had an opportunity to show their daring, for at Walker's command, they and his own soldiers tactfully got so close to the fort as to be below the range of the guns, scaled the walls, and hoisted the American flag at San Carlos. The Nicaraguans, on seeing the Stars and Stripes, fled in all directions. Thus began the desultory warfare which Walker carried on in Nicaragua for more than four years, until he was driven into Honduras and was there captured and shot in 1860.

After this brief adventure in filibustering, Howard returned to Captain Torrey's vessel, and the remainder of the trip to Galveston proved quite uneventful. When he arrived at the Island home, his mother greeted him with tears in her eyes, while all the negro servants gathered around and plied him with questions about California. Naturally, every one regretted that Master William's political activities forced him to make his visit brief. Before returning to California, he visited his first love, and found her a happy mother with three little children.

Back again among his old friends and political supporters, Howard and his colleague, Dan Showalter, commenced to canvass Mariposa County, which, in the days of 1857, took in a lot of territory. In his efforts to win his election to the Legislature, he mixed with all classes and nationalities, dining one day with miners and another with tillers of the soil.

The candidate's great disadvantage, many of his friends thought, was that he did not drink any kind of intoxicants. As most of the political influence was obtained in those days through visits to the saloons and gambling dens, many believed that his votes would have been more numerous had he frequently bent the elbow. However, he was elected and represented Mariposa County at Sacramento in the exciting session of 1856 and 1857.

At that time there were four Democratic candidates for the position of United States Senator, as the party was split into two factions. Their names were Broderick, Gwin, Latham and Weller. They were all Democrats, but Broderick was supported by the Republican party. Money was spent freely in the Legislature, and Broderick and Gwin were elected to represent California in the Senate at Washington.

William Gwin was born in Tennessee of a cultured family; he was intellectual, subtle, brilliant and suave, had traveled extensively, was experienced in politics, and was looked upon as a pro-slavery candidate.

David C. Broderick was an Irish-American, about thirty years of age, a rough diamond, who had obtained his education through the school of hard knocks. He had a long upper lip and greyish blue eyes of extraordinary penetration. In his speeches he opposed slavery and advocated progressive policies, which included at that time the building of a railroad connecting California with the Mississippi Valley. On account of the two thousand miles of mountain and desert which intervened, this was considered a hazardous, expensive, and impossible undertaking. Nevertheless, it was accomplished within a dozen years, and the twentieth century finds people traveling from New York to California in five days.

Calling himself a Democrat to the day of his death, Senator Broderick stands in the history of California as the first great Republican of the Golden State. Possessing neither grace of manner nor tactfulness, he succeeded on account of his generosity and his ability to gather around him men of influence, position and brains. He was not born to a bed of roses, for his lack of social rank brought him troubles at the Capitol, and many Southerners besides were strongly opposed to him on account of his anti-slavery ideas.

Broderick was in the habit of holding his political meetings in the First Baptist Church, San Francisco. On one occasion Judge David Terry of the State Supreme Court and a man named McDougal, members of the opposition party, entered the rear of the building, ran down the aisle, and commandeered the front seats. As Broderick entered by another door and called the meeting to order, great tension prevailed. When nominations were about to be made for the chairmanship of an important committee, two men, McGowan and McDougal, jumped on the platform. McGowan was nominated, and this caused pandemonium to break out. There was screaming, brandishing of knives, fists and pistols, for all politicians went everywhere fully armed.

Amid the confusion, a pistol went off, which caused the less warlike spirits to make their exit through a stained glass window. Amid the confusion, Senator Broderick remained like a statue, quiet and unperturbed, even when one of the men present brandished a revolver in his face. By nine o'clock both sides were tired out, the uproar having lasted five hours, and in the end Broderick prevailed. All old-timers agree that he was a great force, and must be commended for the skill with which he fought his way to the top, in spite of the fact that his methods were not always scrupulous.

By one vote only, Sacramento had been chosen as the State Capital, instead of Benicia; and at the session of 1856, when Captain Howard served as Representative of Mariposa County, he played a prominent part in the social functions of the capital city. Here he renewed old friendships and made new ones, for many parties and balls were given in honor of visiting politicians.

One of the outstanding personalities at all the festivities was Colonel Edward Baker; he was exceptionally brilliant as a soldier, lawyer, and political leader, and during his residence in San Francisco was the acknowledged head of the California Bar. Later he moved to Oregon, and represented that State in the national Senate. While a Senator, he enlisted in the Civil War, attaining the rank of Brigadier-General. Once during a stormy political debate he appeared in his military uniform fresh from the battlefield and electrified his audience by one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered in the halls of Congress.

Being of the same political party, Howard and Baker became intimate friends. Both were handsome, extremely courteous, and excellent dancers, therefore very popular with the young ladies at Sacramento, who loved their polished manners and conversation. At a special ball both were introduced to a young girl about sixteen; she was a graceful dancer, and possessed so much charm that every one present declared her the "belle." Her father was a prominent Judge, named Holton, and William had an exciting time trying to secure more than one dance with her on that eventful evening.

Several days later he was invited to Judge Holton's home, and the acceptance of this invitation gave him the opportunity to become better acquainted with Isabelle. Her pet name was "Belle," and she had many admirers, but encouraged the attentions of the young member for Mariposa.

Shortly after this meeting, the legislative session closed and William returned to Mariposa with wonderful dreams of the young girl he intended one day to make his wife. Naturally, on arrival in his home town he gave an account of his political activities in Sacramento, but the meeting of his new love he kept treasured in his heart. In letters to her he told of all the wonderful thoughts that her image conjured up in his mind. Daily he dreamed of the happiness which was to be theirs, and meanwhile he worked so purposefully that he grew in wealth and political prominence.

As springtime approached, an irresistible force drew him again to Sacramento, where he renewed his ardent courtship of the girl of his dreams. Many were the walks that the lovers took together through the beautiful countryside, where the mystic world-mother had come forth in her most wonderful spring robes. Eventually, with the permission of Judge Holton, William and Belle became engaged, and at the close of the session a very impressive ceremony took place in the First Baptist Church, Sacramento, where, amidst a crowd of friends and politicians, the Honorable William J. Howard and Miss Isabelle Holton took the vows of holy matrimony.

After the wedding reception, William and his girl-wife left Sacramento for Mariposa. It was the first week in July, 1857, when the bride and



bridegroom arrived at the ranch. A friend, Dr. Gray, had worked very hard to make the place attractive. The one-story adobe house, with stone outhouses and walls, was much improved by beautifully-laid-out garden-plots, artistically divided with pink-and-white quartz. The drive was lined with fig and castor-bean trees, while miniature fountains played and sparkled in the sunshine. All this beauty must have made a lasting impression upon the mind of the young bride, and one can picture her walking between the garden-beds, while her eyes gaze dreamily on the glories of nature amidst the hum of the insect world.

XXIII

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH

As extremes are followed by extremes, so Captain Howard and his girl-wife had their periods of joy and sorrow. The ranch life was a vast change from the city, where she had been continually surrounded by all kinds of men from every part of the globe. Close to the mining camps, nine miles from any other white woman, she was forced to look upon the savage impulses of man breaking through the veneer of civilization.

The two young people attended a large number of dances, and in order to be present at these functions they had to ride twelve miles on horseback. Fortunately, Mrs. Howard was a good horsewoman and an excellent shot with the rifle; therefore, frequent hunting expeditions for elk and antelope were enjoyed. This broke the monotony of house supervision, which occupied a great deal of time, it being her chief duty, with the assistance of Chinese help, to see that the kitchen was well stocked. This was especially necessary in Captain Howard's home, for he never flinched from the idea that he was a Southern gentleman and his house was "Liberty Hall."

Shortly after his marriage he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Mariposa County. In the good old days, such officers were kept extremely busy and covered a large tract of country, which necessitated their being away from home a great deal. While William was occupied with his public duties, his little wife became at times quite lonely, and the companionship of another white woman would have been much appreciated. After one year of married life her wishes were realized, for a fashionable lady from New York came to live a few miles from the Howard ranch; needless to say, a strong friendship soon developed between the two women. By this time, too, children had begun coming to bless the Howard home.

In 1860 W. J. Howard moved his family to Snelling, California, and during his stay there a terrible flood almost wiped out the town. Some of the people were rescued in row-boats, while the Captain carried several to dry land on his horse, which was a good swimmer.

Immediately after the flood they moved to Quartzberg, a desolate mining town, where Mrs. Howard taught school for one term, in addition to looking after her three children. During their stay in this uninteresting place many daring robberies and murders were committed, therefore William's activities as Deputy Sheriff did not permit him to spend much time with his family.

One of his duties at this time was to arrest a Chinese who had shot a white boy in Hornitos. It appears that school-boys were persistently throwing stones into the holes where the Chinese were mining, and one miner, becoming tired of the boys' actions, fired a pistol into the air with the intention of merely frightening them. Unfortunately, a bullet entered the bowels of a little German boy, and this incited a mob, which caused the Chinese to run away.

Mounting his horse, Deputy Sheriff Howard, unarmed, volunteered to capture the offender. When the two drew near to each other, however, the Chinaman attempted to shoot. Unarmed as he was, Howard knocked the culprit down with his horse, and putting a rope around his neck, led him back to Hornitos. On arrival in this slate-rock mining town, which had a reputation for wild carousals, the people collected in a mob intent upon a lynching. Howard protected his prisoner, saying, "I caught him at the risk of my own life, and he belongs to me. I intend to give him a fair trial; for the time being we will place him in jail." In the night, however, the mob hired Bockenaugh, a blacksmith, to make a key which unlocked the jail door; then they took the Chinaman out of jail and hanged him.

One of Howard's duties, some years later in his long term as Deputy Sheriff, was to arrest a man named Queue, who had killed a young Indian. He was particularly interested in this case, for the red lad had been in his care since 1852. In that year Howard had been in charge of an Indian Reservation, and one day he met Falis, the Chief, carrying in his hands an unclothed baby.

"What are you going to do with that infant?" Howard asked.

"I am going to throw it into the river," the chief replied. "The mother is only a girl, and unable to take care of it."

"Don't do that," said Howard; "I'll give an order for two years' support."

This was understood, and Falis took the child back to the Reservation, where an old squaw cared for him until he was three years old, when he was taken to the Howard ranch and placed in the care of the Chinese cook. The little boy, who became known as Ned, was very timid, and a few days after his arrival was suddenly missing. Every one searched high and low, but no baby could be found. As the dinner hour approached, the cook, having started a fire in the old-fashioned stove, happened to open the oven door, which stood ajar, and to his horror discovered Baby Ned fast asleep inside!

Several weeks after this incident, William bought some blasting powder and placed it in one of the windows of an outhouse where a hen was in the habit of laying her eggs. Ned was of an inquisitive turn, and loved to watch the hen's movements. One day he secured a match, which the cook had carelessly laid aside, managed to strike it, and the flame reached the powder causing a terrific explosion. The hen was blown from her nest, the window shattered, and the child badly burned.

As Ned grew older he became very useful and caused a great deal of amusement by his funny actions. Captain Howard had a horse called Nitro-glycerine-lodi-phosphorus, and when Ned was twelve he used to strap the boy on the animal and let them loose in a field, where the horse would buck until Ned fell asleep.

At eighteen years of age Ned expressed a wish to become a medicine man, so William fitted him out with a pony, a saddle, and a bottle of oil. He did not succeed in this profession, and later worked for a cow-thief named Queue, who ordered him to steal one of Howard's

animals. The lad, however, had not forgotten William's kindness to him, and instead of stealing his cow he informed him of Queue's intentions. When Queue discovered that Ned would not steal, he killed him; therefore Captain Howard was anxious that the cow-thief should receive the punishment due him. On complaint he was arrested and taken before the Grand Jury, but in the good old days it was no great offense to kill an inoffensive Indian. They failed to find a true bill, so Queue was given his liberty.

On another occasion a man named Guinn, who lived at Snelling, lost several mules and offered a large reward for their recovery. George Turner, County Sheriff, asked Howard to go after them, and so the Deputy quickly picked an Indian who was a good marksman, and the two went toward the coast. Late one night they drew near to Peach Tree Valley, where they heard whooping, yelling and laughing. Concluding that this must be the thieves celebrating their success with a war dance, the pursuers camped for the night. Early the next morning they approached the outlaws, who proved to be a band of Mexicans known as The Mustang Runners." One of them had been befriended by William at an earlier date; he recognized Howard, and at an opportune moment called him to one side, saying, "Friend, you had better go, as the rest of the band will do you harm and might even kill you. I assure you that the man suspected of stealing Guinn's mules is not with us, and the mules are not around here." Then he showed William a side trail that would lead him and his assistant out of danger, without being seen by the rest of the band. Having reason to believe that the man was telling the truth, Howard accepted some corn-cakes from the wife of the Mexican, and the two departed on their quest, which later was crowned with success.

During his term as Deputy Sheriff of Mariposa County, Captain Howard had many such cases to handle, and in time developed a high degree of detective ability and became known as "The Mysterious Sheriff."

XXIV

HOWARD'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR

When William J. Howard enjoyed a picnic with Ulysses S. Grant under the trees in Mariposa County, California, in 1853, little did he realize that he was talking to a future President. Grant was born in Ohio and had graduated at West Point Military Academy. Being full of ambition, he made a trip to the Far West, where he stayed for a short while with his brother-in-law, who had a store near the Stanislaus.

A few years later, the War of Secession, 1861-1865, gave him the opportunity of demonstrating his ability to lead and organize, and the world knows how his military genius finally made him Commander in Chief of all the Federal Armies. We are concerned now, however, only with the Civil War activities in which Captain Howard took part.

The sentiment in California at the outbreak of the war between the North and South was quite evenly divided between the opposing sections, and while the State furnished probably 16,000 men in the two armies, no active warfare took place within its borders. As already stated, the population was made up of many nationalities, yet the majority had come from the East and were natives of those States which were fighting on the side of the Union. In consequence, their sympathies with the North were very strong; but at the same time there was a large minority that was equally ardent in its sympathies for the South; so it required no little determination on the part of the authorities to smoulder the fires of patriotism on both sides and keep them from bursting forth in open conflict. As is always the case under such conditions, the people were controlled by a few strong leaders; therefore, the 140,000 men of Southern blood were held in check and restrained from violence by the sane councils of such men as Howard, Fitzhugh, and Bondurant.

Victories by both armies were celebrated in California, a fact made possible by a spirit of tolerance no less admirable than unusual. Many Federal people lived in Hornitos, and when there was a Union victory they celebrated it with much pomp. William frequently visited this lively little mining town, where he did all in his power to persuade the Confederate sympathizers to keep silent.

On one occasion a Federal party visited Snellingsville and destroyed a newspaper called *The San Joaquin Valley Argus* because it advocated the Southern cause. At another time a company of Federalists set out for Mariposa to destroy a Secessionist paper, but Crippen, the Sheriff, while a Republican and in sympathy with the Federals, sent word to the party not to come. The people of Mariposa, he said, were peacefully disposed and tolerant; but the majority of them were Southerners, he added, and if the Federal band came there it would be annihilated.

One day Howard and two young Confederates were in Hornitos when the Federals were celebrating, with much hilarity, a recent victory. This sight upset the two young Southerners so much that they wanted to fire into the crowd of merrymakers. At the psychological moment Howard used his influence, remonstrating with them so effectively that they reluctantly gave up the idea and returned with him to Mariposa. Had these men carried out their hostile idea, Captain Howard assured me, war would have commenced in California.

General Edward Connor, another ex-member of the California Rangers, took an active part in fighting for the Union and was anxious that Howard should join him. However, William's sympathies were with the South, altho he did not believe in secession; so he said to Connor: "I have a wife and family, and under the circumstances feel that it is my duty to be near them."

During the years of desperate fighting, the man of destiny was Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky. His kind and gentle nature, his evident sincerity, homely wit, and ability to grasp and express in simple language the sentiments of the masses of the North, gained for him the affection, confidence and respect of the people. Howard did not meet Lincoln personally, but through his friendship with Governor Stoneham, and with Senators Wigfall and Winter, learned to admire him, and to the end of life regarded him as one of the greatest men that ever lived.



GENERAL P. EDWARD CONNOR
One of the California Rangers and
later a General in the Union Army.



COLONEL EDWARD BAKER
Pioneer political leader, soldier and orator of early California days.

XXV THE GREAT FAMILY FEUD

Shortly after the Civil War, two California families named Coates and Frost, who had migrated to Little Lake, California, and between whom there had long existed a bitter feeling, fought a battle that startled the whole country. Captain Howard does not come into this story, but it is worth relating as a type of the troubled times in which he served as an officer of the law.

It is difficult to realize that this feud between two respected families was the tragic result of a school-boys' quarrel. At the district school in Little Lake Valley, where the children of both families were pupils, a son of Mr. Frost and a son of Mr. Coates started an argument. During intermission they went out to settle their difficulty in school-boy fashion, employing the weapons with which nature had provided them—their little fists. All this was in accordance with the time-honored custom recognized in the boy world for generations, and under ordinary circumstances the trouble would have burnt itself out.

Unfortunately, the teacher considered it his duty to interfere and thrash the lads for infraction of the rules which forbade fighting on the school grounds. The parents of the boys then took it upon themselves to upbraid the schoolmaster for his actions, each declaring that his child had been unjustly punished.

"One of the boys must have been the aggressor," each parent argued, "so why should both be punished for an offense of which but one could be guilty?"

The schoolmaster, being a sensible man, replied:

"In order to maintain the discipline of the school, it is necessary to punish scholars for all infractions of the rules, and fighting on the school grounds is against the rules."

Finally, one parent was convinced that the master was right, and appeared quite willing to let the matter drop; but the father of the other boy was not so easily pacified. Eventually the matter was taken before the Board of Trustees, who after due deliberation decided to sustain the teacher. This action caused long and serious argument in the community, for it was apparent to everybody that the affair was resulting in a growing hatred between the parents. There being no appeal from the decision of the board, they were obliged to pocket their injured pride; but Frost, after receiving several threats from Coates, removed his child from the school and determined on a plan of revenge to get even with the schoolmaster.

The annual election for the new Board of Trustees was soon to take place, and Frost solemnly declared that no member of the old board should again be elected. He happened to be one of the citizens who held the privilege of appointing the teaching staff, and he intended to constitute himself the political leader at this meeting, for he meant to have the offending teacher discharged at all costs. On the other hand, another faction was just as determined that the old board should be reelected and the services of the schoolmaster retained.

It soon became evident throughout the length and breadth of the valley that serious trouble would develop over this trivial matter, for many people were convinced that the honor of each family was at stake. Between the two families terrible threats were freely exchanged, and the Frosts registered a solemn vow that the Coates family must retire from the field or they would take it upon themselves to annihilate every male being who bore the name of Coates.

A few days previous to the Board of Trustees' election, Wesley Coates met Duncan, a brother-in-law of the Frosts, and a long talk about the family quarrel ensued, each holding the other to be wrong. Warm words resulted, and had it not been for friends of both families, who happened to be present, there would have been a serious fight. It doubtless would have been better, however, if these well intentioned friends had held their peace and left the two fire-eaters to their fate.

Shooting was not uncommon in those days, so the peaceably inclined citizens were on the alert for trouble, and together with the officers of the law intended to arrest and confine the first man who attempted a warlike movement. If one or both of these men had been killed on the spot, the feud would possibly have ended without the loss of more than two lives; but a spectator finally separated Coates and Duncan, who went their diverse ways vowing vengeance.

It was a very hot day in October, 1865; several business men were seated on the porch of Little Lake Hotel, in Southern California, endeavoring to keep cool. They had exhausted every kind of amusement and were waiting patiently for something exciting to happen. While smoking and talking under the awning, they observed a cloud of dust down the road, which signified that a traveler was coming to town. This was a relief, for in the 'sixties news from the outer world was still scarce, and every stranger had something thrilling to relate. Little did they realize that on this occasion they were going to witness a fast and furious fight.

The men had calculated just how long it took a person to reach the hotel from the point where the dust-cloud had been observed. They waited the necessary time, and as the strangers did not appear, one man said, "There must be something wrong." Another lounge said, "I'll bet it's trouble between the Frost and Coates families, because to-day, the 11th, is the day of the School Board election." This statement aroused so much interest that the hotel guests hurried to the spot where they had seen the dust-cloud. On arrival, they found Duncan and Coates in heated conversation. Knowing that Duncan was a brother-in-law of Frost, and realizing that the two were discussing family affairs, the onlookers from the hotel decided that they had no right to interfere. Suddenly Duncan said:

"I know you did say it."

"Duncan, I never did," was Coates' reply.

"Well, I know darn well you did," said Duncan.

"All this comes from the talk of a lot of busy people who want to see a fight."

"Well," retorted Duncan, "if they depend upon such fellows as you, they will be disappointed."

"Now, Duncan, don't be a fool," said Coates; "I can fight when it is necessary. You are making a mistake in your man."

"Oh! I don't know," was the taunting reply.

"Well I do, and I advise you to keep quiet. I'll get mad pretty soon," said Coates.

Duncan's last remark had made Coates' blood boil, and one could see that he was using unusual self control in his effort to avoid striking the blow.

The majority of people who lived in Little Lake Valley belonged to that branch of the Confederate army which never surrendered; after the declaration of peace they had crossed the plains to California. They were far from cowards, for the majority of them would rather fight than eat. Taking these facts into consideration, one could not but admire the way Wesley Coates handled himself. Under ordinary circumstances Duncan would have been a corpse in a second, because it was generally known that Coates was always well armed. As a matter of fact, most men carried weapons in that sparsely settled country, because some of the wandering tribes who had not yet been rounded up on the Reservations were still rather treacherous, and there was an unwritten law which gave every white man the right to shoot an Indian.

"See here," was Duncan's next remark, "you fellows have made a whole lot of talk about what you were going to do to the Frost family. I want you to understand that I am one of that family, and I will tell you further that we are sick of your talk. If you feel like taking a hand in a fight you will never have a better chance."

Coates was as cool as a man who had received an invitation to dine with a friend. "Now, Duncan," said he, "I told you once before that you may go too far. I am likely to get mad in a minute."

"Well, I don't think you'll kick up fire enough to smoke a coon out of a hollow tree if you do," was Duncan's sneering reply.

"Duncan, shut up!" yelled Coates. "I know what you are up to, and you will get it in a minute; and when it comes to talk, you fellows have said enough about our family to land you all in jail in any part of the world. I have been told by some of the neighbors that you have

made your brag that you intended to send the whole Coates family to a place where they would never be any more trouble to anybody. Do you suppose we are going to overlook such bluff as that?"

"That's all right," said Duncan; "I don't say that we did not make that remark; but you can bet your last dollar on one thing: if any of the Frost boys made that remark we will stay with the game till there's not a man of the Coates breed left to blow about the fight. I don't believe there is a fighting man in their whole family."

At that, Coates made a lunge at his tormentor, and before there was any chance to draw weapons they had grappled and were at it in desperate style.

The spectators made up their minds to let the men fight it out, and they became so interested in the fray that they did not hear the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching. These new arrivals proved to be members of the Frost and Coates families, their names as follows: Martin Frost, Ishom Frost, and Elisha Frost, all brothers; Abraham Coates, Albert Coates, Henry Coates, Thomas Coates, James Coates and Abner C. Coates. They reined up amid a cloud of dust before the straining wrestlers in the road.

All the men were armed with either Colt's "Navy" revolvers, pistols or double-barreled guns. Quick as a flash the weapons of the two family groups were drawn against each other, and the noise that followed, we are told, was "like the rapid explosions of a string of firecrackers."

Elisha Frost was mortally wounded at the first volley, but still had sufficient strength and consciousness to fire several fatal shots, for it is claimed that he killed three men after falling. When his body was examined, four wounds were found, each of which might have proved fatal.

It is a remarkable fact that this deadly battle, in which twenty shots were fired, occupied just one quarter of a minute, and in this short space of time six men were lying dead. From the moment the two families met in full force, only two words were spoken; Albert Coates was heard to exclaim, "My God!"

The dead and dying were carded into the public hall, where they were examined by the coroner and relatives.

Mrs. Folsome, the wife of the physician at Mendocino and a relative of the Coates family, received the news early the next morning from a man who had ridden all night on horseback. He said to her, "I am very sorry to bring such bad news, but your whole family has been wiped off the face of the earth. Let your husband mount his horse at once, for he may be able to save at least one human life."

Having asked for details of the tragedy, she expressed a desire to accompany her husband, but the messenger answered, "I have no time to give any details; and you most certainly can not go with the doctor, as it will be necessary to ride all night and ride like the devil."

Knowing that her husband would not object, Mrs. Folsome made up her mind to go with him at whatever cost. She had been trained to ride from youth, was quite accustomed to hardships, and told the stableman to saddle both horses and bring them to the door. This was rapidly done, and with the stranger as guide they were ready to start back along the dusty road he had just traversed.

By this time the dreadful news had spread throughout the valley; many of the neighbors saddled their horses and declared their intention of following the doctor. The physician was a man with exceptional nerve, who always kept a cool head. Realizing that one-half of the men were anxious to go out of mere curiosity, and that their presence, on account of the dust, would only make the trip more unpleasant, he decided they could not accompany them. One or two of the men said that they "intended to go anyway, and would like to see the man who could stop them."

Drawing his revolver from his pocket, the doctor said, "I will kill the first man that tries to follow us."

The guide and Mrs. Folsome started on the long ride, while the physician rode behind with his pistol in hand, and not a man attempted to follow, for they knew how determined he was.

As they drew near to the scene of the tragedy Mrs. Folsome fainted, but the doctor soon had her on his saddle before him and kept up the same clip until they reached the town, where the victims had been taken. As they drew near to the hall the travelers learned that the man whom they had ridden so far to save was beyond help.

On entering, Mrs. Folsome and her husband looked upon a harrowing scene. Wives, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters of the dead men knelt beside their loved ones, and as they mingled their tears one could hear their lamentations many yards from the building. The tragic sight—the frantic widows calling in vain to their dead husbands—had a strange effect upon the remaining members of the two families, who walked around without a thought of revenge or fear. A chastened and wiser spirit prevailed from that time forth, and the people of Little Lake enjoyed a long period of peace.

XXVI

ANOTHER POLITICAL AMBITION

With the discovery of the Nevada Silver Mines, the spirit of gambling and speculation again gripped a large number of Californians. This period was known as the "Terrible Seventies," and according to Captain Howard, the prevailing excitement was greater than that of the gold rush, for people completely lost their heads. They expected to be millionaires within a few months by investing all their worldly possessions in the Bonanza mines, and this sent Nevada stocks up to incredible figures. Even women sold stocks on the street-curbs, and so great were the investments that the New California Stock Exchange was opened to accommodate speculators.

Thousands did not survive this nerve-racking orgy of speculation. The unnatural inflation produced only a few huge fortunes, notably those of Rawlston, Lucky Baldwin, Fair, Flood, O'Brien, Sharon, Sutro and Mills. These newly made millionaires built beautiful palaces on Nob Hill, San Francisco, where they entertained on an elaborate scale.

One of the outstanding personalities of this period was William C. Rawlston, whose life-ambition was to make San Francisco the greatest city in the Union. He built a Norman chateau at Belmont, thirty miles from the Golden Gate, where his magnificent entertainments

gained for him the title of "The New World Monte Cristo." The original beauties of his home, together with his different moods and various modes of entertainment, were a constant source of surprise and pleasure to his many friends. Daily his four-horse char-a-banc carried large parties of people from all over the world through the scenic beauties of Central California. He was one of the first men to take world visitors through the Yosemite Valley, and in that way did much to make this great scenic wonder famous. Unfortunately, while still in his prime, he was drowned while taking his morning swim in the Bay off Black Point.

Rawlston organized the Bank of California, which was obliged to close its doors on August 26, 1875, and some people said that he committed suicide on account of the difficulties into which his bank had fallen. In any event, California owes a great deal to this generous man, for during his lifetime he promoted various manufacturing establishments, purchased property for the opening of New Montgomery Street, planned and partly built the Palace Hotel. He also advocated substantial buildings, beautiful architecture, and man-made parks, but did not live to see the realization of his dream, a great San Francisco.

Captain Howard entertained Rawlston on several occasions at his home. He stated that this man, tho small of stature, was ahead of his time, and that his resourceful and constructive brain was never fully appreciated until he was slumbering under the sod.

Another outstanding personality in the Nevada mining days was Elias Jackson Baldwin. He came from Ohio and is referred to in Bancroft's history as one of the builders of California. Arriving in the Golden State in 1853, he engaged in the real estate and hotel business, and was so fortunate in every undertaking that the people named him "Lucky Baldwin." He was a prominent figure at the faro tables and on the race-course, where good luck seemed to rain upon him.

Baldwin owned some of the best horses in California and was the first man to compete for honors on the Eastern turf. Being a pioneer in business, his generosity, enterprise, and creative power, in addition to his extraordinary ability to plan and execute, made him a beneficial character. He possessed good judgment, was extremely sensitive to the fine arts, and spent a great deal of time at his Santa Anita Ranch, which covered several thousand acres. In his stables he kept 400 to 500 pedigreed race-horses, noted not only for their speed but for their staying qualities. Among the most famous was a roan gelding called "Chino Jim," who, immediately following a drive of forty miles, made a three-mile heat in 2:14, 2:15, 2:14, with only one break.

On Black Friday, August 26, 1865, when the Bank of California closed its doors, Baldwin played a great part in its rehabilitation and thus averted a financial crisis. He died at the age of eighty-one, and the Baldwin Hotel and Theater, containing beautiful paintings and interesting relics of the early days, stood for many years, until destroyed in the great San Francisco fire of 1906.

William Sharon became financially independent through controlling Nevada water interests and the Sutro Tunnel. The building of this tube was backed by Sharon, and when building commenced, was financed by the Bank of California. In 1867 the directors of the bank decided that they could not go through with the undertaking; but Sutro started a lecture campaign and obtained the financial aid of numerous shareholders, who helped him to complete the tunnel that thus came to bear his name. One of the outstanding characters in this enterprise was Charles Crocker, founder of the Crocker National Bank, who played a unique part in the banking history of California.

Captain Howard was not concerned financially in any of these projects, for his interests at this period were wholly centered in the building up of his racing stables at Buena Vista. In order to branch out in this enterprise he purchased a place on the Tuolumne, called Lake Farm. It was a delightful spot, and near the shores of a beautiful lake he built a new racetrack. The great pride of Mrs. Howard was in the flower and kitchen gardens, which were kept up by skilled Chinese gardeners. At the end of two years a terrible drought affected the whole district, however, and one night a plague of grasshoppers destroyed the gardens. This setback caused the whole family to return to their old ranch near Hornitos.

About this time William and his brother Thomas decided to dissolve partnership, so Buena Vista was sold for a large sum of money. Thomas returned to Texas with a well filled money belt, and on arrival at Galveston, where his mother, Mrs. Taliaferro Howard, was spending the last few years of her life, he purchased an adjoining island. Here he built a beautiful home, but the day previous to moving into it, a cyclone destroyed everything. In due course of time another house was built, where Thomas Howard and his mother resided for many years.

Having disposed of Buena Vista, Captain Howard and his family camped for about nine months at Pea Ridge, in Mariposa County. Later he purchased a new home, six miles from the town of Mariposa, called Lora Vale. It eventually became the permanent home of the Howards.

As soon as they became settled in their new house, William was again nominated for the Legislature, and with headquarters in Mariposa, made a thorough campaign of his county. His opponent was a man named Snyder, and there was an exciting race, which resulted in Howard's defeat by six votes. At the conclusion of this campaign he filled the unexpired term of the District Attorney, and dropped out of the political field until 1879. In that year he again took a hand in politics, and served in the Constitutional Convention, becoming one of the signers of the New Constitution of California. During his presence at this Convention, which met in Sacramento, he received the following letters, which may prove readable for those interested in the Yosemite Valley and the political history of the Golden State.

San Francisco, January 20, 1879.

Dear Mr. Howard:

There can not well be too much said to induce a wise provision concerning the Yosemite Valley in the New State Constitution, as the following facts will show:

In 1855 commenced the first Tourist Travel to that remarkable "cleft or gorge," and from that time to 1864—the year my family and myself first made it our place of residence—the aggregate number of visitors was about 650. In the latter year, 1864, the number was 147. This included every man, woman and child that entered it, of whatever color or condition. In 1865 the number was increased to 369; in 1866 to 438; in 1867 to 502; in 1868 to 623; in 1869, the year the great overland road was completed for passenger travel, to 1,122; in 1870 to 1,735; in 1871 to 2,137; in 1872 to 2,354; in 1873 to 2,530; in 1874 to 1,711; in 1875 the number was 2,423; 1876, it was 2,017; 1877 it was 1,392; 1879 (estimated by data furnished) it was about 1,200, making a grand total of 22,350. Then it should

be remembered that besides this number of actual visitors many were attracted to the State by the name and fame of the Yosemite and the big trees, who were either physically or financially unable to make the journey thither.

This would materially swell the number; but even excluding these, I am assured by competent judges that the average individual expenditure of each of the 22,350 would exceed \$600 each and make the interesting total expended in this State for those years of \$13,410,000!! And supposing the annual army of visitors should only reach 2,500 (and by popular management it can be increased to many times that number), it would give an annual revenue to the people of this State of \$1,500,000, and that too while increasing our population by a very desirable class—many of whom are tempted to become permanent residents.

Hoping some good Article can be drafted on the Constitution that shall meet the wants of this (one of the most valuable) resources of the State,

I remain

Ever sincerely yours,

J. M. Hutchings.

P. S. Please excuse haste in scratching this off. H.

Private and Strictly Confidential.

120 Sutter St., San Francisco, July 21, 1879.

Dear Mr. Howard:

Since the nomination of Wilcox for Senator, and knowing his antecedents, there is a strong feeling among the New Constitution Party that he cannot be trusted with its interests. Now I drop you this line to ask you, whether or no you could not beat Wilcox if you went in as the New Constitution candidate. To do this you will have to pledge yourself opposed to the C. P. R. R., and all monopoly interests. Can you conscientiously do this?

Then you, being familiar with the feeling of the general public in Merced and Mariposa Counties, would form a good idea of your chances as such a candidate. Think it over soon and give me your ideas. This was talked over in my hearing by one of the principal writers for the S. F. *Chronicle*—hence the inquiry. If your chances are good to beat Wilcox—he being emphatically a C. P. R. R. or anything-else-candidate for pay—let me know—soon, as I can be of use to you.

Burn this immediately you have read it.

Truly yours,

J. M. Hutchings.

Strictly Confidential.

120 Sutter St., San Francisco, July 22, 1879

Dear Mr. Howard:

My hurried note of yesterday I have no doubt kept your thoughts busy. To-day I enclose a cutting (editorial) from the *Chronicle*. You can see its tenor—you can also see that that paper would be an earnest supporter of an outspoken New Constitution Candidate, whether Democratic, Republican or Independent. Now I have thought that your chances were good if you early secured the services and cooperation of influential friends—not from monetary considerations, but for establishing the new order of things brought about by the New Constitution.

How would it be if you were to have an immediate talk with some of the leading supporters of that instrument? It may be you could secure the Republican vote—or at least a large share of it—as against such a trickster as Wilcox. This with the Democratic votes in favor of the New C. might elect you.

Think it quietly over—with the ways and means for winning the race—and let me know at once.

Of course, this is not a question of party, but of principle. Whether monopolists or the masses should rule the State, in its vital interests.

You would have to encounter opposition from all such pliant tools and wire-workers as J. C. Smith, who will support Wilcox, so as to use him in favor of the old Brand of Commissioners, owned and manipulated by the aforesaid J. C. S. If we can keep out Wilcox there is a hope for a new and glorious day dawning on Yosemite; but should he be elected he will do his best to keep the old order of things there, and altho the State itself should lose millions of dollars by such a great misfortune, J. W. and J. C. S. would not care, so that each could make everything profitable personally to themselves.

By the New Constitution every officer of the State from a Constable to a Governor will be legislated out of office, including the Yosemite Comissioners. They being appointed by the Governor makes them State Officers, beyond question. Here then is a chance. How does Coffman stand on the New Constitution? (He's against the Com., I know).

Truly yours,

J. M. Hutchings.

P. S.—I mail you to-day's *Chronicle*, from whence I cut the enclosed, but thought the slip in a letter would be more likely to reach you promptly. H.

The final letter in this group recalls the stormy days when Kearney and his "Sand Lot" politicians dominated San Francisco and terrorized the community:

Hon. W. J. Howard,
Dear Sir:

If you remember, I told you one day in the Convention last winter that Wm. F. White would be the nominee for Governor on the Working Men's ticket. I believe I asked you to make particular note of it as a test of my knowledge of the political horoscope, and I now write this to make sure one man in California will look upon me as a true prophet—"save"!

I am not prophet enough, tho, to say whether his nomination is equivalent to an election; in fact, I am doubtful whether any man on that ticket will be elected. I am more inclined to the opinion that the whole ticket will be beaten, and if it is not it ought to be, because it does not represent what I conceive to be the decent part of the Working Men's party. It represents Kearney and his headquarters ring, and nobody else. Kearney and his State Convention missed their opportunity to give a fixed national existence to the party and have degraded the whole concern to a level with the ordinary "piece club." No American citizen who respects himself can further consent to be used as a tail to the kite of this ignorant crowd. I did hope the W. P. C. would rise in the scale, so that men of character who respected themselves might stand together on its platform, but Kearney has been growing more arrogant and tyrannical, and vulgar, and the utterances of himself and his obsequious slaves in that Convention can only find their counterpart in the wild ravings of the "Sans Culottes" and Canaille during the French Revolution.

He has made it a personal faction where we hoped to have a National Party, and its principles, platform, and all is contained in that one word, Kearney, and the choice offered in their ticket for the people of California is simply that and nothing more—Kearney or no Kearney!

Very many of the ex-delegates are in my fix; they won't have any more in theirs; if the W. P. C. can not rise, it must stop; that is what we want, and if all the decencies and proprieties of life as Americans have been raised to practise and observe them, must be sacrificed and discarded at the bidding of this red-mouthed Caesar from Cork, we will no more of it. The Czar of Russia was never more arbitrary in his rulings than Kearney has grown to be. It is singular that such a body of men could be found in a Convention in California to bow the cringing slavish knee to such a dictator. I would never have believed it, had not my eyes beheld it. No hearsay evidence could have made me think it possible. We blush to acknowledge the fact. Any slavery I could think of would be preferable to me, than such as this. If our reforms must come through such means, by such roads, then excuse me. I want no more reforms.

In my role as prophet I here proceed to set down the prediction that the people of California will "set down" on this whole ticket, with the exception, possibly, of Ayres of Los Angeles. He may get in. I am sorry Crop of Nevada is on the ticket. I hope he may yet decline. He is too decent a man to be slaughtered in such a lot of mangy hogs.

In the election of the City and County officers, we will have the issue squarely put, "Kearney or no Kearney," and the people will have to choose in that issue. There is a silent, almost solemn resolution in the decent and solid elements here, that San Francisco must emancipate herself in that election from the domination of the Sand Lots. It must be done. I am still true to the principles of the W. P. C., but I want no Caesar in mine—no Kearney.

As you will see by the enclosed card, I am hack at the old trade. I never feel so independent as when I have the overalls on, and if any one of your friends has a house or sign to paint I would be thankful for the patronage.

Hoping this may find yourself and family well and prosperous, and that the friends of the New Constitution may be wide awake,

I am truly your friend,

Wm. Proctor Hughey.

XXVII

THE HOWARDS IN THE YOSEMITE

In the year 1874, Captain Howard took his wife and children to the Yosemite Valley, which is to-day one of the renowned scenic and pleasure resorts of the world. There are several "exact dates" of the discovery of this prodigy of nature by white men. Captain Howard stated that the valley was first entered by the Mariposa Battalion, May 5, 1851 (as mentioned in Chapter XV). The first picture of Yosemite Falls, however, was not presented to the public until 1855, and it was painted by Thomas Ayres.

The first visit of the Howard family to this valley was a thrilling trip, for many times the trail was lost to view. With all their real necessities, including two milch cows, they traveled along the Heights Cove Trail [Editor's note: Hite's Cove Trail—dea]. All rode horses and ponies, and through an animal's fright one of the children was thrown over a bluff. Fortunately, the shawl which enveloped him caught in a tree and saved him from being dashed to pieces.



A YOSEMITE INDIAN MOTHER

Modern representative of the tribe in pursuit of which the first white men entered, the beautiful Yosemite Valley.

A strenuous journey of several days brought them into the valley, where they put up at the house of Mr. J. M. Hutchings, an Englishman, and author of the book entitled, "In the Heart of the Sierras." This work gives a good description of early life in the Yosemite, and contains many unique illustrations. Mr. Hutchings' daughter was the first white child born in the Valley; she died at the age of eighteen, and Mount Florence was named in her honor. In the previous chapter we have seen three interesting letters written by Hutchings to Howard in 1879.

Soon after their arrival, Captain Howard built a summer home on the edge of Mirror Lake, where he erected a platform out over the water, sixty by forty feet in area. The children decorated the rail of this platform with Chinese lanterns, and every night parties were indulged in, for according to the old Southern style, Mirror Lake House was "Liberty Hall."

William built the first toll road and the first school-house in the Yosemite, and his eldest daughter, Ida, was the first school-teacher.

In 1875, McLean completed the building of a stage road, and the opening day was celebrated, July 22 of this year, when the Hon. W. J. Howard gave the address of welcome, and the Hon. W. J. Wilcox responded. At the close of the two speeches, the procession was formed into line by Grand Marshal Coulter, assisted by numerous aides, each properly designated by his scarf and buttons. At the head of the procession went a detachment of militia firing minute-guns, followed by the Yosemite and Merced bands. The residents and visitors—in wagons, carriages, and on horseback—brought up the rear.

There were three hundred and fifty people in the procession, and after marching for a while through archways, they halted in front of Coulter and Murphy's hotel, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then the meeting was called to order and five vice-presidents were chosen—William J. Howard, Judge Corcoran, Judge Jones, Charles Bogan, and J. W. Chestnutwood. Howard was later elected president, and he delivered a successful address, after which Miss Ida T. Howard recited the following poem in blank verse, which was composed by her mother, Mrs. William J. Howard, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Yosemite Belle":

Enchanted Waters: Yosemite

Pride of the West, Yosemite;
Roll on in mighty grandeur, o'er thy rocky bed forever.
May many nations come to greet thee
In thy pristine beauty, and gaze in adoration on thy loveliness!

May youth and age from far and near,
O'er land and sea and desert drear,
Come to this God's-gift of the West, to hear
Of all the myriad sights their hearts to cheer.

To see, to meditate, to adore, to worship
In Nature's temples here;
To bow down the heart as never before
To him, its Great Creator.

Roll on, and dash thy crystallized jewels on the mossy vale below,
Where poets kneel to worship thee
With mute uplifted eye;
The mighty awe upon their souls, leaving them
Powerless as the tender infant, to unfold
The rush of inspiration, with which their being's filled.

They are lost in admiration, wonder, fear,
Until their spirits seem to float, far off unto the
Mystic realms of dark infinity;
And mingle there with those, who've
Left this beautiful world, and fled to one beyond the
Ken of poor mortality.

All hail, thou brilliant-lined, soul-inspiring Great Yosemite!
May artists, poets, muses, linger at thy
Silver-veiled portals, and bless the God
Who gave this Western world such a
Marvel of unrivaled beauty, and
Pray to Him to lift the seals from off their souls
That thou may'st give unto the distant world
A humble idea of thy wondrous vision
Of this, our Eden Land.

Tell old philosophers to come, with all their wisdom,
To see how small, how very small, are the works
Of mightiest men, compared with this of the Great I Am.

Throw off the fetters from thy dreamy mind,

And gaze and learn, that this the
Eden of the Earth's a resting place
For tired bodies, wearied minds, and Drooping souls;
That naught in all the philosophy of mortal man
Can counterpart our rainbow span;
Tell Wisdom's greatest sage to come and see
If aught on earth can equal thee,
Thou peerless queen: Yosemite!

Yosemite Belle.

October 26, 1874.

On the evening of July 22, 1875, a grand ball took place in the ballroom of the largest hotel in the Valley, and an old copy of the *Mariposa Gazette* states that the celebration was a huge success.

For ten successive summers Captain Howard took his family to Yosemite, and in this wonderful valley of the gods and goddesses, he, his wife and children enjoyed weeks of real happiness, with constant and congenial occupation for both body and mind. In this world there is always some service of kindness to be rendered, and if one does not shirk the opportunities for it, such service brings its full reward. Thus, under the spell of the Yosemite, Captain Howard and his family found added happiness in helping many strangers who came to their door.

Yosemite is only one-hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, and is regarded as the wonder-spot of California. It is a vast region in the Sierra Nevadas, covering an area of thirty-six by forty-eight miles, and is known to-day as Yosemite National Park. The Merced River flows through this wide expanse, and the valley alone is about seven miles long and one mile wide. The rocks and streams are so delicately harmonized by nature that their magnitude is not realized at first. Sheer precipices 3,000 to 5,000 feet high are fringed with tall trees growing close, like grass on the brow of a lowland hill. Extending along the base of a precipice there is a ribbon of meadow, actually vast, but looking like a strip that a farmer might mow in a day. Waterfalls 500 to 2,600 feet high, dwarfed by the mighty cliffs over which they pour, seem like wisps of smoke, gentle as floating clouds, tho their voices fill the valley and make the rocks tremble. The mountains along the eastern sky, the domes in front of them, and the succession of smooth, rounded waves between, swelling higher and higher, with dark woods in their hollows, serene in massive exuberant bulk and beauty, have a tendency to hide the grandeur of the Yosemite Temple, and make it appear a subdued and subordinate feature of the vast, harmonious landscape. Any attempt to appreciate one feature is beaten down by the overwhelming, awe-inspiring influence of all the others. Here one finds nature in all her glory, mountain-ranges with snowy peaks, domes and shadowy valleys, nature fierce and devoutly wild, yet caressing the flowers with a gentle hand, painting and watering them like a faithful gardener. Every aspect of beauty prevails, and the symmetrical sequoias, over three thousand years old, stand in all their majestic dignity, unshaken by wind and storm.

In the midst of this sublime scene, men had already ventured to plant an orchard and a strawberry patch, whose fruits afforded the Howards many gustatory delights. They had been planted by Mr. Lamon, who built the first log cabin in the valley.

At night, Captain Howard recalls, one could see a circle of bright faces sitting around a glowing fire, watching the phantom forms which came and went with the scintillations of the blazing embers. Nimble fingers ply the needles as they knit yarn spun from the wool of Yosemite sheep. Someone is reading aloud, some are learning a song or poem, while others are playing cards. Day after day the various families in the valley live and enjoy such social communion, discussing great authors, and reading at intervals the *California Magazine*.

News of the wonders of Yosemite spread rapidly throughout the world, and tourists from all parts arrived at Mirror Lake to enjoy its beauties. This lake is situated between two mountains, one 5,000 feet high and the other 4,700, and travelers were always anxious to see it at sunrise, when they could get the thrill of the mountains as reflected in its clear waters.

For the convenience of the family and visitors, William had two flat-bottomed boats made, and named them after two Civil War vessels, the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*. They were always in readiness at the foot of the steps leading to the platform of Mirror Lake House.

On one occasion Lord Arthur—we will call him Lord Arthur Blank—arrived with three ladies from Great Britain, and by special request Howard assisted the little party into the *Alabama*, and all five pushed out into the middle of the lake. Suddenly Howard called their attention to pictures in the water, caused by the reflections. "There is a crane," he cried, "and the Sleeping Beauty, and a clothes-line with stockings and shirts hanging on it!" This exercise of fancy was extremely interesting to the ladies, but Lord Arthur's imagination would not rise to the occasion; he became restless, commenced to rock the boat, and destroyed the reflection for the rest of the party.

"What kind of water is this?" he asked.

"Why," replied William, "this water travels through a canyon from Lake Tenia, and while traveling it becomes pressed and compressed so much that when it reaches Mirror Lake it is absolutely pure and will not wet."

Just then they drew near to a log ninety feet in length, and the ladies suggested that Lord Arthur jump upon it. As he put one foot on the log, the boat shot away, and he fell into twenty feet of water. In a few minutes William, with the assistance of the ladies, pulled him into the boat, and when he was able to speak, he said, "Ladies, we have the most wonderful scenery here, but the biggest liars in Christendom."

The next afternoon, according to custom, Lord Arthur and his party set out for the Bridal Veil. This is a waterfall six hundred and twenty feet high, which when the sun shines upon it looks like a beautiful rainbow. All tourists were conveyed to it in a stage drawn by six prancing horses. The Englishman took a seat by the side of the driver, and as they followed the winding river their eyes gazed upon tropical scenery basking in the glorious sunshine.

When they had traveled about two miles, Lord Arthur saw a small animal in the road, and asked what it was. "Oh," replied the driver, "that is the Yosemite squirrel." At this remark, the lord requested that the conveyance be brought to a halt, so that he might get out and catch the pretty little animal. In a moment he was on the road and had knocked the black-and-white-striped "squirrel" over with his umbrella. Quickly the ladies raised their handkerchiefs to their noses, while Lord Arthur felt something wet in his face, for his trophy

was a skunk and had discharged some of its perfume at the excited Englishman. Confusion followed, and the ladies, holding their dainty noses, cried excitedly, "Driver, don't let him get into the coach!" The driver however, perhaps feeling a little guilty for his part in the episode, assisted the redolent victim into the stage, and all returned to the hotel. All that evening and part of the night Lori Arthur rubbed and scrubbed his face, and early the next morning, when walking toward the river, he met Captain Howard and said, "Do you know, Howard, I still feel the effects of that Yosemite squirrel."

This and much more Captain I toward loved to tell about his summers in the Yosemite. Some of the experiences were thrilling, for the children had several narrow escapes from death, particularly when one of their mules suddenly slipped over the edge of the trail, or when the whole party had to cross a chasm several hundred feet deep on a rope, hand over hand.

To convey the true inspiration of this sleeping valley is beyond the power of the pen, the camera, or the painter's illuminating art. Even the human tongue cannot adequately portray this majestic work of Mother Nature, and no change of time or circumstance can efface from memory the emotions of one's first glimpse of Yosemite.

XXVIII

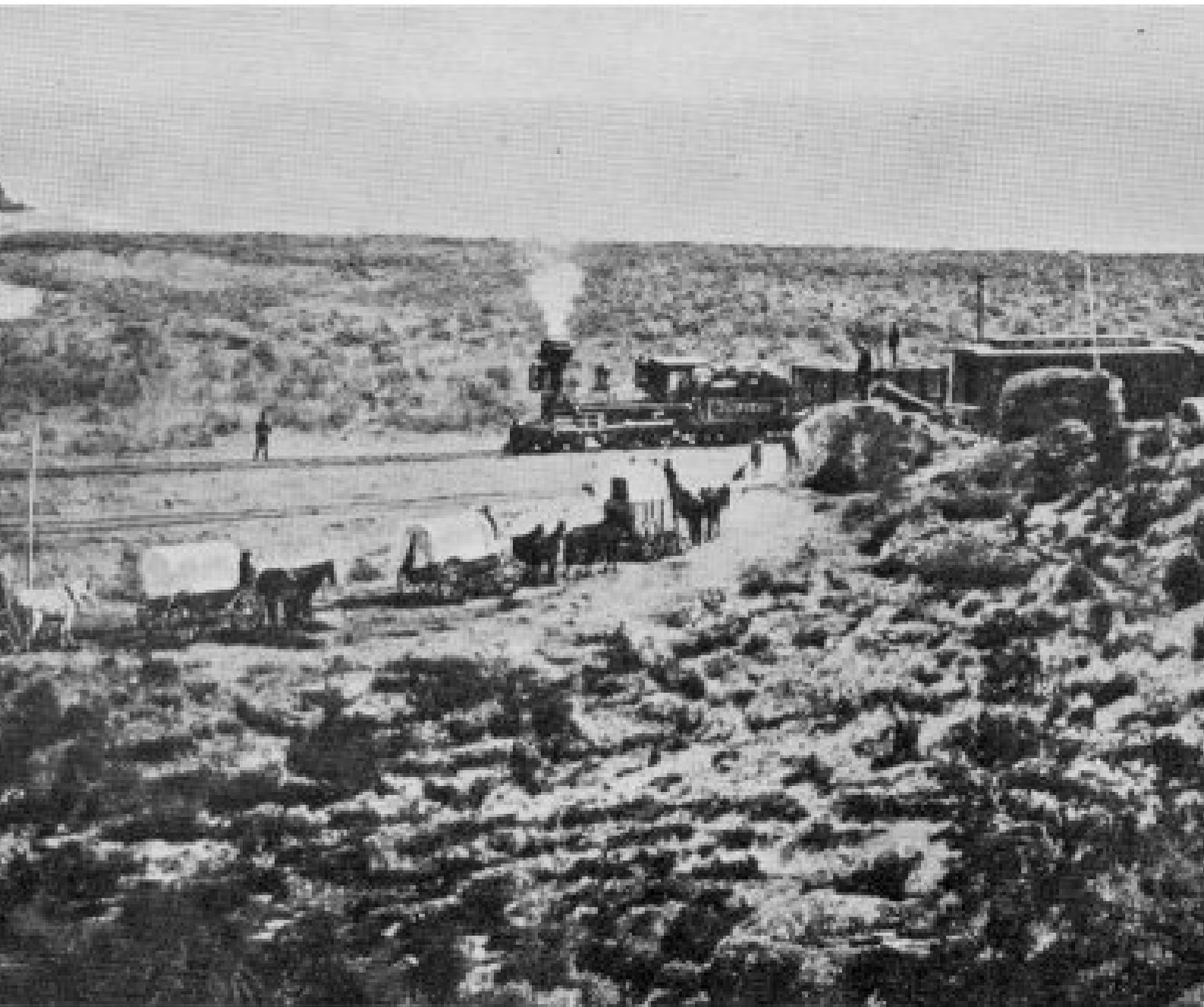
A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By 1886, the Central Pacific Railway had replaced the stage and pony-carriage, even in Mariposa, and the thousands of Chinese who had been imported to assist in the labor of this great engineering achievement were seeking other work. At that time Captain Howard was again Deputy Sheriff of Mariposa County, which office he had filled for several terms. One day in December he experienced a vivid dream that helped to solve a murder mystery in remarkable fashion. Whatever the explanation, it was one of the interesting incidents in his life, and may be recommended to the attention of students of psychological phenomena.

The power of the subconscious mind over our lives is still an unsolved problem. One person in a million born into this world is endowed with what seems to be supernatural foresight. Thousands endeavor to obtain this gift through concentration—to develop what is known as the "sixth sense." Some of them succeed in reaching a very high plane of thought; nevertheless the endowed one's power of foresight seems to act without voluntary concentration. William J. Howard always possessed this gift, and that explains his becoming generally known as "The Mysterious Sheriff."

Some time in the year 1886, an extremely handsome Frenchwoman arrived from Nevada to take up her residence in Mariposa County. She was exquisitely dressed, and men raved over her beauty. On a chain around her neck she wore a magnificent cross, which was set with three large diamonds. Introducing herself as Mrs. Thelma Savageau, she purchased a small cottage and furnished it in a most artistic manner.

At this time Charlie Bogan was Mariposa's prominent merchant, and in his store the pretty Frenchwoman was introduced to Louis Herbert. Herbert had migrated from France to California in 1849, and after a few months' mining had turned to sheep-herding for a man named Ray. Recently he had purchased a ranch near the Howard home, where he made a comfortable living by growing vegetables and grapes, and raising chickens. Three times a week Louis disposed of his products in Mariposa, chiefly to Charlie Bogan. The little Frenchman was intelligent and well-educated,



Courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railway Company

THE FIRST TRAIN TO REACH THE PACIFIC AFTER THE CONTINENT HAD
BEEN SPANNED BY RAILS IN THE DAYS OF THE COVERED WAGON

but became acquainted with John Barleycorn and wasted a great deal of his money.

Being impulsive and in great need of feminine companionship, Louis, on introduction to Mrs. Savageau, became so infatuated that he asked her to come and take care of him in exchange for a home, and at his death she would be sole heiress to all his worldly possessions.

Thelma Savageau accepted the proposition, and articles of agreement were drawn up by District Attorney Newman Jones, who witnessed the two signatures, and who was shrewd enough to insert the phrase, "during my natural life." After the contract was signed, the woman stored her furniture and accompanied Louis to his ranch, where she took up her abode.

Several weeks later a handsome young man of athletic build appeared upon the scene, and gave his name as Peter Savageau. He explained that the woman living with Louis Herbert was his wife, but seemed to show no resentment respecting her actions. He, being a practical miner, had traveled from Mona to chance his luck in Mariposa County, and was on his way to Cathey's Valley to be superintendent of a mine. After several months of steady work there, the mine proved to be worthless, so Peter returned to the Herbert ranch, where, in spite of the strangeness of their relationship, the three lived for a short time in apparent harmony.

In carrying out his official duties as Deputy-Sheriff, one Saturday morning in December, 1886, Captain Howard started for Cathey's Valley. It was a glorious day, neither too hot nor too cold, and as the sun cast its vivid rays across the mountains, brilliant colorings met the gaze of the artistic eye. However, this keen-eyed servant of the Government had little time to admire the wonders of nature, so he quickened the pace of his horse and was soon passing through Princetown. Here he met the little Frenchman, who looked as tho he had been drinking too freely, and William said to him, "Louis, you had better look out or Savageau will kill you." Placing his hand on his pocket, Louis answered, "Ah, no!" hinting that he had a pistol and could defend himself.

Howard said no more, but continued his ride to a point six miles further on, where he carried out his official business. By that time the incident just related had apparently been swept completely from his mind.

Returning to his home rather late that evening, he dismounted and entrusted his horse to one of his sons. On entering the house, after greeting his wife and children, he felt very tired; so, while supper was being prepared, he crept to a quiet room and stretched himself out on a lounge. He was soon in a deep sleep, when an extraordinarily vivid dream came to him, and he seemed to become an eye-witness to a terrible tragedy.

An hour later he was awakened by the supper call, and at table could not refrain from telling his children that they would not see Louis alive again. On hearing this statement the children were somewhat startled, and appeared curious to obtain more information, so they gathered around him as he related the realistic dream he had had while sleeping. What follows is in Captain Howard's own words:

"Suddenly I arrived at Louis' ranch, and saw him come out of the barn and make his way toward the house. There stood a large tree by the side of the path leading to the house, and behind this crouched Savageau, pistol in hand, awaiting the approach of the unsuspecting man, while his wife Thelma stood at the kitchen door urging him to shoot. When Louis reached the tree he seemed to feel his danger, and turned toward Savageau, who quickly raised his weapon, fired, and Louis fell forward on his face. After a few seconds he made a feeble effort to rise, and Savageau drew back the hammer of his pistol, but as the body fell back again he did not fire. Again there was a faint attempt on the part of Louis to rise, and once more Savageau cocked his weapon for a 'finishing touch'; however, before he could pull the trigger his victim's dead body fell back, quivering at his feet.

"Savageau then dragged the body near to the piggery, where he cut the flesh from the bones and fed it to the hogs. Then he burnt the bones in a furnace, which was used for heating water to prepare the pigs' food. In his agitation and eagerness to destroy all evidence of the crime, he scattered the ashes around, but left the bones of the head undisturbed."

On hearing the story, the children laughed, saying, "Why, Papa, it was only a dream." As hours passed and this vision could not be effaced from his mind, Howard determined to make an investigation, and the next morning he took his youngest son with him to his office at the court-house. When passing the Herbert ranch, they saw the son of Savageau riding a donkey, and Howard said, "See, he is riding Louis' Jack."

While they exchanged words with the lad, his father, Peter Savageau, appeared, and said nervously, "The gray mare has got loose with forty feet of rope on her. Should you find her, take off the rope and set her free."

Just outside of the court-house the Howards met Charlie Bogan, to whom William remarked, "You'll never see Louis Herbert alive again, for last night I had a dream that he was killed by Savageau." Charlie gave a hearty Irish laugh and said, "What liquor have you been drinking?"

On arrival at his office, Captain Howard related the dream to his fellow officers, Judge Corcoran, District Attorney Newman Jones, and Sheriff Mullery, and when he concluded by saying, "You'll not see Louis again," they all joined in a laugh at his expense. This ridicule and refusal on the part of the officers to regard the story seriously, however, did not shake Howard's belief in his dream.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday passed without the little Frenchman putting in an appearance, so his friends began to feel uneasy, and speculation arose as to whether some tragedy had not in reality occurred. The following Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Savageau drove into the town with a four-horse team, and proceeded to load the woman's furniture on the wagon. Even the officers were becoming suspicious by this time, and Judge Corcoran said to William, "Go and see Savageau and ask him what has become of Louis."

When asked this question, Savageau said little, for his wife did all the talking. "Louis is a drunken old fellow," she said, "and I gave him fifty dollars to go away. He has gone to herd sheep for Ray."

This was a plausible answer, as Louis had herded sheep for Ray in the early days; therefore it had to be accepted for the time, at least. When Howard reported it to the other officers, they said to William, "You had better put more water with your wine." This, however, did not weaken Howard's own belief in his dream; he regarded it as an opportunity, in fact, to prove to the officers and others that it is possible for dreams to come true.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you know I have never taken liquor in my life, and I do not smoke; but I'll bet a treat for the whole crowd that within three hours I will have the bones of Louis here."

District Attorney Jones took the bet, and away the dreamer went.

Savageau and his wife were still in Mariposa loading furniture. This gave Howard a chance to reach the Herbert ranch and accomplish his search before they arrived upon the scene. Riding his faithful horse at full speed, he soon arrived at the ranch, where, after dismounting, he tied the animal to a fence. Looking around, he readily recognized the surroundings as the place where he had seen the crime committed in his dream. Making direct for the furnace, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, groped among the ashes with his hands, and brought to view the charred fragments of a human skull. These he hastily transferred to his handkerchief, then made for the place where he had seen Savageau feed the pigs. Here he found more bones, and, putting them with the others, he set out on his return journey to Mariposa.

Within two hours and a half from the time of his departure, he arrived at the court-house with full evidence in his possession. The contents of the handkerchief were examined by Doctors Turner and Kearney, who pronounced them human bones, and in the presence of assembled officials, Attorney Newman Jones declared that Deputy-Sheriff Howard had won his bet.

A warrant was issued at once for the arrest of Savageau and his wife, and early next morning, Thursday, William and Sheriff Mullery arrived at the Herbert ranch, where they found Savageau walking around in his underclothing. William approached him, saying:

"Mr. Savageau, I have a warrant for you."

"Let me go into the house and get my pants," replied Savageau.

"I will bring your pants out to you," said William, quietly drawing near him, for the officer was taking no chances.

Leaving his prisoner in care of Sheriff Mullery, William entered the house. He found Thelma Savageau in bed, and said to her, "Mrs. Savageau, I have a warrant for you." She answered in a most emphatic manner, "Step out while I dress."

After the husband and wife were dressed, they both went quietly with the officers to Mariposa, where Savageau was placed in jail and his wife in the hospital for safe keeping.

Altho only a miner, Peter Savageau was well educated, and at some time during his life had mined with Pat Reddy, one of the most celebrated lawyers in California. William soon gained the confidence of his prisoners, because he made it a policy to treat them well. Occasionally he chatted with Savageau, and one day said to him, "If you can get Pat Reddy to defend you, and what you say is true, he can get you clear." Then, looking into his big blue eyes, he continued:

"Savageau, why in the world didn't you burn up Louis' head."

"My God! where is it?" cried Savageau, instantly.

"Outside," answered Deputy Sheriff Howard.

"Why," exclaimed the murderer, "I piled enough wood on it to burn a dozen heads!"

Then William described the scene he had witnessed in his sleep, and after listening closely, Savageau said, "Why, you must have been watching the whole affair."

"No," replied Howard; "it was just a dream."

Taking out his notebook, William commenced to write, while Savageau made a full confession of the crime, with only one exception—he completely exonerated the woman. Many people felt extremely sorry for Peter Savageau, however, because they knew that his wife had forced him to kill Louis Herbert.

While Savageau was waiting trial, Thelma, his wife, was allowed to visit him, and on two occasions she offered Howard a bribe of money and jewels if he would not testify against her husband.

The trial took place in February, 1887, and Savageau was convicted of first-degree murder. Later the jury appealed to the Judge for mercy, and the defendant was sent to an Quentin prison for life. Mrs. Savageau and her son Alexander left the State.

It is a remarkable fact that the murder of Louis Herbert took place at the same hour that the dream came to Captain Howard, and it certainly goes a long way toward persuading one that it is possible for dreams to come true.

XXIX

CALIFORNIA DUELS

With the influx of all nationalities into the Golden State *affaires de coeur* were liable at times to become desperate in their intensity. The affections, passions, and healthy blood of impetuous lovers were allowed to run riot, which resulted in many a brutal tragedy and in many a duel. Ardent swains were willing to sacrifice body and soul to gain the day or quench the mysterious flame. To comprehend their actions, one must go back in mind to the days when women did not take an active part in business, professional and public life, as they do in this twentieth century.

In the early days, women were very scarce in the California mining camps, and men treated them usually with all the deference of Southern chivalry. The wine-cup and the guitar were the centers of romance, and the jealous love of a passionate man often got the better of him. Affairs of the sword and revolver were almost every-day occurrences, and the incentive to use these weapons might be gold, politics, or a woman.

The first serious duel witnessed by Captain Howard in California was fought between Charlie Blair and Colonel Ferguson. Blair was a good-looking Southerner, who filled the position of County Clerk in Mariposa. Both young men were fond of a certain Spanish maid who lived at the Stanislaus crossing, and one day at Stockton, Colonel Ferguson, perhaps with the intention of provoking a quarrel, made a slighting remark about the beautiful girl at the Stanislaus. Blair showed his resentment by calling Ferguson a cad. Heated words followed, and the Colonel challenged Blair to a duel. They soon obtained their seconds, who, decided that the disagreement should be settled with pistols. Colonel Ferguson was killed at the first shot. A few days later, Charlie Blair married the beautiful señorita, and in due time they raised a large family, some of whom gained fame in the world of great singers.

* * *

Then there was the Cora-Richardson duel. Mr. Cora was a polite little man with jet-black eyes and very dark mustache, who made a good living at genteel gambling. He was always dressed in a gorgeous silk waistcoat, check suit and light gloves, as he paraded the streets of San Francisco with an air of well-bred indifference. He lived with a pretty woman named Arabella Ryan, and she was the queen of San Francisco's night life. The society women asserted that Cora and Arabella were not legally married, because a priest had not performed the ceremony; nevertheless, they were devoted to each other, and according to early California law, if a man lived with a woman for a certain length of time he was legally married to her.

One evening Arabella and Mr. Cora attended the local theater, where they ran into Mr. Richardson, a United States Marshal, who had been a former lover of the "Night-life Queen." The next day he met Cora in a saloon and said to him, "If you are going to live with Arabella, why don't you marry her?"

This led to an altercation; Mr. Cora drew a pistol from his pocket, and before any one could interfere, had shot Marshal Richardson dead.

The murder caused a great sensation, for Arabella, known as "Belle Cora," retained lawyers eminent for their brains and legal ability, including the distinguished Colonel Baker, in her efforts to save her husband. A long and extremely exciting trial followed, for Colonel Baker in his speech held up Arabella as an example of a model woman, extolling her great devotion for her lover. After being out twenty-four hours, the jury failed to agree.



DAVID TERRY

Chief Justice of California, Howard's lifelong friend, and victor in the duel with Senator Broderick.



DAVID C. BRODERICK

United States Senator from California, who was killed in the famous duel with Judge David Terry.

About this time James King of Wm was killed, and the Vigilance Committee, an organization with tremendous power, decided to take up the case and hanged Mr. Cora with the murderer of this outspoken editor. (See Chapter XXI.)

When Mr. Cora was in jail, the society women went to Arabella and asked her to leave the State; but she would not think of it, as she considered herself as good as they were. Just before Cora was led to the scaffold, the services of a priest were secured, however, and they were married according to the law of the church.

* * *

There were many fights and duels in the streets of Stockton, and Captain Howard vividly recalled the time when Marshall and Perley met in a saloon, and owing to a slight political disagreement, Marshall challenged Perley.

The seconds were soon elected, and Perley chose Judge David Terry. At the word "Go," they fired three times, but no one was hit. Then Terry shook Perley by the shoulder and said, "Take aim, he can't hit you."

The fourth shot went through Marshall's hat, so he took it off, looked at it carefully, and said, "Look here, this shot got stuck in my hat; that fool will hit me the first thing you know."

Perley then suggested that they all have a drink on Marshall and call the fight off.

* * *

The last noted duel in California took place in 1859 between United States Senator Broderick and Ex-Chief Justice David Terry of the State Supreme Court. These two prominent men belonged to different factions of the Democratic party, each struggling for control in the Golden State. Various accounts of this duel have been presented to the public, and the following one by Captain Howard differs in certain details from those of other writers; but he felt certain of its correctness. Howard and Terry had gone to school together, and

later had studied law under the same tutor; therefore he believed he was in a position to clear up certain misconceptions with regard to this so-called cold-blooded murder.

David Terry came from the South and was a pro-slavery man, whereas Broderick was against slavery. One day in a political speech, Terry said: "There are some men that will stick to a party like barnacles to a sinking ship. I do not know which Douglas our friend Broderick will support—Stephen A. Douglas or Fred Douglass" (a colored man). Such remarks travel rapidly, and when Broderick's supporters heard of Terry's statement they felt highly insulted.

A few days later Broderick was sitting in the International Hotel, San Francisco, when a young man named Perky said, "What did you think of Terry's speech?"

Senator Broderick replied, "I always considered Terry the noblest man on earth, but now I will have to change my mind, for I see that he has been abusing me. I now take back the remark I once made that he is the most honorable Judge in the Supreme Court. I was his friend when he was in need of a friend -when he put his knife into Hopkins. Had ad I not used my influence, but let the Vigilance Committee dispose of him as they did others, it would have been a righteous act."

This reply led to a heated dispute with Perley on the spot, and resulted in Senator Broderick slapping Perley's face. Without hesitation the latter challenged him, but Broderick did not consider Perley his equal, so he said, "If Terry is willing to take up the challenge, I am."

Judge Terry received the news, and after several acrimonious letters had passed between the two, he challenged Broderick. The first meeting, which was arranged for the 12th of September, was stopped by the Chief of Police in San Francisco, but the Police Magistrate, before whom the would-be duelists were arraigned, discharged them on the ground that there had been no active misdemeanor.

On the 13th of September the principals and seconds met amidst a large crowd of spectators, in a field twelve miles from San Francisco. Broderick had the choice of weapons, but he waived it, which his seconds should not have allowed. This gave Terry the advantage, and he chose weapons belonging to Dr. Arlett, of Stockton. The distance was the usual ten paces, and at the word "Go" both raised their weapons. Broderick's fingers were much larger than Terry's, and there is no doubt that between this disadvantage and nervousness, the pistol went off before it was properly elevated, and the bullet struck the ground six feet in front of Terry.

David Terry's aim was true, and a bullet pierced the lung of his antagonist. As Broderick fell to the ground, Terry said, "The wound is not mortal, for the bullet has struck two inches to the right."

Then a bystander shouted, "That is murder, by God! I am Broderick's friend, and I am not going to see him killed in that way." This man, named Davis, drew out his revolver and started for Terry, but some cool heads restrained him, pointing out that such an attack would only result in a general mêlée, from which few on the ground would escape.

Senator Broderick lingered for three days, then died. Terry was accused and tried for murder, but managed to escape conviction, and did not receive any punishment except that inflicted by his own conscience.

A few days later Terry and Howard were in conversation when a near-sighted man challenged Terry, but not being a duelist at heart, Terry said, "For God's sake, withdraw the challenge; I have enough blood on my hands now." Then, carrying on the conversation, he continued, "Do you know, Howard, I never intended to kill Broderick, but meant just to wound him slightly."

* * *

In Captain Howard's estimation, one of the darkest blots on California's history is the semi-legalized murder of this clever hot headed Southern gentleman, Judge Terry, in a later mixup.

Judge Stephen Johnston Field of the United States Supreme Court, in the performance of his judicial duties, once had occasion to reprimand David Terry in the court-room. Terry was defending a rich woman named Alethea Hill, who was trying to claim W. Sharon as her husband through a contract made with him in California. It happened that the prosecuting attorney called him Dave, to which familiarity he strongly objected, and said, "My name is Terry." The offense was repeated by the prosecuting attorney, and the act made Terry so angry that he threw a book at him. Then Judge Field fined him for contempt of court, and he was sentenced to one night in jail. His humiliation was so great that on leaving the court-room, Terry remarked, "I'll slap Judge Field's face at the first opportunity."

On August 15, 1889, Judge Stephen Field and United States Marshal Neagle, his bodyguard, entered the Southern Pacific dining room at Lathrop, a railway junction near San Francisco. Judge and Mrs. Terry (Alethea Hill) by chance came into Lathrop on a later train, and on entering the dining-room Mrs. Terry observed the Judge. Touching her husband on the arm, she said, "There is Judge Field."

Terry immediately walked over to the table where Field and his body-guard were sitting. The two men arose to greet Terry, who attempted to slap Judge Field's face, whereupon Neagle shot him dead. Several old-timers in Stockton vividly recall Mrs. Terry as she came into town on the wagon which carried her husband's dead body.

This tragedy caused a very bitter feeling amongst Judge Terry's old friends and acquaintances in Merced and Mariposa Counties, where he was highly esteemed; for in spite of his impulsiveness, he was warm-hearted and generous to a fault, with a great capacity for self-sacrifice in his devotion to a friend. Being a man of unquestioned nerve and reckless bravery, Terry also had many enemies, of course, especially after his duel with Senator Broderick; but it was noticed that to avoid any mistakes, they kept discreetly silent until the news of his death was confirmed.

* * *

One of Terry's true admirers was a man living in Mariposa, known as Uncle John. The Judge had befriended him in a legal capacity, and the more the old man thought the affair over, the more he felt that it was up to him to avenge the untimely death of his benefactor. The day before Neagle's preliminary trial, Uncle John mounted his horse and rode in the direction of Merced, keeping silent as to his real destination. He arrived at Merced late in the evening, and after disposing of his horse, went to the home of Bill Ashe, a close friend, to whom he said: "Bill, let me have twenty dollars. I left home in a hurry and forgot to bring my money with me."

"Certainly, Uncle John," replied Ashe; "hut where are you going in such a rush?"

Then, observing that his friend seemed to be laboring under great excitement, Ashe repeated the question.

"I'm going to Stockton to attend Neagle's preliminary trial," replied the old man at last, "and must catch the evening train so as to be there in time for the opening of court in the morning; so just fork over that twenty."

At that moment Mr. Ashe caught sight of the butt of a large revolver peeping out from under Uncle John's coat, and realizing that trouble was brewing, invited him to look over the ranch.

Uncle John did not appear willing to accept the invitation, and said emphatically, "I must catch the evening train for Stockton."

"The train can be flagged at a siding near my ranch, Uncle John," his friend assured him, adding: "I am going to make you a present of a very fine heifer."

On reaching the ranch, Mr. Ashe made it a point to get him so deeply engrossed in farming matters that the necessity of flagging the train was completely forgotten.

Suddenly the two men were startled by the whistle of the approaching Stockton express, which, by the time they reached the siding, was disappearing in the distance. Uncle John was furious; turning to Ashe, he shouted, "Damn you, Bill, I've a notion to kill you for causing me to miss the train. It was my intention to go into the court-room when the trial of that murderer Neagle was proceeding, and kill old man Field, then riddle the cowardly villain Neagle; and here you have spoiled the whole thing."

Eventually, Mr. Ashe appeased Uncle John's anger; and said to him, "Why, I consider it most fortunate that things have turned out this way."

The next day the would-be avenger returned to Mariposa with a fat heifer and without having accomplished his deadly purpose. Readers will realize that, had it not been for the quick wit and discernment of Bill Ashe, another bloody page of California history would have been written.

In the early days of the Golden State the most prominent men fought duels, and Howard often referred to the fact that a great sense of humor was necessary to avoid the numerous deadly encounters that came into one's path; for duelling was considered the most honorable way of settling differences.

* * *

During the last years of his life, altho he hung up his spurs and saddle, Captain Howard, like the Argonauts of old, relived in memory the stirring episodes of his younger days, and loved nothing better than to discuss with interested listeners how he used to run horse-races with U. S. Grant, listen to Sam Houston's oratory, take hot-headed Judge Terry by the shoulder and remonstrate with him in his heated moments, or outwit the bandits that were on his heels many a dark night.

Not only had he been a participant in the Mexican War, but he had also witnessed the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the World War. In addition, he had watched with keen interest the coming of the "Machine Age"; had seen the steam-engine find its way over trails traversed only by the cayuse and the stage-coach; had witnessed the coming of luxurious travel on the high seas, and had realized the meaning of the harnessing of brooks and rivers to meet our unceasing demand for electricity. Throughout these eventful years he had maintained a lively interest in the progress of the world's affairs, a pageant that embraced the development of the telephone, motion-picture, airplane and radio, in striking contrast to the days when news had been carried by word of mouth, through a lone rider meeting another in the great open spaces.

On his ninety-seventh birthday, as he sat in the spacious living room of his Portland home, I saw the aged Captain's eyes wander in the direction of the radio, and as the strains of a soft, dreamy Spanish melody filled the air, he arose from his old arm-chair and danced a few steps typical of the days of the old Spanish Fandango. Then, turning to me, he said: "Ah! Those were the good old days."

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Review of *The Last of the California Rangers*

California History 8:1, pp. 83-84 (March 1929)

The Last of the California Rangers. By Jill L. Cossley-Batt. [Pseud.]

New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1928. 8vo, xix+299 pp. Illust.

Scarcely five years ago newspapers in California and Oregon carried notices of the death of Captain William James Howard. He died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, being with Senator Cole one of the last—possibly the very last — of the principal actors in the stirring scenes of early gold days.

Captain Howard was “The last of the Rangers”—that band formed under Harry Love for the capture of Joaquin Murieta. But this affair was a mere incident in his strangely romantic and colorful life.

It is something of a commentary upon our methods of collecting historical data that this remarkable story of Captain Howard’s should have had to wait until almost the day of his death to be recorded. Miss Cossley-Batt has done a distinct service in preserving and arranging the notes of many weeks of conversation with the old pioneer. Her account does not reflect his personality, his style, his exact opinions and recollections as faithfully as if he had written it himself. But age had already made it impossible to obtain a connected narrative.

William Howard came of an old Virginia family that moved westward with the frontier to Mississippi and Texas. His formative years were spent in contact with such Texan pioneers as Sam Houston and David Terry—for whom he developed a lasting friendship. Disappointed in an impulsive love affair, he came overland through New Mexico and Arizona to arrive in San Francisco in the middle of the first year of the gold rush. Thenceforward he was successively a gold washer, Indian trader, cattle rancher at Mariposa, and a member of the State legislature and the Second Constitutional Convention.

His associates included the notorious squaw man, Major Savage, Major Burney, General Connor, Terry, Broderick, Hutchings, and many others, and he gives interesting side-lights on their lives and peculiarities.

His account of the formation of the Mariposa Battalion, leading to the discovery of Yosemite and of affairs in Hornitos and the Mariposa region, are of great interest.

Some criticism has been directed at the careless spelling of names and places —some of which is evidently due to faulty proof-reading—also to blunders in matters of trivial fact. Such errors, however, are of little consequence in a book which is meant for enjoyable reading rather than for historical reference.

C. L. C. [Charles L. Camp.]

http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library/california_rangers/

